

Recording by G. D. Cartwright for Mr. Beverly Smith, Jr., of the Saturday Evening Post.
It might be entitled:

SOME OUTSTANDING EVENTS DURING THE YEAR

After a winter in the Antarctic the thing most looked forward to, the most anticipated single event, is the return of the ships in early spring. ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ We were able to follow the course of the ship, the Ob, even before she crossed the equator on the way south. We knew when she had left the Soviet Union and the progress of her brief ~~in~~ visit to the 350th anniversary of Christopher Columbus' birth in Genoa; her arrival at Cape Town; her departure from there and, finally, the first contact with her by one of the aircraft from the base.

This was quite skillfully arranged. As I have mentioned in earlier tapes the ring of ice which surrounds the whole of Antarctica presents a formidable problem to a ship. Much time can be saved by exploring the easiest route from the air and guiding the ship in. A number of ice surveys were made by aircraft before the ship arrived so there was a fairly complete picture of the distribution of ice and the possibility of finding the easiest route greatly enhanced.

The aircraft made a final survey about the day the ship was to make contact with the outer edge of the ice pack. A chart was prepared of the latest distribution of the ice, inserted in a tube and ~~then~~ a long line with a cone on one end and a weight on the other was attached to this tube. The pilot made several trial passes across the ship at moderate elevations and then the precise timing for dropping this tube was worked out. The first drop--and only one was possible--proved completely successful. The line draped across the ship, the tube fell almost squarely amidships. Of course there was continuous radio conversation with the ship and special details could easily be filled in.

It still took the ship a couple of days to work its way through the pack and arrive at the edge of the fast ice—that is, ice which is fastened in a continuous sheet to the continent itself. This ice had been tested in a number of places to get information on its average thickness. But there was only one way to get through it and that was to chop it out hour after hour with the aid of the powerful engines of the ship. We were told that when the ship arrived at the edge of the fast ice the aircraft would fly out, land on the ice, and our first meeting with old friends would take place. I was assured by everyone that I would be in the first flight. They would go early in the morning, they said, depending of course on the arrival time of the Ob.

I remember very clearly the sound of Oscar's voice as he pulled open my door at 5 a.m. and said, "Hurry, the Ob is here." I raised up and ~~said~~ asked, "Are we going to get any breakfast before we do?" This was a perfectly straightforward question since I didn't know how much time we would have before we boarded the aircraft. He was quite amused by this question and said, "Don't worry, you'll have plenty to eat and to drink when we get on the ship." He told this story a number of times during the course of the day.

So I dressed as quickly as I could, still feeling ~~so~~ pretty sleepy, putting on my usual clothing but with a bright shirt to ~~add~~ add a little variety. It was a cold day, clear, with a low sun, but strong winds off the ice cap. By the time we got dressed and out of the house we ~~could~~ could see the aircraft warming up along the flight line and a number of people were already standing around waiting to ~~board~~ board her. There we found Troshnikof. Twelve hours earlier he had been nearly 1,000 miles up in the interior. He had been leading the big tractor train which was setting out the station at the geomagnetic pole and had flown back ~~to~~ take part in the first greeting of the new expedition arriving on the Ob.

While we were waiting another aircraft flew in from the interior carrying Dr. Shum

and some of the glaciological people who had been working on a special project at one of the interior stations. Shumsky stopped to say hello. He looked tired and his face covered with several days' growth of beard, was a fiery red from the bitter cold of the interior. He said he needed a bath first and would come out later. Finally, everyone who was to be on the first flight had arrived. The chief pilot said, "Let's get going here, fellows," and we all scrambled aboard. It was a pretty gay group already. Some of them apparently were reinforcing themselves for the imminent ~~flight~~ ten-minute flight.

Polievsky(?) was as usual/^{his} vociferous self, joking and laughing, making believe he was collecting tickets for this flight, telling the time ~~x~~ of arrival and departure at the destination. It was a very (break in transcription of approximately 5 seconds)...

Boris Menkov was the pilot. I don't remember the co-pilot--I believe it was Dmitriev. As always, I felt a little uncertain as he roared out of the valley of the runway across the heavily crevassed area. A motor failure at this point would have certainly been disastrous. I don't know why I should have been uneasy because actually the Russian aviation group had an extremely good record; during the period I was there they flew 3500 hours without even a single motor failure. I attributed this to the good quality of their equipment and the experience of their mechanics. These fellows were really old hands at Arctic work and never seemed to mind working on their aircraft in any kind of weather.

