

The Mirny Diary

12 Feb.1958 - 7 Feb.1959

by Morton J. Rubin
At Mirny, Antarctica

12 February 1958 СРЕДА [Wednesday] It seems appropriate to start a new diary as I begin a new phase of my Mirny assignment. Now, I am on my own. This book, also, seems to be a convenient one for the purpose. The new regime is taking over. We have now gone on the winter meal schedule; the only change is in breakfast which will now be from 8 - 9 am; dinner still from 1 P.M. - 2 P.M., and supper from 8 - 9 P.M.. Babkin had a terrible hangover and thirst today. Last night he was in a bad way, and was continually dunking his head in cold water. Today he swore never to drink again. Sovetskaya station established today at 78° 24' S, 87° 35' E, elevation 3,700 meters. Tolstikov says that the tractor train had heavy going in soft snow, and tractors sank about 1 meter into the snow. Birthday party tonight to celebrate Babkin's birthday, and he did drink. I gave him a bottle of Australian white wine. I mentioned that today is also Lincoln's Birthday, and this made a big impression. I am slowly getting out from under the mess in the rooms, but I'll have to rearrange things and put in more shelves so as to get everything in order. Had a great pleasure reading mail from home.

13 February ЧЕТВЕРГ [Thursday] More work on shelves. It's taking a long time to scrounge around for materials -- and locate tools are hopelessly inadequate. I've decided to put in a small closet to hang my suits and parkas. Everyone is interested in the outcome. Beylov calls me the architect and carpenter -- all in one. He's being over-friendly, and seemingly begun to think that some things American can be good. We had a chocolate issue today -- 500 grams in five 100 gram bars. It is good, not bitter, not sweet, and very chocolaty. I noticed today that the basin I use to wash my feet, and which is also used for soaking dirty socks, etc., was today used to wash up the dishes from Babkin's birthday party. Still rereading mail from home.

14 February ПЯТНИЦА [Friday] (Henry Mayevsky flew today to Sovetskaya to institute the radiosonde program there -- this happened on 18 February) The one meteorology (met) observer at Komsomolskaya is sick; appendicitis is suspected. George Gruza is to go up there to replace him for several weeks. The station serves for an airplane stop. It's personnel consists of 2 radiomen (1 serves as station chief), a mechanic, a tractorist, and a met observer. I am constantly being asked if I am not lonesome, and if I do not miss Cartwright. My answer is, and it is an honest one, "how can I be lonely with more than 100 who are all my friends?"

15 February СУББОТА [Saturday] We are watching the course of the *Kooperatsiya*, and she is headed due north, just west of 90° E. Where is she going? My guess is Indonesia, as there is a shipping shortage there; or maybe India. Anyway, she isn't going to S. Africa. I am getting out from under my construction and remodeling, and have also sorted out the items I'll be storing in the trunk, and those that I'll keep here in the room. All non-freezable items will be kept in the room.

16 February ВОСКРЕСЕНЬЕ [Sunday] Ivanov, the observer from Komsomolskaya was operated on today for appendicitis. All went well. Jap ship in ice 65 miles N of base -- towed out by *USS Burton Isle*. Base abandoned.

17 February ПОНЕДЕЛЬНИК [Monday] Have finished shelves and closet. Everything is now in order. Except for a few little jobs I won't do any further remodeling or reconstruction. I'm very pleased, and now feel that even this small room with all that I have in it, can be kept orderly. But Lord help me if I didn't have space in the storage corridor for my four trunks, four bags, and extra boxes! Wash, D.C. had 13" yesterday! Cong Hollsfield says IGY [International Geophysical Year - July 1957 to December 1958] halfway break down barriers -- wants IGY extended 10 years! [Sir Vivian] Fuchs' "Rock & Roll" [name of snowcat, first to traverse the Antarctic continent] 542 miles to go.

18 February ВТОРНИК [Tuesday] The Adelie penguins seem to have gone from the small islands. Only some skuas are left, and even they seem to have thinned out in numbers. George Gruza has left for Komsomolskaya temporarily. The tractor train departed from Sovetskaya yesterday for Komsomolskaya on its way back to Mirny. Babirikin says that the sastrugi in the

vicinity of Sovietskaya show only winds from 100 - 110°. Ice broke up at McMurdo -- C124 left hurriedly for N.Z. with 78 men.

19 February СРЕДА It looks now as if the *Kooperatsiya* is headed for Australia. I find myself frustrated when I try to carry on conversations in Russian. Even simple ideas are difficult without a store of words with which to give expression to them. But they, too, will come. I think that I have a gift for languages, and this one won't appear to be hard this time next year. Fortunately, not many -- if at all -- of these men have a good command of English, so I have to depend on Russian. Spoke with Tom Gray at Little America this evening.

20 February ЧЕТВЕРГ I broke my resolve and did some further construction, making a step attached to my inside window-frame so that I can get up into the bed easily. It is very convenient.

21 February ПЯТНИЦА The boys are experimenting with putting a bit of sea water in our wash water. It makes lathering a bit slower, but it does help to get the soap off and prevents that soapy feeling afterwards. Vasikov dipped up several fingerlings when he got up his bucket of sea water today. They are swimming around in the kettle now. Tonight Babkin brought back the met data, and said that I had a telegram. It was from Gordon. Then, under it, I found one from Goldie. It was even more wonderful, coming as a complete surprise. I have now changed my sentiments about exchanging radio messages with home. Not having had any before, I suppose I unconsciously resented others getting them, and said that they were not necessary. But they are, and each re-reading leads to further awareness of thought, and summarises as to what is going on at home. And I still read again and again all the mail from home. It will be a long time until the next mail comes, but maybe I'll have enough radiograms to keep me happy. We have heard that Shackleton and South Ice stations have been closed. That means that that phase of Fuchs' program is over.

22 February СУББОТА George Washington's birthday! The tractor train reached Komsomolskaya from Sovietskaya. Which reminds me that the dinning hall seems so much roomier without the people who left with the *Kooperatsiya*. Also, the meals, and particularly the head, are better. The chemist, Anton Antonovitch Mateev, visited me to ask about the snow crystal replica method. He is interested in precipitation chemistry. I gave him samples of Formvar and Ethylene dichloride. He appears to be an eager young man, very active and interested. He doesn't drink or smoke.

23 February ВОСКРЕСЕНЬЕ Today is Red Army Day and the dinner at night was a special one. There was vodka at each table. I had to drink several toasts with the men at my table. Unfortunately, I eat slowly and got involved with the second shift at my table. Belov and Schkolnek were particularly insistent and wouldn't let me stop with only one drink together. They were drunk to start with. They became really unmanageable, and I was torn between not wanting to hurt them and not wanting to drink. I had to leave abruptly, with them hurt and I angry. Belov had appealed in the name of anti-Fascism, Jewish refugees, etc. I understand their feelings for their army and even for their desire to drink, but I didn't have to drink more than I want to. It's a mess. Later, when I was working, I was asked to join them at home in more drink. Imagine! I continued to work. They said that I was not being nice. Paul Pauletsh is angry because his wife hasn't sent a message to him on this anniversary -- because he spent seven years in the army, and she should greet him on this day. There have been radio tapes broadcast from Family and friends today. It's very nice for the men to hear their voices. Fedorenka says that he was a partisan fighting near Moscow when he was 17 years old during the last war. He was left with a maimed hand. He was also a sailor (radio operator) and visited the east coast of U.S.A. ports during the war and thereafter. The tractor train left Komsomolskaya for Pionerskaya. The aerology pavilion at Sovietskaya was finished today. The ionosphere pavilion at Vostok was finished today.

24 February ПОНЕДЕЛЬНИК Many seals came out onto the sea ice to the east of the station -- about 2 km -- and what looks like a sea elephant (from a distance of 2 - 3 kms) is on the ice near

the icebergs NE of here. They were seemingly frightened out of the water by killer whales. The "sea elephant doesn't move.

25 February ВТОРНИК The fellows here don't seem surprised at the news I gave them about the Soviet hydrogen bomb tests in Siberia, but the news doesn't get to them by their news broadcasts. The 1670 mile sledging party of the two N. Zealanders from Scott Base doesn't impress Tolstikov. He says that their tractor train went farther! Fuchs is due at Scott Base next week. It looks as if he'll make it now -- it will have been a great feat reminiscent of the "heroic" age. Australian party under Mather back after 800 mile trip inland -- 6 men, many crevasses, many repairs to weasels.

26 February СРЕДА Reports of unemployment and rising cost of living are bothersome. It won't be long until the Russians start exploiting that angle against us. The euphemism of the V.O.A. radio "appropriate money to 'stimulate' the economy" doesn't sound good to me. There are only a few skuas left. Can't see any penguins, although I am told that a few of this year's crop are hanging around Xmara; but they have left the island, I am sure. Bad radio reception for Little America voice contact.

27 February ЧЕТВЕРГ Washed three loads of clothes today. It's quite a feat to hang all the things in my small room. I have four lines up. I was given a roll of 500 meters of "nylon" line for this purpose. All the moisture is condensing in my ventilation pipe and runs back into the bowl I've placed on a little shelf. Visited Perova had some beer left by *USS Burton Isle*. Now I know who shared in it! Perov is growing onions in inside window boxes, he has infra-red lamp.

28 February ПЯТНИЦА Ironed clothes during free time, and finished in the day. I feel like a professional houseworker by the day. Radio contact with Little America. There are only about three skuas left. I passed on the news about the further atomic bomb tests in Siberia -- somewhere north of the Arctic Circle. The news about it doesn't come out of Moscow; at least not to the general public.

1 March СУББОТА Today was bath day -- just three weeks since the last one. I don't know how these fellows stand it. By the time I have my regular Sunday "bucket bath" I am more than ready for it. Some of the boys really have B.O. and the washroom with the feet foot-wrappers drying at night, is just about all I can stand. It's really solid, and is enough to knock you out. But, as James Reston says, "a little Russian perfume goes a long way." We had a fruit and candy issue today. Each man received 5 kilos of apples (about 35) and about 500 grams of chocolate (two kinds, one cream filled and the other with a kind of tasty biscuit inside). I don't know what I'll do with the 70, or so, pieces of candy, but the apples are a treat to me. They are nice Havyicum red and yellow-green apples. They have a special faten of preservative on them. I'm keeping them in a box on the floor. I hope they keep a few weeks. We also received a generous portion of Halvah, which I also like. I'll grow fat on these treats. But not like those fellows who put gobs of butter on all the kasha and macaroni, and pour on the fat from the meat bowls.

2 March БОКРЕСЕНЬЕ Fuchs finally reached Scott Base, after 2080 miles and 99 days -- are short of plan. He reached S Pole on Jan. 20, despite, we are told, Hillary's advice to do it next year. He left the Shackleton Base on Nov. 24 and Pole three weeks ago. The main object was "scientific." It is said that his geological work shows that Antarctica is a continent. I am very impressed with his feat, and sent off another congratulatory radiogram. Dufek and reporters were there to meet him. I wonder how Hillary feels now. New reports of snow again in the U.S. The East, particularly, has been hard hit. They've had a hard winter. Cold and snowy.

3 March ПОНЕДЕЛЬНИК Fuchs had 9 men in his party. They'll leave for N.Z. on the *Endeavour* on Thursday (March 6). He will become a knight, it is said. Special diet was studied. All that is research, aside from some seismic work, it was just adventure, and a great one, at that. George Gruza returned from Komomolskaya today. He says that the height didn't bother him.

The station is comfortable, and there is even a small bath-house, and baths can be taken at any time. Light winds, and cold not too intense -- yet. Only -55°C!

4 March ВТОРНИК Had some fresh onions at supper, grown by one of the pilots. They were fresh, tender, and delicious. Beautifully clear night, cold and crisp, with about a million stars. Southern cross clear, and some white streaks of aurora. Big bright moon on water, and floodlights of plane practising night landings coming in from over ocean. All rather eerie.

5 March СРЕДА The tractor train arrived today at noon. I put on my red parka with fur trimmed hood. I made quite a sight. I was as busy as could be, operating movie camera and 33-mm camera, but as many pictures were taken of me as I took of others. Simple ceremony on and in front of flag-draped sled. Leader of train reported that all had been accomplished. Speeches from sled. A.F. Nikolaev, chief of transport, made only reference to our "C.P." The sleds and tractors were grimy and snow-covered, but all in good condition. Men looked well, but a number had sores of frost-bite on cheeks and nose. A bath was ready for them, and a special dinner at night. Cognac and wine served. I took movies and 35-mm stills and left early after only one glass wine. The banquet lasted quite a bit longer.

Fuchs left for N.Z. today aboard *HMNZS Endeavour*. Due at Wellington 17 March. He has 2 snow-cats on board, and will return to England via ship (*Rangitska* ?).

6 March ЧЕТВЕРГ After graduation from university or institute, scientist or engineer has to work for three years at a job he chooses from a list of available positions, or one to which he is assigned. Sometimes changes are made prior to termination of first period, sometimes he stays on afterwards. Agaphonikov has had about four jobs in 6-8 years. Radio factory, then television. Many sets not sold when only two TV stations in existence, but now most large cities have TV stations, and many sets sold -- about 3×10^6 per year. Work in telecasted systems -- special institute. Radio tubes like U.S. -- patents bought before and during war. Gruza's wife had baby girl -- they'll call her НАДЕЖА (Hope). We had a party in his and Tijan's room, and I arranged to drink only wine, again. Belov gave no trouble at all. I had the cloud camera going, and he came out to help me bring it in again.

7 March ПЯТНИЦА The *Kooperatsiya* left Adelaide today. It looks like a storm is blowing up.

8 March СУББОТА Big storm, snow and wind all day. Getting to and from dining hall was a struggle. The men from the outlying buildings don't bother -- they have canned food and electric heaters for cooking. The *ОББ* left Adelaide today after transferring some personnel to *Kooperatsiya*. *ОББ* will spend 2½ months in Tasman Sea and S.Pacific. *Endeavour* is 450 miles from McMurdo. Little pack ice in Ross Sea. Fuchs experiences temperatures above 0°C for the first time in more than year.

9 March ВОСКРЕСЕНЬЕ Astapenko finally arrived at Little America today. I had a loud speaker for the local P.A. system put in today. Now I can keep up with local news and news and announcements. The storm ended before the evening meal. I visited Makuschok and Lebedev before dinner. M. says that he thinks that the "sea elephant" was only a pile of dirty ice. I can't believe it. But it is true that the "creature" never moved, as the icebergs in ice drifted off. But nobody was able to get close enough to inspect it. Lebedev spent two seasons aboard the whaling ship *Slava* in Antarctica. She carries more than 600 (?) men. He was here in 1954/55, and 1955/56 season. He has also written a small book about Antarctica. These are their whaling operations: 1) Antarctica, 2) N. Pacific, 3) shore-based on Kurilas Is. We also discussed schooling, customs, etc. They were intrigued at the idea that we have no internal passports in USA. "How do you identify yourself?" No arrest required -- policeman merely picks up your passport if law violation occurs. Very convenient. We also discussed Antarctica -- past and present. Lebedev has a lot of information. He showed me a photo of the N.Y. Times article about a 200-mile long iceberg seen by *USS Glacier* early in 1956-57 season. He says that Becker told him that it was a hoax. Finished letters for delivery to *Slava* tomorrow.

10 March ПОНЕДЕЛЬНИК The first stage of our outer corridor was finished today. It has been a cold, raw day, and the boys are cold. I can't understand why they don't wear gloves. Some leather fur-lined (dress) gloves were issued, and also the big furry winter high mittens. But they wear their coat sleeves long, and keep their hands up inside the sleeves. Vasikov says that he doesn't even wear them in Moscow. Our outgoing mail was flown out to a point about 350 Km from here to the tanker with the *Slava*. There is new ice forming on the sea around there. The bag of mail was retrieved from an ice flow, and the tanker headed north. George Gruza says that his name is really George -- and that his father was much impressed by a biography of George Washington that he had read just before George was born!

11 March ВТОРНИК We've been getting election speeches on the radio today. Elections will be on the 16th. Radio reception has been poor all day.. Temperature was down to -20°C with 20 mps [meters per second] wind this morning. I spent some time clearing snow away from my window. It had drifted up to cover almost half the window -- the general level is now just about up to the bottom ledge, and up to the roof near the other corner of this side of the building. Went to see the two doctors after an early dinner. They hadn't eaten, but wouldn't go, they'd rather talk with me. Their salary is 1200 r/month [rubles/month], with 120 r/day extra. Laborers get 90 extra, and chiefs get 150 r/day extra. Solomon printed a large copy of a shot he had taken of me at the tractor train arrival, and also one of an Adelie penguin. He and Dmitri autographed them. They are very friendly, and want to do so much for me that it is almost embarrassing. Dmitri and I speak some Yiddish to each other. Position of Jews good in Russia -- although I gather that religious life is almost non-existent. "We are materialists." Some remnants from their childhood. Dmitri not married to Jewish girl. Dmitri has worked in Arctic since graduation; Solomon was in middle Asia. Wife is Jewish, and a doctor.

12 March СРЕДА Radio reception has been bad, but Moscow gets through. Election speeches. One from representative from Leningrad district -- to which Mirny belongs because Arctic Institute is there. No residence requirements for voting -- vote wherever you happen to be on election day. A red flashing sign has been put up over the entrance to the dinning hall -- АГИТПУНКТ. Election campaign meetings are to be held there.. Last night's minimum temp was -18°C, and we had a 20 mps wind today. It's cold. New ice has been forming on the sea. Had to clear snow away from window. This is necessary after a day or two of strong wind.

13 March ЧЕТВЕРГ Radio reception has been bad. A plane flew to Pionerskaya today to drop a load of coal. Temperature here -18°C. Had to clear snow away from window again. Had a cablegram from Alvarey upon his departure from US for home. Nice of him to think of me. The first rawinsonde from Pionerskaya was made at 13/0200Z. Good for him -- that is a difficult place to work from. A fine clear sunset with only a few pink and gray clouds, and icebergs the same. The searchlight on the hill to the SW has been set up and is playing its light around now. It is very powerful as it sweeps across the base, and throws long shadows along the snow. We were caught in its glare several turns. It is for night flying. Had very good Pirogi for dinner.

14 March ПЯТНИЦА Radio reception has improved, but the Australian automatic station VNX has not been heard after 8 March. Heard Finn Ronne and a congressman discuss the proposal to internationalize Antarctica. Ronne pro, congressman contra. Ronne's arguments weak; congressman had better sense -- to make claims, then have a bargaining position later. Had satisfactory haircut from flight crew radio operator at Brodtkin's house. Japanese radio says whaling season to end Sunday (16 March), 13673 whales already caught (limit 15,000?). Japan has 6 fleets and has caught 4493 whales. Soya left Capetown this morning, and is due in Japan May 2.

15 March СУББОТА The bath came as a surprise today. It has been only two weeks since the last one. I went in after lunch but caught some of the crowd that had not yet had lunch. It soon cleared out Babkin and Vasikov had sea water to add to the basin of fresh water. It does a good job of taking off the soap. Labadin and Guza are constructing a micro barograph. I can't

understand why they hadn't brought them from home. Also, there are no maximum thermometers available. Many items seem to have been forgotten, particularly the best of station index numbers for Antarctica. Last year's group took everything with them -- data, index lists, maps, etc.

16 March БОСКРЕСЕНЬЕ Breakfast was delayed by an hour today to allow the dinning hall to be used as a voting place. I went to take photographs. It was very nicely arranged with tables on one side, rugs in line, chairs, voting booths, red draped, and ballet box on table by itself under big bust of Lenin. Everyone voted but me. Scholnik, the pilot, has already had a few drinks and said, "See, this is democracy, everybody votes, all is quiet, and there are no police -- as in America." Then, looking at my camera he said, "I don't know much about cameras, but mine is better." It's more than just drink that makes people foolish. The election results were delayed in being radioed to Moscow -- or Leningrad. Radio reception was bad, so they finally ended up being received by a Russian fishing trawler in the N. Atlantic, then transmitted to the Central Fishing Fleet Office, then to North Sea Route Office, then Leningrad. Acknowledgment came back that results had been received. Special dinner tonight, with delicious preserved tomatoes, and wine. Great auroral displays, bands and special bright spots NNE-SSW; with cold blue and red flickering stars on horizon. Beautifully clear night.

17 March ПОНЕДЕЛЬНИК Fuchs arrived Wellington today. *Thala Dan* 600 miles south of Melbourne with 27 scientists and technicians aboard. Had an excursion to Xmara Point. There are still about 20 of this year's new Adelie Penguins there. Had my red parka on. Took photos. Climbed steep cliff -- rather risky. The roof on the new addition to the Met. inflation house and warehouse was put on today. Cold and windy. Water pumped out from cisterns at hydrogen generator. Two of the mechanized "Penguins" are being made ready for a trip to Pionerskaya and a glaciological traverse to do seismic shooting. Solomon gave me a can of Russian crabmeat and a handy Russian-English dictionary. He is very generous. Also gave me a calendar that I had wanted. Very handy, with lots of reading matter and information like an almanac. Strong colorless aurora tonight.

18 March ВТОРНИК Finally put time-lapse camera in order. It had been completely unreliable. Replaced radio tube, battery, and removed 200 ohm resistance from circuit, as it was taking too much current and reducing life of battery. Also put mechanical system in order. Agafshonikov checked circuit for me.

19 March СРЕДА Had fair radio contact with Little America. Heard tape made by Goldie and children through much interference. Missed much of contents, but voices were heart-warming. John's flute piece was sweet. The radio operators here enjoyed watching the broad grin on my face. It took lots of concentration to get the words clearly. We'll try to record here when reception better. Astapenko and Bugaev spoke to each other also.

20 March ЧЕТВЕРГ Much of the new ice is light coffee and cream colored due to plankton in it. The ice between the glacier's edge and the icebergs to E and NE is fairly well consolidated now, and also near the island. The radio operator surprised me by recording the tape from Little America. Better than yesterday's reception, but still not good. Wexler and Humphrey also did a tape. Wexler mumbled and was almost completely unintelligible -- Paul was precise and clear most of the time. This will do until a better tape is made. Reception has been unreliable lately.

21 March ПЯТНИЦА Kuznitzov, the power station mechanic, says that he caught and killed a skua (19 March) with a green band and an aluminum band on its leg. He baited a fishing hook on a line -- with meat. I checked with Makuschok as to the color he is using here -- it is a red and yellow band. Green is from Wilkes. A skua had been killed on 26 Feb., also with green band. Makuschok says that Kuznitzov is getting skuas for some mysterious and unknown person (biology) in Moscow. I suggested that it would be better for research if the skuas were released after noting number of band. Makuschok may speak to Tolstikov about it. I spoke to Kuznitzov directly. Three "penguins" -- two for seismic sounding train, and one for cargo to Pionerskaya --

left after lunch for Pionerskaya. Dr. Schlaeffer also went along. An automatic weather station will be put up about 250 km from here. It has been tested, I am told, and has been heard at Sovietskaya. The drill rig for the seismic sounding uses a Zis 90 hp gasoline auto engine. The tower looks to be about 7 meters high including height of house on sled. The "penguins," according to Tolstikov, use about 3 liters of diesel fuel per km, and can haul 14 tons of cargo. They are rather fast too. The *Thala Dan* was released from charter today -- after 6000 miles of sailing. She will leave Australia with sheep for Israel. Quite a change from an Antarctic expedition. There has been another heavy snow storm in eastern U.S.

22 March СУББОТА At 22/12Z the glaciology group 82 km out of Mirny. The *ОББ* at 00Z was at 59°S, 166°E, headed south. We cut and stored about 8 tons of ice from the hard blue ice at the ice-cutting station. There's an electric power generator there for ice saws, and big heaters in several holes for melting water for kitchen. It's all wind swept, clear, glassy, hard blue ice. It looks like Antarctica. Saw Ostrekin after dinner, gave him a nicely done color photo of two fishermen on Colorado lake. He was very pleased. He autographed the photo he had given me, and gave me one of the "Penguin" train departure. He showed me a number of trinkets, prints, photos, etc. He's a nice easy-going fellow. I also saw his "hero" badge. He has worked 30 years in Arctic exploration. He had been quite sick here with pneumonia, and was ordered home -- but he overcame the illness and stayed on.

23 March ВОСКРЕСЕНЬЕ Efforts at obtaining snow crystal replicas all failures, as temperatures are too warm. Mobil train at 67.7°S, 93.6°E at 12Z today. *ОББ* at 00Z -- 61°S, 166°E. The Soviet bomb tests are going great guns. Soon they'll be over and the Soviets will be calling for an end to all tests just before ours begin in April. Had visit from Mikos, lent him book on Sun. Talked of Christchurch.

24 March ПОНЕДЕЛЬНИК A plan flight for ice survey left for the west. This is a regular event -- at least once each month. Mobil train 06Z at 127 km, 12Z at 156 km, 17Z at 202K. They have 15-20 mps winds, -20 to -25°C temps, and some ice fog. What a trip! The *ОББ* was at 63.3°S, 165.7°S at 12Z. Visited Fedorenka at transmitter station at night. A very well ordered station with living and cooking quarters for three men. A big 5-kw transmitter, and three 1-km transmitters for general work. Spoke of radio developments. Then an economic discussion. He seems to think that medical services, etc. are free in Soviet Union, and doesn't realize that he pays for them in lower salaries, less luxuries, etc., etc. I'm sorry that I can't express myself freely, but I believe that I got the idea across to him. Here he makes 6000 rubles per month -- the salary of a Soviet minister.

25 March ВТОРНИК An ice survey flight went eastward today. The Mobil group at 250 km for the day -- must be putting in the automatic weather station. Temps about -25°C, winds SE 10-18 mps, fog. *ОББ* at 63.8°S, 166.2°E at 06Z. *Kooperatsiya* is near Ceylon on way to Suez Canal. Ostrekin says that he caught a small fish weighing about 700 grams. Makuschok does lots of fishing for specimens from shore and rubber boat. The boat is kept tied to shore by cable and can be hauled in against strong wind and current, if necessary. Had my last apple after lunch. It was tasty, although skin was wrinkled a bit at this stage. When will there be more? Sergeyev hints that there will be some soon. Took photos of sunset -- very quiet and beautiful. Two skuas still flying around. Camp seems to be in good order for the winter. Tractors all lined up below Met. station. Some welding work being done on roof of garage. These fellows don't seem to mind the cold, and the airplane mechanics work out of doors most of the time. Radio gazette gave telegram from Astapenko in which he gives details of life and meals at Little America. Paper plates and 15 minute meals are subject of much comment. Saw Finnish movie; well done about exploitation of women by old-time gentry.

26 March СРЕДА No radio reception at all. No data for maps. Spent two hours redoing bed to keep the mattress from moving sideways. Vyta and Vladimir visited me after dinner to borrow records and player to put new music on tape for playing over P.A. circuit. Gave them several art photos. The base for the well came today, also coal for emergency use in heaters in event

electric system fails. Babkin seems to keep everything in mind. Listened to Divork's Symphony from New World -- the Largo is a beautiful portion, and it brought tears to my eyes. Heard rejection to the egg omelette at lunch -- most men don't like it. They call it Kebalev's dinner. They refer to him as "lightening" because of his quick temper and precipitous nature.

27 March ЧЕТВЕРГ No data again for maps. Radio reception bad, but Moscow comes in. Heard England BBC after dinner Krushev has been named Prime Minister by Supreme Soviet. Had tomato juice at dinner -- great jars full. Some of our boys had a drinking session for no reason at all before dinner. Saw Soviet film on South African problem of Negroes. It seemed overdone and not quite realistic, with Communistic propaganda clear and broad at the end. Great guffaws from audience when the old farmer showed his friends some calendar cut that he had bought in Capetown. Igor Nikolaev is getting a chess tourney started. I told him I play only bridge. He doesn't know the game. I was interested to learn from the dictionary that bridge originated in Russia! That's another first for them.

28 March ПЯТНИЦА The radio station played the new music over the P.A. system. It was clear, and the men liked it. Spoke with Maizecov about the dogs; of more than 40, only 21 were kept. Two given to Australians, and the rest thrown into the sea to drown. They don't work, only eat. Today he took them out for 2 km run, and they were tired. A meteorological flight was made between here, Drygalski Is. and the glaciology traverse group. Radio reception bad. No data. Bugaev went to the storage house 25 km inland. Frozen lemons brought back -- and they thaw out to be fresh and tasty again. Although radio reception bad, Moscow gets through! Krushev spoke for 2½ hours by radio. Not too much interest, in general, showed by group here. He gave out kind words for everyone -- workers, scientists, Komsomol etc., etc. A lot of emphasis on tractor stations, and more comparison with the U.S.A. Some fellows share my opinion that he may turn out to be Stalin all over again. But they say that a dictator who works for the people is no real dictator! Had bull-session after lunch about wartime visits of U.S. officials -- Harrimann, Hopkins, Wallace, etc. -- to Soviet Union. They know all of our top men. Voroshetov well-liked, as a regular fellow. The automatic weather station will be broadcasting every 6 hours -- 0010, 0610, 1210, 1810 GMT [Greenwich Mean Time]. Listened to Carmen after dinner at night -- Labadin tape-recorded parts. The new micro-met recorder began operation today. Bugaev, Labadin, Vosikov and I shared a bottle of wine in the met observatory outpost. Everything has to be launched properly? *ОБЪ* 28/00Z : 68.8°S, 165.2°E.

29 March СУББОТА Wind blew strongly all day -- up to 30 mps before noon. Cleared snow from window after noon meal. No radio reception -- little data for maps. Heard Australian news okay. Did mending of parks. We were issued 12 apples, about a kilo of bon-bons, 500 gm of chocolate in bars, and about a kilo of walnuts. The bon bons came in the usual cornucopia -- made of cross-section paper this time. Very appropriate for IGY! Apples are good, but some spotted. Nuts have hard shells, and difficult to get loose, but tasty and fresh. Mikos says that the first group of Emperor penguins has returned to the ice -- have been here for about five days, and more coming every day. Saw a historical film about the Russo-Turkish war of 1875. Friendship with Bulgarians; machinations of Germany and England -- hero Subarov. Last scenes quickly shifted to medium tanks and Soviet-Bulgarian friendship. Most recent U.S. movies seen by these men are "100 men and a girl" (D. Durbin), "Snow White and 7 dwarfs," "The Big Waltz," "Big City." *ОБЪ* 29/00 69.6°S 166.5°E.

30 March ВОСКРЕСЕНЬЕ Had a look at the Emperor Penguins through binoculars. There seem to be about 300-400 strung out in a long line on the new ice around the old icebergs to the NE, and there are probably more behind the bergs. They just stand there stolidly. The Adelie's have finally gone from the Xmara area. Only guano remains. Saw Makuschok's nets and fishing gear. Radio reception has improved, and I was able to hear U.S. news. No Antarctic data yet, however -- only our region and S. Africa came in. My tape from home was inadvertently overwritten by a Moscow broadcast -- but another will be made when reception is good. There is a bright moon tonight, Beautifully reflected from the sea. With the big floodlight shining down from the power station, a flashlight is practically not needed. Broadcast from Moscow tonight to

the Antarctic group. Mirny is called a "settlement," the other stations are called "station." We were told that the 4th expedition is being made ready. It is revealing to hear the manner in which the various wives and other relatives speak to their husbands. Astapenko had a message from wife and daughter. Daughter gave a short greeting in English, and thanks to radio operator for handling their radiogram. Very thoughtful. At dinner I was asked about a "war-statement" by one of our generals. I hadn't heard it, and couldn't comment. However, I said that it certainly isn't our government's policy. We were only interested in peace -- for everyone. *Объ* 30/00 69.2°S 167.5°E.

31 March ПОНЕДЕЛЬНИК Had early breakfast and went down to Xmara Point to photograph the monument in early sunlight, then photo of large iceberg with tower -- and Emperor Penguins from distance. They form a dark straight line on the ice, as if they were the edge of an ice shelf far away. A Photogrammetric flight went off today westward and over the continent. Brodtkin says that they saw (on March 25) a very large iceberg on the 100th meridian. It was about 90 x 30 km. They thought at first that it was a new island. The automatic station near Pionerskaya came in at 00Z and at 06Z, but there was some confusion about the data. The code seems cumbersome, and there is a constant +5°C correction to the temp. Belov says the thermometer is about 3 meters above the ground. The station has a battery and a wind-charger. It should last for from 6-12 months. The location is at 68° 30' S, 94° 30' E. I went to see the doctor today about what I thought was a splinter in my gum that has caused it to be tender for a few days. It turned out to be an erupting tooth -- the one that never came out. I hope that it remains quiescent until I get home again. The new hose was installed, and we pumped the drum full of water -- it was a slow process, but better than hauling it in buckets. I washed two loads of clothes, having been given the honor to be the first to use the pumped water. After dinner watched some fellows play dominoes. They play with great gusto and gestures, slamming down the pieces as if they would drive them through the table. It's fun to watch, as well as play. Several streaks of white aurora visible, and a bright moon shining on the sea, which now has thin ice over almost all of it. The area ice-free now is closest to the shore in the bay formed by the glacier to the west, our ice sheet, and the islands and icebergs to the north. The region to the east is all frozen. The smaller berg to the east is now almost touching the ice sheet near Pt. Xmara -- having moved over when the sea ice melted this past season. Brodtkin says that his daughter has a "yiddishe keep." He has been sick recently, and looks thinner and pale. Weighed myself at the doctor's; with socks, field trousers, long johns, cotton underwear, and khaki shirt, I weighed 84.5 kilos. Last Jan. 25 I weighed 86.2 kilos with same clothes, plus field shoes. I seem to be holding my weight. At home, stripped, I weighed about 81 kilos. *Объ* 31/00Z: 67.5°S, 173.3°E.

1 April ВТОРНИК This is April Fool's Day. It has the same significance in the Soviet Union. Bugaev calls it the International Synoptic Meteorologists' Day -- for reasons known to us all who have ever made forecasts. There was some raising of the eyebrows at breakfast when I mentioned that our radio stations had carried the news of Bulganin's new post as head of the Gov't. Bank. As I have told these fellows before -- we have the same news, but often the meaning is different. The local radio carried the news that the Supreme Soviet had finished its work. They surely work quickly. An aerial photo flight went out to the east this morning, but had to return due to strong turbulence and east winds at 3500 m near the west side of Shackleton Glacier. The aerophoto group consists of 3-4 men. I have been told that the pilots navigate in their flight to the interior stations by following the tracks left by the tractor trains. I heard a good April Fool's Day story. Babarikan sent a message to Kibalin saying that 12 penguins had appeared at the station, and to please send fish immediately. Kibalin became excited and took it to Makuschok whose reaction was typical; he said, "why didn't he say what kind of penguins? Find out." I suggested that since it is April Fool's Day the penguins probably flew to Sovietskaya. McMurdo took over today for Little America in contacts with Mirny. Our radio operators say that they can hear McMurdo better than Little America. While I was waiting at the radio station the beginning of a message for me came in, but then NPG blotted us out. Curses. I was very interested in Konstantin's story of his eight hour trip through Capetown -- how he messed his way back to the ship and couldn't ask directions as he knows no English. What a time. He also received conflicting directions before he was told to stand at a particular bus station. He

attempted several times to get away, but his guide would have none of that. Finally he escaped and took a taxi. I can't understand why he was so fearful of being late in getting back. Heard "Queen of Spades" on the translatiya. Tschaikowsky certainly was a genius. Tijan says he'll get some operas on records for me from Russia. He has written to a friend to come here to work next year. Skies were clear today, with a line of cumulus to the N and W near the line of icebergs. They were a simply gorgeous sight after the sun went down, flaming red and orange. I tried to get it on color film. The color lasts but a few minutes now. There were also some high wispy cirrus. There's a big cyclone east of Wilkes, developing due to blocking farther east of there. Saw an Italian film—

it was a grim one, as I expected, and shows the seamy side of life in Italy. The poor people triumph, however. Many people use my straight-line route from dinning hall to Metro Dorm. Agaphonikov brought me the improvised bulbs to light up my radio dial; He took the base from my old ones and fastened good Russian lamps to them. Now I can see the dials and tell whether the radio has been left turned on. Few pale white spots of aurora tonight. Clear moonlit night. *ОББ* 01/00Z 67.4° S, 179.9° E.

2 April СРЕДА Cold chill wind blowing from the south this a.m., with overcast sky. Had reasonably good talk with Little America by radio after breakfast. Had message from home; pleased, of course, and proud to learn that Dick had won a 3d prize in the School Science Fair. Prepared information for Tolstikov. Interested to learn that Wexler received Dept. of Commerce's Gold Medal. No luck in trying to get Astapenko's tape recording from family to him. Reception bad at night also, so no luck then. Tom Gray says that they still have Goldie's tape recording and will give it to me when the reception is good. He can also take tapes from me and from Goldie for relays later on. Bugaev flew with plane (LI2) over Komsomolskaya today with cargo. Strong S. winds. Pionerskaya not seen because of drifting snow. We had strong winds here, and at noon the velocity was about 15 mps, increasing to 20 mps by 6 p.m. Temp around -13°C. I felt cold in my room, as temp is around 58°F at head level. Couldn't stop eating walnuts all afternoon — having not much appetite for supper. Moscow Radio is harping on their decision to unilaterally stop atomic and hydrogen bomb tests. We missed a bit there — they seem to take the initiative these days. I told Gruza today, where he brought up the subject, that now that their tests are over, they can afford to say that they'll stop. I keep thinking of the phrase in Goldie's radiogram — "only 12 months to go." It sounds like a jail sentence, but that's what I also have in mind — only 12 months to go. I suppose that she misses me as much as I miss her and the children. But this is too interesting an opportunity to have missed. And I still haven't cursed Wexler, as he said that I likely would. Weather cleared up tonight, with few wisps of Ac [altocumulus], and a bright moon — strong wind blowing from south. *Кооператсиа* now reported to be sailing in the Red Sea. *ОББ* 02/00Z 69.5°S, 164.7°W.

3 April ЧЕТВЕРГ Today, during the morning, all houses were asked to turn off our boilers as there was too great a load on the system, and relays were popping. Men are sending radiograms home to give gifts for May Day. The usual one is an order on a gastronome for several hundred rubles. A 100 gram chocolate bar of the type we got costs about 12 rubles. A large box of candy costs about 32 to 40 r. The music that was recorded here on tape from my records, was transmitted to Komsomolskaya and recorded there. They sent me their thanks. We had a bull session in the dinning hall after lunch, and the question of the American reaction to the Soviet proposal to stop nuclear test was raised. I said fine — but controls are necessary, and brought up the question of our early offer to turn control over to UN when we were only nation with atomic bomb. No answer to that. Then question of our flying planes with hydrogen bombs. I mentioned Krushchev's "threat" of rocket warfare. Session ended in general agreement that we all want peace, and that we'd better soon agree on something and someway to achieve it. I got the impression that many of these fellows realize that politics is behind many of the Soviet moves, and that all is not idealistic, but they feel that their people are working for peace and justice. Later that night, Parfunyin said how sad it was that individuals could agree and get along in a friendly manner, but that the U.S. rejected Soviet proposals just as the Soviets rejected U.S. proposals. Torjutkin's birthday party was a virtual banquet. He went all out to provide a great assortment of delicatessens and Ostrekin provided some of the fish that he had caught. They have delicious,

tender, sweet, white meat. I was surprised. He said that when he was catching the last batch, a seal popped up out of the water after one of them, as if to protest against his food being taken away. This evening, as I looked out of my window at the sea I suddenly had the feeling of being hemmed in. The sea is now completely frozen except for the region near the edge of the glacial ice, wherever I look. And it won't open up again until next December, probably. The Australian automatic station VNX appeared on the air again at 06Z. The Soviet automatic station comes in regularly. Balov is checking on its accuracy and consistency before releasing information to other stations. George Gruza wants to effect an exchange of radiation balance data between here and Little America — he also wants data from our Arctic drifting stations. The Soviet radio has been giving us a lot of time about the Soviet plan to stop nuclear bomb testing. And last thing before dinner was a talk by a Hungarian on how the American capitalists caused trouble in Hungary, and how friendly the Russians are. *ОББ* 03/17Z: 70.0°S, 160.1°W.

4 April ПЯТНИЦА There was a meteorological flight today over the line from Drygalski to about 170 km inland. There were low clouds and low fog farther inland. The radio operator at breakfast gave me a copy of the repeat of Goldie's last message, and I was able to make out that the letter I gave Cartwright to send on had reached her. But John and Mary Sue still come through as "Joan and Nelly Sue." After lunch I helped bring back some reserve food stores to be used in the event that a storm keeps us confined to our house. We have canned milk, coffee, fish, meat, and caviar; crackers, tea, sugar, etc. Each house was also issued a bottle of vitamin C syrup made from the fruit of the dog rose or sweet brier. It is delicious — not as convenient as a pill, but satisfies the Russian's craving for sweets. It goes along with their putting four to six lumps of sugar in tea or coffee, besides sweetened condensed milk. I had to eat two apples today, as they were going bad. Also had hot lemonade made from crystallized stuff in the packages given out here. It's okay without the fizzy part. Sewed all afternoon, and even did a passable job on the wool tissues. Lebedev called me about an Easter and Passover message addressed to all Antarctic stations from the U.S. Navy chaplains at McMurdo and Little America. I guess that ours are the only bases with religious ministrations. Lebedev said that, as there are no religious personnel here, he is passing the message on to me. It is not even being discriminated, What affrontery! Evgenev came in to ask whether the red letters on a South African calendar indicated Easter. I confirmed it. He said that there are people in the Soviet Union who celebrate Easter, but it is not marked on the calendars. In the Met Office there was a big discussion about whether this Sunday is really Easter. Konstantin says that it is the following Sunday, because the phase of the moon is not right. He is wrong of course, but the discussion was heated as all of them are, and it shows some independence of thought on his part. I, of course, wanted to mark the Passover in the same way, so I invited Brotkin in to have a glass of wine with me after supper. I had apples, nuts, cookies, candy, etc. Then to bed to think awhile on what is closest to my heart — Goldie and the children. *ОББ* 04/00Z 68.1°S, 160.0°W.

5 April СУББОТА Bath Day today; and sheets traded in to the laundry for new ones — clean ones, I mean. I prefer to do mine here in my own machine. The ice is growing closer to shore now, and we'll soon have no open water. The moon was still big and bright at breakfast time, as the sun was rising. I was interested to learn that Stalin has been an academician of the Soviet Acad. of Sciences, because of his work in economics. Belov finally obtained a pipe from a friend and is smoking "Golden Horn" tobacco. It is the same brand that was popular before the revolution, and Vasikov says that our U.S. aviators traded anything for it during the war. It comes in a long cut, in a flat oblong can; and is very fragrant. I wonder sometimes if I am not too inclined to take some criticism on comments too personally — and in so thinking I realize how sensitive some people as nations are to real or implied or even only imagined criticisms. In our continued discussion of the Easter date, it was stated by Belov that "their" Easter varies from the western Easter, as they still use the old Calendar for religious dating. Vasikov asked what encyclopedia I had used, and I said that it was a 2 vol edition. He depreciated it, and I heatedly asked whether he had any at all, and whether he expected me to bring along 18 trunks filled with books and encyclopedias. It was really silly of me to have reacted that way. We had a bath day today. I take a malicious pleasure in taking my bath directly after lunch, when all the Russians keep telling me that it is bad for the digestion. I tell them not to eat so much, and their digestion

will be better. But today I miscalculated and got in with a large group of tractor drivers and mechanics. They all seem to be cut in the same mould — short, chunky, and powerful; just like their tractors. Many of them are tattooed. I wonder whether this fits in with the party line of materialism. Several of them had their backs scrubbed raw, and one even bled a bit from the rough vegetable fibre cloth they use. They all want me to submit to the really hot room and a back-rubbing, but I have managed to forgo the pleasure so far. The dressing part after the bath is still a distasteful experience in a hot, crowded, smelly cubicle. I often vow not to go through it again, but the pleasure of having hot soapy water all over me is too great a temptation to resist. Tolstikov is suffering from conjunctivitis again. Poor fellow, he has to stay cooped up in a dark room. I wonder whether it is infectious? That would not be too good in this crowded place. I see that Vinch Lifliandsky is doing K.P. Only the bosses and I, seemingly are exempted. Returned greetings to Commissar superintendent for holy season greetings, just to let him know that somebody saw the message. Konstantin asked me whether we have baths, like the Russian bath, in the U.S. I said relatively few. He asked. “how do the people wash themselves?” How prone we are to judge others by our own standards. Shall I tell him that we bathe at home? I visited Binnik’s room before dinner to see his auroral film. He has a sparsely furnished room, one side of which is filled with the control panel for his two auroral cameras, radios, test apparatus etc. His ventilation outlet is almost completely filled with cables going to the cameras. I saw his test film of auroras and line spectra from auroras. He said that he had finished the Huxley book, and had liked it. Now he wants to read the Bible — he says they have no access to bibles in Russia. After supper there was a movie — first part — of the story of Uschakov the famous Russian admiral in Catherine II’s time. It was an elaborate, costume film in color — rather boring to me who doesn’t really understand all the conversation, of which there is much. The Russians Jews get killed and the Turks die like flies. Then the Russians control the Black Sea. The crowd in the hall was noisy due to 50 grams of vodka served to each man. Czar Peter I started it 250 years ago. He said that a man should sell his pants for vodka to drink after the bath — or something like that. A lot of baths and a lot of vodka has gone by the board since then. There was a bit of complaining about smoking during the film, and finally the doctor got up and asked everyone not to smoke. They now are telling me that now I speak Russian better than Gordon did when he left. I think that it is almost true — his vocabulary was a bit more extensive than mine is now, but my accent is better by far. Radio Moscow keeps harping on its unilateral cessation of atomic testing. They’ve stolen a good propaganda point there, but as usual the whole truth is not given. The moon shone brightly and the icebergs and sea ice near Xmara seemed ghostly and like something on a far distant planet.

6 April БОКРЕСЕНЬЕ Worked on building a shed against our house for storing the ice we cut for water reserve. Tractor used to clear away snow and we plied crowbar and shovels. Tractor inadvertently pushed against our corridor, and put it askew a bit. Shed finished by evening, with usual libations afterwards. Some fellows kept it up for quite awhile. I didn’t engage in these activities. Had lunch at main table with Kibalin, Parfunyin, Ostrekin, and Bugaev — delicious spiced-peach compote. Went fishing after lunch with Ostrekin, and about six others came by later. Fish weren’t biting but wind was. I left after an hour to help build our shed; I told Ostrekin that the fish weren’t biting because it was Sunday — and Easter Sunday at that. He hadn’t known it was Easter. Bugaev says that Kibalin plans to enlarge the dinning hall — it is sorely needed. I think that an entire club house is needed, — the present set up is not at all satisfactory. Wrote usual Sunday letter home before dinner. Saw second part of historical film on Admiral Uschakov. It was full of propaganda, and the focus couldn’t stay steady. It was rather less than satisfying. Received message from Cartwright — he’s finally home after his Odyssey around the world. Astapenko is sending articles to a Moscow literary newspaper. He writes in Russian with Latin letters. The U.S. radio operators don’t understand it, and its hard on the operators here. Languages are barriers. I’m not sleeping well — too many thoughts of home, I guess. ОБЪ 06/00 16627 60200

7 April ПОНЕДЕЛЬНИК Kibalin visited us this morning to find out whether the weather would interfere with his plans to start building an addition to the dinning hall — which is sorely needed. He plans to make enough room for two extra tables. Bugaev says that he’ll require the room for

classes three times each week — leaving the four movie evenings — Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday and Sunday uninterrupted. Some talk also of what is in the various storehouses — it seems that there is an ample supply of everything imaginable. We even have “dry beer.” Bugaev says that we’ll try to make some beer. Mischakin loves beer, so maybe he’ll do the work that’s required. Bugaev says that now we have a pump for the water, but it is a D.C. rather than A.C. pump. Some modification is required Parfunyin says that we can’t use the electric heater to melt the water — but we’ll do it surreptitiously at night. A bit of a row today over the ice-cutting and storage program, but we finally got it straightened out. Poor Babkin — the straw boss always is in the middle. We cut two sled-loads of ice and stored it in the new shed. Even with the old ice we cut, it is not yet full — but there probably is enough for the winter, and it will be a great convenience for the men not to have to go to the glacier location for drinking water. As we say — we now have lots of “dry water.” During the manoeuvring of the tractor, the hitch spread and parted. George held the connection while the driver tried to hit it with the sledge hammer. George was afraid of being hit with the hammer, and dropped the hitch every time. It was funny, and he finally ended by being hit in the leg. We have been told by the doctor not to eat the canned chicken in our reserve food supply — it has gone bad. News about the preparations for the next expedition has come through, and it has been announced that some members of last year’s expedition will take part in the forthcoming expedition, just as some of this year’s group were in the first expedition. Australian news announced that they are considering the U.S. offer for them to take over Wilkes station next year. There was a lot of interest in Cartwright’s arrival in Washington, after his “sinusoidal” circumnavigation of the world. Bugaev says that his family appears to be happier in Tashkent than in Moscow, and that he can return to Tashkent or somewhere else in middle Asia to work, if he desires. He has worked in that region for many years, and feels at home there. His new job is to be in Moscow with the Central Aerological Observatory, where Golushev is the chief, and Belov, Schlackov, etc. work. He wants to work on Antarctic data here — but can’t find the time. Also, he wants me to give a seminar on the Antarctic tropopause, but I haven’t my material here. There are so many things I should have brought along, had I had enough time to think about what I would need. A funny story about Astapenko. He says that there are many “no smoking” signs at required places in Little America, and that they were also written in Russian for his benefit — but he didn’t smoke! Many “Keep Smiling” signs also. The helicopter pilot Afonin and the radio operator want to visit me tomorrow to look at the calendar art. Feet tired at night and went to bed early — 1045 p.m. ОББ 07/00 59.8°S, 159.9°W.

8 April ВТОПНИК Had first good night’s sleep in a week. Had visit from pilot and flight radio operator interested in photographing calendar art. Showed them automobile booklets and *National Geographic*. Had quick look at *America* — but quick. Saw negative of photos later in day. Quick work. Am told that process is involved and requires close temp control $\sim \frac{1}{2}^{\circ}\text{C}$. Heard Spanish broadcast from Ecuador in morning — haven’t lost my ear for Spanish; I understood every word. Will use it to keep my Spanish vocabulary. Visited radio range station on airfield after wild ride in local jeep. Feared a skid and overturn all the way out and back. Range is mounted on truck and truck in turn, in large wooden beams. Entire area crevassed. Took photos of work on truck base, and of crevasses. Have been asked several times if my clothing is warm enough. It appears thin to the Russians. Also asked why I don’t use their felt boots. I reply that they are too warm for this weather. Heard report of Dufek’s saying that only four U.S. stations would be continued; Pole, Bryd, McMurdo and Hallett. Have sent message asking for details! Saw excellent film on Soviet movie section that dubs in Russian language on foreign films. Excellently done — and voices, lip-movements and scene all came out well. Weak auroral (colorless) activity tonight. ОББ 08/00Z 57.0°S, 160.0°W.

9 April СРЕДА Slept badly last night. Full of conflict between U.S. and U.S.S.R. ideologies. I’ll have to stop listening to the news broadcasts — or something. Had a good contact with Little America — we had good reception; theirs not so good. Played Astapenko’s tape, but I got only half of meaning from it. Armiz is still working at Weather Central. Next year’s plans not yet known officially. Barometer standing in corner of met office was found broken, and mercury spilled over floor. Everyone is fearful of mercury vapor poisoning. At this temperature, there

won't be much vapor, I am sure. Room vacated by analysts — except for me. Visited the library which has 4000 volumes — mostly fiction. About only 20 English language books, principally “selected” items. Many translations; Jules Vern is popular. Today is Paul Robeson's birthday — he's 60 years old. Celebration in Moscow's Trade Union Hall, with typed message and songs by Robeson. He speaks Russian. Also message from Nehru. Robeson is very popular here, and he is often played. Tijan told me that he finds a good correlation between pressure and atmosphere electricity gradient. I'll have to look at his data and instruments. Before bed had visit from Belov, who looked in as Konstantin was asking about Ross Ice Self. Belov and I always end up in a heated discussion. This time it started amicably, as he was glad to see me reading *ОГОРЕК*, but it ended in a rather bitter argument about socialism — Soviet Union brand — and capitalism. He uses all the old worn-out clichés about imperialistic capitalism, and really cannot see the whole of this world situation as he does not have access to all the news — he listens only to one side. But he is as positive as can be that his side is right. He thinks that only a few individuals in the west are leading us to war. The only point I can't answer is that of 5 million unemployed. *ОББ* 09/00Z 53.5°S, 160.1°W. Saw Antarctic Petrels.

10 April ЧЕТВЕРГ The local classes in chemistry, physics, mathematics, and Russian language began yesterday evening. They are at the high school level for fellows who hadn't finished high school. Although 10 years of general schooling is available, students can leave after 7 years. These are the tractor drivers and laborers, I suppose. Last news item from New Zealand is that Russian whaling fleet is in Wellington, with 1100 men and women on a big shopping spree for nylons, patent medicine, etc., etc. Some stores have completely sold out a supply that normally lasts 9 months. Fishing is becoming more popular with more and more men spending morning and afternoon at the sport. It's mostly the aviation group, as they are not flying much now. The floor in the Met Office was cleaned up with aluminum chips and they picked up quite a bit of mercury. Mischakin recalled that in the Trotsky-Bukharin trials of the 30's, it was brought out that mercury was used in poisoning some individuals. I arranged a spot outside my window to place the cloud photo camera so as to keep it out of the wind, and also where I can keep watch of its operation from indoors during strong winds. Oley came in to discuss the procedure for developing the color film. Makuschok came in before his English group met to discuss certain sounds in English. I will be the chief consultant for the group, and will make some sound recordings on tape for them to use as models. It turned out that there are about 25 men in the group. Tijan Labadin gave a party for his wife's birthday. He's a really nice fellow. He set up a very nice table with the usual food — crab (as a treat for me), the very finest black caviar, smoked fish, canned fish in tomato sauce, cheese, liver paste, two kinds of salami, bread, butter, preserved spiced apples, canned plums, grape juice, three kinds of wine, and of course the ubiquitous spirits. As one fellow said — the biggest drunk will say that he “loves to drink,” but never will say that he “loves spirits” or “vodka.” How true! We gave several toasts — mine was to “love.” Tijan's wife was 25 years old. She's a very pleasant looking girl — blonde, with a strong, yet tender expression on her face. I left early and was in bed by 10pm. Saw Antarctic petrels again today. *ОББ* 10/18Z 51.4°S, 160.0°W.

11 April ПЯТНИЦА Strong wind blew all night — up to 22 mps. I had excellent sleep, and was awoken at 7:30 by the alarm clock. What a nice feeling! Mischakin has been composing a radio message in answer to one he received from his wife. The rate is 30k [100 kopecks = 1 ruble] per word — he usually sends and receives one message each week. Bugaev gets one and sends one on the average of every five days! Spent part of afternoon taking cloud-time lapse, then in developing color film with Oley. I was excited at results, as always — they are superb. And Oley, like Igor before him, couldn't keep from peeking to see when the color appeared. Everyone else also interested. We'll have a showing when all are ready. It went reasonably well today — I haven't forgotten the routine, except I forgot the 2nd round of eq solution — but recovered okay. I have to figure out how to do more than just two rolls at one time, and speed up the process. Konstantin unfed in his room again today, and Alexander did the forecast for the second day running. The class in mathematics met tonight at 9pm. Agaphonikov is the professor. Radio reception bad, but weather superb — even warm. The tanker carrying our mail is due in Odessa by about the 15th of the month — about the time the *Kooperatsiya* is due there. Muxhanov gave

me a print of Captain Hindberg, myself, Bugaev, etc. taken outside our house when the *Thala Dan* was here. Many inquiring about the color film we developed, and fellows seeking to see it. ОББ 11/00Z 47.4°S, 160.0°W.

12 April СУББОТА Radio reception getting better. It is pretty bad when the “God” station in Ecuador doesn’t come in. Moscow is still strong. It’s funny to hear the Aerology chaps’ radio. They haven’t tuned to an English language religious broadcast, and it’s all the same to them. Two planes out today — a met flight from Drygalski to about 100 km westward, and an AN2 flight with Tolstikov, Ostrekin, Makuschok to investigate a rock outcropping for an astero-point near the Shackleton Glacier. Tolstikov’s eyes appear to be better now. Had tough time translating a radiogram in French, written in Russian letters. All questions of language, codes, geography, etc. are given to me to decipher — I am the expert. Some discussion as how to officially get more alcohol for the “instruments.” The instruments use lots of alcohol, it seems. The vitamin C bottle is labeled *счрои* — which looks like *cupon* in English, but is *sirup* in Russian! Developed four rolls of film with Oley. We have a good system now, and it goes easily. I’m reminded of Ponting’s small dark room and his work in getting water. I had to haul a sled full today to give us enough for our work. Everything is makeshift — but it works. Haven’t had time to listen to news these past two days. Auroral displays at zenith and to south last night and tonight. Firkos saw and took photographs of the Soviet satellite this morning. The expected viewing points are announced over Moscow Radio each day. ОББ 12/00Z 44.4°S, 160.0°W.

