

Antarctic Journal  
of

Ralph Blangal

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~~And~~ I write this on the plane between New York and ~~Chgo~~ Seattle on my way to board the icebreaker, Northwind. For someone like me who has led a very sheltered and sedentary life and who has spent most of his 24 years in midtown Manhattan ~~it~~ it is most surprising to find myself ~~as~~ a part of the ~~great~~ expedition to Antarctica in history.

It is indeed ~~strange~~ marvelous how one small incident can be followed by a series of others until the seemingly impossible is a fait accompli. I once jokingly remarked to an ~~old~~ Cornell

classmate of mine at a New Year's party, that although I had seen something of the world as a tourist I would like to ~~visit~~ the Antarctic continent someday if that became a possibility. He promptly replied that his professor of astronomy at Harvard, Donald Menzel, knew of some groups that were looking for young scientists to participate in the IAGP expedition to Antarctica.

I half jokingly asked my friend to send me the names and addresses of these groups. Several weeks later he replied and I wrote away asking for information. What I got back was not information but an application for employment. I filled this out and returned it even though

at that point I had a fine job with RCA doing design and development work on video tape recorders.

The next thing I knew Mr. Syd Kaufman, Asst Dir. of the AFCC Aurora-Airglow group came down to Philadelphia to interview me and tell me that if I wanted it there was an opening in their Antarctic program. Well there it was. All I had to do was say yes. But it was the hardest decision I ever had to make. Mr. Kaufman was willing to meet my salary demands and he made the program seem very exciting and interesting. On the other hand, I am no explorer and ~~am no more immune to cold weather than anybody else is~~ and my toes and fingers are just as susceptible to frostbite as anyone else. ~~with my blood pressure~~

The thought of not seeing my family and friends for more than a year was a deterring factor and of course bearded explorers and penguins are no substitute for the genuine article when Saturday night rolls around.

However, there ~~are~~ were some compensating factors. From the financial viewpoint, an increase in salary coupled with a generous bonus, ~~and~~ possible tax exemption, free room and board for and clothing for over a year, ~~the offer~~ was very tempting.

## Introduction

I felt that although I knew virtually nothing about auroral physics, my Cornell training in Engineering Physics would be able to pull me through and I would ~~be able to~~ get some valuable experience in a completely new field. R.C.A. very generously granted me a leave of absence and so I did not even have to give up my job.

I think that every boy worthy of the title "red blooded American" would ~~seize~~ <sup>take</sup> the opportunity to join any expedition to the far corners of the earth. ~~I think~~ Many men today and in the past have served in expeditions without pay and indeed in some cases have even had to lay out their own money in order to go along. Men have left comfortable homes, loving families and promising careers to heed the siren call of adventure. I have always taken every opportunity to travel that came along my way and so when all the facts and pros and cons were registered I did not pass it by.

I arrived in Boston on August 20th to take up my new duties and prepare myself for departure for Antarctica sometime in November. After much haggling and bitter protestations on my part I was assigned to Knox station. I felt at the time and I guess still do that of the ~~stat~~ N.S. stations available, Byrd, Weddell, Pole

and Knox, Knox was the least desirable from the standpoint of scenery, ~~the~~ climate, and ~~some~~ possibility for adventuring accomplishment. However, perhaps ~~that~~ as the expedition proceeds and develops I will change that opinion. This is not meant to imply that the Knox coast area will not ~~have~~ its full share of experiences and challenges. My first ~~four~~ weeks in Boston were spent in reading ~~about~~ all the books I could find about the aurora. During this time I got to meet Norman Oliver, the Director of the project and Ann Carrigan his very charming assistant. The other members of the group going down to the antarctic were Dr. Dah ~~of~~ <sup>from</sup> Knoxville, Tennessee going to ~~Weddell~~ <sup>McMurdo</sup> station, Tim Malville, ~~from~~ <sup>from</sup> a mountain climber from San Francisco going to the Weddell Sea, ~~and~~, Arlo Landolt an astronomer from Parahontas Indiana going to the South Pole station, and Peter Scholt a native of Germany and a ~~former~~ <sup>former</sup> guide of ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~adventure~~ <sup>adventure</sup>. We had all gone through very rigorous physical and psychological tests and it was very interesting to compare notes on our backgrounds, training and personality traits. We actually had very little in common, but none of us smoked or drank except very rarely. Three of us were only children and only one of us was married. Our ages ranged

## Introduction

from 21 to 32 with Peter being the ~~the~~ eldest and Arlo the youngest. During lunch time Peter would regale us with stories about mountains and climbers in the Swiss alps. He had an inexhaustible supply of anecdotes about people who ~~almost but not quite~~ broke almost every bone in their bodies due to their own carelessness or stupidity. Peter, himself is very badly scared having had his share of accidents and wounds sustained in World War II. The third week in September we began training in earnest at Yerkes observatory on Lake Geneva in Wisconsin. Each of us had to prepare a paper on a subject related to the physics of the aurora to present to a symposium presided over by Dr. Joseph Chamberlain of Yerkes. Other speakers were ~~Dr. J. Bartlein~~ <sup>Dr. J. Bartlein</sup> of Cornell, Dr. C. V. Fan and ~~Dr. A. Scholt~~ <sup>Dr. A. Scholt</sup> a 4 albright scholar from Norway. These lectures were given in the afternoon. In the evenings we practiced ~~using~~ <sup>using</sup> the ~~equipment~~ <sup>equipment</sup> got acquainted with the equipment we would be using to down in the Antarctic. The rest of our time was spent in the library of the observatory preparing our papers or in enjoying the scenery of Lake Geneva. One night we ~~even~~ had a short auroral display, the first one most of us had ever seen.

Unfortunately it was not a very strong one and it was so far away that it was difficult to observe. Although we watched every night thereafter we did not get to see any more aurora. Each night one of us would take his turn at operating the equipment. We will be using two ~~to~~ devices, an automatic spectrograph and an automatic all sky camera. ~~superes the light~~

The spectrograph ~~focuses the~~ ~~light~~ of the aurora and focuses it on photographic film. The length of exposure is determined automatically by an electronic photon counter. The all sky camera takes a picture of the entire sky hemisphere every minute on 16 mm movie film.

After Yerkes, we returned to Boston for further lectures on the geophysical sciences. One night we went to the Agassiz station of the Harvard observatory about 50 miles from Boston to practice meteor observing. We spent ~~the~~ most of the night with Dr. McCroskey flat on our backs counting meteors. I must confess that as there were ~~only~~ only three or four meteors an hour to count I fell asleep about three or four in the morning despite the cold and the ~~hard~~ <sup>unpleasant</sup> bed.

## Introduction

at the naval base the week of Oct 14 found us in Davisville, Rhode Island for a briefing session which included all the ~~person~~ scientific personnel at all the American bases. For the first time we were to meet the individuals ~~with whom~~ we would be living for over 14 months.

Many persons experienced in Antarctic conditions lectured to us and showed us pictures and movies of life in the Antarctic. Capt. Finn Ronne who led his own expedition to the Weddell Sea in 1948 told us about safety precautions to be taken in the Antarctic. Incidentally Edith Ronne is Finn's wife and is one of the two women who have spent a winter in the Antarctic. At the end of his talk Capt. Ronne mentioned that his wife would not trade her experiences in the Antarctic for ~~any~~ <sup>not quite though I am</sup> million dollars, but that she would ~~not~~ <sup>do it</sup> again for two million.

RP Capt. Richard Black and Sir Hubert Wilkins were among the experienced polar explorers who gave freely of their advice and long experience. Cold weather clothing was also issued at Davisville. Everyone had a good time trying on the clothing and looking at one another in ~~outlandish~~ like men from outer space. I packed all my gear into duffle bags and made

my way back to New York, where I spent two weeks madly shopping for personal clothing, films, camera equipment, books, and a hundred miscellaneous items.

On Oct 27 I gave a going away party for my self, and on Oct 28 I had another one for the people who didn't come the night before. I received one ~~very~~ practical ~~gift~~ going away gift from a practical friend of mine, the proverbial fur lined you know what in mink no less.

Sunday morning Nov. 4

I arrived at the airport with my parents to board ~~the~~ ~~flight~~ ~~to~~ ~~Seattle~~ and over 300 lbs of excess baggage. The flight to Seattle was uneventful. The icebreaker Northwind which was to be my home for the next two months or so was docked at pier 91, one of the largest piers in the world. The Northwind is one of the earliest icebreakers built. When I first laid eyes on her after getting out of the curb what I saw was a rather overgrown tugboat with its deck space bulging with all sorts of crates and untowed gear. The O.D. (Officer on Duty) Duty officer showed me to my room and to the ward room (officers mess and social room). It seems that I was the first of the IGY people to arrive.

## Introduction

The regular officers of the Northwind were doubling up and IGY personnel were to get the space thus released. However, only four spaces in the officers quarters were thus made available. I got one of ~~them~~, the upper bunk of a double decker bed in a room about 10ft by 10ft. The room was pretty crowded especially with some of my gear in it.

I learned from some of the officers in the ward room that we would not be sailing until Nov. 8 at 2 P.M.

My bunk if was one of most uncomfortable I have ever slept in and as a result I had some trouble falling asleep and ~~spent~~ had a rather restless first night - after a few nights however I got used to it and slept quite well.

Monday Nov 5 1956

I met my roommate in the morning. He was Lt Comdr. Wallhomon the ship's engineer. He was not now sleeping on board but was staying with friends in Seattle. The ship's officers and crew were very actively stowing away cargo and taking on new supplies. During the morning Dr. Sheldon Brinell the doctor at Knox Coast Station came aboard and after lunch we went into town. That first lunch was a pretty sorry affair compared to the officers mess at Barrow.



and the Fargo Building in Boston. The main course was grilled cheese sandwiches. Sheldon was also a bit distressed by his quarters. He was put in a room not much bigger than mine but with ~~eight~~ other bunks in it.