In a few minutes we circled the ship, standing out sharply against the beautifully etched surface of the sea ice, snow really, with the vivid ~~xxxx~~ contrast of the purple-black water dotted with bitty ice--as the Russians defined it. Tremendous icebergs were still locked in the continuous fast ice whereas to the north we could see great numbers of them drifting majestically westward in the early morning sunlight.

As the aircraft touched down on the rough surface of the sea ice, ~~xxxxxx~~ we could see some of the members from the ship coming down the Jacob's ladder, jumping off onto the sea ice and walking over to greet us. Among them was Captain Mann, skipper of the Ob; his first mate, Tkachev; Professor Kort and several others. The Captain looked extremely fit and smart in his dark blue uniform and well-polished shoes. He was bareheaded in the rather cold morning air, his ruddy face gleaming like a young boy's after a bath. It was a very warm greeting. I can remember some of them throwing their arms about me and giving me a ~~me~~ warm smack on the cheek.

As we climbed the ladder the rail was lined with members of the crew and scientific staffs waiting to greet the hardy explorers who had spent the winter in Antarctica. I saw ~~xxx~~ Valentina, the rather smart-looking girl who had been in charge of the dining room on the Cooperatsia the year before. She ~~x~~ apparently had graduated to the Ob. ~~xxx~~ She was still wearing her ~~light~~ tight-fitting blue sweater that set off her high bosom in a very smart way. She remembered me and greeted me in a friendly fashion, complimented me on how well I spoke Russian (sigh) and so we went down the line, shaking hands and embracing friends that we had said good-bye to some eight months before. Everyone looked fit and seemed pleased to see us come aboard.

It was now a little before seven o'clock. A lot of them remembered me and told me about Mr. Ruban, my replacement, who was upstairs. They directed me to his cabin. I took off my heavy clothes, hung them on the racks outside, knocked discreetly on the door and went in. They were just getting up in the cabin. Mort climbed down out of his bunk in shorts and T-shirt. I remember shaking hands and then for some unknown reason patting him on the bottom in a rather silly gesture which I couldn't explain. We laughed and joked as he introduced me to his cabin mates.

While Ruban was getting dressed I wandered around the ship meeting other old friends, rousing some of them out of bed and getting re-acquainted with some I knew only casually. After Mort was dressed we walked briefly out on the deck talking, ~~and~~ exchanging news, getting caught up on events back in the states and some of the details of his voyage down. Breakfast was on now in the main dining room but I was a little reluctant to go in too early. Still we finally went in and had a refreshing breakfast then returned to his cabin for further conversation.

By that time the drinking seemed to have started in some of the private cabins. There were visitors coming and going and finally some of them dragged me off to meet other members of the new expedition--pilots, technicians, scientists. We got wound up in one of the mate's rooms where a lot of the pilots were getting a good start for the day. There was American and Canadian whisky, several kinds of beer, cognac, champagne, the works. Fresh oranges, bananas, apples, even pineapples were now on the table. I tried to start off with beer but my friend Moskalenko said, "No, that's no way to do it. Here, have some good whisky," and he poured me a full glass. And so the day started.

I got trapped back in the corner in this room and stayed much longer than I had expected. Finally we got out of there and went back to the cabin. There we were besieged by visitors. Finally the old and the new leaders came in and sat down, carrying on a lively conversation. I remember greeting the new chief, Eugene Tolstikov with a look of incredulity and repeating, "So you're Tolstikov, well, well, well." He seemed to think this was very amusing and I felt right from the start that we were getting along famously. A big bottle of Italian wine was found in one of the closets and passed around from mouth to mouth. I tried to avoid this as much as I could.

Then we set off again on visits to other parts of the ship. ~~The~~ I went to locate Kunyn in his cabin. He wanted us to have a drink with him but before we could

start, the First Mate, who had a cabin off his, invited us in there where three others were already seated at the tiny table crowded with food. So we had to drink a couple of stiff ones there. By that time it was getting on towards noon and it seemed like a good idea to have something to eat, despite the fact we had been doing nothing but eating and drinking all morning. I went with Mort to the main dining room and remember sitting down but for some reason or another this is the last clear recollection I have. I felt as though I might be sick and went to one of the toilets. Fortunately these toilets were much better than those on Cooperatsis and also, fortunately, it was a toilet that could be locked. Well, I did get sick and, not only sick, but that terribly vague feeling of loss of memory that sometimes accompanies this sort of thing. It was my second such experience and I dreaded the repetition. I refused to face my friends under these conditions so decided to stay in the toilet until I felt well enough to go out again.