13 April ВОСКРЕСЕНЬЕ Clear, calm morning — could hear the dogs yapping and barking down near the ice front. Ordinarily, with the wind blowing toward them, I don’t hear their noise. Had very full day getting the film pressed between several heavy books, putting some in slide-frames, and hauling water for my Sunday wash. Had several fellows take photos of me hauling the water by sled from the well. A plane was out flying today, but I didn’t find out where it had gone. Brotkin tells me that they landed at the island (new) near Shackleton Glacier. An astero-point was established. The weather has been so good lately, and temperature relatively mild, that we are talking in terms of having no winter here this year. There seems to be another rash of sore throats and colds. Bugaev has a bad one, and Oley has had a cold ever since January or February. Had a very light fall of very large snowflakes from Ac or Sc [Stratocumulus] toward evening. Had difficulty catching the flakes as there were so few of them. Agaphonikov visited me after dinner. We talked about historical figures, mainly, and how they are treated differently by different authors and in different countries. Gruza is reading Dudintsev in English — he says that the English is more delicate than was the original Russian. Some fellows stayed up all night to look for Sputnik II — but didn’t see it.

14 April ПОНЕДЕЛЬНИК Had very busy morning collecting snow crystal replicas. Met. flight took off and I feel that the sudden short increase in the number of crystals was due to his releasing condensation nuclei upwind from us. Great dumps of crystals and reduced visibility resulted. Plane came back in 45 minutes because of heavy icing. There was a light dusting of snow all morning — with a few flakes in the afternoon; just enough to put a thin spotty coat on Haswell Island, but not enough to cover all the urine spots between here and the dining hall. Heard Dufek interviewed on AFRS radio. Some misstatements about *Burton Island*’s visit to Mirny — but generally interesting. Data on Fuch’s seismic sounding results quite important. Gave them to Lebedev. Saw photos — good ones — of island that the group landed on the other day. Also saw rounded pebbles, other stone samples, lichens and moss taken from these. Also, they saw evidence of an Adelie rookery. Island appears on our AGS map, but not on Russian 1:500,000 map. They thought that it might be a new discovery — island in fork between Scott and Denman Glaciers at 65° 56’ S, 99° 33’ E. Ht 90 m, extent 8km x 5.5km. Related Dufek’s story of U.S. and Soviet cooperation being fine south of the equator, to Tolstikov. He enjoyed it. He laughs easily. Fishermen are now fishing from the sea ice — which is said to be 25 to 30 cm thick. Great quantities of fish now being caught. Beautiful grotto below the ice front near Xmara. Tolstikov says that he heard a report of a news item given out by Cartwright, saying that he was pleased with his stay at Mirny. Tolstikov interested in Dufek’s visit to *Ob*, while in Wellington. The camera batteries are acting up again. I’ll have to scavenge for some new ones. Lebedev

says that everyone here is talking of an overland trip to the South Pole. — this may be only a joke. But he was serious when he said that next spring the seismic soundings would be made along a line farther inland. *ОББ* 14/00Z 49.3°S, 150.6°W.

15 April ВТОРНИК An IC12 left on an ice survey flight to the east, and returned after dark; a ten hour flight. Bugaev went along. The meteorological recon. plane is having a mechanical check. Belov says that I'll go on the next trip, if the weather is good. Many fishermen are now out on the ice, and are hauling in many fish. The pilots pulled in a barrel full, and Belov caught 20 in 45 minutes. Some men prepared them in an old Arctic way — after freezing solid they shave very thin strips that curl up, and then freeze them again, and eat them with sauce. Sounds gruesome! Eugenie cleaned and fried the fish in butter — using the pot we used to soak dirty socks in. But the fish were delicious, and couldn't have been much fresher. We had them at lunch here, instead of going to lunch — Belov, Oley, Eugenie and I. They drank; I wine. They kept going for a half hour, and the discussion was philosophy, and semantics. I was able to follow it, with some breaks for dictionary and other explanations. Disagreement with some ideas between Belov and Eugenie, but they all were convinced — in their own minds — that I am a materialist. Part of their course of study in college are courses in dialectical materialism. Sputnik II fell between Barbados and Brazil. Fellows here feel that a third one will go up soon. I think that it may be for May 1. Big interest in the U.S. Pianist — Van Clayborn — hearing him the Tschaikowsky Competition. The Australian station VNX is coming in, but wind is garbled. Soviet automatic station not being received here. *Kooperatsiya* reached Alexandria on 12th, and were immediately transferred to *Pabeda*. *Kooperatsiya* to Rotterdam, *Pabeda* to Odessa. The penguins were still alive in Red Sea, but no news on them lately. Had short preview of new slides — and they are quite good — even Belov complimentary. Saw a film about the siege of the Great fortress at beginning of World War II. Quite a heavy thing, but effective. Gave me an insight into Soviet Army and organization — as shown in the movies, anyway. *ОББ* 15/00Z 52.3°S, 144.1°W.

16 April СРЕДА No contact with Little America today, as NGD said reception was bad, and NLA didn't answer at all. Bugaev is flying today with the ice survey flight to the west. A bit of byplay between Goncharov and Babkin as to Goncharov's English ability. Some discussion continued for a long time. These fellows like to argue. Soviet radio is full of talk about cessation of atomic bomb tests. Also news about Russian wrestling team and dance group in U.S. New Zealand news says Captain Kirkwood of *Endeavour*, is returning to England after two years excellent assistance to Antarctic effort. Plans for next year? Operation now being made by Ross Sea Research Committee. Dr. E. J. Robertson, chairman. — He is Director of S.I.R. Dept's Geophysical Division. "Penguins" and sled went up to the "freezer" at 25 km to get a load of frozen food stores. Ice survey flight went east again, and west to finish routine ice survey. They go north to about 63°S on these flights. There is plenty of pack-ice, and newly formed sea-ice. Yesterday they were to within about 200 km of Wilkes Station. Bugaev says that their maps are not accurate, and that dead-reckoning is not satisfactory. Australian teletype data received for first time. The machine here is an old U.S. teletype — complete with a book of instructions. We are now swamped with Australian data! The bloody machine is a monster, pouring out data like mad. Philosophical discussion waxed hot today in the Aerology group — difference between half-empty and half-full. Tolstickov is sick again. No contact at night with Little America — they didn't come in when NGO passed the word to them. Bugaev has the instructions for the beer making. I said that I have "dry" women to go with the dry beer. Saw George's chemicals for the color film he has. There is also a reversal color film described in his photography book, with less complicated procedure than the U.S. Ektachrome. I'll have to look into this. Wind picked up at night. Its quite cold at nights and in the mornings it was 0°F this a.m. *ОББ* 16/00Z 54.2°S, 140.9°W.

17 April ЧЕТВЕРГ Several big pots, with ice for water, have been brought in for the beer-working project. The instructions are detailed, and a close temperature control at various stages are required. I hope that the project is successful. Weather is turning overcast and there seems to be a threat of snow. The English class is going on, and I am besieged by groups of men greeting me in English and asking questions about pronunciation. I am glad to help — but it is

trying at times. Had a bull session with Babkin and Vasikov after forecast was made at night. The usual stuff — Russians are just like Americans — it seems. Wind picking up at night. *ОББ* 17/12Z 57.4°S, 138.5°W.

18 April ПЯТНИЦА Overslept this morning, and got up at 0830! Heard Eisenhower on Defense Dept. reorganization. It made sense to me. Emperor Penguins today formed a long line of about 4 to 5 km on the ice from Mirny — about 1 km west of us — to the main site at the icebergs east of Haswell Island. They looked like a long line — with several huddled groups of men on the ice. There must have been several thousand in the line. Wind blowing at 18-22 mps. Temp -10°C. Many photographers out. Ice looks strong enough to hold a man now — but nobody checked it. By evening all the penguins were back at their old location. I wonder what caused them to move — weak ice, strong wind, or just plain boredom? The mail we sent out on the whaling tanker reached Moscow yesterday — Brotkin had a wire from his wife. Treschnikov is expected in Moscow on the 25th, and Maskelenko is vacationing at a resort on the Black Sea. Our snow didn't materialize, but perhaps it will tomorrow. Wind reached 25 mps, and it was a struggle to get over the ice to the dining hall. The rope line came in handy. There's a big storm to the north. My light weight mittens are quite warm — much better than fingered gloves — but not as convenient, of course. There are lots of sore throats and coughs going around. Our aerologists all gave themselves shaved haircuts tonight. They look terrible. Glaciology party may return tomorrow. They have been held up by a blizzard. *ОББ* 18/00Z 58.1°S, 137.9°W.

19 April СУББОТА No snow, but wind at breakfast time up to 26 mps, and temp -11°C. It's easy to sail along with the wind, but getting back up the slope again is laborious, and treacherous. I have to keep reminding the observer to turn off the lantern atop the tower on our building. There seems to be no set routine for doing this. Tolstikov seems to be having some sort of stomach trouble — the doctor doesn't know what it is. Poor fellow, the winterings must be getting him down. This is supposed to be the 11th winter he has spent in polar regions. Labadin says that in answer to a radiogram he sent his wife on the occasion of her birthday — in which he told her of the party, and the toasts — she sent greetings to all the participants, and a double greeting to me. Bugaev says that the glaciologists have not been following the road, but are cutting across country. They have been delayed by blizzards. Today we celebrate the 16th birthday of Bugaev's youngest daughter, she's old enough now to get a passport (identity card). A collective greeting in rhyme was sent to her. Belov had to pay for it, as we played the old sailors game of putting out fingers, to see who would pay for the telegram. These fellows really hate the taste of vodka and spirits, but they like the effect it has. Saw the film, "Heroes of our Times" based on a work by Lermantov. Good acting, and a good story but I understood little as it was mostly dialogue. Weather decreasing, but still windy. Kruschev spoke to the Kamsands today; he says that their level of education is better than the U.S. They always use the U.S. as a standard. Some changes in the system of education are planned — more emphasis to be placed on practical training rather than on theory. Matobeev gave me photos of snow flake replicas. Makuschok came for English consultation. *ОББ* 19/00Z 60.5°S, 135.3°W.

20 April БОКРЕСЕНЬЕ The local theatre group met last night in the "red Corner" to plan their production. They met again tonight. Weather has improved, wind slowed down to about 16 mps, but temperature stays around -14°C. Sun shown slightly through Cs [cirrostratus], and never got warm enough to get rid of the fantastically crazy pattern of ice crystals on my outer window. The Glaciology group with their "Penguins" returned to Mirny at 1530 local time. Large informal greeting. Took some photos. Some have frost-bitten noses — one fellow said that it was "cool" up on the plateau. He also said that now Mirny seems like home to him. The men look well. Zakiev sports a nice white beard. Schlaeffler looks thinner. The big blonde young glaciologist looks like a Viking in his blonde beard. Today Vasikov asked what I thought of the Russian music — then asked which country, in my opinion, produced better music. What a question. He gave some details on their Central Forecasting Institute, where he had worked for six months prior to coming here. They work 16 hours — then are off for one day. There are two shifts — a night and a day shift. There's a Region Chief analyst, a sector chief, a "old" analyst, a "young" analyst, an "old" upper-air analyst, and a "young" upper-air analyst on day shift. At night there is only and

“old” and “young” analyst, and an upper-air analyst. There is a dining hall, and facilities for making tea, etc. at night. Research people only work 7 hours — as their work is considered to be more difficult. Vodka was served at supper. I ate with the pilots and Schlaeffer. One man, who had an early start, collapsed and had to be carried out. Saw a play by Chekov — good acting, and well done. Zakiev gave me some details about the ice thickness there appears to be 50 meters of snow, 60 meters of firn, and 2000 meters of ice, from their soundings. ОББ 20/00Z 66.4°S, 129.6°W.

21 April ПОНЕДЕЛЬНИК Weather better than usual recently — wind down to about 12 mps, and temp -15°C. Weak sun now. AN-2 flew to Oasis today with mail for men there. Ice on lake strong enough for AN-2. Perov was pilot. If weather is fine tomorrow I will go with the met. flight to the interior. Bugaev wants to go as far as Vostok I (72.5°S, 96°E) to study the drainage winds. Had discussion with Babkin and Vasikov on television — I said we had 300 million sets, when I really wanted to say 30 million. We really had over 42 million in 1956. Discussed visit to Russian, and hotel costs. From the figures they stated, I can get by on less than the \$22 we are supposed to get there for expenses. Talk of Russian tourist groups to Brussels fair. Moscow Radio has let up on stopping bomb testing, and now is on the U.S. Strategic Air Command flights over the Arctic. Discussed slang and thief's Latin with Agaphonikov. He says that there are colloquialisms but no slang. "Odessa Mama" is —Влатмой thief's Latin. We also discussed U.S. and Russian authors — he is very well read. O Henry was so popular in Soviet Union that when a 100,000 copies of his works went on sale, people stood in line the night before. Three such editions were published. He says that only recently has Dostoevsky become recognized in Russia. Prepared my “kit” bag for the flight tomorrow. It's cold up on the plateau, and it's a long way to walk back. ОББ 21/00Z 66.4°S, 129.6°W.

22 April ВТОРНИК Up at 0730, breakfast, and out to plane by 0845 with our instruments and folding seats. Two pilots and navigators with us, rest of crew of six already there. Crew was Perov and Rhischikov, pilots; Chumbarev — navigator, Chernov — radio operator, and Yereimin — flight mechanic. Plane is a flying meteorological laboratory, and also flies a camera for photogrametric work. Engines tested and off we went. Quick, smooth take-off, as wind was about 25 mph or more. Flew to Vostok I site, but didn't see a thing below other than ice fog, sastrugi, and some high clouds above. Helped read outside temps and heights as we took several soundings down to within 25 - 50 meters of the ground below. Temps of -52°C near Pionerskaya at 23 m above the ground; and -30°C to -35°C at 1200 meters above the ground. Took photos of operation — cloud crystal collection, microscope, etc. Had a picnic lunch of canned meats and fish, bread, tea and frozen lemons, etc. The seven hour flight (0930 - 1630) was over before I knew it. Took some photos of ice fog, and crevassed area as we neared Mirny. Everything went smoothly. Tijan says that the plane flights afford him his only free time for reflection. Beautiful and colorful sunset, with swirls of odd-looking cirrus. Unpacked my “kit” and had a cup of hot orange-lemon drink; courtesy of Phil Law. Then rushed to catch up on data for map. These extra jaunts put a strain on my regular work, but they are valuable. Muxhanov, the newspaper correspondent, wrote a short article on the flight, and asked me to prepare a statement to go with it. He very carefully explained that he would have the statement translated and let me see it, as it was “then” policy to do this. No irresponsible journalism there. Today is Lenin's Birthday, and the radio has been busy with eulogies, there's a movie on the Revolution tonight and the boys are already whooping it up. I skipped the movie, to finish my work, and write the statement for Muxhanov. ОББ 22/00Z 65.0°S, 126.2°W. Message from Wexler and Cartwright. News of a Lenin prize award to director of Leningrad Geophysical Institute. The Stalin Prize was discontinued last year — now its called the Lenin Prize. Bugaev won the Stalin Prize in 1947. New work week in Soviet Union; 7 hours for five days, plus 5 hours on Saturdays. Weak colorless auroral display at night.

23 April СРЕДА Poor radio reception; no contact with Little America. Bugaev and I talked about Antarctic circulation instead. Plans being made for May Day celebration. I shudder to contemplate the amount of alcohol that will be drunk. Muxhanov took many liberties with my statement — putting in some statements I didn't make and didn't care to make. He was put-out

when I requested either abstract translation or that he print his own story as his version of what I said. Agaphonikov did the translation. Babkin wants to speak only English with me. He knows many words, but has trouble putting them together properly. Vennik has a good sense of humor — even in English; he's got a good clear mind. I complemented him on his choice of English words, and he said, "I have 60,000 of them in my room!" I've promised to spend a half hour each week in conversation with their advanced English group. Vasikov and Babkin are washing tonight and the machine has the jitters — shaking my room. I hope they stop before midnight — that's only a half hour from now. *ОББ* 23/00Z 66.0°S, 117.3°W. Saw the meteorograph traces from yesterday's flight — they are clearly readable. Belov says that it takes about a week to work up the result of a day's flight. Also saw some of the fine crystals obtained on the flight. Suggested that our replica solution be diluted for crystal samples.

24 April ЧЕТВЕРГ Had very informative and interesting talk with Zakiev, about his work here and in Middle Asia. He is a man of much experience, having worked in Middle Asia during the 1933 Polar Year. He has been on 18 expeditions, and has been the leader of most these. He says that his wife is resigned to his being away most of the time. His work has been mostly in "warm" glaciers. He does not agree with Shumsky's theory of Antarctic glacial movement. He is interested in paleoglaciology, and has worked as a meteorologist — also an old alpineist. He has a lot of data here to work up; crystals, temps, soundings, etc. The "penguin" vehicles worked well, but will require insulation, as they are cold when halted. Interior temperatures were down to -20°C. Cold work at bore sites, for temps crystals, etc. observations require ungloved hands. They couldn't find the automatic station on their way back to Mirny, and station continues off the air for us. Not heard at Pionerskaya, either. Had visit from Mikos, and gave him information on the U.S. aurora and airglow program, which he says is very complete. He records on time, and visually reads fine. Readings every hour when weather clear enough to see aurora and airglow. He is interested in buying the four volume U. of Chicago work on "the Solar System." His wife is also an astronomer. She was sick recently and underwent an operation, but he doesn't know what sort. His 5-year old son also was sick recently. Wind today up to 28 mps, but temperature high (-8°C). It has been difficult getting back and forth to dining hall. The wind is so strong that the pressure of the parka hood against the back of my neck is painful and a pressure builds up in my ears. The rope safety line has frayed and broken due to the wind causing it to sway against the iron poles. There was a message from Astapenko today in the Radio-Gazette. I missed the broadcast but he seems to be enjoying himself. He has 10 men in his Russian language class, including Crary, 2 meteorologists, and the doctor. They have had the last of their fresh fruit on April 17. We have a French film tonight, but I am not interested; I don't seem to be able to find time for all important things I want to do. Konstantin was relating some of the incidents he has had help in through drinking — from University days until now. He's a nice chap, modest, honest, and capable. We think that we may be in for a several day siege of wind. Oley has built a sliding panel to cover his window for photo work; very ingenious. The boys were interested in Washington's climate now, and I showed them post card photos of Washington's cherry blossoms. They liked what they saw. *ОББ* 24/00Z 65°S, 109°W.

25 April ПЯТНИЦА Overslept and missed breakfast — but didn't mind a bit; as I had the best night's sleep in days. Worked on maps all morning, and had to listen to Mischakin's radio music — he turns the damned thing on and then forgets it — and usually reception is poor — so its double torture. Wind becoming lighter — only 20 mps at lunch. Worked on reframing camera all afternoon. Several parts are worn due to excessive single-frame exposure. One screw on trigger bugged up by Gordon when he had it apart last time. Went to second session of Nikolaev's talk on tractor train's operation. Bugaev gave me the wrong information yesterday when he said that there would be no meeting. But Asghold gave me some details. Ten tractors hauled 600 tons; 60% of their fuel was air-dropped. English class met afterwards. Radio operators tried out their English on me — "pidgin Mirny" as Makuschok calls it. Received cigarettes and tobacco — as souvenirs — as part of our regular issue. Hope they keep until I get home. Visit by the two doctors; broke out wine, biltong, etc. Showed slides, which they liked very much. Discussed various personalities. Had some of Hofmeyer's biltong, which is still good after six months. Unusually warm weather — wind from north at night, and temperature -1.7°C. Very nice snowfall

— took replicas, but missed the very good ones, as they wouldn't stay on; they had form of serrated circles — like cog wheels. The pressure was down to 945 mb, but later rose sharply. Telegram from Krichak who reached Odessa today, and others in group. Special question to me. Heard broadcast of meeting at Philadelphia — Independence Square — commemorating Israel's 10th anniversary. Aba Ehave is a man with probably the best vocabulary I've heard in a long time; the sentiment he expressed were enough to bring tears to my eyes. Truman also spoke in glowing terms. *ОББ* 25/00Z 65.7°S, 109°W.

26 April СУББОТА Slept wonderfully, as little wind, and snowfall deadened sounds. Torjutkin's coughing in morning, as usual, awaken me. Plenty of soft snow now. Took further replica all morning. Stories by Mischakin, etc. about amusing incidents in Capetown — one Russian trying to ask direction of another in English — thinking him to be a Capetownian. Purchases of magazines, not being able to speak English, or read the language. Lebedev came in with a request from the Moscow Radio, asking me four questions, and for a few words to my friends and family. It will be tape recorded, and also sent by telegram. The day continues calm and the new white snow has given everything around here a new aspect. The sun shone dimly through the clouds after lunch, and the islands sticking up through the ice had an eerie, unreal look about them, as the horizon was not discernible. Makuschok and Avsuk walked over to see the Emperor Penguins after lunch. They say that nothing "interesting" is happening yet. We saw them through binoculars, and they looked like two tall penguins amidst a lot of small ones. The penguins now haven't eaten for at a week or more. Makuschok says that a large flock of snowy petrels is flying around Haswell — they are visible only when they fly against the rocky background. Ice is about 40 centimeters thick now. Had first English conversation group tonight. We went on from 6 to 7:40 p.m. Satisfactory, although a wide range of proficiency in use and understanding of English. Fixed up a more convenient storage and work shelf for my snow crystal replica material in the ice shed outside. The Russian radio keeps putting out about the A-bomber flights: the news seems to be very one-sided. *ОББ* 26/00Z 61.8°S, 109.3°W.

27 April ВОСКРЕСЕНЬЕ Sun shone today, but wind blew all day long causing low drifting snow and formed drifts again. But soft snow became packed and made walking easier. Long drifts formed to windward of the islands — on the ice. Aerologist sick at Pionerskaya — no radiosonde data for several days. Bugaev and Vasikov are replacing the wind deflector in the east side of the house to keep the snow away from the windows. The one on the west side works well, and our entrance has no snow drifted in front of it. Babkin is interested in the basketball games in U.S.S.R. — our girls' team lost, and our men's team won the first games. The steady stream of slanted news is beginning to bother me. Our radio, at least, gives us a glimpse of what the other fellows are saying, this one doesn't. Everything is being readied for the May Day celebration. Entertainment in practice, bath tomorrow, haircuts — the works. We'll be getting fresh fruit in a day or two. Had apples at Asgold Agaphonikov's party tonight. Some fellows won't touch the wine — it's only 10 - 15% alcohol; they want results, not flavor. The dry white wine was excellent. We convinced Mischakin that the green tomatoes were preserved in alcohol, and that the juice was as strong as vodka. He said finally, "of course." They call him "soldier." Dug snow out from my window. Opened a can of cashew nuts — the first 1/3 can was delicious, then I lost interest. Babkin is trying to speak English with me — he knows words, but his pronunciation and phrasing leaves much to be desired. Bugaev had a large snow collector put up at Xmara. *ОББ* 27/00Z 59.6°S, 109.3°W.

28 April ПОНЕДЕЛЬНИК Wind blew strongly all day and blowing, drifting snow got into everything — clothing, corridors, etc. Getting to and from meals was a chore. Dug out my window — it drifts over solidly during the night. But the exercise tones me up a lot. The temperature was down to -16°C, and the wind blew at 25 mps, at times. Invited Bugaev to listen to an interview of Menschikov by university students, but reception bad. Rather straight-forward and embarrassing questions. Bugaev liked the cashew nuts — he had never tasted them before. Had my bath at lunch time — the usual crowded, uncomfortable operation. But I'm clean all over. Picked up some salmon, bread, plate, knife and fork on my way home, and had a hilariously funny time clambering over and up snowdrifts with these things and my bath kit — trying not to

spill the food. Fell several times, but saved my dinner. Succeeded in getting oniony, garlicky, oily mess on my leather gloves. My room is now rarely perfumed. I'm running short on dress shirts and socks; I'll have to wash or get more things out of my bag. I hope that the pump begins operating soon. Had visit from Agaphonikov. He gave me photos of interior stations, and more details about tractor train. He said that they had a rough measure of altitude by the number of swings they could make with a sledge hammer when they had to hit back the pins in the track treads; 2-3 at Sovietskaya; 5 at Vostok; no difficulty at Pionerskaya. He said that the zippers in the down jackets became cold and took off bits of skin from chin and cheeks upon contact. The trail between Pionerskaya and Komsomolskaya was difficult, with soft snow and steep grade. The tractors sank into snow up to top of treads. Relay hauling had to be resorted to. In addition to house as cargo on bed of tractor, two loaded sleds were hauled, normally — total of 60 tons. Bracings (wooden) on cargo sleds broke due to steady jerking in soft snow. Sleds considered to be too heavy. New Year's Eve was a ½ hour celebration. Messages were read, alcohol (almost pure); bread, ham, and frozen oranges were dished out. Tractor drivers threw oranges at each other. Had talk about Menschikov's interview. Asgold says that it is felt that Stalin committed many faults in foreign policy, but that Kruschev has the right ideas now for peace. Had my hair cut by the parachute packer — Medveyeb. Not too good, but better than most I've seen. He grows onions and has a new crop ready for May Day. Saw his collection of pin-ups; the most interesting is a Russian girl archer. Vodka was served at supper — Tijan, George and I gave ours to the others at our table. The tractor drivers came with their own additional supply of spirit. It's a shame the way these young fellows lap up the stuff. I'm told, however, that there is more drinking at home, where they can easily buy the stuff. There are sidewalk bars, and plenty of opportunity to drink. The apple, nut, candy issue was given out today. I received 26 apples — only a few are half-way good, but I'm loaded with chocolate, having 400 grams of the last issue, another 500 grams of new issue, and some delicious big chocolate chips. More bon bons — when I haven't eaten many of the last issue. Halvah ice a big chunk. The nuts have gone soft, and aren't as good as last time. Boganev was in earlier, and gave a few details on the barbarity of the German troops during the war. His sister and mother escaped by a fluke. It's no wonder they don't trust the Germans. Konstantin showed me a blister he had worn on his thumb from scrubbing himself at the bath.

29 April ВТОРНИК Shoveled snow away from window. This will keep up forever. I wonder if I'll give up as Gordon did? After lunch I went with Mischakin and Basikov to get sea water. It seems to help cut the soap which the "soft" water doesn't get off. We trudged along out over the sea ice to where the fishermen have cut holes, and left boxes. The wind seems to spread out when it blows over the sea ice and there is no drifting, of course the snow surface is potted by the wind. The scene is spectacular yet desolate. I took some photos, particularly with the ice cliff as the background. The temperature was -22°C, and the wind 17 mps. Cold! Basikov had only thin canvas work gloves — he says that "cold hands, warm heart" is a Russian expression. Some of the fellows say that my mittens are no good — and that their woolen gloves are better. There's always somebody to pass an opinion with no basis of fact to go on. The local band has been practicing all day for the May Day party. Banners have been made, and the mandolins and guitars are hanging in the dining hall. Cheery mood prevails. Stopped at radio station to pick up data. I was just in time to get radiogram from Goldie. I can tell by the heading that it's from her; they are headed "Mr. Morton Rubin." IGY messages say "For Rubin." George developed the latest black and white films for me. Films from plane don't look good — others are all right. Circulation is giving us a cold spell — it's -72°C at Sovietskaya. Heard radio broadcast from Moscow for Antarctic stations. Head of Northern Seas Transport, Academician-Geographer and Scientific Secretary spoke, then families of about ten men here. The children's voices always soften me. It's a nice thing to see the fellows faces soften, and big smiles appear, as they listen to the voice of wives, mothers, children, etc. I celebrated my own radiogram, and had a big treat with two apples, nuts, and chocolate drops. Astapenko's wife and daughter are worried about him living on an ice shelf.

30 April СРЕДА Had good radio phone contact with Little America. Astapenko is always right there, ready to go. Tom told me that Wilkes had a storm on April 24-25 with winds of 113 kts

when anemometer and shelter blew away. Maximum wind speed estimated to be 123 Knots. He also gave us the times and frequencies for New Zealand teletype transmissions. Time ran out on us before we could copy Goldie's tape recording. Poor reception at night also prevented us from copying. Flags put up on all houses this morning. Platform built for tomorrow's speeches. Telegrams by the hundreds coming and going; radio operators are tired. Wind blew steadily all day, and it seems that all the snow in Antarctica is blowing in front of my window. I cleared it in the morning, and by night it is covered half-way up; by morning it's up to the roof. The moon light is soft and diffused through the ice crystals on the inside of the of the outer pane of glass. Vasikov was telling me that drunks picked up in Moscow have their names and often photographs in the Moscow newspaper; and they are reported to their bosses. Concert and dances by orchestra and coda at night; also a Polish film — not a very good one. The photo-gazette is excellent, with many illuminating pictures of work and camp life. One of me hauling water, also included. A big day is planned for tomorrow — I'll wear my red parka and white boots, with Russian leather pants. Read until 3a.m.

1 May ЧЕТВЕРГ Had "fresh" eggs for breakfast. They were very tasty, baked sunnyside up. Spent an hour and a half in radio station getting tape recording from Little America. It was rather a hectic period, with much running back and forth from studio, to receivers, to tape recorder, to telephone, to transmitters. I understood more of the contents this time than last time. Bugaev spoke to Astapenko, but reception broke down. Steady winds and blowing snow curtailed the May Day speeches. The commies and leaders each said a few words. Many fellows didn't show up. Lots of the plastic masks were seen. I wore my Navy mask, big goggles, and red parka. No part of my face was visible. The mask is not convenient when glasses are worn under it. I'll try it with the goggles alone. The red down parka is not as convenient as the army parka to fasten, and it is short. The hood is too floppy when closed around the face, and snow gets into the open side pockets. The wristlets are good. The Russian leather pants are good, and keep the wind out. The bunny boots let the wind through, and the soles are slippery. I cleared the snow from my window, but in four hours it was closed again. Also the ventilator is blocked with ice from condensation. Will have to fix that as room now is stuffy. Wind was 28 Knots, and temperature -20°C when I was clearing snow. Someone had a good idea for today's banquet — we ate in two shifts with name-cards for everyone. Calm and order prevailed. Nice meal, with crab, chicken, etc. Plenty of cognac. Toasts to Muxhanov for his birthday yesterday, and Dicks birthday today. He received a beautiful, large, colored photo of Mirny at night — from aerophoto group. Victor Bugaev gave me a book to give Dick as a birthday present — it's a book of Ukrainian art. He really is a pleasant man. I went to sleep after lunch. Visited the two doctors at 6:30. They had made ice cream — good, but sweet. They are going to make 14 flavors, in all. They have a very large, nicely illustrated Russian cook book. I'll try to get one for Goldie. We took portraits of each other. They always give me things — this time a special salami. There was a drunk there sleeping off a hangover. He woke up with a big "Oiye." I didn't go to supper, expecting another drinking bout. The cook said that there would be special delicacies, but it wasn't worth it. Our boys at home are relatively quiet tonight — probably the movie has attracted them. Heard a May Day message from some American communist over Moscow Radio — "war preparations, large consumer credit level, high prices, etc., etc." All that these people get as news is propaganda. The U.S. news reports tend to be more impartial — from my experience. When will the wall break down so that ideas and facts can get through? I'm pessimistic. Banners and slogans, "peace and democracy" — all politics and policy — but no word from the people. Belov and Bugaev have put up white parachute cloth curtains.

2 May ПЯТНИЦА Blizzard continues — winds up to 23-25 mps; temperature's up to -12 from -19°C. Blowing snow, in gusts, seeps into everything. Little work today, mostly recovering from hangovers. Meals continued in shifts with vodka and cognac. Shift system is good; there is some talk of continuing it. The anarchy that prevails usually is completely unnecessary. Bugaev says that the medical doctor at Sovietskaya is taking the pibals. He has electric heating for hands and feet, and a microphone for relaying the angles indoors. Paper is like glass below -45°C, and doesn't take pencil marks. The heat from diesel exhaust is used for a central heating system at Vostok, and indoor's the temperatures now around 20 to 30°C. Minimum temperatures reported

today were -78.4°C at Sovietskaya, -73 at Komsomolskaya, and -77 at Vostok. George Gruza and I worked all afternoon to replace my metal ventilation pipe with a wooden contraption made of these radiosonde packing cases. The old pipe had been completely clogged by condensation and my room was almost entirely without fresh air. It was a tough job working in 20 mps wind — but it is worth it. Our contraption to funnel the wind so as to keep the snow from the window was not successful. Had orange-lemon drink, cookies, apples, nuts, and sherry wine afterwards. George says that Bugaev's salary as a professor is 10,000 rubles per month — plus another 4500 while in Antarctica. George is convinced that a planned economy is the best system. There is no unemployment in the Soviet Union. Due to "bad weather" each leader is asked to see that his men are home after the movie, and report to the watchman.

3 May СУББОТА Slept from midnight until 11 a.m.! I was tired from the extra physical labor yesterday, and perhaps the fresh air from my new ventilating system was beneficial. A thin sheet of ice, due to condensation, builds up over the orifice of the outer vent, but this does not close completely in one day, and also is quite easy to break loose. Winds all day long were around 20 mps, and temps -16 to -20°C. Bugaev has some very interesting data on temperatures and cloud distribution from the ice-survey flights. He postulates a "quasi-front" along the coast. Discussed it with him; — he plans a seminar. Also showed him the Coast Little America data, which he had not seem before. Meal times were the usual shambles, in comparison with the orderly routine during the holidays when shifts were observed. It's enough to spoil ones appetite. I'm not the only one who is displeased. Report from Pionerskaya that all hose for balloon inflation is torn. Also, Nikitin has a fever now. I imagine that he'll be evacuated from there. Moscow's arguments against the Arctic inspection plan are quite weak, but the usual soapy, confidential tone of the commentators go on, as usual, intimating that nothing they say could ever be untrue. It's discouraging. Minimum temp at Vostok also -78°C. George Gruza has made a small platform to use for practicing hand-stands. He used to be the Middle Asian gymnastics champion. He has a tremendously powerful torso.

4 May ВОСКРЕСЕНЬЕ Weather clear in morning. Bright full moon. Wind only 18mps, and temperature -18°C. Low blowing snow. Plane flying to Pionerskaya to bring back Nikitin for medical attention. Bugaev says that Nikitin has suffered a long time from stomach trouble. Why did they send him to an isolated station? Cleared the ice from my air vent. The wind deflector is completely ineffective, and in addition vibrates in the wind. It will have to go. News of a U.S. called conference of 11 countries on future of Antarctica. U.S. wants to "freeze" status to permit continuance of free scientific research, and use Antarctica for peaceful purposes. No preliminary objections heard from anyone. Bugaev says that an IGY conference is to be held in Moscow in August. I suppose that Gordon will attend. Plane to Pionerskaya had to return due to engine trouble. After lunch I made tape recording for Radio Moscow, answering three questions, and including a short message to family. Did it three times, and again twice after dinner, as several technical inadequacies turned up. Final effort was not bad. Had session with English conversation-group. Told them stories by Poe and Edith Wharton, which they liked. They also liked the movie magazine, and Jane Mansfield. Bugaev had talk with Vostok by radio. Lifliandsky spoke with Pionerskaya about Nikitin. Vasikov keeps telling me how convenient the mechanical pencil is. Wind blew all day long with speeds up to 23 mps — temps around -16°C. Saw really fine Italian film — of usual negative type — about 200 girls after one secretarial job. Very realistic, and saddening. Bright moonlight night — strong enough to cast a strong shadow. Spots of aurora to north, even visible in moonlight, when moon low on horizon and some daylight in western sky. This morning's minimum temperature at Sovietskaya was -79°C, but they had a pilot balloon observation that reached 8100 m — that's about 4400 meters above the station.

5 May ПОНЕДЕЛЬНИК Worked on developing film with Oley T. Had beautiful results with two rolls; will do rest tomorrow. It's the usual time-consuming job, hauling water, heating water, making six solutions, controlling temperatures, etc, etc. But the results are always worth it. The showing in the mess hall will be spectacular. Discussed height of Sovietskaya station with Bugaev; we are of the opinion that it is at least 100 m lower than estimated. He spoke with the station by radio-telephone today — Maievsky is unhappy there. What a place in which to be

unhappy. He says that he gets paddled if the radiosonde doesn't reach 20 km, and if it goes over 20 km he has all the work to do himself. He can't win. The mechanic there is able to work out of doors at -70°C temps for an hour or more with no ill-effects. What a man! At first they bundled up with masks, etc, when the temperatures hit -70°C, but now they ignore the temperature! Nikitin was flown in from Pionerskaya today — the doctor says that he has appendicitis, and he will do an operation in a week when Nikitin has rested. Nikitin looks well enough — but a bit thinner than when he left, and he wasn't fat then. There was the usual drinking with his cronies after his arrival. The appendix trouble has been chronic with him, it seems; but Bugaev says that all the men were given complete physical exams before coming here. Fedorenka is also in the hospital with a bad back. Bugaev said it first came on him when they were in Capetown, where Fedorenka insisted on swimming in both Atlantic and Indian Oceans. Lebedev tells me that Radio Moscow is going to have a message — tape recorded — from my family in the next broadcast to Antarctica. It's really nice of them. I'm already excited and can imagine how Goldie and the children must be! I hope that the speed, etc. are all synchronized. Several of us were talking about family and children; we agree that as much as we want to be home we wouldn't leave here tomorrow if we had a chance. George Gruza hasn't seen his new-born daughter yet. She'll be a year old when he gets home. He'll miss lots of new experiences, poor fellow. Babkin and Vasikov are discussing the construction of a ventilator, like mine, for their room. Long high snow drifts are forming in the lee of all the houses, but only a few windows are on that side — mine is one of the few. One by one the scraggly beards and moustaches are coming off; some of the beards are really masterpieces. I'll have to get photos of them shortly.

6 May ВТОРНИК Wind decreases to about 13 mps, but rose again at night. Temp up to _____ - 10°C by night. Planes flew again with cargo — equipment, instruments, and food. Large plane carried cargo from Mirny, small AN-2 ferried it from lake to station. I heard that Schuschonsky, the radio operator, went to work at Pionerskaya. One of the operators there returned to Mirny. Finished six rolls of color film in afternoon. Our company is working fine. But it is time-consuming. One roll seems spotted. I'll try to clean it up when it's dry. Vasikov is impressed with my understanding of Russian — he keeps marvelling at it. I, myself, feel that I should do better — but time is just not available for study. Bugaev spoke with Tolstikov about my showing the color slides; Tolstikov says, "sure, go ahead whenever you want."

7 May СРЕДА Woke up tired. I dream every night — without a miss — and last night I worked very hard hacking my way through the Peruvian jungle, of all places! Radio contact with Little America was perfect — not a bit of noise, static, etc. Every word was as clear as a bell. Spoke with Crary, as well as Gray. Bert sounds fine, and says that all outdoor work is done with. Sent a "hamgram" to my mother for Mother's Day. Today is "Radio Day," according to the Russian calendar, and several of our boys were very happy — maybe that's why reception is so good. Bugaev and I attended their party at night — representatives of other groups also there. Toasts, and as usual too much was drunk. I had my fair share — it was impossible to refuse. Songs and kissing. I took several photos. Too much hilarity to attempt to get my tape recording from Little America. Tolstikov left early. On way home at midnight, Bugaev fell in to snow drift and had trouble getting up. Watchman escorted us home. Looked at some of George's enlargements, and showed them some of *Punch* cartoons — the humor, in general, didn't get across.

8 May ЧЕТВЕРГ Woke up at 6am, with terrible thirst, and managed to get a drink of water from jug without getting out of bed. Warm in rooms, as wind had diminished to only 12 mps. Slept until 11am, when Belov disturbed me with news that bulldozer was clearing away the snow near my window. He was precipitous as usual. Tractor was clearing snow from east side only. Had tea with Bugaev and Ivan Ivanovitch. Checked with Lebedev on address for tape recording from family. He had not told me about initiating matters from here. A very slight oversight on his part! Sent telegram to Washington. I had short talk with Tom Gray about missing data. Met-group getting plane loaded for Oasis. Nikitin will probably stay here and one of our aerologists go to Pionerskaya in his place. The radio operators were either drunk, or with hangovers today. They continued their celebration until today. I looked up references to Parfunyin's toast to Popov, the inventor of the radio receiver — but found no information. Another Russian first. Parfunyin says

that there is a lot of ground water in the Lenin Halls, where Moscow University is, that makes building difficult. George's and Tijan's electrical-recording microbarrograph is now finished and working. Had an interesting and enlightening talk with George about his lip in Tashkent. There is a mixture of old traditional Moslem life and new style life. University has 5000 students, and Institute has another 5000. His grandfather was the public prosecutor for the eastern districts — before the Revolution. His father and mother are linguists in the University — his father being head of the Language Dept. Saw 1936 film on Pushkin's "Dubrouski," which is a Russian Robin Hood story. I am told that liberties were taken with Pushkin's original. Wind blew strongly all day, and walking was difficult. Have had several requests for copies of the color film I have taken. This poses a problem of technical nature — as well as extra work. Babkin cleaned up the ice from the floor of the loft; but I think that the pipe is frozen somewhere under the floor and the thing leaks into the loft. I hate to think of the situation this summer when it warms up in there.

9 May ПЯТНИЦА Skipped breakfast again. The snow-covered window keeps out what little light there is and I sleep later — warm last night, wind down to about 16 mps, and temp -10°C. Celebration today for end of European part of World War II. Vodka at dinner. I passed it. One of the men wanted to know why I wouldn't celebrate their victory with them. Vasikov also thought that after Pearl Harbor, the Pacific War was easy! What sort of history books do they read? Spoke with Tolstikov about exchanges of data — he says, of course, "that's why we are here." Our drinking water situation is not too pleasant, what with hair and bits of dirt in the ice. Also, it's mostly ice, with little water. I boil and filter a supply regularly, even if I am told that there are no germs in Antarctica. The drifts between our house and the dinning hall are growing higher and steeper all the time. Its good exercise getting to and from there. Tonight I was down on all fours on the ice on my way back. The wind really has great force. Petrov and Basikov are papering their room and painting the woodwork. I finished framing all but two of the rolls of color film. I'll do the rest tomorrow. The Australian Radio News had an item about Bernie Kalb — he was arrested in Djakarta, and held for 1½ hours. He had written a story saying that communist airplanes had recently arrived in Indonesia. He's been there for 18 months, but I guess that he won't be there much longer. Sovietskaya had -75°C min, with snow crystals falling from clear sky.

10 May СУББОТА Beautiful sunrise with Ac lenticularis. Clear day with winds only about 8 mps. Every did all the out of door jobs that had been piling up. I removed the creaking wind deflector from roof — it didn't work, anyway. Our safety lines had become drifted in by snow, and they have been raised to a new level. Makuschok and several others went to visit the Emperor Penguin colony. He says that they are now laying eggs. Had English conversation group before dinner, then put some material on tape for George and Tijan. Saw a farce, with Gina Lollobrigida. Very entertaining, and not full of social significance. I think that some of the men here are hurt because I didn't go to see the war documentary that was shown last night. We plan to go to the Emperor Penguin colony tomorrow, if weather stays good. Everyone is readying camera and film. Clear night with many stars and weak aurora. Had hot tomato juice with George and Tijan. I liked it, but they were not so sure about it. Sovietskaya warmed up a bit today, but min temp between 06/18Z and 10/00Z was -79°C. I am told that individuals who own their own homes can rent out rooms — but prices are controlled. A Black Market exists, however. Planes flew cargo to Oasis.

11 May ВОСКРЕСЕНИЕ Clear day, winds only about 15 mps, and temp rose from -13°C to 7°C by night when clouds became overcast. Snow at Oasis kept planes grounded here, but we heard and saw one fly over later. Went with a group of our people to see the Emperor penguin rookery. They have a nice sheltered spot, but it's no life for people. There must be about 5000 or more there. There seems to be about four big clusters, and a few small ones — all are close to the icebergs. Many are carrying eggs — and all seem restless as we move amongst and around them. Several fellows saw some copulation — but it must be the very last of it. This year's penguins are noticeably smaller and thinner than the older birds. The big ones are really big and fat. The eggs cause a noticeable bulge. Several penguins made angry noises and sounds — threatening postures as we approached — they seem to be the guards. Then they were as likely

as not to beat and peck at each other. Several other groups of men from Mirny kept coming and going all day long. Had cheese, bread, caviar, cocoa, and chocolate for snack at noon. The ubiquitous "spirit" made its appearance. Belov had lugged all the food and drink in my rucksack. He did the honors in pouring. I made a mistake and refused his offer. I should have accepted as there was no chance that we'd go on a binge — only one bottle for 8 men. But the stuff has an awful taste. George's film jammed, but he ingeniously rigged up a "dark-room" from his wool shirt, and we shaded him while he performed the change of film necessary. Asgold says that he, Mikos, and Matveeb climbed the iceberg and found a beautiful grotto in a crevasse on top. He says that its rather a dangerous climb. Saw an interesting newsreel on automation in the USSR, and departure of troops from East Germany. Film was a comedy on honeymoon of chief engineer and doctor(a) in newly forming collective. It was funny, but the lesson for the day was put out. I wish that the focus would stay steady. Sovietskaya minimum temperature -77°C. Brought in ice to melt for bath tomorrow.

12 May ПОНЕДЕЛЬНИК Skipped breakfast. Melted rest of ice and heated water for bath. Two buckets full more than enough. Changed clothing and bed linen. Worked on maps after lunch. Makuschok had brought back a snow petrel from Haswell yesterday, and today he released it. It is a beautiful white bird, and is a very graceful flier, flitting and darting, suddenly, from side to side. George prepared a sign announcing the slide showing, and Lebedev arranged for announcement on the radio. A big crowd assembled after the dinner, and we went on for two full hours, showing Mirny, Little America, and U.S.A. They still were not satisfied, I should have stayed on. None of the chiefs were there, and Belov suggested that I show only 10 U.S.A. slides; he walked out after I showed more! He was wrought up and criticized me for showing too many pictures of parties, and he says that all the other men feel the same way — and that I should have asked permission before showing the slides! It's a bunch of rubbish, I am told. He's only sensitive about his own drinking. I told him that I had also taken photos of him working, and asked whether it was necessary to ask his permission before showing them. I also said that I took photos of what went on — if men drink at parties, that's not my fault. I promised not to take any more photos of him anyway. He's really a nervous, mixed-up kid. He'll go off his rocker soon. I heard only praise for the slides at the showing, and everyone was pleased. But it's disturbing to me, nevertheless, as I have to live with this character for another nine months. Bugaev flew to Oasis today, and will stay for several days. The Belgian station came in through Mawson today, for the first time that I know of; a synop and temp were included. Sovietskaya had ice crystal precipitation from a clear sky — temp was only -74°C. Brightly colored aurora on horizon.

13 May ВТОРНИК Reports keep coming in from all sides about how much the men liked the slides. Also, I was given to understand that Belov's views are not shared by anyone else. Kibalin asked me — on behalf of the "administration," whether I would show them again at 5pm to let Tolstikov and company see them. I did and also showed some Alaskan, Hawaiian, and California, as well as my old Antarctic slides. Weather still windy, and plane with four-man crew, Bugaev, and Schlaeffer still at Oasis. Spent several hours after dinner with George and Tijan, printing black and white photos. They have a very complicated system of trays, parts, etc. — but it works. They are two really nice boys. We had spent part of the afternoon taking photos of their instruments, etc. Muxhanov says that he has spent many years in the Arctic, and has written two books for children that have been translated into foreign languages, as well. Heard Canadian Radio report on Fuch's arrival at Waterloo Station, London. Large crowds and bands, etc. on hand. He'll be knighted in a few days time.

14 May СРЕДА Short talk with Little America in morning — Vasikov spoke with Astapenko, but cut short because Little America stopped hearing us. George came in to say that he and Tijan would help me prepare for birthday party tomorrow — so I'll have to do it. Later, Muxhanov and Belov came in on same proposal. Belov, very seriously, asked whether the Met group is also invited. He begins to show signs of a persecution complex and schizophrenia. Brought my maps up to date. Excursions and photography have caused a disruption. Some fellows have asked me to show the slides again soon. They all evinced great interest in the U.S. slides. Better

understanding is needed. They saw a picture of Erv's house and on learning that it was a meteorologist's, they thought that it was the government's property. Also, when I say that I rent a house, they assume that the government owns it. Also, when I say that my new house will have eight rooms — they think that I plan to rent out rooms. Muxhanov pays only 4% of his money for an apartment, with heat, telephone, electricity, etc., etc., but it has only one room. We always compare prices as against wages — but it's hard to explain away 5,000,000 unemployed. They say that nobody is unemployed in the USSR and never will be. Vasikov looks tired, and he admits that he is feeling stale and bored at having to work every day. He's sensitive now, and is ruffled at a mock rebuke from me. Babkin is eager about the English soccer team that will play in Moscow, and about the Russian weight-lifters now in the U.S. Torjutkin and Petrov got together and colored a nice enlargement of a photo Petrov had taken of me at the Penguin Rookery — it's nicely done, and I appreciated it. It is a birthday gift — signed by the two, as well as Nikitin and Vasetev. Made a cup of tea before bed and thought how nice it would be to be having it at home with Goldie.

15 May ЧЕТВЕРГ Today is my birthday — 41 years old! George and Tijan made all arrangements for the party — they refuse to let me do anything. I spent my morning getting the data on the maps. Wind still blowing, and Bugaev still stuck at Oasis. We cleared the office and set up a U-shaped table — all very nice. Had silverware, dishes, glasses, etc. from mess hall. The cook made several salads — potatoes and crab, roast turkey, peas, pickles, mushrooms, mayonnaise, fish, caviar, bread, etc. I put out four or five cans of nuts, about 20 cigars, four bottles of Australian wine, a bottle of whiskey, and two of champagne. We also were given two bottles of cognac, four of champagne, and about six of other wines. Everything went beautifully. The boys were simply wonderful — they did this with a will and expression of friendship that is rare. Izotov helped, too. Vasikov and Babkin worked on their maps in their room. In addition to our group, we had Tolstikov, Parfunyin, Ostrekin, Nikolaev, Zakiev, Perov, Brodtkin, Lifliandsky, Agaphonikov, Mikos. Kibalin couldn't come. Fedorenka was sick. Received gift of Tchaikowsky's 1st piano concert on record, and guide book on Moscow from Tolstikov, Kibalin, Parfunyin, Nikolaev, and Ostrekin; photo of his 10th comet from Mikos. Pushkin's Selected Works from Asgold; abacus from George and Tijan; Heat Balance from Met group; and the photo yesterday from aerologists. Toasts were drunk, and a really nice time was had. Stories after dinner, and singing. We all helped to clean up afterwards, and I was in bed by 0115. I had sampled all the various drinks, and was quite happy. News of Sputnik was applauded, when Tolstikov came in late with the news. Some fellows found the cigars and whisky strong — others liked them. I took pictures as usual. Belov was subdued. Radiogram from Bugaev and Schlaeffer. One of the tractor drivers also had birthday. Wind blowing about 40 mph.

16 May ПЯТНИЦА Slept until 1045 — not a trace of a hangover. Ivan Alexandrovitch had come in early and insisted on taking all the dishes, and washed them at kitchen. These fellows are really friendly. Everyone says that it was the best party we'd had. Received congratulations from others all day long. Radio operators — and Fedorenka — had called yesterday to greet me. I gave cook and Co two bottles of Australian wine for their efforts — and thanked them profusely. Much talk of Sputnik III. Inevitable comparison with the small U.S. satellites. Wind reached 60 mph, and temperature rose to -1.8°C. Snowing. Still laugh at sight of Boris carrying the heavy box of food from kitchen to our house — on his head — over slippery surfaces in 40 mph wind. I struggled to keep my balance with only two loaves of bread to carry! Muxhanov asked for a statement of my reactions at the launching of the 3rd Sputnik. I wrote out three or four sentences. Message from Goldie came today. It came in last night while the party was on, and the radio operator telephoned to say that it had come — but I didn't understand what Oley said about a message from Little America. Heard Pickering and Wheeler on Senate Committee broadcast over AFRTS. Temperature at inland stations rising due to strong onshore winds from big system to North of Mirny. Aerologists had difficult time with evening Radiosonde — 1st struck the ground, second came within four minutes of reaching the minimum level of 200 mb, 3rd hung in the air for a moment or two, then vibrated violently and struck the ground, the fourth was lost and only the 5th was successful. The system of generating gas in advance and storing it in the big bags certainly pays off in these cases, as there is an ample supply of hydrogen. Last year's

group once had to make six attempts before one was successful. Snow filters into all creases and folds of clothing, leaving a mess to be brushed and dried out. Some improvements needed.

17 May СУББОТА The snow that fell yesterday and today had a salty taste, as it had had an oceanic trajectory. Winds were about 15 mps, and temp -2 to -4°C. We traded our soiled sheets for clean ones today — Babkin took care of it. It's the first time that I've traded mine rather than wash them myself, but my laundry back-log is heavy from waiting for the pump for water to be connected. I'll have to wash soon, as I've dug into my strategic reserve of socks and underwear, as well as shirts. Bath day today. A new outer room has been built, and it is almost cool enough to dress comfortably — that's 3 rooms away from the bath itself. But the clutter of old socks (abandoned) and dirty towels, as well as dirty overcoats is not pleasant. All of this right next to the cans of compote juice and a common cup! Mixed sea-water with last rinse and all soap came off. I refused invitations to go into the dry-heat room, and also to have my back scrubbed. There's even a stone block for extra-hard rubbing. My air ventilator keeps clean in the bottom section, but the top drifts shut — with only a small spiral-shaped vent left open. Had English conversation group this evening. Fewer men are preparing their lessons. Had copy of *Reporter* magazine, that caused some interesting comment. Funny ideas about religion, commercialism, etc., show a one-sided education, but I guess that we have warped ideas about USSR, too. More exchanges are needed. Discussed constant-level balloons with cameras that flew over USSR. Radio experts say it has a good radio system, clock and sun-timing device to give coordinates, and a message asking India to return to U.S. official for a reward. It sounds like an inefficient way to obtain pictures of Russian terrain. Very touchy synoptic situation as regards development of cyclone and forecast for tomorrow. Listened to Tschaikowsky's I Piano Concert that I received as a birthday gift. Maybe needles don't fit the grooves, but the first side has lots of noise — the second side is quite good, as the music is louder. It's a wonderful piece of music. I have a newer understanding of Tschaikowsky's genius, now that I've heard more of his music. He was versatile, and his music is beautiful. Gorged myself on violin music — Heifitz playing Tschaikowsky and Brahms, and Oistrakh playing Beethoven. A number of the men have headaches after the bath, and think that the 100 grams of vodka served at supper is to take away the pain of the headache. Aspirin would be cheaper, or cooler baths more often indulged in. Fedorenka can't figure out why I wear sandals at the bath. He looks ill and in pain — his back is troubling him badly. He should not go from the hot bath out into the cold.

18 May ВОСКРЕСЕНЬЕ Skipped breakfast and slept until 1030 — had worked until 0130. Despite the great variety of dreams I have, I seem to be getting enough rest. Warm weather and little wind today, with a trace of sun over the ocean during the forenoon. We don't get daylight until about 0845, and it's dark again by 1630 to 1700, depending on cloud conditions. Had light snowfall with almost calm wind in evening and at night — all debris covered, leaving Antarctica clean and beautiful once more. With calm or light winds, the houses are too warm! I find only a sheet to cover me is plenty warm enough. Put a floor on the outer vent of my ventilator to try to keep snow from clogging it. Beautiful special forms are created by the warm air escaping through the shaft. Tijan and George were printing copies of photos, and borrowed mine; my flash pictures are quite good, I am happy to see — and I think that my outdoor black and white are well composed. Babkin much interested in the football match between USSR and England, which ended in a 1-1 tie, the USSR team making its goal with about only 10 minutes left to play. The boys here are playing chess quite regularly in the room across the hall from me. Bugaev still at Oasis, due to low clouds and snow now. When I asked the dining hall attendant — Ivan Alexandrovitch — for a package of tea, he supplied me with two packages, some cookies, and a jar of jam.

19 May ПОНЕДЕЛЬНИК Beautiful sunrise; temperature 0°C, calm wind, and beautifully white, soft snow cover. Climbed Aurora Hill to have a look around. Two messages, one from my mother — but much garbled, and one from Cray about exchange of data, which also somewhat garbled. Asked for repeat of both! Spoke with Lanovitsky about repair of movie camera — he says to come tomorrow. Valdimir Ivanovitch wants to ask about developing some color film he received as a gift when the *Burton Island* was here; its probably Ektachrome. Spent about two

hours visiting Fedorenka, who is in bed — ill — with an interested audience of his operators, we discussed politics, economics, international affairs, etc. He's in pain, and has been all sorts of medicines, injections, etc. What a place in which to be sick. Weather is warm and some snow fell. Not much wind, except at night. My two latest radiograms — from Philo. and from Little America — have turned into a comedy of errors. All my requests for repetition of the garbled messages result in a repeat of Goldie's last message on my birthday. Gave Nikolai — the tractor driver — some enlargements of black and white photographs I took when we were cutting ice. Served tea, cookies, and jam to Galkin, Tjian, and George, while we listened to Heifitz play Tchaikowsky's violin concerts. These boys live dangerously — they's rather reach across a table with a full spoon of jam rather than ask to have the jar passed! That's the way things are at the dining hall — and the sleeves in the food will eventually get my goat. Also, pen-knives used for cutting the meat is a new one in my experience. I handed out photos to Boris, Konstantin, Belov, Oley, etc. The photos look better in the dark room, under the red light.