Sheldon and I got a lift into town with a ~~mail~~ coast guard mail truck and spent the rest of the day sightseeing and shopping in downtown Seattle. That evening we both had dinner at the house of my cousin whom I had not seen for many years.

Nov. 6 Tuesday.

Several more I.C.V. personnel arrived and four of us go into town after another rather poor lunch. We spent the entire afternoon making the rounds of ski and mountaineering stores. In the evening Sheldon and I took my cousin Marion and her friend Helen to El Daulo for dinner, a very fine restaurant.

Nov. 7 Wednesday.

Spent the entire day purchasing a pair of skis and the paraphernalia to go with them. In the evening I went with James Shear and Rudy ~~Winkala~~ Winkala into Seattle to make the rounds of some of the local cocktail lounges and bars.

Insurance cameras

Seattle

Notes on buying skis and cameras.

Since I have never been on skis in my life and knew virtually nothing about them, the decision of what kind of skis to get was a difficult one. However, with the help of some of the skiers in our group I was able to make a decision as to what kind of equipment would be most suitable for me personally in the Antarctic.

In the Antarctic skis are often a necessity for getting around as they distribute the body weight over a larger surface of snow and keeps the feet from breaking through the snow crust into crevasses. This type of cross country travel requires a different type of ski from the ordinary <sup>recreational</sup> down hill skiing. It is narrower, ~~and~~ more flexible and lighter in weight. In cross country skiing the motion is somewhat like skating. The ski is not lifted off the ground. This type of motion requires that the heel of the boot be free to lift off the ski. In downhill skiing the heel is held tightly to the ski so that if the foot is lifted the ski will leave the ground. Thus it can be seen that a different type of binding between boot and ski is necessary for cross country

skiing as opposed to downhill speed skiing. However, since I expected to do some downhill skiing also I looked for a binding that could be adjusted to allow the heel to lift up or be adjusted simply to hold the heel down.

The skis I selected were a pair of 215 cm. Gongsberga made in Norway and had them fitted with Tyrolia toe pieces and a Tyrolia cable assembly. This is a safety type binding which in case of accident frees the boot from the ski.

I had the bottom of the skis painted with fast ski to protect the ski and provide a lower friction surface between ski and snow. In addition various types of waxes are necessary if different snow conditions are to be encountered. There are waxes good for wet snow, hard granular snow, powdery snow etc. It is simplest to just have a variety of them and ~~use~~ apply the appropriate one before you put your skis on.

It was also necessary for me to procure a pair of boots. Here again the type of skiing to be done determines the proper choice of a boot. In downhill skiing or racing a hard boot, i.e. one that grips the ankles firmly and does not permit much ankle motion is preferable. However, for touring ankle motion is necessary and therefore a soft boot is preferable.

Seattle

The pair I selected were quite soft and also ~~one~~ of the warmest of the various types I tried on. The boot was a Garmisch boot made in Bavaria. The boots should grip the heel snugly but allow the toes enough room to wiggle slightly.

Ski poles are also required and I selected a pair of Coker ski poles, since they seemed to be strongest and best made. The following stores in Seattle were most cooperative and went out of their way to help us get the best available for our needs.

Handy & Langille  
6th Ave & Union

+ Ulland  
2nd - Everett.

The Mountaineers Coop  
523 Pike St  
Seattle

A camera in the Antarctic must be rugged and simple to operate. Since oil freezes at low temperatures the camera must be oil free. Also rubberized parts may have a tendency to crack. The only 35 mm camera normally made with out oil or rubberized parts that I know of is the Leica Contax. This camera is simple to operate and is tops in quality in addition to being the best adaptable for cold weather operation.



I purchased several accessories to go with this camera. First I got a wide angle 35 mm lens to enable me to take better scenic shots. I also secured several types of filters. Haze correction skylight filters to reduce ultraviolet haze in color photography. I also secured an 82A filter to correct for pictures taken in redder twilight light of which there is quite a bit in the arctic. I also secured a polaroid filter to reduce the glare in sea pictures and bring out the granular texture of snow in snow scenes.

Nov. 8 Thursday  
After lunch visitors came aboard. Women and children ran all over the boat. A navy band arrived at the pier to play and finally with much picture taking and fanfare the boat lines were cast off and the Northwind headed out to sea. Mr. James Hear and I were on the flight deck as we left Seattle behind us. He was saying that at such a moment it was appropriate to think great or poetic thoughts but that all he could find to say was "What the hell are we doing here on an icebreaker going to the Antarctic. I think his sentiments applied to all of us".

A movie was shown in the ward room after dinner.

at sea

In the evening about midnight I woke up to find the boat rolling and Mr. Williamson trying things down to keep them in place. We had finally reached the end of Puget Sound and were in open water. The roll of the boat is quite strong even though the sea is comparatively light I wonder what it will be like when we begin to hit really heavy seas.

Nov. 9 Friday

The sea is really a sight to behold. The sky is overcast with gray clouds and the sea has a dark and ominous look. When the waves break over the bow they look greenish. At 11:00 we met Capt. Thorndike, the Task Force Commander and Capt. Bresnan the Commander of the Northwind. Our meeting was in the captain's quarters and the spaciousness of the room was very enjoyable after the cramped quarters down below. Only one of our group is seasick so far, but he is in a pretty bad way. While I was standing at the stern of the ship I saw a seaman come out with a bucket of garbage set it down near the railing, wet his finger in his mouth and held it up to the wind. Having decided everything was safe he chucked it over board. I thought sailors only do that in movies.

didn't see hell  
or hell very far  
on 2nd day

Strong wind with garbage

Nov. 10, 1956 Saturday  
The sun came out for the first time this afternoon. After lunch we were taken on a tour of the ship. One of the things that impressed me strongly was the differences between the quarters of the men and officers. There is only one washroom and john on the entire ship for enlisted men. Some men therefore have to travel the entire length of the ship to get to the bathroom. Their beds are triple deckers and they have one locker apiece. In the evening after the movie I played two games of chess with Or Grinnell and lost them both.

Nov. 11, 1956 Sunday  
Today is a beautiful day, temperature about 60 in a clear blue sky. The helicopter on the flight deck was uncovered and went up to take some pictures of it. During the afternoon the pilot started the helicopter engines for a test run. Watching those blades whirl around gives you quite a sensation. If one of them should come loose a lot of heads would be chopped off. After running it for a half hour they decided there was something amiss in the rear tail rotor. For lunch today we had steak with french fries, onions, mince, and peas. Carl Edmund tried to catch an albatross in order to band it but he lost his line overboard.

at sea

Several sailors also tried it but they lost their lines also. Just before dinner the ~~new~~ boats aerographers filled a radioonde balloon with helium and prepared to launch it. This is a device which records temperature and humidity and transmits the information to a receiving set. The balloon reached 25,000 ft before contact was lost with it. After the evening movie "Stranger in Between" I played bridge.

Most of us feel this cruise is quite a cup of tea. Or I hear suggest we paint the name Lurline on the deck. About the only things we lack to make this a real pleasure cruise are deck chairs, shuffle board and women.

Nov 12 Monday  
If you might wonder what on earth we all find to do on board ship all day. Actually I was asked this question and could not answer it. However, I can say that time certainly does not drag and although I planned to do a lot of reading on the way down I actually manage to read only about 20 pages a day. Today for instance I helped to give a bridge lesson until shortly before lunch. Immediately after lunch

there was a bingo game. You paid fifty cents for a card. This entitled you to play ~~some~~ games. There were all sorts of prizes and a \$55.00 pot for the last game winner. Almost all the crew and officers turned out. There must have been almost 100 people jammed into the mess hall. I didn't win anything and neither did any of the other I G boys.

After this a few of us got out on the deck and had a contest to see who could maintain his footing the longest. The ship was rolling quite a bit even though the sea was like glass. The idea was you had to remain upright without lifting your feet from the deck. The ship's officers were amazed to see a line of reputable scientists lined up facing each other rocking back and forth.

At about 4 the cpec got out the medicine ball and we tossed it around for a while on the flight deck. Finally a wild throw landed it on the deck below and the fellow who went to fetch it tried to throw it up again and hit a pole making it rebound into the sea. That ended our recreation period for that day but there are other medicine balls on board so tomorrow we shall have another go at it.

at sea

After dinner we had a movie "Arrow in the dust" a real grade B western. While strolling on the flight deck I noticed some phosphorescence in the ocean and was told by the oceanographer that they were a species of jelly fish that glowed when agitated.

Later back in my room my roommate gave me a private showing of some of the slides he has taken from in different parts of the world. In between these main activities of the day are strolls on the various decks, sea staring, hull shitting with the scientists and crew and miscellaneous details of living.

One important ship board event was the meeting of the shellbacks (those who have crossed the equator) to decide the fate of the pollywogs (those who have not.)

Nov 13 Tuesday

Shortly after lunch Captain Thomas gave a talk in the crew recreation room on the general planning and operation of the United States participation in the antarctic phase of the I.G.Y. He told us about the progress made to date and about what our own part would be this year.

about four in the afternoon we passed through a rainy area and a rainbow formed. This was the most brilliant and most perfect rainbow I have ever seen. It was a complete arc without any break and each end could be seen to go right into the sea. Not fifty yards from the ship. It lasted for many minutes and then began to lose intensity.