This took much longer than I had imagined. So I simply lay on the floor the rest of the afternoon, I can't say how long it was. Occasionally Ruban would come to the door and ask to get in or ask me how I was getting along and I simply told him to go away. It must have been nearly six o'clock when I finally decided to come out. I joined him in his cabin, washed up and sat quietly on a divan trying to sort of draw things together. -
You have that feeling of extreme tension, there is the impression that if you just aren't careful and relax your grip every bit of you will fly apart in one screaming crescendo. By this time it was 7 o'clock. The aircraft had been ~~six~~ shuttling back and forth ~~ix~~ taking people to and from the ship, parties going on in a lively fashion. I was told that there would be an aircraft about 7:30. I heard it come but I just didn't have the guts to get up, get dressed and go down and back to the base (sigh). I didn't know quite where I would sleep, I knew the ship was crowded, but they said, "Oh, well, we'll find some place for you," and in fact they put me up in that very cabin.

Mort asked me if I wanted to eat and I said, "No," would I go to the movies? "No, I'll just stay right here." They made up my bed; one of the women came in, fixed me up on the divan and I undressed and soon went to sleep but not before I had provided myself with a glass of water. That terrible, scorching thirst following heavy drinking kept me from having a good sleep the rest of the night. By the next morning I felt fine ~~and~~ but a little sheepish at my behavior.

We had a good breakfast and I asked Mort if he would like to go ashore. Naturally he was dead keen ~~about~~ about it so we spoke to Tolstikoff. He said, "Why, of course. The Captain will let you know when the aircraft is ready." As I recall it was around 10 a.m. when the First Mate came down to say that the aircraft was just getting ready if we wanted to go. So we threw on our clothing. Mort put on his long underwear and wind pants, parka, got his camera all ready and off we went down the side of the ship and across the sea ice to the little AN2. It was a new one, just came down on the ship. They were new pilots. I was amused at my own feeling of insecurity with this new group. I thought to myself how Russian they looked, much more ~~so~~ so than my friends with whom I had shared the winter.

It seemed curious that I should feel this way but there it was. There was the usual argument about who would go and who wouldn't go and as always there seemed to be too many people for the aircraft. We all got on and then the flight engineer—or navigator—counted noses and finally asked to get off those who were in excess. This was one of the worst takeoffs that I had all the time I was ~~there~~ there. The ship probably was very poorly loaded and quite tail-heavy. She probably had light tanks and all the load was the passengers. At any rate, I was just sure we were going to crack up before the thing got into the air. Zastrugi were pretty big at this point. They must have taxied for

two or three kilometers with full throttle, finally the main skis came off but the tail ~~x~~ just wouldn't get in the air. We staggered along this way it seemed for another kilometer until gradually the aircraft waddled off the surface. I felt even more uncertain when we were 50 feet in the air because any moment I thought she might stall and there we'd be.

Mort and I both had seats but several of the other passengers were simply standing but as usual my fears were unfounded and we made a rather rough landing at Mirny. This ended the hectic first greetings of the ships in spring.

The arrival of the American ~~ship~~ ice breaker, Burton Island (sigh) was, if possible, an ~~even~~ even more chaotic day. We had had a number of rumors that the ship would come. In fact they had sent official word that they would come to Mirny. The timing was not very certain, as are few things in the Antarctic. Still ~~without~~ no radio contact had been established. This was quite disturbing to the base and they came to me several times asking me, "How ~~is~~ is it we don't hear from the American ship?" I was embarrassed and sent a message to Little America asking for more specific details. The only reply they gave was that they knew she was proceeding westward towards Mirny but they had no position reports.

Everyone was looking forward to this with great anticipation. I remember early in the morning of the 26th of January (date to be checked), hearing some of the heavy-booted ~~MET~~ MET boys hurrying through the halls. One of them opened my door quietly and then shut it and I could hear them saying to someone, "The Americans are here, the Americans are here," I raised up, ~~and~~ looked out the window toward the sea and sure enough there was a tiny grey ship nosed into the edge of the fast ice, about two or three kilometers from the base. She looked very insignificant and unimportant but somehow I sensed that this was going to be a difficult day, one that might change our routine drastically.