20 May ВТОРНИК Spent almost the entire day repairing the movie camera. Mechanic turned a new axle for the worn one, and we reset the spring motor. Slow work — and as in comedies, we had one screw and one small axle left over. We'll try the camera tomorrow. Saw Ostrekin before dinner, and had gab fest, as well as a bottle of the delicious, white, dry, Georgian wine. Also discussed exchange of geophysical data with emphasis on ionospheric and geomagnetic. He told me of the times he nearly drowned or was burnt up in fires. At 10 years he lay, practically dead on the bottom of a lake, drowning with his eyes open. Then stories of breaking out of a burning house in the Arctic, falling through cracks in the ice, etc. Last year he nearly drowned when his boat turned over while in a large lake. He does sitting up exercises every morning and baths in his room. He found a place near Haswell where the fish can hardly wait for the hooks to be put into the water — and they are bigger than near Xmara. He also shot a big 500 kilo seal about a kilometer and a half the other side of Haswell. He gets around. He liked Genoa very much. Also showed me photos of his 5 year old son. He wants to fly to Little America, if the diplomats make the necessary arrangements. Delicious "aladyi" for dinner — with raspberry jam! I had four. Konstantin wants to know why the Frenchman on Kerguelin asks if anyone here speaks French — why doesn't he study Russian. I said that it's only natural to ask if someone speaks your language — and he agreed! Finally had a clarification of my mother's telegram — but not Bert Crary's. I give up! The carpenter built my skylight — if the weather is good, I'll put it into place tomorrow; then to dig the tunnel for the light, that's the big job. Message from Met-Kerguelin asking about met data, how many men in Mirny Met group, if anyone speaks French for a radio phone contact.

21 May СРЕДА Good telephone contact with Little America — spoke with Crary and Gray. Vasiukov spoke with Astapenko. No news from Washington, but Bert gave me some idea about the traverses planned for next year. We discussed exchange of data etc. Astapenko asked that some Russian music be played next time for him to tape record. Finished last work on camera, and found where the extra screw goes, but not the axle. Strong winds and snow this morning, but better by evening. Some clearing, and temperatures down to -8°C. Yesterday Moscow had -2°C temp and so did Mirny! Saw Tolstikov at his place, and told him of talk with Little America. He says that he also does not know what next year's plans or program will be. He is affable, as usual, and asked how I was getting along. The camp joke now is the situation of the Mirny people at Oasis — they've been there for over ten days, I think. Lots of odd and weird plastic maps are being made by the men here — to keep off the blowing snow. Maybe I'll try my hand at one, too. Tolstikov had radiotelephone talks with the other Soviet stations the other day. I found out that he, too is a hero. Bugaev is a professor, without having gotten an earned doctor's degree — he is a DSE (hon.). The snow is drifting up quickly now around the buildings, and I guess that we'll soon be clambering over snowdrifts for some time to come. Overheard a radio contact (voice) between Mawson and Davis; it seems that a plane from Mawson has been at Davis, held up by weather. They'll return tomorrow if the weather is good. Their sked will be at 0215Z. The *Ob* is close to Valparaiso now. They should have a good time their. By the time they get home they will have gone around the world and touched every Southern Hemisphere continent.

22 May ЧЕТВЕРГ Extremely strong winds — up to 32 meters per second (that's 72 miles per hour), and temperatures fell to -18°C by night time. It was rather inconvenient, and even painful to have to fan the wind. George helped me dig a tunnel in front of my window, and we placed the skylight level with the roof. The wind at that time was howling 60 miles per hour. The handle of the hammer cracked during this operation. Some byplay with Makuschok's fur cap — he is constantly either misplacing it or having it spirited away and hidden. He found someone doing just that, and retrieved it — on the way out I lifted it and hid it. He never suspected me. The whole dining hall watched expectantly. A few rather tough moments when Perov flew back from Oazi in the LI-2. It was at sundown — 1615 hours, and the wind at 70 miles per hour was blowing the snow around until nothing was seen. Everyone concerned. Lights turned on at field. Plane came in overhead and quickly dropped to field. Wind so strong that he stopped within 20 meters. It took the tractor an hour — sometimes being pulled by the plane and wind — to get it back to the parking area. Bugaev returned and a small party was organized. He had much to say about the beauties of Oasis, and how he felt that there was a feeling of being on an expedition. He made many short excursions, but Tolstikov didn't give them permission to go to look for the large snow gage that had been set up a few kilometers away last year. We all had a few anxious moments while the plane was getting ready to land, but everyone said, "Perov can do it, if anyone can." I am always asked to stay for the movie, and when I cite the work waiting for me as the reason for not staying, I get the reply, "Work is not a wolf, it won't run away into the forest." Maybe not, but tomorrow another wolf will park on my desk. Galkin came in with a code to be used in the exchange of ionospheric data. Sent message off to Cray asking for a phone contact 241530Z. Saw a small book by Tolstikov on his North Pole Drifting Station experience; it's similar to Treschnikov's. Lebedev has written a book on Antarctica. Had tea with the two penguins — Tijan and George — Oley and Bugaev. Then to bed. If it's blowing tomorrow, I'm not going to breakfast. Ob arrived Valparaiso today after 1800Z.

23 May ПЯТНИЦА Had great night's sleep — until 0900h, despite George's ideas about not drinking tea before bed. He has a fear of cancer, and feels that hot liquids contribute to cancer of the throat and stomach. Tijan is also a hypochondriac — he pops into bed with a "temperature" before he has to go on night shift. My skylight works fine, and today I woke up in a dusky room — not in a dungeon. The wind keeps the skylight swept free of snow, but frost has formed on the inner surface. But there's light, anyway. The ventilator closes up almost entirely from drifted snow, but even a pin hole is enough to keep the air circulating in my room. Clear day today, and cold, with winds around 40 mph. Beautiful starry sky at night. Spoke with Bugaev about exchanges of data, etc.; as Tom Gray asked. Heard Rastorguev on radio giving an account of his trip to the South Pole. Bugaev played music over the P.A. system. I let him play Tschaikowsky's 1st Piano Concerto — which sounds better on his player, and Heifitz playing T's violin concerto, which sounds better on my player. My neighbor is acting a bit strangely, and I worry about him. Some of the boys have received the hope that we can make beer — or at least "kvass" from bread. George says that he has a bottle of *Burton Island* beer that he's saving for a "black day."

24 May СУББОТА Very Strong winds today; up to 22 mps, with temps down to -20°C. Lighter winds — 13 mps at night with temp -18°C. Weak aurora, like searchlight. Had trouble getting in and out of corridor for breakfast. Helped Muxhanov dig out snow, so that he could get in. Crew worked to clear corridor, with wind blowing in almost as much as was cleared out. Now using the hatch through roof tower to get in and out of house. Spent about three hours at radio station for contact with Little America; but reception bad. Will try tomorrow. Ostrekin gave talk at scientific meeting — about Geophysical Program. Talk ended before dinner, so visited doctors with Gruza. They were making a mustard plaster. They prepared a meal for us, with spirit — I detailed it with cherry jam juice. Sergeev came in later with cognac. He gave me a field diary as a gift. Many stories about student days — but it's hard to keep away from politics. They think that there is a capitalistic dictatorship in the U.S.A. I told doctor about my misgivings concerning my neighbor — in confiding without mentioning names. After climbing out through their hatch, and in through ours — so to bed.

25 May ВОСКРЕСЕНЬЕ Telephone rang several times during night, and Bugaev went with ice-survey flight that left at 0700. It was still dark, of course. Clear weather at 0700, snow at 0800! Radio operator on duty at radio range station whenever plane is in the air. No contact with NLA, as we could hardly hear then at 0830. Contact better at 1500 hrs, and had long talk with Crary and Gray. Sent "hamgram" to Richard and John for graduation greeting. Had radiogram from Odishaw and Wexler re plans for next year; also request for details. -78.6°C temp at Sovietskaya. Light snow all day with light winds. We are now using our hatch for getting in and out of house. Corridor exit is blocked by snow. This presents a hazard, as more than one exit is a safety factor. Galkin, Agaphonikov and Zelischev working on oscillograph to record Sputnik's signals. Gave George and Tijan some gum. Tijan was tickled, and giggle for minutes every time he thought of the idea. George had bought some in Capetown, but Tijan had never tried it before. Plane returned at 6p.m., in darkness. Had good session with English class — everyone had prepared a written exercise. George's story of Bugaev trying to settle account for beer was hilarious. Asold had amusing stories about academician and designer, and later head of Geophysical Obs., Kiclov, who wrote amusing memoirs and was a character. Also had funny stories about Mirny life — "that's salmon, not potatoes." Victor had a piece of satire, using colloquialisms; quite in contrast to his roommate's piece last week. Goncharov is sick and didn't show up — but came to dinner. Lebedev was on the ice flight. Delicious sweet buns for desert, after the customary goose and sour cabbage. Heard the broadcast of the families of men here, and it is heart-warming, as usual, to hear the children's voices ("zdrasteri, dorogoy papichkin."), and the concern shown by the kin, and their assurances that all is well at home. The wife of the leader at Vostok spoke, too. She is at Dicksov — 74° N, and his is at 78.5° S; a mere 152° of latitude separate them. Wrote up message for Crary, and report for Tolstikov. George taped Rastorguev's introduction to the broadcast. Will listen again tomorrow for full details.

26 May ПОНЕДЕЛЬНИК Light winds, warm, and some snow during day. House is always too warm when winds are light. Saw Tolstikov and gave him details of radiogram from Wexler, as well as talk with Crary and Gray. Later, did same with Bugaev. His room was extremely warm — a little Tashkent. Zakiev was also there. Vasiukov was telling me about the farm on which his wife is now living, it's near Bryansk about 500 km SW of Moscow. There are many orchards (apple, the best in Russia), forests, gardens, etc. The place on which she is staying is near the spot where three rivers converge. The gardens are in bloom now, and it is beautiful. Tijan is dishwasher today; yesterday it was George's turn. Perov says that the ice is practically solid for 400 km from the coast. Bugaev, Lebedev, and Schrekov, the hydrologist, were on the flight. Perov says that it's all the same to him wherever he flies; he doesn't find it interesting! Had a special serving of "prosta gvasha" again at breakfast. It's very tasty, but I drink it plain instead of with sugar. The Russians say that "each cup of 'prosta gvasha' gives another month of life." Mischakin's wife has told him that he must send her a telegram every ten days. I asked him why, and he said that he never asks the boss why. In Russia there is a saying that the man is the head of the family, but the woman holds the reins that turn the head. Mischakin has numbered all the days of the calendar to the New Year. Some men cross out the entire month when the 1st of the month is reached. Most of us are ready to go home, I imagine. Wind stayed light all day long and moon shown through clouds at night. Saw Tolstikov playing dominoes with boys after dinner in the mess hall, and banging down the pieces just as lustily as anyone. He smiles easily, and laughs heartily. Tijan took his table tennis racket and shoes to play after his dishwashing tour of duty is over. He is an ace in the game — one rank below master. If he wins 11 tournaments against aces in regular competition, he becomes a master of sport.

27 May ВТОРНИК Had "prosta gvasha" again for breakfast — it's really delicious and goes well with cheese and bread. Tussled Pavel about his ten-day reports to the boss. He's really very good natured about it. The boys also kid him about turning the loudspeaker on all the time. Sun now on horizon today — even at noon. Interesting cross-hatching of cirrus, and lower isolated Ac. Took some photos of blowing snow after lunch. Light already poor by 1430 hr. Bulldozer cleared snow from our doorway, but the wind soon began filling it in. Had interesting discussion with George and the glaciologist about movie prizes. A Soviet film "Flight of Cranes" won the prize at Cannes — it was in Moscow when the expedition left, but nobody saw it. The rumor is

that the film is here. Comparison of international film prizes and national ones. Vasiukov feels that a man's character is not the principle reason for him being a bureaucrat. Probably some marxist theory is against it. George told me of the beautiful opera house in Tashkent, designed by an Academician who designed many theaters. The motif inside is local in origin, and very exotic in flavor. Beautiful night lit by half-moon. Light bright enough to throw a strong shadow! Wind blowing snow, and eerie shapes of dark islands against white-blue ice make an interesting photo — but I won't take it. Saw a really good film (1933) based upon "The Storm" by Ostrovsky. Depicted life in 1800's in Russia. Unwittingly got recorder ink on my gloves and had a mess to clean up from everything I touched in my room — chairs, radio, light switch, door handles, etc., etc. and so to bed.

28 May СРЕДА Up early for a talk with Little America, but it didn't materialize as Little America didn't answer. Another false alarm after lunch — Little America heard us very well, but we couldn't hear them on the radiophone. Many hours are lost this way. Zorin called me to let me know that he was cutting hair, and would do mine. I spent about an hour and a half with him and the aviation group. He is very meticulous and does an excellent job. Many men commented afterwards that it was a good haircut. And he taught himself after he left Capetown on the *Ob!* He says that men with little hair have wives who love them. One of the young boys had a birthday and we all had a drink — spirit out of a Haig and Haig bottle. Their spirit came in a regular sealed bottle — it's 95% alcohol, but they cut it to be 43% — thank goodness! Saw photos of families, etc. Aphonin spent a year on SP - 3. A lottery is now going on in the Soviet Union, each republic has its own. In RSFSR there are 50 Volgas, 150 Mosikirsch's, motorcycles, radios, etc. being offered on the lottery — tickets 5 rubles each. One fellow had purchased 40, another 50. We had an issue of goodies this afternoon — 8 apples, 500 grams chocolate, the good chocolate covered candy, nuts, halvah, and tobacco. Mine all came in a special issue — and the apples were all perfect. Sergeiv took notice of my comments; but all the other apples were also good. Ivan Alexandrovitch insisted on giving me a can of powdered coffee and canned milk to serve in my room. I made a wastebasket and a base for my hot plate out of one of the big candy cans. Urie Avsuk came over to see whether his Agfacolor transparencies can be developed by my process — we'll try a piece next time we develop film. All of this came as a big break in routine, but I didn't get my bath water heated until midnight. Bath and then bed by 1 a.m.

29 May ЧЕТВЕРГ Room was warm last night — because I had turned on radiator and closed ventilator for bath. Temp was > 70°F. Slept well with only sheet as covering. Radio contact with Little America, but we couldn't get through too well; they heard us poorly, and we heard very well. Spoke with Crary and Gray; Bugaev spoke with Astapenko. Astapenko thinks the Weather Central should remain in Antarctica. Had sour milk again for breakfast — it's delicious. Ivan Alexandrovitch had a hangover, but he was still cheery. Bugaev said that Pavel Paulevitch lost the book containing 3 months of temp gradient observations — it blew away from him in a high wind one night. He didn't confess until yesterday. A search was organized, and after several hours the book was found on the sea ice near the barrier's edge! That's luck, and our steady SSE wind! Bugaev had tea with me this morning, and saw a picture of Mary Sue. He said that she looked like "papa," and that signifies that she'll be happy — or fortunate, according to their saying. For the people who live in a materialistic society, they have a lot of folk sayings and superstitions. There's one for every occasion. Very interesting and bright aurora this morning in horizontal and vertical rays. Almost as bright as the dawn at 0800 hrs. Saw Tolstikov after lunch, and gave him data on snow temps, etc. Had long and interesting talk about climate and circulation. He also said that photo taken by first expedition doesn't show the island near Shackleton Glacier, so perhaps the "High-jump" photo also missed it. But the evinations of what appears to be an Island on the AGS map at that spot is too great for it not to have been put there knowingly. Tolstikov says that all is well at the interior stations; they all have central heat. He says that the 15m temp in an open pit at Vostok in March was -64.7°C. Lebedev called later to thank me for the data. I helped Alexander with a few rough spots in his translation of Ball's *Tellus* article on downslope winds and pressure jumps. I feel clean again after last night's bath; it makes me feel almost too self-righteous and superior. Ivan Ivanovitch asked me whether I dislike their films, as I go to so few of them; I explained that work keeps me away. He is the one who also

asked about my disliking their felt boots. I feel that their clothing is too heavy for the few minutes each day that most of us are out of doors. Had interesting discussion with Mikos about aurora, meteorites, etc. and U.S. astronomers. Made a tight bundle of a local broom, and used it on my rug; it isn't as effective as my wire brush, but it's simpler and cleaner for me. Some snow seems to be getting into the pit in front of my window. Will have to take a look shortly, and remedy this situation. Listened to Cesar Frauk's D Minor Symphony, and Scheberegade while I did some computing of wind vectors. So to bed, perchance to dream. It's getting colder at Sovietskaya: min -76°C.

30 May ПЯТНИЦА Had announcement of telegram for me at radio station, that came in last night from Gordon Cartright — good news on film, and expectation that he's going to Moscow in August for CSAGI Conference. He must be pleased. Bugaev says that he lost his English lesson book last night in the wind. He had "20 good words" in it. He is studying with the beginning class; no more pantomime for him — he had to keep drinking beer, as he couldn't tell the waiter that he wanted to pay the bill! Decided to wash clothes today. Dug ice from the ice mine outside and cleaned the corridor free of snow so that I could bring it in. Cold outside and hot inside putting the ice into the heating tank. Hauled about 20 buckets full and had enough for two full (too full) loads, with only one mine. Still another load to wash. Strung six lines in room — having only a small space left at the desk. Tolstikov was around — looking over the camp, I suppose. He was interested in my mining technique. I beak up the ice into small pieces first — more can be carried in the buckets and it melts more quickly. The machine isn't spinning too well, and the heavy things still are rather damp — but it moistens the dry air, and the boys say that I'll sleep better tonight. I hope so. Vasiukov is on watchman duty tonight and he rushed through the forecast, finishing by 10 P.M.! A no-smoking edict in our office; its rather stuffy in there, and ventilation is not too good. Some talk about France at break. The Moscow Radio brands the Algerian and French movement a Fascist one. Messages from Babarikan says max temp today -74°C, and minimum temp -77.8°C at Sovietskaya.

31 May СУББОТА The last day of the month dawned clear, cold and with light winds — temp was -23°C, with little change all day long. I did sleep well last night, with all the damp clothes drying. I ironed and mended for several hours in the afternoon, and finished everything. I'll have to ask Goldie how to get rid of the "tattle-tale grey." Put up a hand hold at the top of the ladder and trap-door — it makes getting in and out much easier. Sharpened knives on wheel and stone. Oley can shave with his knife, it has such a good edge! He received a radiogram from Igor Popov, who has spent his vacation studying and taking further exams at the Leningrad Electrical Institute. He sent regards to me. George's developing of my film was good, but too many extraneous hairs, etc. marred some shots. Konstantin was tired all day long after his night watch. Had talk of different foods and what American cooking is like, as compared to Russian. Stikowski and the Philadelphia Orchestra both are making big hit in USSR. Pavel Paulevitch has problem deciding about son's camp. He is enrolled in a summer camp from his school in Moscow, but a special deluxe camp for boys with only the highest grades in school has been made available to sons of men serving in Antarctica. So now he doesn't know where to send him. The new camp is on the Black Sea coast. Had session with English class and went over colloquial expressions. It went over well, and we'll do more next week. Izotov asked when my wife's birthday is; he liked the last party and wants more champagne! Nikolai, the tractor driver got a few metal chips in his eye, and is wearing black glasses. I hope that he doesn't have permanent injury. He's such a nice young fellow. There's lots of interest in Gordon's forthcoming trip to Moscow; the men hope that I can go there next year, too. So do I.

1 June БОКРЕСЕНЬЕ First day of June, and winter is upon us! Clear crisp day, with temp down to -26°C; little change all day long. My skylight leaks air as the packing around the edges has come away. When hatch door is open, cold air blows in through my ventilator. It is quick and refreshing. I tried the Russian felt boots again today, but they are heavy and uncomfortable, although warm. The leather trousers are good for keeping out the wind. The cooks overslept this morning, and there was no breakfast until after 9 a.m. Lunch was also poor. Dinner was good; fresh roast pork, cabbage, cherry jam and tea. The boys were discussing Mikoyan, and I showed

them the Sept. '57 issue of *Time* with Mikoyan on the cover. They were surprised to see an article about him, and were completely flabbergasted by a reprint of a Kokadril cartoon depicting a vicious American soldier. Konstantin was curious about the ads. Muxhanov wanted to know if *Time* was available in the USSR. Good issue for discussion: TV104, article on Gogol, etc. My nose tells me when the temp is below -20°C. I feel a crackling and freezing of the moisture in my nostrils. The sastrugi between Met house and mess hall are growing higher and higher; it's good exercise getting over them. Muxhanov and the other boys say that my Russian is better than Mikos's; because I thought that Mikos had a good command of Russian, although I know that his accent was bad. Vasiukov and Mischakin went to the radio station today to listen to the tape from their family. I walked around outside last night for about 20 minutes before going to bed; bright full moon, little wind, but cold. Camp quiet, and strange to see many lights in Antarctica; its like a small town, actually.

2 June ПОНЕДЕЛЬНИК Slept badly; the walk probably was too stimulating. A new crop of beards has been started, particularly amongst the aviation group. Fedorenka is back at meals; his beard and moustache are progressing nicely — they add distinction to his already handsome face. Slow service at lunch; cook's helper had to go help fetch water. Oley has cleared and repaired the tank for wash water; good pressure now. My ventilator is completely blocked, but the warm air has forced its way along the side of the house and has made its own outlet. I'm quite happy about it. Had interesting discussion with Vasiukov and George about price of *Time* magazine by airmail. They say that magazines should cost the same everywhere, and postage rates shouldn't be figured in. They quote the Soviet Union as an example. But they can't explain why packages and passengers on trains and airplanes pay by the distance traveled! A big storm has appeared to the west of us, and it is not clear whether we will be affected. The *Ob* left Valpo. yesterday — she had a nice long stay of about eight days. Bugaev is regretful that he is not along. Vasiukov says that it's better to travel on the *Kerp* than on the *Ob* — George violently disagrees; quoting many arguments against, such as size, room, rolling, etc. Radio Gazette tonight with report on U.S. activities from Astapenko. If the clouds stay on with us we'll miss the view of Sputnik and rocket here on the 4th and 5th. Too bad. Today's min temp at Sovietskaya was -78°C, Vostok -74°C, Komsomolskaya -73°C. Today is my 18th wedding anniversary — they've been 18 really fine years, more than a man could hope for. I know that Goldie feels the same, too. She's really an exceptional girl. And so to bed. Our min temp today was -28°C = -18°F.

3 June ВТОРНИК Wind blew strong all night; my room was cold. Noises in the washroom at 0530 awakened me, and I closed ventilator. Snow and east wind all day, with wind moderating by afternoon. Temperature at -17°C. Took snow samples. A number of men have head colds. I think that Oley is the source of infection; he has had a cold and cough since last February. The common cup, and all the other unsanitary arrangements help keep it going. Oley washed today; he soaked his clothes all night long — this is the customary practice here. George and Tijan have funny ideas about diet: they won't drink strong tea, and drink only at meal times, feeling that too much liquid is hard on the heart. Moscow Radio has reported a new plan for selecting candidates for higher study; other factors being equal, preference will be given to students who spend a year or more working before going to University or Institute. This is okay for the first year, but the crowded situation will only be intensified — or put off — for one year. Lev was with George after dinner, and I joined the group after about 1030 pm. Had wine, tea, nuts, and biltong. The biltong is still good after almost eight months, and the boys liked it. Tijan giggled, just as he did with the chewing gum. Discussed Dudintsev's book — George thinks that Dudintsev's letter should have been printed with the Publisher's Foreword, instead of as an Epilogue. Lev borrowed a volume of American short stories. He also wants to borrow my glasses to use in photographing the moon! It seems that he needs a lens with a small positive diopter. Snow ended by about 11pm and moon and stars were visible. I forgot tomorrow's Little America radiophone talk, and didn't get to bed until after 1a.m.

4 June СРЕДА Up at 0730 to talk with Little America. I had forgotten to turn off heat, and room was too warm for comfort, 70°F. Had very good talk with Tom and Bert, and picked up more

information on glaciology, temp, traverses, and new broadcast times and frequencies from Fackland Islands. Bugaev and Belov spoke with Astapenko. Reception was good. Clear weather to day, so we'll probably see Sputnik and rocket okay. Received message from Wexler on "kernlose" temperature patterns; I suspected that it referred to "core-less" patterns, but thought it was in space rather than in time at a single station. Had session with Tolstikov after lunch, and went over the information from Crary. Also discussed Eisenhower's proposal for treaty to keep Antarctica as an international area for scientific research; and USSR's acceptance. Tolstikov agrees with me that this is one more step toward world cooperation and peace. Soviet letter on possibility of trade between USA and USSR also a good sign. George printed some of the black and white photos of my birthday party. Good, but some out of focus. Whole camp turned out to view Sputnik and rocket between 1638 and 1712, but we only succeeded in getting our hands and faces cold. I had my camera set up, but I don't know what it saw, except for some very bright auroral activity. Krushev was on our land-speaking-system tonight from 2115 to 2240, talking in Bulgarian. He tore into Yugoslavia, mostly. I've just awoken to the fact that Vasiukov actually "spits" on his fingers to moisten them as he turns over the sheets of data or maps. What a disgusting habit! The fellows have opened a hole in the wall between the corridor and the ice-house, thus making it a very simple operation to bring in the ice for melting. Light winds tonight, and my room is warm.

5 June ЧЕТВЕРГ Light winds all day, picked up at night. Temp around -17°C, but down to -20°C by 10pm, and clear skies. Nobody saw Sputnik last night, except the correspondent! Mikos has made a beautiful photo of the Southern Cross constellation, using his astronomical equipment. A quiet, busy day today. George and Tijan photographed — in black and white — some of my color slides; using Tijan's camera that has a viewer through the lens system, and directly from the slide in the projector. The negative turned out okay. The sun gets lower and lower — it's dark by about 3:30 pm now. The intermittent tic I had in my left upper eyelid has disappeared after being with me for about four or five days. I wonder what was bothering me? Did some mending of field trousers and a tie today. Its better to keep up to date with that stuff.

6 June ПЯТНИЦА Clear, cold morning, with light winds and bright moon. Temp -23°C. Snow grains crunched and squashed underfoot. Some places even sound hollow.. It's interesting to see the erosion around footprints where the snow has been compacted and is harder than the natural surface. Worked on ventilator to fabricate a removable lid to the shaft. Fingers became stiff, and even hard from the cold. Couldn't use gloves when holding small nails, and could not even feel the nails after several minutes. Hands in pockets to warm them, then out again to hammer more nails. Didn't feel pain when I hit my fingers several times, but fully expected pieces of finger to break off from blows. Blood blisters formed later, but ventilator in good condition now — for awhile. List of Sputnik and rocket sightings for next several days — but azimuths are not clear, whether geodetic or astronomical. We probably won't see it anyway. Soviet Radio broadcasts news of US 38.5 billion defense budget — but says nothing about their own, nor about our help to economies of other countries. Vasiukov told me today about his first attempts at sport in Yakutsk, where he worked as a young forecaster. He nearly froze when he attempted to ski, and nearly froze in summer when he attempted to swim in the Lena; after that he indulged in no outdoor sports! Nobody was able to sight Sputnik or its rocket today. Cold wind in evening when I went to radio station to pick up radiogram from Crary; temp -25°C, and 15mps wind. Had fun kidding Mischakin after dinner — he takes it seriously, and Konstantin kept pulling his leg. Good news about student exchange between USSR and USA. Goncharov asked me whether our business firms liked the idea of trade proposed by Krushev. I said that's up to the governments; whatever their government wants in the way of exchanges can come about if good will and peaceful institutions are manifest. Ivan Ivanovitch still feels that I do not like Russian movies — he'll invite me when there is a good one — so I'll have to go. Sovietskaya temp -75°C. Babkin has red sore eyes; he says he thinks that the cold wind has caused the trouble. Oley, also, says that the cold wind has gotten into his lungs! Moscow Radio had a broadcast tonight on smoking and cancer; this touched off a big debate — but most people were in the movies and didn't hear the broadcast. One of the dogs had broken loose from his tether, and was wandering around camp, investigating the dumps behind each house. He was the big bushy brown and

white dog. He came when I called and held out my hand, and I was able to pat his head, but he was wary and scooted off in a scared fashion as soon as several other men made moves in his direction.

7 June СУББОТА Blizzard this morning — wind 18 m p sec, and temp -27°C. My ventilator must be clogged, for air in room seems stale. Nothing to do but clean it — and blizzard makes this hard to accomplish. Getting to breakfast an exhilarating adventure. High-blowing snow almost obscures all lights, but life line a blessing, even if we know the path by heart. Climbing up over the sastrugi is also a venture into the unknown, as they keep growing, and the snow surface is not visible due to the blowing snow, so we are just as likely to step off into a five or six foot steep slope, as not. The wind, all this time, pushing and tumbling us, trying to get us down faster than we want to go. Snow sifts into all creases and folds, and into gloves. Zipper freezes, etc., etc. Then the job of brushing all snow from the places it has penetrated — coffee and boiled ice are not worth it. “Bath working” today. Men with little bundles of clean clothes already on their way at 0830. Jerry-can of diesel also lugged over, for drinking after bath. Nikolai, the tractorist, had his coat-belt appropriated to use as handle for carrying can. I cleaned my room and changed bed clothes. No exchange of sheets today — but three weeks is long enough. Went to bath after lunch with George. Blizzard was worse, with winds up to 30 mps. We tumbled down slopes several times, and wound up too far south of the bath, and had to veer sharply. Familiar landmarks often look strange and confusing. Bath crowded, but dressing was cool; however, roof leaks, and my parka was wet in spots. Mischa, the radio operator, had two fellows rubbing his back; he ended up with bruised and mottled skin. Igor Nikolaev had to wait a long time for his beard to dry. He also came with two clean underwear bottoms in place of one bottom and one top. I shared my sea water with George and Tijan; it works wonders in getting the soap off in the final rinse. Followed the Russian custom of a nap after bath. The boys who have to get back to their houses near the cliffs and at the edge of the ice sheet have a risky walk if they loose their way but there are life lines strung along between the houses there. We heard rumors of bath being cancelled, water running out, etc. Ivan Ivanovitch always checks at each house to see whether everyone has bathed before calling it a day. We had our English conversation class this evening. Some friction when Victor criticized the other’s simple questions, but he forgets that they are nowhere near him in English facility. We are making good progress, and I feel closer to the boys as a result of these weekly contacts. Vodka at dinner, but few at our table drank — we passed it to the tractorists. Tomato juice, smoked salmon, boiled potatoes, marinated mushrooms, rye bread and tea; a delicious meal — and I’m thirsty as can be. Konstantin and Alexander are at the movies tonight, and I don’t know whether the forecast was made; and there’s no new data for the map. I finished up by working on upper-air data and listening to Beethoven’s Seventh Symphony. The *Ob* is going around Cape Horn. The boys had a break this evening when releasing the radiosonde balloon; there was a lull in which the wind was only 14 mps instead of 24! They have a difficult job. The maximum temperature at Sovietskaya today was -74°C; this was also the minimum! Asxold says that for the 23 men on the tractor train, there was 200 liters of spirit. They drank these in 69 days; that’s 130 grams per day!

8 June БОКРЕСЕНЬЕ Missed breakfast today — had read until late, and wasn’t in the mood to walk to the mess hall. Wind has abated to about 16mps, and temp up to -20°C. Clear skies. Min temp at Sovietskaya -77°C. Visited ionosphere station, and had wine with Galkin and Asxold before noon meal. They call Mischakin and Muxhanov — Muschakin; as they are so much alike. Galkin says that these are the brothers Agaphonikov, the Muschakins and he himself is alone. Went to movie tonight to see a color film about a Russian ship in early 1800’s, hunting slave traders, not too good, and not too bad. Going to late dinner on movie nights is always a messy operation. The spirit of the men is good, and they all pitch in to help clean up so that the movie can start on time. They are all friendly and helpful toward each other. The natural vent of my ventilator was bridged over, but it was easy to break through the crust and clean it. I don’t know how it formed, but I’m glad that it’s there.

9 June ПОНЕДЕЛЬНИК Weather turning warmer, with winds only 12-15 mps, and temp up to -15°C. Took opportunity to clean out pit under my skylight and reseal all cracks. The space is so

big that I could stand under the sky light and shovel all the snow. It was cramped — and warm. Saw the space between ventilator and outer wall of house that now serves as my natural ventilator. Am a bit stiff and tired after three hours hard work. Big excitement over football results: England 2, USSR 2 at Swedish tournament for world title. Boys here disappointed. Discussed data exchange with Ostrekin. All now understood, and will settle final details with Crary on Wednesday. Ostrekin has interesting collection of Emperor mating scenes that he was given. They came through Brodskin. Saw Nikitin at supper tonight; he looks quite well after his operation. Makuschok says that the tractorists were greatly pleased with the calendar art, but wanted more! Oley, the electrician, replaced the light switch in the corner of my room. He handles the bare wires with his bare hands! 220 volts scares me. He came within five minutes after Alexander called him.

10 June ВТОРНИК Looked like snow all day, but cleared by supper time. Warm, -15°C, but -18°C by 11pm. Bugaev had a tractor come to clean the snow away from the east side of the house, and let light in the windows on that side. He also had a big ditch dug near the front door, but what he expects of it, I don't know. It was already drifting up in front of the door within two hours. Sputnik puts out a radio signal beginning 43 minutes after the hour, and he has heard it for as long as 38 minutes; but he only is able to hear the signal through half the day. I had my last apple today — it was the best looking one with a red rosy color in spots. It was good, and my mouth was watering while I washed it. Not that I hunger for food — but fruit and fresh salads are always high on my list of favorite foods, and I miss them more than any other single food item. Belov came in today with the very interesting comment that the Antarctic circle runs right through the middle of the Met. House; that means that when I am in my room I am not in the polar regions, and I can't qualify as a "polarnik!" I am trying out a new route to the mess hall — on the south side of the houses, as there are no high snow drifts on the wind-driven side. It seems better. We have only about five or six hours of daylight now — not that it matters much, as I am kept indoors by work most of the time. French newsreel, and a Chinese film at the movie tonight — but they didn't tempt me, I wanted to finish the maps and get to bed before midnight, as Little America will be on the air tomorrow morning. Tonight Alexander offered his first criticism of my Russian saying that I don't get genders right — and I secretly felt hurt!

11 June СРЕДА Good talk with Little America this morning — after only weak start; we shifted to the 5 kw transmitter and really got through to them. Kruger was radio operator there. Crary told of plans for traverse on Victoria Land plateau in direction of Vostok station. Completed details of data exchange. Fedorenko had me ask whether Little America hears the Sputnik signal. No reply from Little America. Sent birthday greeting to John. Ran time lapse camera today, but again giving trouble. I spend too much time on the blasted thing for what I get out of it. Time is precious. Had talk with Tolstikov — got him up from nap after lunch! He is shy about me taking a picture of him in his office. I said I have only photos of him at banquets, but not at work. I walked down to eastern ice slope to photograph clouds, and fell waist deep into a crevasse, skinning my hip in the process — the blue ice is as hard as steel. Got out, and rather shakily walked home. Tijan was up a pole today working on an instrument mount — temp -22°C, wind only 10 m p sec. Bugaev's daughter is taking her government exams today, as synoptic meteorologist. She will work in Tashkent. Her husband is a cosmic ray physicist there. Makuschok gave a lecture tonight on "The Animal World in Antarctica." Rather disorganized, but interesting; he rambles. Some funny comment — that I didn't catch — between Schlaeffer and Makuschok about whale's copulation. Heard Mac Millan speaking at Johns Hopkins; he impresses me as talking sense. Bugaev came home from warehouse today with a double arm-load of loot; film, boots, etc., etc. He asked me if I had seen his gloves, and I thought he meant handle — so I sent him up the tower on a useless climb! I more and more appreciate the language difficulties the immigrants have, and never will forget them. Another family broadcast from Moscow is due to be heard on Sunday night. I still don't know whether Goldie has sent the tape to Moscow. Nikolai Petrov has sealed a local fish in formaldehyde within a clear plastic case. It's a gruesome looking thing, but Belov thinks that it's beautiful. Nikolai also is stitching felt soles on his felt boots — rather a good idea, and warm. Clear, calm night. Radio played until 2 am to give USSR/Australian soccer game!

12 June ЧЕТВЕРГ Calm all night, hence little ventilation in my room. It's better when the wind blows. A sharp rosy line on the horizon before sunrise. Some of the met people — Bugaev, Vasiukov, Babkin, etc.; went off to the penguin rookery at about 10 am. It's a great day for an outing. The aerologists have their radio tuned on all the time. A favorite program is a church program from Ecuador; which they don't understand, of course. They also listen to Radio Peru from time to time. There seems to be more than a normal amount of colds, etc. around camp, which is unusual for wintertime in this region. Wind picked up at night with drifting snow, and temp down to -23°C. My skylight doesn't have any weak spots, and no snow drifts in. I had fresh cold air through the ventilator in the afternoon. Gruza is washing, and has the corridor hot and steamy, which is not too pleasant. Poetry and dramatic recitations on radio tonight while we work on maps — very distracting, but typical. Muxhanov snorting and blowing, then lighting cigarette after cigarette while working. Chess game started as I left for home at 1115 p.m. Sovietskaya min today -76°C.

13 June ПЯТНИЦА Dull day, with strong winds and blowing snow. Winds reached 25 mps at supper time. Tijan froze his foot yesterday, and it has bothered him all day long — he stayed in bed, too. I gave him some aspirin to take. Nikitin came home to stay today, after his operation; he looks fine. Now the chess tournament can go ahead at full steam. Zakiev visited us today, and we picked up some interesting facts about the glaciology of the Mirny region. The ice here is fast; held by the four islands. Ice on both sides is moving seaward at about 950 cms per year. There are lots of deep crevasses all around, and underground rivers, with only relatively thin ice covers; so that we can fall in and disappear almost anywhere. The crevasse I photographed near the airport is one of them! Zakiev says that his observations of temp and 3 m density show the same relationship as Crary gets; low temp, low density; high temp, high density. Zakiev says that the crevasse at the lab is 25 meters deep. More of the younger men are now calling me Morton, instead of Mr. Rubin — although they sometimes forget and revert to Mr. I gave Lev Vinik an extra pair of glasses — he wants to photograph the moon through them. Alexander seems sick; Konstantin says that his temperature is sub-normal. There are too many colds around to suit me. Oley has been coughing all the time since about February. News of the Australian Antarctic plans for next year — by radio. Two ships — *Thala Dan* and another, which will be used for Wilkes base; ten foreign scientists to be invited. That's killing more than just two birds with one stone! P.P. [Pavel Paulevitch] keeps telling me that I work too hard; he should work more. Konstantin is making good progress in English, but he has far to go. He says that now he'll be able to go to Capetown by himself. Min temp yesterday at Sovietskaya was -78°C and today Vostok has -78°C, also.

14 June СУББОТА Blizzard all day long, very fine blowing snow; wind reached 31 mpsec and temp -23°C, but later down to 20 mps, and temp up to about -17°C. The meteorologist were blamed for it, but Bugaev says that it's because Zakiev looked too long at the anemometer — and his beard frightened the instrument. Vostok yesterday equaled the record minimum temp -78.8°C. Our aerologists keep coming in to check for lulls in the wind for a propitious time to release their balloons. Visited Zakiev after noon meal and he gave me 20 big sheets of photographic paper — all that he wants is a photograph of his beard. He has some very artistic shots of sastrugi, etc.; taken on his trip to Pionerskaya — and also from airplanes on his various trips. He says that Denman Glacier is smaller than shown on the map, and that Shackleton Ice Shelf and Helen Glacier are bigger than shown. He tells me that he has bore holes to various depths up to 40 meters about 5 km from here. He calls Mirny a "Tibetan monastery." He lives in Rostov on Don, but is seldom home. When he gets to be 70 years old, he'll "settle down to a university job and write learned articles." He had 3 articles published by the University and 2 by the Academy of Sciences this past year. He's full of pep, but is a bit childish. Saw a documentary film on Pushkin tonight — rather dull, and everybody complained. It was made in 1949 for the 150th anniversary of his birth and is meant for school children. Nobody asked me how I liked it! Had a good session with English class. Lebedev and Makuschok wrote amusing pieces — well done, and included some of the colloquial expressions; Lebedev got in his "forms of address."

15 June ВОСКРЕСЕНЬЕ Relatively quiet day. Telegram from Odishaw telling of broadcast of Goldie's recording — just when I was down-in-the-mouth about it all. A big thing — to be on four stations five times, and eleven frequencies! It's a real production — for a half hour. Have given details to radio operators, and they will tape-record it on Wednesday. Had visit from Asxold — he'll make me a rectifier for my razor. Lent P.P. some catalogs — he wants to photograph dress styles for his wife who is an expert seamstress. Tolstikov spoke with Vostok today; their min temp was -80.1°C [-112.2°F] a world record. They are now using a thermometer that has a scale to -100°C. Family broadcast from Moscow; same warm feelings. Heard baby crying while one wife spoke. Ostrekin's wife spoke; Astapenko's, Belov's, Labadin's, etc.

16 June ПОНЕДЕЛЬНИК There is no joy in Mirny this morning — the boys stayed up until 3 am listening to the football match between the USSR and Brazil: Brazil won 2 to 0! Now USSR has a play-off with England for second place in the first round. I predict a 3 to 3 score, as the first two games were 1 to 1, and 2 to 2. Went up to radio station with Fedorenka, and found a Father's Day greeting from children — saying that I'm "the best father in the world!" What a simple line, and what a world of meaning — my heart swelled. In odd moments when I think of it — as most father's insist — I always felt that I'm not giving them enough of my time and effort, and not doing the best for them. Fedorenka and I discussed sports — I couldn't get the idea of baseball across to him, although he described a game called "lapta" that is played by hitting and throwing a ball. He was on a ship that waited three months in a New Jersey port for cargo. They played games on the pier and various Americans — dockworkers, policemen, etc., joined in. This was 1947, they brought a load of ore, and picked up miscellaneous cargo in Philadelphia, Balta., and tobacco in Newport News. Zakiev is beardless today — he has taken a lot of kidding, and finally cut it off. He looks better, too. Got four selenium diodes from Oley Soraxtine and Asxold will make me a rectifier for my razor. Asxold says that all of the Western radio broadcasts in Russian language are jammed. This has been since about 1949. He says that not many persons in the Soviet Union listened anyway. The several men who spent the first year at Mirny, and who are here again, say that this winter has been much milder, that the snow drifts were much higher, and that it was not possible to walk in a direct path to the mess hall. Cartwright also says that they had to use the roof hatchway a lot in order to get into the mess hall. We haven't used it once, yet! Had talk with Tijan about music — he feels that present day music can't hold a candle to old music. Tschakowsky, Begét, etc. I said it probably is the materialism of our age. He didn't disagree. Tijan and George checking aneroids in vacuum chamber for tomorrow's ice survey flight. Ob is heading for Buenos Aires. Lucky fellows! The min temp at Vostok today 16/00Z was reported as -81°C! My forecast seems to be working out. Makuschok came in tonight with a telegram in German language, passed through Western Union and US Navy Comm. Sta. in Wash. D.C. He was stumped by the abbreviations for USNAVCOMMSTA, WUTELCO, FOL, RCVD. The telegram is from a "nut" and says roughly "Stay at Antarctic oasis station should be cut short because of risk of blindness. Pass message to USSR station in Antarctica. NOSS VOELZMAN MRS SIEGEN." It certainly is confusing. I find that my thoughts — in the few spare moments I have for reflection — always turn to thoughts of home and family, always thinking of things we've done together and what I plan for us to do together in the future. Tijan washed clothes until 2 am and kept me awake!

17 June ВТОРНИК Today completes eight months that I've been away from home — it seems like an eternity, and like eight days. Time is a strange concept! Tolstikov asked me about the queer telegram — he feels that it's some sort of provocation! Bugaev went with the airplane flight to the ice survey; they flew to Shackleton, north in a staggered flight path, then to Drygalski, to West Ice Shelf, and then Mirny. They left at about 0830 and were back at about 1730; 9 hours flying. Big patches of open water near Drygalski with seals. Ice goes from thick, compact area near coast, to successive stages of big floes, smaller floes, pancake ice, young ice, and greasy ice. Limit of ice is now more than 500 kms north of Mirny. Lebedev and Schlackov also were along; they want to fly low, and Bugaev wants to fly high. They ran into icing on high flights, and Perov came down. Brodtkin says that he saw many female Emperor Penguins on the ice, headed for the sea. Only "men" winter-over at Mirny. Cablegram from Ob saying that their work was

completed in the region of the Falkland Islands and they are now headed for Buenos Aires. Golyshev also sent cablegram to Bugaev saying that he is tired after eight months sailing. Schlackov will have been gone nearly two years when he gets back to the USSR. Radio operators say that they checked on reception from the stations that will broadcast Goldie's tape; all seems to be okay. I'll get up at 3am just to be sure that all goes well. I'm really too excited to sleep, but I'd better try. A funny notice on bulletin board today: Ballet lessons from 2230 to 2330 daily for men; chiefs from 2330 to 2400. Also eastern folk-dance lessons, with knives — but no red shirts, so we can tell when a person is wounded. Chiefs and men together, but only chiefs are allowed to shout "huzzah!"

18 June СРЕДА Football kept me awake and movie crowd coming in also did their part. Up at 3 am, dressed and had a cup of tea. Then to radio station, but very disappointing — reception absolutely terrible. But at 0800 the Voice of America came in loud and clear, as if beamed right to Mirny. After news Robert R. Ravine interviewed Goldie (in place of Amateur Radio program), and it was terrific, just as natural and as easy as if she did it every day in her life. What a big boost I got out of it! We taped it, and again at 9am at the repeat broadcast. We were all excited, and I've been answering questions all day long — the whole base knows of the broadcast. And to think that she made it only yesterday. Slept for two hours from 1130 to 1330, had lunch, then worked and cut snow from pack in front of corridor very easy when done from inside! Washed two loads of clothes after dinner from 0830 to midnight, and hanging five lines in room! Sent message to Odishaw re Goldie's broadcast. Message from Crary for Mirny base and me; greetings on midwinter's day, the traditional Antarctic holiday. Konstantin asks some very silly questions, such as can I distinguish one English-speaking voice from another! Sometimes he's not so smart. Saw some very nice deer-fur lined parkas. Best fur is from unborn deer, next best is from deer only few weeks or month old.

19 June ЧЕТВЕРГ Clear day, but blowing, and cold. Wind up to 25 m p sec, and temp -25°C. Sovietskaya reported -81°C as min temp at 19/00Z. Sent midwinter's day greetings to Crary and Little America personal. Heard a lot of parachute stories from Medveyeb, the parachutist. He's been at it since before 1936, and had about a dozen mishaps but none serious, including falling into another man's chute, and then cutting loose to both fall in one chute. Another of man who fell 8000 meters without a chute — and lived! Babkin has put up a "close door" sign on doors in other section — Muxhanov keeps forgetting — lots of remarks passed back and forth. The spirit's willing, but the brain is weak. Konstantin keeps losing his rubber's from felt boots — this is a common occurrence here as boots change shape, and rubbers seem to stretch out of shape. Head of transmitter station spent six years on Big Diomedes, 12 on another island, and more than 20 yrs in Arctic! He has a beautiful deer-fur lined parka. Best deer fur is from unborn deer — his is of month-old deer. Prepared radiogram to Mawson from Bugaev, asking for information on station 89561 (?). Did my ironing this p.m. Long johns take longer to dry. Russia lost soccer match to Sweden 2 - 0; they say that it's because their team was too tired from attacking too much!

20 June ПЯТНИЦА Very strong winds — maximum 33 m p sec, but steady at about 20-25 m p sec. Going to lunch I was blown about 100 meters before being able to stop — absolutely nerve-wracking. There is no drifting snow, as it must all have been blown away into the sea. Warm on the Plateau — up to -48°C at Vostok, but winds up to 30 m p sec! Our pressure today was up to 1015.2 mb — a big cold outbreak, and a big ridge to the North and South. Beautiful, rosy sunset — clouds over sea on horizon, and clear over continent. Asxold fixed my tuning controls today — the cord had broken. He's awfully helpful and willing. Had an interesting talk with Mikos at lunch; he spends about 20 hours a day in his instrument house. It's either cold or hot there — never a happy medium.

21 June СУББОТА Midwinter's day turned out to be a midsummer's day. Almost calm all day long, clear skies, except over ocean, and temperatures from -15°C to -19°C! We've decided that this sort of weather doesn't justify us as "winterers." Bugaev, Vasiukov, and Mischakin went to Haswell, climbed to the top, and returned — all in 3 hours! Bugaev says that his 16-yr old

daughter is now finishing her 9th year in school, and will work in a factory this summer. The doctor says that he is very busy now — lots of sick people; one fellow has what I understand to be a badly fissured rectum. Today is John's 12th birthday — I wish that I were home with him. Good news from Washington. Eisenhower signed the Federal Worker's pay raise bill, retroactive to 1 Jan. 1958. I couldn't have picked a better year to spend in Antarctica. Several fellows have seen the rocket and Sputnik — Mikos saw them through his telescope, and says that the rocket is gyrating greatly, and that they appeared later than predicted. Boris saw them through the theodolite. Gruza and I looked, but didn't see them. Beautiful auroral display, with curtains and arcs. Some red glow on western horizon. Yellow sliver of moon through clouds. Took photos of mechanics thawing out tractor with blow torch, and shovelling snow from cab. English class; Lev told of a very funny dream in which Makuschok was a fish, Koptev a dish of potatoes, and Goncharov a plate of mushrooms; Lev was a table, and I ate all the food! He is very humorous, and tells jokes about his sleeping habits. Belov is the editor of the wall newspaper; today's #3 lists the Russians as discovering Antarctica, and calls upon the "workers of all countries to write." Funny comic opera by Galkin parodying our life in Antarctica. Funny song by group, "Our felt boots are growing old." Saw E. German political film on Reichstag fire.

22 June БОКРЕСЕНЬЕ The wind really blew today — very gusty in morning, as cold air potential built up on plateau; force ranged from 1 m p sec to 28 m p sec in a matter of minutes. Very rapid pressure fluctuations — up to 4 mb in an hour. Blowing snow. Max speed was 36 m p sec — several times — after supper. Average seemed to be about 24 m p sec. Aerologists had to release three sondes to get one off at 6 p. m. Bath day today — only after two weeks. Also turned sheets in to the laundry. Had chicken for noon meal — as cook said, "What else but chicken on a holiday?" We had great supper; beefsteaks, fresh fried potatoes, preserved small red tomatoes, delicious pickles, vodka, and preserved strawberries with tea. Tolstikov made a nice speech about the excellent quality of the men here, how many thousands want to come, the great work he expects from them in the second half of the year here, so that they can look the new group straight in the eye and say "this is what we have accomplished." etc., etc. He calls us friends, not comrades. While working, Babkin brought up item of radioactivity falling on the Soviet research ship in the Pacific. I gave him hot and heavy about Soviet radioactivity falling on Japan, Sweden, etc., and that if his government allowed them to listen to foreign news he'd know what the world thinks of their testing too. Vasiukov said "we have good magazine, and we listen to our radio, and get all the news(!)" Had tea and lemon, as dinner left us with great thirst. Discussed election of Brouk and Pauling to Soviet Academy of Sciences. Had four full cups of tea — hope I sleep. I've made a mistake about the solstice — it wasn't yesterday, but today at 8 p.m.

23 June ПОНЕДЕЛЬНИК Winds continued strong and gusty; average speed around 23 m p sec, with gusts to 37 m p sec. Temperature between -23 and -28°C. Bitter cold. One becomes easily disoriented in the blowing snow — especially when daylight makes lights invisible. I found myself wondering around, at a loss as to which way to turn — on my way back from radio station. Bumped into Torjutkin and Petrov — in the same fix. The wind tears and pushes at us — never ceasing in its efforts to bowl us over. Most of us still make the attempt to get meals regularly — the struggle is invigorating, and one feels satisfied afterwards in having mastered, at least in a small way — the forces of Antarctica. Tolstikov put out a notice over the radio that we are to go out of doors only in pairs. One boy was missing for awhile, but he turned up for supper. Tijan went out to take the 7 pm observation and spent five minutes unsuccessfully trying to read the snow surface thermometer. When he came in, he was a sight to see; almost as much snow up his sleeves, in his pockets, etc., etc., as on his coat. He said "this place certainly isn't Crimea!" He even had snow in his wrist watch — but it belongs to the Expedition, and not to him! The aerologists didn't go to supper, but had a picnic supper here — with spirits, I suspect. Worked as usual, after supper. Then wrote and listened to *Carmen* afterwards — before bed. One of the favorite indoor sports now is envying the men on the *Ob* who have been to so many interesting ports on this voyage; and making all sorts of conjectures as to where they are likely to go on the way here next year.

24 June ВТОРНИК Wind abated to about 15-18 m p sec in morning, then even less by night. Temp dropped to -31°C by 10 p.m. Clear skies; sun just peeping above horizon now at mid-day. "Honey dippers" took advantage of light winds. Konstantin nearly puked several times during the operation. He had piled snow on top. I worried about the feasibility of getting "honey" up the ladder, but all went well. Honey piles up during blizzards. Tijan sewing felt soles onto his felt boots. George took my suggestion and put rubber overshoes on his dog-fur boots, and now they are not slippery on ice. They are good boots, but the felt soles are slippery. My mukluks are best on ice; my felt boots, too, are reasonably good as they have a roughened plastic sole. Had report on new Australian auroral station — Taylor. It lies about two degrees west of Mawson. Bugaev has some results from his ice survey flights, and he feels that the -10°C isotherm lies near the boundary of the pack ice. George says that Tijan sends telegram to his wife reporting on when he washes clothes, cuts hair, sews boots, etc. I think that it is very touching. Tijan very obviously has warm relationship with his wife. She is very pretty, too, if the pictures are a criterion. Izotov came in after launching the balloon with his big round cheeks peeping out from under his fur cap and fur collar like rosy red apples. The "moon" is what they call his face — and it is a very apt description.

25 June СРЕДА Slightly warmer today, with clear skies during most of day, but windy — with blowing snow. Overcast at night. Little America didn't come up for phone contact in morning, but called in afternoon. Had talk with Gray, after Fedorenka finished with Astapenko. Astapenko's radiograms are hard to send and decipher as he uses Russian words, but English letters. Fedorenka gave him a list of English-Russian equivalents according to Morse Code. Gray says that they had taped Goldie's broadcast for me in case I wasn't able to hear it — that was very kind of them. All is well at Little America, everyone fine. Radiogram from Van Loon to Little America at mid-winter's day, and some news of possibility that Weather Central may be at Pretoria — if it is continued. No news from Washington. I got to the scientific conference at 4:30; it continued until 7:30, and was full of interesting material; hydrologist, chemist, and oceanographer gave reports of work and recommendations for further work. Some discussion and disagreement. Tolstikov makes some decisions on the spot, and leaves them for further study. He seems fair, and reasonable in his attitude, weighing carefully the desirable and possible. Invited to Lifliandsky's birthday party — he is 29 years old; graduated from Institute in 1953; that means that he became a physician at age of 24 years. It's young by our standards; he's been working in Arctic ever since. Party started after the lecture on "International Policy (Politics)" given by Brodtkin. It's designed to keep the men informed of latest development and policy, in case they don't listen regularly to the radio broadcasts here. I don't know how many were there, but of the sixteen at the party, about ten came after the lecture. I was told that Brodtkin was given the assignment and the lecture material. Lots of food at party — cooks were present. Plenty of vodka, wine, etc. Many anecdotes and jokes, experiences of war and Arctic operations. Afonin flew A-20's during war and liked them very much — except armor plating was brittle. He spent a year at the SP-3 station, flying a helicopter (2 flew together) from Moscow a distance of 6000 miles in six days. He flew for ten hours each day. No copilot, only a navigator to help. Flew over one stretch of 600 kms of open water. Ice island had much water in summer — up to half-meter on airfield. Holes drilled to allow water to flow away. Max wind — for a few hours — was ~40 m p sec. Min temp around -40°C, max was +5°C. Canadian recon. plane flew over every year for about 4 or 5 years around the 1st of May! Once spent about two hours circling over station. No women on floating station, but often one woman and four men at some isolated Arctic stations. This leads to some interesting situations — to judge from the stories, one girl went as wife of one man, switched to a second man later, became interested in a third, and also worked on the radio operator in between! Party partly broke up at 1230p.m., I pulled out at 2 a.m., and there were still six or seven men left. The big chocolate covered square (about 18"x18" — or larger) cake was not even looked at, let alone tasted! I gave Dimitri several photos taken at my party, three cigars, and a bottle of Australian Port wine.

26 June ЧЕТВЕРГ As I expected, I slept until almost noon — with interruptions to reach for water, noise by Torzhutkin, and Radio Mirny blasting at 0730. Caught up on yesterday's work (any delay is disastrous). We still get fresh lemon with our tea at meals. Ivan Alexandrovitch

gave me a jar of gooseberry jam today — he is continually plying me with jam, tea, sugar, cocoa, coffee, etc. He must feel that I don't get enough to eat; and Ivan Ivanovitch, seeing this, thinks that I don't like the food! He is very sensitive about my liking things Russian. Victor Antonovich went to get sea water today — he found Lebedev and Mischa discussing whether to drill a hole in the ice today — or tomorrow. While they were debating, Victor Antonovich drilled the hole and obtained his sea water — of which I have a bottle, full. We had a slight snowfall at mid-day, and wind later blew it in our faces. Played records from Bugaev after his return from movie — he felt that my records were noisy on his machine; turned out to be not so. Had tea and lemon with George, while we listened to Calypso music. Min temp at Sovietskaya today -81°C; max temp -80°C! Heard Newton Lieivance on V.O.A., telling Rairne about W.B.'s automatic stations. He was introduced as Chief of Observations and Station Facilities Division of W. B. Where does that leave Gordon now?