Shortly thereafter we began our afternoon session of the N.A.C. Northwest Athletic Club. There were only three of us today which was unusual. While we were playing another quick rain squall came by and I got my last khaki shirt pretty well drenched. As a result I came to dinner in one of my colorful wool shirts and added a bit of ~~color~~ <sup>life</sup> to the usually drab ward room view.

The evening movie, <sup>american</sup> was shown on the flight deck outdoors and all ~~boards~~ <sup>boards</sup> were treated to a brilliant fireball meteor.

Nov 14 Wednesday  
Had rolls of up to  $35^{\circ}$  this morning and last night. Sleeping has become very difficult for everyone including myself. I spent part of the morning filing the toe pieces on my skis so they would slip without touching the leather.

at sea

This is to prevent the metal toe pieces from drawing heat away from the area of the toes in cold weather.

Carl Eklund gave the second lecture in the series on the animal life in the Antarctic. This is limited to birds and seals with four types of seals Weddell, crab-eater, Ross, and leopard. There are two species of penguin Adelle and Emperor and then the birds such as giant fulmar, skuas, petrels, antarctic terns etc. Carl plans to band the skuas and ~~co~~ with the cooperation of the other stations with antarctic bases hopes to get a distribution pattern for them. He also plans to brand seals after first anesthetizing them, and dye penguins and their eggs so that he can tell something about the feeding habits of the emperor penguin. He also has with him a small transistor thermometer transmitter which can be inserted into a penguin egg and will transmit the egg's temperature continuously even though the egg may be carried around by its parents.

During the afternoons exercise we lost another medicine ball overboard but there was still another one left in the locker and so our games could continue.

The evening movie was Riot in Cell Block 11. Briefly I couldn't see what the prison inmates had to complain about their cells were a lot roomier than our sleeping quarters.

Nov 15 7 Thursday

Had this morning's ship's newspaper had two items concerning the secret plans of the shellbacks. It seems that someone had been spying on the shellback planning meetings. The items were inserted by an officer and one of the crew. I learned that a tape recording had been made of the entire shellback committee meeting. While I was on the bridge talking to Ralph Fudd, the officer who is in charge of minding the Pollywag revolt, Capt Thomas came up and pinned a note to the door of the bridge and announced that the note contained the shellback message to the Pollywag navy. This note was duly delivered and will appear in the next issue of the ship's paper.

Nov 16 Friday

Just one month and two years ago I saw Diamond Head and rugged green of Oahu. If anyone had said then that I should return to Hawaii

have thought

within such a short time I should have been misguided. However, my feelings about being here again were mixed. I had already seen almost all of the scenic high spots of the island and I have always maintained that Hawaii is by far more scenic than Oahu. However, I had two good friends on Oahu and I looked forward to seeing them again. It was perhaps just as well that I felt this way since the weather was so poor it was impossible to do much sightseeing anyway. We pulled into Pearl Harbor about 8:00 and berthed along side a navy destroyer. I was just about the first one off the ship. You had to walk through the destroyer to reach the pier.

I got a taxi to the center of Honolulu and called Toshio Kato at Kailua. He was at work but I spoke to his wife Millie who was quite surprised to hear my voice. She told me that they had adopted a baby and that they were both well. I promised to call back at 5:02. I then called Donald Yamashita at Walo, Hawaii where his mother informed me that he was out of the army and now in Honolulu looking for a job. This was a break for me since it would have been impossible for me to go to Walo in the time I had. She gave me his Honolulu telephone number and address.



UNITED STATES COAST GUARD



ADDRESS REPLY TO:

PLAN OF THE DAY (Addition to)  
25 December 1956 - TUESDAY

ANNOUNCEMENTS:

1. The circumstances which made it necessary for NORTHWIND and ARNEB to be diverted to McMurdo Sound are as follows. The newly established U. S. Station at the South Pole, has been given top priority for a number of reasons, including the prestige of our country. It is essential that supplies necessary for its completion and maintenance be delivered there. All of this support must be provided by air. This requires the use of aircraft with large cargo carrying capacity, which in turn require adequate runways.

Williams Naval Air Facility at McMurdo Sound is the staging point for flights to Pole Station. The runway has deteriorated until it is no longer usable, and a new runway must be constructed. Meanwhile, all cargo aircraft flights out of McMurdo have been suspended. Since only one tractor was available at McMurdo, our Task Group was ordered to McMurdo for the purpose of delivering one or both of the two D-8 tractors carried in the ARNEB. These tractors have now been unloaded, it is understood, onto the TOWLE, for delivery ashore as soon as practicable.

One other factor now keeps our TG here. The ATKA had a casualty in Engineer room No. 3 which flooded it to the waterline. The top of the sea chest failed, and the sea valve could not be closed because it was jammed with ice. Two men with crowbars finally succeeded in closing the valve. This casualty obviously reduces the capabilities of the ATKA.

Before unloading of the cargo ships can be begun, they must be moved closer to HUE POINT where the ice will be strong enough to support unloading operations. The GLACIER has broken a track in, but the channel remains clogged with ice because of the pressure of the pack upon it. When the wind commences to blow from the south, the pack will move off and the channel can be cleared of ice. It will be our job to assist with that.

Meanwhile, the GLACIER is taking high priority cargo from the ships and delivering it to the supply dump. While the ATKA is still crippled, the NORTHWIND is needed here to provide icebreaker support and protection to the cargo ships.

The Task Force Commandef feels that the establishment of Cape Adare and Wilkes Coast Stations will not be jeopardized by our being delayed here for this time. The season is not yet very far advanced. So the job will be gotten on with as soon as possible.

2. Protestant communion service will be held on the ice near the ships at 1000. Catholic Mass will be held at 1100; confessions will be heard.

3. The Shackleton and Scott huts on Ross Island are national shrines of New Zealand. They are not to be vandalized or desecrated in any way. Entry into them is forbidden.

4. Christmas will be celebrated on the Mess Deck and the Wardroom following Dinner.

5. It appears that the pack ice may clear away from the channel sufficiently for the NORTHWIND to go to work at almost any time. If this occurs there will be no permission to go out on the ice. If not, permission will be granted following dinner, subject to the following conditions:

a) No more than 60 men off the ship at a time b) No person to be off alone - each man must be accompanied by at least one other. c) Each man leaving must have the OOD's permission and be checked ashore and back on board. d) Follow these instructions:

1) Stay completely off the broken pack ice. 2) Wear sun glasses. 3) Watch the wind and weather. At any sign of fog or rising wind, return directly and rapidly to the ship. 4) Watch your step on the ice - it is rotten. 5) Return directly and rapidly upon hearing the recall signal - five short blasts of the whistle.



I called him immediately and found him in. at first he couldn't figure out who ~~to~~ I was and then he figured it out and got all excited wanting to know what I was doing in Honolulu. He offered to come right down and pick me up and while I was waiting I bought him a present of a bottle of scotch and also picked up a haze filter for my camera. We talked in the lobby of the Alexander Young Hotel until almost noon about friends on the mainland and the islands. Then we went by bus to his brother's house where he was staying and left my things there. I said hello to Miyoko, his sister in law whom I had met before her marriage 2 years earlier, and who <sup>is about to have a baby.</sup> We then went over to Waikiki where we had lunch of pizza followed by a papaya sundae. While walking through the Moana Hotel we met several of the expedition members and I introduced them to Don. We joined them at the bar and they treated Don to a bourbon. Carl Ekstrand came in and introduced his Chinese secretary, whom he had told us a lot about on the boat. I had planned to take a room at the Moana but Don insisted that I stay with him and since they had an extra room I agreed. During the rest of the afternoon we walked about the Waikiki area, although I had my swimming trunks

with me the ~~water~~ weather was so cool and damp and overcast that I didn't bother to go in.

That evening for dinner Don and I went to Don the Beachcomber which is about the most famous and most expensive restaurant in Hawaii. The interior decoration themselves, are very unusual and almost worth the price of the meal. The entranceway is like a path through a polynesian island with tropical plants and running water. The ceiling is thatched and air conditioning is provided by electric pukake. All the lighting is candle or torchlight. For \$5.00 a plate both Don and I had the most delicious Chinese dinner I have ever eaten. The dishes were not only original and varied but each one was superbly prepared.

After dinner we visited the Hawaiian Village a new hotel area developed by Henry Kaiser. On the way in we met Carl and his Chinese secretary on their way to the night club there. We went on to the main building where a 9th Fidelity show was in progress. The show was not as big or as interesting as the New York fair but considering the size of Honolulu there were quite a few exhibitors and a great many visitors. I found it quite difficult to get to hear

any of the systems however, since they kept turning them on and off or played them too low so that in the confusion you could not listen easily. About this time the rain really began in earnest and on the way home we were forced to take refuge in a bar today but

Nov 17 Saturday  
The weather was still poor with heavy rain and complete overcast. We had planned to drive to the northwest coast of the island but decided against it and went over the Pali to Kailua to visit Toshio Sato and Millie. They were surprised to see me again and learn that I was going to Antarctica. I saw their adopted daughter and their ~~new~~ police dog. We had <sup>very fine</sup> lunch there and then returned to Honolulu to pick up Toshi, Son's brother who works for PAA and drive him home. The rain was still coming down when we went out to the Cherrygreen Inn to eat and it was still raining after we came out of the movies many days later.

Nov 18 Sunday  
Don drove me to the pier and I showed him around the ship. We pulled out promptly at one with some of the scientists just getting there with minutes to spare. It was a pretty dreary departure as the rain was still coming down.