So, I scrambled out of bed, got dressed as quickly as I could, put on my tie, which was usual, and went in to waken Mort Ruban, then I hurried on to breakfast so I would be ready to welcome any of our people who did come ashore. Everyone was--lots of people were up by that time but there was still no radio contact with the ship. I had a good breakfast thinking it would be some time before they could get here, but when I came out the small fluorescent pink helicopter was already buzzing angrily along the edge of the Barrier, apparently scouting out the base. Then another one appeared. So I hurried back to the MET place to get my camera and get organized for the day.

By the time I could get back out of the house the helicopter had landed and I could see someone coming walking down toward the base. As I hurried toward them I met Matvechuk, the Base Commander, and we walked on together, grumbling about the fact that we had still had no radio contact with the ship. The first man to come ashore was Captain George Ketchum, Deputy Task Force 43 Commander. He was warmly dressed. I introduced myself and then the members of the Russian group who were gathering round. By that time another helicopter flight had landed and soon Carl Eklund approached, wearing bright green windpants and a dazzling blue parka with a green hat, yellow scarf and the glassy-eyed Navy sunglasses that reflected all the light, giving a very peculiar appearance to the wearer. Carl had been Base Commander at our nearest U. S. station, the Wilkes Station, about 600 miles to the east of Mirny. Then came Dr. Jim Shear. By this time Captain Ketchum was complaining about the cold and said, "Let's get inside somewhere to talk."

So we went on down to the headquarters house known variously as the "White House" or the "Pentagon". Here Tolstikov and Troshnikov were waiting for us with a table ~~with~~ already well loaded with libations. I was pressed into service continuously as interpreter, although by the official interpreter, Almir Rozinkin, had arrived and was doing an

extremely good job.

As we sat in the headquarters offices the helicopters ~~and~~ continued ~~to~~ flying, carrying a new passenger every flight, ~~and~~ each passenger being directed down to the headquarters building. Remington, the glaciologist; Sparkman, the seismologist; Bud (I've forgotten his last name), communications; Rene Taylor, Associated Press; Bill Becker, New York Times, and so the crowd continued to grow. Oh yes, Dick Chappell, the Eagle Scout who had wintered over in Little America, looking dazzling in his boy scout uniform with all the medals and merit badges, the most decorated man among both expeditions, it seemed.

As the crowd continued to grow it became obvious that they couldn't get any more in the little room so Tolstikov said, "Let's go up to the mess hall for breakfast." I don't know where the time went but it seems that it was now about 9 o'clock and the official breakfast had passed so the dining room was more or less empty. Tables ~~had~~ all been prepared with bread and caviar, smoked ~~and~~ salmon, something which they called vinegret. Only a limited number of the men had come ashore from the ship. I was quite surprised when I first met Ketchum. I asked him how long he was going to stay. His reply was, "No longer than necessary. I'd like to get away in six hours." ~~and~~ "Why," I said, "you can't do that. These people have been ~~waiting~~ waiting for ~~you~~ you and planning a celebration. There won't be time to do anything in six hours." "Well," he said, "things were a bit tricky at Wilkes Station," they had ships there that had been damaged, the ice was troublesome and he didn't want to hang around any longer than necessary. Also, he seemed uncertain about the reception. I said, "They are very anxious to meet you." Then I chatted a little bit later with Carl Eklund and some of the others and they seemed annoyed by the Captain's apparent reluctance to pay a proper visit. They ~~urged~~ ^{asked} me to urge him to stay as long as he could. So I spoke to him again and he said, "Well, I'll

stay until the end of the day. At midnight we're leaving." This seemed to be all that could be wrung out of ~~him~~ him so I settled for that.

It was amusing that they still hadn't made radio contact with the ship, now only about a mile away. The American communications officer, Bud Waite, was trying to help with the communications problem through my friend Kunyn, the interpreter—the unofficial interpreter. I was trying to keep in touch with all these different interests and to help out on the interpretation wherever I could but in the mess hall there were now I would say, 15 or 20 Americans and about the same number of Russians. By this time people had been drinking pretty steadily since 7 o'clock and the effects were beginning to show in a very obvious way.

