

to all this than meets the eye. Marder in his book "Seven Men Among The Penguins" remarks that when ~~some~~ ^{judging} their bitch was in heat ~~for~~ some of his men would be noticed going out to pat her and be with her much more than they did at other times. He felt that the dog exuded a female warmth otherwise lacking in their harsh surroundings.

Perhaps my own subconscious works this way for I decided to go for a walk before turning in this morning and I certainly saw more of the dogs than I planned to. It was still dusky when set out, going first to the unloading ramp I found it drifted up with snow making it a tricky, slippery business to get down to the water level. The cone was frozen over with a grayish slushy looking sea ice. I walked out a little ways but I did not trust it as it creaked and sozed.

As I scrambled back up the ramp I saw Koo, our lead dog running loose. After the hullabaloo about Pooker I felt that although the damage had probably been done already

I had better try and catch him and secure him. It may be Carl let him loose purposely for ~~the~~ ^{water} reasons but I thought it strange he had not mentioned it.

Koo was not to be captured so easily however. We kept circling the other dogs stopping always at Pooker's place. He usually snapped at him and if I came toward him he would run away.

I finally decided I would need help but in the meantime I continued my walk. I looked over our water supply lake and saw the charred empire of the Jamesway. The lake was frozen solid with ice a foot thick. To get water it is necessary to chop through the ice and insert a hose into the unfrozen water below.

I noticed in my wandering that the areas of rock and stagnant ice are still not snow covered despite the conditions at our base site. This demonstrates that our snow is almost all drift.

On my way back I again passed the dogs and there were Koo and Pooker sitting side by side. This time I decided

to play it smart. I walked slowly down the line of dogs petting them each in turn. They seem to enjoy this and howl and bark to attract attention. Hoo and Pooky both were howling and seemed anxious for their turn. I petted Pooky and Hoo didn't move. When I moved my hand to Hoo he lifted his muzzle to receive it and I grabbed him.

April 7 1957 Sunday

I had come down from the tower just as the first rays of light were appearing in the southeast and was in my office writing up the IBM cards for the night's display when Fred Charlton and Bill Silenthal burst in on me. It was a quarter to five in the morning and I was surprised to see Fred up. I knew Bill had the night astro watch. ~~Fred~~ Bill had gotten Fred up to report a strong ~~light~~ shaft of light over the ice cap in the ~~background~~ dawn light. Fred took a look at it and decided it was a comet and came to me for corroboration and a pair

of binoculars. I was rather skeptical and said so. I thought perhaps there might be an unusually strong auroral ray or Venus, but Fred was right. There in the east rising in advance of the sun was a brilliant comet, its tail ~~radiating~~ stretching upward to escape the rising sun. The tail was so long that all of it could not be seen through binoculars at once. It extended for at least $\frac{1}{4}$ of the distance between the horizon and zenith, terminating in a point whose brilliance outshone any star in the heavens.

I was soon able to identify it as the Pons-Weinecke Comet by looking it up in the World Almanac. This comet visits us once every six years and was first observed in the 1800's.

At first I didn't think I should wake anybody else up but I figured they could always go back to sleep without getting up if they so desired. As it turned out I misjudged them. I woke Carl first, then Rudy and then Bob.

They in turn were just about every one else and all tumbled outside with surprising enthusiasm to witness the sight. Not one of us remained in bed. Doc even got out his telescope though in this case the comet was much too large for a telescope to be necessary. They made a pretty funny group in pajamas bathrobes, boots and overcoats shivering in the ^{crisp} morning air, but all heartily agreed it was worth seeing.

April 8 ~~Monday~~ ^{Monday} Earlier in the afternoon Carl and Truck arrived back at base after an abortive attempt to reach our advance base. The route is marked with bamboo poles every mile, but the stakes are only 4 feet high and the bamboo has been split in half to conserve it. As a result it is almost impossible to go from stake to stake without missing some of them. By 1:30 Carl and Truck were still 40 miles from their destination and so decided to turn back. Tomorrow A.D.H. will take barrels up to the cap and the trail will be properly marked.

~~April 8 Monday~~
Had considerable luck with the ham radio making four contacts in New Jersey and Pennsylvania. The quality was not quite good enough to warrant phone patching but I enjoyed the conversations.

No one knew about the comet and later talking to Little America I discovered they hadn't seen it either.

April 9 & 10 Tuesday & Wed

Preparations underway to get D-4 to advance base. Trail markers put out and on Wednesday Dick, John, Don, Bob MacIntyre and Paul Noonan left for the base. Doved Ariel, our cook has reached the finals in the cribbage tournament having defeated Monkala. Berkley has also dropped out leaving only Carl Eklund ^{the only woman} who must still play Jim Powell to determine reach the finals.

We have discovered that Brooker who is supposed to be castrated is not and that Horizon is. Either the collar got miped up or we received misinformation. Also amusing is the newly discovered

fact that Retak or our spaded female is a fully equipped male.

Tonights movie was "Indiscretion of an American Wife" This film with Montgomery Clift and Jennifer Jones was made in Rome by Vittorio De Sica and displayed that flair for detail and realism that makes all the best films. I am afraid though that our naval support team was unable to appreciate it as almost all of them walked out before the end or made disparaging remarks about foreign films.

April 11-12 Thurs. Fri

The days are growing steadily shorter. Stars are coming out when I wake at five and there is still appreciable twilight at breakfast time.

On Friday the night the gang returned from the advance base having set out barrels every half mile all the way to the camp. On the way out when still 20 miles from camp

~~the~~ darkness came on and they left the D-4 tractor where it was and pushed on in a weasel intending to return the next day. The next morning the weasel would not start due to battery trouble and Dick and Robert walked the 20 miles to the tractor and successfully brought it into camp.

Two weasels had been taken originally and both broke down. Both had broken fan belts and one had battery trouble and the other ~~was~~ damaged a tread. This raises the question of the usefulness and reliability of the weasel as a vehicle to take on a long trip such as to the south pole which has been projected.

April 14 Sunday

In reading "The Heart of the Antarctic" by E.H. Shackleton I came across this sentence written by James Murray the expedition's biographer "Skua skulls are collared, greedy, vulturous and disgusting." I will get a big kick out of repeating thro

to Carl at dinner tomorrow night.