I read some science fiction stories, three letters from home, and some articles on geology during the afternoon. The high spot of the day was a joke told by Dick Cameron the chief glaciologist. "A man used to go into a bar every day with an olive stuck in his ear. One day he came into the bar with a marachino cherry instead of an olive in his ear. The bartender, who had never said anything before because he believed in live and let live, broke down and asked the fellow why he had a cherry in his ear. The man remarked that the cherry was in his ear because he had run out of olives."

The Caine mutiny was shown after dinner and although I had seen it before I was amazed to see how much more it meant to me after living on a ship not unlike the Caine in many respects.

Nov 19 Monday  
The weather was clear and remarkably cool. Everybody was out on the flight deck enjoying the sun and reading. Dick Cameron was reading a novel by Thackeray and Bill Stewart the herpetologist was perusing Lattre's "Portrait of the anti Semite" after lunch. Jack Tierney the oceanographer gave a lecture on his work. Before dinner I saw my first flying fish.

I was surprised at how small they are and how easily they glide. We had a beautiful sunset and all hands were out taking pictures. I played bridge for the major part of the evening.

Tuesday Nov. 20, 1956

at night I set up a hammock under the flight deck near the stern. It was quite comfortable and I soon fell asleep after admiring the full moon.

However, about 1 or so I awoke to find it raining and so I had to move indoors. The rain persisted the entire day and evening which made the day pretty dull. I spent most of it reading and exchanging puzzles. After the evening meal I played bridge.

At dinner I sit at a table headed by Commander Rex Clelland who can best be described as tall, dark and handsome. He is second in command of the ship. Both our captains eat in the captain's mess. Also at my table are James Shear, Dick Cameron and Sheldon Brinnell of the Navy Coast Guard. Other officers at the table include ~~Charles~~ <sup>Chief</sup> ~~Quinn~~ an older engineering officer, Ralph Judd a LTJG who is one of the chief polygraph conspirators and Al Backbush who is a gas had an amazing amount of travel experiences and who will be giving lessons in French & German.

former  
mate of the  
Lindbergh

at sea

Dinner is served by ~~the~~ Filipino stewards who serve each man individually by carrying the food platters around the table to each man. It is remarkable how sure footed the stewards are even when the ship is violently pitching and rolling.

Wednesday Nov 21, 1956

It was still drizzling with an overcast sky for most of the day. I began to write my Christmas cards in the morning. After lunch we played hearts. At 2:30 PM. Shear and Rudy Hunkala the KNOX meteorologist gave talks on the meteorology of Antarctica. After the lecture was concluded the Knox Coast Scientist had a meeting in the exec room and Carl gave us some dope on procedures for writing news articles and scientific papers. He also announced that several correspondents including Walter Sullivan of the New York Times, a Walt Pearey cameraman and someone from NBC, would be accompanying us.

In the evening after the movie "The Golden Mask" the sky was clear and the stars shown with great brilliance. For the first time I saw some of the famous southern stars such as Fornax, Altair and Canopus.

A few minutes later we witnessed a moon rise. It was extraordinarily beautiful. A yellow oblate <sup>3/4</sup> moon swiftly rising out of the sea and bathing the clouds on the horizon in a red glow, like that of a subdued sunset. The sea also added its bit to the evening display. The disturbed waters at the bows were fairly aglow with bright bits of phosphorescent sea life. Some of the lights were bright blue others small and white.

Tuesday Nov. 22

Today is not only Thanksgiving it is also the day we cross the equator. As a result what with the crew having the day off the ship was a madhouse all day long. The weather was cool and clear, the sun passing almost directly overhead. The Pollywag-shellback hi jinks started almost immediately. Starting at 8 o'clock a watch was posted on the bow, the stern and the bridge to look for Davy Jones. The person on watch had to look out to sea through a toilet paper telescope and then report every few minutes in a loud voice. "All ~~clear~~ Davy Jones not in sight." The uniform of the watch was dress blues and scurries (underwear pants).

equator

The watch was relieved every hour during the day and was shared by crewmen, officers and scientists alike. I was fortunate in not being assigned a watch. One of the fellows on watch yelled "all ~~clear~~ Davy Crockett not in sight" but his little jest did not meet with the approval of the shellback overseers who promptly disciplined the seaman.

Let Judd, made a big hit with the photographers when he showed up for the bow watch wearing a sword, a hat with an American flag sticking out of it and a big medal saying "Pollywag medal Hero First Class". Judd is an independent cuss and he rang out with "all ~~clear~~ Davy Jones late it!" He was thereupon sentenced to another hours watch but never actually served it. He also raised the pollywag flag on the bow flag pole but after a short scuffle the flag was lowered though the executive officer himself had to attend to it. Nearly everyone had his camera out and nearly everyone had a camera both movies and stills. Mr. Bridgeman gave us a lecture before lunch on the use of the sextant. This was very enlightening and was able to take a sight on the sun and measure its altitude. Just about everyone was out on the flight deck.

sunbathing. I was too and I probably over did it but since I am red all over.

Lunch was a real banquet with fresh baked rolls, turkey, ham, potatoes, stuffing, squash, peas, corn and Cranberry sauce. We also had shrimp cocktail, tomato juice, orangeade, apples, nuts, candies, pumpkin pie, fruit cake and fresh apples and oranges.

About 2 o'clock Davy Jones <sup>and Reg Leg Pete</sup> made their appearance and made a Grand Tour of the ship followed by eager photographers. Peg Leg Peter costume and makeup was superb and they kept up a constant patter about Pollywag being woe. The Captain provided another holiday treat and this was a swim in the ocean. A man overboard drill was held and a boat lowered. as soon as the boy was rescued the boat acted as a lifeguard station and everyone jumped in for a swim. I was one of the first in and received quite a shock as I fell through the air into the water as it is hard to realize from the deck just how high above the water the deck really is. Men were also stationed with rifles as shark lookouts. A shark actually was seen earlier in the day. The water was delightful, although a few men complained that they were stung by jelly fish. A ~~rope~~ rope net was lowered over the side so that we could climb back on board and although I have ~~no~~ marines climb these things in

equator

movies I never realised how difficult it is to haul yourself up one of them when the ship is even slightly rolling. The main difficulty is that the rope lies right against the ship and it is difficult to find a toe hold on the rope when they are constantly scraping against the side of the ship. However, I managed to scramble up as did everyone else including Capt Thomas and Carl Ekland. I but later I went in again and took a turn in the life boat with the oars. Sometime after dinner that evening we passed the equator and a whale was sighted. The big pollywag invasion or Court of Neptune Rex will be held on Saturday.

Nov 23, 1956 Friday  
Everything was decidedly back to normal today. The crew were busy painting and airing their bedding and others were busy constructing mysterious contraptions for tomorrow's Criticisms. I have devoted a good part of the day to my Christmas Cards. In the afternoon Mr. Conger, the navy photographer gave us a talk on the history of antarctic photo mapping illustrated with an unusual collection of old sea charts of Antarctica. He also showed us some of his special winterized camera



equipment.

The evening movie, "The Limping Man," was stopped five minutes before the end due to rain, missing the last five minutes of a mystery film making <sup>the first part of the</sup> picture a complete waste of time.

Nov 24 1956 Saturday

Today was the hottest day of the voyage so far and it got off to a bang of a start. All hands were called to quarters and the uniform of the day was civvies (underwear/bottoms). This was the beginning of the initiation ceremonies which were to transform us lowly pollywogs into experienced debonair shell backs. I added a slight touch of originality to the uniform of the day by wearing my fur lined flock strap. There is not much you can do to make underwear look original but that piece of mind sure did the trick and I was stared at by every crew member on ship. The other Ralph, Itzudd pinned his 1st class hero medal on his and created a bit of a stir.

I managed to get my initiation over with early so that I could take pictures and watch the other men go through.

Pollywog

The initiation was rather long and involved. First we crawled on hands and knees the length of the deck to the bow being paddled occasionally by shellbacks dressed as pirates. Then we crawled through a canvas tunnel that had water in the bottom of it. A later innovation had a shellback cook waiting at the end of the tunnel hand feeding each man as he emerged with a spoon full of some orange muck he had mixed in a can.

From there we were led to the port side of the bow where King Neptune's Court were assembled to mete out punishments for offenses spelled out in summons which had been distributed before hand. One of my alleged offenses was consuming too much oxygen and perverting the aurora. Others were charged with such offenses as pooping on the poop deck, using too much crap paper, using too much ~~crap~~ used crap paper, attempting to subdue the Virgin Islands etc.

The punishment for my crimes was that Carl Eklund as the scribe would read the charges aloud and Captain Thomas who was the judge would then pronounce sentence. I was sentenced to prostrate myself before King Neptune's Pet,



(Commander McClelland) and the Queen (one of the booms.) Kiss the tits of the Princess (these were later covered with paint and grease), and kiss the belly of the baby. The baby was ~~not~~ <sup>not</sup> a man with a very ample belly who is the ship's cinematographer. I went through this rigmarole helped along by an electric shock prodder and a few paddles with pieces of hose. The baby's belly was covered with thick <sup>graphite</sup> ~~grease~~ and assorted yellow paint & garbage as I bent to kiss it my head was pushed into this nauseating mess.

After this Dr. Dixon or the court physician sprayed our throats with an atomizer filled with a mixture of Atabrine and vinegar. It was the most foul tasting stuff and persisted for hours. Then came the haircut, strictly a token snip as I believe Admiral Fife has forbidden shaving of heads. This did not however, stop the royal barbers from giving a shampoo of machine oil, graphite and grease. This was done on a chair constructed over a canvas pool so that when the shampoo was over, the seat was tilted back and I fell into the pool. After being ducked a few times I was asked what I was. I said I was a pollywog. I got ducked again.