I remember one young Navy cameraman sitting at the table I was at. He was fiddling around with his Graflex, a beautiful camera, but there was something wrong with it, shutter ~~me~~ mechanism or bulb mechanism. He was tossing off goblets of vodka as though it were Coca-Cola. I said to him, "You know that's vodka, do you?" "Oh," he said, "that's weak stuff," as he drank another one. Of course the Russians were delighted with this and kept filling up his glass. I said, "Well, I'd go easy on it if I were you." "Oh, the hell with it," he said, "I know this damned stuff." Next time I saw him he was bleeding at the mouth where he had fallen in the snow. I spoke to one of the men and said, "We ought to get this man indoors, he's dangerous to himself and making a very bad impression." So I went to his chief. The young boy rebelled bitterly, he said, "Don't you touch me, I'm not going in that place; these damned Russians, I'm not going in there." He seemed to have a fear complex that they were going to do something to him. So he sat down on a box, his head rolling around like an idiot. Later they tried to take him to the doctor and he wouldn't allow them to treat him. But he was an exception.

A general plan of action was agreed upon for the day. We'd make a tour of the base then there would be an official dinner after the regular noon meal; this would be at three, I believe, followed by a movie, then at Captain Ketchum's request the Russians were invited to come aboard for supper and a movie on the ship. They invited as many of the ~~fix~~ Russians as cared to come aboard but there seemed a little reluctance on the part of Tolstikov to have too many of his men go aboard. First he asked Captain Ketchum how ~~ma~~ many Americans would come to the base and Ketchum said, "I think between 20 and 30," so Tolstikov said, "Well, 20 ~~mf~~ or 30 of our men will come aboard your ship."

They seemed to be very anxious to control this thing but as it turned out they reckoned without the interest and enthusiasm of the Russians and the Americans. The ship finally maneuvered into a place where the small boats could ~~bring~~ bring men ashore and by noon they were crowding all over the place. I tried to help them by telling them what they could see and where they could go and these were just seamen. Among them were Negroes and ~~Black~~ Filipinos and Japanese and the Russians were fascinated by this mixture. Many of them were invited by the members of the expedition and the tractor ~~at~~ drivers and radio men and doctors to come in and visit their houses and have a drink.

By mid-afternoon, before the official dinner, things were really getting confused. Since there is no liquor on board any of these ships the men had had very little training for this kind of goings-on and it was beginning to tell on them. Also it was a very warm day ~~xxxx~~ so there was quite a lot of water running in small streams around the base and lots of pools. These pools weren't very obvious because they had ~~slush~~ slush ice on top of them and oftentimes you couldn't tell whether it was just ~~xxxx~~ over the soles of your boots or whether it was up to your knees. I was pretty busy and couldn't keep track of everything, when I ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ had ~~to~~ to go to the official dinner, I rather lost track of what ~~was~~ was going on outdoors. But at the official dinner I realized that

quite a few of our fellows hadn't been able to take the strong drink and had passed out in various parts of the x base.

At the official dinner there was the usual active toasting and it seemed that everybody got pretty well along. I remember at my table we had very weak drinkers. The young glaciologist had been sick during the morning and he was most cautious about anything further. Jim Sparkman was apparently a teetotaler; Bud Waite had sworn off ~~his~~ alcohol, so the Russians were pretty well disappointed in the drinking abilities at our table. But some of the Navy men certainly made up for this in other parts of the room. I remember one keen little ~~x~~ helicopter pilot, Lt. McCarthy, he was a very nice looking young chap about 21 and he was just a delight to the Russians. He was very extroverted, talked all the time as though they understood everything and they were having just a wonderful time with him. But ~~his~~ the thing he ~~was~~ wanted most was to trade for one of the big Russian fur hats. So he finally got hold of me and asked me if I would help him. He said he'd give anything, he'd take off his shoes, here was his wallet, he'd take off his shirt, he'd even take off his pants. This amused the Russians no end, they just thought this was the funniest thing they had ever seen. One of the men finally said he had an ~~was~~ older hat that didn't fit him and he would go get it. So he disappeared and I lost track of this little episode as the dinner broke up.

Then there was the movie—a movie I hadn't seen and I thought it was quite good. It was a story of a typical day in Moscow, showing a family at breakfast and the wife and husband going to work, some of the scenes in the city, school, then in the evening entertainment and so on. It was probably a glamorized and very favorable picture but still it was interesting. When the movie broke up we all went outside then things really began to get confused. A lot of the fellows seemed to have lost their cameras and they

kept ~~xxxx~~ coming to me: Where is my camera? I left it here and now I can't find it. I lost my light meter. Where's my Pan-American bag? The truth was they were so woozy they couldn't remember where they left these things.