April 15 + 16 Monday + Tuesday

A blizzard has raged almost continuously for the last two days. Even when the wind lets up the snow keeps falling and there are monstrous drifts piling up in odd corners. Almost everything left outside is buried and even tractors and vehicles are packed up with snow.

Dick and Dil have been passing the time indoors discussing a trip through Africa if the ship that picks us up should return via Capetown. Of course although the chances are rather slim of things working out just the way you plan them it is always fun to work out travel itineraries.

Carl speaking to Lawrence Paul on the ham radio told him about our proposed trip to the south pole. Paul surprised everyone by taking the matter very seriously and saying he would

give the matter some thought and see what could be done.

Tonight while Don Bradford was taking a shower Pat swiped his bathrobe. His left leg with only a towel to keep him warm on the long draughty trip from the head to the barracks. Dave Daniel managed to take his shower and get to bed warm by hiding his bathrobe inside the dryer.

April 17 Wednesday

John's hair was the major topic of conversation at dinner tonight. Poor, good natured John got it from all sides tonight. Even though he had his hair trimmed a bit this morning it hardly looks it. Carl suggested that we take a vote and if we voted John should get a haircut he would have to get one in three days or be subjected to a semi-de haircut. "You know John what a semi-de is, that's an Indian with half an ear!" John took all this rather seriously protesting he didn't care how many votes we took he wasn't getting a

haircut. Pretty soon John was waving up to clip him and perhaps his challenge may be accepted. Subtle schemes such as leaving the clippers and a pile of hair about his bed so that when he wakes up he will think he's been sheared have been suggested.

The navy has clamped down on voice communications between base scientists on the ham gear, maintaining that shop talking on this equipment violates the spirit or purpose for which the gear was provided. Since the lifeblood of science is the free interchange of ideas between colleagues, the IGY scientific program has been dealt a rather serious blow. Carl and the rest of us are up in arms about this. Carl sent off a strongly worded message to Little America protesting. It may be that the navy will soon be able to establish a voice net using non ham equipment for scientific use.

The navy has also to censor outgoing news releases. It is now necessary to get Don's permission before giving out news for publication over the ham radio. This affects

mostly Carl and he is furious. He maintains and rightly so that the policy on news was settled long ago in Washington and that the IGY has jurisdiction over news releases not the navy this being an IGY expedition.

After the movie stars were visible for a short time though fast & misty clouds obscured the fainter ones. A three quarter moon illuminated ice crystals in the air and a distinct halo formed about the moon. The prevailing blizzard winds and snow seemed to have finally passed, but you can never trust the antarctic.

By midnight it was overcast and snow was falling. After cooking some pork chops and yams for dinner I returned to the science building to bring my log up to date and do assorted clerical work. Before closing up for the night I read a chapter from the Journals of Scott's Last Expedition, and at about 6:30 set out for the barracks.

I was taken completely by surprise. Instead of gently falling snow a stinging mass of cold

granular particles hit me in the face as I opened the door to the science building. I was not wearing any special clothing and in the few feet between buildings I got plastered with snow. The side of my face to windward became encrusted with ice in seconds and began to sting.

The door to the barracks vestibule was quite snowed up but I managed to squeeze through after opening it a crack. ~~The average~~ The gusts of winds up to 66 knots, greater than hurricane force, blew inches of snow through the crack into the vestibule before I could recover and shut the door properly.

As I finish writing this I can feel the building shake under the impact of the wind and I can hear the swishing of the snow crystals as they are driven against and alongside the building walls. I wonder how the auroa tower will withstand the storm?

April 18 Thursday

The wind reached a velocity of 76 mph well over hurricane velocity. Truly Mawson was right when he called this area "The Home of the Blizzard". Our camp is now so clogged with snow that you can walk over some of the buildings on snow ramps.

The wind blew all day slackening off towards evening. After the movie "Mr. Potts Goes to Moscow" which incidentally added the phrase "Up the Empire" to our vocabulary, it began to rain. Yes rain. Small drops of water drifted down to settle on the snow and ground where it promptly froze to form a slippery glassy surface over everything. Walking became a tricky business.

In the Antarctic, high winds usually bring high temperatures though it is certainly rare to find it above freezing in late April.

April 19 Friday

A twenty knot wind blew most all night. I had to crawl out onto the roof of the aurora tower in order to chip off some ice that had built up as a result of yesterdays rain. It was a cold and ticklish job which I hope wont need repeating. A beautiful halo circled a bright half moon indicating ice crystals in the atmosphere.

A small ~~so~~ blizzard followed which is still blowing and has delayed the start of a trip by Dick and John to the cap station.

April 21 ~~Saturday~~ Sunday

The following message was received from Comnavsupfor Antarctica in reply to Carlo's message concerning scientific communications between ~~the~~ bases.

"Consider shop talk between units on ham bands in violation of spirit of regulations governing use of amateur equipment on military bases and could result in loss of privileges & arrange conferences by official nets &

By official msg & Not to interfere basis & Comnavsupfor Antarctica"

Rather a sharp and final reply. The interesting thing in this message is the assumption that this is a military base. Last I heard this was an International Geophysical Year scientific station.

However, despite this I was able to contact the Pole station and chat with Arlo. He said he has had good displays of aurora and enjoyed his plane trip to the pole. For some reason he has been nicknamed high pockets.

~~and~~ I got Carl up and over to speak to Paul Duple the base leader of the Pole station. Their conversation was most fascinating and I got a good picture of life at the Pole. The scientists are ~~by~~ living together in a Jamesway which is evidently buried in snow. Their low temperature so far has been $-89^{\circ}F$ but only very light winds 8 to 12 knots. They live mostly underground but do get

out when observations have to be made. In order to endure the winter night they have invented special holidays. Thus the disappearance of the sun, the beginning of astronomical twilight and the sun's lowest declination ~~at~~ have become occasions ~~of~~ for special celebrations.

Their water is obtained by digging snow in a tunnel which goes down at a 20° slope. This tunnel will be used by the glaciologists for their deep pit study. Paul mentioned that they all take turns working in this water mine.

Carl told Paul he hoped to do some traverse work but did not come right out and say he was actively trying to reach the Pole.