## Pollywog

This time I answered shellback and was shown to a ladder and climbed out of the pool. The initiation was over for me. I got myself cleaned up, got my camera out and spent the rest of the morning photographing the proceedings. The captain of the ship Capt Breslin was also pollywogged but he got exactly the same treatment that everyone else did.

The shellback costumes were really original and very striking. Carl wore a cap and gown with a mop hair wig. Capt Thomas wore dressed as a woman in a black dress gown with appropriate bulges. The commander sported a green beard and a gold crown and trident as Neptuneus Rex. Even Rose the ship's mascot was wearing underwear. The shell back really had a hard time of it initiating almost the whole ship's crew. It took several hours for everyone to get through the line. and several of the shellback suffered severe sunburn not to mention fatigue. I think it is easier to be a pollywog than a shellback. In the afternoon we played bingo again. Everybody at the table around me won but I didn't. Later after the games were over it was discovered that a ball was missing and it turned out to be a number on my card.

While the evening mouse was in progress a small brown bird landed on the flight deck. Carl got out a net and the bird was caught. It was banded and then released. It was a pleasant diversion and one which was quite unusual.

Sunday Nov. 25

Today was rainy and overcast. Last night was very muggy and I could not get to sleep. So I took some pillows and stretched out on some crates on the flight deck. It was very uncomfortable but I might have been able to fall asleep if it had not started to rain. I had to get up and come in again. I spent most of the day writing Christmas cards but after lunch I started a game of Monopoly which was slightly interrupted by the cry of land ho. Sure enough, dead ahead was the Samoan Islands. The mon game was forgotten while everyone got out their binoculars. The sky was still overcast and so the view was not perfect as haze interfered. However, the gaunt silhouette of the tall mountains rose out of the sea in a jagged disorder.

We could see Tuatula and Anumua both American owned islands. As we got closer it became possible to separate the ridges and see the lush growth of deep green which covered every square inch of the island. Tuatula is the main island where Pago Pago harbor is. We could see some sailboats in the harbor through the binoculars. There seemed to be no farms or other organized pattern on the island. Even houses were very few and far between. In all Samoa was an afternoons diversion but hardly a scenic wonderland.

Monday Nov. 26

It was raining or overcast the entire day. So far we have had more hours of rain than of sunshine. During the early afternoon the crew was assembled at fair weather stations and all the lockers and sea chests of the men were searched for some stolen cameras and watches. A watch was found in one man's locker but I don't know what happened after that. I gave a half hour lecture on the aurora to the ship's officers and the personnel at Knox and Adore. From the number of questions that were asked I think the audience appreciated and understood the talk.

In the evening after dinner, the man who came to dinner was shown and we were all pleasantly entertained. Most of the books are just as funny now as when first written.

Tuesday Nov. 27

I spent most of the morning and a good part of the afternoon writing letters and Christmas cards. One of the navy aerographers had a birthday and in the afternoon he was given a party. Homemade ice cream and cake was served. The cake was delicious and I learned that it had been baked by Daniel our cook at Knox Coast. This makes me very happy because when you have to eat one man's cooking for 12 months it better be good. I finally won a game of chess from Mr. Prendergast and played some bridge to practice for the bridge tournament Thursday evening.

Wednesday Nov 28

Today we crossed the International Dateline at about the 28 parallel of South latitude. It was wondrously cool and clear today and after lunch battle stations were sounded and target dropped overboard and target practice begun. All hands not actually involved in the shooting were on deck to see how good the marksmanship was.

30° 52' AT

The guns made such a loud noise that I was glad I had cotton in my ears.

Every one has been kidding John Malholm, one of the glaciologists because he is the youngest of the group, having completed but three years of college. He has been nicknamed A J, active John, because he was raring for action in Honolulu. Rudy or Onkala, our meteorologist asked him at a movie one night, John, as an impartial observer, what do you think of the human race? John answered "what race?"

Today I made a grand slam at bridge but had not hit it.

Nov 29 Thursday

The sky was just about cloudless and the sea as blue and glassy as could be. Don Burnett who is the officer in charge of navy personnel gave a talk on mountaineering techniques including various methods of getting out of a crevasse, knot tying and ski terminology. Captain Thomas also spoke to the officers about handling the ship in ice, how to predict which way the ice will drift, how far apart the ships in a convoy should stay etc. Bob Long the ionospheric physicist also spoke to us about the

program he will be operating at Knox.

After dinner I watched the sun go right into the sea, the first time the sunset had not been obscured by clouds. We had a duplicate bridge tournament. Olav Løkin a Norwegian glaciologist going to Knox coast was my partner. We came in last out of a field of eight.

Olav joined the expedition after having gone around the world on a Norwegian freighter the ferncliff as a mess boy.

He left his ship in New York to join the expedition at the request of Dick Cameron. He has had experience in glaciology in Norway and is very intelligent and personable. He spent part of the afternoon making a recording in Norwegian to send home to his parents.

Nov. 30 Friday

Tomorrow we arrive in New Zealand. The sea today was very unusual and fascinating. Almost all the waves had whitecaps and the waves were closer together producing a very varied and swiftly changing pattern. The color of the water was greyest green or black rather than the more usual ~~black~~ blue. It was sunny for most of the day. The temperature was in the low sixties and flies again appeared in the wardroom.

38° SLAT

I was informed by Olof that during the night the bridge tournament had been rescored and that we were now tied for last place with Mr. Drunnell and Rudy Honkala. I ~~it was a~~ regained a measure of my self confidence by beating Bob Long in a game of chess.

It was piped over the public address system that a whale could be seen off the port beam. But by the time we all got to the port railing it could no longer be seen.

Dick Berkley gave a good lecture on geomagnetism and the equipment he will be using in the Antarctic. Dick Cameron has defined Antarctica as the place where if God wished to give the earth an enema he would stick the tube. My own definition of the Antarctic is that it is the world's largest ice cube.

Western movies on board ship are known as shot kickers and that's exactly what this evening's movie was. I spent the latter part of the evening packing for my trip through New Zealand. It is difficult to know what to pack since I have virtually no idea of whether or not I will be going skiing or hiking in snow etc.

Dec 1, Saturday - This is today lost by crossing the TOL

Dec 2 Sunday

I was up and out on deck by 8:00 AM. I was surprised to find that we were back in Seattle. It was cold and overcast ~~and~~ with a slight drizzle. Everyone was very discouraged because of this persistent rainy weather. It was surprisingly cold being impossible to stand on the deck without a coat of some kind. The coast of New Zealand was visible through the fog. It resembled the coasts of Samoa and ~~of~~ Oahu in many respects. It was too misty however to get more than a general idea of the island. We picked up a pilot outside ~~Wellington~~ Port Nicholson in Wellington.

During this time a full fledged court martial was being conducted in the ward room. A crewman was being tried for stealing a watch. The court did not come to any decision and adjourned until tomorrow. The crew put on their blues as did the officers. Everyone was so dressed up I couldn't recognize some of them.

By lunch time we could see the city of Wellington spread out ~~for~~ in a horse shoe about the bay. For the second largest city in New Zealand it ~~seemed~~ <sup>appeared</sup> surprisingly rural. Even in the center of the city trees and green patches could be seen. The city is shaped like a huge amphitheatre with the water

## Wellington

as the center. The houses all looked very neat and prim. Almost no factories or industrial eyesores could be seen.

A quarantine officer came aboard but he did not ask to see any of us. As we were approaching our berthing space a private yacht filled to overflowing with teenagers came out to wave at us. I imagine they were the local contingent of the idle rich. We had lunch and got into civilian clothes.

We tied up at the same pier as the ~~Utha~~ the sister ship of the Northwind. The ~~Utha~~ <sup>Utha</sup> was given to the Russians and only recently returned. It used to be called the ~~Northwind~~ <sup>Northwind</sup> and is known as a Windclass icebreaker. The Arnet could also be seen on the other side of the bay. Not long after the gangplank was lowered a welcoming party of three captains and an assortment of other high ranking officers came aboard. It was really quite an orgy of handshaking and hellos. A group of money changers from the bank of New Zealand also came aboard and were of great assistance in providing a convenient method of securing cash on a Sunday.

As almost all the other fellows were planning to stay in Wellington or go to South Island I took my



praline and left the ship as soon as I had changed some money.

There were no customs or passport formalities at all which surprised me considerably. I asked a cop standing on the pier about getting a taxi to the railroad station. He was wearing one of those hats that you see in the movies. He suggested in crisp British tones that I use the phone in the office and call one to come and get me. This I did and for 2 crowns (5 shillings) about 3 5 4 I was driven to the station.

The streets of Wellington were almost completely deserted. There seemed to be remarkably few stores mostly sedate offices or warehouses. Traffic was almost virtually nil. Of course the driver drove on the wrong side of the street from the wrong side of the car. I arrived at the station with about 2 hours to wait for my train. I bought a ~~second class~~ second class ticket to National Park and sat down to wait. The station was unheated and rather damp and littered. I had a rather poor first impression I got. I sat watching the people go by to their trains. Most of them (A.K.A.) were wearing British style clothes. I noticed several Maori citizens and was surprised to see how much like the white New Zealanders they looked. In the U.S. & N. America usually are wearing cheap

and my Maori, man,

Wellington

clothing that is differently styled. Later I did notice some Maori men with rather loud shirts and ties. Almost everyone wears a tie and a jacket. Most of the ~~new~~ school age boys were wearing blazers with all kinds of ~~esoteric~~ ~~badges~~ emblems on their pockets.