Now the problem was to get the Russians on to the American ship. I had some other business to take care of and went with one of the newspaper correspondents back to my room so I rather lost contact with the general turn of events. But this time there were Americans all over the place. It turned out, I learned afterwards, that many of them were falling in the water. The Russians, seeing ~~ix~~ them in this fix, ~~x~~ had set up a kind of a changing station in the radio center. The Russians would lead our boys up there, take off their wet clothes and put on some dry Russian gear. By 9 or 10 at night this had gotten to be a fairly big operation.

I went down to the ship with the official group. I remember getting in the small boat between the shore and the ship was no mean trick because there were rather strong currents carrying heavy ice between the shore and the ship. I remember as we were boarding the kind of landing craft which was used as a small boat, I saw some of the Russians bringing my little friend, the helicopter pilot McCarthy. They were helping him along and he was talking ~~ix~~ at the top of his voice, still hoping he could get a Russian hat. I don't know why, but as they got him to the edge of the barge they let him go. The barge was about seven feet deep. McCarthy poised on the side for an instant and then dove head first ~~ix~~ into the bottom of the barge, apparently thinking he was in his helicopter. Fortunately the men already there sensed what was going on and closed in and caught him. This sort of scene was being repeated everywhere.

We got out to the ship with the official party, had coffee in the Captain's quarters and then went on a tour. One of the things that immediately caught the eye of the

life of the ship. Copies of these soon found their way back to the Russian base it turned out.

After the tour of the ship people were invited to have dinner and see some movies.

Russian

I said earlier that the/leaders ~~nd~~ had agreed that only 30 of their people would come on board but they didn't realize how keen the Russians were to see the American ship. So the ship's boat kept shuttling back and forth all day long and pretty soon the Burton Island was just crowded with Russians, having a wonderful time. They got into the ship's library and before they left they had taken away about 400 popular American magazines. A real haul. Some of them had ten or fifteen magazines under their arms. They were swapping everything--scarves and hats and belts. One of the most amusing sights was the Russian doctor, Solomon Sleisser. Solomon was the fellow who told all the wonderful stories the day we went to have our hair cut. He was a grand character. I went ashore again later and when I came back to the ship ran into him in the wardroom. He was wearing the standard Russian outfit which was a pair of ski pants, high leather boots, a rather nice looking sports jacket, a brilliant fluorescent scarf and a Navy peaked cap--officer's cap--that was so big for him it sort of sank down over his ears. But he was in a marvelous state, absolutely happy about everything.

While we were on ~~bx~~ board there was an incident that impressed the Russians no end.

It seems that some of our boys were up at the base having a big time and one of them looking down from the radio center saw the ship lying off of the edge of the ice about 200 yards and thought he'd walk out to it. So down over the steep face of the Barrier he scrambled. ^{Un} Fortunately there was a crevasse, I guess it was a tidal hinge, filled with soft snow and he slipped down into this. This could be very x dangerous if it had opened all the way up, he would simply have been drowned but, as luck would have it, it was closed off so he only ~~fell~~ slipped down into this crevasse six or eight feet. But he

had been spotted from the ship and an alarm was sounded to get the helicopter in the air. The Russians were quite impressed with the speed with which this was done. I didn't think it was a very snappy operation but it didn't take them more than two or three minutes until the little chopper was buzzing around over the Barrier where this man had slid down.

Meanwhile, the men on the shore had thrown a rope to him and he was being hauled up by that means so the 'copter simply came back to the ship without attempting to get him out.

I was quite amazed at the apparent youth of the sailors on board the Burton Island. But it wasn't this so much as their apparent undisciplined manner that shocked me and I believe it surprised the Russians. I remember the three boys who were handling the small boat. Now, handling a small boat in Antarctic waters is a tricky problem. You have ice to contend with and you could easily get into a dangerous situation if you weren't careful. But these boys seemed to treat it entirely as a lark. They were constantly laughing and swearing, cursing, and behaving in what I considered an absolutely scandalous way. I was on the verge of kicking them off several times, reminding them that they were making a very unfortunate impression on the Russian expeditionary people. I never saw anything like this with the Russians. They joked and had good times but not under this scandalous set-up.

~~xxx~~ Also, as we toured the ship I had this same feeling of lackadaisical, slack....