Carl's plans to ~~to~~ organize this traverse are now well underway. This evening the Navy managed to get into voice contact with Little America using non-ham gear and Carl talked over the South Pole traverse project with Bert Crary the Chief Scientist in the Antarctic. ~~at~~

Crary heartily approved the scheme and said he would send his personal endorsement along to Washington

on Carl's proposal. I also got to say hello to Peter and discussed a few technical matters with him.

Thus the South Pole trip seems to be well on its way to becoming a reality and although there is little chance that I will be able to go with it ~~at~~ the idea still stimulates the imagination and interest. Even though my adventures to date have more than justified my decision to come here, I still feel that I missed the opportunity of a lifetime in not getting assigned to the South Pole Station.

The following is a copy of Carl's proposal to the ICG to support a South Pole traverse.

Action Little America
Info: Comnavsupfor Antarctica

For Crary, Comnavsupfor Antarctica
Pass to O'Mahony for Info. NR 39. Easy access to icecap and good surface to 4000 feet indicate good travel conditions further south. D-7 tractor, effectively pulled 40,000 pounds to icecap station 50 miles inland recently, carrying oil drums with fuel and empties for trail marking.

It is proposed trail operations be carried out from Wilkes starting late Nov. using D-4 and Weasel with another D-4 for partial support. We propose traverse from Wilkes to South Pole station along 110th meridian. Traverse as projected would provide geophysical, meteorological, glaciological, and geographical profile over one of greatest unexplored regions of Antarctic. Prime advantage this route is presence of fixed stations at each end and in middle of profile to provide control for the scientific observations linking the stations.

In addition to seismic and gravity studies it is contemplated that magnetic observations be made concurrent with seismic shots at 50 or 75 mile intervals. Our equipment would also make possible determination absolute values at Pole station which would enhance value of the variation records.

Travel logistically feasible with present motive equipment. Proposal would necessitate flying portable seismograph, Worden gravimeter, Ruska Transit,

magnetometer with earth inductor, with ^{other} minor items. Personnel here capable carrying out traverse, and party could be evacuated from pole. Replacements could be flown in with equipment. Also suggest this as possible solution for summer personnel and orientation of replacements if these cannot be brought in on early ship and evacuated late. Excellent ~~the~~ landing sites available on cap near station.

Dick recorded his first earthquake today. It was quite strong but distantly located not in Antarctica.

Dick and John started for the recap station but had to turn back due to poor visibility. They have had so many false starts that they are beginning to get touchy when someone remarks "What are you still here".

I overheard a conversation between the radio operator at Little America and a ham in New Jersey. It seems that a case of 7000 ohm resistors had been broken out at Marie Byrd Land station, at first I could not understand why this should be of importance or even why there should be a whole case load of 7000 ohm resistors. I soon learned as

did the rest of the world listening in that bottles of liquor had been smuggled into Byrd Base in a box~~s~~ labelled 4000 resistors.

It is interesting to note that ~~one of~~ the major source of humorous material for conversation at dinner or parties usually is homosexuality or illicit relations with the dogs. I doubt the ~~having~~ ^{is a} serious symptom of anything it is just an unusual or interesting fact.

Carl told us a ^{true} story about savoir faire. When the Northwind was in Wellington Carl took a single room at the Grand Hotel. Charley Shirley the ~~young~~ photographer asked Carl if he could use his room one night and since the room had an extra bed, Carl agreed. When Carl awoke the next morning he found Shirley and a strange girl fast asleep and ~~both~~ ^{both} naked in the other bed. Just then the maid knocked on the door and walked in with morning tea for Carl. Seeing the two bodies sprawled out on the extra bed she backed toward the door and said to Carl that she was very sorry but she thought only one person was occupying the room and she would

return immediately with two more cups of tea.

Commander Shirley by the way is the fellow who fell over board on the Endeavour ~~after~~ during a boisterous party on board the New Zealand ship at McMurdo Sound.

The following quotation is taken from Scott's Journals 1911 May.

"It is the language of mystic signs and portents - the inspiration of the gods - wholly spiritual - divine signalling. Remindful of superstition, provocative of imagination. Might not the inhabitants of some other world (^{aurora} ~~mar~~) controlling mighty forces thus surround our globe with fiery symbols, a golden writing which we have not the key to decipher?"

It is rather hard to believe that Scott really believed all this when he wrote it. I think rather he was practicing the art of poetic license in preparation for the book he expected to write.

April 23 ~~Th~~ Tuesday

Yesterday morning John and Dick started bravely for the icecap undaunted. They were back before dinner dragging their tails behind them. They were subjected to a merciless ribbing all evening. Blowing snow with zero visibility had kept them from getting even a few miles toward their destination.

A mild blizzard blew up in the evening followed by light snow. Today and tonight more overcast and snow. John and Dick didn't even bother to start out.

Tomorrow starts my week to clean our barracks building. Originally the civilians were to share mess chores with the navy men. But now it seems that only the low ranking navy men will be rotating in this dirty job. There are probably several reasons for this. The radio operators and met personnel have set watches and cannot take time off for washing dishes and mopping floors. Although Don might be willing to put in his week at K.P. I don't think that his 2nd in command Chief

Charlton would be very happy. He is rather a stickler for rules and regulations and a C.P.O. doing K.P. is just about unheard of. It would also be awkward for Dave to have his commanding officer as his assistant. Of course some of the ~~see~~ scientists also have set watches which make such a duty impossible. In my case I am asleep during 2 meals of each day and so could hardly help prepare them.

Scott kept his officer personnel free from as much routine labor as possible saying that this increased the ^{usable output} ~~efficiency~~ of the available brain power. However, as great a man as Scott was he was never noted for his great democratic spirit. No word yet about polar journey.

April 24 Wednesday

Another blizzard blew all day long. E.V.K. Walton the British sledging expert, ~~used~~ ~~to~~ refers to these as fumigators. An interesting term but rather than being fumigated we are slowly suffocating. As of today we have only two doabs usable between our living space and work

areas. Now there is only one.

To get out of the messhall, latrine barracks tunnel it is necessary to walk through the messhall into its east door. This is the only undrifted door left. Once outside it is necessary to climb over the officers barracks ~~to~~ across its roof and down the other side. From here it is possible to reach the science building, garage, rec hall, and radio shack by climbing up and down drifts. The doors to these buildings are still relatively free of snow, a lucky break.