27 June ПЯТНИЦА Warm (-14 to -15°C) with east winds 10 m p sec, and light snow much of the day. Ice survey flight left after breakfast, but returned within the hour due to strong easterly winds — at 200 meters! Some men are building a bridge across a crevasse near our house — for tractor traffic. They worked all day in the snowstorm, and were covered with snow like snowmen. One broad and short chap has a face like an Eskimo, anyway. I am told that this year's Siberian harvest is a good one and that university students are sent to help with the harvest. In some places there is still a shortage of farm machinery. One gets the feeling that these boys are very proud of the material achievements of the Soviet Union; they get lots of information about what's going on, and plans, etc. Tijan is very downcast — he hasn't gotten a telegram from his wife for eleven days. Poor fellow! He and George don't display photos of their wives; they miss them too much when they see the photos. I translated six telegrams from Russian into English for Bugaev today — and was very satisfied with the results; even if it took two hours! Pressure tonight reached 1023 mb at 10 p.m. This is really high, and due to a ridge from the north. Previous max pressure at Mirny was 1016 mb, I think.

28 June СУББОТА Wind still from the east, and some snow off and on all day. The east wind has caused new snow drifts that have altered the aspect of our regular routes to and from other places in camp. Light winds do not pack the snow, so we flounder around in soft snow. The pressure has remained high and reached 1025.2 mb by 10 p.m. Temp around -13 to -15°C. Visited the doctors, and Fedorenka was there. We had tea and some birthday cake — which was quite sweet and heavy with chocolate rosebud frosting. I weighed in at 82.5 kgs with long johns, woolen socks, and a shirt. I am keeping my weight at a reasonably low level. Conversation inevitably turns to life in US and USSR, travel, politics, economics. The words are often the same, but have different meanings. But we are able to agree in some essential points; the need for greater objectivity, is one. Had English class, and it was a good one; several good stories, etc. I had a copy of the *National Geographic* along that describes Pennsylvania Ave. and also showed a map of Washington. Asxold thought "America in Perspective" was good, but too much emphasis on past centuries and some articles superficial. I was told that the Soviet Army took many American films as war booty in Germany, and that the people saw many American films right after the war. They liked "Waterloo Bridge." Saw a filmed stage play by Ostrovski, "Truth is good, but happiness is better." A good story of old Russia, but much talking that was hard for me to follow. Good acting. We had a "goodie" issue tonight. I received 17 apples, 500 grams chocolate, halvah, assorted candy, 2 bars of perfumed soap, and 16 packages of Kasbek cigarettes. The apples are the only issues I really want, as I now have candy and chocolate from three months ago!

29 June БОКРЕСЕНЬЕ Beautiful flaming red sunrise at about 10 a.m. — almost as if the ice were on fire in the east, and icebergs silhouetted against it. Took some photos in color, but may be too dark. The big tractors are now using the bridge that was built near our house. One lurched to one side, as its right track came over the edge, but nothing went amiss. Our pressure still rose, and reached 1026.6 mb at 4 a.m. Later it began to fall. I took some cloud time-lapse photos on the rest of the roll of Tri-X, prior to a test development. Worked for three hours with Asxold — from 2130 to 2430. The negative part of the process was fine, but it failed in the

positive development because — I think — we gave too little light. But as the negative good, I now know that the camera is functioning properly. We'll try again, despite the hours of turning the crank, and the great disappointment. Asxold says that Porfyionov is trying to have him taken off the ionosphere station project and put on repairing radios for the tractor train. It has been decided that a tractor train will go from Sovietskaya to the "Pole of Inaccessibility" next season. Asxold will be the navigator. Tonight's dinner was exceptionally tasty; fresh roast pork, fried potatoes, green tomatoes, and delicious current jam with tea and lemon. Blizzard tonight as wind shifted to SE 20 m p sec; and all the soft loose snow is whirling around in the sky. Fortunately we have a life line strung from the ionosphere station to our house — so it wasn't difficult getting home after the film processing. Family broadcast from Moscow tonight; preliminary greetings from Soviet North Pole "Six" station. Bugaev, Zakiev, Filin, and one or two others walked out to Adams Is. Filin slid down the ice barrier, across crevasses, etc., and acted rather foolishly in getting down to the sea ice. They say that there are traces of a penguin rookery; also a geodetic point.

30 June ПОНЕДЕЛЬНИК Sunny day, warm with light winds. Took some more test movie shots in black and white. Bugaev says that a special IGY issue of *Izvestia* will be published soon. He'll get me a copy. I suppose that it will be out at the time of the IGY meeting in Moscow at the end of this month. Lev Vinik has actually cut off his beard — the rumors are true. He looks his age now, neat and handsome. He has taken a lot of kidding, and is a bit put out. He is asked if he is a new member of the expedition, or if he came over from Wilkes station, how will he prove that he wintered over, etc., etc. Some people think that he lost a bet. Our house chess tournament is going hot and heavy now. Some of the matches are said to be good; Grunza has beaten Labadin — but Tijan says that it's because he played after coming off the night shift. Tolstikov had asked all the Antarctic stations for information about their programs — presumably for the *Izvestia* issue. The cavern under the snow alongside the house where my ventilator is keeps getting bigger as the outgoing warm air melts it. I hope that nobody fall in!

1 July ВТОРНИК Today marks the first anniversary of the beginning of the IGY. After all the preparatory work, the year has gone by very quickly, — but that's the way time usually goes — too quickly. At breakfast today, Tolstikov and I discussed time's passage, our lives, our work, etc. He says that a tractor train will go to the "Pole of Inaccessibility" because nobody has ever been there, and that glaciological and seismic work will be carried out. Other plans are not known. He's awaiting instructions from Moscow, but meanwhile is getting all his tractors, sleds, etc. ready for all possibilities. He and Ostrekin are eating sparingly — and point to their midribs as the reason. I notice that others, too, are beginning to cut down on food. And the big debate is on — whether to once more shave their heads and whether there is enough time to let the hair grow back to normal length by the time we reach civilization again. Big, pale yellow, bright moon behind some thin vaily cirrus in the west-southwest, and a bright low band of rosy sky in the east as the sun comes up. Really striking contrast, with dark sky and a few bright stars overhead. Only an artist can catch this; the camera is inadequate. By 0930 it's really bright enough — when sky is clear — to displace with flashlight. Had a bath before supper and washed a load of clothes. Our corridor is partly filled with snow and we have a regular snow mine there through the open door into the snow bank alongside. It's out of the wind and quite easy to "mine" the snow for the snow melter. Saw a Chinese Circus movie with the most talented acrobats, contortionists, jugglers, and equilibrists that I've ever seen. Also a film on the youth Festival in Warsaw a number of years — (3?) ago. Lots of peace talk, and much mining of colors, as usual. Plane flew to Oasis today — Zakiev went along to service his soil thermometer recorder. One of the Oasis crew came back to Mirny. Saw cockroach in dinning hall.

2 July СРЕДА Gusty winds in morning — calm to 30 m p sec. Much blowing snow. No radio contact with Little America. Winds stronger on hill where radio station is located, snow whirls around it like smoke. Lebedev called to ask whether to address congratulatory message for 4th July to Maher or Cray; I said, to both will be surer. Bugaev had a party for the birthday of his 20-yr old and 13-yr old daughter; they were both born on 2 July. It turned into the usual drinking bout. Tough time with Oley. Scratch the surface, and there's the certainty in their minds that the

capitalists want war, that capitalism is doomed, etc., etc. They are victims of a great propaganda machine — but I think that they know that much of it is propaganda only. Oley says that he was a soldier and that it's all the same to a soldier; they can beat the Americans, just as they beat the Germans. Philin borrowed my knife, and said, "huh, ours isn't worse." I asked "Who said that it was?" But he made an attempt to keep it, all the same. The funny part of it is that I think that their pocket knives are better than mine. It's a big mess, all around. I feel that the drinking shouldn't be fostered as it is. But later, Belov, Bugaev, Philin and I had a more serious discussion about when a scientist does his best work. Belov, I feel, worries about growing old. I tried to explain that one must grow old gracefully; each age has its own advantages. And so to bed, with the party still growing apace. The payoff comes when I am asked, "do you have plums in the US?", or "do you have herring in the US?"

3 July ЧЕТВЕРГ Strong winds all day — steady from ESE 22-27 m p sec. Temperature between -13° to -11°C. Had to wash my parka shell as Oley had vomited on it last night when he made a mad dash to the sink. What a mess! Spoiled my plans for the morning's work. Inventory commission came around to check on beds, mattresses, pillows and chairs! Four man commission: Doctor, foreman, carpenter, and bath house-laundry man. The last two did all the work. There must be some items missing, as Babkin kept checking all day long. Wore the red parka while my regular one dried (it dried within 6 hours — very fast). It is not convenient for this kind of windy weather; hat is too limp and covers my face, zipper is too small, side pockets are open and fill with snow. The wristlets are good, but I think that the cloth allows too much air through. Discussion on Beaufort Scale and hurricanes. Russian instruction book has different Beaufort Scale from the one adopted by 1946 Paris Conference. Their force is lower than the Paris one. Babkin thinks that we have a tobacco monopoly in the U.S. Konstantin is making good progress in English — he already wants to know the difference between generally and usually. I gave Soraxtine the data on ice thickness and height of land given by Dufek from Fuch's data. Apparently the information I give to Tolstikov doesn't get distributed to the people who can use it.

4 July ПЯТНИЦА Wind continued strong and steady all day, above 20 m p sec., but snow all blown away by now, so no blowing snow! Very difficult walking; a real struggle every inch of the way out of doors. Temp. warm; up to -8°C by night. Several special greetings from various people for Independence Day. But nothing official from Tolstikov, as Gordon had last year from Treschnikov. Visited doctors and had tea after lunch — with some of the birthday cake still left. Lots of talk about medicine and operations. They both plan to stay in Moscow after this tour of duty. Bugaev had a message from Pretoria in answer to his request for information. It was translated by Lebedev, and Joe King's signature was translated to "Каполь" which is king in Russian! I felt blue this evening and cheered myself with a snack of chocolate, nuts and popular music — especially Tom Lehner. The aerologists had trouble with release of balloons — the 00Z sounding took four balloons and wasn't done until 05Z. Even this one hit the ground, and the wind-mill was damaged so that the signal was slow. They keep asking when we plan to let up on the wind. Helped Makuschok with a translation of telegram to Antarctic stations thanking them for information on programs which appeared in special section of *Izvestia* as "Antarctica Speaks" on July 2 and July 3; all stations except Little America, as information on American program came through Washington. Big speech on radio tonight. Mass meeting in Leningrad to welcome General Secretary of Czech Communist Party. Krushchev was there. Ended with singing of "International." Mikos says that formerly Czechoslovakia celebrated its Independence Day on July 4 — but now all the holidays have been changed. Zakiev fell on ice and dislocated shoulder — and put it back in place by himself. It's the same shoulder that a sniper got him in during the war. A chess tournament in Mirny has been started; also a match between Mirny and Mawson — by radio.

5 July СУББОТА Wind continued at about 20 m p sec all day, with blowing snow and temps around -8°C to -10°C. Fine snow made it appear as if walking in milk bowl out of doors. Message from Tressler and Zimmerman (Met ?) to Bugaev re climat data, with greetings to me. Belated 4th July greetings to me from Tolstikov. Voroshilen also sent message to Eisenhower.

Showed English class a copy of *Washington Post* and *NY Times* article on IGY and Sputnik. Much interest in other contents of newspaper, and lots of discussion of homes, costs, etc. Lev Vinik composed a poem on why he cut off his beard. Koptev also wants to find an excuse for cutting his. He made a bet with Avsuk, but Avsuk lost and now has to grow a mustache! Talked of what we will do when we reach first port — many funny answers; Mikos will visit the Observatory, Lebedev will visit the barber shop, Makuschok will stare open-mouthed at the girls, Koptev will visit a shop, etc., etc.

6 July БОКРЕСЕНЬЕ The wind blew a hurricane today — by noon it had reached an average of about 30 m p sec with gusts up to 40 m p sec, and by midnight the gusts reached 45 m p sec — that's 101 m p hour! The building quivered, the roof rumbled, and the wind deal was the center of attention as we waited for still higher velocities. My bed rocked and rolled all night, and the banging of the doors didn't help any. Great variations in pressure on ear drums whenever door opened and closed. I skipped breakfast but went to dinner with a group of other men. It was impossible, at times, to stand or to see anything. But I wanted to pick up a radiogram that had been received for me. Took a cold duck and bread home. Had it with a bottle of wine, bread and butter, tea and jam — with Bugaev. We listened to music, and the supper turned out to be 2½ hours long! Spoke of U.S.; homes, life, work, etc. His daughter is having her first exam for entrance into Moscow Conservatory tomorrow. I think that some strings were pulled. As he tells me that Tolstikov and he sent several telegrams to Minister of Culture, Director of Conservatory, Uzbek ministers, etc. A special place was opened up, and now she can take the exams. Five others are taking a special exam also. She plays the harp — and is 20 years old. Today is Tijan's first wedding anniversary; poor fellow, he misses his wife very much! He left for Antarctica after only four months of marriage! He wanted to get some wine and food from the storeroom, but he missed his way in the storm, and wound up at the bathrooms! So he came back empty handed. When I came back from dinner, I had the duck under my parka, at the breast height; Boris had several loafs of bread at belly height. Dimitri put his head down to listen for the foetal heart beat as it is 9 months since the boys left home. We all say that it will be very interesting from now on to get messages telling us that our wives have given birth to babies! Oazies had a maximum wind speed of 56 m p sec today, they must have blowing stones in stead of blowing snow. Belov asked me whether we have Doctor's degrees in the U.S.A. Then he wanted a dissertation from me on the Antarctic general circulation.

7 July ПОНЕДЕЛЬНИК Wind howled all night and reached peak of 51 m p sec this morning at 8:33 a.m. House vibrated; oil drums blown against houses, heavy timbers moved, and part of log on tractor bridge blown away. Radio station television antenna dislocated, and supply dump outside shifted by wind. My antenna still standing. Practically nobody went to breakfast, and we had left over duck for dinner; a few went to last night's supper. I had breakfast of bread, butter, jam, cocoa with milk. We were issued a ration of canned foods yesterday from our emergency stores here. After lunch went to warehouse for bottles of wine for a party I'm planning. Had trouble finding warehouse and proper door, which was on opposite side, I even tried the roof! Snow in afternoon and evening, and wind stayed at about 20 m p sec. Radio reception absolutely nil on my radio, and poor at radio station. Putting on and taking off parka, wind pants, ice creepers, cleaning and drying outer clothes, reminds me of days when we struggled with snow suits for the little ones at home. It's a mess, and time consuming.

8 July ВТОРНИК Snow all day, winds about 20 m p sec and temps around -6°C. Went over Gray's telegram about Sovietskaya pressure error with Bugaev. Came to conclusion that reduction table in error, in part, and correction for temp added instead of subtracted in part of the table. Tijan's high mast was leaning over, and Bugaev and Belov helped him fix it. He later received a 300 volt electrical shock and went to bed — but arose to go to movie. Snow cleaned out of corridor under tower, where snow drops in when east wind blows — hauled up in buckets. Our tower is much more convenient than the holes in roof other houses have. Visited Zakiev whose shoulder is mending. He told us story of how sniper shot him — in Sirsony — and how nerve was effected. Special invention from America — 20,000 rubles — cured him after 2½ years of paralysis of arm. At one time they wanted to amputate it. He's quite a lively character.

Loaded up a knapsack of food in kitchen and set up a table at home. Celebrated 4th July — 8th is twice as good as 4th — and toasted Soviet and American friendship. Went to movies, but left early — too hot and no seats.

9 July СРЕДА Third day of absolutely complete radio “blackout.” No data, even from our own stations; no news — not even Moscow, or the “Good” station. Bath day; the usual heat, and discomfort of dressing in hot room afterwards. Gave some sea water to Nikolai. He returned bottle through Boris, who was at a loss to understand why an empty bottle. Clouds increasing and pressure falling — wind beginning to back to easterly. We are in for a storm. Nobody can explain origin or meaning of “with light steam” expression used after bath. Bugaev says there is a book on all expressions — he promises to send a radiogram asking for significance of expression. The local chess tournament had its first round last night after supper; new boards and pieces, photographers, etc.

10 July ЧЕТВЕРГ Moderate snowfall, temps -7°C, wind SE 12 m p sec. Some improvement in radio reception, but still poor. Moscow news came through our local region of weather collective, and ionosphere sounding station. Local trade-union committee organizing a class in “automobile.” I suppose that they’ll learn construction and operation. After this expedition, they’ll have money enough to buy one — at least the flight crews will. Lots of soft, fluffy snow today, and a holiday spirit prevailed. Men pushing each other into snowdrifts, etc.! Asxold says that this is the sort of night to go walking with a girl! But not in Antarctica. Saw a film about Rimsky-Korsakov; but not enough music. Radio reception improved, and I was able to hear news. One doesn’t realize how cut off one is without radio. The expeditions of 40 to 50 years ago were certainly isolated — but it was normal in their frame of reference. Lebedev came over for some heights from the map, and to borrow more magazines. I obtained a mailing address for my mail. As soon as the radio traffic backlog clears up, I’ll try to get through to Little America, and send a message to Washington also.

11 July ПЯТНИЦА Some snow in morning. Temp -11°C, but no wind. Water sky on N horizon. Everyone enjoying the calm weather, although no sun. Lebedev looks tired from hrs work on ice. Three tractors were thawed out today, and smoke rose vertically in still air. Balloon at noon also went straight up. Obtained snow crystals, as Tolstikov looked on. The ice on the toilet ceiling melted today and floor is wet — it’s like standing under a dripping shower. Ate my last apple today. Played chess at night with George, and decided that playing games is not for me. I’d rather read, talk or listen to music. George gave me a comb and a picture he took of me when we visited the penguin rookery!

12 July СУББОТА Wind blew snow around, and whiteout conditions prevailed. Saw Kibalin walking on a mound drift and he seemed to be walking in mid-air. Some drifts so soft I sank in above my knees. Reports from *Ob* show that she left Montivideo just several days ago; she spent three weeks in B.A. and Montivideo. What a holiday! But nobody knows, or says why she spent so long there. Maybe repairs? Heard recording of Stevenson speaking from Brussels Fair — he still has great charm, and good sense. Common complaint now is that in a few months the ship will come, and “I haven’t even begun to do all the things I wanted to do!” Had a good English class. Igor continued his “Adventures on a Raft,” and promises to end next week. Koptev began a typical account of a sea cruise, and Makuschok began a Persian Legend. Lev told the story of the “Blue Jay” in his inimitable witty way; he really has a good sense of humor — even in English. Then we practiced asking directions, making purchases, etc. Everyone was pleased, so we’ll continue. Excellent supper; beef stroganov, fried potatoes, crispy crunchy tomatoes, “bulichkies,” tea and lemon. I think that our food is more interesting than at Little America. Listened to last act of *Carmen*, and Liszt’s *Hungarian Rhapsodies* — glorious. There seem still to be a number of coughs and colds; Bugaev, Babkin, and Vasiukov; particularly Vasiukov who coughs and spits frequently, and spits on his fingers when turning pages. I think that his ideas of sanitation are rudimentary. And the common drinking cup is beyond me!

13 July ВОСКРЕСЕНЬЕ Raw day, with east wind that increased to 25 m p sec by night. Lots of blowing snow. Some "water sky" seen to north for the past few days. There must be some big open leads there. Visit from Asxold; he borrowed a book and magazines. Told me funny story of Fhçrs who picked up a drunk in front of Pushkin's statue in Moscow — where figure is standing, and put him in front of Pushkin's statue in Kiev where figure is seated. Big to-do, but all ended well, and Fhçrs paid all costs. Also story of immigrant sculptor who returned from South America and made bigger success with his "root-sculpture" than famous Soviet artists who were exhibiting at the same time — big scandal! (He told me this in confidence.) Family broadcast from Moscow, and Burxchanov and chief of ship-repairs spoke. No sensational news, as many had hoped for. It's still too soon for definite news. Bugaev's daughter played the harp — quite well, I thought. Izotov's wife and daughter spoke (they sounded alike) and the daughter played the piano. Petrov's mother, brother and cousin spoke. Astapenko's wife spoke, too. George recorded the pertinent parts on the tape recorder. We all had a good time sharing their pleasure. Tijan came in from the movies covered with snow. He sat on the bed munching on a kilo of "halvah" wrapped in a meteorological form. Listened excerpts from "Nutcracker Suite," and then to bed after writing to Goldie.

14 July ПОНЕДЕЛЬНИК We had a white wall of blowing snow outside our door this morning, and nobody went to breakfast. The wind was 25 m p sec, and it was snowing, too. Had concentrated coffee, jam and dry bread. We went out for lunch, as wind and snow moderated; but now we have to use the roof trap-door at the dining hall, as the regular door is shut in by snow. We all agreed today that Burxchanov had nothing important to say about ship schedules. Izotov's daughter has made us all wrack our brains to guess the piece she played on the piano — Bugaev borrowed my Chopin records to see whether he could recognize it. Tijan and George are considering building their own houses with the 40 to 50 thousand rubles they'll have after Antarctica. They think that it is better than living in a two-room apartment, even if the apartment costs only a 1000 rubles per year. Taxes on a house are about 200 rubles. There are no construction middlemen — each person has to buy all the materials and hire labor to put up the house. Showed Tolstikov a copy of the U.S. Geological Survey Map that shows the island near Denman Glacier — only the island is not labeled as such — it's more like an iceberg. I found out today that the Russian Bible is written in an old Slovak language which people can't read! It's the old story — a Reformation is needed. Moscow Radio is playing up Stevenson's visit to USSR, and the visit of 41 U.S. students. Big chess tournament in hall tonight — I took photos, and also of chemistry class in session. Perov played two fast games of chess, and now has won four out of four. Heard that ОББ waited for cargo from Montevideo. She pays her way in that manner.

15 July ВТОРНИК Relatively calm day, with lots of outdoor work getting done. Snow cleared in front of dining hall door. Big discussion after breakfast as to astronomical day, civil day, etc. I put in my two cents worth. Perov agreed with me; as regards civil day and aviation. Medical exams began today — ten minutes for each man; our group first, but I'm not included now. Roentgen in afternoon. Konstantin weighs 10 kilos more than he thought he did — that's 5.5 kilos more than I do, and he is greatly surprised, protesting that he doesn't eat much! Not much, he doesn't! Izotov weighs 92 kilos, and is going to go on a diet; when he gets home again! Had talk with Mikos after lunch; he says that his wife is in Sweden for a few weeks for a conference, or something. They've just had another change of direction, and she isn't very happy about it. He says that Czechoslovakia is making lots of heavy machinery and exporting it to China, Indonesia, etc. One of the transport boys came over to look at my slide projector; he has lenses, etc., and wants to build a film-strip projector. Lecture on cosmic rays by Goncharov — nothing new; but some discussion about expanding the program to interior stations. Had wonderful telegram from Goldie; Dick is beginning to strike out alone now as a Jr. Counselor at camp, and John is going to Concord. It's good experience for them, and I'm very pleased. Mary Sue is happy with her washing pool, and all is well. The landing of U.S. Marines in Lebanon is disturbing, but justified. After Hungary, the USSR has no right to complain — but she will!

16 July СРЕДА Talk with Tom Gray at Little America and passed on a "hamgram" to Goldie. Everyone glum at breakfast as we listened to Soviet version of U.S. actions and aims in Middle

East and Lebanon. Asxold came over to ask some questions about a long telegram from Wilkes — “All is on sends” turned out to be Allison sends. Wants an exchange — weekly — of opinions, etc., by voice if possible. Asxold says that USSR citizens will soon be better off and have more freedom than U.S. people. As far as I am concerned, “freedom,” “democracy,” etc., means entirely different things to Commies than they do to us. Asxold says that the few percent of powerful people in U.S. rule us! The boys here say that they brush their teeth only every few days, because the water has no minerals in it and dissolves the tooth enamel! Some are using sea water for rinsing and gargling. Victor M. called about a telegram from Dyer in Melbourne advising about a Symposium on Antarctic Meteorology to be held in Melbourne early next year — various phases of climatology, coastal phenomena, forecasting, heat balance, synoptic climatology, etc., are to be discussed. Tolstikov said today that the ships will be leaving USSR in four or more months! Did some enlarging and printing of black and white (from color slides) after 10 p.m. — and finished at 5:30 a.m. Thursday! Results were fair to good; but focus was not perfect because of poor black and white copies by George. My neighbor had two parties today.

17 July ЧЕТВЕРГ The enlargements looked better at noon than they did at 0530 a.m. Lots of fine blowing snow and poor visibility. The snow sticks to the local parkas more than to mine — and also they do not seem to be water repellent. Many of the boys are now talking about how much weight they've gained, and an obvious attempt is being made to cut down on food intake. Some talk of ships coming in December; *Ob* again and a passenger ship named “*Dzherzinski*,” which is bigger than the *Kooperatsiya*. Also the “*Lena*” and a refrigerator ship may be in the flotilla. There will be one quick exchange of personnel, and not two shifts as last year. I hear that new planes and tractors are due to arrive. Also, I hear that new stations may be opened! About 30 men attended the class in auto driving at the mess hall last night. They have a film-strip projector and hand books. I suppose that many plan to buy automobiles. They'll practice on the “GAS” that is available here at Mirny. Bugaev went to English class tonight, and I gave him the usual piece of candy for being a “good boy.” At supper George accidentally poured hot water on my head. Many different ideas of what to put on it were offered; from cooking oil, butter, salt, cold water, alcohol (internal and external). I put Noxzima on at home, and it felt better by bed time. Moscow Radio is giving out about imperialism, aggression, provocation. Izotov asked me about the American “aggression.” I said that maybe it was like the Soviet “aggression” in Hungary. No answer, but lots of knowing smiles and glances. Asxold weighed 68 kilos when he left home last October; now he weighs 86! The boys are preparing their magazine and news paper subscriptions now. Due to shortages of paper, editions are limited; preference is given if subscriptions come from expeditions, etc. Books, however, have great editions, but as always sold out quickly, I am told.

18 July ПЯТНИЦА Calm and light winds. Kibalin getting ready for trip to interior warehouse, and Zakiev going the 50 km for regular glaciological traverse. Lebedev says Moscow reports that I have two letters there — one from Capetown and another from a place I can't recognize, and both from persons unknown to me. It looks as if the philatelists are on my trail early. Lots of talk about ships; the *Dzherzinski* is supposed to have come for 340 men, only 300 tons of cargo, and does 18 knots. That's a real passenger ship. Some boys are complaining that it goes too fast, and that they'll get home during the cold weather in March or April! You just can't please some people. They prefer the *Kooperatsiya* which they jokingly say, paddles along on two engines during the day and only one engine at night. The automobile class met again tonight — studying the operation of the motor now. There must be about 35 to 40 men taking the course. Brodtkin gave another talk on “The World Situation” after supper. I didn't go — I form my own opinions from radio broadcasts from all sides. Our radio at Mirny is full of speeches, attacks on imperialism, etc. Its sickening how only one view gets through to these fellows. Snow crystals, when undisturbed, gleam like white points of light in the night lights. Very fine and delicate forms fell today, and were undisturbed in the very light winds. Spoke with Lebedev and Fedorenka about stamps for philatelists.

19 July СУББОТА Calm and cold (-22°C). Beautiful optical display at dinner time; sundogs, pillar, and upper tangential arc, with halo; all from a fog that appeared over the ocean, and which

became stratus overhead at Mirny. Cyclone passed inland last night, it appears. Pavel teased Konstantin today by turning the wind vane with a stick, and giving all sorts of unusual wind directions! Some boys went to see the Penguins; there are said to be young birds now. Washed clothes today — and bathed as well. Good English lesson, but only four pupils, Asxold, Lebedev, Koptev, Makuschok; the others were busy with work. Lebedev and Makuschok had been working on the ice and came in red and hoary with frost. More complaints about the speed of the ship; they have little chance to visit other countries and want to take in all that they can. Gave out some of the photos I had printed. Asxold had developed the test film — reversal — and it came out fine. Saw the first part of a “spectacle,” *The Dancing Master* by Lope de Vega. Imagine seeing a Spanish play in Russian! It is an excellent farce, and was done by the Moscow Art Theatre.

20 July ВОСКРЕСЕНЬЕ Beautiful sunny day, clear, with light winds and temperature about - 22°C. More men went to see penguins, but they say that the little ones are too small, and are well-hidden. The penguins seem to be nervous when humans approach. Ironed clothes. P.P. came in to borrow calendars to photograph. The Aviation troop celebrated its “day” today. There was some flying, and a big party at night. Dinner with vodka, wine, caviar, smoked salmon, fresh pork, pickles, potatoes, jam, and tea. Saw second part of “*The Dancing Master*,” a really good show. Visited Zakiev and gave him photos. He told me of the work he is doing; he is interested in crystallography, and in atmospheric processes. He is acquainted with Hoinkes’ work, and with U.S. work in general. He wants to see the New Zealand glaciers, if at all possible. He told me of the Siberian Gold Rush; it must have been much like the Alaskan. Also he said that he panned gold in the Caucasus, and got 21 grams. He bought two suits, his wife bought some things, and his son, also, and they had a big dinner besides. It’s a wide-open, wild-west region, he says. Gorgeous, clear night, with splendid wavy auroral display of curtain-like pattern and rapid motion. Aurora as bright as some of the stars. It ran from west to east, and was directly overhead, and a bit south of us.

21 July ПОНЕДЕЛЬНИК It’s just a month since the shortest day, and already our daylight hours are about 2 hours longer than on 22 June. It’s light enough — on a clear day, as today is — to go without a flashlight at 8:30 to 9:00 a.m. What will I do with the 90 or so batteries I have? Today was a good day for flying, but the pilots weren’t in the mood, after yesterday’s celebrating. I gave out some of the photos I had printed, and everyone seemed pleased with his. Sent a message to Cartwright, accepting his offer to send me a bit of what he feels that he missed in his photo coverage. As regards the world situation, it’s difficult for me to sit quietly and listen to the completely one-sided propaganda blasts from the local radio; I do it, however; until someone asks my opinion, or offers some comment, then I give it to them and remark that there is only one way to run a true democracy, and that’s to let people hear all sides, because there is always more than one side to any discussion, and that they are not permitted to hear both sides. I can see this clearly, now. Even my own view is expanded as I listen to the broadcasts from Japan, Moscow, London, Canada, etc., etc. And their side, too, has its points — but they never give the other side a chance to tell its story — it’s truly an insidious system.

22 July ВТОРНИК There was to have been an ice-survey flight today, and crew, passengers, tractorists, mechanics, etc., were all up early — but mechanical difficulties cancelled everything. Took test photos of maps, to see what camera, filters, and film are best. Bugaev says that the aerophoto unit may photograph the maps for him — on wide film. Gave out more of the photos I had printed. Discussed vitamins with Konstantin and P.P. K at first mistrusted the data, because it may have been prepared by a “business firm!” P.P. says that eating too many tomatoes and onions causes rheumatism! Saw a Finnish film about mother and daughter who love the same man — rather frank about sex. The boys loved it. Wind died down at night to about 12 m p sec from 22 m p sec. I nipped my cheek going to the radio station, and it itches like mad. Heard VOA in Russian, with no jamming. Maybe the “jam” doesn’t reach this far. Their format is like the Radio Moscow format, but much less dramatic and with straight news only.

23 July СРЕДА Spoke with Tom Gray at Little America — had good reception, and picked up lots of news about Melbourne Conference and exchange of U.S. personnel. All plans are known — quite in contrast to what is known here about Soviet plans. Belov spoke with Astapenko. Tom was preparing for a “steam bath,” so he was a bit delayed. In a few words I spoke with Astapenko — I in Russian, he in English — I feel that his English is no better than my Russian. Ice survey flight today — Bugaev also went — but weather bad and snowing. Plane returned after about four hours flight — with report that N and E the weather was good. Spoke with Tolstikov after lunch, and gave him news from Little America, as well as picked up news from him. Kiddled him about his hatch in roof, and said that our was better — he said his ladder is better than ours. About 75 men are taking the course in automobiles. Many questions asked me about U.S. cars and practices — such as freezing of oil in motor, gasoline octane, speeds, horsepower, other means of transport, etc., etc. Played dominoes for first time, after dinner, and Belov and I won 2 out of 2; beginners luck. Now I won't play again, and will rest on my laurels. I'm getting tired of putting on and taking off my “snow-suit.” I'll be glad when summer comes.

24 July ЧЕТВЕРГ Calm, sunny day — but cold; temp around -27°C. Some fog from ocean in westerly wind. Lots of interest and concern in exchange of letters between Krushev and western heads of state. Everyone feels less tense now — I think that they were worried, and I was not. Muxhanov was spread out reclining over two chairs today — “just like an Amerikanitz” says he. Took my blanket out to shake and air; P.P. helped, and he showed me how Russian students, soldiers, and husband and wife do it. Decided to go to the oceanographer's and biologist's booth. Nobody working there today — Makuschok had gone to the penguins. Took some photos — particularly an electric stove standing out on the open ice! An Antarctic kitchen! Went with George to the near iceberg and photographed the cave and tunnel. Jumble of ice above, all ready to fall — it seems — at the slightest movement: very impressive. Also very cold on ice, as west wind picked up a bit. From yesterday's barograph trace we obtained a record fall in pressure — 36.1 mb in 24 hrs! Had big discussion with Muxhanov, Vasuikov and Babkin about university students — they say that there are about 1.5 million university students in the Soviet Union, more than in all Europe; they were not quite sure whether to believe my statement that more than 2 million students attend U.S. universities; Muxhanov wanted to know if worker's children attended universities. Saw the Ballet film again — for the 4th time. Despite poor focus and not clear sound, I enjoyed it just as much as on previous viewings. George and some others were doing gymnastics on the bar in the corridor after midnight — what a time to do physical culture! George was gymnastics champion of Middle Asia, but gave it up as he says that it takes too much time.

25 July ПЯТНИЦА Snow, off and on, all day. Sovietskaya reported a min temp of -81°C. Bugaev has a radiogram from Tashkent saying that an article of Wexler's on the “Ice Budget of Antarctica” appeared in *Tellus*, also McCormick's work on the theoretical min temp at the South Pole appeared in the MWR [*Monthly Weather Review*]. Five men from Tashkent are going to the IGY Conference in Moscow. Konstantin says that Russian spelling is difficult, and that few high school students receive top grades in spelling; — it's just as I thought. Also, he says that he learned in school, that Americans read very little and go to the movies a lot. Muxhanov says that Ostrekin is a “Hero of Socialist Labor,” and that Tolstikov is a “Hero of the Soviet Union.” There are many more heroes of Labor than of the Soviet Union. The class in automobiles is growing larger and larger. Very cold on highland today — Sovietskaya -83°C, Vostok -77, Komsomolskaya -75. The max temp at Sovietskaya was -81°C! Maievsky says that he had a temp of -92°C at 50 mb, but his radiosonde scale only goes to -88°C, some to -92, each is calibrated at factory and again at station before release. Developed some black and white film, and had good results; even with the photos of the maps. To bed by 1 a.m., but some noisy characters disturbed me shortly thereafter.

26 July СУББОТА Light falls of snow several times today, with very light winds; this is just like Moscow in January, I am constantly told. Had a hair cut by Zorin after lunch, but just as at barber shops, I had to wait. He does very well, but his clipper is going bad from so much work. Some talk about ship and girls on it. Had glass of wine and chocolate afterwards with favorite toast —

"this shouldn't be the last one!" Aphonin, the helicopter pilot, told me more about his year on the N. Pole IV ice-floe station. In October of 1956 a piece of ice about 20 M X 50 M broke away. On it were the helicopter and the meteorology building! He and another man jumped across the 1½ M wide split as the piece drifted off. Ultimately the helicopter ferried all the records, equipment, and buildings for the main ice floe. When the ice refroze they hauled the radio range on a sled pulled by 20 men. Good quarters and life there with monthly planes from Moscow and delicacies and fresh fruit from home. Some ice formed on floor and lower walls, but electric fan took care of that. Bugaev gave talk at Scientific Council on new heights at interior stations as determined by radiosonde data. This is a method I used for S. Pole and Byrd two years ago. All very clear and precise, but many questions and strong doubts, which Bugaev masterfully and logically did away with. An excellent rebuttal. Had short English class at supper table, since Bugaev's talk went on until 7:15 p.m. Had work to catch up on data for maps, then to bed.

27 July ВОСКРЕСЕНЬЕ Alexander woke me at 0730, as he had forgotten to tell me that sheets are to be changed today. Had to get up, and had early breakfast. Clear morning, but cold with wind and blowing snow — as usual on "Bath Day." Had bath after dinner with other "foolhardy" foreigners. The sea water work fine in taking off the soap. Left a bottle for the others. Konstantin is on a diet, and is, beardless, very "picky" in his appetite. Today is News Day in USSR; lots of radio talks. Special dinner at night, with vodka. We ate in shifts! Visited Victor and saw the two baby penguins he is raising. He has killed a mother penguin and is using the food she had stored — it is a strange gray mass, like rough concrete. He has the two baby chicks in a big fur glove in a box with insulation and a hot water bottle. The form of the penguin is strange — with curved back to fit mother's sac and with spread feet to stand on the mother's feet. They lift their heads and give three sharp cries, repeated twice again, when they want food. Victor babies them, and talks to them as he feeds them. We, had a long general talk afterwards — he is very widely read. He did his dissertation in Leningrad at Academy of Science, but his family lives in Moscow and he will work there as living quarters are not available in Leningrad. Factories have better facilities for workers. Families spoke by radio from Moscow tonight. Oscar Kuchak lead off with news about what is being done with last year's data. Geigeroff doing Aerology, Oscar doing Circulation. No personal regards to anyone. Families spoke of harvest, fresh fruit, automobiles, work, holidays, love, missing husbands, etc., etc. News about U.S. satellite made little impression — Muxhanov says "it's such a small one!" Temp at Sovietskaya yesterday was - 82.6°C, and men are out of doors for only 15 minutes at a time. Masks are not too effective, and they can't face the wind, as eyes freeze! U.S. satellite #4 launched yesterday.

28 July ПОНЕДЕЛЬНИК Cold day — temp down to -31°C, and wind as high as 20 m p sec. Spent several hours outside taking cloud time-lapse photos, as had to see if camera functioning properly. All seems well. The fur boots and down vest kept me warm enough. Told K. of my dream about us on the *Dzuzdzhinski*, and our luxurious quarters. Muxhanov wrote a story about it! I'll have to keep my mouth shut from now on. Alex is full of news about the track and field meet in Moscow between U.S. and USSR. He's mad about all sports. He also tells me about the students on the wheat harvest now. Tolstikov asked me about circulation and min temps on the plateau. I wonder if he is preparing a paper for the Melbourne Symposium? Chess is going full steam — Alex is to play chess tonight against the chap who hasn't won a game yet! The fellow is very formal, and shakes hands very seriously and thanks his opponent after the game. Tractors are out more often now, and Nikolai says that his "vezdehod" [Russian jeep] has now been repaired and is in good condition. Oley is making slides, using a special positive black and white film, and hand-made slides.

29 July ВТОРНИК Still cold and clear. Later in day, sun was high enough to cause relatively strong glare from snow surface — first time in several months or more. Tolstikov is working on some research concerning the number of cyclones, tracks, etc. Izotov wants me to visit him in Kharkov, and he will take me to Poltava and Kiev to see all the famous cathedrals, mummified saints, relics, etc., etc. Much talk about IGY Conference in Moscow; Sidney Chapman spoke on radio. U.S. sports team lost 172 to 170. Konstantin took my advice, and went to breakfast — and I didn't! I had cocoa, bread, cheese at home. Played dominoes after dinner, and saw a Finnish

farce that the boys liked — no social significance. Visited Makuschok and took photos of his baby penguins. They are very active, and the smaller one is now quite wide awake. Their heads are too big for their necks. He has an egg with a hole made by the baby chick still inside; it lived for 3½ days, but didn't get out as they seem to need the help of the parents for that. Full moon tonight. Stayed late talking to Lebedev and Makuschok about books and Leningrad. We had a fruit, soap, tobacco and chocolate issue today. Now I have 1400 grams of chocolate. My portion of apples came to 30, but they'll have to be eaten soon, as many are soft by now — but they are better than no fruit at all.

30 July СРЕДА Wasted about three hours in radio station today trying for Little America radiophone contact. Bugaev went on ice-survey flight with plane crew. They went out 700 km to edge of ice. Beautiful, sunny day with light winds, and temp around -25°C, a day like this brings everyone out — even the penguins came over to visit the people on the ice near Mirny. I went walking there with Lev after dinner, took photos — there was a stalled truck there too. Lev pointed to space between two distant icebergs and said, “is that where we'll first see the ship?” Poor fellow, he is not very happy — and it is obvious that his only desire is to get home again. A new rumor has begun to make the rounds — the ship is to go to Australia to pick up a 100-woman dance ensemble and take them back to the USSR. You can imagine the implications of this situation! Supper was a shambles tonight; the auto class is larger than ever, and the first sitting was late as well as jammed. We waited — impatiently — for plates and food. If it weren't for the crab salad and fritters, I would have left. The ones who complained most about waiting are those who always came to the last sitting to see the movies! One of the waiters told them off about it in no uncertain terms. I heard that the tractor #13 had its number changed to 3. When it left here on Dec. 26, 1957 its hitch broke about 30 km out (pulling about 60 tons instead of 40), then its clutch broke down twice — once near Pionerskaya, and once again. The number change didn't help — as the number 13 was inscribed on its “soul.”

31 July ЧЕТВЕРГ Snow all day, easterly wind and warm — temp -15°C. No luck with Little America radio phone contact. Konstantin said that yesterday the met data blew from his pocket and he spent an hour trying to find it — to no avail. He repeats P.P.'s and Bugaev's misadventures. Spent several hours with Izvekoy, Lebedev and Matveyev in the tent on the ice while they went through a monthly oceanographical station. Very comfortable, and very interesting. Small fish swim in the hole and a seal was once seen — but no whales! Izvekoy says it is just like the N. Pole IV station. Sydney Chapman's greetings in Russian at the IGY Conference in Moscow came over the radio today — terrible accent, some of us didn't know at first that it was Russian! But he made a valiant effort. Alexander has put up the chore list for the period Aug - Jan! He believes in getting things organized. Sergeyev gave me a pocket-knife, with a cork-puller; now all that I need is the wine. Several narrow crevasses have formed in the snow on the slope near Xmara, on the way to the oceanographer's tent. They are tricky, and criss-crossed, and hard to see in the dim light with a “white-out” and blowing snow. I got down on all fours at one point, to reduce surface pressure. Konstantin gave me some details of salaries, vacations, and sick-leave at his Institute — University grad 1300 rubles/mo, Candidate 2500 r, Doctor 4500, Director 7000. Annual leave 24, 36, 48 days. Sick leave depending on service, and decreases from 90% of salary to 50%, depending on length of illness. He worked at loading freight trains as a student before the war to augment the very small stipend given to students. Bugaev and Nikitin are still working full-time on the barometric determination of the station heights.

1 August ПЯТНИЦА Ice survey flight today to NW — about 630 km; flew at 230 meters above sea. Two penguin (Emperor) colonies near Gauss. Ice conditions as two days ago. Daylight now from about 9 am until 4 pm — it feels as if winter is on its way out, but I'm sure that we'll have plenty of snow and cold weather still. George has a bad tooth ache and may be having teeth pulled — poor fellow. That's about the fourth time that his teeth have bothered him here. Had interesting talk with Alex and Kon about “luck.” Their deterministic philosophy doesn't permit them to believe in it. I gave them plenty of business about it. Oley had a big day today showing his slides in my projector. They say that the black and white is not “worse” than the color slides.

Muxhanov has written a poem for Aphonin, purporting to be from his wife; he has a knack for rhyme. The few hours of being out of doors in the unaccustomed sunshine — little as it is — has given a number of us a slight sunburn. I guess that the winds also help. But many have lost that pale winter look.

2 August СУББОТА Calm day, very fine snowfall all day. Had medical examination in morning. Everything in fine shape — but tape measure must be wrong, as we all seem to have lost 2 cm of height. At the English lesson we joked about losing vertically and gaining horizontally. Mikos held his breath for 150 seconds; Zakiev for 3 minutes. That comes from mountaineering. I did 85 secs, which is considered to be very good. Dmitri informed me about various medical plans in USSR. All children up to age 14 have an annual exam. Mother's milk plans, etc., etc. Factories are considered to have exceptionally good plans. A doctor in a local polyclinic may have a list of 5000 patients — this seems high. Carpenters are remodeling the houses on sleds for next trip to interior. Sleds are being dug out — some were in 3 meters deep. George had his tooth extracted, poor fellow — he is quite unhappy about it. Radio message from Wexler and Odishaw on eve of departure for Moscow (25 July) — just received today!

3 August БОКРЕСЕНЬЕ Windy all day, temp -20°C and lower. One of the unthinking tractor drivers put his tractor in front of my time-lapse camera while it was taking photos. Tijan says that his wife will be going on a meteorological field trip to One-repetrovsk with seven others. She is a specialist in meteorology of the atmospheric layers near the ground — her professor is Reichtman, of Leningrad Obs. Sergeyev says that he has five warehouses — one warm, and the others cold, including the one that's 25 km into the interior. He says that we are still eating some meat from the second expedition, although the snow that has drifted into the cold storage warehouse makes it hard to keep track of what's there. He says that there are millions of rubles worth of supplies and food here. Saw a French film about medical students and young doctors — quite realistic, and good. I am growing tired of hearing the advertising on the local radio — only one firm advertises, and it is monotonous to hear the same phrases over and over again. I think that maybe it goes in one ear and out the other, but some must stick. Sophronov showed some photos he had taken several weeks ago of Emperor penguins that had died after a storm — and of others that were trapped between a side of the glacier and a snow drift that had formed around them during the same storm. At the movie tonight the news reel of the girl gymnasts was run at slow speed!

4 August ПОНЕДЕЛЬНИК Cold windy day, but sunny. Sun now rising farther to east and setting apparently farther in west. Beautiful sunset, with Ci [cirrus] radiatus clouds. Took cloud time-lapse photos. Helped George with further English sentences and expressions. Chess matches going full speed after supper. Had the jam pie for third straight day — it's a bit old by now, but everyone goes for it in a big way. Bugaev must be busy; I haven't seen him, except at meals, for several days. Slipped and fell down the mess hall trap-door tonight, and landed with a bone-jolting and teeth rattling thump — I'm stiff and sore now — it must have been a seven-foot fall, right onto my back. My head still aches. Muxhanov is making slide frames for his photos; he gives talks and lectures to children's groups at schools and in Pioneer meetings. Light band of aurora to north tonight.

5 August ВТОРНИК Clear day, with 7 hours of sunshine record! Windy, and temp around -20°C. I'm having a spell of accidents with the blasted trap door at the mess hall. I'm still sore from the fall, and tonight someone — or the wind — slammed the door down, full-force, on my head. I was nearly "out," and I have a big bloody bruise on the top of my head. Tomorrow the damned thing will probably kill me. More talk about the ships. Some think that the *Ob* will leave for here near the end of October. That gives her three months for refitting, loading, and vacation for crew. It sounds right. Gave Ostrekin the geomag data received from Cray; and he says that Pionerskaya and Mirny data had been sent out a few days ago. Izotov says that with all the exchange of people between USSR and USA, he wants to visit USA also. I said for him to get a visa, and we'll be glad to have him. He thought that the Pentagon had to grant it! He wanted to know about prices. His yardstick is how much a bottle of vodka costs. Factory worker in USSR

gets 1200 r/month, pays 22 for liter of vodka, 20 for kilo of butter, and 3, 5, 10 or 15 for football match. Our worker gets about 400, pays 4 for whiskey, 2 for butter, and 2 to 6 for baseball game. We do better. K says that he had no training in S. Hemi analysis prior to leaving for Antarctica. Boris is making a slide-projector — and is serious about it. Muxhanov is writing a book — or at least collecting material for me. His diary of his Northern experiences has been published in several languages — including English. I think that it's for children. He was very interested in my first experience with Man [ship's captain] and the *Ob* in Capetown. Tijan was in an exuberant mood tonight; he's come off night shift, and probably received a telegram from his wife; — he picked me up, carried me around the room, and deposited me on Boris, who was working on his projector; Boris was not at all disturbed.

6 August СРЕДА Bad night's sleep, head ached from blow, and blood on pillow from wound. Poor contact with Little America, they couldn't hear us. I was in a bad mood anyway. Long IGY News message about, rockets, gravity, etc. Clear day, now about eight to nine hours of daylight; sunshine recorder shows 7 hours bright sunshine trace. No flashlight needed at breakfast time. Spoke with Nilaekov — electric power station chief — at dinner. He is here for second tour, and says first year, when station constructed, was hard; this year is a cinch. He's a marine engineer, and lives in Leningrad. He can see Finnish coast from window of his flat. He says that there are about 17 men here for the second time. Took more time-lapse photos. Requires almost constant attention, with light decreasing rapidly in afternoon, and wind, blowing snow, etc. I hope that the results are used, because it is cold and takes valuable time from other work. Bugaev says that reports from Moscow Conference state that some dogs were sent aloft in rockets as many as 28 times, and that several hundred such flights were made. This is a truly interesting age, and rapid-moving. Muxhanov was telling me about his experiences in the Arctic, particularly Franz Joseph Land, when Nobile and Eckner were flying there in dirigibles. Plane left today for Oasis today at 1230; returned after dark. Radio message came after plane left, saying that someone there is sick, so doctor was not aboard. Mikos says that forecasts of places and times where Soviet Sputnik can be seen are much in error; this is related, I suppose, to the erroneous value of value flattening of earth. K says that his wife was a judge when she worked — until about 4 years ago. I asked him how one gets to be a judge; it's simple — all you do is go to judge school. George was up to his ears in black and white, and color film processing today. He is also doing positives, as several of our fellows are doing. Cold night — with 30 kt wind and -26°C.

7 August ЧЕТВЕРГ Today seemed like the first day of spring; although temp was -26 to -24°C, the sun shone strongly, and was a bit warming. Sunglasses were necessary. Even the penguins were out walking, and came over to inspect an airplane parked on the sea ice. Nikolaev reports that some drops of melted water fell from the ceiling of the garage. NW sky was still light at 6:30 p.m., and dawn was at 8 a.m. Plane flew to Oasis today — the sick boy had a "belly-ache." Had good talk with Tom Gray, and Tolstikov forwent his talk with Oasis to let me go on — very decent of him. He asked me today where I want to visit — Sovietskaya, Vostok, etc. It will depend on plane loads, but he assures me that I will get to visit the interior stations. He is very cooperative. He even offers to fly me to Wilkes, if a landing is possible, to get an American ship to Australia if the Soviet ship doesn't go to Melbourne. Spoke with Brodtkin about flight to McMurdo — he is keen about it, and says they need only about 2000 gals of gas for the trip back. The new value of the flattening of the earth — from U.S. satellites, was given in the USSR encyclopedia. A soviet geodesist calculated 1/298.2 in 1940. It was also done by a Finn in 1929. Had a lot of the good herring and onions from the head table at lunch. I twitted Bugaev about the fact that their table always gets the good herring fillets; silence from everyone else. I think that our apples are now inedible. I've had gas pains from one all afternoon — it tasted too acidic when I ate it. Komsomolskaya reports sunlight to north horizon. Vostok today had min temp of -84°C, and max of -76!

8 August ПЯТНИЦА Another spring-like day with light winds and sun, but temp around -22 to -24°C. Trap door open, and I had fresh breezes coming in through my ventilator; very refreshing, for a change; also some snow drifted in. Vostok reported a minimum temperature of -85.8°C, that's cold, even with only 8 kts of wind. The damned movie camera went haywire twice

today — I'm about ready to give it up; but I'll try to fix it again tomorrow, when I've cooled off and it's warmed up. Several parties visited the penguins today; I have to go over and take photos before the chicks grow up. The news of Krushchev's change of mind about the summit conference hasn't come through the party line to us; Muxhanov asked me about the summit conference, and obviously doesn't believe me. He said, "I haven't heard it on our radio." Received a two-page message about satellite from IGY Wash.; very nice but I'd like a two line message from home, just as well!

9 August СУББОТА Cold day, but morning bright and clear; increasing cirrus rapidly covered sky by mid afternoon and we had a blizzard after supper. Spent morning repairing camera motor again. Took cloud photos before lunch. Became involved on ladder with "honey-dippers" operation. Plastic handles of case for batteries and timing device were brittle from cold and parted — case fell into clean can — fortunately — and split open strewn its contents about — but cork shavings remained in can. Konstantin now understands the meaning of the word "luck." Another job now to construct a new case. Time, time, all I need is time! The big Soviet news is the plan to establish new stations, and the crossing — proposal from Mirny to Bellingshausen. It's a long distance, but their tractors are good. Air support, will be the key, I feel. I see now why four ships are needed. I thought that four ships were too many for just continuation of the present program. Bugaev had the snow cleared away from the east windows by tractor. My own ventilator was clogged, and I dug it out again. A political discussion was held in the mess hall before tonight's movie — to explain the Krushchev-Chinese jaunt, and their change of opinion, I suppose. English class discussed my telegram about Explorer IV, and a book on life in America. Eating habits came up for comment. Lebedev says no strict rules hold in USSR now — each eats as he pleases. That's for sure! The *Nautilus* trip across the N-pole must make some people sit up and take notice. Gust of wind tonight reached 30 m p sec when I went to radio station for telegram. Igor Goncharov was here in 1956/57 for summer, and fell into ocean with four or five others; they were in the water up to 30 minutes or more! Drivers are now practicing with jeep and truck; that's why they are down on the sea ice! Most fellows are driving in sine curves!

10 August БОКРЕСЕНЬЕ Blizzard all day long; temp -27 to -24°C, with winds 20-30 meters per sec. Very cold. Sovietskaya didn't let Vostok beat it, and reported a -86°C [This is the coldest surface temperature reported in Rubin's *Mirny Diary*, -123°F.] also this morning! Ate my last apple today — I wasn't very pleased with this batch. No bath, as promised for today. Something in the heating system went wrong. I'll bathe at home tomorrow morning — I need it! The static charge that builds up on guy wires and on me from the driving snow sure gives a jolt on contact — even through leather gloves. Ostrekov asked about another data exchange, and I've contacted Crary. Spoke with Oley S. about the seismic work in Lake Superior. He has done seismic-gravity correlation work, and was interested. He had a professor, academician Gainberg, and did a student thesis on the work in 1949. Boris continues with his lamp projector project. The Moscow Radio really doesn't tell the truth about the Middle East situation, and give only half-truths. I'm not surprised that they can get away with so much, when I hear the what the men here listen to. Askold said to day that he should have waited until next year to come to Antarctica; the cross-continent trip is attractive to him.

11 August ПОНЕДЕЛЬНИК Overcast most of day, with SE winds and temp around -22°C. Sleds and equipment being made ready for tractor train trip; lots of activity. Oley S. and Koptev came over to see Bugaev, and stopped in to show me an article on relation between seismic work and gravity measurements; work done in Middle Asia, north of Alma Ata. I gave them my last spare copy of the IGY Antarctic Map. They were interested in seismic surveys; Oley said in answer to my question about his soundings, that I had better ask Tolstikov! George says that 19th August is the "Day of Meteorologists." It turns out to be his and Tijan's birthday! I suggested that they make ice-cream, and George thinks that it's a great idea. Had visit from Sergeyev, the storeman. Photo contest has been announced, and lots of discussion and disagreement about how it is to be conducted. Our boys are always ready to voice their opinions as long as it is not in criticism of the "Dictatorship of the Proletariat." Izotov has lost four kilos in weight. Tomorrow is Konstantin's 38th birthday, and he waxed reminiscent about his early life in the country — near

the Urals. He used to walk six kilometers to school, through snow in winter as well! George received two pieces of good news from home today; his daughter, who is now five months old, is almost sitting up; and three of his papers have been published, on each in *Academy of Sciences News* - geophysical section, *Geophysics and Meteorology*, and *The Uzbekistan Journal of the Academy of Sciences*. This now gives him the right to publish a dissertation for his Candidate's degree (MSC.). Vasiyev, the instrument mechanic fell down the mess hall stairs several days ago and injured his arm; he was less fortunate than I, although he is better padded. Our Mirny radio news said that the antifreeze at Sovietskaya has crystallized in the low temps, and that the gasoline has become involatile and is difficult to get to ignite. Komsomolskaya reports first sighting of sun on 9th August — due to refraction effects. The film projector operator received a bad cut on the head and had a very dramatic head bandage put on. He is all-right, however.

12 August ВТОРНИК Today Vasiukov's birthday, and he's making plans in his modest way to prepare a banquet. Bugaev has a telegram from a friend who was at the Moscow 5th IGY Conference. Wexler and other "big fish" were there. Kiechak gave a paper. No mention of Cartwright. I helped get the tables and food ready for the banquet, and "dolled-up" in my corduroy jacket, with tie. Gave Vasuikov some papers and a copy of Met-Monograph by Nemias. Big crowd — several big shots, too much drinking, and Vasuikov forced me to drink a full glass of spirit. Result was disastrous. Big and red-hot discussion with Parfyonev, who is emphatic in his views that U.S. wants war. Usual line about imperialism aggression. I gave him back just as hot about one-sided news reports and Hungary. He says that he listens to Voice of America in English! A bold-faced lie. I know, from other sources, that many do not share his views. But there are many worried people, about possibility of war.