(end of reel)

...(continuing) it troubled me a great deal, as it did my colleague, Mort Ruban. Mort had been on the summer Deep Freeze expedition. He told of the landing which was attempted by one of the American icebreakers, I believe on the Western side of the Ross Sea.

It seems that there was a German observer on board, one of the many summertime scientists who took part in our expedition. This landing was a real fiasco. They nearly lost a small boat and several men by what seemed to be carelessness and just poor handling. He overheard the German talking with one of the other scientists, shaking his head and saying, "And you fellows won the war." I felt very much the same way as I watched these Navy boys mishandling their equipment and themselves.

But this didn't seem to affect their good relations with the Russians and I heard many of them say, "Damn it, these fellows are really grand to get along with. Isn't it a pity we can't seem to ~~mix~~ hit ~~it~~ it off between our two countries?"

I had to return to the base to pick up some film and get it back on the ship. When we got down to the edge of the Barrier to the little landing area, the whole picture had changed. The wind had carried the sea ice, ~~knocking it down~~ pushed in great slabs just in the area where the small boat had been ferrying. Two of the Russians had set out in a small rubber raft to try to make it to the ship and had been cut off by ice. They were paddling madly with all sorts of advice being shouted to them. It was potentially dangerous but they ~~inck~~ laughed about it and there was great hilarity as they struggled to get back to shore.

About that time many of the Russians who had given up their warm, dry clothing ~~xxx~~ so the Americans could get back to the ship safely, were beginning to worry about their clothes. They weren't sure they were going to get on board the ship. When were they

going to get their clothing back? They all came to me, worried about it, and asked me if I could get them back. I said, "Who did you give them to?" Well, this fellow, or that fellow, they didn't remember his name, they didn't know his name; he looked like this or he looked like that. I said I'd do what I could. So when I went on board the first thing I did was contact one of the officers and said that this could be rather unpleasant if this clothing wasn't returned. He promised to locate it and apparently sent a group of men all over the ship to round up any Russian clothing which they could find. Inside of half an hour they had a pile about 6 or 8 feet high, really staggering. So the Russians who were on board got to this pile and dug out their own gear, soaking wet and looking pretty miserable but they didn't complain, they seemed to expect this as part of their responsibilities as hosts.

The thing that was amusing to me was that disregarding the general orders given that only certain people would come aboard, all the fellows were down there and there must have been more than 100 of them gotk off the ship. It was beginning to get nip and tuck as the time passed and it was getting on towards midnight before the last boatload went ashore. ~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~

I got the impression at this time that there was a little apprehension on the part of the leaders that some of the x men might not get off. This could be perfectly natural and it might not have had any political implications at all, their men xst as well as ours had been drinking and it could be possible that a man would get involved in conversations down in one of the cabins and not get back off the ship but they made a pretty thorough checkup I noticed. So about 11:30 the last trip of the small boat was made. There were very warm x good-byes.

I remember standing by the rail with one of the ship's doctors, chatting with the Russians between themselves and with those of the American group that they could get across to. Suddenly he looked at one of the American officers and said, "Why that man's just like my friend Ivan Dmitrych from Moscow and he threw his arms around this boy and hugged him and looked at him and hugged him again, "Just like two drops of water," he said. So I explained this to the American and he seemed to be delighted by it as well. It was one of these funny little incidents that made you feel just a little bit closer to these people. ~~xBox~~ The Russians were all looking rather amusing in their odd bits of American gear, their fluorescent scarves and big bundles of magazines under their arms. The Americans had given them a number of cases of beer which, I am sorry to say, didn't seem to get up to the mess hall. I'm not quite sure what happened to it. This was a disappointment to me.

Mort Ruban and I were probably the last to leave. As we walked up the hill we weren't quite sure whether the visit had really been successful. We felt it had but it had had both its good and its bad points. We walked on up to the radio station where we could look down from this high point and see the ship. There didn't seem to be any signs of her leaving right away and Mort said rather wisely, "Well, I'm sure they're counting noses, too." But just almost exactly at midnight there was a blast, she pulled away and swung out from the edge of the Barrier and headed westward in a long curve the way she had come. We watched her as she grew smaller and smaller and smaller, feeling rather ~~an~~ mixed feelings. We were sorry to see our friends go, sorry in a way not to be on board and yet not displeased with our firm Russian colleagues.

I like to think of this day as a "holocaust of hospitality." I think on the whole
the repercussions were favorable.

This is the end of dictation on this tape.

(end of reel)