Pick, John and later Sheldon and I were discussing the navy's roll in this expedition. I see that others beside myself feel it was a great error on the part of the ICG to relinquish so much responsibility to the Navy. In particular they should have retained some control over the selection of wintering over personnel. The general complaint is that our navy people have no scientific ambitions and regard this as just another assignment just a good way to fill in their enlistment time. They have no interest in Antarctica or travel, or exploration and certainly no scientific background. They therefore make

rather poor companions for the rest of us as possible topics of conversation are rather trivial. As a result of this lack of understanding and rapport a small schism is slowly developing. At dinner the scientists kind of manage to sit at the same table and talk among themselves. ^{social} fraternization ~~except~~ with the occupants of the other barracks is virtually nil except for cribbage games and pool.

On their side this lack of involvement in the real purpose and program of the base and the feeling of being outsiders forced to do the lion's share of the dirty work has made some of the navy men irritable, and perhaps sulky on occasion. I thought perhaps I was overly sensitive to these developments, but I see others have also noted them.

There is not much that can be done about this. On other expeditions notably Ronne's all personnel were intensely interested in exploration and this interest was the major reason for their original selection. On Scott's 2nd expedition every man was hand picked. Even

Scott's cook, Clissold ^{who} had considerable ^{invented} mechanical skill, ^{voluntarily} worked ~~and~~ on special ^{scientific} projects in his spare time and ^{was} to have been in one of the southern ^{expedition} sledging parties supporting Scott on his way to the Pole but an accident on an iceberg while posing for photographs ^{put} him temporarily out of commission.

If the navy and ~~the~~ had used proper care in the selection of the support people I am sure they could have found men with special skills who also had well rounded personalities and interests.

April 25 Thursday

Dick and John finally got away successfully. Tonight was clear for the first time this month. The stars were radiant and there was even a strong auroral display.

April 26 Friday

Today was positively radiant. I had to go to sleep but others made full use of it taking pictures etc. after almost a month of dull grey overcast.

April 27 ~~Thursday~~ Saturday
Olav spotted a Ross seal in the little cove near our depot of dead seals. Fox and Carl went out and killed it and will measure it and preserve its skull and investigate the contents of its stomach.

At the usual Saturday night party Carl played his ^{longer} partisans recording of whispers. The navy boys made a big thing of it with so much noise that they couldn't possibly have heard much of it.

April 28 Sunday

George Magee rang out over the squawk box that he had a New York City phone patch and was anyone interested. I got out of bed, dressed and hurried over to the radio shack. Shortly I was talking with my parents who were still asleep. The telephone having routed them out of bed at 3 am.

The contact was not too good at this end and it was difficult to understand them. We had surprisingly little to say to each other of importance.

although just to hear each others voices is sufficient.

Since I was up I went out to see the Ross seal. Carl and Sheldon had already dissected it and its entrails were spread all over the snow bank. Its intestines by actual measurement were ~~3~~ over 200 feet long (225). Its stomach contained walrus which will be examined under a microscope.

Very few of these seals have been dissected or even killed before. I believe Dr Wilson's dissection at Hut Point in 1903 is the only case on record.

Carl cut out some sections of meat which he put in plastic bags to freeze. He plans a Ross seal banquet when he returns. The first such meal in the United States, if the meat keeps till he gets back. Carl asked Dan if he would cook some seal meat for the rest of us for a meal sometime. Dave flatly refused saying he would have nothing to do with it. He was sure he wouldn't like it and ~~flatly~~ refused even to consider cooking it.

Our times have changed.

Not only have all great expeditions ~~not only~~ thrived on seal meat, enjoying the diversity and freshness seals added to their diets, but ~~the~~ ^{they} the skua and penguin with equal relish. Even the more modern Byrd expeditions at least tried eating these things if only for curiosity. Scott's Northern Party under Lt. Campbell ate almost nothing else but seal and penguin for an entire winter.

The attitude of our cook is just another example of the astonishing lack of curiosity, adventuresomeness, and even reasonableness among some of the naval personnel.

Carl received the following message from ~~Dr~~ Dr Cray, Chief Scientist at L.A. apropos the pole journey

2518222

"Wilkes 2112347 X am fully in accord with importance TVL operations inland from Wilkes station and recommend consideration by appropriate panels and USNCT following way assist in reaching decision X

A scientific equipment.

See gravity equipment planned for airborne operations from L.A.

and Mc Murdo could be diverted X

B Personnel

Pers planned for airborne party could supplement available Wilkes personnel.

C. Air assistance for pole, air rescue essential to success of program X Two planes would be minimum and would need to base Wilkes. Higher priority should be given to air assistance Ellsworth station where traverse equipment and personnel already well organized. Would recommend Wilkes to Mc Murdo. VICE Wilkes to pole in new air logistics.

Recommend also second half of traverse planned for second summer operation. Cray,

Carl is quite sore about this message and he is perhaps justified. Far from supporting ~~to~~ this proposal ~~and~~ as he promised Cray has rather neatly made final approval almost impossible by asserting the priority of the Weddell Sea Base and by suggesting a route change. A trip from here to Mc Murdo would not only not have the glamour and interest of a trip to the pole, but

would also cover territory rather thoroughly explored by Scott, Shackleton, Mawson and assorted Frenchmen. In addition it would be very difficult to get motor vehicles through the Victoria mountains West of the Sound.

April 2 29 Monday

Another blizzard is upon us and has been blowing all day. Dick and John are still up on the plateau at the recap station.

May 3 Friday

Since the above was written we have had almost continuously clear ^{and calm} weather and as a result I have been very busy with scientific work. This has been the best four days of weather we have had since arrival here but the brevity of the daylight hours mitigates their value.

I have sent a message to Oliver asking his policy on a second year hitch. I have not decided anything yet but it is best to get a foot in the door just in case.

May 6 1957 Monday

Rudy and O'law left early this morning for the recap station where they will relieve Dick and John who should start back tomorrow for here.

The weather although now calm is now overcast and fairly warm after the 0° F temperatures prevailing during the recent clear spell. Still no blizzard in a week.

George got me another phone patch this time from the O'rank. The quality was not the best but as ~~she~~ ^{my mother} could hear me alright that is what counts. She was full of talk about when I get home. I am afraid that any plans I might make about a second year down here are impossible. My parents would never get over it.