I bought several interesting paper bound books at a newsstand and then boarded the train. The train was quite modern and clean. The route of the train went along the Wellington waterfront and then through a series of tunnels to the west coast of the island. The sea shore was very picturesque with rocky shores against which the waves broke. The New Zealand countryside was by far more fascinating however. Gently rolling hills covered with freshly mowed green grass, stretching as far as the eye could see. It soon became obvious from the little white dots on all the hillsides and plains that the mowing was done by sheep, who have left no blade untasted.

The flora were weird and exotic. Pine trees or evergreens would be growing along side something that looked like a palm tree. There were virtually no maples or oaks but instead there were flat topped trees with



contorted branches and trunks. Most of the areas were agricultural. I saw almost no factories. Cars on the roads were few in number and gas stations and billboards very few and very conservative. There were also virtually no roadside stands (dairy mads, bars, farm stores etc). Our train went very slowly and made many stops even though it is an express. At these stops everyone would hop out and buy a cup of tea or a sandwich carrying the plates right onto the train with them. The conductor would come through the train later and collect the plates, cups and bottles.

I happened to notice some of the reading matter my fellow passengers were perusing. One magazine was called *Orion* and appeared to be a typical ~~male~~ body beautiful <sup>mag</sup>. Another was reading *Confession* magazine the title of which is self explanatory. Their reading tastes are evidently not better than in the U.S.A.

I purchased a sandwich for only 6 pence or 7¢ in American money. This is quite reasonable. Nightfall came while we were still in sheep country. A young fellow across the aisle started up a conversation with me. I understood very little of what he said because of his accent, the language usage difference and the fact that he did speak neither

## Chateau

loudly nor distinctly. I gathered that he worked for the railway laying out routes for new stretches of track. We had seen most of the country but could tell me little of value as to national Park or Rotorua. We also did a little price comparing to see whether N.Z. or USA was the more expensive country. This was largely inconclusive as there were virtually no items sold in both countries that we knew the price of.

At the station I was the only passenger to the Chateau in the only taxi. The night was very clear and the stars were very bright. The Chateau is eleven miles from the station at an elevation of over 3000 ft. It was lit up like a Christmas tree when we drove up. The lobby was deserted but eventually the night porter took me to my room.

Monday Dec 3

The chamber maid came in at 7 am to offer me morning tea. I declined and slept to 8:30. I got down to the lobby just in time to board a bus going to the foot of Ruapehu four miles from the Chateau. The bus was very old. It was almost completely filled with an elderly tour group from Australia. As we wound our slow tortuous way up to the

base I got my first view of the summit I was absolutely stunned. Little prickles ran up and down my spine. Here was a mountain. A pristine white snow covered its unbroken flanks for thousands of feet. It was dazzling in its brightness and as I had neglected to bring my sunglasses my eyes soon began to suffer. We reached the end of the road and everyone piled out. There was quite a bit of snow on the road even before the end and we had to walk up a snow covered trail to get to the base of the chair lift. Unfortunately the lift was not operating. Also I had brought my boots along in case I should decide to hike to the summit. But with the lift out and the immensity of the mountain it was out of the question without a guide. There were also no skis available in the ski hut there as it was closed for the summer season. There was however more than ample snow cover for skiing.

Some of the Australians built a snow man. It was very cute with a muffler, sun glasses and a pipe. There was really very little of any of the others could do up there so in less than an hour we started on the downward trip back to the chateau. Lunch was not served until one so I had some time to look around and collect maps and hiking trail information.

## Chateau

I also stared at Ngauruhoe until the clouds lifted enough for me to see the entire cone. It is quite reminiscent of Mt Fuji in Japan. It is however, still active and erupted as recently as 1954. It is 7515 feet tall and has snow on it in streaks going down its sides. For some peculiar reason it seems to always have clouds over it while Ruapehu has been remarkably clear. Ruapehu is 9175 feet high and last erupted in 1945. It is actually a double crater with the northern one completely dormant. The southern crater contains a lake, which two years ago found an outlet through an ice tunnel and flooded a railroad trestle causing a major railroad disaster. Since the chair lifts were not operating and ski instruction seemingly not readily available I decided perhaps I would try to climb Ngauruhoe. I was a bit intimidated however by what the guide pamphlet had to say on the subject. "The trip is a fairly severe one, and roping is dependent on the conditions applying at the time. A guide is essential, and it should be noted that during the winter month the trip is suitable only for experienced mountaineers." I went into lunch wondering what to do next. Lunch was very elegantly served. I had

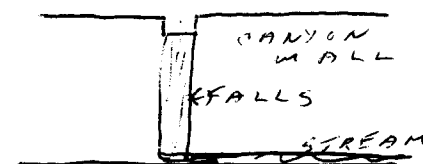
no less than four forks, three knives and two soup spoons. The food was very British and consisted of a sausage, steak, mixed grill, barley soup, tea and vanilla ice cream. The ice cream was up to the highest standards. Everything else needed a lot of salt.

After lunch in wandering about the chateau I came upon a ski shop. I got to talking with a fellow working in there and explained my problem. He advised me to see Ron the chief guide which I did. I got to talking with Ron and we finally agreed that he or his brother Ray would take me up to the Ruapehu summit the next day and that we would take skis along and get in some ski lessons besides. This sounded like the answer to my prayers, and I am eagerly awaiting the morrow.

About 2:30 I left the chateau with camera and map in hand to go to the Taranaki waterfalls. The trail was very swampy and led over large brush like fields into bush country. This bush country is a real phenomenon. It is a very dense jungle like growth. The trees and plants all but blot out the sun. The ground is soggy and spongy under foot. Every 10 or 20 feet you have to step on stones to cross a stream or balance on a precarious plant. The trip was quite exciting and stimulating with many little waterfalls and cascades to see along the way. There was also a canyon with a very shady suspension

## Chateau

bridge across it. Finally after almost two hours walking I reached the falls. They were unusual in that they just appeared out of an indentation in the canyon wall and fell 83 feet down its face, another unusual feature was that the course of the stream was at right angles to the falls along the base of the canyon wall.



Further on I came to a stream which seemed to be impassable without wading. As I did not want to lose time by waiting for my feet to dry I decided to chance a leap from one rock to another in mid stream. I was so scared of falling in I could barely stand still on the rock I was on. I put everything I had into the leap and made it with just enough to spare. On the other side I crossed over some lava flats and had the pleasure of occasional glimpses of Ruapehu and Ngauruhoe. I soon spied another gentleman approaching from the direction of the Chateau on his way to the falls. He was quite elderly. I learned later that he is 78. He was making good progress and I warned him about

crossing the stream up ahead. We finally waded across not being able to find a suitable ford.

I came upon some deer tracks in the mud but saw none.

At dinner there were quite a few new people including three gentlemen at my table. Dinner was much better than lunch and I went back to my room quite satiated and ready for a good night's sleep.

Tuesday Dec 4

So much has happened today that I scarcely know where to begin. Morning tea was served in bed at seven. Breakfast at eight consisting of oatmeal sausages, ham and an egg. While I was eating I glanced out of the window and saw Olaf Loken. I ran outside and offered to take him with me on my trip to the summit. He was quite enthusiastic and told me that Dick Cameron who had come with him would also probably like to come. I quickly made all the arrangements and after they had secured boots skis and breakfast we were on our way with Dick driving Ron's jeep. Ron is the chief guide at the Chateau. We left the jeep at the same place as yesterday and proceeded on foot to the summit. I was carrying my skis and poles. The lowest chairlift was not working so we trudged up along a path to the beginning of

Ruapehu

next chairlift. This was quite a hike in itself mostly on rocks since the snow that had been present the day before in this region had melted away.

When we reached the top of the first lift, I noticed that I had left my camera on a rock down below so I had to go down and up again to fetch it. The base of the second ski lift is at 5860 ft. We expected the lift to be operating shortly and so sat down to wait. It turned out to be a long wait and it was nearly noon when we got underway again. During the hour or so we were waiting I did my first skiing on a nearby slope. I was very clumsy walking and climbing up hill, but managed to stay up right all the way downhill. It was very hot due to the reflected sunlight off the snow and I got in a little sunbathing as well as eating some lunch.

Finally the tow lift was started and I was picked up by one of the suspended chairs and carried up the lower slopes of the mountain to the upper terminus at 7000'. The ride between majestic rock pillars and snow covered slopes. At one point a waterfall fell a 100 feet down a black cliff. The ride was a long one about ten minutes with not a sound or a breeze to disturb the deep silence. From the tow lift we set out on foot. Gradually the sky became

a deeper blue. The light intensity was so great that even through my special snow glasses the glare was uncomfortable. Everything was covered with a thick mantle of unblemished snow. The silence was oppressive and the heat reflected from the ~~sides~~ slopes on three sides made it uncomfortable to wear much more than a tee shirt.

We trudged along up a slope of  $45^\circ$  or so digging our boots in to the soft snow about 4 inches thus forming shallow steps. I found the going very fatiguing and had to rest frequently. Thus Dick, O'Leary and Ron would usually be 50 or 100 yards ahead of me which meant I could ~~the~~ just follow along in their footsteps. After about two hours of climbing straight up, we arrived at the rim of the summit crater.

I was completely unprepared for the sight before my eyes. The best of the today's science fiction writers have never described anything more outre than this. The crater was about half a mile in diameter with a deep blue lake at its center. The snow came down to the shores of the lake except where the lake shore was defined by palisade like cliffs. These cliffs of which ~~some~~ perhaps 20 ft were showing above the water level must

We left the best part

Ruapehu

form the walls of an inner crater. The walls of the outer crater were irregular and almost completely covered with snow and ice. One section of the wall was violently serrated and with imagination looked like a reclining bristly beetle with long floppy legs and an anthropoid face.