13 August СРЕДА Despite "head" and fine blowing snow that reduced visibility to practically nothing, I arose early for Little America phone contact. Had to wait until about 10 a.m. for more powerful transmitter and better reception. Had good talk with Tom; I gave him a "hamgram" for Goldie. Didn't go to bath today — for first time. A number of "heads" in our group, after last night. It's really senseless. Torjutkin doesn't go to baths now on regular days — he can't stand the heat, and has a pre-bath bath. He went on Saturday. Bad weather all day, with wind about 30 m p sec; house is shaking, and doors won't stay shut, as wind is from east. Radio broadcast from Moscow, with Chapman, LaClarece, Nagata. Interesting broadcast. Cartwright was in Moscow, also. Nagata's was most interesting talk, and he mentioned meeting the Soviet group from Ob and *Kooperatsiya*, and help given *Siuwig* when it was stuck in ice in Feb 1957. He may have another try at Antarctica this coming year. Biologist from Geographical Institute gave advice; eat 5 times a day, get 8 hours sleep in one stretch, joke more frequently, and eat plenty of vitamins, drink tea, coffee, cocoa, keep air in room moist by boiling a kettle — all of this brought forth much joking — and we fulfilled thus one of his pieces of advice. Tomorrow the mess hall will be closed for cockroach extermination. One of the roaches had the bad luck to fall into Tolstikov's soup — and that brought on the ukase, "get rid of the roaches." Some of the fellows ate a double amount at supper, "because there's no breakfast tomorrow, I have to make up for it tonight. Bugaev had his window cleared of snow — by tractor — two days in a row; he seems troubled by having no natural light, probably because Tashkent has so much sun.

14 August ЧЕТВЕРГ Bad day, visibility down to about 10 meters, blowing snow, with wind up to 33 m p sec. Temp around -10° to -12°C. Tolstikov says that flights to Mawson and McMurdo are being considered, and he asked about contacting McM for gasoline. I'll talk with Crary. Still lots of joking about last night's broadcast and diet suggestions. Zotov is funny when he is a bit potted — he kids about the dictatorship of the proletariat. But he wandered off before dinner to go to the radio station to send a telegram to his wife, and became confused about his directions. We all went out searching — Alex and I in the windward direction of the crevassed areas; it was eerie searching with a flashlight through a thick wall of blowing snow; I realized what Bowers, Wilson, and Cherry-Garrard went through to get to the penguins in mid-winter. Zotov was found sitting in a tractor cabin near the garage. He didn't know where he was. I again ate too much smoked salmon for dinner, and have had three mugs of tea.

15 August ПЯТНИЦА Milder day: winds only 15-20 m p sec, and no snow. Zotov was subdued today, and kept to himself. We are already talking of the arrival of the ships, and a trill of expectancy is in our voices as we speak of the joy of watching the daily progress of the oncoming ships, with mail, fresh fruit, etc. Brodtkin says that they plan to fly to McM via the S.Pole and have allowed 15 hours at the very slowest speed for the trip. Fifteen hours at over 4000 meters elevation will be very tiring. Much discussion as to what pictures and titles should be entered in photo contest. I can't bother, time is too precious. Bugaev working madly on pressure reduction for interior stations. Ivan Alexandrovitch is in a bad mood today; poor fellow, he's not quite right. Tijan's and George's room is still in a mess; they'll never clean it. It's always cluttered with pieces of clothing, meteorological equipment, photo gear, food, etc., etc.

16 August СУББОТА Another windy day, about 20-24 m p sec, and blowing snow, but temps around -12 to -10°C. Cleared my ventilator of drifted snow. Funny to see figures looming up from out of snow-storm, bent sideways at an angle of about 20° against the wind. Turning a corner from the carpenter's shop was like hitting a solid wall; the wind stopped me dead in my tracks. Discussed Bugaev's plan for constant monthly correction to 700 mb level! For interior stations it seems closer to the truth than any others we can think of. Storm seems to have stagnated near us. Had English class, and discussed U.S. Geography — physical, economic, social, etc. All are interested, and gave them several books and pamphlets to read. Some odd misconceptions, such as one that U.S. citizenship can be purchased! Our mutual complaint is that we have no time for all the work we want to do. Victor wanted time to study Latin. He distinguishes between intellectuals and working people. Gleb, the cook, made empty "piroji" because many had complained about not wanting the filling; today, when the filling was provided separately, many complained that it wasn't in the pie! Philin gave me several negatives of myself that he had taken when we were at the penguin rookery. Konstantin insists that the sea water I gave him has caused the sore he had on the side of his head. Izotov today told me how he became "lost" the other night. He had the plastic wind-screen blown from his hands and after he had crawled around looking for it, he became disoriented. He had no flashlight, and couldn't see anything. When he reached the tractor cabin he thought that he was at the garage near the cold storehouse. I can easily imagine how he became disoriented. It can happen in daylight even without having had a thing to drink. Paul Robeson reached Moscow and a big radio broadcast was sent out; everyone here was thrilled; they really love him. Tijan came in tonight as I was working and listening to Phila. Orch. strings — we heard Borodin and Barber. He likes Barber's music; old-fashioned.

17 August БОКРЕСЕНЬЕ A warm day, temp -6 to -10°C; moist snow and little wind. Shower in the toilet, as usual when warm weather lets ice on ceiling melt. The fellows at the nearest aviation crew quarters were "digging for gold" today; or at least they dug a hole to bury some "honey." Radio "blackout" most of the day, but some improvement at night. Had a basin-bath in my room, and changed clothes. Ivan Ivanovitch saw me using towels and asked about my not going to regular bath. He seemed embarrassed when I said that I basin-bath every Sunday. He likes the orderliness of our house, and says that Alex is a good commandant. Tolstikov came over for Bugaev's explanation of new pressure reductions. He always looks fresh and neat; he laughs easily and heartily. He seems to be doing some upper-air analysis. We kidded again about the Vostok-Sovietskaya min temps. Delicious goose, sour cabbage, and strawberry jam at supper. Usual questions about staying for movie. Pavel was trying to repair his fountain pen; he says that he makes bad ones of good ones. He explained about internal passports, nationalities, and languages in answer to my questions. Child of parents with different nationalities can choose his own from either of the parents. First page of all passports written in Russian, rest in national language. Hebrew's have passport all in Russian except if they live in Birobidzhan. George gave me a container of dry milk; it will be good with cocoa in the morning when I miss breakfast.

18 August ПОНЕДЕЛЬНИК Missed breakfast purposely, and had cocoa with milk, bread and butter, canned cherries. Lovely quiet day, with soft snowfall that covered every trace of dirt and grim — temporarily. I am told that it is like a December snowfall in Moscow or Leningrad. Picked up new insulated box for camera batteries and timing device. Very nicely made by Phirsov, the

carpenter. Lots of excursionists, and out of door work done today. Took photos of carpenter enlarging house on sled. Konstantin's ball pen ran out of ink — he must use it a lot, and I gave him another. He also wants me to take a color photo of him. His sore on the temple is completely healed — it's the sea water applications, he swears. He and Bugaev went for a bucket-full today. He's going to borrow a Nansen bottle to get water from lower depths, as he thinks that it will be better. Nikdai, the diver, says that's he's modernizing the "Vezdehad" by widening the treads — it usually was stuck in soft snow! Was "burned up" by Konstantin this evening. Heard some Tschaikousky music, and said what a great composer he was. K. said, "Yes, Tschaikousky was the world's best composer, and Pushkin the best poet. This nationalism is all over the place, and everyone is infected. One can't compliment them in anyway without a round of bragging coming forth. And Bellingshausen discovered Antarctica — he read it in a book; a Russian book, of course. Then we went on to dialectical materialism, Marxism, aggression, imperialism, capitalism, etc. I told him that I was sick of the way they hear only one viewpoint. He remonstrated and replied that they have news available from all over the world. One can't cope with this situation — it's like a strong religion; they can't see any other. George says that the *Dzerdzinski* is a 22,000 ton vessel, and probably a mistake was made; however, there is another with a similar name that is a part of the Northern Sea Route fleet — it is a 300 passenger ship. Mirny is said to have enough coffee and cocoa for about 20 years, so we are to supply all the ships that come here this season. Heard Australian broadcast of plane forced down due to engine trouble 80 miles short of Mawson. No injuries, and they were taken off after 3 days. Plane being repaired on the spot. North wind has been blowing all day, and the air in my room is fresh and pure. The "lilt" odors are going the other way. In all houses, that's the first smell one senses. Our "lilt" was cleaned today. I helped shovel snow from the roof. Nikolai was clearing the ventilators, too. He's a very pleasant, quiet fellow. Tonight, at midnight, as I was obtaining snow flake samples, and watching the balloon release, Tijan came home from a birthday party. I put on the flashlight so that he could see; just as he said, "I can see alright, I don't need the light," he tripped over the rope line. We had a good laugh together. He says that this weather is Leningrad weather, not Moscow weather. And so to bed.

19 August БТОПНИК Calm day with light snow most of day. Lots of out of door work. Dug out toilet ventilator, which was about 2-3 feet under snow, and put in a rubber pipe. Four or five of our men cut and stored ice for the mess hall. A hole was cut through the snowed-in corridor to provide for ventilation. Went with Bugaev and Nikitin to measure pressure at sea level. Made a movie production of it, and took still photos. Cold, and windy on the ice; the penguins must have a hard time of it. Helped George and Tijan set up their tables for the birthday party. George had the ice cream stored in the corridor snow. Party was a huge success with our entire group, and about 8-10 others; it was a veritable banquet as Gleb, the cook, was also invited as a friend of Tijan's. Had addition to the usual tasty dishes, there was a big tort and the two kinds of ice-cream George had made in regular water buckets. The buckets were used for washing socks or feet — or some other such tasty operations. The regular ice-cream was good, but the "Creme Buvlary" was not. I ate too much, but drank sparingly of wine. There was "white," of course, and a liqueur George had made. Delicious canned fruits. There was the usual story-telling, singing and dancing. Vasuikov did a number — a folk-dance — that was a big hit. He surprised me by his talent. Lev says that our group is the best and most imaginative in Mirny. Anton Mikos drank from the rain-gage glass — it's a double-scale glass. Cleared off about midnight with stalking auroral display to north. Tijan went to help P.P. make the 1 a.m. observation. In our talk of dreams it turned out that Oley saw his first dream at Mirny only several days ago. Anton sees color dreams, but only dreams rarely. Andru sees only black and white dreams.

20 August СРЕДА Slept until 0930, and had many dreams — in black and white only. George busy this morning washing dishes and cutlery prior to returning to mess hall. He and Tijan each had a big sack to carry back before lunch. Windy with blowing snow, but took advantage of first opportunity in many days to get cloud time-lapse photos. Have evolved new system; set up camera, got angles, read light values, set lenses; then inside to prepare data on time, date, angles and start clockwork. Then outside again with timing box and plug in cord. It saves cold fingers and snow in the box. The boys fixed the gasoline motor pump, and tested it in the

corridor; the fumes were terrible, and came mostly into my room. Saw Ostrekin and gave him the information contained in Crary's latest radiogram. Vasuikov and Muxhanov were calculating the date of arrival of the first mail from home. They figure that the 12th of December will be the earliest; I think it will be by the 1st of December, or earlier. Maybe it's just wishful thinking on my part. Had visit by Lebedev; he returned magazines and took others, particularly *NY Times Book Reviews*. He asked what books I want from Soviet Union — his own, Maikov's, Tauber's, etc., and postage stamps. I became absorbed in a copy of *Life* he had returned, and spent an hour reading — was sorry afterwards; time is precious. Visited Makuschok and Lebedev after supper to photograph baby albino penguin. Other two have grown nicely, and now live in a pen rather than glove. Makuschok loves them. The two original penguins peck at the albino. Sat around until 1230 talking. Lebedev says that Antarctica is neutral territory, and we shouldn't frustrate ourselves trying to discuss or resolve unanswerable political questions — and after much thought and talk I've decided that he is right. They know all of the answers, just as I feel that I know them, so we gain nothing by talking. They say that they are well informed about world affairs and world opinions. Saw Izvyekov, who came in from a tramp to the tent on the ice; Lebedev had gone home with the key! Izvyekov says that a seal visits him almost every night, and that he is pleasant company even if he doesn't talk back.

21 August ЧЕТБЕРГ Decided to "splurge" and stay up to take night photos of the observer during his round of observations. Did so, and didn't get to bed until 2 a.m., then up at 6 a.m. for talk by radio with Crary. Also spoke with Tom Gray about pressure reduction. Bert says that he will report shortly on details required for flight to McMurdo. Got to breakfast ahead of Pirov; he was interested in details of talk with Crary. He says that only four passengers can be accommodated, in addition to regular crew. The boys worked at pumping out the cistern at the hydrogen generator; I asked if the pump had frozen — saying "zamorzil" instead of zamyorzil." Zamorzil means nothing, and Oley said that I had discovered a new word. Konstantine likes my foreign accent. He caused me to lose my temper, however, where for about the 20th time he referred to "your" code when we looked up a Pilot report, and he insisted on using the Russian version of the same thing. It turned out that he was wrong in Russian, also. Muxhanov sits around with his hand stuck into the heating pad, poor fellow, and gives vent to soulful groans. He says that this is his final expedition. He's going to retire at 60 and write his memoirs. Ivan Alexandrovitch visited us today — he's worked for 25 years in the Polar regions. He prefers the Arctic to Antarctica. All his teeth are false; he loosened the plates to show me. The glaciology boys are printing their photographs prior to leaving on their traverse; they are now doing the Leningrad portion. Oley is getting his seismic gear into shape. The traverse will begin around 15 September. Received very welcome message from Goldie. Dick is to study Latin. I can remember my first Latin teacher — beautiful blonde girl. Paul Dietz had a crush on her — I guess that we all did; it was in the 8th grade at Thomas Jr. High. The fellows here are glad to hear that the first tourists from USSR have reached the U.S., but they say that 13 is a small number. Victor says that they are the first swallow, but I say that one swallow does not make a spring. Had bull-session with Bugaev, Belov and George about earthquakes, Tashkent expeditions, etc. They want me to come to Tashkent to taste the special lamb dishes of the region. Party went to cold-storage warehouse 25 Km inland today to bring back meats.

22 August ПЯТНИЦА Overcast day, windy and cold, with temp about -26°C. Before lunch all hands turned to, and we cleared snow from roof. It had packed hard, and we broke it off in great chunks. Tractor cleared snow from windows. Wind soon began causing drifts on roof and in front of windows — as usual. Tijan and George repaired the broken anemometer cable prior to reinstalling the anemometer. Union meeting tonight, and Tolstikov gave out details of ship movements, stations new and old, etc., etc. Bugaev and George filled me in on details. Vasiukov was difficult to get information from. He has shaved his head, and looks like a movie version of a Russian concentration-camp inmate. Took another photo of night-time balloon release — fingers cold. Sunlight visible in west now as late as 6 p.m. Summer breakfast schedule 7 a.m. to 8 a.m. — to begin on Monday, probably. More people will begin missing breakfast.

23 August СУББОТА Cold day — temp -29°C ., wind 13 m p sec. Camera mechanism failed while taking cloud time-lapse; fingers froze trying to get it working out of doors; finally gave up and brought it in. I'm disgusted with the blasted thing; it fails at the most inopportune moments. Message from Moreland, asking about Soviet's newest min temp, and informing that three packages from Goldie were mailed to Moscow Aug. 21. Poor radio reception again today — variable, but mostly complete absorption in ionosphere. Had long talk with Tolstikov, and obtained more detail about forth coming operations. Asked him for some of the Soviet maps of this region. He gave me some details of his Arctic work; he's been working there ever since graduation from Institute — since 1927. His wife was with him some of time and two of their three children were born on Cape Schmidt — near Wrangel Island. One died there by falling into a hole in ice and drowning. He's spent every year of the past 22 in the Arctic, and wintered over in about one year in three. He was told, at first, not to go on medical grounds — as he was told not to come to Antarctica. Not enough acid in his gastric juices. He floated on one of the ice islands for a year. It was 2.6 km in diameter at first and averaged about 2 meters in thickness, but it finally became 1 X 0.6 km and floated in a clear sea! Rubber boats and a helicopter were available. Their emergency gear was on another island that ultimately was more than 20 miles away. They could reach it by helicopter. Movie camera gave good service again after repairs. Temperature was -32°C this evening, with 15 m p sec wind. "Baby it's cold outside." Good English class, many questions about U.S. economic life. Boris had his projector going, and it worked quite well. He's thrilled with it. Victor was seen trudging along with a heavy pack on his back; I thought that he'd come from an expedition to the penguins, but it turned out that he'd been to see Sergeyev at the wine cellar. Filled snow melter for washing clothes and bathing tomorrow.

24 August БОКРЕСЕНЬЕ Clear day, temp -33°C ., wind about 12-15 m p sec. Radio blackout almost complete for second day. Washed two loads clothes, bathed, etc. Tolstikov had Lebedev get me a selection of Soviet maps of this region, and a book on Hydrology of Antarctica. Lebedev wants book "Ideal Marriage." I've sent telegram to Cartwright asking for it. He'll think that it's a joke. Makuschok stays up until 3 a.m. to feed penguins; Lebedev gets up at three to take over. The penguins are very cute, and cuddly. Victor pets them like children. He has killed 9 big penguins — he uses a sharp pick in the spine; he shoots the seals with 5.6 mm bullets; he has a store of 2000 on his table now, but they are mostly for target practice, he says. Saw a good film based on story "Malva" by Gorki. Good scenery, and acting. The fellows were eager for her. She's a bit too heavy for my taste, but she has a fine face. George liked the Bible, and found much of interest. He plans to buy one in Capetown. We're all decided that we'll probably not go to Melbourne. Izotov wants me to give him some soap for his wife; he says that people will come running to see American soap. Tolstikov and several groups are holding planning conferences for tractor train operations. We are out of toilet paper today, and the boys are using pages from a book for recording pilot balloon data. I have my private stock. Union safety inspector was around to look at hydrogen generation installation; he says that it is not safe. Now we'll see what will be done. Burdachenga was operated on for appendicitis yesterday. That's the 7th appendectomy, and the 11th operation performed here. Several of the non-appendectomies were considered to be serious. Pavel P. had his hair clipped off by Vasiukov — he had trouble running down a clipper, but he said, "during the war I was a scout, and this will be easy." It was.

25 August ПОНЕДЕЛЬНИК Another blackout for radio. Clear, calm day, and temperature fell to -36°C . Makuschok visited the penguins. His movie camera froze. He also heard an egg explode under an expectant penguin, and smelt the odor afterwards. Had two visitors in morning. Asxold gave me the rectifier he had made for my electric shaver — it's a beauty, but he said that it would have been better had he anodized it, and he says that the diodes don't check out too well. He says that his brother wants some of the Ektachrome film to try, and I gave him a roll. I hope that nobody hears of it, because my stock can't stand too many drains on it! Lebedev was over to ask about purchasing technical book; he seems unwilling for me to send them directly to him from the U.S. While I had the visitors, I also had to check on the movie camera that was operating outside. Galkin gave a talk on the ionospheric program. Vasiukov says that synoptic meteorology is a more exact science, and that if synoptic meteorologists work in the dark, ionospheric scientists work in a polar night. We all complained about the interference with radio

broadcasts by his ionospheric sounding signals. Visited the doctors, and I saw their stock of poisons and narcotics under lock and key in a safe. Talked of marijuana and other pleasant subjects. Two patients recovering from appendectomies — Burdachenga and a tractor driver. Schlaeffer will be the cook-doctor on the train, because of the danger from explosives. Lots of interest in the local temperatures — we expect the lowest of the year tonight. Helped Muxhanov carry a number of lengths of pipe from house to observing station at midnight. Beautiful, quiet moonlit night — went walking, and no flashlight necessary. Shadows due to moonlight as bright as from spotlights. Oley and Belov carrying on a loud discussion at 1:30 a.m. They don't get up for breakfast.

26 August ВТОРНИК Cold day — began at -35°C , and rose to -26°C . Many interesting cloud forms. Took cloud time-lapse photos all morning. Have put camera and equipment in the meteorological observatory; it's dry and cool there, so I can change film between reels without having moisture condense on the camera. Told Konst. that cirrus were moving at 50 m p sec; he doubted it; pibal showed 44 m p sec. Very interesting clouds, jet stream type and rapid changes of type. Group of aviation men walked in front of lenses; explained operation of mechanism to them. Everyone remarks that the poor camera has to stay out in the cold to work all day long. Lebedev came over to give me titles of books he wants; he has asked Moscow to send 2 copies of all new books on Antarctica; one for him and one for "cultural contacts" — that's me. We had tea, listened to jazz, looked at U.S. magazines. He says that our magazines are well printed, and with lots of color. He likes the U.S. interior decorating. He didn't like *Reporter* magazine, and can't understand for whom it is written. Went to see Galkin to fill in on his lecture of yesterday, and the radio Gazette. Gave Asxold a Sunday edition of *NY Times*. Saw collection of positive film shots of Neptune ceremony on *Kooperatsiya*. Clive wants to go to penguins tomorrow if weather good. Radio reception still bad — my last three radiograms have not yet been sent to NGD. George and Alex have us in darkness while they cut film for their cameras. Many mishaps, such as Mischa coming in to look for Bugaev, Boris coming in for his projector, etc. Discussed radio taxes with K. — he says 18 rubles a year. He finds it hard to understand why government in U.S.A. doesn't view radio stations for internal broadcasting. Worn Gordon's dog-skin gloves (or wolf ?). They are very warm, but are small for me. They have a strong doggy odor. Lebedev says that persons with scientific ratings in the USSR can obtain foreign exchange with which to purchase foreign books, etc. He will join this service when he gets home again. Except for this, foreign exchange is greatly restricted. On their trips to foreign ports they are allowed local currency in accordance with salary scale. A meteorological flight was made today from Drygalski to Pionerskaya. They saw many seals near open cracks in ice about 30 km from Mirny; and also met icing in clouds. Brodskin says that they had no radio contact during the six hour flight. They were tempted to land at Pionerskaya and knock on the roof of the houses to startle the men there. They saw the tractor, weasel, etc. alone in the snow; the houses are buried. They took 2 hours in getting the plane loose from the ice. Nikitin went to the movies and returned after 11 p.m. to finish washing his clothes — damned inconsiderate of him. However, he finished before midnight.

27 August СРЕДА Had excellent night's sleep. Snow all day long, with wind increasing in force from east; rose to 26 m p sec by night; temp rose from -24 to -15°C . Very fine blowing snow. Visited Makuschok and Izvyekov at tent during biology station operations. Victor had a bandana around his head to keep his long hair from getting in the way. Some difficulty getting the nets to sink vertically — strong current, and not proper weights. The current causes the wire and winch-frame to vibrate. We can also feel the jolt of the small weights as they trigger the Nansen bottle mechanisms. Many small fish and other tiny marine animals swim near surface of open pool. Izvyekov spent the 1st and 3rd years on North Pole 4 drifting station. He says that it is more interesting than here, as it drifts along and more varied phenomena are observed. Had electric motor for winch, as greater depths were sounded; here it is not necessary, as depth only 102 meters at station. There are several big cracks in the snow cliff near Xmara — and a big chunk will probably fall off soon. Light was bad for photography, but I'll go back on the next good day. Had visit from Galkin to see the symposium article on Ionosphere — by Shapley. Funny radio play at supper had men at our table roaring as they ate. Petrov, the radio operator was visiting

Petrov — our aerologist — after supper. He wouldn't accept K's invitation to come into the office. He said that he isn't a scientist — he makes only 90 a day while K makes 120 [rubles]. It was in fun; and not at all serious. P.P. says that he spent 185 rubles this past quarter on radiograms to USSR. Some men spent 300. Radio reception improved a bit, as far as news is concerned, but we had weather reports only from Oasis! No map, of course. Today Ivan Ivanovitch, when I had remarked that the song "My Old Friend," being sung during dinner, was nice, said, "You don't have many songs in America, do you?" I wonder what these fellows think, anyway, or if they think at all. He's a nice old man, but I think that he's full of baloney. He is the one who thinks I don't like Russian food, baths, movies, etc.

28 August ЧЕТБЕРЬ Wind horrible all night long. Temp this morning -12°C, I forecasted, and wind up to 33 m p sec — with mean around 24 m p sec. Couldn't see more than 10 meters outside, so didn't go to breakfast. Had stale bread here, with tasty black-currant jam and tea with milk. Life is tough in Antarctica! Radio blackout, and toilet-paper blackout continues. Had hot discussion with Muxhanov about China dictatorship, Robeson [could be Paul Robeson, an American singer and actor] etc., etc. Any innocent remark is likely to turn into a hot discussion with him. He talks like a propaganda machine and I told him so. He thinks that there is a dictatorship in U.S. — some fellows here call him a commissar. Had talk with Galkin about Irkutsk University. It's a relatively new one, and he graduated from it two years ago — he's 24 years old. The university has about 2000 students, but relatively few professors, so there are few graduate students, as a graduate student must be sponsored by a professor. There are seven faculties there. Dinner and movie were cancelled tonight; wind was up to 44 m p sec with minimum around 20 m p sec. Had cheese, caviar, bread, tea and jam with Bugaev; and listened to music. He sent three boys for bread, and Tolstikov gave him hell. Bugaev says that schools in USSR preach against religion — most young people are atheists. Oley borrowed my projector to show his slides. Radiosonde wasn't made at 6 p.m.; too many balloons lost and no hydrogen left. That's the first time since we've been here, I believe. Some improvement in radio reception by night; I heard several news broadcasts — but there's not much good news; more tension developing — this time it's China — a "peace loving socialist state!"

29 August ПЯТНИЦА A quiet day out doors — temp up to -5°C, light winds, with a bit of snow falling. Radio reception improved, and the radiograms I filed six days ago have just been sent to NGD. Had a hot argument with Konst. about imperialism and aggression; it always starts when they ask about what I've heard on the news. We'll have to limit our talk to the weather — this sort of thing gets us nowhere at all. Izvyekov says that the storm piled up drifts 3-m high around the tent on the ice. He was there at the height of the storm — the old tide gage shelter was blown down, and the electric power line is down, also. The pile of boxes on the trash-sled were blown across the roof of the "pentagon," and the anemometer and ventilator went with them. George developed some prints of the last party and our trip to the iceberg cave — very good shots. Saw the film "Moscow and Muscovites," plus an excellent documentary on building hydroelectric stations on the Angara River in Siberia. Kibalin says that Moscow isn't as picturesque as shown in the film — but it is impressive. The boys tell me that Lolita Torres was the favorite of the pilot group — but they all threw away her pictures when she was married. Tonight we had a short piece of the motorcycle comedy bit from the Polish film "Irene, go Home." It brought down the house, as usual.

30 August СУББОТА Winds up to 28 m p sec, snow, blizzard condition, and warm temperatures. The oceanography team worked at the tent today, despite the wind. They've put a lot of new gear in it, and photography was not practicable. Muxhanov says that the precipitation gage that blew away in the last big wind, was found near the tractors about 400 m away. His glove was inside! It had blown from his hand when the gage was torn from his hands. Bugaev told me about a message from Moscow Radio asking about the tape recording made by Mikos's wife in Czechoslovakia. On the tape are a woman's voice (wife), child's voice (son), and a man's! Who's the man? Mikos, of course, doesn't know. There is a special crew at work in the dinning hall making "pilmenyi" to be baked and frozen for the tractor train. It's a big operation, with five men helping the baker. Poor English class, as a geophysical group meeting took place at the

same time, and four of my students were there. I am told that a plane crew of the first expedition had strewn coal around Oasis, and the geologists who found it were highly excited at their discovery — until the truth became known. P.P. was on duty tonight, listening to the loud speaker — which gave forth mostly static; but he was satisfied, as long as it's noisy he's happy. Lots of comment about the Soviet rocket with live dogs. Belov fairly bursts with pride whenever something like that happens.

31 August БОКРЕСЕНЬЕ Last day of the month; strong winds and blowing snow, with temp around -8°C. No bath today. Lebedev says that the seal appeared at the hole yesterday, and they were sorry that I wasn't there — he made an excellent subject for a photo. I suggested to Bugaev, as a result of my dream about flying to Pretoria, that it might be worthwhile to arrange a symposium in Pretoria if our ship returns via South Africa. He is enthusiastic and will talk with Tolstikov about it. Tijan is making a canvas cover for his suitcase; he is ready to go home. I'm going to try sleeping on the folding cot for a week; the banging of doors at intervals through the night jars my bed and disturbs my sleep. After six months of bad sleep, I've had enough. The icicles in the cave outside my window have now grown down to the snow surface. I'll have to try to get a photo of them, if I can overcome the reflection from four panes of glass. Issue of 400 gm of chocolate (I now have 1600 gm), chocolate covered citron creams, walnuts, and perfumed soap.

1 September ПОНЕДЕЛЬНИК Slept well on cot; maybe I've solved my sleep problem. But it was colder near the floor than in the upper berth. Poor radio contact with Little America. We had good reception, but they had a lot of noise. First day of new meal hours proved to be satisfactory. Muxhanov was interested in getting minimum temp from the various U. S. Antarctic stations. After he had copied a string of them he said, "but there's a lot missing." Bugaev gave me a number of papers and books from which to choose one as a gift. Wind continued strong all day from east, with temp around -10°C. The boys got together to drink to the opening of schools in the USSR. They get together every day before dinner — they really don't need a reason — only an excuse. Tolstikov, Ostekin and Nikolaev spoke by radio to all the interior stations — presumably about spring operations. Fedorenka says that the radio station is very busy now, and the departure of three men with the tractor train will make things tighter; hence, we have to limit our talk with Little America to Monday only, unless absolutely necessary.

2 September ВТОРНИК Another windy, warm day, with overcast skies; its becoming monotonous. Had terrible night's sleep, and Bugaev says the same. He thinks that we all sleep too poorly and too little here — border line sleep, he calls it. The usual business with the bath today — it's a fetish, asking how it was, wishing well, etc., etc. Some of the fellows are absolutely "washed-out" and weak afterwards — they appear to be exhausted. I couldn't take more than about ten minutes, and left hurriedly. Then, when the boys at home ask why I don't go into the steam room, I almost blew my top. Vasiukov, in his usual insane manner, insists that it's good for you. Brother! I'm always in a bad mood on bath days — so I'll take no more. If Astapenko can have a steam bath at Little America, I didn't see why we can't have a shower at Mirny. Talk about inspection system for atomic explosions — Mikos seems concerned that it will be universally accepted. I'm not so sure that the "peace-loving socialist countries" will accept but we'll see. Philin says, vehemently, that only a few capitalists in America want war — "Morgan, that's the man." These fellows are living with the bogey men of 50 years ago, and they are still fed the same fairy tales. Everyone is busy preparing for the tractor train trip. Tolstikov is ill again — his kidneys or liver, or something — Bugaev says.

3 September СРЕДА Summery day, winds very light, and temperatures from -15 to -18°C. Much out door work — digging, checking instruments, hauling machines and sleds, trash taken away, etc. Sun strong and snow surface very slippery from melting and refreezing — although no water visible. Glare from ice is strong. Took two sets of cloud time-lapse, interspersed with melting ice for film developing, making solutions, and some map work. Began at 4 p.m. with Oley, and developed 9 rolls by 11:45 p.m. — this is a record; we have a new system worked out, and have found out how to do 4 rolls in one tank; wait until Kodak hears of this! We did a roll for

Agaphonikov — Uril, that is. He and Askold watched and helped — much bantering about Rubin and Co., then Rubin and CoCo; then Rubin and Co, and CoCo and Co Co Co. Askold was relegated to lowest rank when he threw a rag into the waste water. Cleaned up and had a bottle of champagne that Askold had brought. Oley praising the merits of Ektachrome, sealed cans for schools, etc. Had some biltong, U.S. cigarettes, chewing gum, etc. To bed by 1:30 a.m.

4 September ЧЕТВЕРГ Another bright sunny day. Many excursions to penguins. All report more dead chicks than live ones, but lots of good photos. Two planes today — one to Oasis and one met flight from Drygalski to Pionerskaya. Ryshkov was in to discuss temperatures at plateau stations, as they plan soon to begin dispensing gasoline, etc. Askold says that Mishakin doesn't bother him with questions anymore. Mishakin today said that I don't work enough! What a foolish boy he is. Lots of photographers out today taking photos of Makuschok's penguin chicks. They are cute; they want to run and cuddle between the legs of the kneeling or standing men — an instructive theory. I saw Tolstikov for the first time taking photos — black and white, and color. George ruined two rolls of black and white film for me while developing. They were irreplaceable, too. Askold was very well pleased with the results of the Ektachrome film. I am glad. Visited Mikos and Vinig at night to observe their work and swap photos.

5 September ПЯТНИЦА Cold and windy, although mostly sunny. Temp around -25 to -28°C, wind from SE 15-18 m p sec. The plane from Oasis yesterday brought back a tractorist, and later a plane will fly to other stations to get more tractor drivers — there is a shortage of tractor drivers for the tractor train. Maizerov will go on the train to help Schlaeffer with the cooking. Had tea with Bugaev and Ivan Ivanovitch. Ivan Ivanovitch is concerned about whether I like food here. Bugaev told me of the old houses of wealthy people that are preserved around Moscow as museums; he has visited several, and finds them interesting. Worked on first selection of color slides — it's a big job. George came in to take flash photos of me. Paul P. spent his work day making a reel for magnetic tape; Oley has built himself a plywood suitcase. That's where most of the time and material goes around here; photography and personal projects. The boys are preparing for the regular meteorological material that's due in about a week. Light on northwest horizon until after 8 p.m. Spring is almost here.

6 September СУББОТА Clear day, temps -25 to -26°C, with winds about 20 m p sec, later down to 10 m p sec. Changed English class to meet on Mondays at 8 p.m.; early dinner hour now interferes. Oceanography and biology group put up a new tent on the ice. Brotkin was looking for map of Antarctica for some purpose he wouldn't give out; probably related to flights to interior stations. Cook says that they are working about 16 hours a day preparing food for the tractor trains — meals are wrapped in cellophane, and are already cut into individual portions. Many foods are pre-cooked and require only warming; altitude prevents water from becoming hot for through cooking. Soups and bouillon pre-cooked, and bread baked. Ivan Alexandrovitch thinks that I need fattening up — he is pushing all sorts of goodies on me. He now gives me a full cup of fruit, instead of liquid, when we have compote for desert. A new movie was shown today — it came from Oasis; I didn't see it. Worked on preparing color slides, again. It's a big job, but there are some good shots of clouds, people, drifting snow, work on tractors, penguins, etc. The boys here are experimenting with color film and several procedures; their process is complicated and they admit that the colors are generally not too true. Snow has drifted into my cave and the roof has melted away — but we'll soon be able to clear away all the snow and have sunshine all day.

7 September ВОСКРЕСЕНЬЕ Visited penguin rookery, graves of two men who died during first expedition, and climbed to top of Johnson Island. A long day, but very worthwhile. Penguins are fascinating. Became cloudy, but this didn't spoil the light. Askold was a good companion. About a dozen men were there; those who are going on the tractor train, and took advantage of their final opportunity. Had a picnic lunch with Askold at his place — I put up a bottle of Australian Cabernet — my last. Talked and talked, and talked. Big telegram from Wexler full of news and information. Took photos of awarding of prizes to chess tournament winners. Perov and Scholuiikov were not there, but Dvordinkov received a tremendous ovation — his prize was a chess set! Discussed early date of departure of tractor train with Konstantine; we agree that it

may be too early, because of cold on the plateau, then he said “never mind, Russians can do it!” I said, “how about the Ukrainians, can they do it?” The first “avial” in loading the sleds took place today. George was the meteorology representative, and he was worn-out by night. The pressure fell rapidly, and by night we had overcast As [altostratus], and the strong east winds began about 10 p.m.

8 September ПОНЕДЕЛЬНИК Light winds, snow, and warm (-15°C) all day long. Not much out door work. George says that they loaded empty barrels on sleds, these filtered gasoline from old drums into the clean ones yesterday. Spoke with Tolstikov about Wexler and radiogram. Tolstikov says that he'll do all that he can to get me to the Melbourne Symposium. He's also going to ask whether the *Dzerzhinski* will go to Australia. He's very obliging. The radio talk with Little America didn't come off due to bad radio reception, and I was up at 6 a.m.! Izotov comes to me for magazines with “girls” in them — as to a speakeasy. Nikolai borrowed calendars to take color photos to “compare color quality.” Had English class in reading room of library — under bust of Lenin. Boys much interested in my description and impressions of South Africa, now they want to hear about South America — so as to broaden their viewpoint. Worked on color slide selection until almost 1 a.m. Now have only to put them into frames. Askold says that the Ionosphere group washes cups only on their insides, and they considered not doing even that, but tradition keeps them from it.

9 September ВТОРНИК Although in bed by 1 a.m., was up at 7; cot is comfortable and I sleep better. Sunny day, after morning clouds disappeared. Took two rolls of cloud time-lapse photos. These bright days have put new life into all of us and our cheeks are red from sunburn instead of wind-burn. After the long winter of dull days, snow, and battling the wind, it's as if a new life and spirit is in us. I had plenty of exercise walking back and forth to the movie camera position. Makuschok has a new baby penguin that was found near where the airplanes are parked — that's a real hero to have come all the way from the rookery. He hasn't named it, as he thinks that the name must fit the soul of the penguin, and he needs time to consider. More loading of barrels on sleds today, and preparations for aerophotography flights to West ice shelf, and cargo drops at Komsomolskaya; they'll get fresh potatoes and onions, among other things like fuel, dry stores, meteorological forms, etc. George went to see penguins today, and others from Mirny also were there. Hilarious scene of Bugaev and Gruza trying to fathom operation of new airplane mercurial barometer — or mountain type — without instructions. No result by 10 p.m.

10 September СРЕДА Clear, sunny day — bright by 6 a.m. when I went to radio station for unsuccessful talk with Little America. Bugaev flew in a LI-2 to drop cargo at Pionerskaya and Komsomolskaya ; another plane flew to Oasis. and a third went on photographic flight. Tijan and Muxhanov had a flare-up when Tijan gave him the devil for not properly carrying out one of the observing duties. Askold came over after dinner and we listened to Carmen, as I put color film into slides. Never a wasted moment. Bugaev was deaf after his long flight so he turned down the invitation. He says that Schlackov is to come back as chief of aeromet group, and Krukovsky as aerologist. These boys must like the free spirits. Another rumor is that the ship on its return voyage will head for the Suez Canal, without stop. This seems unlikely. George has given me several of his meteorology books, and wants to give me all in return for the [Vilhelm] Bjerknes *Dynamic Meteorology*. He's very generous.

11 September ЧЕТВЕРГ Variable cloudiness, clearing, thin Ci — with cold winds — temp - 28°C. Good talk with Cray and Gray by radiophone. Spoke late with Tolstikov; he's anxious to make the flight, but simulates disinterest. He asked about traverse from Byrd to Pole. He turned me down on my suggestion of flying to Mawson with them. The ship is to return to Odessa by way of Suez — I don't know whether it will stop between here and Suez. Time will tell. At any rate, I'll be on the ship when it leaves. Maizerov fell yesterday and broke a rib or two — that takes him off the tractor train. Lev says that there was a strong auroral display overhead last night. Dinner tonight was good, but plates were slow in coming and spoons were not available. I don't know where they all are, but everyone seems to take it as the natural thing. I carry paper with which to clean fork and knife and use them to stir tea. A new program of night watch has

been instituted; the meteorological observer on duty at night will serve as the camp night watchman. Showed Bugaev the color slides he missed last May, and have arranged to show new slides tomorrow in mess hall after dinner.

12 September ПЯТНИЦА Variable cloudiness, cold and windy. Took some cloud time-lapse photos to SE. Heard Eisenhower's speech — it won't convince the Chinese and Russians. Talks by Zakiev and Burlachenga on ice movement and aerophotos. Lots of lively discussions, including a completely misguided attack by Vasiukov; I, as well as others, feel that he isn't very broad in his scope of thinking. Visited Matveyeb's lab after work. He keeps it very clean and neat — he says that he dusts it every day, and spends much time washing bottles and test tubes. His wife is a chemist; they studied together, and work in the same section of the Hydrochemical Institute. He has taken some snow crystal replicas with my solutions. Saw Lev who asked about the aptitude tests in the U.S., for school children. He was interested in their character.

13 September СУББОТА Cold day, temp between -26 and -31°C. Windy in morning, but light winds in afternoon; very interesting Ci clouds, rapidly changing, with verga. Spent afternoon with time-lapse photos, and repairing broken link in outer triggering mechanism. Saw fuel truck being towed to airport, and man with blow-torch heating motor! — how dangerous can you get? And I stood by watching. Askold gave me prints of his color shots of the chess prize-awarding. I handed them out and all were pleased. Salin's was especially good. Had radiogram from Dufek asking me to greet Tolstikov and advise him that their plane would be serviced at McMurdo. Passed information to Tolstikov, and he was radiantly happy — as a big load had been lifted from him. He thanked me, and pumped my hand. It's ironical; in Armenia they force down our planes, and here we give them gasoline! Askold's camera won't work; now I have to ask someone else to take pictures for me on the tractor train. Nikolai and George are experimenting with revising their color film; they use my pictures as their subjects. Not very good results are obtained. Urie Agaphonikov also has been trying; his also are too greenish. Color pictures are now all the rage at Mirny.

14 September ВОСКРЕСЕНЬЕ Cold, sunny day — temp down to -34°C. Worked on maps and cloud photos. Camera seems to have frozen, and I'll repair it tomorrow after it has thawed out. Gave Tolstikov copy of Dufek's telegram; he jokingly asked whether it was in Russian — I said that if I translated it into Russian he wouldn't understand a bit of it. Our aerologists are busy with their four radiosondes per day during the Regular Meteorological Period. Bugaev did some spring cleaning in the hall, and finally got the big bucket out from under the water can — at my suggestion. Liflandsky spoke on the radio today about taking vitamin pills and wearing sun glasses. He has put out the big red multivitamin pills to be taken at the noon meal. Why now — after winter is over? Anyway, the salmon and onion salad was tastier than the pills — and not many took the pills. Askold complains that the sun glasses are poorly designed, and steam up as they are too close to the face, and too close on the sides. I am told that a bath is in the offering, prior to the tractor train departure. Paul Robeson was made honorary professor of the Moscow Conservatory. Alexander says that Robeson is a very good friend of the Soviet Union — I guess that means one who never criticizes and always agrees with you. A family broadcast from Moscow came through tonight.

15 September ПОНЕДЕЛЬНИК Weather continues cold; -34°C here, -82°C at Vostok, and -63°C at Pionerskaya with 20 kts wind. Ovc Cs [overcast cirrostratus] all day, with halo. Camera thawed out, and seems to be working well, so I won't have to do a repair job; time will tell. Last preparations for tractor train. Goncharov is going as a tractor driver — they really are short-handed! Had English class today — Igor Nikolaev appeared, but class is small, as three men are going on tractor train, and Lebedev is busy. Goncharov offered to take some of my color film for me on the tractor trip. It's a good break, but he won't be going beyond Pionerskaya, so I may not get shots of the seismic work. All the glaciology people turned me down flat, saying that they had color film of their own. Oley says that he'll probably do the seismic work on the other side of Pionerskaya, unless they have a long stop before then. We're due to have a banquet tomorrow and a bath the following day, then the tractor train leaves. I visited Maizerov today; he seems to

be in good spirits. Ivan Ivanovitch takes good care of him. They have a clean, orderly room. The dinning hall is now almost completely without spoons — and nobody seems to mind. Cups, too, are in a bad state.

16 September ВТОРНИК Light snow all day, temps around -24°C, and light easterly winds. Hustle and bustle of preparations for flight to Mawson — but eventually cancelled for tomorrow as weather not good. Bugaev says there's no use flying if nothing can be seen, but Tolstikov seems to want to go now that Mawson is alerted. Loss of face is involved, I guess. New clothing issued today to members of first tractor train. A birthday party tonight for 10 young men including Lomovitsky who's 40, who will be on the tractor train. They wanted Tijan and his concertina, but he had a tooth extracted yesterday — in a half-hour operation and didn't feel up to it. George and he copied my color slides — George has an ingenious set-up with a photometer, galvanometer, etc. so as to get a uniform exposure and uniform development of the film. He also copied some of me so that I can print copies to give to men here as gifts! I wrote a letter to Adams, and enclosed photos for him, Law and Thompson. The noise of the tractors across the snow sounds like a distant subway train in our snow-buried houses. I translated a letter for Fedorenka to accompany a package and some photos to the radio operators at Mawson; also a radio message to them about the weather and plane schedule.

17 September СРЕДА Very interesting cloud sequence today; spent 5½ hours filming it; temp around -27°C, but little wind. Sunny by mid-afternoon. Everyone clean and rosy after bath today. I waited until 6 p.m. — closing time — and had a reasonably cool bath. Tolstikov must be happy today that he postponed flight to Mawson — snow and zero zero there today. Tractor train may not leave for another five days. Bugaev says that my color slide showing will have to be postponed until after departure of tractor train. I wonder why? Lots of headaches today after last night's en masse birthday party. Had a tough time to fend off the 100 grams that my table-mates tried to force on me at supper. One of the young tractor drivers beside me also didn't drink. Beautiful rosy sunset on icebergs near Xmara — they're hard to photograph but I'll try to capture the color. Muxhanov told me stories of polar night jokes played on newcomers — rather rough. I spent a half hour planning a motor trip through Pennsylvania to show the children some places and sites that Goldie and I are close to. Nostalgia. Had a hot discussion of economics and politics with Muxhanov — no result, of course. He says that U.S. buys wheat from Canada only to be friendly, not because they need wheat. He says that only one party is necessary — if it's the C.P. [Communist Party].

18 September ЧЕТВЕРГ Up at 6 a.m. for radio talk with Little America. Not good reception, but everything understood. Spoke with Tolstikov afterwards and gave him details of this year's traverses. He says that Soviet traverse will want about five more days, due to cold weather. Next year's traverse may go off from Pole to Queen Maud Coast, as U.S. parties will have pretty-well covered areas in West Antarctica. This will also be the out if the *Ob* can't put a station in at Bellingshausen Sea Coast. Bugaev says that he feels that the exchange of meteorologists has been very beneficial for exchange of information, help, and contacts; he wants it continued. The aerophoto flight to West Ice Shelf obtained no photos due to overcast cirrus clouds and diffuse light. Boring in a trial run at 7 km site to test remodeled rig; left at 1300 and came back at about 2100 — in a blizzard. Bugaev says that his wife will meet him in Odessa. George's wife is also due to meet him, but he has told her to stay at home as he wants to see her and the baby in home surroundings. Showed latest color films tonight; well received. Makuschok talks about his penguins and their individual personalities as if they were children. He is fascinated by them and worries over their slightest ailments. Pressure fell rapidly in afternoon, and clouds thickened; temp rose to -16°C, and wind increased to 25 m p sec by night.

19 September ПЯТНИЦА Wind blew all night long, with snow; visibility practically zero. Winds up to 33 m p sec during morning! I had lunch, as well as breakfast, at home. Others went to lunch, merely for the sensation, although Bugaev says that lunch is important, and that soup and herring, etc., are required. I think that he was joking. As for me, the trouble of dressing, battling the wind, and cleaning up afterwards, isn't worth the meal. Wind abated somewhat by evening,

so went to supper. Seismic fellows are non-communicative, and gave me no definite answers to my questions about the drilling other than that it was successful. Tijan says that there's no need for more than one party in the USSR as there is only one class in the society and their interests are all the same; also, he says that there is plenty of criticism within the party and people are removed when they don't serve the interest of the people — Molotov, for example. None the aerologists want to go on the *Lena*, as the work is too difficult, and the pay is not good enough. A big photo operation is going on across the hall, with a skull and bones sign on the door. Tijan gave me several photos he had taken of me — they are good.

20 September СУББОТА Sunny this morning, but clouds increased with snow and wind again before supper. We had a roof-cleaning session after dinner, but snow started soon after. Bulldozer also cleaned side of house. Boys laid a new telephone line to the observing station. Pavel P. was in his glory, chopping ice. Zorin called to ask me to come for a haircut, but Met Seminar was in session; will try again tomorrow — I need a haircut. Bugaev asked to borrow *Carmen*. I finished last two acts of *Rigolleta* tonight. It's a sad opera, and very moving. I am constantly asked why I don't see more movies, and whether I don't like Soviet films. It's becoming troublesome, but I can't waste the time, just to be amiable.

21 September БОКРЕСЕНЬЕ Almost calm day, with light, quiet snowfall. Temp around - 18°C. Zorin cut my hair — and neck in two spots. He's to go aboard the *Ob* when it calls here. He's anxious to see the girls on the *Ob*, and Buenos Aires. He has young ideas for a man of 41. Saw some photos of Gregory's wife and daughter; they're as fat as he is, only his wife is more so. She has a pretty face. As a polar flier, he gets a month free vacation at a health resort, he pays 1500 rubles a month for the wife to be there. Bugaev says that six or seven of the next year's Meteorology crew will be former Antarctic winterers. It must be the money and travel that draws them. Oley says that it's difficult to get aerologists, as most of them are women in the Soviet Union. Tolstikov wants to fly to Mawson tomorrow, but weather may decide otherwise. Had champagne with Askold before dinner. He looks tired, and says that just as before examinations at school, just another day is all he needs to be really ready. He has already checked the compasses. Saw Matveyev, and he, too, looks worn out. Poor fellows. Had a delicious roast goose, cabbage and Napoleon tort at supper. Spent an hour just talking with George and Belov — George wants to do a European trip — 29 days, on a Soviet ship from Leningrad to Odessa, with stops at Stockholm, Antwerp, Calais, Paris, Marseilles, Genoa, Naples, Rome, etc. It costs about 2500 rubles — 3rd class — with all expenses paid and some money for local souvenirs purchases. Not bad. As a "polar hero," he can have preference on the waiting list — as a polar worker he gets an extra two days vacation per month in addition to the normal four he gets at home.

22 September ПОНЕДЕЛЬНИК Had talk with Gray at Little America before the big wind hit us; was about 20 m p sec in morning, about 24 at lunch, and hit 45 by night. Tolstikov says that the *Dzerzhinski* will call at Capetown on its way here. He says that a tractor headed for the cold-storage warehouse 25 kms inland, but radioed after going 8 kms that they couldn't see a thing, and they came back to Mirny. The electric station mechanic Sergic Tokargeb — Hero of the Soviet Union — lost his way from dinning hall to electric station after lunch — he wandered around for 5½ hours and ended up in a shed near the crevassed area east of camp. He was, as usual, only lightly clad. Search parties were out on several searches, on sea ice, etc. He was one of the 15 men who drifted for 812 days in the icebreaker *Sidow* when it was caught in the ice from 1937 - 1939. The other 65 were taken off. All 15 were made heroes of Soviet Union. Our men came back looking like snowmen — wind blew them over all the time. Vasiukov had small hole in trousers, and they filled with snow. Boots also filled with snow. Roof is creaking, and changes of pressure hurts ears. Had telegram from Goldie; her schedule seems to be once a month; oh well! Nikitin and Bugaev busy all evening washing about 100 small stoppered bottles — but won't say why. Alchemy, probably. Moncharev showed up here in the middle of the search — he had headed for the dinning hall from his place, and then couldn't find the door! He had a rope — not to hang himself — I am sure. I had cheese and caviar for dinner and their same roast meat that was brought from the mess hall by the search party participants. Tolstikov

later issued order that chiefs of each section are to control personnel and not let them out if winds >25 m p sec, or poor visibility. Also, they are not to go out in light clothing.

23 September ВТОРНИК Winds from 20 to 25 m p sec, snow, end temp around -10 to -12°C. Wind lulled me to sleep, and had good night's rest. Makuschok told us about his penguins — he is funny. He insists that Tica is a girl, from her motions. He bathes them every day or so. The bigger ones weigh 4 kilos, and the albino weighs 3. He makes the rounds of the fishermen, with a sack, and begs fish for his babies. They now eat about seven small fish each per day. He also gives them some beef. Radio blackout today — but I managed to pick up some news at night. Discussion about changing movie. Rhiskov received a phone call at the supper — he said say “poor dinner” and “Baker Emperor.” That was to inform his roommates that the dinner was poor, and the movie title. The cook didn't expect many patrons tonight, but he was fooled. Vasiukov dislikes asking me for things, but he asked for some of my Antarctic and Southern Hemi. maps for a project he is working on. Alexander and Pavel Paulevitch also got into the act. They liked the paper. There's a plan afoot to build a system of life-lines around the camp to prevent further occurrences such as yesterday's. Tonight Bugaev checked to see whether all our people were at home. Moon is shining tonight — through As [altostratus] clouds.

24 September СРЕДА Weather changed for the better, with winds down to 10 m p sec, and with sun by afternoon. I fasted all day — Yom Kippur. A system of safety lines has been put up in the camp — seemingly in a hurry, and with no real thought. They seem to impede free transit now. Prizes given out for photo contest; some of the photos are dramatic, and artistic. Radio reception improving somewhat. Saw a Hungarian farce called “American Uncle” — it was quite funny. The tractor train personnel are growing tired of waiting for good weather to come; they want to go, and get the job done.

25 September ЧЕТВЕРГ Classical cloud development from Ci to overcast dense cirrus; spent about five hours taking 200 feet of film. Mechanical linkage failed and a minute screw fell out of trigger coupling — and I found it despite the wind and drifting snow! That's luck. Radio conditions still bad, and little data. Konstantine is struggling manfully with the forecast, and is doing well. Bugaev says that word has come to indicate that we won't go to Melbourne, and that some representatives from Moscow will attend the Symposium. Wind at night up to 24 m p sec. At supper there was a talk on the loud speaker about an “International Theme.” But with all the talking and ordinary noise it was just another voice in a crowd — nobody paid a bit of attention; noise doesn't seem to matter.

26 September ПЯТНИЦА Clouds became thinner and broken, after Cs all morning — started time-lapse camera after lunch. I hear that Chernov is coming back as the synoptician this time. Maizerov was at lunch for the first time since he broke his ribs; he looks well. Took photos of last-minute preparations of tractor train; they are to leave tomorrow. Stores being loaded, motors checked, and drill-rig looked at. Five “Penguins” and three tractors are to go. Parties going on at all houses where men are to leave. We had a modest pre-supper party for Nikitin. Dining hall was practically empty. Nikitin came in later for translation of English instructions for concentrated developer fluid. Had a big session with Vasiukov — the map isn't too clear, as we have little data, still, although radio reception is improving. Petrov, the radio operator, who was at Pionerskaya, regaled us with slightly off-color stories of the various affairs on the *Kooperatsiya* the first voyage home. He was hurt that I wouldn't drink with him, but I promised to drink on the ship when we go home. Bugaev was playing a tape-recording of national anthems from all countries — looking for the Soviet one. I guess that there's a big send-off planned for tomorrow. Bugaev had snow cleared.

27 September СУББОТА The day dawned bright and clear — light winds, and -23°C. Tractor train left at about 10:45 a.m. They could have left yesterday, but one day more or less doesn't matter after uncertainty for 12 days. There was the usual last minute flurry of loading etc. Picture taking was the big thing; I wore my red parka, yellow trousers, and black fur cap. Said my good-byes — Askold says that if they are late they may have to go on the *Lena* instead of the

passenger ship. We parted, knowing that we might not see each other again, and voicing our hopes that relations in the rest of the world could be as friendly as here in Antarctica. The heavily loaded sleds had previously been hauled to about 12 km from Mirny. Tolstikov made a short speech stressing the scientific aspect of the work, and the difficulties that will be encountered — such as cold, altitude, etc. Burxchanov also spoke on the same theme. I believe that there was a meeting just prior to the outdoor meeting. The “penguins” (4) started off with a roar, two tractors had to haul the drill rig — as one failed to move it; then two other tractors, and a “penguin” bringing up the rear. Much waving back and forth. An extra tractor went along for the fun. Later, a vezdehod took a hot meal out to them, coming up at 12 km by 4 p.m. Belov saw them over the last rise — from our hut — at about that time. At lunch we had a mess of cooked young piglet — but the nose put me off, staring up at me from the pot. George says that his daughter now pulls herself up alone in bed, and stands. Alexander and Konstantine were drafting a series of messages to Mawson — covering all situations — about the flight tomorrow. I gave them a hand, and did it for them.

28 September БОКРЕСЕНЬЕ Clear day with few Cu [cumulus] clouds on N horizon. They seem to form near the icebergs — are they veographic? Plane took off at 0535 for Mawson — phone awakened me at 0420. Perov and 4 other crew, plus Tolsikov, Bugaev, Ostrekin, Makuschok and Lebedev. They had clear weather and flew along the coast for observing purposes — were at Mawson by 11 a.m., and back here by 2030. Had a bath today after getting the room temperature up to 70°F. Took photos of moon, and night scenery. Beautiful, cold night with light winds. Temp about -27°C. Aerophoto flight and plane to Oasis today.