I am just as anxious to get home and see them as they are to see me but I know that in a few days after I return they will have had their fill of me, my pictures, and my reminiscences and the time will ~~come~~ have come for me to return to work probably out of town. It is hard to see why for just a few days at home it should be necessary to

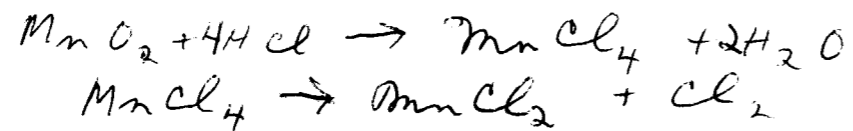
give up \$10,000, my chances to return to school for a Ph.D. ^{with} and the opportunity to start married life with a large bankroll but there it is and I see no way out of it.

Carl received a report that the New York Times ran a front page article on the discovery of manganese on Clark Peninsula. Walter Sullivan had his ^{rock} samples assayed when he returned and found they were high grade manganese ore. ~~was~~ Although manganese is widely distributed in the earth's crust, commercial ore ~~is~~ rather scarce the largest ^{deposits} ~~supplies~~ being found in Russia, South Africa, Germany and Brazil ~~being~~ and being the major sources of supply in the free world. Thus a large manganese deposit is of critical importance to the U.S. which has virtually no domestic resources of a mineral which is vitally important in high quality steel making.

As I had some ore samples collected and handy, Sheldon, Dil ~~and~~ joined me in Sheldon's lab to try some chemical tests to see if they were really manganese ore. We suspected our samples were Psilomelane or Pyrolusite however, so many other

minerals are hard and black in color that this by itself proved nothing.

When treated with hydrochloric acid it gave off chlorine which indicates the presence of MnO_2 by the reactions



The residue $MnCl_2$ is supposed to be rose colored crystals but our crystals were almost yellow in color so we are still not sure that our ore is MnO_2 . There are more tests to try and we shall do them tomorrow.

May 8 Wednesday

I have found some more references to skuas in Ponting's book "The Great White South." He refers to them as the "Buccaneers of the South, and Antarctic pariahs. Other adjectives used are revolting, noisy, rascals, savage, ^{and} exceedingly truculent, and of a quarrelsome disposition, with thieving propensities and ~~at~~ carnivorous propensities, scamps and malefactors. He also suspects them of eating their own young and deploras their ~~practice~~

"disgusting practice they had of vomiting on intruders. He states they are 'foul' which I describe for lack of more agreeable creatures to write about."

I can't wait to quote these gems to Carl at the dinner table for he takes all slurs to the ~~skuas~~ ^{gauge of the antarctic} ~~skuas~~ ^{skuas} good name very seriously and vigorously defends their good name and reputation.

Dick and John have returned from the cap with many a tale of their adventures. On the way out light snow forced them to stop and camp just 19 miles from the base. After a rather chilly night in the tent they were able to continue in fair weather all the rest of way to site two with no delay.

There they found the hut much drifted in and parts of the stove pipe blown away. This was soon put right by screwing No 10 tin cans to ~~the~~ connect the pieces still remaining. Although we have had very calm weather they experienced winds of gale proportions most of the time there. Their low temperature was $-26^{\circ}F$ and with the constant

blowing drift they were reduced finally to entering and exiting through a window. Buckets of snow for water or fuel for the heater likewise had to be passed through this window.

A network of snow tunnels is almost finished and this should make it possible to work on the big snow pit in all kinds of weather. A generator brought up by O'Leary and Rudy will supply electricity and now that radio communication has been established site two is a very ^{pleasant} place.

Between domestic chores, construction work and weather observations they managed to keep busy though John reported that ~~many of~~ untold numbers of gin rummy games were played and admitted things got a bit monotonous after a while.

On the return trip they lost the barrel trail mostly due to the fact that about 25% of the barrels had been blown away or been covered by drift. However, they just kept on until they reached the coast. They came out at the Petersen glacier, a small glacier between here and the Vanderford glacier.

John was describing some of the very large and beautiful crevasses in this glacier to one of the seamen who although never having seen a crevasse in his life immediately remarked that ~~he didn't think they were~~ could be beautiful and that he didn't ever want to come within a hundred miles of one. Just another example of ^{the lack of} appreciation for beauty as well as the almost complete absence of adventuresome spirit among some of the naval ~~person~~ personnel.

Dick reported a gem that Rudy thought up. "The principle privations of polar people are pelvic." Apsley Cherry Barrard in the opening sentence of his book "The Worst Journey in the World" states "Polar exploration is at once the cleanest and most isolated way of having a bad time which has been devised."

Our temperature dropped below zero for the first time since our arrival here to -5°F . For comparison some of the ^{low} temperatures at other bases are listed for the month of April.

Weddell Sea	-	-34.6°F	Pole	-89°F
Little America	-	54.4°F	Adare	-4°F (average)

In wind velocity however, ~~the~~ Wilkes station ~~is~~ far surpasses any of the other stations in the violence of wind and cloudiness.

Ellsworth, Pole, and Little America all report short isolated peak gusts of wind one or 2 times during April of ^{about} 40 knots. We have had blizzards raging for hours with average winds of that amount.

The following is the message to Carl which clarified ^{and settled} the chop talk via ham radio controversy with the Navy at Little America.

022043 Z May

Pass to station scientific leaders, IGY circular number 18. Subject: Utilization Amateur ~~Radio~~ Communication facilities for exchange IGY scientific matters on least possible interference basis to routine personal and morale transmissions. Discussion with Chief of Naval Operations and FCC, disclose no repeat no objection use of amateur facilities for this purpose. Comnavsup for Antarctica 022036 Z being sent to Comnavsup for Antarctica in verification. You have our best wishes the subject for successful scientific program. O. Dishaw.

May 9 1957

A rather mild blizzard has been blowing all day and night. Our April weather summary is outlined below. Wilkes Station

Temp	average	20.5° F
	& maximum	36° F
	minimum	-2° F

Wind	Average velocity	13.5 knots 15.8 mph
	Highest hourly	62 knots 72 mph
	Peak gust	83 knots 97 mph

sky cond.	clear	5.9%
	scattered	11.8%
	broken	21.3%
	overcast	52.5%
	obscured	8.5%

Number of days with precipitation 23

Statistics from the other bases are listed for comparison.