We scrambled down the steep side of the outer crater to the shore of the lake. A strong smell of sulfur had been in evidence during much of the ascent but it was now even more acrid. The gas could be seen rising from the surface of the lake from patches of yellow scum. Steam also would whirl in the air like a dervish from the surface of the lake. Evidences of upwelling and whirlpools were equally noticeable. During the ascent we had seen smoke coming from the Ngauruhoe crater to the north which shows that this region is still very active. Actually an eruption could have taken place at any moment from either volcano.

We got undressed and went in swimming. The water was about  $110^\circ\text{F}$  and just the right temperature for a hot bath. The water made my sunburn sting and tasted simply awful but the pleasure of being able to relax in a hot bath after an arduous climb made life that much more enjoyable. Floating on that lake surrounded by 500 ft ~~crater walls~~ at 8460 ft elevation



surrounded by snow covered ~~crater~~  
500 ft crater walls is something I  
shall never forget.

It was a bit chilly when we came  
out but we got our clothes on and  
tramped back up to the crater rim where we  
had left our skis and equipment. Olaf  
who seems to be indefatigable decided to  
climb to the very highest point on the crater  
rim, about 300 ft above us. I was still rather  
tired and thought I had best conserve my strength  
and as Sick felt the same way we rested some  
and Olaf climbed to the summit alone.

We soon packed up and got ready for  
the descent. Ron gave me a few short lessons  
in skiing and we set off. Unfortunately for  
me it takes more than one lesson to  
become a skier. I could stay up right but  
could not turn. This meant that I had to  
stop at the end of a traverse across the  
snow field and attempt to turn my skis  
in the other direction for the next downhill  
traverse. Almost all the time I would  
begin to slip straight downhill and have to  
fall to stop myself. After a fall I would  
have great difficulty in standing up  
again as the skis would slip from  
under me as soon as I would get off the  
ground. Usually in such a predicament I  
would sit on the skis and toboggan on them  
to a level area where I could then stand up.

On one particularly steep slope I had to  
take the skis off and walk. I would say  
however, that I skied standing up more  
than half way down, mostly due to the  
help and instruction of Sick Cameron

Ruapehu  
and considerate

who was very patient with me.  
Pretty soon the point was reached  
where rocks protruded ~~from~~ through  
the snow and it was necessary to remove  
the skis and carry them. In places  
the snow was so rotten I would sink  
in up to my knees. By now I was  
pretty much dead on my feet and  
the sun was getting low. Sick was  
so far ahead of me now that I could  
not see him. Ron and Olaf were  
already down at the base of the second  
chair lift. I continued to clamber  
over rocks and across snow  
fields wondering if I was ever  
going to get down before darkness.

Finally I caught up to them  
and we descended to the jeep and drove  
back to the Chateau arriving about  
seven. After a quick shower we went  
downstairs for dinner. There was  
a ~~couple~~ middle aged couple at our  
table. At first I thought they were  
English. They thought we  
were New Zealanders but we  
soon found out we were all  
Americans. Their name was  
Caton and they came from  
Los Angeles via Australia  
where he is working for Sears  
& Roebuck.

Before going to bed, Sick  
and I played a game of skittles  
on a sort of miniature pool on  
a coin operated table.



Wednesday Dec 5

Today was to be a day of rest and relaxation. Mr. Eaton suggested a round of golf soon after breakfast and Dick and I accepted even though I have never played a game of golf in my life. O'Leary was so badly sunburned from the day before that he could not go outside. His face was actually oozing lymph and must have been very painful.

I was very awkward at playing golf but with Mr. Eaton's patient coaching by the ninth hole I was connecting hitting the ball more than 50% of my swings.

The day was so clear that after lunch we decided to take a few pictures and walk down the road to ~~Tahar~~ Tawhai Falls. The falls were only 43 ft high but very pretty being in the center of some bush country and being surrounded by steep walls. Dick found some pumice stones which were ~~not~~ that they floated on the water of the stream. On the way back we took a trail through the bush which although very swampy was more interesting than the walk on the road. Although from the road the weather being so clear the 8600 ft peak of Mt. Egmont was visible in the distance.

This bush trail was very much like that I had taken on Monday. The bridges however were even more original one was a single thin log with a wire suspended above it. You walked

Chateau

on the log keeping your balance by means of the wire. The next bridge was just two wires one above the other. The upper wire had a ring of wire on it. You held on to the ring above your head and tight rope walked on the lower one sliding the upper ring along as you moved across.

At dinner we had Don Burnett for company. He had just driven up in a bus. At dinner we had a little red wine and this inspired Dick ~~Tahar~~ to tell us a story. It seems this guy came into a bar and ordered a martini, which he proceeded to drink. When the martini was finished this guy ate the top off the glass set the stem on the bar and walked out. A drunk at the end of the bar watching all this ~~call~~ excitedly called the bartender over and asked him if he had seen what that guy had done. The bartender replied yes but that he was used to it since that fellow came in every day. But said the drunk "He left the best part".

Thursday Dec 6

Mr. Trackbath was on hand in the morning to see us off on the bus to Rotorua. There were only a handful of passengers but it seems that mail and newspaper delivery are the real job of this bus. We stopped at almost every

sign of a house to drop a newspaper or a sack. Outside of a few views of Ruapehu and Ngauruhoe the scenery was rather pedestrian. We crossed the desert, passed through sheep country and stopped for a short time in a small town just before reaching Lake Taupo. These New Zealand towns look something like a Kansas or Nebraska town must have looked during early depression days. No modern store fronts, sidewalks non-existent except for the covered wooden platforms on which all the stores are lined up. No chains, no supermarkets and plenty of cracker barrels.

We drove along the shores of Lake Taupo to Taupo City. The lake is very large and is famous as a resort and fishing area. In Taupo we changed buses and had some ice cream. Our fellow passengers were a mixed lot of Maori & English. The Maori seem to come in many different styles; some look like Asian Indians, others have slanted eyes and still others are Polynesian. They all speak English and dress as do the whites. I have also noticed that the children are mixed in the schools and play together afterwards.

The second bus took us the five miles between Taupo and Wairakei. Wairakei is the center of a large thermal area. The bus after stopping at the Wairakei

### Chateau to Rotorua

Falls overlook, a not too high waterfall but with a tremendous volume of water. The bus stopped at the Wairakei Hotel for 3/4 hour and after grabbing a bite we took a quick look at the site of a government project to tap the underground thermal resources of the area to produce electricity. This is quite a novel undertaking and to my knowledge has never been done before. The Duke of Edinburgh is due here in a few days to officiate at the opening of some new holes.

We left Wairakei in yet another bus after seeing the great clouds of superheated steam and the loud noise of the thermal region. We drove ~~part~~ a large part of the fifty miles to Rotorua through large forests of pine planted by the govt. on scrub land. These forests appeared to be doing marvelously and there a vast improvement over the usual dry scrub clinging to the hillsides.

We arrived in Rotorua in mid afternoon and after settling ourselves into the Grand Hotel we found we still had time for a little sight seeing. A taxi took us to the Whakareia thermal area and Maori settlement near the edge of town. We simply followed the paths in the area blindly and managed to see ~~see~~ all of the interesting thermal wonders. There was the Pohutukawa geyser, which fortunately was ~~was~~ erupting when we - burst came

upon it. There were innumerable steam vents and the air was filled with the odor of sulfur. The boiling mud pools were by far the most interesting of the thermal wonders at the Whak. The sucking and popping noises the mud makes are fascinating to listen to. There was also a Maori model village which I felt was too primitive to be really interesting.

Dinner at the Grand Hotel that evening was a real experience. For the first time I had roast venison, also a marvelous fish whose name I cannot remember and a fruit known as the Chinese gooseberry which tastes like a strawberry but has green meat and is as large as a potato. After dinner we went to a movie. There were at least five shorts before the movie began. One of them was about sanitation in N.Z. restaurants and was surprisingly interesting considering its rather prosaic subject. The main feature "The Tailor's Shop" was ~~first~~ filmed in New York in a super realistic technique. It was pleasant to see the sights of New York again so far from home.

Dec 7 Friday

By 9:00 I had had a haircut, taken some clothes to be dry cleaned and made arrangements at the N.Z. government tourist bureau

## Rotorua

to go to the Waitomo caves on ~~last~~ Sunday. The barber was quite excited when he found out I was going to Antarctica. By 1:30 we were on our way with a busload of tourists to take the thermal district of Waimangu. The driver was a very pleasant and cheerful fellow who stopped the bus every few minutes to show us something or tell us about the local farming and manufacturing problems. We traveled about 3 1/2 miles from Rotorua to the Waimangu thermal area where we stopped for morning tea before proceeding down the trail into the thermal area.

Close by the shop were the ruins of a hotel destroyed during an eruption in 1912. The roof had been blasted off by the force of the explosion and hot mud and ash completed the job. Three people were killed. The guide took the party down the trail pointing out the things of interest and telling us stories of past eruptions and what the area was once like. We passed a very large blue lake of boiling water. You could see the steam and feel the heat rising from its basin. We passed <sup>innumerable</sup> steam vents of various types. At one point the guide held a match over one of them and it bloomed forth with a large cloud of steam. The smoke from the match provided small particles about which the water vapor could condense.

We saw several ~~other~~ very bubbly and active pools of boiling water some were almost like geysers. The trail ended on a large lake at the end of which stood a 5000 ft volcanic crater with a rift in its side leading down to the shores of the lake.