29 September ПОНЕДЕЛЬНИК Interesting cloud series — spent much time with movie camera. Helped cut ice for our store house — not many helped. Rushed like mad with plotting maps, but no analysis. Had face sunburned, and eyes smart from sun. English class; more travel talk. Makuschok also told about trip to Mawson. He was mainly interested in people. The mixed fruit and vegetable salad, and the rice and curry with chutney didn't please them. Canned pineapple and raspberry for desert. Also beer and dry wine. Boxes of gifts exchanged. I saw some Peter Jackson cigarettes after supper here. Men there have small individual cubicles — five to a house. A separate dining hall and club with Queen's portrait. Pin-ups in rooms. Lots of rock and clear areas — from photos shown by Bugaev. He gave an interesting talk — as usual — and even had the tractor drivers and mechanics interested when they really wanted to see a movie. They finally persuaded Kibalin to show the “Trip Round Europe” travelogue. The men at Mawson were tired from getting the tractor train ready to leave today. A last minute gift to Makuschok was special bottles of beer. Aerophoto flight, and meteorology flight today. Belov flew over the train — at 75 km out — and spoke with Agaphonikov who sent me his regards. Candy, soap and cigarette issue.

30 September ВТОРНИК Clear skies, and sunny, but cold and wind too strong in early morning to ready planes for flights to interior stations. Fresh meat, bread, and other supplies had been prepared for dropping at Sovietskaya; they are out of fresh meat now. Several pigs had been slaughtered yesterday. Several parties were off to penguin colony today, but I was too busy with maps left over from yesterday; when I take cloud photos or help with physical chores out of doors, it delays my indoor work. But the variety is good for me. Chopped snow for washing clothes — it's as hard as stone now, and great exercise. Dimitri says it's possible to go to the bath-house anytime for a bath at normal room temperature. He's going tomorrow afternoon, and will call me. Bugaev prepared for ice survey flight tomorrow — he says that he is accused of flying as much as the pilots; but all he wants is data, and the airplane is a great way to get a lot of data in a hurry. My finger's tips are now peeling from the frost bite I keep getting when I work with the movie camera for cloud photos.

1 October СРЕДА A new month! Not many more to go. The kitchen staff was decked out in new white aprons, coats, caps, etc. Clear, sunny day. Some Cu on horizon, and I spent some time photographing. Tractor came to bulldoze a clear space in front of our corridor. The light and pattern that shone through the open door through the snow was a wonder to behold — a beautiful

blue with darker and brighter shades from the many facets left by the shovel cuts. I took advantage of the broken-up snow and replenished my wash water. Did three loads in the afternoon, and used the very last drop of water — plus a bit from the common supply to complete the last rinse. Nikolai has a penguin chick skin hanging to dry — it looks so pathetic, and useless. Ostrekin and Tolstikov didn't show up for meals yesterday — the trip must have hit them hard — and Tolstikov is not out today either. The max temp today was only -22.3°C, the temp at 10 p.m. was -30.8°C. Our September mean was -20.3°C which is quite cold. The bath with Dimitri didn't come off, but he says that it will be tomorrow between 10 and 11 a.m. Plane flight today for ice survey. They went out 800 km to 59° S and saw cumulus congestus clouds; the temp was -2°C. It's light now until well after 8 p.m. local time. Victor gave me one of the two bottles of beer they got at Mawson — as he knows I like beer. It's very generous of him, and I am grateful. Fresh stakes for dinner.

2 October ЧЕТВЕРГ Interesting line of Ci all morning. Spent much time photographing. No radio contact with Little America. Helped with snow cleaning from corridor and roof, but didn't share in the drinking afterwards. It's the rainy season in Moscow and Lev Vinik says that it would be nice to see rain again. The tractor that came back from the cold storage warehouse with steaks last night also brought back fresh roast beef for lunch, and fish with fresh lemon for dinner. All very delicious. George told me tonight of how he happened to study meteorology — he really wanted to be a mathematician and still regrets it — but saw that a person can more easily accomplish new works in meteorology. He's so right. Had answer from Dalrymple about micromet program at South Pole. Notes on board today from Tolstikov praising plane crew for flight to Sovietskaya and Vostok, and to Liflandsky for his several successful operations. Room was muggy and uncomfortable all day as moisture from drying clothes stayed in because air was calm outside. Better at night when drainage wind picked up.

3 October ПЯТНИЦА Overcast As [altostratus], east winds, and warm; a white-out by lunch. Alexander and I looked at an object that was framed against the southern ridge; I said it's a tractor far off, he said it's a box near the radio theodolite. It turned out to be a big box about 500 meters away. Konstantine said that he had seen a flag out toward the ocean! Mirages and whiteout confuse us all. We received a lot of kidding about our having cleared the snow yesterday — tonight it's snowing again! And tomorrow is to be bath day. The revelation is very high. English class discussed Basic English; the boys are interested and want to photograph the list — I don't suppose that the copyright laws will prevent it. Goldie's birthday — and almost a year since I left Washington. Cooled the bottle of Australian beer in a bucket of ice, and opened my next-to-last can of nuts. Had a private party before bed. Wanted to listen to her recorded interview, but snowing too hard to go to radio station. Sergeyev sent me a second blanket, as I asked. It looks, smells, and feels new; although it's supposed to have been used. I don't believe it. Mikos says that his wife was made chief of the observatory while she was in Sweden. She didn't want it, and he says that it'll be awkward for him when he goes back, but he thinks that there may be another change by that time; she's getting an apartment in the town, in addition to the Director's apartment.

4 October СУББОТА The expected blizzard by-passed us, and we had a warm sunny day for the most part. The bath was a success; I went just before lunch, spent five minutes there and then dressed in the outer room with the door open and the sun streaming in. Many blankets and mattresses out airing in the sun today. There is some talk that the *Ob* will not leave Kaliningrad for Mirny until 15 Nov. — ten days after expected. At lunch we had the smoked herring and the cut cabbage salad from the head table. They do seem to get the special tid-bits, plus teaspoons. Changed sheets etc. today. Finished the beer and nuts — the beer is better at room temp — about 55°F. Also discovered that I still have a bottle of Canada Dry ginger ale.

5 October ВОСКРЕСЕНИЕ Very busy day photographing line of stratus, or fog, with movie camera. It took eight hours, and I did nothing else. Few of the met group went in a "Search for the Blizzard" in a vezdehod. Barometer, anemometer, thermometer, and microscope, — all in a rush. They found the blizzard. Vasiukov held the anemometer — which registered only 5 mps —

but he couldn't hold his hat on because the wind was so strong; everyone said "it's cold," the microscope froze, etc., etc., etc., and Bugaev snapping photos like mad. Big difference of opinion as to what caused the fog — but at the end I and the camera were nearly blown away by the wind, and the temp fell to -25°C. I closed up shop at that point. Sophronov visited me to borrow magazine. Izotov, also. Sophronov is going on the 2nd tractor train as a tractor driver — meteorologist. Long telegram from McMurdo about the field there. I made a sketch for Tolstikov, and barged in on the start of a small drinking session before supper. I left and saw Dimitri, when we had wine. He was feeling the aftereffects of a big birthday celebration at the aviation instrument engineer's place. He came home in a bad state, I am told. Ryshkov flew to Vostok with cargo to drop, and landed at Mirny again — on the sea ice — just at the time our weather was at it's worst. An interesting change in attitude has been noted around here — whereas, when we heard the news about the ship schedules, everyone began saying that we'd soon be home, and that only two or three months were left, now men are saying that they won't be home for another five or six months, and that they still have long to wait. But this will pick up, and when the new mail arrives all will be well again — but that's another two months off.

6 October ПОНЕДЕЛЬНИК Interesting cirrus clouds, and spent more time on cloud photos. Also tried photographing letters to Goldie, so that I can send her copies by plane through McMurdo. Site of Bugaev's birthday party shifted to mess hall — after regular supper. Saw cosmic ray neutron monitor pile. Sophronov is radio engineer 39 years old, works in Moscow Physical Institute. Wife is a construction engineer — no children. Didn't want picture taken. I gave George the Rash equipment so that he could take photos at the party. Presented Bugaev with inscribed copy of Little America III data and results by Court. Spoke about age — he is 50 today, and 28 years work in Meteorology. He wants to be 40, as he has much work still to do. Party was a big success — only Brotkin was a bit gay. Tolstikov played the piano — and well. Much suiting delicious supper and tea and cake afterwards. I toasted a future meeting — and that it shouldn't be the last. Left by about 11:15 p.m. and to bed. Much noise — particularly Mischakin about 1230. There had been an official notice on the bulletin board about Bugaev's birthday — 50 years old and 28 years of professional work — signed by Tolstikov. Philin gave me photo he had taken of me at tractor train departure.

7 October ВТОРНИК Drinking continues in our place — despite the heads of last night's party. It went on all day long, and normally-quiet Petrov has become a bit loud. It's the same crowd that keeps at it. Spoke with Bugaev, and he had 30 radiograms from family and friends. He was very happy with the gift I gave him. He received many photos, of course, and the traditional *Cloud Atlas* signed by all of us. Today is the celebration of the 10,000 radiosonde launching from Minsk Observatory — so Bugaev sent a congratulatory message to Mayevsky, who is from that observatory, and is now at Sovietskaya. Spoke about technical developments, and need for more trained personnel. Technicians and teachers seldom retire in the Soviet Union, and there's always room for still more trained men and women. Bugaev says that in Geography and Biology there are now enough people. A note on the Bulletin Board reminding men of presents and telegrams that can be sent for the celebration of the October Revolution. Three holidays are celebrated; New Year, May Day, and Oct. Revolution. Played *Eugene Oregon* for English Class. Commentary by Milton Cross and Boris Goldasky were good, and singing, too. Remarks by students were interesting, and the mispronunciations of names came in for laughs — also fact that program was sponsored by gasoline firm. Celisherov played it for the whole system, as well as for us. Philin gave me 50 meters of oscillograph photo paper — now I am in business and can print photos.

8 October СРЕДА Clear day, but windy and temp around -24°C. Sent two radiograms today to belie allegation by radio operators that I sent very few messages. Fedorenka wanted to know how personal messages are sent to me — then, after I had explained, he said that their system is better. I get all sorts of comparisons like this — today somebody looked at my mittens and then said that his are better. I always answer, "if you are satisfied, so am I." Gordon's radio operator friend Alexander Maximov is returning to Mirny for the second time. Bugaev is having the second installment of his birthday party for another group — radio operators, aerophoto, etc., plus those

of our own group who like “spirit.” Poor Bugaev; it’s a strain on him. The aerophoto fellow who always ends up under the table banged into my room to give it the once over as I was leaving for dinner. He looked at everything, and didn’t pay a bit of attention to Bugaev’s gestures to leave. George says that his daughter is seven months old, and will be a year old when he arrives home. Mischa came blasting in as I was getting into bed, and insisted on talking — he had been drinking, of course. He wouldn’t leave when Victor called him several times. He was disturbed by world politics, and also confused.

9 October ЧЕТВЕРГ Up at 0530, for 0600 talk with Little America. Finally had excellent reception. Lots of news from Tom — mail, fresh fruit and vegetables, etc. Also had radio gram from Dufek. Had session with Tolstikov — who knows nothing of plan for Soviet ships to visit U.S. Antarctic stations. Warm morning, and light winds; spent an hour wondering around. Saw the dead seals used for dog food; they look pathetic, and so unnecessarily dead. Makuschok went gunning for more seals — with dog team. The dogs are used merely for hauling dead seals for their own food! A plane is to fly to Pionerskaya tomorrow — it appears that the main reason is to exchange the movies. My announcement of Pope Pius’ death made almost no impression on the people here. Had discussion at dinner about caviar — I said that it was expensive in the U.S., and was informed that it was also expensive in the USSR. I was then asked what butter costs, and I said about \$ 1.75 per kilo — or about 7 rubles; their butter costs 23 rubles per kilos — then one said that the rate is really 10 to 1, but this makes ours cheaper, anyway. Belov, who was their, was silent and not at all happy about the conversation.

10 October ПЯТНИЦА Moscow Radio repeated the death of Pius XII. Konstantin says that he had been favorable toward Hitler when Hitler invaded the USSR. The movie exchange between USSR and USA has been settled; all here are happy to be able to see US films again. Makuschok has been killing seals — he got two crab-eaters yesterday — one a female. He had killed a new-born Weddell seal several days ago. I used some colored pencils today that had been made in the Sacco-Vangetti pencil factory in Moscow. English class was slow today, as most fellows were busy. I may have to cut it out in a few weeks more time. Makuschok has a wire-net pen out of doors now for airing his penguins. The white one looks quite a bit smaller than the others, and slower. The local musical group is practicing regularly now for the October Revolution celebration. Had some very interesting information about university stipends in the USSR; students get about 250 rubles per month if they need it, an honor student (all 5’s) gets about 25% more. George was, also, an “aspirant” and received 600 per month after graduation, plus 600 per year for books. Also had info about Bolshoi theatre, etc. Ticket sellers at many factories, institutes, etc.; and their salaries depend on number of tickets they sell — scalpers, I guess. He sells you one for Bolshoi if you buy one for a provincial troupe appearance in Moscow. Best seats cost 30 rubles. People accost you near the theatre, offering to buy any extra seats you may have. Tickets for foreigners are easier to obtain through hotels, etc.

11 October СУББОТА Beautiful sunny day. Dug out the snow bound window in preparation for the tractor that came after lunch to clear away the snow. A lot was moved just to give me some light. The outer pane of the four panes was broken in the process, and by night I had the window full again from the drifting snow — also, my ventilator had to be closed because of the snow slipping in! You can’t win. Went with Makuschok and four others in the “vezdehod” to get the seal carcasses and to kill another — at a crack where the seals congregate about 12 km due north of Mirny. Dragged half sled. Probed the first big crack in ice, there was seal there, too. Vezdehod crossed okay — while we photographed. I got several good shots of seal. My heart failed several times when soft snow gave way underfoot as we jumped the several cracks! Seal keep air holes open. The penguins also feed there. Victor had killed 2 rare crab-eaters two days ago and took the skins, intestines, and a foetus. Most of the seals are big with young, and are bleeding from the vagina. Victor also shot another Weddell that was soon to give birth — it was pathetic, as she made no attempt to evade the shot and didn’t know what it was all about. She bled from the mouth, then he shot again in the head and the blood gushed forth, and her eyes took on that glaze of death. Other seals unmoved, and penguins, too. He killed three penguins by thrusting a sharp awl in the back of the head to the spine. He wants the food from their

stomachs for analysis. The sun was bright and warm. A seal kept popping up out of the hole for air, but I didn't really get a good photo of him — I think! George and Bugaev had been to Haswell and hadn't seen birds there. It was just a correspondent's story, perhaps. I was very excited about the Moon rocket news over the radio; Bugaev seemed sincerely glad, too, saying that science is marching forward.

12 October БОСКРЕСЕНЬЕ Beautiful day — sunny and warm with temp up to -19°C. My window, and all the back of the house was drifted over with snow again — Antarctica refuses to be licked by one bulldozer. I shoveled snow and in the afternoon had the terrific pleasure of once again seeing the bright sunlight stream into the room which now has lost its dungeon-like character. Many congratulatory remarks about “Pioneer” and questions as to whether I am excited. Somehow an American always expects great things of his country — and I feel proud, of course, but rather more proud by the fact that we are breaking free of the earth for the first time. Men here say that it is a great feat. Bugaev is becoming restless, he wants to go on another excursion tomorrow. The tractor train left Pionerskaya, but is delayed by a blizzard on its way back to Mirny. Yernelyanov went with the dogs to pick up the seal meat — he says that only one seal is left, the others have gone away. Perhaps there were too many killed. I'm reminded of the old sealing days when the hunters clubbed them to death until they were decimated. I spent two hours with Fedorenka translating a “little” message about radio contact plans for the plane guard during the flight to McMurdo.

13 October ПОНЕДЕЛЬНИК Up at 0530 for talk with Little America, but no response from them. The boys at breakfast say that this is an unlucky day, Monday the 13th. Also, a group was going in a tractor to the cold storage pit at 25 km distance — in tractor #13. Snow all day, but very light. Took cloud photos before snow started, then got snow crystal replicas. Tolstikov says that the *Ob* will be delayed, but he doesn't know much more than that, all he can do is wait he says. Much interest in the U.S. rocket's fate and data transmitted. Developed black and white film, and had two successes and one failure (because George had wrong label on one chemical bottle). Had interesting talk with Bugaev about crops, geography, rain, etc. He was interested in Washington D.C., and I showed him some maps. The *Kazakhstan Provda* has asked for a congratulatory message from Antarctica to honor its record harvest of 2,000 million “pods” of wheat. Tolstikov checked with Bugaev about sending it. Bugaev was pleased with Dufek's offer to handle the Russian mail; now to see what Tolstikov has to say.

14 October ВТОРНИК Tolstikov was much interested in the news of the U.S. traverses; there will be only the one Soviet scientific traverse, plus cargo trains to Vostok and Sovietskaya. He was cool to Dufek's offer to relay mail from here — I wonder why? He said that we'll soon be home, and that there'll probably be too much of a load of mail to go. It's the old story of not wanting to be obliged for favors, I believe. Fairly warm today, but overcast. At about 10 p.m. there was still a light line on the horizon to the southwest. We'll soon have twilight all night. I now have to curtain my window at night to keep from being awakened by the light through the window at 5 a.m. Nikolai is making progress with English. George flew to Oasis today to take actinometric measurements. Saw the film “Different Fates” — it's about two girls of different characters and their fates. The one went to Siberia, and was good, the other stayed in Leningrad and was bad. Each, in the end, got what was coming to her. The fellows are surprised that I am able to understand the action and conversation — but it isn't too hard to follow. I don't get every word, of course. The kissing scenes made a big impression. I was most taken by the love between the father and mother — and I left very lonely afterwards.

15 October СРЕДА Overcast all day -Ci and Cs, but warm with easterly winds. Had warm Варенички for breakfast — they are a sort of curd dumpling with sour cream, and are quite good when warm. This is the second time in a year that we have had them. They were warmed in the can they were packed in. Had talk with Victor about relationship between society and government — he told me about Prince Kropotkin, the anarchist. Muxhanov brought back the *Oasis Photo Gazette*, as today is their second anniversary. Ryshkov wants to go to Haswell to get birds' eggs to eat. A big birthday party is on tonight for six of the aviation group — they'll be

too busy soon for the parties, when daylight lasts all day long. Mechanism on camera trigger broke today — now I'll have to spend hours on the blasted thing. Alischev and a few of his boys were here drinking with the synopticians this evening before supper. In bed by 11 p. m., as have to rise early for Little America radio phone talk.

16 October ЧЕТБЕРГ Bad Luck again with Little America phone talk — no reception at all. At breakfast I had some of the tort left from last night's party. There were 65 at the party, and it was a big affair — with champagne, too. Ivan Alexandrovitch was cleaning up the last of it this morning. Lots of black coffee and lemons drunk this morning. The Oasis group sent a poem here by radio commemorating their 2nd anniversary — it was about 8 stanzas long in reply to Tolstikov's and Bugaev's telegram to them. Muxhanov has written another poem about Antarctic heroes going even where the birds don't venture. Ivan Ivanovitch cleared the snow away from the mess-hall door, leaving a big pit for us to fall into during the blizzard that started this evening. My window is slowly and surely drifting up again, and the window I cleared in the corridor is now covered again. Tomorrow completes a year away from home. I never thought that a year would go so quickly, but I know now that it has been a long time, and my thoughts more and more are there, where my love is. The big change will be in the children — Goldie will always be the same to me. Bad news tonight — a cargo plane of the U.S. expedition crashed, and six men dead with seven survivors. Radio reception poor, and details not clear. Also, Sir Douglas Mawson died Tuesday night and was buried today — with coffin draped with his old expedition and trail flags. Tolstikov has radiogram from Astapenko saying that he's flying to McMurdo tomorrow to wait for Tolstikov — he has a long wait ahead, and will also visit Scott Base and Hallett (?).

17 October ПЯТНИЦА In bad, blue mood all day long as I followed news reports about crashed plane and progress of ground and air parties to rescue the men. Finally pieced together a complete story from hourly news reports; C-124 Globemaster on cargo drop at Cape Hallett station Wednesday crashed 30 miles from the station killing 6 men, injuring four (2 seriously) and leaving three other uninjured survivors. Ground parties lost two weasels in crevasses, but got to within four miles of site. Meanwhile helicopter flew in during spell of improved weather and rescued the four injured men, leaving the other three in the tail of plane with radio, food, and medical supplies. During second flight they were also rescued and flown to McMurdo. That's at least on piece of good news. The steady thumping of the wind, the drifting shut of my window all coupled to make this first anniversary of my departure from home a depressing one. But at least it's one year less to wait. Didn't go to breakfast, but battled 30 m p sec winds to go to dinner and supper. Also cleared snow from three windows at back of house, but improvement only temporary as they closed up again within a few hours.

18 October СУББОТА Still windy, and blowing snow, but better than yesterday. Tractor trains still moving at snails pace — but at 9:30 p.m. Mikos and his group that had been at 54 km this morning moved slowly into Mirny, looming eerily through the gloom with their lights shining. The rumble of the tractor was heard, then we all rushed out to welcome them. Baronin gave me two photos he had taken of me once earlier this month when I was talking with Little America. I was completely absorbed, and oblivious to what he was doing at the time. Alexander says that Sergeyev, and one other person, have already fallen into the trench that Ivan Ivanovitch had dug alongside the entrance to the mess hall — it was inevitable. Mishakin says that there are about five deliveries of mail each day in the big cities in the USSR. Telegrams are hand-delivered, also. Alexander heard me humming a Strauss waltz — “over the waves,” and he remarked that now I sing Russian songs! Several men have asked me about the condition of the men in the plane crash; Tolstikov has not said a single word about it. Received a message from Channon, at Mawson Station, thanking me for condolences on Mawson's death. Bugaev says that natural gas for cooking is now coming into use in the USSR.

19 October ВОСКРЕСЕНЬЕ Weather cleared somewhat, but snow again by evening. Cleared snow from my window — I do enjoy the daylight that streams in. News of crash of TU-104 near Moscow aroused various reactions — some believed, others said, “It may be so, but I didn't hear it on our radio.” Tolstikov and Ostrekin very interested in the data on our Arctic drifting stations —

told me their break-up, also. Saw Mikos, after his trip in the tractors — he thrives on that stuff. The joke now is that the *Lena* is still at Dixon, the *Ob* at Franz Joseph, and the *Dzerzhinski* is “being built.” Plane flew to Avsiuk’s tractors to show him the way home; he couldn’t get a sun shot, and was near the crevassed area. He’s now moving slowly again. Did some photo printing at night — the only time I have is what I steal from sleep; it’s now 1 a.m., and I’m due to get up at 0530 for a talk with Little America.

20 October ПОНЕДЕЛЬНИК After four hours sleep, up to talk with Gray at Little America. Mischa gave me the 5-km transmitter, and all was loud and clear. Much good news from Tom. He’ll send me some beer on the plane, as he’s going to McMurdo to meet it. Took camera to shop to have the broken brass fitting replaced; then to bath, which was not too crowded, but hot; some of the fellows had been there for almost two hours in and out of the steam room Galkin says that he is used to such hot baths in Siberia. Spiral photos out to dry before bath, and they were dry before dinner. I had to discard half of them because the black and white film George used to reproduce my original color photos was too graying — it was defective. The black and white’s I developed were fine. It’s a shame that all the effort and scarce photo paper was wasted. The radio operator Volk keeps telling me how much better the Russian cameras are than the German and American — he’s serious, too. A product of mass propaganda system and mass inferiority complex; I think. Had Ostrekin as a guest while waiting for Avsiuk’s tractor train to arrive. They finally got here at about 6 p.m.; all looked worn, wooly, and dirty, but well. Several cases of frost-bitten cheeks. One bearded chap kissed Mikos, who looked a bit embarrassed. Much hugging and kissing. Leflandsky was reading a letter — obviously from Schlaeffer. I couldn’t see where the men slept other than in the “Penguin.” They all trekked off for their bath, and then supper with 100 grams — or more. Bugaev returned my Rigoletto records and took Beethoven’s 9th. He listened to part, and said that the 9th doesn’t touch him. He thoroughly enjoyed Rigoletto. At supper I was able to parry all attempts to get me to drink the 100-grams of alcohol. The boys use all sorts of subterfuges to get me to take the stuff, but I now no longer try to be agreeable — I just say that I can’t drink it — so they end by drinking my health with my drink. Clean sheets tonight.

21 October ВТОРНИК Slept until 9:30. Telegram from Dufek about dates of flight to McMurdo raised a bit of concern here; and busy now trying to get things straight. Tolstikov says that the test flight today shows the new motors to be okay. A celebration today as a number of the Komsomolskaya members received certificates as excellent “polyamik.” Tijan says that only the better students of good character can be Komsomols. Lebedev and Mayevsky also received awards, as well as George. George says that it isn’t much of an honor, but he is being modest, I suppose. I see that Uri Golubenka, the magnetologist, Alpinist who alternately kissed and threatened Gordon, has come back from Pionerskaya with the tractor train. He has a big beard. Had a session with Brotkin, Perov, Ostrekin and Bugaev — drinking wine and gnawing biltong, and discussing the exotic foods we had eaten. They think that oysters are strange to eat. Tolstikov tonight asked to which station I want to go first, indicating that I can go to several.

22 October СРЕДА Had talk with Mirabito in McMurdo today. Finally got through after much interference and mix-up about calling me. I was in room, but Bugaev didn’t knock. Men here are working hard to load sleds and get tractors ready for tomorrow’s departing. They look tired. Igor gave me letter from Askold. Igor enjoyed trip, and said that it was rough, with sastrugi as high as a man. Much lurching, and breaking of tow cables. Warm in cabins, but cold outside. Poor visibility, and tractors kept wandering off. Radio and rocket signals to keep all in contact. On way back they all slept in one “Penguin” — 7 men. One had to sleep sitting up. Others draped around chairs, and four were able to spread out. Reports that first Adelie Penguins are back, and first skuas. Mikos gave me his address in case I come to Czechoslovakia, but he doesn’t recommend writing, as mail is complicated, 3 days from Capetown, but two weeks between Moscow and Prague. He went to see the Emperor Penguins today. Makuschok went off to see the Adelies, and wanted to be alone for awhile. Am busy writing letters for dispatch by tractor train and plane. Moulton kindly offered to send things from McMurdo. Mikos wants me to ask Dufek if he has family in Brno, as Mikos’ mother’s family name is Dufek, also, he knows Sekera

and his wife, as they worked at his observatory. Took photos of tractors at night. Kibalin was out looking things over, too.

23 October ЧЕТВЕРГ Busy day deciphering forecasts, writing letters to go on plane to McMurdo, etc. Tractor cargo train left today for Sovietskaya. Big farewell, and very pleasant custom in which Tolstikov kissed each of the 20 men, as they lined up. It was quite a chore. They all went off grandly, except for one tractor that had to stop to pick up pipes that were loosely stacked and fell out. Rockets bursting, etc. Radio reception becoming bad today. Ice survey flight out almost all day — and tomorrow they fly to McMurdo! I packed the tobacco Kibalin gave me, as presents for Gray, Mirabito. Now I've cast my bread upon the waters — maybe it will come back as beer.

24 October ПЯТНИЦА Weather improving all over, forecasts coming through fine. Bugaev spoke with Astapenko at McMurdo and flight set up for 3 p.m. I prepared last letters, and had them cancelled — Fedorenka very kindly gave me the ten stamps I needed, from his very greatly depleted stock. Vasiukov and Babkin prepared bottles and tobacco for Gray and Mirabito. I sent tobacco to Gray, Moulton and Mirabito. Helped Bugaev carry his instruments to plane — it was like a send-off at an airport. We stood around taking photos of each other as the plane was warmed up. Gave regards, and shook hands all around. We called for Tolstikov to stick his head out of the doorway so that we could photograph him. Then off they went — in a long run down the sea ice; their gas load was heavy — for 18 hours flying time. They circled over, gaining altitude, then headed straight south. I had no regrets at not going along, although many fellows asked me why I hadn't gone. I said that I hadn't a ticket for the flight. Canadian radio reported Pasternack won Nobel Prize for literature; no comment by Moscow radio. I had very many different reactions to my announcement — from glum grumps to praise of his works. Had interesting English lesson with Goncharov and Vinik; talked of tractor train — they didn't wash, took turns cooking. (Petrov was best cook, as he fried onions for the soup, while others just heated "pilmenyi.") Schlaeffer took four hours to prepare meals. Igor says that temp in geomag tunnel at Pionerskaya is -40°C. Had more information about universities; best are Moscow and Leningrad; there are a limited number of special places set aside for students from other regions, and they don't compete for entrance against regular students. Vinik finds his house-mates a new experience in his previously sheltered life. Muxhanov was smoking like a chimney tonight as he wrote an article about the plane departure — which he did not see. I had to finish my work in my room. We had a difference of opinion about Tolstikov's decision not to send mail via McMurdo; Vasiukov says that Tolstikov did right, as mail from all stations could not have been collected in time. Met group cut two loads of ice for kitchen today.

25 October СУББОТА Tolstikov arrived at McMurdo at 5 a.m. Mirny time. They'll leave tomorrow on return trip at 4 a.m. our time. Messages about forecasts, weather reports, and frequencies being passed regularly. Konstantin had already begun sending forecasts this morning. I spent about five to six hours with birds and penguins on the islands — with George, Eugenie, and Nikolai. Very interesting to watch Adelie's antics; they seem rather more easily disturbed than last year; some have already built big nests of stones, but they'll be stolen soon, I guess, when the others arrive. There are only relatively few yet. Birds are very tame — petrels — and can be picked up. They are also picking mates, and males who try to horn in on another's territory are soon given the bum's neck. Emperor penguins have their kindergartens in progress, as the skuas are back to scavenge. The little penguins stick very close to the "teachers" now, and don't wander off as before. If one baby is alone, a big one goes with him. Had a picnic lunch at home with George after we came home. He had a rest, I went to work. Saw Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night* at the movie — two very beautiful actresses, and fairly well done. I had a noise, smoking group around me, and it was bothersome. The snow around the tower melted today, and we had the first water dripping into our corridor, but at least we don't have the mess from Oscar's penguins.

26 October ВОСКРЕСЕНЬЕ The plane arrived from McMurdo at about 1220 local time, with all of us standing around waiting to greet and take photos. Heard plane at first, and then he appeared, flying low, over the barrier to the east. Quick landing, then the photographers rushed

in. We had worried about the weather, as light snow fell, and dark clouds to east. All were well, but tired, and lots of presents brought back, including beer, peanuts, and magazines for me; also tape recording from Goldie last fall, and letter from Dufek. All had enjoyed trip, visit to McMurdo, etc., etc. Different impressions from various participants. Aphonin said it was tough trip flying at 4000 meters for so long and not knowing what was ahead or below as visibility was often reduced. Flew twice around pole to take pictures and let pictures be taken of them. Didn't see Beardmore, as flew to right of it; foggy with stratus over Ross Ice Shelf. Jeep had sign in Russian on back, "follow me," which Perov did. He was impressed by lavish installation, and waste, big aircraft, and the free gas. He felt that men didn't dress warmly enough, and that each house should have a wash stand. They slept in insulated frame-tent — which they called a "gas-bag." Press conference and photographers all the time, disconcerted them — even photographed coming from toilet. Dufek to send them a copy — he gave Tolstikov a signed copy of his book *Operation Deepfreeze*. They liked Dufek. Perov says officers and men eat together, and officers even stand at movies while men sit — this he didn't approve of. Visit to Scott Base arranged — nice camp, they say. Bugaev was disoriented by shift in time and lack of darkness. Astapenko, Art, and Gray there as well as Mirabito! Samples of charts, maps, and raob instruments. I opened my loot and found plenty of sports magazines, *Life*, *Look*, *Holiday*, etc. Also two double-cases of beer, and one case of mixed nuts. Nice letter from Dufek. Tried beer, but it was frozen solid and had to thaw — it spurted when opened, as usual. Had job rearranging my storage space, but finally made it. The room has great capacity. Gloated over my treasures, and leafed through most of the magazines, and read the *Otago Daily Times*. Party at night for Boris' 28th birthday. I drank little which was "un-Russian" but my answer is that "I am not Russian." Boris was drunk and said that if heredity was true, I should drink like my Russian grand-father. Eugenie sang Ukrainian songs. I left early to finish the maps — then to bed by 11 p.m.

27 October ПОНЕДЕЛЬНИК Cloudy day, but temp around -8°C. Splendid display of various halo phenomena. More talk about McMurdo trip. Read magazine, and ate rest of my last can of mixed nuts from old stock. Still no radiogram from Goldie — I can't imagine why she doesn't communicate more often. Oley making very complicated reproducing device for his camera. The shop and lots of these boys use a lot of time and equipment, plus material, for personal projects. Had delicious meat-filled "blinchikis" for supper. I had three big ones! We are getting some melting on our flat roof, as the sun hits it.

28 October ВТОРНИК I'm on a magazine reading bender — spending every "spare" minute leafing through the "new" magazines. Warm day, clear in morning, but fast moving cirrus overcast by evening. A queer brown colored cloud on the NW horizon after dinner — I said that it was smoke from a ship. Tolstikov and Bugaev rode in style to the islands today to see the birds. Some of the men have seen seals with new-born pups near the smaller islands. The tractors are now digging out the snow from around the houses and have gouged deep ruts and left big piles of snow in the path to the messhall. VOA radio reported on Tolstikov's trip to McMurdo, and said that he had carried mail from "an American scientist" who is wintering at Mirny. More rumors about a ship called the *Kalinin* replacing the *Dzerzhinski*. Not to leave until mid-November. Maybe we'll make Melbourne yet.

29 October СРЕДА Mild sort of storm all day — not like the "good old winters." Some talk about the Nobel Physics prize to the Russians. The boys here say that the Literature prize is practical — but that the Physics prize is worthwhile. As far as I am concerned, it's a cyclotron of how their own awards are given out. Gave Tolstikov some of the IGY material received — he is always eager for data. George is making good progress in English. The cook is baking sweet buns, etc., to be sent to the interior stations for the holiday that's coming up. That's why I smelled that old familiar odor last night and was surprised when they didn't show up on the table at supper. Belov thinks that our radiosonde is a good one — he has the sample that Bugaev brought back from McMurdo. We had a chocolate, soap, and tobacco issue today. Now I have twenty-three 500-gram bars of chocolate and loads of filled chocolate candies.

30 October ЧЕТВЕРГ Sunny day, but wind and low blowing snow all day. Saw Italian film called "Girls from Spanish Square" — quite good — then the bit from the Polish film "Helen go Home." Family talk from Moscow Radio — the usual, plus lots of pep talk about the coming holiday, etc.

31 October ПЯТНИЦА Windy day, but sunny. Had to dig out several feet of snow to clear window and ventilator. Message about our relief ship gives following details: ship is *Kalinin*, four decks, two restaurants, several salons, 34 first class, 78 second class, 188 third class, 300 tons cargo, 50 tons baggage, used on international route to Helsinki, Stockholm, Copenhagen, London, Havre, home port Leningrad, leaving 5th December for Mirny. Now we have a new rag on which to chew. No information on return route. Bugaev suggested that Tolstikov send telegram asking return route and suggesting that it might not please us. Much talk about when we leave, whether, etc., etc. Maps already brought out to plot ship's course day by day. Makuschok told of his McMurdo experiences — he liked the place and the friendly, democratic atmosphere, as well as the facilities in mess hall. Lev was surprised that Tolstikov and the Admiral stood in the mess hall line for food. While showing magazines at radio station, received very welcome and long-awaited radiogram from Goldie, and felt like a new man. Mean temp for October -14.7°C.

1 November СУББОТА Gorgeous day, bright sunshine, and no wind with max temp $+1^{\circ}\text{C}$. No wind-pants needed, and no hood on parka. Tractor cleared snow from side and back of house so I don't have to clear snow from window for a while — (?). Izotov was angry with Kibalin today, because Kibalin clamped down on the alcohol issue, and allowed only enough for the instruments. Oley has his neck bandaged again — this time it's swollen glands; he had a cold and cough ever since last February! Goncharov deliberately exposed the three rolls of color film to light to spoil them; it's a strange system they have. He wanted to reimburse me for the cost of the film. Spoke with Perov — he was sorry that he couldn't understand English when he was at McMurdo; we agreed that more time spent on developing a common language and less on war would be beneficial. He didn't like the beer at McMurdo — but they drank all that was there — two cases — and he's willing to take some I offered him. Went to radio station after supper for data and became involved in Baronin's 31st birthday party; some fellows came already drunk. Had trouble with Konstantin who becomes very cute — he thinks — and tries to get me to perform like a monkey — I feel like swatting him, he's so obnoxious when he drinks — he's a well-meaning fool, but a fool. Finally managed to get away to do my work. Zorin also gave trouble — he was telling me about McMurdo, but I found it hard to understand whether he liked it or didn't; I believe that he liked it. The bosses have a new table cover and new tableware, plus the spoons and extras they always have. It's nice to be a boss.

2 November ВОСКРЕСЕНИЕ Another day with light wind, but overcast and light snow after noon. Vasiukov has been subdued all day long, and I have been merely civil to him. I'm tired of his silly antics when he drinks. A pleasure not to have to clear snow from window today. Bulldozer cleared away snow from corridor-side of house, and I took advantage of the entrance, plus the broken-up chunks of snow, to fill the snow melter for washing clothes tomorrow. Tolstikov gave a talk — with slides — on flight to Pole and McMurdo. It was well attended by a very attentive audience. He paid respects to our help and Dufek's friendly hospitality. Asked my pardon when he mentioned poor and wasteful maintenance of ground vehicles. Showed beautiful photos of mountains and glaciers — and was obviously thrilled at having seen them. A bottle of champagne was drunk over the South Pole. A special third circle was made around Pole to let the men there get a good photo, for which later a message of appreciation was sent.

3 November ПОНЕДЕЛЬНИК Light snow all day. I was up at 0530 for Little America radio contact, but they couldn't hear us. Had early breakfast with Ivan Alexandrovitch. He says that he's had enough Polar expeditions — 25 years in Arctic and two times here; he'll work in a factory, he says. He lost all his teeth and has an upper and lower plate. Washed two loads of laundry before lunch. Had Perov for beer and nuts before dinner. Spoke of wives, family, airplanes, etc. He has two boys, one 18 of his own height, and a 9 or 10 year old. He's taking me to Oasis tomorrow after breakfast; weather permitting. Big news came in about return trip,

which will be via Capetown and Dakar, thence Leningrad or Odessa. Ship will need to take 300 tons diesel fuel here at Mirny. Lots of looking up climate, etc. for Dakar.

4 November ВТОРНИК Winds, with blowing snow here, and low clouds at Oasis — Perov said that the Oasis flight wouldn't go anyway, as the Nikolaev tractor train group had asked for a cargo drop. So, I emptied the photo gear from my pockets, and went to work. Weather improved, and we had a reasonably warm, spring day. Just as before Passover, here the men have a big housecleaning before the October Revolution celebration, and the Doctor comes to inspect. I joined in and took my room apart, cleaned everything, beat rugs, blankets and mattress and aired them all out doors. Ticking of mattress torn and I repaired that. Put rugs and wall-rug in storage — they are big dirt collectors. Arm and back tired and sore. Konstantin stunk up the place as he cleaned his penguin egg — what a foolish business! Izotov and Mishakin helped me shake rugs. Room seems bare — but more sanitary without them. I wonder where all the dust comes from? Special meal tonight — cutlets, and apple sauce rings for desert. More and more men are remarking that they've had enough, and want to go home. The Arctic is better, closer, and has more frequent trips to home bases.

5 November СРЕДА Was called for flight to Oasis, while in midst of bath. Plane had flown to drop supplies at Pionerskaya, but poor visibility prevented that. Finished bath in plenty of time, changed boots and stuffed pockets with camera gear and film. Schkolnikov was pilot, Babkin was other passenger. Took photos of crew, passengers, and whole rig before take-off. Left at 11 a.m. in LI-2 N556. Cargo locked down. Boys prepared chicken soup with fresh chicken and potatoes, rye bread, sweet buns and tea with jam. Just like home! Flew across Shackleton Ice Shelf, saw islands, and Helen Glacier. Continental ice sheet rises rapidly in a monotonous white cover. Blue sky and good visibility all the way. Helen Glacier much broken up, and many big bergs in a line to the west and north — very dramatic. It was Galkin's first flight in an airplane, and he liked it. We flew at 600 meters all the way — speed about 190 km/hr. Saw all the navigator's instruments, etc. Sun compass, gyro compass, magnetic compass, drift sight, etc. Reached Oasis at 1300 hrs. Many lakes — iced over, of course, and bare hills. Reception committee very glad to see us — two big friendly dogs that have been there since station opened. Boys are all friendly and smiling, and appeared honored to have me visit them. Nice station, neat, good group. I helped carry a box up the hill and was panting at the end. Saw installation. They have covered the houses with extra layers of the heavy fiber-board. Coal stoves. Took photos of lake, sugar-loaf hill, etc. They have a wire buried around meteorology area and small booth for changing sheets on recording instruments. Saw the remains of AN-2 that blew away in storm and landed near island half way up the lake. Had a snack of special goodies — crab, jams, fruit, tea, and champagne — with them. Also a taste of their "spirit" and orange peel drink. Radio operator anxious to send a message for me, so I sent one to Tom Gray at Little America. Was given a piece of lava from the region — curious formation, with many holes. It is their traditional gift. Left at 3 p.m. with the dismantled auroral camera and apparatus. Boys are all glad to be leaving soon. They like the station, but it's a hard life, I think. They each serve two days as cook. The duty cook fussed over me to get me to eat more. I was given the small china cup and saucer instead of the big mug. Clean table cover, plenty of spoons, knives and forks, and clean crockery and glasses. Left at 3 p.m., home by 5:15 p.m. Took photos of airport operations like regassing plane, changing motors and propellers, etc. Helicopter was flying when we reached Mirny. Had beer party at night — with about 40 cans of beer and 9 cans of salted nuts for 12 men. All were intrigued by the cans and salted nuts. Sat around bull-sessioning and took photos. Usual stories and jokes. Bed by midnight.

6 November ЧЕТВЕРГ Windy day, but warm. All the red flags are up, and banners with the new slogans. Science is being stressed this year. Big concert after supper — better than previous ones, with choruses, skits, and one satirical skit about the "hero" being foolishly lost, and the life-lines being put up after the storms were over. Good natured banter, and much laughter. Saw film "Lenin in 1918." He was all things to all people — in the film. Gorki was also depicted as flying [?] in the movie. When I suggested that Gorki was abroad from 1905 to 1928, I was told that he must have been there on a visit, as the film is a historical one and must be true in all

respects. Telegram from Goldie and Wexler — they had received the letters on the 30th and 31st of October! That's fast.

7 November ПЯТНИЦА Warm day, everyone taking it easy on this 41st anniversary of the "Great October Socialist Revolution." Big banquet at lunch — all at one shift, with a long table down the middle. Bugaev called me by telephone to remind me that it had started. Delicious preserved apricots for dessert. I had one sip of vodka — and went through the usual routine of fending off everyone's generous hand in filling the cup. A movie was shown afterwards — but I worked. Nobody showed up for the English lesson. Another banquet at supper — and cognac. The same routine with the drinks. More lively this time with singing. Finished work after supper and was waylaid, on way back to movies, by three or four of the aviation mechanics who were drunk; they shook my hand, kissed me, told me how nice I was — like a Russian — they loved Americans, wanted me to tell them so when I return home, they don't want war, and they wish me to have the Nobel Peace Prize. Finally I satisfied them all — and escaped to the movie. Vasiukov has been having guests and a party in his room, and I haven't seen Babkin at all today. Broadcast from Moscow; Chief of North Sea Fleet said that Ob is coming to Mirny, that Sovietskaya is taking geophysical observations; academician Schubakov said that Perov flew over the Pole in a IL-12 to McMurdo; all fresh, new information! Tolstikov's, Bugaev's, Ostrekin's families spoke. Konstantin had made "pelmenyi" [Russian meat dumplings], and he and his guests were cooking them in a tea kettle after midnight. Those Siberians!

8 November СУББОТА Relatively quiet day, after yesterday's binge. One or two fellows had to be picked up from the snow where they dropped last night but nobody hurt. Bugaev went out with Maizerov and the dog team and was gone all day. Three planes were flying today — I asked one of the copilots were they had gone and he was quite chary of giving me a definite answer. So many of these fellows won't give out any information. Had a blow-up with Muxhanov about satellites — he's downright stupid and insulting at times. He later apologized. He's no newspaperman — he's only a propagandist. Excellent supper of jellied fish, roast pork and potatoes, pickles, tea with lemon and some of yesterday's tort. Sergeyev said how nice it was to not have to drink vodka with it. I agree.

9 November БОСКРЕСЕНЬЕ The radio operator today, in the loud-speaker system, announced that today is Monday — not many knew the difference [A 1958 IGY calendar shows 9 November to be Sunday as Mort's БОСКРЕСЕНЬЕ correctly claims]. We live mainly by date, rather than by day of week. Many excursionists today to islands, penguins, and seals; as it is warm and sunny. We cleaned snow from roof as it has begun to melt and drip through to us below. Mischakin busy all day preparing for his birthday celebration; he had a fine banquet, with all the appetizers, plus the regular cooked meal, and plenty of wine, and minimum of spirit. Singing and toasting. I gave him the "Life Begins at 40" routine, and this tickled everyone. Now we say that he was born in Antarctica. Had tea and lemon afterwards, and talked about Galkin's skit at the celebration. Both Parfyonov and Kibalin had sour pussies, until Tolstikov laughed, then they followed suit. Had radio message from mother, acknowledging receipt of letter.

10 November ПОНЕДЕЛЬНИК Mischakin woke me, quietly at 6 a.m. for the Little America radio talk. Spoke with Wexler, and had a big lift out of hearing his voice; it was just like normal times again. Lots of interesting developments, particularly the new Antarctic Meteorology Research Unit. My long-held dreams and plans are finally coming to fruition. I wonder what he means by my being a "key figure" in the unit? Bugaev spoke with Astapenko. There was much noise, but the 5-kw transmitter boomed us through well enough. Later, Bugaev and I spoke about the great amount of research that has to be done — mostly in meteorological fields, we feel. He envies me having a special unit to work with; he says that their people soon scatter and work separately after expeditions like this one. Had a walk on the sea ice before lunch — a small group of about 8 Emperor Penguins were taking the air nearby and they headed for the airplanes — from a distance they looked like a group of men coming back from the islands — distances and sizes are deceiving on the flat ice. Makuschok was going to see birds, but later decided only to see Penguins, and therefore didn't carry out his plan to kill some specimens. He says that the skuas

are cleaning up the dead penguins, and drag them up out of the snow. Tolstikov asked about Cartwright's article in the *Saturday Evening Post*, and half-truculently queried me as to whether he criticized the Soviet Expedition — there's always that feeling. I said that I hadn't read the article, of course, but that I couldn't see why Gordon would speak ill of the expedition and the men. Tolstikov feels that the Bellingshausen Sea Station has been cancelled. The long, lanky mechanic who was brought back from Vostok says that he has gained 3 kilos in 5 days — and it shows on his face, as he is obviously rested and happier here. The other mechanic from Sovetskaya didn't look as bad when he came back. I wonder if not having a regular routine series of tasks to do was a contributing cause for their inability to endure the life there? Took photos of Lebedev's thermometer complex at the sea ice. Also visited the tent and saw the strange mass of large flat crystals that fill the open hole. Perov had a big smile on his face as he came from the radio station with four telegrams in his hand — all of them from home! Muxhanov had some sort of swelling or infection in his cheek, and it was cut open today by Dimitri — now Muxhanov has his face bandaged — he took the afternoon off to recuperate. I'm talking with Tolstikov about the benefit of publicity about scientific work, he remarked that they don't worry about public opinion in these fields; if a project is deemed necessary the government puts up the money.

11 November БТОПНИК Cold, raw day, windy and overcast with a few bits of snow about. Planes flying, however. Tolstikov flew to Komsomolskaya. Had visit from Lebedev, who returned some magazines, and borrowed several more. I'll be interested in his opinion about the two articles in *Holiday* having to do with Russian students and children. He says that my room smells like Capetown, whenever he comes in. I don't know how Capetown smells, but he says it's like a book or printed picture! Boganev also came in to give me a photo of me that he had taken — and to pick up a picture of the cowgirl and horse — that took his fancy. Nikolai the tractor driver from Komi dropped his tractor into a soft spot alongside the pilot's house, and was wedged in very tightly. It took two more tractors to get him out. The pilots now can walk out of their door after having to use the hatch all winter long. Bad radio reception today. Telegram from UP correspondent asking for voice conference. Have set it up for Thursday morning at 6 a.m. I wonder what angle his questions will take? I think that Vasiukov is about ready to go home; he complains of headaches, arm-aches, belly-aches, food not tasting right, etc., etc.

12 November СРЕДА A bit of panic today as weather here was doubtful and three planes flying — but all's well that ends well — and all ended well. News from Moscow says that *Ob* is loading in Riga, then will go to Kaliningrad to pick up passengers — probably leave there on 20th November. It won't be long now! Had interesting chat with Lebedev, who returned magazines. He says that the article on Russian students is true, but some facts may be different for different persons — and he doesn't know whether the facts would suit all students. He judges America by what he read in Dreiser's novels and feels that the tyranny of the American's neighbors is greater than any pressure from a government. He doesn't believe me when I say that all Americans aren't mass-produced. He says that in the Soviet Union a man can lead his own private life with no social pressures. Engineers from United States who worked in Soviet Union before war said there is a freer social climate. He saw *Life's* pictures of the new American film about "Brothers Karamozov" and was shocked — he thinks it sacrilege to do a film about it. Bugaev says that a synoptician other than Chernov is coming to Mirny. Accounts of clothing, supplies, etc. are now being prepared for all groups here, and final requisition are being made prior to closing all accounts. This is close to the end!

13 November ЧЕТВЕРГ Much variable cloudiness with some Cu and Cu congestus with snow showers — Perov flew in from Komsomolskaya. Tolstikov stayed at Komsomolskaya. Perov says that Sovetskaya still has fresh apples and oranges in perfect state — but frozen. They also served him three different flavors of ice cream. He says that they have a tough life however. My talk with the U.P.I. [United Press International] correspondent didn't come off, as they couldn't hear us. George is helping Bugaev print photographs tonight — they have set up a lab in Bugaev's room — but he grew tired after several hours, and said that it's not worth it. The baker made some delicious cookies for tonight's dessert — a butter cookie, crisp and flavorful. I ate

about two dozen with tea and lemon. The meat was like rubber and inedible. Everyone joked about its having come with the first expedition — but I think that it's probably as old as I am — if not older.

14 November ПЯТНИЦА Third day for bad weather; off and on with snow, wind around 15-18 m p sec, and sun only barely visible at times. But since we are in the month of November, it doesn't seem bad to us. Up at 0630 for talk with McMurdo, but they didn't answer. Had a short nap before lunch rather than afterwards. English class was well attended, and we all had a chance to speak. Victor told more about McMurdo, Lebedev read a story that he had written, etc. Worked on movie camera with Oley at night, and he found the trouble — now all we have to do is make the repair! I'm disgusted with the damned thing, and hope only that the film that I've worked so hard to get is not spoiled. Tolstikov is supposed to have flown back from Pionerskaya tonight, but I haven't seen him yet.

15 November СУББОТА Still another day of wind and snow, great soft drifts of snow — wet type. Saw Tolstikov today — he looked happy and vigorous and says that all is going well on the "roof." Sozenkin and a tractor driver have also returned — Sozenkin looks a bit thinner. Parfyonov also back — with a hoarse throat that keeps him quiet; he's had a cold and bad throat for much of the year. The inland stations are using different local times — some go by Moscow and some by local time. New movies brought back to Mirny — "new" being anything that hasn't been seen here for three months. The radio is full of what Krushev has promised in the new 7 year plan, more comforts, houses, less work, etc. Worked on camera again with Oley — it's almost fixed except for getting the ball bearings and shutter into place. Victor says that his penguins are moulting, and having a bad time — particularly the albino. He says that animals shedding feathers and skin actually are well — as with menstruation. Oley says that the Odepa "oblast" has just been awarded the Order of Lenin for its agricultural achievement, and he's going to have a few drinks tonight — not that he ever needs an excuse.

16 November ВОСКРЕСЕНЬЕ The usual menu today — cocoa for breakfast — goose for supper. The boys here say that the goose is a foolish bird; too big for one person to eat, and too small for two. It's almost true, here at Mirny. The afternoon was a classical summer day — warm sun, no wind, and we worked at clearing the snow in our shirts only. Tractor managed to break two windows — one was actually pushed in, frame and all. But my window and ventilator are free again, and the fresh air and light are blessings I appreciate. Our roof in the older house is leaking like mad — but so far it hasn't come to my desk. Saw a Maupassant, French film — "Dear Friend" — the French do that sort of thing very well. Camera finally repaired, but the pin for the trigger mechanism again broke! We'll see Lomovitsky tomorrow.

17 November ПОНЕДЕЛЬНИК Another clear and warm day. Much activity today Oasis station closed today, and all men plus two dogs flown back here in three plane trips. The boys look well, but are happy to be in "the big city" again. Schneerof smiling broadly and incessantly, as usual — his teeth gleaming from out of his black beard. We had a big day with our snow-clearing. Three sides of the house are now cleared — the tractor worked almost all afternoon. It was frightening to feel the sides of the house creak and give a bit as the tractor pushed the snow past my window. Then while I was in the toilet, he started on that end — I "moved" quickly as the place began to rock and pitch about. Several more windows cracked, and I contributed to one. It's uncanny what a different outlook one gets when the light comes in through the windows into the corridor, and the blue sky is visible again. Yes, everything is rapidly approaching the end — and it's good to have the end in sight. The helicopter flew with Makuschok to Adams Island and he killed one of this year's seal pups — a good-size one, about six feet long, I guess, with soft grey fur, spotted with white, dark reproachful-looking eyes — and dead — with blood on snout. What a pity! The noise of the helicopter rattling around makes it seem like last summer again — that's another sign of spring. Bugaev had a telegram from Silin — in Pionerskaya. Silin's birthday had been celebrated several days ago — and Bugaev had sent him a congratulatory telegram, and said that he couldn't send him a cake, but was sending a warm cyclone instead. Silin thanked him for the cyclone and added that thanks to the cyclone they had to launch a second

radiosonde! Some birthday present! The two dogs that came back from Oasis are having trouble with the Mirny dogs — they all want to fight, even with the “ladies.” Poor fellows, they’ve never worked a day in their two-year life, and now they’ll have to get into harness. Maizerov says that they didn’t know that they had to pull against the harness after it was put on them. A special movie showing was given tonight — “Carnival Night.” I had a grim reminder of last year’s asphyxiation of Cherganov — the mechanics were welding a steel casket for him, as he is to be put on the island with the other two men who are buried there. Tolstikov was in to see us today, and we reminisced about our arrival here last year, and the similarity of the weather then and now. We both agree that the year has gone very quickly. He looks well and is happy with operations. He doesn’t know anything about how many men will be coming in the new group, nor what their plans are as to programs. There are even rumors that the *Kalinin* won’t come and that we’ll all go on the *Ob*. This seems quite out of the realm of possibility, to me.

18 November ВТОРНИК Today’s the anniversary of the day the first Mirny people — from the previous group — came aboard the *Ob*. One year! Not bad! Today’s weather was sunny, cold and windy. The change of the air flow around the house due to our having removed so much snow kept my window free of snow despite the strong drifting that developed — but by night it was almost completely covered again. Oh, well! *Sic transit gloria*. Just when we feel that all will be sunny and calm, Antarctica turns mean again, as if to remind us that we can’t take her for granted. Vasiukov again expressed his appreciation for the “lend-lease” pencil he’s been using all year. Lomovitsky, too, knows the phrase “lend-lease” when we discussed the *Atka*’s having been in Russian service during the war. The younger fellows don’t know the term. Poor Lev Vinik, now that the aurora season is over, he’s been put on K.P. I hope that it doesn’t last too long for him. News of the *Ob* and *Kalinin* is filtering down. *Ob* is to leave on 23rd of Nov and *Kalinin* on 5 Dec. That means that *Ob* will arrive here about 2 Jan, and *Kalinin* about 5 Jan. I suppose that we’ll be away from here before the end of January.

19 November СРЕДА Took four rolls of cloud film today — but camera acted-up on last roll — seems to be defect in trigger-return mechanism. We’ll look at it tomorrow. Beautiful cirrus development all day and nice Cu on N horizon. Despite the constant running back and forth to camera, I did get all my other work done, but I’m pooped tonight. The boys from Oasis are turning in their meteorological equipment, writing reports, settling accounts, etc. Izvyekov has appeared in natty cap, sporty pipe, and leather jacket outfit — summer sport we call him. He says that women like the he-man type, and that we should roughen up a bit before going home. Tijan is full of song these days — he’s anxious to get home, but happy because ships will be leaving soon for Mirny. Iesilevik is wearing a patch on his right eye — an injury but not serious, seemingly. Lev looks very efficient and is doing a good job keeping tables cleared in the mess hall. Between trips to wind the spring on the movie camera motor, Nikolai gave me a haircut — a botch job in back, but no matter, we’ll soon be home. Cut ice for water supply today, and our storeroom again half-full — should last until end of year, at least. Oley put the old oilcloth from mess hall on the shelves in our washroom; it’s much better than the soiled paper, but not very clean looking. Lots of new colds in camp since spring arrived and new men in camp; apparently we’ve developed different microbe strains; and the way these fellows cough in your face and sneeze into your food is a horror; the dishwashing, too, isn’t very thorough. Oh well!