	Ellsworth Station	(Weddell)
Temp	avg	-22.8° C = -9° F
	high	-4° C = +24.8° F
	low	-37° C = -34.6° F
Wind	Average speed	- 12 knots = 14 mph
	peak gust	- 40 knots = 47 mph

sky cond. Clear 1 day
Partly cloudy 21 days
Cloudy 8 days

Little America

Temp average = $-33^{\circ}\text{C} = -27.4^{\circ}\text{F}$
High = $-12^{\circ}\text{C} = -10.4^{\circ}\text{F}$
Low = $-48^{\circ} = -54.4^{\circ}\text{F}$

Wind average velocity = 10.3 knots = 12 mph
Maximum vel = 42 knots = 49 mph

sky cond Clear days 10
Partly cloudy 7
Cloudy 13

Pole Station

Temp average = $-56.5^{\circ}\text{C} = -70^{\circ}\text{F}$
High = $-32^{\circ}\text{C} = -25.6^{\circ}\text{F}$
Low = $-67.3^{\circ}\text{C} = -89^{\circ}\text{F}$

Wind avg velocity = 15 knots = 17.5 mph
Peak " = 34 knots = 40 mph

sky condition Clear 17
partly cloudy 10
cloudy 3

Wilkes station is quite obviously in the banana belt of the Antarctic compared to the other American bases. Ours is the only base with a positive average monthly temperature and 20° positive at that. Even the maximum temperatures at the other bases do not get above zero. (Not counting Adare base which has not yet reported but is likely to have higher temperatures.)

Although we have by far the worst wind storms our average velocity is appreciably lower than that of the pole station where steady brisk breezes must blow constantly across the desolate polar plateau.

I have been thinking for a few days now about organizing a sledging trip to Sabrina Land for mapping purposes next summer. If Carl's polar trip comes off there is little likelihood of my going with them and so since I will have no fixed duties or responsibilities it would be quite easy for me to get away. Originally Carl planned to make such a trip and might even yet do it. But if he should not I shall try and get his permission to make it myself.

Our weather is so mild during

the summer as to eliminate it as a serious factor in such a trip. The route would be an easy one over the ice cap to the east. ~~Both~~ Transportation would be dog sled with full provision made for man hauling should the dogs fail. The distance involved should not be fixed. The idea being to get as far as possible considering all safety factors and food supplies. A period of training, ~~or~~ testing and preparation would be carried on during September, October, and part of November if necessary.

The major problem may be finding someone who is both free and willing to go. Most of the available people will be going with Carl if he gets his own trip off the ground. At present he plans to take Sil Stewart, for seismology, Dick Cameron, as glaciologist, Dick Berkeley, as geomagnetist and navigator, and Robert McIntyre as tractor driver and mechanic. This leaves the base rather short handed but possibly one of the remaining glaciologists or navy men would be interested.

May 11, 1957 Saturday

Carl has a little ~~paper~~ box filled with small paper chips in which flower seeds have been planted. A few days ago the first leaf raised its head above the white rim of the box and since then two more have sprung up. We may have flowers yet. At the South Pole station they have quite an elaborate greenhouse and I hear they are getting good results.

Kim, both the handsomest and youngest of the dogs, born at McMurdo base was found dead yesterday. How he died is as yet unknown even after an autopsy. One of the other dogs got loose and evidently chewed on the corpse a little as a deep hole was found in the leg but it had not bled. John skinned the dog and plans to preserve the skin as a memento.

Petyak the cross-eyed Siberian has been showing signs of deterioration also. He was originally our lead dog but was demoted due to lack of pep. Now apparently he has gotten weaker and has been moved into the garage in an attempt to revive his surden.

spirits in a warmer atmosphere. John gave him a bath to help his coat which was all matted. He is just about the oldest dog in the team and Carl does not expect him to last the winter.

Sick, Ed and Bob left this morning for the Vanderford glaciers to check on their movement stakes. They reported via radio at 5 and said they were 23 miles out and were preparing to camp.

Carl has quite convinced himself that skuas don't vomit when they attack something disturbing their nests as reported by Ponting. He is sure that Ponting mistook what comes from the rear of the bird for what comes from the front. He is including this ^{point} in his thesis.

Fred Charlton and Jim Powell showed us some of their Ektachrome slides taken here and on the way down. Some of them were of excellent quality and it was a good show. The first slides ever projected of an expedition in the Antarctic to the members of that expedition while still in the Antarctic were shown by Ponting to Scott's men on the occasion of their midwinter night festivities in 1911. although it has only been a few

short months since we left the scenic glories of Cape Hallett and Mt Erebus ~~it is~~ so much has happened since that the pictures seemed to belong to another era in the dim ages of the past.

May 12 1957

A full moon combined with cold weather to provide an evenings spectacle of celestial wonders. Ice crystals floating in the still night air produced bright mock moons horizontally displaced from the real orb and sitting on a sharp white halo encircling the moon.

This phenomena is known as a parheliene and has been seen by many of the early Antarctic explorers. Both Wilson and Marston have captured its delicate beauty in paintings. During the course of the night we were treated to a great variety of lunar halos and rainbows some of which I hope I have captured in my camera.

The south polar trip is off. The following message tells the tale.

100117 Z

Pole station pass to Siple & Wilkes station pass to Ekland & Following received from O. DeShaw, "Glaciology panel during its meeting May 2 discussed subject of proposed Wilkes and Pole station traverses thoroughly and made following recommendations in view of time, logistics, personnel, and financial requirements for Deep Freeze three. Panel appreciates enthusiasm but feels that planned or existing work must come first. Panel would accept Carrys decision to divert some existing effort if Crary thought desirable. New traverses would need considerable scientific equipment, traverse personnel, logistic support, for which no funds available. Panel suggests keep open for consideration following seasons. No decision can be made here until at least first season complete. Present plan for airborne operations include

line through pole and line west of McMurdo, further suggestions welcome. Crary.

Since I think rejection of the proposal was more or less expected the disappointment is not as great as it might have been. It is a shame that Carl who is not getting any younger should have lost this chance to become one of the immortals of Antarctic exploration.