We were met by another guide who also doubled as launch driver. He looked very much like ~~the~~ Commander ~~in the~~ Whitehead of Schweppes Genuine water fame. He was a very distinguished gentleman with a red beard and red hair. He spoke with a manner that Lawrence Olivier could be proud of and he wore a tieless white shirt, white shorts and long white stockings. We all piled into his launch and started off across the lake. I ate my box lunch of ham & cucumber sandwiches and admired the black swans and other birds that passed us by. We headed straight for the crater at the end of the lake and passed many ~~steaming~~ <sup>cliffs on the</sup> shores. <sup>which comprised the rift in the water being the command.</sup> skillfully turned the launch around and we retrieved it.

At the end of the lake we disembarked and walked across a short spit of land to the shores of yet another lake. This one was colossal and we went seven miles on it in a bigger launch. It was rather choppy and the small boat was tossed around some but no one became seasick to my knowledge.

At the end of this lake, which had no sign of volcanic activity we were met by our bus and driven to Te Wairoa a buried village destroyed during the

## Rotorua

eruption of 1886. The ruins were rather dull and hardly worth seeing but there was a stream and a waterfall. As we walked along the banks of the stream we looked down and saw a trout peacefully suspended in a quiet pool. It stayed perfectly still and we were all able to get a picture of it.

A very interesting trail lined with many old and beautiful trees led down the waterfall which falls 275 ft. in a series of cascades. At one point we walked through a cave which went directly under the falls and then climbed back up the other side.

The bus made one more stop at the blue and green lakes. These are two very clear and pretty crater lakes quite large and surrounded by pine forest.

Before dinner I got our tickets and reservations from for Waiotomo Caves from the tourist bureau and also went to a book store ~~where~~ where they had so many wonderful titles in pocket book form that I bought about 10 dollars worth. The stores were all open late on Fridays but there was little to buy. Prices on manufactured goods were very expensive as was <sup>some</sup> clothing. Even the paper pocket books were 35¢ to 70¢.

Saturday Dec. 8  
We left our hotel before breakfast and took the bus for Hamilton. The scenery enroute was pretty but

rather dull consisting of farm land with areas of brush. Hamilton was quite charming with very pretty gardens in front of the houses containing brightly colored flowers. We had to change buses here and while waiting I bought us some fish and chips as I delayed breakfast from a nearby store. I had never had this particular delicacy before but we all agreed that it was delicious. For five shillings we got more fish than we could eat wrapped burning hot in newspaper & waxpaper.

We arrived at Waitomo about 12:30 and after getting settled in our rooms we began touring the famous caves. There were three of them Aranui, Ruakuri and Waitomo. We were taken through each cave by a guide in a party of about 30 people. The first two were simply limestone caves with the usual assortment of stalactites and stalagmites. There were some nice features but they certainly do not compare to Carlsbad Caverns in size, color or beauty. It took only about an hour to go through each cave. The Waitomo cave however, was another story. There is a marvel that words can only begin to describe. The cave is quite ordinary in every respect except for several chambers whose floors are entirely covered with slowly flowing water.

## Waitomo

To enter these chambers we got into a boat and were pulled along by the guide who provided the motive force by reaching up and pulling on wires suspended across the cave. When we were all settled and gently drifting into the large cavern or grotto the lights were turned off. Immediately the ceiling of the grotto became an incandescent universe with thousands of tiny stars burning brightly in the underground heaven. The combined light of all these pinpoint ~~stars~~ <sup>stars</sup> ~~resembles~~ <sup>resembles</sup> that of the moon.

The lights are caused by minute glow worms that live on the ceiling of the cave. The light attracts their food and is also a means of waste disposal. The lights can burn steadily for several hours depending on whether or not the worm is hungry. The density of the lights is actually greater than the density of the stars visible to the naked eye.

After dinner I saw, Dick and I went for a walk along a country road by moonlight. The night was very beautiful and moonlit and we had a wonderful conversation about educational methods in different countries. We arrived home in time for supper (tea and sandwiches) and an interesting conversation with a very pretty New Zealand girl. She was a very vivid demonstration of the life led by a member of the English idle rich. She had just returned from a jaunt around the world. She was



very much concerned with night clubs and staying at the most socially active hotels. However, although she was probably badly spoiled she had a pleasant and intelligent way with her.

Sunday Dec. 9

Since we had seen all the caves on the previous day we had absolutely nothing to do. The hotel was peculiarly devoid of facilities for recreation. No pool, golf course, billiard table, ping pong, tennis court or any other sports facilities. There was not even a walking track. We spent the day in reading and eating. During the afternoon Jack and I went for a walk and took pictures of the farm animals about. At dinner I bought us a bottle of champagne to celebrate our last dinner in New Zealand and civilization.

10:57 saw us at Te Anau railroad station where we had sleeping accommodations on the express to Wellington. It was a novelty going to bed on a British type train and I fell asleep quickly.

Monday Dec. 10.

I spent the morning in Wellington buying books and looking at phonographs, record shops. The prices for records were outrageous and the selection very poor. I tried in several banks to open a dollar account but they insisted that I convert the money into pounds and then convert back

Wellington

when I make a withdrawal. I did not want to do this since if the exchange rate should change during the next year I would lose a lot of money. I finally gave up the idea of a foreign bank account and will have to think of some other way to have cash readily available when I return.

I carried my bundles back to the ship and then went ashore again with Mr. Sheldon Simms. I have lunch and return his rented car. The Jolly Frog was the restaurant we wanted to try but it was closed on Mondays and so we ate in a nearby hotel. After lunch we drove around the bay to a garage in a suburb of Wellington where Sheldon paid almost \$100 dollars for the car having used it a week and driven over 1000 miles in it. The garage man, a very nice chap gave us a lift back to the ship and I came on board for good. My stateroom was to be occupied by a Captain Calwaller and I was being given the bum's rush to move my stuff out to a bunk aft. Although it had been a lucky break getting a stateroom in the first place, I couldn't help feeling that a low ranking officer should have been bumped rather than a civilian who is a guest on the ship. For one thing all the civilians have a lot more personal gear to

stow away and moving is quite a job. My new quarters are very cramped. I have no locker space at all. There is no desk, or chair. The bunks are three high and there are about 20 of us in one room. Crew, <sup>and</sup> civilians mixed together with a mass of clothing and towels hanging in every conceivable space. We have also taken on board about 7 Australians who are to go with us as far as Knox Coast where the *Dieta San* will come and pick them up and take them to Dawson. I spent almost the whole day moving and packing away my civilian clothing and so stow little of anybody or anything. I did notice however, that we are now part of a convoy with the *Atha*, *Arhel*, *Private* *Toule* and us all traveling together.

Dec. 11, 1956 Tuesday

Had a pretty rotten night's sleep due to a very uncomfortable bed. *Reverle* came at six thirty and since I am now sleeping with the crew it is impossible to sleep longer because they get up and bustle about. It's perplexing. Just as well and good training for me. It means that I shall have to go to bed earlier. Lights out in our compartment came at 10, although I notice many are in bed before this. For the first time the voyage date breakfast. It was a pretty alluring meal and I haven't been shipping much.

at sea

at 9:30 we rendezvoused with the icebreaker *Glacier* and a cargo vessel the *Private Merrill*. There are now six ships in the convoy including two of the world's foremost icebreakers. The *Glacier* brought mail with her and I received a letter from my parents.

I spent a good part of the day getting acquainted with some of the new passengers. I met Jack Couffer, the Walt Disney cameraman and had a pleasant discussion with him about some of the photos he has taken that were included in the Disney nature film series. I also got much better acquainted with the Australian boys and told them something of the opportunities for scientists in America.

I fixed up my bed and made some minor repairs in it so that it should be much more comfortable tonight. After lunch I had a short meeting with Carl and he gave me some electronic material to look over on his transistor egg equipment. I looked it over and found that the temperature sensitive device is an  $50\text{K} \pm$  oscillator modulated by an RC grid leak circuit the RC which is a temperature sensitive thermistor. The egg is placed in the center of a pickup loop 50' in diameter. As long as the penguin keeps the egg with this

fifty foot circle a record of the temperature can be obtained by means of a receiver and a frequency meter. ~~The sea~~

The sea today was quite calm but the sky was generally overcast. I spent much time outside reading and had to wear a heavy sweater.

By evening we had passed the 46th parallel.

Dec 12 Wednesday

Today the air temperature was just over fifty degrees. We also passed the fiftieth degree of latitude about dinner time. Sunset did not occur until just past 8:30.

Everyone is quite amazed at how calm the sea is. The weather is very overcast but there is little wind and no precipitation. So far we have gone through the roaring forties and have the howling fifties the screaming sixties and the screeching seventies to contend with.

After lunch we had another meeting with Carl and discussed the prospects of getting a team of seven dogs. We discussed whether we had a real need for them and how we would provide for them when we needed get them. It was pointed out that the Knox coast terrain might not be too suitable for vessels and snowcats and that the dogs would therefore be of great use in the glaciological and zoological studies. It was thought that seven dogs would not be too

55° S

great a burden even if the scientists had to do all the work themselves without the help of the naval personnel. Actually six of the navy people have since volunteered to help out in this matter.

The Australian boys joined us at this meeting and gave us run down on what they will be doing at their Mawson Base. Their program is similar to ours although their auroral program is quite superficial and sketchy compared with ours. They will be making only visual and all sky camera observations. They will also be doing some height determinations of auroral features which is something that we are not going to attempt.

Dec 13 Thursday

The sky is cloudless and the sea is smooth as glass. At 1400 we passed the 55th parallel of latitude. I spent as much time as possible sunbathing. Although I personally did not see them several penguins were sighted as well as whales and some other kind of unidentified fish. I saw one of the aviation technicians working on a piece of electronic gear from ~~one of~~ the big helicopter and started up a conversation with him. I made some