20 November ЧЕТВЕРГ No results in attempt to talk with Little America, but I had already learned my lesson and stayed in bed until called. — which, of course, didn’t occur. Can’t understand what’s wrong with Little America and McMurdo, too. The Mirny operators are not happy about the way these stations work — they say that there’s no discipline there. Camera repaired this morning, finally. Now I’ll be able to try again — but one more failure and I’ll be ready to give up! Many of the beards are coming off — one by one; some in slow stages — first a smaller one results, or a moustache is left, but some all at once. I doubt that there’ll be many left by the time that the ships get here. Lebedev is reading the fiction in the *Saturday Evening Post* — he says that they seem to be well-written, but they all have happy endings. This strikes him as odd, and unreal. Me too. Oley’s perpetual cold has grown worse — I think that he’s the “Typhoid Mary” around here. Bugaev also seems to be coming down with a cold in the head. He gave me

a record today — Moldavian music that goes with the magazine picture of the Moldavian dancers I like so much. Planes flew late tonight — the last landed after 10 p.m.

21 November ПЯТНИЦА Camera again went bad this morning after only a short period — babied it along to get the last few feet of film exposed after lunch. I'm disgusted with it — it's turned out to be my biggest time-waster; also lost a good cumulus cloud sequence. Had good English lesson — Lev sounded off on advantages of kitchen work over scientific work; I can't tell whether he's serious, just kidding or bitter. Goncharov told of ruses to get into Youth Festival Concert such as pretending to be English; it worked until one ticket-taker spoke better English than Igor. Lebedev told of being asked out of a Youth Hostel in Odessa, for foreigners, when his ruse didn't work; shorts and a loud-checked shirt didn't make him look like an Albanian. I saw the radio operator from Oasis today for the first time since his return — he's shaved his beard. Movie again tonight — repeat of last night's for fliers who missed it. The French *Mobil* is out 190 km north of Charcot. Planes added gasoline and diesel fuel at Vostok I cache today.

22 November СУББОТА Bath day — I went at 3 p.m., and there were only 3 others beside myself. The airplane mechanic with the big nose and handle-bar moustache rubbed my back, giving me the special treatment and a final rub straight up the spine. Several more beards are off — Tijan and Schneerof took their's off — Schneerof looks better — but Tijan maybe was better with his beard. Belov is to go on the *Ob* as head of the Met group, and Petrov as radiosonde observer. Victor's penguins have lost most of their down; the white one less than the others, but it's hard to tell where down leaves off and regular feathers begin on him — or her? Had visit by Makuschok and we drank beer and ate peanuts; talked of genetics, his "aspirantura," work, people, etc., etc. Gave him two extra cans of beer. From what I can tell there will be less than 100 men to winter over next year; and *Ob* will do no long cruise this year. — too expensive, and IGY is over. Bugaev likes the Schick Injector razor; he shaved five times with one blade. Vasiukov is complaining about the food, and the things he can't eat. Was caught in rush of movie crowd at supper — it's a mess, and very rushed with little room.

23 November БОСКРЕСЕНЬЕ Boris showed up for breakfast for first time in a month — we think that he must be sick. But he made up for it by sleeping all afternoon. Movie camera went bad again on second roll; I can't get the right adjustment on the outer linkage of mechanism. Oh, well! A trench was dug for laying cable below the road near our met station. The cable is to carry telephone line and switching key to radio range at airfield. Nikolai the tractor driver was stuck several times from digging in too deeply. Black cables absorb heat, and sink into snow. Trench is down to firn, about six feet below surface. Tie-downs for planes are being checked, as sea ice is becoming softer, and planes will soon be parked up here. Kibalin had meeting of representatives from each section to give instructions as to how equipment and clothing will be turned in, etc. Bugaev told him — when Kibalin asked why he was yawning — that he talks much and says nothing; Kibalin, thereupon, hit him on the head — and Bugaev at night said that it still hurts. Oley developed three rolls of black and white film for me — all good, except that I overexposed some of the snow scenes. Bugaev says that there are 10 different permanent theatre groups in Tashkent, each with its own theatre. The Uzbek group even does Shakespeare in the Uzbek language. Belov went to Drygalski today to install the automatic weather station. He's the only lightweight in the group — Lomovitsky, Babkin and Sozenkin all weigh in at about 100 kilos each. No wonder it took two plane flights. The garbage truck near the mess hall gives off a ripe odor now that the sun is hot and the weather warm. Victor was loving-up his albino penguin today — and the penguin loves it, putting its head on Victor's shoulder, happy to stay there for hours. They are quite big now, but the white one is noticeably smaller, and has a dropped stomach. Victor says that they have been eating twice a day, and get about a half-kilo each time.

24 November ПОНЕДЕЛЬНИК Up early for talk with Little America — after much trouble and about 5 different frequencies, Iakunin got us a reasonably good contact. Tom was asleep and didn't come until later — he has been working on night shift. I spoke with Astapenko who does quite well in English. Wexler still in Antarctica — at McMurdo, but leaving on this coming

Wednesday on last plane of the calendar year. Big news from Moscow Radio; *Ob* left on 23rd, and we heard broadcast of departure, talk by Dralkin, and *Об* ship whistle as she departed. Very interesting clouds this morning; overcast, with dark blue water sky, small patches of blue, cumulus white against blue clouds, and white snow showers in several places; just like a summer sky. The broadcast of the *Ob*'s departure was again given at lunch time — the whistle of the *Ob* sounding off for its departure gave us all a big kick; now word rabble is “skora damog.” Tremendous map of world put up on wall in mess hall to plot course of ships. Kibalin was in to see Bugaev, and looked in on me for first time in a year; he commented that he never saw as much space in such a small room. Parfyonov is very pleased at news of *Ob*'s sailing; he says that he is very eager to go home. Photographed clouds after lunch, and also came upon skua feeding on penguin carcasses near power station. Was able to come up to within about 10 yards before it flew away. In stalking wild creatures one loses sight of all else, in concentration on the game. Several others didn't land — they are more wary now, as the men must disturb them. The one I photographed seemed to be a younger and smaller one. Came upon several of the aviation crew and discussed pensions for disabled flight crew members; they say that one who is medically disabled is given a ground job, but his pay is that equal to average pay when flying. However, he isn't allowed to earn more, even if he has a higher level job! Special treat tonight — 100 grms of spirits, smoked herring, boiled potatoes in jackets, pickled squash, tea and lemon with fresh-baked sweet rolls. I had smelled the odor of the rolls this afternoon when I was downwind of the kitchen. I ate too much herring and am now “dying” of thirst. Movie operator had about 400 gms of spirits — how the movie will turn out is a puzzle to me. Lots of high spirits now that *Ob* has left for Mirny. One of the special treats she is carrying is a tree to be displayed at the New Year's celebration; this is traditional.

25 November ВТОПНИК There's a new pastime now in the mess hall; looking at the map and moving the flags — helping the ships along, so to speak. Bugaev gave me some copies of Little America's *Penguin Post* to read. They were among books and papers Astapenko sent back to go aboard the ship for him, as he is going by air. Interesting bit on the movie review of “Rasputin and the Empress” — the reviewer quoted Astapenko as saying that the film was all-right. Astapenko asked for — and got — a printed retraction and apology, and added that he had not commented on the film before seeing it and wouldn't recommend it after having seen it! Fedorov gave me a good photo of a mammatus cloud during the 31 October hurricane at Oasis — very impressive. Oley borrowed some of my black and white film negatives to make slides. The radio operators say that McMurdo is pretty bad as a radio operation — they are not happy at the service. There's a political rally of some sort being broadcast on the speakers tonight and some girl with a particularly shrill voice is declaring at the top of it — and Boris has his speaker turned on full blast, and the door is open — carrying on a conversation at the same time! How do they do it? It's been too loud for me in my room with my door closed!

26 November СРЕДА Snow and windy today, but only a poor imitation of wintertime storms. Cyclones seem to be farther north, and our wind only about 12 m p sec. Planes flying despite poor weather here. Ryshkov flew to Komsomolskaya to drop cargo; Perov flew around looking for a clear spot in the weather in case Ryshkov could not land here — he found good weather at Farr Bay just at Helen Glacier; he didn't have to go very far (joke). Belov and the men on Drygalski are stymied in their work because of bad weather. They have food for 19 days, but with the three heavyweights there it may go sooner than that. No news from *Ob* yet, but she should be giving a report soon. George says that he's leaving within a few days to take over the observing duties at Sovietskaya when Babarikan goes on with the tractor train; — George will also calibrate radiation instruments at Komsomolskaya on the way. We've traded the books, as he is now packing his things since he doesn't expect to return until just before the ship leaves here. He gave me practically all of his books for the *Dynamic Meteorology* by Bjerknes, *et al* [Most likely a multi-volume set; Vilhelm Firman Bjerknes, *Dynamic Meteorology and Hydrography*, Volume one with Sandström, 1910/11]. We are both happy — so it's a good trade.

27 November ЧЕТВЕРГ Thanksgiving Day! I'm thankful most, I suppose, for the fact that the year is almost over and that I'll soon be on my way home. News today is that *Ob* is near

Picardie, France. Estimates are that she'll be here by the 28th of Dec — in one month more! George flew to Komsomolskaya this morning; Tijan lugged his suitcase to the place for him. George says that now he's packed and ready to leave as soon as the ship arrives here. Camera worked well for most of morning, but gave up at lunch-time. I can't seem to get it in perfect operating, and it's a big time-waster for me and frustrating as blazes. Summer type clouds, with Cu swelling all around and overcast Sc in afternoon; beautiful picture of contrasting bright and dark sides of icebergs, aquamarine colored sky, and brown islands this evening after supper. Tijan gave a short seminar this afternoon on his electrical gradient data. There was an announcement today to put a skin cream on the face of sunburned as cracks in skin can cause trouble — Liflandsky has a special cream — for the asking. Meeting tonight of all hands to give instructions about turning in clothing, equipment, and settling accounts. Radio reception on the downgrade, and I haven't had a radiogram for a long time — eleven days, in fact. Konstantin says that I should learn some Russian songs, because they are nicer than American ones; I believe that he is serious. Two of the young tractor drivers were brought back from Komsomolskaya, as they weren't feeling well. One of the tractor drivers from here was flown up to replace them. Family broadcast from Moscow. Astapenko's wife wants to see his beard; his daughter understood his letter in English.

28 November ПЯТНИЦА Had a short note from Ascold, sent from Komsomolskaya, although written in Vostok I. It's a hard trip with lots of loading and unloading of oil drums. All will be glad to be back at Mirny again. New order on bulletin board today — nobody is to leave the camp without permission — the sea ice is beginning to melt. We discussed last night's broadcast of "papa, mama" from Moscow; all noted with interest that everyone said, "I'm glad to be able to talk to you," but one wife said, I'm glad that this will be the last time I'll talk to you by radio! Pavel is bored with writing in his diary — he now is on his 4th volume; he seemed a bit unhappy for awhile this morning, but his irrepressible good humor came through quickly and he was soon back to normal. The day turned out to be warm and with little wind once the drainage wind ended in mid-morning. After lunch many fellows stripped down to shorts and sunned themselves lying flat on the roof. I decided to take a holiday, and accepted Victor's invitation to go to Haswell with him on a bird and egg-collecting expedition. It was great! Went around to east side, then up to summit, and down SW side. Met Vladimir — Tolstikov's helper — and Mischa, the radio operator; they helped shoot birds, but wanted to slaughter indiscriminately with no regard to possibility of recovery of birds. They give Victor fish for his penguins, so he let them shoot a few birds. Volk, the radio operator, accompanied us from Xmara Point. As we hit the first tide cracks I told Victor to be careful — in the "famous-last-words" style he said, "Oh, they are nothing to worry about," and then stepped into one up to his thigh! It was very interested to see how tame the birds are — one can actually pick them up — the silver grey petrels, that is. We saw Cape pigeons, Wilson's petrel, Antarctic petrel, silver grey petrels — and Adelie penguins. There was even a group of several hundred right near the top of the island. What a climb for them but they are good climbers and very brave. Victor has a tricky way of picking them up by the tail to see how many eggs they are sitting on. Almost all have two. One had a very poor nest — only one stone! Some eggs are very dirty; most are white and fairly clean. Victor shot two Wilson's petrels at the top of the island — but one was completely blasted by the shot. Returned here after supper — and had cold snack in kitchen of mess hall, as Victor knows his way around. Sat around talking for awhile, then home to finish the day's work. Discovered that I had put the color film in wrongly and hadn't gotten a single color-photo! I was terribly disappointed. Now I'll have to go back another time. *Ob* is reported to be at 47° 28' N, 06° 6' W. Some gossip that *Kalinin* is in London, but this seems to be only idle chatter.

29 November СУББОТА Another fine day, but I worked inside all day — except for shoveling snow after breakfast. Imyerekov now taking weather observing shift to replace George, and I'm subject to a whole new round of questions about the usual. Preparations for flight to Sovietskaya tomorrow — Tolstikov is also going, as Nikolaev's tractor train is due there today or tomorrow. Great telegram from Goldie — good school news and color slides on way. I'm so glad that John has made an excellent start in the new school — he's a terrific kid. Radiogram from Gordon was dated 19th in Washington; McMurdo really is bad! The Mirny observers don't know what to make

of the situation. Bugaev is very busy finishing an article on the Pole-McMurdo flight, and I rarely see him out of his room.

30 November ВОСКРЕСЕНЬЕ Wind and snow all day after breakfast. Max wind was 22 m p sec. Drygalski reports that wind was 30 m p sec, but tent still standing; they must be worried. They are in snow and cloud also. Their first automatic station data are not clear. Volk spent the day at the radio range, as plane with Tolstikov flew to Sovietskaya; he was stuck there because visibility was bad and there are many crevasses in the area — but he was able to return for supper, when visibility improved. Macquarie Is. radio operators Tom and George sent regards to Mirny, as they are being relieved; I translated a message of greetings from Mirny operators to be sent to Macquarie. Saw punk Italian film — *100 Serenades* — a ridiculous comedy, and parody of American tourists. Schneerov had his 30th birthday celebration this evening. At 1200 Moscow time *Ob* was at 37° 31' N, 11° 44' W.

1 December ПОНЕДЕЛЬНИК Snow and drifting snow; wet, sticky snow filling all holes and crevasses; sank in up to hips in some places. Had to dig-out window and ventilator. Melting and refreezing on roof. Izotov has written “Survist” on all December forms — and “last hurrah” on the telegram book. Konstantin didn’t know that “hurrah” is an international word; he thought it to be Russian. Had English class today to make-up for missed class on Friday. Got into explanation of Morgan, Rockefeller, Ford, political parties in U.S., desire for political power, electoral system, etc, etc. — all of this with a giant bust of Lenin looking over my shoulder! The radio station is out of radio blanks; there have been so many messages received. Mischakin received a radiogram from his wife; she says that she’s sent him a letter telling him what souvenirs to purchase. He likes my remark about “paper” kisses being dry and unsatisfactory. Konstantin told me of his two dog-sled journeys on inspection trips in the far northern part of Siberia; one was 145 km and two nights and days duration in winter during full-moon. Also told the usual bear and wolf stories; the bear is referred to as Mihail Ivanovich — or “Mischa.” We have a new “weather prophet” now. Svetkov this morning said that it was all right for Tolstikov to fly back to Mirny today, as the weather would be better in the afternoon, which it was not. It looks as if the Australian Antarctic book is gone with the wind — it isn’t in Mirny, so I guess that Treschnikov went off with it.

2 December ВТОРНИК Weather improved during day; temperature rose to -1.5°C, and for the first time ceiling dripped over my desk. Had to arrange complicated string leads to carry drops away from desk. Big puddle several inches deep in outer corridor of dining hall. Plane flew back from Komsomolskaya today, bringing a tractor driver and two helpers in the seismic party who couldn’t withstand the rigor of the altitude and cold there on the plateau. Movie tonight was *Lolita Torres* in the role the boys go crazy over; Konstantin said he never saw it so crowded. I stayed home and took cloud photos. Camera still slips sometimes — will have to take it apart again! Bugaev says that he doesn’t sleep well at nights — maybe he shouldn’t have those afternoon naps.

3 December СРЕДА Weather simply superb today — only a patch of cirrus — which I photographed — and temperature above freezing. Removed shirt and underwear for session of sunbathing after lunch. It was actually hot as there was no wind, and the pibal wind-deflector reradiated the sun’s rays. Schneerov took ozone observations, and I took photos of him. Bugaev flew out to Drygalski today. A new humor has started; a “horrible snow-man” has been seen on Drygalski. I think that it must be Lanovitsky. He looks like a bear. Another rumor is that the *Kalinin* won’t be here, and that we’re all going home in March on the *Ob*! That’s a good story. It’s interesting to see how the boys all came out into the sun — one can understand the religion of sun-worship. Our dark, smelly houses seem so unpleasant after being out in the sun for several hours. Haswell had lots of visitors today. Nikolai now has a baby Emperor pelt, an adult Adelie pelt, and a snow petrel pelt drying now. I hate to see all these amateurs spoiling everything. Belov returned from Drygalski with Bolern and Lomovitsky — they look well, and tanned. Belov admits to being a bit worried when the last storm hit the island. He says that they experience frequent orographic clouds; humidity is high too. Island top is relatively smooth — he didn’t approach closer to brink than zoom; the drop is sheer for the first 40 meters, he says. A

glaciology group replaced them. Max temp today was +3.5°C. I notice that Konstantin often turns on music when he works alone in the synop. room, so his concern about keeping the noise level down is mainly for my benefit. Bugaev says that orographic clouds began to form at about 5:30 p.m. as Perov was flying to pick up the glaciologists who were working at a pit about 15 km away; he had trouble finding the tent again, but finally found it and all piled into the plane in a hurry. Ob at 24° 14' N, 17° W, speed 14 kts, 314 miles in 24 hours.

4 December ЧЕТВЕРГ Clear day, but a bit windy. Some patches of Ac kept me hopping with the cloud photography work. Good talk with Tom Gray by radio. They are getting ready to close up within a month. We haven't even received our first mail yet, and they are going home! Muxhanov asked to look at the *National Geographic Magazine* with the Antarctic story in it — he always pounces on the references to Russian activity and asks for a translation at once. Belov says that the tent was a bit crowded with four men sleeping — they used folding cots — now there are five men there! He says that there was a base covering of rubber, then a layer of dog skins, then another rubber cloth. Floor was cold, and ceiling was hot. Victor came over for some books and magazines. He says that many American papers and magazines are available in Soviet libraries. Ob is doing fine; she should be in Capetown within about 10 days, and here in about three weeks! Bugaev had a bath today as there was hot water for the laundry. Nobody invited me! Plane flew to Oasis today. Ob at 18° 49' N, 18° 00' W; she did an average of 14 kts today.

5 December ПЯТНИЦА Today is "Constitution Day" in the Soviet Union. Our temperature today (-4°C) is 15°C higher than Moscow (-19°C). I suppose that we lose our title of "polarniks." Weather windy and warm with ovc [overcast] sky. Roofs leaking all over the base — a veritable series of waterfalls in the mess hall — funny to have to duck between them, and have bowl on table to catch waterfall. New lottery tickets now being offered for sale, and presents for New Year's Day being sent. Had lots of fun "autographing" books, papers and magazines to the members of the English class. Had talk about life, etc. with "Ape and Essence" — lasted several hours. Ob today did 332 miles (14 kts) and was at 13° 10' N, 17° 55' W.

6 December СУББОТА Warm, sunny day, but windy. Dining hall roof leaking like sieve and half of tables are untenable. Have basin to catch water alongside me instead of snow at lunch and supper. Sears Roebuck catalogues have made a big hit — it's a wonder to behold. Oley launched the 800th radiosonde of this 3rd RAE [Russian Antarctic Expedition] — and a "spirited" session was held here before lunch — I think that Izotov had a head start on the rest. I managed to get away with about a 1/10th dilution of the nasty-tasting stuff, and then left gracefully. Had to leave my desk and work in my room today due to leak, but it slowed down by night. Bugaev says that Tolstikov will stay with the tractor train until it returns to the Sovetskaya station. Both Mayevsky and Babarikan are with the train — hence no soundings from Sovetskaya now. I don't understand it. Decided to have my bath today instead of tomorrow as sun was shining so brightly into my room that the temperature rose to 74°F.

7 December БОКРЕСЕНЬЕ Today the 16th anniversary of "Pearl Harbor Day." It doesn't seem that long ago that I was attending the student seminar on that infamous Sunday — and what a series of big changes since then! Bugaev flew with the IL-12 to the Pole of Inaccessibility today; they saw the tractor train — flight took 13 hours, and Bugaev was deaf on his return, as always. We had a fire-scare today when we smelled smoke in the Met station, but couldn't find the source. It was one of the big main fuses that carried a line to the Met observatory and the radio theodolite; there was a short there. I had the only serviceable flashlight to work with in the dark corner where the fuse box is! We had our snow bulldozed today — and as always a storm blew up by night — it never fails. I was busy after supper washing clothes, taking cloud time-lapse photos, plus plotting and analyzing today's maps! The rat-race never ends — and I'm going strong still at 11:30 p.m.

8 December ПОНЕДЕЛЬНИК The storm seems to have stayed well north of us, so we have only clouds and a bit of wind — weather still continues warm. The canvas cover over the entire mess-

hall roof has effectively stopped the dripping water; all tables are now usable. Yesterday's flight was a bigger achievement than just flying to the tractor train — they flew to 82° S, 55° E, and a string of mountains near 75° S, 65° E. Bugaev and Plaksin are now working up the heights. Radio Moscow reports that the Poles will take over Oasis. I suppose that the decision was a late one, and that Tolstikov didn't know of its possibility, otherwise he would not have removed the men from the station and closed it. Now the helicopter will have to be used anyway unless they stay here until about May when the ice in the Oasis lakes freezes over. Nikolai cleared the snow from the west side of the house today, and we had a bit of a snowfall this evening. It's the best weather sign we have — just clean the snow, and it'll storm! Big news tonight; the *Kalinin* left Leningrad for Riga to load and take on passengers; then she'll go on to Gdynia to pick up the Poles for Oasis station. The *Ob* is at 2° 06' N, 10° 16' E having done 340 miles in the last 24 hours (14 knts).

9 December ВТОРНИК Wind, cloud and snow today; it seems as if summer will never come! Most of us admit that we aren't as full of pep as we were last year — these days go more slowly, and we don't look for new jobs; the routine and sameness of everything is beginning to pall. Tolstikov's party reached the 350-km mark this morning; they are doing well. I've drafted a radio message for Goldie, but I wish that I had the latest on the *Kalinin*. Pavel was quiet today — he said that he had not enough sleep because he had been working — on photography.

10 December СРЕДА Another stormy day; snow, with winds averaging around 30 m p sec, and gusts to 40 m p sec. Had breakfast at mess hall when winds were 20 m p sec; but lunched at home on crackers and canned milk. Tried to get out to bath-house at 3 p.m., but 40 m p sec winds made me turn back after about 200 meters — I couldn't see a thing, my glasses were snow covered on both surfaces, and the wind seemed determined to push me onto the sea-ice. The exertion was almost too much; had trouble stopping at our house with the wind trying to drive me on. Went to supper and stayed for movie. Good supper — last of smoked herring, potatoes in jackets, tomatoes, etc. Lebedev "brothered" Victor out of half his alcohol and Victor had to beg another from Gleb — of which Lebedev again "brothered" him of half! The weather is beginning to get on our nerves — and the approach of the ship makes us all anxious to have the year end. I've had about four bad night's sleep in a row — and Bugaev says the same. Some of the boys are now eating their cucumbers — I had a small taste of one today at supper; they are ripe, but not too flavorful. Fresh food, however is welcome. Fachkin sent a telegram saying that he's leaving Moscow on the 11th to see-off the *Kalinin* in Riga, and will be back in Moscow on the 18th; this suggests to Bugaev that the ship will leave on the 15th from Riga. *Ob* today is at 06° 46' S, 03° 22' W, with temp of +25°C. She did 339 miles in 24 hours.

11 December ЧЕТВЕРГ Weather continued bad all day, with improvement after supper. Winds were about 20 m p sec and trip to mess hall was merely a difficult struggle rather than an all-out battle against the wind and snow. Wind down to about 12 m p sec by night. Labadin had a long hunt before he found the barogram I needed — seemingly there is no filing system for the data. My window has been blocked with snow several days now, and it seems to be winter setting in all over again, and I don't like it. Alexander came in for his special English lesson again today. He knows quite a bit, and his accent is even getting better.

12 December ПЯТНИЦА Weather still bad this morning, but improving during day. Plane had been made ready for flight to Breid Bay, and they left as soon as weather improved a bit around 6 p.m.; Makuschok was at our English class and was called away. We wished him luck and success in the search. All here have great faith in Perov as a pilot. Weather conditions aren't very good anywhere yet. Gave the students the "stock certificates" in the Portland Zoo Railroad, and told them that they have taken the first step toward becoming "capitalists." I'll "corrupt" them yet. Vladimir tells me that the newer editions of Bellingshausen's account of his trip around Antarctica have many parts shortened, particularly the laudatory references to Emperor Alexander I. He plans to look into an 1883 edition to see how Bellingshausen refers to his meeting with Palmer. Mechanics tell me that the helicopter parked on the sea ice "walked" about one kilometer in the strong winds of the past days. They followed the tracks, and there she was

sitting, waiting for them to pull her home. The men on Drygalski have a sense of humor — when the wind there was 40 m p sec, and the tent almost ready to blow away, they reported that they were “working over their material.” Today, with heavy snow, wind and fog, they reported that they are “waiting for the airplane to land.” Lanovitsky went there for a three-day stay, and has been there for twenty — since 23 November. Before he left I told him that he’d be the first to sight the relief ship — and maybe he will, if he stays another two weeks! The warm air blowing out of my ventilator has cut a small cave away under the piled-up snow behind the house and I have a beautiful blue glow filtering in through my ventilator and window. I’d much rather have sunshine. No breakfast in the mess hall tomorrow — a fumigating crew is setting out the gas pots to kill the “insect” life that has again begun to swarm. I haven’t noticed them this time. And no movie tonight — that’s the biggest calamity! Office roof leaking again — but nothing like at some other houses where the ceilings had begun to bulge from the weight of water. Makuschok punched several holes in his ceiling to relieve the pressure and now he has a source of wash-water. He took the letter to deliver to Chapman at Mawson Base. Radio reception for the past few days has been terrible, and besides that there was a RWD [Regular World Day, a day designated for intensive special observations for IGY all over the world] and an ionosphere alert with Galkin putting out “static” every five seconds or so. Our aerologists are busy now, during the final Quarterly WMI [World Meteorological Intervals, ten consecutive days in each quarter year], making four radiosonde ascents daily. They have the instruments ready for several days in advance. Izotov said that the balloon released at noon today gave out signals to indicate that it was rising very slowly; he thought that there was a strong downdraft, but I suggested heavy icing in the thick cloud layer — more likely I was correct. Muxhanov was busy tonight digging up facts about the flight to Breid Bay, preparatory to writing an article for his newspaper.

13 December СУББОТА Weather improved rapidly, and by noon it was warm, with broken to scattered clouds, and calm winds. Temp rose to about +2°C. Yesterday, and even this morning, it was wintertime, but by afternoon summer was again with us! The plane reached the Belgian station [Breid Bay Station, later commissioned as Roi Baudouin] at 1215 GMT today. Moscow Radio reported on the flight, and gave the reason. Apparently Mirny reports every airplane flight, and did not report that they had been asked to keep the news of the crash confidential. Too bad! Lebedev is playing nursemaid to Makuschok’s penguins, and he enjoys it. He lets the penguins out of the pen for exercise, but keeps his eyes open for loose dogs. He says that an Emperor penguin in the Moscow Zoo is worth 10,000 rubles. He added about selling one to the Portland Zoo, now that he “owns” stock in the Zoo railway system. Men out en mass today shoveling snow, clearing roofs and windows, and just sunning. Oley retouched the “girls” on our wind-screen, and they now look fresh and new again for the new crew. Movie camera spring again broken! That means other hours of trying to get it in order again! Tijan and Schneerov put up the wind vane on our roof, after a winter’s lapse. It came apart in the first hurricane of the winter. I cleared the snow from my window, and now have natural light again — but for how long? I’m sleeping poorly these days — and feel that I need a change. Washington would suit me fine.

14 December БОКРЕСЕНЬЕ Today a day of good news. Perov found the Belgian plane and landed nearby. The plane was in tact, but on its side. The men had left a note reporting that they had started for the base on 11 Dec — to walk the 400-km. It should be easy to find them, if they haven’t fallen into a crevasse. Our guess as to their decision was correct. The fellows here are very happy at the news — saying that now Moscow Radio will have good news to report to the Belgians. Tolstikov reached 82° S, 55° E today — the so-called Pole of Relative Inaccessibility. Lebedev asked my help in a telegram of announcement of establishment of station. In return he helped me with a congratulatory message to Tolstikov, Nikolaev and Zakiev. Captain of *Ob* spoke on radio today saying that he’ll soon be here with the relief expedition. Weather fine today; sunny, but a cold westerly wind. Calm at night hence no ventilation, and all the smoke from the cigarettes seemed to have ended up in my room. I am becoming fed up with all the damned smokers and drinkers, and spoke rather sharply to Babkin when he tried to force a drink on me tonight. But I’m not sorry. Dimitri tells me that Solomon has done 943 (!) fillings during the year here, plus extractions, etc. And he has been gone on several of the overland journeys, besides visits to all the other stations! He was busy. Dimitri says that a classmate of his at the Institute,

who graduated with him five years ago, and is a surgeon — named Babin — will relieve him here. The second doctor — a therapist — was here during a previous year.

15 December ПОНЕДЕЛЬНИК After staying up until 1 a.m., I was up again at 5:30 for a talk with Little America, which our operation couldn't handle because of being busy with airplanes, etc. I'm sleeping poorly, anyway. No more positive news from plane search. Radiogram from Dufek asking for information and offering assistance if needed. Kibalin says it's all in Belgian hands now. Storm built up today, and we are back in winter again. We think that it must be all the "sputniks and rockets that are disturbing the stratosphere" Early flight to Pinonerskaya got back by skin of its teeth and landed with snow and poor visibility. Muxhanov does a poor job of weather observing, in general, and being under the snow is no help to an observer who has to haul his old tired body wheezing and coughing up a ladder to see the weather. Lebedev does a good job in translating the radio messages into English. Some of the less informed men are making foolish remarks about the "poor" Belgian expeditioners and their lack of gasoline, but the pilots and more logistic minded men soon put them straight on requirements and capabilities. Radio Moscow is giving a big play to the new station at Pole of Inaccessibility and the search for Belgian plane — but of course the new metal plant and a report on a "kolkhoz" [collective farm] are always given precedence. I've heard rumors that the national anthem may be changed — it was put out in 1946 and there seems to be too much of Uncle Joe in it. Cold, snowy weather in the United States; they are having it worse than we are. As I write this Bugaev says that Perov has reported landing at a tent where there presumably are people — what a newspaperman! He gives the lead of the article, then leaves us waiting while he goes to see what's inside. Nicolet, from Belgium, reports that there's a hundred years of work ahead in studying the IGY data. I didn't think that my job would last that long!

16 December ВТОРНИК Weather again bad all day long — low clouds, snow and wind. Went to my special bath "appointment" at 9 a.m. Svetkov gave me two buckets of hot water, and I regaled myself. He invited me to come once a week. He spends 20 days each month doing the laundry. Messages from newspaper correspondents in McMurdo, asking about rescue efforts. Had session with Kibalin and Lebedev, and drafted reply. They were very cooperative — as always. Lebedev kids Kibalin; today he told him that the American radio broadcast had mentioned Kibalin's name twice! Saw Suchanski — back from Pionerskaya. He had a hard time there, and says that there is now 8 meters of snow on the houses! He has a beard — and a bad back — it's a common ailment here. Kuznitzov says that now the skuas no longer swallow his meat-baited hooks; they eat around the hook and aren't caught. They must have a school for teaching young skuas how to keep out of his clutches. Sat around tonight reminiscing with Alexander and Konstantin about our year together — we forget the bad and recall only the humorous and pleasant events. All talking about ship, letters, and home.

17 December СРЕДА Weather somewhat better, but still light snow all day; winds also light. More details about rescue of Belgium party by Perov. Thanks by diplomats, King, etc. Moscow Radio gave it big play. The men had come to within 48 km of depot and still had food for five days although they had abandoned some food and other supplies near Mt.Sphinx. The pilot — a Major — is the husband of a princess. DeGerlache's also a pilot. Perov made another flight yesterday to take the pilots to the place where the helicopter was located — apparently somewhere inland from the main base. Everyone here praising Perov — say that he should get a medal from the King. Comparison with Schkolnikov not favorable to latter — but this is ridiculous. We are weary of the wintry weather; the only saving feature is that the temperatures are only about -2°C. Ob reached Capetown late last night — or early this morning, and is to depart on 18th. They are asking for forecasts and a synoptic weather report collection. Some of the men are asking me whether my wife "has sent something for me to drink!" The messages I filed to McMurdo yesterday got through only today!

18 December ЧЕТВЕРГ After awakening four or five times during night 1 a.m., 3 a.m., 4 a.m., 5:40 a.m., 6:15 a.m. I knew that the 6 a.m. talk with Little America wouldn't come off. At 7:15 Mischakin awakened me to tell me that he hadn't called me at 6 a.m. because there was no radio

connection! What a brilliant mind he has! We all had a good laugh about it later, but I could have shot him at the time. Perov sent Muxhanov a seven-full-page story of his flight to rescue the Belgians. He left there today, via Mawson. Scholuiikov flew to Pole of Inaccessibility to pick-up Tolstikov. Lebedev has telegram of congratulation from Dufek for Perov — refers to splendid cooperation in Antarctica. Lebedev says that Makuschok should now have orders from U.S., Australia, and Belgium — for his splendid work as interpreter. Lebedev plans to write a book “Life with Makuschok.” Radiogram from Cartwright asking if I have “decided to go to Melbourne.” Weather somewhat improved, but light snow most of day. There is no sign of melting as at this time last year, and we have much more snow on ground. Dug out my window today, and enjoyed natural light. Much deep snow on sea ice, and poor landing for wheeled planes. Tractors now clearing a runway.

19 December ПЯТНИЦА Big excitement and much activity this morning. Perov flew in at 0630, and Schkolnika at 0845. Perov and crew had received telegram from Krushev, and decorations ranging from Order of Lenin, to Order of Labor's Red Banner, to Order of Mark of Honor. Much expression of pleasure, and congratulations. Big turnout for Tolstikov's arrival. He was pleased when I warmly congratulated him, and asked if I really meant that the feat was a great one. He looked well, as did Zakiev and Matveyeb. Matveyeb actually looks better now than when he left. Zanin and Schlaeffler looked bad. I didn't see Morozob. Schlaeffler said that cooking for a solid month for all these men was trying. He said that Tolstikov helped him some. Zakiev and Matveyeb brought back many samples of crystals and snow for analysis. Much good natured banter back and forth. Men glad to be back. They say that we have much snow — which we know. As if to mock us, the weather turned bad and we had snow again. Schkolnika and Grigorein were exhausted — they had flown there and back in 24 hours with no real rest period. Am told that wife of deGerlache and deLiny called at Soviet Embassy to give thanks and that children of Loodts (geologist) also called upon ambassador for same purpose. The whole world was watching this rescue — and it was a thrilling climax to the IGY. Bugaev says that Australians were eager to help in every way — treated plane crew like brothers. Had talk and reminisced over high altitude flights etc. Bugaev says that he gave Wiley Post a forecast at Novosibirsk on the solo flight around world in 1933 — there were two U.S. journalists then — one a woman who waited to fly with Post. Had good English class — all came as they expected Makuschok to be there, but he wasn't. We talked of how to get jobs in Soviet Union — only graduating students have an Employment Service; thereafter it is through contacts with friends, advertisements by agencies and trusts, or personal inquiries. Some institutes will not hire a man unless he has a room to live in; others have some quarters for key personnel. It is possible to rent rooms in private dwellings, but these may run as high as 25% of salary; official dwellings run only 5% of salary. We discussed *Ob* and packages that are coming; all expect something, including surprise items. Lev expects a pair of shoes, as he left his other pair on the *Kooperatsiya*. Talk of sex, books on marriage guidance, nude photos, etc., all are forbidden in Soviet Union. Lebedev thinks that a controlled press is better than a free press. His mother in Rava spent 5 years in England, and he has friends who were 14 years in U.S. with Soviet trade mission, so he has access to English books and photographs. They have and like the U.S. books for children, and he plans to teach English to his daughter who is a year old and whom he hasn't yet seen. His wife is interested in History, and named the daughter Ekaterina. Canvas covers are being put on roofs of several houses in an effort to stop the leaky roofs. Various opinions about arrival date of *Ob* — most think 28th, but some say even after New Year's Day. If she's not here by the 28th-30th, there'll be a lot of disappointed men. Maizerov says that he'll take his dog team out to get the mail if necessary. Tomorrow is last day for special traffic on New Year's greetings; regular traffic starts on 21st, and no guarantee of delivery before Christmas. Victor says that he sent 400 radiograms today! The operators are rushed to death. Today I complete a Devil's Dozen of months at Mirny. [Mort Rubin arrived at Mirny on the *Ob* from Capetown on 18 November 1957 and moved to quarters on shore the next day; he started this diary when Gordon Cartwright departed Mirny on the *Ob*.] Special supper tonight — steak and eggs; also alcohol. (ugh!) Big party at staff — Bugaev came home in early hours. We also have fresh lemons again. Told Vasiukov and Babkin about Atlas satellite — Babkin never said a word; Vasiukov was impressed.

20 December СУББОТА Mary Sue's birthday — I looked at photos of family and had a bitter-sweet hour of reminiscing. Snow all day. News of new Atlas satellite hasn't been broadcast here by Radio Moscow. Some fellows have the news, however. News of *Kalinin* is that the ship just now has begun to load for departure! Big meeting tonight to honor flight crew that rescued Belgians. Tolstikov and Bugaev made laudatory speeches, Perov and Brotkin gave details. Perov is a modest and straight-forward fellow — but he was very critical of way Belgians operated. He felt that they resented being rescued by Soviet fliers. Zorin wasn't at meeting — he was stewed. Saw a movie after the special supper — with "spirit." Same old kolkhoz story. The kolkhoz leaders are always the villains, a brigade leader is a hero, a young dilettante girl is redeemed, the Director is a great guy, etc., etc.

21 December БОКРЕСЕНЬЕ Weather turned mild, wind light, and sun shone through cirrus clouds. We even sat on the "porch" of the dining hall after supper bull-session about the news of the departure of the *Kalinin*. Radio reports that she carries 55 passengers — they must rattle in that ship — and 98 crew, of which 50 are women! Delay in departure was "due to making iron pants for the women." Somehow, I was more excited about *Ob's* departure, as she will bring the first mail — but now that the *Kalinin* left I know that not only will I have mail, but I'll be going home. Notice today from Glavsemmaput says that after 20 Dec all wine, cigarettes and matches will have to be paid for. More economics. Solomon Schlaeffer has lost 18 kilograms due his work on the tractor train. Lebedev says that — in general — only workers with degrees of Candidate of Science can fill positions as senior scientific workers; exceptions are in places where trained personnel are scarce, or on expeditions, etc. "Candidates" sometimes have to work as Junior scientific workers in places where there is a surplus of workers in a particular field. Lebedev says that before coming here he worked as scientific secretary of the Antarctic Council of the Academe of Sciences. Mikos has "lost" a day on his trip; he sends the day of the week as one day ahead in his MOBIL reports. After such a trip it's a wonder that he remembers what year it is. Zakiev sat at ordinary table at "first spoon" tonight instead of head table; he says that it's a pleasure to sit at a real table and have good food after months of poor diet on the train. He says that Sovietskaya has a mess hall that can seat 100 men; it's warm, clean and big. They had frozen oranges, frozen apples and champagne when they were there. Makuschok says that our corridor smells like a rabbit hutch! I wonder what he thinks that his "fish and penguin" factory smells like? He had a radiogram for Dufek; acknowledgment by Perov of Dufek's telegram of congratulations. Belgian station and personnel not well organized; no experience, personnel dislike deGerlache's dictatorial ways. Contract says that leader can cut off pay of man for disobedience. Two men turned down leader's job before deGerlache took it. He wanted one man to go to icefront to fix sno-cat and return alone to Base; now he and three men there to do this instead of operating a few days for ship to arrive with three new sno-cats. Perov a good and strict leader, inspires confidence, and a superb pilot, says Victor.

22 December ПОНЕДЕЛЬНИК Up early for talk with Little America. For once I slept well prior to the talk. Good reception, and even spoke with Harry Fransis who is expecting a package or two from Astapenko. I'll take them home for him. Weather balmy again today — max temp around +2°C; although cloudy and a bit of fine snow from Ac and Sc clouds. Spoke with Tolstikov — even he is not certain of time we'll leave here — it may even be as late as 6 Feb! Kibalin and Golubenka going around estimating how many extra men can be lodged in various quarters. We'll have to take up to 9; one in aerology office and two in meteorology observing space. Tonight was Nikolai's birthday — together with first anniversary of Met group's arrival at Mirny, and arrival — summer's day — all at once! Big party at night; I gave him two cans of beer and a package of Lucky Strike cigarettes. Aphonin finally got his helicopter to work and flew it up to our vicinity. It looks like old times again with the helicopter staring us in the face as we go to the mess hall. Perov came around tonight and was telling us of his problems; he has telegrams of congratulations to answer, plus requests for articles from *Afonysk*, other Soviet publications, Czech, Chinese, and Belgian publications; it's tougher than the rescue flight; he says, "how many times can I write about one rescue?"

23 December ВТОРНИК Had “appointment” at bath-house this morning; this is by far the most satisfactory arrangement. I presented Svetkov with a can of beer, and he was very pleased. Met Bugaev there, and we regaled each other with gruesome stories; I told him of the Donner Pass party, and he told me of a woman who survived an airplane crash in Pamir but had to eat her two children to stay alive! She became insane after that — probably before, I guess. Burxchanov’s party making good time — they reached Pionerskaya yesterday. Bugaev says that two of the young men were not well but the lower altitude has helped them. He says that they probably drank too much alcohol, as it is free for the taking on the tractor trains. A wave of beard shaving; Goncharov and Suchanski. I’ve heard that Soraxtin and Babarikan cut theirs off at the Pole of Inaccessibility and made a cairn and beard! Bugaev went to Haswell today by dog sled! I asked Nikolai today for a piece of his birthday cake to have with tea, and he gave me a piece that weighs a kilogram — and it has the “32” on it — his age. Had bull-session at night with Bugaev on music, Middle-Asia, insects, and disease. One of his daughters who finishes high school this year wants to be a doctor of medicine and will attempt to enter Tashkent Medical Institute — places are few, and admittance is difficult. Course of study is six years. Tonight Vasiukov decided to heat some seal blubber for smearing on his boots; he stank up the place and, as usual, most of the odor passed out through the ventilator in my room. He says, “it’s great stuff!” He always finds something bizarre to do in a very innocent manner.

24 December СРЕДА Windy, but temp around freezing mark. Helicopter crew putting craft in order and tuning up the rotors. They are preparing to fly to the *Ob* for mail when she comes close enough. Aphonin says “machine, she feels fine.” More planes flying inland today. Saw Dimitri and Solomon — gave them cans of beer and some photos. Solomon, as usual, looked around for a present for me, and came up with a paper-cutter for photographic work. He says that he has already gained several kilos since his return — he’ll probably gain it all back again. Dimitri says that 600 - 700 students every year enter Moscow Medical Institute, where he studied; most of them complete the full course. Today Filin said that he’d give 10 hamburgers for one ripe tomato; he as well as many others have lost their appetite. *Ob* is coming along beautifully, and we may have our mail by the 28th of the month. Several radio stations have tacked on special Xmas greetings to their synoptic broadcasts. Putori said, “To all the boys in the Antarctic and all stations copying our transmission, we send you our warmest Xmas greetings.”

25 December ЧЕТВЕРГ Christmas Day — from the music I hear from U.S., England, Australia, Phillipines, etc. — but not here. Makuschok says that he’s a Christian, and that I should greet him with a Merry Christmas, even if they go by the Julian Calendar and their Xmas comes on 7 Jan. Weather still continues poor. Kibalin says that it’s because I still wear my parka with fur trimmed hood — but with the wind as it is I don’t feel like discarding the protection. We’ve got our eyes on two ships, now that the *Kalinin* has left. Today she moved along at 20 knots! *Ob* doing well at about 13 - 15 kts, with a following wind all the way. Candy issue today — and also soap; five hundred grams of chocolate, and a box of bon-bons. Finally saw all of the Lolita Torres film; she’s not bad, but amateurish compared to U.S. girls who do similar roles. Lolita is Mirny’s sweetheart. Izotov has seen her five times, and others even more often.

26 December ПЯТНИЦА Day was excellent; a few Ci clouds of striking forms, blue sky and excellent visibility; temps from -1 to -4°C, wind about 4 - 6 m p sec. Finished necessary work in forenoon, and even had a hair cut by Nikolai. Right after dinner went with Makuschok and four others to Haswell — in style. We rode in the carryall. Many crevasses now around the islands, and lots of soft snow. We get a sinking feeling, literally and figuratively, when the crust crumples beneath us. Makuschok floundered around in crevasses several times. Maizerov had been out killing seals, and he doesn’t mind leaving them still alive wallowing in blood and snowbound. Makuschok gave the *coup de grâce* to one. Skuas immediately hovered over. Penguins — Adelie — are plucky little fellows; one fought the entire group of us. We rode one seal, until she escaped into a hole where we couldn’t follow. Makuschok loves all the animals; he pets and fondles them; one Adelie took a piece of his beard. Finally saw skua nests — which aren’t nests at all — just eggs laid on bare stone or mossy patches. Saw a newly hatched skua chick alongside egg. Also saw eaten Adelie egg in with two skua eggs in nest. The skuas “buzz” us to

frighten us — and they do. They leave the nest when we approach. Their nests are in the high places; eggs protectively colored; chicks are light gray; they don't cry when left alone. Victor picked up an Adelie and the egg on the nest exploded in his face. Chicks are very dark gray — almost black. Adelies still steal stones from other nests; they fight, and are very excitable. Saw Cape Pigeons, Silver Grays and Snow Petrels — all on eggs. They spit at us — but a few did not. One pair of Cape Pigeons sat still while I photographed, but spat as I left. Some bare the nest when we approach. Silver Group calmer. On one spot where we descended they were so thick that it was difficult not to step on them. Most sit absolutely still and make no attempt to fly. The two glaciology assistants had a great time shooting Victor's shotgun — lots of noise but no birds. "They are flying off to die elsewhere," they say. Victor collected eggs, embryo chicks hatched unnaturally, a dead Wilson Petrel, etc. Kuznitsov prowling alone looking for skuas — he doesn't like them. He says that he saw a green-banded one. Returned after regular supper hour — and had cold "kotlyetes" [a fruit and nut desert] and cookies with tea and lemon at home. Concert tonight over Moscow Radio for seamen and polar expedition personnel; Minister of Water Transport spoke of Party, plans, progress, etc. Music; a song especially about Perov's rescue flight, and music.

27 December СУББОТА Bath day today, but I didn't go; after four days since last bath I felt that I didn't need another! The cool baths each week have spoiled me for the hot baths. Cargo train arrived before dinner; the men and machines were dirty, but all in good condition. Meeting to greet them, as usual. They had spent the night at cold-storage warehouse 25 kms out. Parfyonov and Ivan Ivanovitch had gone out in carryall very early to meet them, but new driver lost the way. When they ultimately found the road again they opted to wait for the tractors inbound. All the men looked like different persons after baths and clean clothes. The little mechanic in charge of the drill rig had flown to Komsomolskaya from Pole of Inaccessibility and came back with the train; he now has a moustache half as big as himself. Mikos and Agaphonikov look well, and a bit thinner. They say that the weather there was sunny and fine. Muxhanov told me about the native tobacco "maxhorka" used by the Russian peasants; it grows almost anywhere. They chop it up very finely and roll a cone of paper, bend it into a "v" shaped pipe and smoke it. It's extremely powerful stuff, and is called "soldier's tobacco." It costs only 50 kopecks for a big package! Rumors that the mail is at the bottom of the *Ob*'s hold! These are international rumors — we used to hear the same thing on the U.S. expeditions.

28 December БОКРЕСЕНЬЕ More crowded in mess hall now that the tractor train is back. Yesterday some of the men went to bed after their baths and didn't awaken until this morning — they slept for 14 hours or more. They slept almost not at all for the past week, being anxious to get back to Mirny. Bugaev went on sea-ice survey today — not much solid ice, and edge is at almost 64°; they flew to 62°, but didn't see *Ob*. Mikos visited me and we had beer and peanuts. He tasted the beer and said — "Yes, it's really beer!" He looks thin and drawn, and his big blue eyes almost fill half his face. He enjoyed the trip, and said that the plateaus grow better the farther they are from the coast. After tractor trains separated they had no real kitchen, and food was not very good — like campingout. Food was good at stations by comparison. He says that he'd stay for a second year if two items were guaranteed 1) his health, 2) his wife. He says that there is another Czech on the *Ob*, but that he's probably a correspondent, not a scientist. I took advantage of bulldozer's clearing snow today and filled drum for clothes washing tomorrow. Maizerov says that he'll go out on the sea ice and build a bon-fire when the *Ob* gets here so that we can see smoke. My forecast — long range — that we'd read our mail on the 28th — has not come true; but we'll have it in another day or two. Hugh Odishaw was interviewed on Press Conference - USA tonight. Good interview all around. Family broadcast tonight; Aphonasyev, Gusev, *et al* spoke. Plus family of heroes, Tolstikov, etc.

29 December ПОНЕДЕЛЬНИК Up before six a.m. for Little America talk. Gave up hope by seven, when no results, and left for breakfast. But Mischa had persevered, and we had a good talk with Astapenko and Gray; it'll be the last, probably, unless something comes through from McMurdo. *Ob* is practically here, and by about 8 pm tonight it was near Drygalski in open water. If we don't see her by midnight it'll be because of the line of icebergs on the horizon; there are

many more now than there were at this same time last year. After all the waiting and talking about the ship, we all seem quite calm and relatively disinterested today, but I'm sure that it'll all change suddenly tomorrow when we get a look at the *Ob* really close by. George sent me a radio greeting for the New Year — from Sovietskaya, and I returned one to him. He sent it in English — and only had a few mistakes — the wording is quaint, too. Bugaev is fed up with having to answer so many New Year's greetings; he complains about the old films, too. I guess that he's fed up with this place and wants to get going again. Sozenkin tried to fool me into climbing onto the radio station roof, saying that the ship's smoke was visible from there; I calmly replied that a diesel-electric ship gives off very little smoke. Visited the aviation mechanics and took photo of their cucumbers — and even tasted one of the small "one-inchers." It was fresh, sweet and tasty. There are several almost-ripe tomatoes that I'll photograph in a day or so. Plane flew to Oasis today, and Imeriyekov went along. Photo group also worked there today.

30 December ВТОРНИК Snow flurries in morning kept us from seeing *Ob*, and helicopter from flying out. She was visible — masts, at least, around the western corner of Haswell. Tolstikov and others flew out after noon meal. Some loose mail came back. I received "Ideal Marriage" from Cartwright; Lebedev should be happy tomorrow. He suggested that Fedorenka that he would help sort the mail, but Fedorenka didn't buy it. Several new-old faces; Schekirov, the storekeeper, and Gorev, the aerologist came ashore. Konstantin says that he isn't anxious for the mail, but he was the first to call to ask about where it is; this he said was for our benefit. Took photos of cooks cutting up two freshly killed pigs, and Gleb seasoning mutton. New movie tonight, with two news reels and a Charlie Chaplain Comedy — I am told. The drinking has begun, and probably will keep going for several days now. List of congratulatory telegrams on our bulletin board is growing longer and longer. Askold says that this last trip was more trying than the first; after Komsomolskaya, they had two drivers for each vehicle — some flown from Mirny, and others from Nikolai's train — so they didn't stop to sleep. He was leader of two vehicles that went from Komsomolskaya to Vostok I for fuel. He said the same thing as Mikos when he tasted the beer — "it's really beer!" Our radio station replayed the last concert by the local orchestra for the *Ob*'s benefit. Cooks say that there are 25 pigs left; the two that were killed yesterday were several months old — and were born here. They weighed about 70 - 80 kilos. One eaten several weeks ago weighed 120 kilos.

31 December СРЕДА Went out to *Ob* in helicopter — at suggestion of Tolstikov — to pick up mail and packages. Stood on ice awhile as she broke a bit more. Carryall had bogged down and listed to one side as she had hit one of the softer spots in snow. Men coming off *Ob* with tomatoes and fruit for Mirny. Saw several familiar faces, but most of crew seemed changed. Two previous cooks from Mirny are back again this year, as is Shakirov the storekeeper, tractor driver Mischka, etc., etc. Was handed envelopes and photos as soon as I stepped aboard. Was taken immediately in hand by Shakirov who showed me photos he had done on ship; he is a master. Ship's officers and storekeeper rounded up the various sacks of mail and packages — I was reminded of my arrival last year with trunks, etc. They had been concerned about one package marked glass that had been found under a load of heavy packages — they were most solicitous, etc., etc. Met chief pilot of aviation crew — another Boris Simonovick — he had been in U.S. in 1945 -1946 and knows N.Y., Wash., S.F. etc. Had cognac, beer, and those fresh apples! Lunch was chicken, soup, apples! Waitresses are all new, but saw laundress and greeted her. Czech correspondent on board, and Mikos had spent the night there — we kidded him and asked "with whom?" Two Xmas trees brought to Mirny, plus fresh potatoes, more mail personally carried, etc. I was overwhelmed by the mass of mail and alternately wept and smiled as I read letters, saw the family photos, and suddenly realized how much they mean to me and how much I have missed them. Goldie — bless her — as usual, is a superb letter writer — her personality shines through brightly, and she tells me just what I love to hear. How I love that girl! Made ready for New Year's Eve dinner, but with all the letters, photos, parcels, I was loath to go. Fresh tomato and onion salad, (150 gms spirit), goose (another lot turned up), cabbage, tea, jam, etc. Movie afterward — Austrian ice skating ballet — silly, but colorful. Then I picked up more mail at Radio Station. Midnight celebration in our house — toasted old year, new year, loved ones, etc., in

champagne, vodka, liqueurs. Some singing and reminiscing; nobody really drunk; all gay. I went to bed at 2 am, and had to put chairs in upper berth to leave room for bed on floor.

1 January 1959 ЧЕТБЕРГ Slept like a log until 9 am, then “rested” for awhile until 10. Read more letters, school news, reports, etc. How happy can a man be with letters and photos? The family did themselves proud. Mother, bless her, sent a goodly share. Leonard’s letter was warming to read. Harry did well with three, Dick, etc., even Kanty’s and Reese. Geigerov sent a beautiful colored photo book of Moscow — what a nice fellow he is. Averyanov sent some photos he had taken, as he promised. Vasiukov and Babkin brought in some stamps they has sent especially for me. Vasiukov has some new shirts and gave one to Babkin, who said that there was a still better one that he wanted! Had almost missed lunch. Saw mechanics about tomato photos, but still not ripe enough; they’ve promised not to eat them until I’ve taken photos. More letter reading in afternoon; no work at all, as I had threatened. Had cognac with boys before supper — someone had a can of Mexican sliced pineapple — quite good. Bad weather set in and nobody allowed on ice. Parshin caught hell from Ostrekin for starting out to *Ob*; joke is that he goes to Haswell every day to check the magnetic recorders! He beefed about it all day long. Philin was here and said that he had come over yesterday — really this morning — at midnight Moscow time — 4 a.m. our time to wish me happy New Year; and couldn’t understand why I was in bed! “Dyadya Sascha” was really potted tonight at supper, and was angry because I wouldn’t sit near him; he latter came to scold me; and the boys had to hush him and send him off, apologizing to me for his actions. Many New Year’s greetings from all sides. More inflow of newcomers; saw one lonely chap with felt hat and long city overcoat and street shoes singing his head off as he walked to ionosphere building. Polish film — a farce — after supper. Then last look at photos, and to bed.

2 January ПЯТНИЦА Weather still bad — snow and wind all day long. I’m now getting into the technical papers and material that came for me — also a number of philatelists, organized as well as unorganized, are plaguing me — as if I don’t have enough else to do! Showed off photos of family to Askold and Bugaev. Lots of new men wondering around base — we still seem strange to each other, I guess. Saw new physician — he’s peppy; asked what film was on tonight as if it mattered; they’re all new to us. Other doc from last year, the one who has the satanic face and played the psychotic role last summer is also back. Perov is back from having spent New Year’s Eve and Day on *Ob*. An official reprimand on Bulletin board for several drivers and mechanics who were drunk and didn’t show up for work. The Czech correspondent wrote recently, the first Czech book on Antarctica; he’s a correspondent for the Czech Youth Newspaper. He apparently is not impressed with Antarctica, asks no questions of anyone, is interested in nothing, and wants only to get home as quickly as possible! Had several New Year’s wishes from fellows here in sense that they hope all good things come to me as to their socialistic comrades; they are all good fellows and have the best of everything and that’s what they hope for me! We are all comparing our recently arrived photos, and raving over our children. Konstantine loves Mary Sue, and broadly hinted that he wants a photo of her. His son posed as “the thinker” in almost all the photos. Radio had New Year’s glorifying of socialistic accomplishments, plans, etc.; one never hears a word about anything bad in paradise. Had English class and passed out books, etc. We drank a bottle of “Hunter’s Vodka,” supposed to be the best — like whiskey, they say. It tastes like anisette or alsinth, and is terrible. Lebedev’s office secretaries sent it and especially said that I was to have some in return for “Ideal Marriage.” Mess hall is now a mad house at meals, and latecomers are in a bad way, as movie crowd takes over early. Have interesting letter from Rozinkin about his long and varied journey home last summer. Also New Year greeting from Nikolaev on tractor train.