Of course this means that there will be many more small or shorter trips made through this region which I may be able to go on. My own plans for the mapping trip are still being worked out but it will be much easier now that there are many willing hands available to assist and not so much equipment tied up.

May 13, 1957

Very disappointed. A total lunar eclipse was to take place tonight but the weather was so overcast that not the faintest glow filtered through to betray ~~the~~ even the

the fact that the moon was in the sky. This was especially galling because although our weather is generally cloudy the clouds are usually thin enough so that a body as bright as the moon can be seen right through them. Tonight only a diminution of the night sky light indicated that anything out of the ordinary was occurring.

May 14

Carl, Sheldon and the dogs went out over our recently formed sea ice to Shirley Islet and back. The trip was made to test the ice and give dogs and men some exercise. The ice was evidently quite firm and there were no more members of the Wilkes station swimming about in it. Carl hopes eventually to get a weasel on to the ice and go off up the coast in search for an Emperor penguin rookery.

These peculiar birds nest in the dead of winter on land fast sea ice. They construct no nests but stand about in the open ~~not~~ holding their eggs in a flap of flesh just above their ankles and bravely resist the elements. When summer comes the adults and

their grown young board the nearest ice floe and sail gaily out to sea.

Their rookeries are always located at a spot where some open water can be relied upon all winter. This is necessary so that they may fish for food. To find open water along the antarctic mainland ~~is~~ in dead of winter is no easy task and as a result there aren't very many emperor rookeries and of those extant ~~very few~~ no more than a handful are known to ~~the~~ science. The rookeries at Cape Crozier and Point Degele are perhaps the best known.

Carl has reason to suspect that there is a rookery on the coast somewhere to the north of us. He ships on their return trip saw large numbers of emperors in the pack, probably making their way south for the winter season. Although not a single ~~per~~ emperor has been seen in the vicinity of Clark peninsula it is quite evident that this area would be entirely unsuitable for a rookery. The sea ice surrounding the peninsula is quite solid without any open water nearby. Carl feels that further north at Cape Folger or along the coast to Cape Poinsett ice conditions may be better for the penguins and that

this is the probable location of their rookery. Since penguins and open water go together reaching the rookery via sea ice may prove both dangerous and impossible. Open water areas are usually kept open by high winds coupled with heavy ^{sea} swell not a healthy type of area to be in. It may be possible to find the rookery by going along the ice cap to the north and looking down at the coast line until a rookery is spotted.

Tonight was very unusual for this region cold and sparkling clear with a one day past full moon. The night was so bright that few stars were visible and aurora unless quite bright impossible to see. In thinking about Carl's sea ice journey it occurred to me that ~~it might~~ would be a good opportunity for me to get some exercise and do some exploring. #

Securing Carl's permission and buttoning up warm, I set out about eleven stepping out gingerly onto the sea ice. It seemed quite substantial with hard snow crust ~~on~~ on it. Just about a perfect surface for walking. # I soon gained confidence in

the ice and its possibilities and set off at a good pace out of our little cove and around the point to the south. The moonlight illuminated every irregularity and sastruga of the ice surface and I encountered no difficulty in seeing where I was stepping. I followed along the coast of Clark Peninsula to ~~across~~ the snow cliff connecting Clark to Bailey Peninsula. I was much impressed with the grandeur of the cliffs with their overhanging cornices and silvery whiteness. The stillness was uncanny. The noise of my clothing against rustling against itself seemed magnified a hundred fold.

The temperature stood at $-6^{\circ}F$ and the wind varied between 5 and 10 knots from the south. ~~The~~ Walking south therefore ~~was~~ I had the wind in my face and it would not take long for the frost of my breath to freeze on my hood and balaclava. Some ice collected on my eyebrows and occasionally an eye ~~back~~ would freeze to the ~~to~~ ice on the eyebrows making it hard to blink. My nose dripped pretty continuously ~~but~~ and my supply of handkerchiefs came in handy though

after a short time they froze stiff and became useless.

One of the cornices of a 30 ft ice face of Bailey island looked ~~at~~ like a mounted panthers head but closer examination and a different angle made it appear more like a phallic symbol. It was near here where I first heard the deep rumble and slow creaking of the ~~ice~~ sea ice rubbing against the landfast ice. Due to the tides and sea swell it is impossible for the sea ice to remain rigidly attached to the land and where they meet there is usually a crack which permits the sea ice to work up and down with relation to the land or landfast ice.

To watch these cracks working is fascinating. Since the motion is very gradual and gentle you feel nothing. Yet you see the shore line slowly sink into the ice a few feet and then ponderously reemerge a few seconds later. The illusion that it is the land and not yourself moving is very powerful. The movement is generally accompanied ~~with~~ much crackling, growning and squeaking.

These tide cracks sometimes make it difficult to effect landings and

at best are treacherous areas as the constant agitation keeps the ice from freezing solidly.

I continued along the north shore of Bailey Peninsula at one point cutting inland across a point of land. Walking on land ~~is~~ was much more difficult than going on the sea ice. Soft snow covers rocks and smooth ice alike and you never can tell whether your foot will penetrate an inch or 2 feet. In comparing the dangers of sea ice travel with land travel I would much prefer getting a wet foot or leg than spraining an ankle or breaking a leg. Also sea ice never contains any crevasses. It has been the experience of those who have gotten wet while walking that it is largely a minor irritation and that if you are properly dressed and keep on the move until shelter is reached there are seldom any ill effects.

The only real danger to sea ice travellers is that the ice they are on will ~~suddenly~~ suddenly break up and float out to sea. Elementary caution and weather observations are usually sufficient to avoid this pitfall, however.

Back onto sea ice again I walked through the channel separating

Barley and Shirley islands. I came across the tracks made by Carl earlier in the day and followed them until they petered out. Another mile or so and I rounded the westernmost point of Barley peninsula.

The view of the southern coast of Barley peninsula was a sight I shall never forget. As far as the eye could trace a brilliant steep ice barrier 40 feet in height made the island a ~~seemingly~~ fortress against intrusion from this direction. Almost no land was visible and the wind brushing fine snow crystals against the face of this massive formation brought to me forcibly the desolation and barren beauty of the third world.