3 January СУББОТА Weather improved, and turned cold. Still much coming and going. Nice to see how new and old groups mix easily; all are happy, for different reasons. Mess hall now crowded again, and new helpers put on from old crew. Big news of Soviet rocket to moon, and radio giving the business about Socialistic Science triumphs. But nobody really too excited, as we are busy with other things, and rockets now are almost commonplace. Big argument between Boris and Eugenie; Boris says that rocket will emit sodium gas and spell out “USSR” !! Eugenie

says that's what is printed on the container; argument waxed hot and heavy. Saw Krukovsky and new synoptician, Zhdanov. He's a nice fellow; he asked to read my papers on southern hemisphere! Boganekov says that he has made about 2000 "ham" contacts during the year — many with USA, and is swamped by cards from all of them. *Ob* breaking ice very well, and almost at flag, beyond which there are no crevasses, and there is a safe road for tractors. *Thala Dan* and Australian expedition due here around 7 - 8 Jan. Too many interruptions; I'll never get my work finished at this rate. Finally took photos of the red tomatoes; they are nice to look at. The boys also have the top of a pineapple growing.

4 January БОКРЕСЕНЬЕ Tempo is picking up, as *Ob* being unloaded; she's only about 2 to 3 kms away. Big new tractor is impressive, and is center of attraction. Boys from Sovietskaya came in — all have beards; some look well, particularly Mayevsky, but others look done in. Madhouse continues in dining hall, but cook and waiters preserve their good humors; it seems that I would go raving mad. Went out to *Ob* after lunch; deep soft snow over ice. Tractors sometimes bog down and dig into ice so that water seeps through. Impressive to see big tractor unloaded, slowly, carefully, then roar into life with smoke from exhaust, and speed off to Mirny — all 35 tons over the ice! Oil for planes being unloaded — is Shell and Valvoline — purchased in S.Africa. We saw the pantry girl on *Ob* who had been pictured on the *Kooperatsiya* in Cartwright's *Saturday Evening Post* article. She said that she won't come to Mirny to see the article! Our minimum temp this morning was -11.6°C; and tonight we have a 20 m p sec drainage wind. Lots of talk about Soviet cosmic rocket. Vasiukov doesn't understand why the temp of the rocket is only +10, +20°C; he thinks that the moon has an atmosphere — he's weak in physics, I guess.

5 January ПОНЕДЕЛЬНИК Had bath "appointment" at 0930 — a cool room and two buckets of hot water make a new man of me. Unloading activity reaching higher level — weather continues fine, and ice in good shape. Visiting back and forth; all men from new groups are busy unloading. Mail and packages coming off now from holds. Boganekov says that he has had contacts with about 2000 "ham" operators during the past year and now is swamped by cards from all the "hams" he contacted. Lebedev has several boxes of books and things, also he showed me the latest development in Soviet cigarette making — a filter-tip cigarette, packaged in a cellophane wrapper; 20 cigarettes for 1,280 kopecks. One of the fellows said that an advantage of having been in Mirny is that he can subscribe in advance to magazines such as a *Radio Journal*, *Amerika*, etc. Usually these journals are snapped up from the newsstands in a day or so despite a big printing, sometimes running into 5 million. Saw second part of "Quiet Don;" mostly about Civil War, and not as good as first part!

6 January ВТОРНИК Minimum temperature -14°C this morning. Weather continues excellent, and unloading progressing; supply dumps being formed in old site, and we are even getting meteorology supplies dumped near our place. Our men pay no attention to all this activity; as Konstantin said, last year he was surprised that the previous year's men paid no attention to them as they worked — and this year he knows why, because he is in the same way. Shekirov says that he has a size 60 cap for me, and that I'm to pick it up tomorrow at Sergeyev's place. Treschnikov has written a book, and Shekirov has provided the photos; he took about 6000 shots last year, 4500 of which went to Polar Institute, and he kept 1500. His photos will be in Treschnikov's book. Vidensky, the *Pravda* correspondent, is also putting out a book. Lebedev came over and we exchanged books; I think that he had the best of it, but *nitchevo* [it doesn't matter]! He says that he can go back to being the Scientific Secretary of the newly-formed Antarctic Commission, but he isn't too eager for it as it bares no time for scientific work. Oley developed four rolls of black and white film for me — most shots are good. I gave the boys their presents today — some were abashed, some astonished, but all pleased. Met Buynitsky, the leader of the Marine expedition — nice, quiet fellow. He complemented me on my Russian — but he didn't speak long with me. Babkin had agreed to go as synoptician with marine expedition, but now seems to be trying to get out of it. Mishakin will go as his assistant. Mischa, the big tractor driver, says that he'll show me the inside of the new tractor when he has some free time. Saw final installment of "Quiet Don" — a really heavy bit, but I guess that the times were that way.

Time here is very quickly running out on us, and I feel strangely apathetic. I know that I'll never get all the work finished, but I've done enough already to satisfy most people. George brought me some typical Uzbek sweet-meals; pistachio nuts, picked from wild bushes, dried dark-blue raisins with dried yellow peas, and walnut meat covered with crystallized sugar. It was all very interesting. The Sovietskaya boys are still with beards — except for two of them. Babarikan has been on *Ob* for two or three days now — he is having a big time, from what I hear.

7 January СРЕДА Another clear day, but windy. Temp up to about +4°C, and snow surface becoming soft. Unloading progressing well with some of our men pitching in. Muxhanov had a big row with Bugaev last night about this. Spoke with John Styles on *Thala Dan* this morning; they have been meeting strong head winds and seas which reduce speed to 5.5 kts. They'll know Friday whether they'll come to Mirny. Picked up my Russian fur hat at Sergeyev's. It's nice but not as good as the one I had. Lebedev gave me stamps — pasted on to the note-paper. Radio boys were excited about slides, and insisted on my showing them — the new ones of my family. They loved them. Yakunyn was intrigued by the stairs to the second floor — "it's a dacha!" Sofronov came over with some positive film of Sovietskaya — very nice of him — gave him several popular-music records. The Sovietskaya men have shaved their beards. Galkin also removed it — now the men say that he's just another young man. I think that he looks better now. Saw ANARE [Australian National Antarctica Research Expedition] book, finally! It's a beauty — very well done. Heard radio report of fire at Wikes — but no injuries, fortunately. No details available. Bad business, fire. Saw documentary of 1st Mirny expedition; several of our group were here then. It's easier here now. The usual dramatic scenes with wind, etc. Saw the one of Xmara going through the ice in tractor, with sled following. That sort of thing always slows us up. Askold came over to give me photos of Leningrad, two cartoon books for Mary Sue, and a movie magazine showing "Tixhi Don." It took two years to film! It's in color and on wide screen.

8 January ЧЕТВЕРГ Unloading almost finished, and just in time, probably, as clouds became overcast and thickened by supertime. Men all working hard, and look tired. Took photos of baker at work. Gleg was mashing cranberries to make a sweet drink for the men shifting oil drums. Talked about Spanish and Russian languages with Konstantine — he was upset when I said that Spanish was better than Russian in that it was easier to pronounce, and followed written letters all the time. He simply cannot accept any sort of criticism of anything Russian. Saw excellent film "Fly Cranes." Quite artistic, and sensitive; but as usual, the insensitive mix in the audience spoke to each other all through it. The focus kept going bad, too, as usual. Belov received records from home — recorded by Van Cliborn. We played them on my phonograph — consensus is that he plays exceedingly well — and with clear tone.

9 January ПЯТНИЦА It's amazing what the letters and photos from home have done for me — subconsciously I now sleep soundly every night, with no disturbance at all. Weather overcast, but visibility good. Men from *Ob* now resting from labor, as unloading finished. Tractor to get a trial run into the interior soon. Heavy clothing turned in today — what will they do if a storm blows up? Saw Tolstikov and gave him some of the newspaper and magazine stories on Cartwright — he's very interested in all details. Nikolai Mukurov came in with stamps and covers; we traded some items, and I gave him magazines. He was taken by the convenience of the cellophane tape. Had English Class and showed family photos, handed out more magazines and discussed everything from education to contraception. Lebedev gave me some photo cards, "Russian" nuts, etc., etc. He has two tremendous "girlie" photos on wall; blown up from magazine photos, they are life size. Now, when we say "home soon," we really mean it, and it is exciting to think about. The boys tell me that they now are beginning actually to consider what they will do at home and what their reactions will be. Happy Day! Meteo [Meteorology] group did housecleaning in corridors today — everything in good order now. We are back to using meteorological forms for toilet paper — "upper air forms for lower regions."

10 January СУББОТА Snow becoming slushy, and the various trash heaps behind all the houses are beginning to show. Temperature now stays at or slightly above freezing. Overcast sky all day, but warm. Men coming back and forth from *Ob* in carryalls to shift and store supplies

here. Finally got to the philatelists requests; some of them are downright demanding and inconsiderate — others send stamps and only a few envelopes — reasonable. I can't ask for 150 stamps for just one man! *Thala Dan* coming along well — Victor spoke with Styles, who had asked for me — but Victor said that I "was on duty." Had visit from *Ob*'s electrical engineer who was having trouble with his camera. I fixed him up. He was in New York for 2 weeks in 1948 with a ship. He wanted to know how I liked the people here — first informing me that he wasn't a reporter. His feeling is that the Russians are simple, even educated folk who react rather than think about their actions. Victor gave me two examples of the handicraft of the town of Хохлоца — it's a flower design in black and gold, printed on little boxes, etc. Very nice and colorful. Bath day today; I didn't go as everyone said that it was the hottest ever. No wind today and temperatures above freezing — that's murder on bath day. Dimitri performed four operations today before noon meal, one appendectomy on Ury Agaphonikov, and three others for tumors. A plane from Mirny flew over *Thala Dan* at 11 p.m. and circled a few times. Ship appeared from behind Haswell and icebergs to nose into fast ice about 6 - 8 kms NNW of us.

11 January БОКРЕСЕНЬЕ Early breakfast. Four of Australian party were seen on hill near radio station; they had walked in, having started at 0330. Don Styles said that they had awoken him at that time to ask for permission! They had brought a case of beer. Tolstikov had me invite them to breakfast. Graham Budd, the doctor, was one of them. He's young-looking, and a bit eager; tall and lanky. Went with Victor Makuschok in helicopter to *Thala Dan* which was at edge of fast ice. Capt. Petersen later told me that the ice in the channel cut by *Ob* was pressuring and he didn't want to get into it. Had breakfast with Styles, John Bechenaise, Dick Thompson, etc. Grapefruit juice, corn flakes, fresh eggs and bacon, with toast and black coffee! Styles seems a quiet fellow, almost shy, but I think that he is persistent, after watching him tour the base. Bechenaise is an intelligent, cultured man with wide interests — was lecturer in history of architecture at London University. He says that he wears a beard in camp, but not on trail trips; is happy for having known dog team travel, but will always accept new and better technology. Dick stayed on ship to keep eye on things, at Captain's request. Captain hasn't slept in two nights; he's an old hand having been with Australian and last year's English relief at Weddell Sea. He and Dick are good friends and say to each other "you have been too long in the Company." Helicopter ferried men from ship to Mirny in groups of ten. Had meeting in "Pentagon." Were served usual drinks, caviar, delicious peaches, apples, tomatoes. Toasts, then pairing off of opposite numbers. Styles visited everything. Bechenaise spent a half-hour with me in my room, and connected on differences between my decorations and the mid-Victorian tastes of the Russians. His friend (Keith-Jones) was with us; he's a classicist turned weather observer for their trip to Mawson. We were very much impressed with features of new tractor. It is fitted like a compact cabin cruiser, and is very well done; the bunks have foam rubber mattresses, but seem a bit narrow. Styles didn't want to rest after lunch, so we continued on. He is thinking of putting main communication base at Wilkes, as the signal there will be more directly normal to auroral zone and better for communicating with Australia. Maps exchanged between Tolstikov and Styles, and Styles gave Capt. Dubinin, of *Ob*, a chart of Mawson area as *Ob* will call there to put in a fuel cashe for possible flights to Lazarev. Banquet on *Thala Dan* at night; a hot dish, plus excellent smorgasbord. Capt. Petersen a jovial fellow — many toasts in Danish Aquavit. Ostrekin a bit drunk; he traded his fur cap for an Australian cap. Many colorful Australian berets worn by our fellows after trip. (Just remembered visit to *Ob* prior to flying to banquet on *Thala Dan*. Wine and fruit, plus picture taking. We had 13 to go to *Thala Dan* — and pilot said that's a bad number, so we went in two groups.) Made partial list of visitors for Styles. Martinis before the banquet — the Russians didn't know what to do with the olives. Several fellows gave me letters to mail for them when I reach Australia. Also the seismologist gave me carton of cigarettes for "Korean" seismologist here, and pestered me three times after that not to forget. Finally home at midnight and in bed by 12:30 a.m. The men from both parties joined again that good, friendly, and warm spirit that marked last year's visit.

12 January ПОНЕДЕЛЬНИК Awakened at 0515 to go on flight to Vostok! Scholuikov was pilot. He seemed a bit peeved when I had to return home to pick up sleeping bag — as if reciting a lesson he said, "by order of the leader of the expedition nobody is to fly into the interior without a

sleeping bag.” Dressed as I was for Vostok’s -27°C, it was warm walking. The leader of the Vostok station for 1959, and two of his men, an ionospheric man, and the radio-theodolite operator. We also carried mail, parcels, fresh tomatoes and potatoes. As we circled for altitude we saw *Ob* and *Thala Dan* — we left at 0615. The three for Vostok took last long look at ships and station, then busied themselves getting out heavy clothing, putting same on as we flew at about 3800 - 4000 meters altitude. We exchanged post cards, autographs, etc. Ignatev speaks a bit of English and asked me to autograph the card in English. Over Pionerskaya in 2 hours, over Vostok I in 3½. IL-12 was dropping fuel there for tractor train. We dipped wings both times. Our breakfast consisted of canned chicken, bread, tea and jam. Saw tractor train through engineer’s window; they were 45 km north of Komsomolskaya — weather good, with sctd [scattered] cirrus — this latter turned to broken to overcast Ac. Saw the five tractors — we were at about 3850 meters, about 400 meters above them. Landed at Komsomolskaya at 1030; left at 1200. Saw base while plane was being refueled. It’s a tiny black spot in an endless white dessert. They have a convenient set-up, but it’s crowded and depressing. Saw Soraxtin, Koptev and several tractor drivers waiting for a lift to Vostok and Mirny, respectively. We were off-loaded and asked to wait while plane took Soraxtin and Koptev to Vostok; but as plane warmed engines, radio operator came with a new order from Mirny; off-load seismologists and put us back on! Ignatyev was busy asking questions of Fokin about housekeeping etc. Fokin says “keep busy all the time.” Plane was cold, as rear heater not working properly. No proper seats, so not very comfortable. Reached Vostok — a slightly bigger black spot — at about 1440. Big reception, and banquet set up in their dining hall. This is a good station, with a big program. Cold and clear; sky bluer than I’ve ever seen it anywhere. Temp was -32°C. Men look well and happy. Siderov is vigorous fellow, with good spirit. He took Ignatyev and me on quick tour of camp, saw all science installations, plus geomagnetic tunnel, balloon inflation shelter carved out of snow, etc. Doctor has been doing physiological experiments on the men; some talk of taking down [soft fine feathers?] there this season for experiments! Siderov had bored the holes for the seismic shots; he took cut-off compressed gas cylinder, put heating unit in and ran 1.7 kw of current to heat it; then suspended from tripod, cylinder melted it’s way down to the required 45 meter depth at rate of 6 m per day. He has drilled two such holes. Last minute rush of good-byes, photo taking, and then we were off with a load of personal belonging of men who will be coming out soon. One of the men came with us — Ribchenka — a Ukrainian, and radio theodolite operator; a big fellow, and pleasant. He was terribly upset because he had forgotten all the mail that his wife had sent him on the plane that brought us in! But he soon got over it, read other mail and magazines, showed me a photo of his wife, a pretty blonde girl, and gave me candy — “two, Mr. Rubin, you must take two.” I vomited later — probably effects of wine, bad herring at Vostok, and altitude [3477 meters, 11409 feet above sea level]. But no bad headache. Very cold and uncomfortable on plane. Landed at Komsomolskaya for gas. Saw Koptev again — Soraxtin was at station reading mail from his wife. Took off in half-hour. Saw tractor train stopped for night; we flew at about 100 meters above terrain and had good, but quick view of them. Plane cold and uncomfortable and I was very tired. Gave mechanic my lip-salve as his lips were very badly cracked and painful. He said that it had worked almost immediately to relieve the soreness. Back home at midnight — could hardly raise enough energy to talk with Bugaev and Torjutkin. Put some things away, drunk hot lemonade and had three crackers — then to bed!

13 January ВТОПНИК Woke up at 0830, completely refreshed. Big backlog of work, plus back data from U.S. stations kept me busy. Many greetings and congratulations on my flight to Vostok. I thanked Tolstikov, saying that I thought the men were excellent examples; he said, “All our people are good fellows!” I was also asked whether I was wined, as well as dined. The fact that there was still cognac and champagne surprised the fellows here, but I suppose they were hoarded, or recently arrived. The new fellows here are working hard getting their gear stored away; they are exhausted by night, and are reddened by sun and lips blistered. They fall asleep on their chairs. De Gerlache sent message asking how can Belgians repay costs of rescue efforts — Tolstikov said no repayment expected; was glad to help co-workers in Antarctica. Victor says that he may not be able to send me a book in exchange for the dictionary; the one sentence in the *Time* article caught his eye. It’s a good article, he says.

14 January СРЕДА Another bad day, with snow; improved by end of day, but still overcast cirrus of many forms. Makarov came in and gave me more stamps; I gave him more and a number of cards. His co-worker, Yevseyev also got one and I gave them batteries and lamps for flashlights; they have only six batteries issued. Had big time with Fedorenka and stamping philatelic mail; he gave me 30 stamps, plus some envelopes; he would have given me more, but I am embarrassed to take them. Sovietskaya men have gone to *Ob* to await *Kalinin*; also much of the outgoing cargo has been shifted to *Ob* for later transfer to *Kalinin* in case fast ice is in bad condition. New aerology boys now working; our fellows have gone to *Ob*. Change is taking place everywhere — radio, etc. Babin gave me a positive of me in front of carryall on sea ice when we went on seal hunt. Torjutkina and Gruza gave talks on their work. Zhdanov now plotting data on maps. Nobody helps me! I'm in bad shape as regards finishing all I want to do — but it's not too bad; I'll have time to rest after I get home. Bad news from Adelie Station [later named Dumont d'Urville, French station]; Prondhomine was lost in blizzard on 7 Jan and is now presumed dead. A terrible thing and right at the end of the expedition. Aerologists have taken my records and phonograph to record on tape. My Scotch tape is also very popular. "We have this, too, but it's a bit thicker."

15 January ЧЕТВЕРГ Still more last-minute preparations for moving personnel. Perov flew an ice survey with Capt. Dubinin to see where clear water is. *Ob* left at supper time to do a geomagnetic survey in this region; she looked very striking as she moved back through the ice channel, breaking ice again. More of the men from here went aboard, as we are now very crowded. Brunelli, the geophysics chief, is busy taking the classes; he got me into it by mistake. The questions are: name, age, Nationality, Citizenship, Native language, level of education, profession, place of work. Questions are on a big form, with several persons registered on one page. There seems to be no provision for machine methods. Today we have a sheet of carbon paper in the toilet! Alexander complained today that, although he is no longer the commadant, he and Oley have to take out the "galleon." Perov flew to Pionerskaya to take out the personnel, and the tractor train also left there. The boys look well and fit, despite their long ordeal of one year and twenty days. Gave Perov a copy of *National Geographic Magazine*, which he was very pleased with. Traded stamps with Aphonin — his son saves stamps. Some of the boys are making last minute trips to Haswell, but I don't think I'll have time to go. They came back very tired, and no wonder — their boots weigh 5 kilos! Tolstikov says that the Poles want to spend up to 15 days at Oasis, which means that I'll not get to Capetown in time for the plane connection for Australia — actually, I'm not too sorry. Had long session with Victor and Askold. Cartwright's article has brought about a drastic cut in the liquor ration at Antarctic stations; it is said to be limited to a half-liter per man per month. The boys won't thank Cartwright for it, but I think that it is in line with the current campaign to cut down on consumption of alcohol in the Soviet Union. The 900 ruble per month allowance for food, cigarettes, etc. here is said to be more than twice the Arctic allowance, so I guess that we eat more caviar and other delicacies than do the boys in the Arctic. Askold says that he makes 1500 rubles per month and spends 900 for food for himself, wife, and daughter; their rent is 50 rubles per month. Milk costs 2 rubles per liter — from dairy or from peasants; butter costs about 22 rubles per kilo.

16 January ПЯТНИЦА New crews gradually working into routine in radio, aviation, and meteorology. At suggestion of Bugaev I today stopped working on analysis and began packing. I have so much of my own and some of Gordon's, that it'll be a tight squeeze. Beautiful display of cirrus and Ac all day long, but clear at night. Had good English session, although Makuschok is sick in bed with +39.1°C fever. The boys were very appreciative of the reproductions of paintings that Goldie sent. They were also amused by the strange things sent by Miss Oldenbury; they asked me to thank both ladies for them. Tolstikov sent condolences to the French, in Somov's, Fedov's and his own name. Lebedev's translation was a bit archaic, such as "bleak," "heroical," etc., but he does a fairly good job. Gave away pencils, plus paper to Zhdanov. Cooks liked article by Cartwright; Krukovsky said that not enough bottles were shown on the table at Gordon's party! The boys in English class again complained about Gordon's referring to drinking; I pointed out that he also mentioned hard drinking in Texas, Northwest, conventions, etc.; but they said that it was only mentioned once. They seem to have a bad feeling about it, although they admit that

there is much drinking. Last year's group had 65 liters of alcohol per month (for instruments) for the 13 or 14 men in the Met group! Only a few liters were used for instruments, I am sure.

17 January СУББОТА Spent all day sorting and packing trunks and boxes. What with Cartwright's and my things together, I have a space problem. He had it easy, as I was here to keep him and he didn't take many of the things that he had brought. Ostrekin gave me several photos he had taken when the Australians were here; they are quite good, and pictorial. Sophronov brought me the Bellingshausen book, and I gave him a *National Geographic* Map of Antarctica. He keeps harping on the possibility that I'll say bad things about the Russians when I get home — this happens almost every time we talk together. Saw the new tape-recorder the new Met group brought. It is made in Lithuania, and looks very much like some of the U.S. ones I've seen; in fact, the U.S. reels fit it very well, as we found when I rewound the Eugene Oregon opera tapes! Gave some of the boys Lux soap for their wives. Camp is very crowded, as last batch came from Vostok. Askold has to go on the primary trip of the tractor train, and he won't be here to greet the *Kalinin* when it arrives. His nightmare is that the *Kalinin* will be going north as he is still going south. His brother Ury's wife sent a small artificial tree with very colorful decorations; Ury is now up for meals, and is going to his regular abode today; it was a quick recovery. Lev says that he didn't come to English class because he asked Mikos what day it was and Mikos said that it was Thursday — so neither came.

18 January ВОСКРЕСЕНЬЕ I didn't realize that it was Sunday until I was served cocoa at breakfast. Tractor train came in at 2 a.m. Tractors left standing around, with flags flying. Had a bath today with the men from train; they were greasy and oily from head to shoulders, hands to wrists, and on feet. They reveled in the bath. I saw Dvordinkov, and he grabbed me and kissed me the customary three times — it was awkward for me, but he is such an open, warm soul that he didn't notice. The *Ob* came back again today. At lunch Lebedev gave me a discourse on the advantages of vodka over cognac, and said that vodka can be drunk with any sort of food, but that cognac has limited scope! I said that the food tastes better without liquor, and that I have no such problems. The jazz records are being tape recorded — Bugaev also likes jazz and asked me about differences between the various types — I told him that my familiarity with jazz ended when I left college. Tractors left on trip of 75 - 100 km. Saw excellent film — 1st part — of the *Idiot* by Dostoyusky; a truly high calibre work with a high and lively [performance] sustained throughout. I was much impressed.

19 January ПОНЕДЕЛЬНИК Raw day; overcast with wind from SE; the parka felt good. *Ob* breaking ice in channel. Still lots of confusion, but work gets done. Men sleeping on cots in every nook and corner — probably even sleeping in shifts. Summer and change-over time is worst period in Antarctica. Aphonin has brought helicopter from ship for flight to Oasis to prepare station for Poles. Head table is full, but I wonder why Brunelli doesn't sit there? He seems a very mild-mannered fellow. Second part of *Idiot* is not yet available — so I'll probably never see it. Copying data, computing resultants, photographing upper air data. Work, work, work! But took half-hour to read some of the family's letters again. Happy, happy, happy! Bugaev packed about 15 records to tape-record, after listening to most of all I have. He's very eager about the jazz. The new fellows are busy printing their photos to have them sent home on the ship. Oley still coughs — it's been a full year; I wonder what's wrong with him?

20 January ВТОРНИК Spent much of day photographing maps — a boring job. I hope all turns out well. Everyone busy packing for departure — nobody takes time to visit, but I had three! Traded stamps, etc. Mikos asked me to put a short greeting on the Ephemeris I gave him. He's going on the *Ob* to take further air-glow observations. Victor says that his albino is sick and doesn't eat; it seems to have trouble breathing and constantly clears its head of some liquid. Had combined birthday party for Schlackov, and farewell for our group. I contributed case of beer (the one I had been saving for this), three bottles of last year's Australian wine, six cans of nuts, plus the shrimp and anchovies Tolstikov had given me. Nice toasts all around — complimentary — to me and Gordon. I toasted Janus, who looked both ways; and I looked back at good year, and

forward to a good one for new group. Dancing and singing afterwards. Schlackov told of Cartwright's visit to Moscow and adventure with Robinson (New Zealand) and ambulance.

21 January СРЕДА A hectic day of final packing; it's the little things that take longest. A jug of mercury, very precariously balanced on top of boxes, was pushed off and broken; no matter! Everyone standing on radio hill from time to time to look for *Kalinin* — which finally showed up just before supper and tied off alongside *Ob* at edge of ice — *Ob* against ice. Now we can say — home soon! Meals are still poor here. Bugaev, Belov and Schlackov flew to Drygalski. Tent being snowed over — 1 meter higher in two months. Lots of precipitation there. Visit from Mischa the big tractor driver — he loved the family photos. Pleased that I photographed the tractors — he loves them. Cartwright had article in *Amerika*, also, but no tractors. Schlackov is a balloonist too. I gave him material for snow crystal replicas.

22 January ЧЕТВЕРГ Bright day — mail is in! Cartwright sent first installment of a long letter. Family came through as usual — and Ruth Wexler, plus Lillian Levy. Another proposal for a book — this is interesting, but I'm not convinced that it's necessary. Tolstikov very nicely asked when I'd be ready to move to the ship; the met group is going today. I asked for another day, and he as usual, very graciously agreed. He hopped on me for the engine failures on Mikoyan plane from New York. He thinks that it's an American airline, and was unconvinced when I said that he might have flown on any one of a dozen different lines and that it was probably a Swedish line. Another example of their lack of knowledge of the outside world! Gave AN some old magazines. He's of Korean descent; even his grandfather was born in the Soviet Union, and is a Hero of Socialist Labor; his father is a mining engineer. There are many Koreans in the Soviet Union — particularly around Tashkent and that region. They have rich collective farms and raise cotton; but the bright boys all in higher education. He himself works in a Moscow Institute for earth currents; they prospect for minerals. Spent most of day just packing small items — they are the most troublesome and time-consuming. Baronin is a box-saver; he asked for all the ones I am discarding. Our boys are still doing last-minute packing, but they'll not leave today. In Antarctica plans change before they can begin to be put into effect. Spoke with Schliakhov and showed him the various items I'm leaving. One of the new men for Vostok returned; he didn't like it there. He's the same one who closely questioned me about the station after my return from Vostok. Yevseyev, who is supposed to form part of the Lazarev station is taking his place — as a radio transmission - weather observer. Zhdanov is harassed-looking, with all the work of two men thrown onto him. Kiddled with Izotov about there being no film tonight — and after many men showed up with their own chairs — it turned out that there really was to be no film; my forecast verified! Many of the pilot group are on a long binge; but several maintain their sobriety — notably Plaskin, who always impressed me as a serious type. I spent some time giving last-minute gifts of books, maps, etc. Saw Matveyev and took his address; he's to go on the *Ob*, it seems, and he's not too happy a "volunteer." Victor says that his albino penguin died the day before yesterday of a lung ailment, poor creature. Lolpkin, the doctor from Vostok, attended the patient. Penguin is frozen and autopsy to be carried out later. Victor says that Capt. of *Kalinin* doesn't want to carry his frozen specimens in refrigerator compartment. Saw aerophoto boys; they say that results of 1st year's work not exactly correct; second year okay; and third year all right, but not able to accomplish full program. They wanted to do interior sections, but only able to do coastal strip. I forgot my reflector when I went to visit the new tractor train, so again didn't get color shots of interior. The old tractor Nr.13 — with the number 1 blanked out; is torn down for motor repairs. The change of number never helped, according to Askold. There will be a radio receiver and transmitter in every second of the tractors in the proposed trains — for keeping contact within the group. The men are getting everything ready and expect to leave by 1 Feb. They have airplane-type galley and toilet, kerosene-burning heater under floor of rear vestibule, etc., etc. Had hilarious time discussing the girls on the *Kalinin* with the fellows who have been there. Men from new expedition say that there are some very nice ones; several of our fellows who wintered at Sovietskaya and other places say that the girls aren't really much to look at! Their standards have risen strangely after a year without women! Our housekeeping has broken down completely — water is dirty and scarce — I have enough in my water bottle to last until we leave. The packing has frustrated me — Cartwright should have left one of his trunks to carry the

things that he left here. Some of the fellows have said they'll write if they can, and pass on some published results if their bosses agree to it. Put all in readiness for early departure, and to bed with aching hands and smarting cuts on fingers from ropes, splinters, and bruises. After 14 months I'm to leave this behind. It's a bit strange, and I leave with a feeling that part of me is here forever — as it must be with all places and experiences in our lives. And, also, there's a feeling that there's still something more to do, not that I'm dissatisfied with my results and personal contacts, but one always wants just a bit more, I guess.

23 January ПЯТНИЦА Today was just on kaleidoscope of rushing back and forth waste motions, and physical effort that I just can't do justice to in my practically exhausted state. I'll leave it for a calmer moment tomorrow, and as hope springs eternal in the human breast, I expect that there will be such a moment!

24 January СУББОТА Yesterday (23rd) was a long, confused, and utterly needlessly exhausting day. Slept well, but awakened at 0630 with warning that tractor was on its way to pick up our baggage. Stuffed last few toilet articles into last open carton, and then off to breakfast. Saw Gusyev, who gave me a package from Bregman — it turned out to be a copy of "*Soviet Union*" in English with short article by Gordon and an insultingly short and non-committal article by Rastorguyev. He also sent several clippings from *Water Transport* newspaper, with almost unrecognizable photographs. Victor Perov had some philatelic mail with \$5 U.S. that was sent by Schneider, the one who sent me a number of covers for the helicopter pilot to sign; no letter to Perov, however, so he didn't know what was wanted. I explained what I thought to be the man's desire. Checked with radio station for any last minute telegrams, then went home to help load baggage. This, in my case, was more in the nature of receiving than giving. Mitin, from Vostok, started to make some sharp remark about Americans, but Izotov shut him up as I came near. Anyway, all loaded aboard, and many photos taken, and two more stops were made to pick up men and baggage. Tolstikov and Kibalin stopped to look on. By mid-morning we were on our merry way, perched atop the baggage or sprawled amongst it. Clear day, but cold wind from Antarctica as a parting gesture and as a warning not to forget what had been and might again be in store for us if we return. We reached the *Ob* uneventfully, then busied ourselves loading baggage onto pallets to be hoisted aboard *Ob*, all the while perilously close to edge of ice. I had, also, a sinking feeling once where the pallet tipped and the trunk with all the movie film hung in delicate balance. I had visions of all my cold hours of work lying at the bottom of the cold Davis Sea. Visited Capt Dubinin, and chatted for awhile about expedition plans, sailor's life, his new home-to-be in Xerson. He says that last year he spent only 18 hours in Murmansk, and sees no reason for his family to live in the north just because that's his home port. He was on *Lena* during its first voyage here. He's a big distinguished-looking man, and easy to talk with. We also spent more time at lunch together. *Ob* had a hard time finding a berth near *Kalinin*, as ice was soft and didn't hold the "dead-men." Finally, after about four or five hours of work we moved farther out and found a spot about 600 - 700 meters from *Kalinin*. Captain of *Kalinin* didn't want *Ob* alongside, as wind was strong. Dubinin says that we won't likely go more than 14 -15 knots on way home, as there is no hurry. The baggage shifting was ridiculously complicated, and it was all hauled by hand sled, or carried on shoulders, or, finally, in a small boat. But the presence of a killer whale near the ship made the boat trip more than a little risky. A big mechanized expedition, an airplane is being used to carry meat back to Mirny, and we reverted to Scott's hand-hauling operation! We stopped in the middle for dinner (7:30 p.m.) and the head waiters at first wouldn't serve some men because they were in work clothes! Finally we ended our work by about 10:30 p.m. and had showers — some confusion about when water would go off, and Vasiukov caught in middle while still soapy, but came on again in time. Our stewardess is Galina Igorxuyenya — a very pleasant woman, anxious to make us comfortable. Dimitrigoev, the passenger representative also helpful, and his assistant, too. The ship is new, having been built in DDR in 1958; its clean, is modern, with typical Soviet realistic art in strategic spots. Tableware clean and bright, clothes clean and white, and waitresses pleasant. The girls spend much time on deck, on snow, and even on skis. All are friendly, and our boys are making the most of every occasion to talk with them. Unloading of meat for Mirny goes on while we load our luggage. Several of the aviation boys — notably Rhyshkov — are potted. One of *Kalinin*'s crew is playing

soccer on ice — in shorts and jersey only! I arranged — temporarily — my things in cabin, but it's a tight squeeze for two, and storage space and wardrobe space is almost non-existent. Into bed by 1230. Slept badly, as bunk short, pillow too high, new noises and new mattress all contributed to making a bad night. Had two boiled eggs (cool) for breakfast with bread and tea — no coffee available. Helped carry boxes and trunks to the cabin where the meteorological stores will be kept. Rearranged my own things more satisfactorily, too. I feel as if I'm a thousand miles from Mirny, and I don't even take an extra glance backward toward Mirny; yesterday we were looking only forward to the *Kalinin*. The other boys say the same, and they feel pounds lighter as the heavy boots and clothing has been shed. It's sort of like a snake must feel when it sheds its old skin. *Ob* left in morning for more ferrying and returned before dinner with 25 men. More announcements on loud-speaker about where we can't go, what we can't do, not to throw anything but toilet paper into toilets, don't stand on the furniture, and don't sleep in bed with dirty clothes on. Water is short and somewhat rationed, although I haven't even noticed it. *Ob* is leaving soon to pick up water from an iceberg and will transfer some to us. A film was shown today at 10 a.m. and again — another — at 9 p.m. There is supposed to be a "dry-law" on board, but some fellows don't seem to know it. My biggest problem is keeping away from them; the bragging and annoying questions are the inevitable result of such an encounter. The tractor drivers are in today, interior station personnel are in 1st class cabins, young scientists in 3rd class, aviators in 2nd class, and senior scientists in 1st class cabins. All, however, are nice; only 3rd class have small portholes and have four to five in cabin. Zotov is in with Muhanov, which pleases him not at all. Viktor Petrov came in, as did Babkin. Perov and Parfyonov, Phyllis, etc. came aboard tonight, and man-hauling baggage was the order of the day — for most men. Airplane still flying meat to Mirny. Perov says that he will fly to Oasis for the Polish group on the 28th or 29th, and we'll leave straightaway. He likes Camels and I gave him a pack; he learned to like them when he was ferrying planes from Alaska. Wind was strong today and waves lapping at edge of ice — a small crack has appeared between us and *Ob* — a portent of things to come. Soccer game expanded today to include more men, plus an interested penguin who also at times took a peck at the ball. They naturally seem to know what's going on, although they are really sort of stupid. Came up close (about 12 feet) of two skuas and took photos — one flew away but returned while I was still there. They were pecking at the remains of another skua, it seemed to me. Brodtkin was playing with the three clocks in the vestibule (Moscow, Stockholm and London time) and caught hell — in a nice way — from our stewardess. The assistant passenger representative speaks Spanish quite well, having studied in Leningrad. He also knows French and Swedish. Grigoryev, the co-pilot, says he flew 700 hours here during the year.

25 January БОКРЕЧЕНЬЕ Cocoa for breakfast, but it looked watery, and I had tea. We moved out after the *Ob* during mid-morning to locate the old iceberg with melt-water on it. An interesting operation getting hoses and pumps onto the berg and pumping water. We took on 160 tons in about seven hours. Lots of photographers on both ships, and lots of banter with the girls on our ship. There certainly are a lot of them and our boys are making the most of it. The Polish woman seems nice, friendly, and vigorous. We had a section of the berg split off near our bow, but no damage. Interesting snow shower and cumulus clouds; must be with a frontal system, and later cleared nicely. Two movies today. There's a "dry-law" on the ship, but a number of fellows mustn't know it. Schkolnikov asked me to pledge my word that I wouldn't publish the picture of him that I took at Vasiukov's birthday party — there's nothing wrong with it as far as I can see — but it's another example of these fellows worrying about my saying derogatory remarks in publishing adverse criticism when I get home. Fresh radish, cucumber and onion salad tonight — yum yum! Konstantin borrowed a book on Russian proverbs and sayings, and insists on explaining them to me — and the ideas just don't get across. A small contingent of new passengers came aboard this morning and dining hall is almost full at meal times. Soon we'll be waiting in line, I guess. Misha the tractor driver gave me a few photos he had taken of me — they're good shots. I showed him the magazine *Soviet Union* — and the ballet article caught his eye — he recognized Ulmain immediately. I wonder how many American tractor drivers would recognize a ballet star?

26 January ПОНЕДЕЛЬНИК The whales had us running back and forth along the crack today photographing them as they paraded in formation — patrolled along the edge of the ice. They are sleek, powerful, efficient, and utterly cold looking creatures. The wind was bickering up white-caps on the sea which was easy to confuse with their spray, but the blow could be heard distinctly and not mistaken. Several more fellows came aboard today, notably Lomovitsky; plane flying back and forth taking meat directly to cold warehouse 25 kms inland. Plenty of small drinking parties around ship, with visitors from *Ob*. I am told that the boys on the *Ob* feel lonely and would willingly come over to us — this hanging around waiting must be telling on them. Big discussion at dinner — Mayevsky foolishly said that I don't speak Russian any better now than when I first came! Fyodorov says that's ridiculous because on the telephone its hard to know that it's I talking. Mayevsky was a bit drunk — as was Fyodorov — and is a bit sillier than usual. Babarikan says that they had a jolly group at Sovietskaya — and that's very important. Natasha was brought out only on Sundays, holidays and birthdays — he says that she was a very welcome addition to their group. Rybchenka brought me the Polish woman correspondent. Extra camera to fix today; I don't know how I have gotten the reputation of being a camera repairman, but anything not Russian is assumed to be in my ken. Konstantin worried all day about a flight to Mirny — finally got permission, but almost missed the last plane as he came back to get his overcoat — he had to open the door and climb aboard as the engine started. Galina, the room stewardess, took my soiled clothes today to wash; she's very obliging. She was 18 at the time of the siege of Leningrad, and worked in a hospital. She says that foreign men don't do household tasks as the Russian men can. Saw a Russian cops and robbers film so I guess that they still have robbers in the Soviet Union; but it was a poor film.

27 January ВТОРНИК Weather turning bad, wind stronger, and ship hitting against edge of ice. Captain took ship out to sea around 6 p.m., and we roll just a bit as a result. We had taken about 50 men aboard today — all and their baggage had come by airplane. Ice is breaking up; and some penguins seem to be on the floes, although it is a bit early, I think. Saw Schyakhov for a few minutes today, plus some fellows from the *Ob*, probably for last time. Only 14 men and the Poles still remain ashore. The newcomers are experiencing the same pleasure at embarking on this clean comfortable ship as did we “old timers.” Beards are coming off, and Makushok is furious with the fellows who are abandoning his company. Babarikan gave me some details of life at Sovietskaya, and Konstantinev filled me in on medical details; they sometimes took more than an hour to move a drum of oil 30 meters in the open air — five men working, but many rest periods to keep from freezing lungs. Lupkin says the same of Vostok, where they had to re-erect a radio mast after a 33 m p sec wind. Babarikan says that his wife and daughter are in a new 2-room (34 m³) apartment, plus kitchen, bath, service space, about 200 m from his Central Aerological Institute. He met his wife at the front, she was a radio operator; and their daughter was conceived there — he says that there were three of them in the Division. She suffered from rheumatic fever, and he was badly wounded in the leg — in hospital for a year and four days — and right leg now one centimeter shorter than left. Showed slides to Galina and her roommate, who were mildly interested. Men look different in their dress clothes; many have put on their decorations, uniforms, hero medals, etc. Some in full suit, dress shirt and tie, others in slacks and sport shirts or sweaters, but all clean and neat. Saw photos of Bolern's family and country home 22 kms from Moscow; dachas built by Glavsemmaput for 200 polar workers, and men buy them on monthly payment basis. He gave me several postcards; and he, Askold, and Solubov signed them. Askold gave me a children's book for Mary Sue. Some fellows bored already and are helping girls clean rooms or polish floors. We are joking about how hard life is now; four meals per day, movies twice a day, and all the rest of the day to sleep. Konstantine has still not come back from Mirny; he must like it there.

28 January СРЕДА Ship moving slowly all day as weather poor, with snow and limited visibility. Icebergs look large and threatening as we steer a course to avoid them. Fast ice is supposed to be fast breaking up, and we see many large pieces drifting along. Many rumors as to when we'll leave, and even that we'll head for Capetown. Began writing up article for Bregman — difficult to strike the right tone, but in general it will be a laudatory article, as it should be in view of results of expedition. Had two long talks with Babarikan — he's a capable leader, I imagine, and did a

good job at Sovietskaya. They had 18 movies there all winter long, and each man had his own favorite which he often projected only with himself as an audience. A big crowd was when four men were at the movie. Saw a photo of the six of them in a group; "Natasha" took the picture. They had plane land there only five times; once last year, and four times this year. Ostrekin has begun his physical Culture regime with walks and cold showers several times a day — with 2 walks and one shower before breakfast. Talked of families, son's education, etc. He's anxious for me to visit him in Leningrad. I'm lost without weather reports and a map to look at, and I can't imagine how long this bad weather will last; many fellows asking me about my plans and possibility of ship going to Melbourne if we are further delayed. Who knows? Victor Baronin is sick with grippe, poor fellow! Lebedev says that there's an English teacher for the crew, and she also doubles as a librarian. Plechkyevich developing film in the bathtub today.

29 January ЧЕТВЕРГ Weather somewhat improved; after moving around seemingly playing tag with the *Ob*, and all of us snapping photos like mad as we steamed by the large icebergs, we tied up around noontime at the edge of the fast ice again, somewhat to the west of where we had been before. Polish writer, whose husband spent a winter 25 years ago on Spitzbergen and has been writing about polar themes in popular articles and stories ever since, flew to Mirny with Makuschok. Victor went to get his penguins, complaining that he can't get rid of his parka and heavy outfit of clothing. The rest of our men came aboard, except for Bugaev and Tolstikov, and three men who are with the Poles at Oasis — now called Dobrowolski, after a Polish glaciologist. Went to *Ob* to look up Makarov, also visited Mikos who is there with the Czech writer. Showed Lydda, the stewardess, the picture of her by Cartwright in the *Saturday Evening Post* article. She says that it isn't a good one and that she likes to think that she looks better. From the attention she gets from the boys, she looks good enough. She's a blonde, but wants to have dark hair! More announcements about taking care of ship's property. Today last day for free use of water in showers, so Galina told me to have a shower and she'd change bed linen for me — very attentive. Vasiukov is back after three nights away — he's sure that weather will be bad for two or three days longer. Lebedev has looked up the English teacher - librarian, and she'll join our conversation class after tea tomorrow. Men from *Ob* standing on pieces of ice near hull to spread black paint all over — rather risky. Light snow falling from thin As clouds at night — groups of men and girls looking at photos; very nice to see. Excellent Yugoslavian film "Xhanka" about gypsies and their loves. The doctor from Vostok says that the men used to dream about girls, but now they don't have to dream, they see real ones.

30 January ПЯТНИЦА Today was the last day! We left behind the *Ob* at 2120 local time. Weather was excellent all day long, with no wind. Photographs by the hundreds were taken as all of us spent most of the day on the ice. Large pieces cracked off alongside ships! The usual photos with penguins, seals, ships, icebergs, people. But we all wanted just one more photo! Poles flew in from Oasis and Makuschok's last load of frozen penguins, birds, etc. came aboard. Victor hadn't slept and was dead-tired. Poles looked fresh and bright; we all took photos of each other in a round robin. Several fellows went to Haswell at the last moment and were late getting back, holding up the departure for several hours, and others had killed more penguins as souvenirs; there has been no attempt to control such killing, as far as I can see. The usual last minute visiting back and forth between ships, but nobody left behind. Planes and helicopter aboard *Ob*, visitors from Mirny — Schliakhov, etc. Last good-byes to Mikos. Aphonin quite high and slid down the ladder — astraddle! Small group sitting on boxes as we left. Rockets shot off at departure. There's a "dry-law" on board, but a lot of drunks are wondering around. Genie, the little tractor driver, came to see me, thinking that I'd be lonesome; he'll study at some Technical Institute; he's 24; his father was killed during the last days of April 1945 — but he didn't give up hope until 1950. Konstantin and I had a can of beer after departure. I then sat alone watching the icebergs and bits of sea-ice passing along through my big cabin window. It seems so unreal — the long long months — and now the day has come — we are on our way home. But I feel no strong reaction, funnily enough. But as I realize that I can be home in little more than two weeks, it is almost fantastic!

31 January СУББОТА We had no heat at night, and temperature in cabin fell to 9°C — Antarctic! Complete change of climate outside. Low, grey Sc with small Cu, dark blue-grey sea with small whitecaps, birds soaring and flying, and bergy bits of ice and still some pack remnants. By 9 a.m. *Ob* left us to head westward, and simultaneously a Japanese whale-catcher appeared to starboard. Good photos, with iceberg in background. Ship rolling a bit, and by 1030 all ice had disappeared, except for small pieces widely scattered. Light conditions radically changed from Antarctica — light level now only about ¼ that at Mirny — or even less. “Trophies” from Mirny now being stored in ship’s refrigerator, and there are many with dead penguins. Galina says that she and several other girls from the ship visited Mirny, sent telegrams home by our radio station, and even flew to the storehouse 25 km from the base! A regular tourist’s trip. Tolstikov and other leaders had meeting at 10 a.m. to discuss preparation of report of expedition. Plenty of sea-sick passengers today — partly because of hangovers. Bugaev says he was with a group that drank long and much last night. Still very small bits of ice by night time and bergs from recently formed to old and decayed remnants. Several snow showers today, and we also had strong winds and waves. Hit a piece of ice once around 1430. English lesson interrupted twice by fellows going out for “air.” Vasiukov insists that the glass of beer he had last night is what made him sea-sick today — he’s really a foolish fellow. In answer to my question as to an ETA Capetown, Tolstikov informs me that Capt Faktorish says around 10 Feb. at a speed of 16 knots we should be there sooner, but I guess the Captain knows what he’s up to. The Poles are taking sea water temps four times daily. The man, who is a geophysicist and author, says that he and his wife have written 15 books on Arctic exploration and life — some translated into other languages — even Russian. He was also Polish delegate to WMO [World Meteorological Organization] conference last year. The Physicist doubles as correspondent and photographer. They all seem more sophisticated than the Russians — more urbane. Makuschok says that he shares my own sensation as to the seeming unreality of our actually being on our way home. At noon today we were at 63° 50’ S, 92°46’ E, 152 miles from Mirny, and 3128 miles from Capetown, speed 16 knots. Wind NE force 6, sea force 5, air temp +1.5°C, sea 0°C.

1 February БОКРЕСЕНЬЕ Last night the clocks were turned back an hour, as we seem to be heading more to the east than to the north. The usual mistakes men make, thinking that they over-slept; we had an extra hour sleep. The boys are saying that it’s difficult to live with nothing to do, but they aren’t afraid of difficulties. Saw two Norwegian whale-catchers this morning; they are very fast, and toss on the waves, kicking up lots of spray. Many pictures taken, as one passed close to us. Grey day, with snow showers from Sc. Still see occasional ice bergs, mostly rounded, or showing other signs of age and decay. Poles all look hale and hearty. The couple are on deck together, and seemingly enjoy life. They were students together in Paris. Tolstikov his usual jovial self as we snapped photos of each other. Konstantin is still a bit sea-sick. Had English lesson, and younger of two passenger assistants joined us. He says that he has had enough of Antarctica after his week here. Perov has been sea-sick; surprising for a pilot, but I guess that the frequencies or amplitudes are different between ship and plane. A reorganization of the seating arrangement in the dining room; we now have regular seats and place-cards with numbered tables; I am with Lebedev, Makuschok and Vasiukov; a better arrangement, if one is necessary would have been to separate roommates. Makuschok feeling sick, and left the supper table. I later gave him a pill. I’ve been especially hungry and had two servings at supper, plus candy and nuts after that. Weather improved after supper, with beautiful Ac and Cu; also rainbow segment. Vasiukov still blames the beer for his seasickness and won’t have any until he gets to Riga; what a stupe! All the met boys, except Scotov, are not feeling well. At noon today we were at 62° 34’ S, 78° 08’ E, had done 410 miles in 24 hours, with 2718 to Capetown, speed 16.5 kts. Wind SW force 4, sea force 4, temp +2°C, sea temp +2°C.

2 February ПОНЕДЕЛЬНИК Seas still a bit rough during day and became worse at night as we feel effects of big storm to northwest. Some men still suffering from seasickness. I’ve decided that I’m eating too much, and will cut down a bit. Lebedev says that the food is only fair, and too international in character rather than Russian. No icebergs seen today, and water and air a bit warmer. Good displays of Cumulus clouds with snow showers, fog, etc. Polish leader invited me to cabin for Maxwell House Coffee after supper, and we carried on with beer, canned nuts, etc.

until after 11 p.m. Exchanged papers, reports, etc., and discussed everything under the sun. The Poles seem to have a different point of view from Russian. They also have U.S. canned fruit juices, coffee, etc. They have had seven or eight Arctic expedition; plus Arctouski and Dobrowolski on the *Belgica*. Today at noon; — 61°07'S, 64°25'E, 2322 miles to Capetown, wind North force 6, sea force 4, $T_{air} +2^{\circ}C$, $T_{sea} +3^{\circ}C$, speed 16 kts. At English class Igor was cautioned about pulling at one of the wall lamps — I said, "don't destroy government property." One fellow objected and said it's the people's property, but everyone laughed at him. Ivan Alexandrovitch is keeping a diary of his experiences; he says that he expects to get about £ 4 - 5 in Capetown because, as he puts it, he works hardest and gets least. He bought a few gifts for his wife, such as a nylon blouse, face cream, etc. Removed long-johns, and feel a bit naked!

3 February ВТОРНИК Terrible nights sleep. K [Konstantin ?] had closed the window before retiring, and I hadn't checked because he is the fresh-air fiend here; it was terribly stuffy. If only he'd be consistent. Sea still rough, but most fellows still seem to be up on there feet. I was up at 0530 for a shower, and saw the stewardesses already cleaning the halls and service areas. Weather continued overcast and gray, although sea smoothed a bit. Saw what may be last iceberg at supper time. English class was success, with story telling. Finished first draft of paper for Melbourne, and feel satisfied that I will not revise much. Looks as if we will be in Capetown on 8 Feb — but as it is Sunday there won't be much done and I probably won't be able to make the plane for [from] Capetown. I can't feel that I'll really be home within two weeks time — it's been so long! Visited Poles again tonight — and talked and talked and talked. They are friendly people, easy to talk with, and intelligent. They have a good leader — all kinds of chocolates, wine, liqueur, beer, etc. I contributed salted nuts, last two cans of Schlitz, and Russian chocolate, plus four reprints of my papers. Today at noon we were at 58°47'S, 52°35'E, speed 15.5 kts, did 382 miles in day, 1940 miles to Capetown, wind west force 7, sea force 6, $T_{air} +3^{\circ}C$, $T_{sea} +4^{\circ}C$.

4 February СРЕДА Weather still overcast; sea quiet during day, but we began to pitch again at night. Saw great number of killer whales at tea time; announcement over loud speaker and there was sudden exodus from dining hall, and confusion as men ran to cabins to get cameras. Saw several icebergs again in evening. Galina changed linen on beds and "suggested" that I have a shower tonight as there is plenty of water still. Konst. is still burping and groaning as he comes in and out of room. Fedorenka has done us a favor! He now gives us music, Moscow news, and political speeches almost all day long, just as at Mirny. That's one favor some of us can do without. Busy all day typing tables for Melbourne paper, and missed English lesson. At noon we were at 54°20'S, 42°49'E, 419 miles in 24 hours, 1521 miles from Capetown, wind NE force 2, sea force 2, $T_{air} +3^{\circ}C$, $T_{sea} +4^{\circ}C$, speed 17 knots. Had telegram from Bregman thanking me for newspaper information.

5 February ЧЕТВЕРГ Weather bad with snow and rain, and much rolling later in day. Izotov and Mayevsky released rasonde again — yesterday's went to 19 kms. Missed English lesson again as I waited to finish typing article and photograph diagrams and tables. Liflandsky says that he fooled Gleb into leaving the middle part of the ship, where he is less sea-sick, for the rear by telling him that there were nice-looking girls on the other side — Gleb tried once but almost threw-up, then, after being assured by Liflandsky that the girls were really nice looking, he finally went around the rear of the ship, holding his mouth as he went — and there really weren't any girls. Vasiukov keeps burping and moaning — he's in bad shape. Most of the Met boys have gotten over their sea-sickness. Liflandsky, himself, was sick for five days and only today has begun to smoke again. He has 30 pounds and wants to buy a "nylon" fur coat for his wife. Galina says that she is paid 700 rubles per month, usually, but on this trip the crew gets a bonus of 120% of salary, with an increase to 200% when south of 50°S. She says that nobody comes to Antarctica unless they get a big bonus. Today at noon we were at 49°46'S, 34°35'E, 404 miles in day, 1117 from Capetown, wind NE force 5, sea force 4, air temp +3, sea +4, speed 16.5 knots. Excellent example of small cyclone passage, with snow and rain, then dark, low, fast moving clouds as front passed.

6 February ПЯТНИЦА Today we saw that the “Roaring Forties” lived up to their reputations. Seas very heavy, with several waves rising higher than deck; white-caps all around, and spray covering windows at our deck level. One wave came over deck at night. Clearing skies at night for first time, but waves did not diminish. Dinner was disrupted somewhat, and girls had hard time carrying plates with soap; they did very well, however. Visited laundry, and saw my clothes soaking. Gave short talk on results of my paper to Tolstikov, Gusyev, Bugaev, and Vasiukov. The deluxe cabin is very nice, but Vasiukov, as usual, did not agree — he says that ours is nicer!

7 February СУББОТА Weather delightful, sun, Sc clouds, and warm. It's really sub tropical at last. At noon we were at 39° 56' S, 23° 07"E, did 365 miles in day, 370 to Capetown, wind west force 6, sea force 5 [Beaufort Wind Scale; force 5 = 19 to 24 miles/hr, force 6 = 25 to 31 miles/hr], $T_{\text{air}} +18^{\circ}\text{C}$, $T_{\text{sea}} 21^{\circ}\text{C}$, speed 16 knots. Most men on deck sunning; girls, too. I spent time packing again, ugh! Gave away presents, etc. Put slides of tables and diagrams into frames for mailing to Wexler. Everyone telling me this is last day — good-by, etc. Lebedev set up an “underground” cafe before dinner and we had cocktails and fruit — once Ivan Ivanovitch put his head in the doorway, but quickly withdrew. Izotov says that his wife doesn't let him drink at home. Makuschok told me of his disorientation for a period of 2 years after war — there's no book in Russian on the problems of the returned war veteran — maybe they aren't supposed to have problems. Changed 3 dollars for one pound with Lebedev.