Another island not ~~too~~ too far away from this point to the southwest caught my attention and I decided to walk to it, collect a specimen, and then turn for home. I reached the island all right which I later found to be Beall island. This is a true island completely surrounded by water during the summer. I thought it might be of value to get a rock now as later on the island would likely be inaccessible. I was pretty chicken about crossing the tide crack to effect a landing and

examined several places before I chose one. No difficulty was encountered and once on the island I looked about for a rock. Absurdly enough this proved so difficult I had soon to give it up and return without my sample. The difficulty was there seemed to be only cliffs and smooth rock ledges without chips or gravel on them. In addition most of the area was thickly covered with snow and ice. Climbing about the steep slope of the island was tiring and soon in exasperation I gave it up as a bad job.

On the way back I rounded the western tip of Shirley island and cut across Vincennes Bay in a direct line ^{which was just barely visible in the distance} to Clark peninsula. I walked over the place where the ships had been moored - just three short months ago. It was about here that I noticed several black objects lying on the ice ~~at~~ the nearest seeming to be about 50 yards away. Although getting tired and sore by now, I felt I could go fifty yards to see if it might be a seal. After walking some distance the object seemed just as far away and I suddenly realized that they were icebergs with their faces in shadow many miles away out to sea. This is just

one example of the depth distortions produced by moonlight. The moonlight made coves appear to be deep bays ~~and distances appear to be greater than they were~~ and I actually walked right across the entrance to our base cove thinking it was much too deep to be our base site. I soon noticed there were no outgoing footprints in the snow and so retraced my steps and after a few anxious moments when I wondered if I hadn't blundered onto a new island I sighted our antenna masts and was soon enjoying a cup of hot cocoa after 10 miles of healthy exercise.

May 15 1957 Wednesday

It is a shame that I must go out alone if I am to go at all but it is better to do it alone than not to get any exercise at all. (Cherry-Dannard on right walks ref) P193

Carl, Sheldon and John took a weasel onto the ~~bay~~ ice in our cave intending to bring in a seal observed near Shirley islet. To make a sad story short, the weasel fell through the ice and continued to float. Carl got out okay ~~and~~ though John got a bath and became the second member of the ~~Walker~~ Budd coast swimming club. He was able to help with

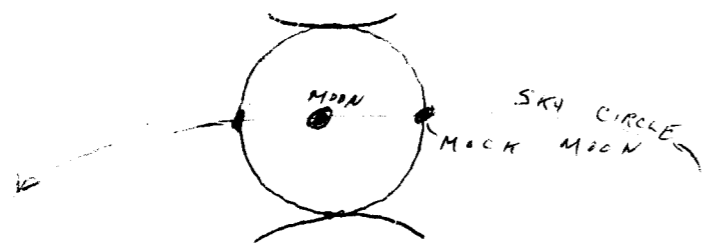
the rescue operations, however. The weasel was hauled out by a rope tied to the wreck of a D-4 tractor on the shore. The reaction of the navy was what mess will these crazy scientists get into next.

The answer was not long in coming. The Haupt Inunatat party called in to say their Weasel refused to start and that they had only a few days more food. A rescue party consisting of John and I on is going out tomorrow to rescue them, weather permitting.

Rudy at site two also reports his weasel refuses to start though since they are not due to return for a few more days their predicament is not serious. The usual practice anyway is for the returning party to drive back in the relieving parties weasel leaving an emergency weasel at the base permanently.

Walter Sullivan of the N.Y. Times contacted us from New York tonight via ham radio. He had gotten wind of the projected South Pole trip and wanted a story. He was soon set straight on that. He had many questions to ask us and we took turns answering them as they applied. He told us that the manganese ore was ~~Teplitz~~ a rare ore of 60% MnO. Tephroite

The weather was still clear in the early evening but in just about 15 minutes clouds blew in from the North and the air was filled with fine ice crystals. About 10:00 a fully developed paraselene formed so intricate and strange that its rings and circles were easily visible in all regions of the sky. One ring passed through the moon itself and circled the sky at the same altitude. Another circle surrounded the moon and its intersections with the sky circle formed mock images of the moon with small rainbows visible. Partially formed arcs were tangent to the moon circle at the top and bottom.



Cherry Barrard - "P 193 - "The importance of plenty of out door exercise was generally recognized, and our experience showed us that the happiest and healthiest members of our party during this first year were those who spent the longest period in the fresh air. As a rule we walked and worked and skied alone,

not I feel sure because of any individual distaste for the company of our fellows but rather because of a general inclination to spend a short period of the day without company. At least this is certainly true of the officers; I am not so sure about the men. Under the circumstances, the only time in the year that a man could be alone was in his walks abroad from Winter Quarters, for the hut, of course, was always occupied, and when sledging the sardine-like existence was continuous night and day.

Thus I am not the only one in Antarctic history to go for solitary walks in the dead of winter night.

May 16, 1957 Thursday

Another comedy of errors day. Carl started off alone with the dog team to bring in a seal from Shirley Islet he had seen ~~day~~ there day before yesterday. He got off to a fine start over the sea ice but a can dropped off the sled and while Carl stopped to pick it up the dogs took off leaving Carl far behind.

They galloped off over the sea ice toward Shirley islet and evidently

coming across my tracks in the snow followed them all the way to Beall Island. Poor Carl had to walk the entire distance and by the time he reached them where they had halted ~~by the~~ at Beall Island they had had plenty of time to fight with each other and in the fracas Nageluk was killed.

In a way this is poetic justice as Nageluk was the major trouble maker on the team, always snapping at the other dogs he required constant watching. Finally given the chance the others must have turned on ~~them~~ ^{him}. We now have ~~two~~ ^{four} dogs remaining Horizon, Nao, Petya, ~~Whookey~~, ~~Woot~~ and Smokey.

Don and John set out to retrace Dil, Bob and Dick at Haupt Nunatak. They left early in the morning in a weasel well supplied with emergency gear. No emergency arose however, they simply drove about all day unable to locate the Nunatak. They returned to the base about 8:00 having driven to and fro all day. The weather was excellent and there does not seem to be any reason why the search should have been so difficult but they are

going to try again tomorrow and they are both confident of success.

In the meantime the party is still out 25 mile or so and they are no longer in radio contact with us. They must be wondering what happened to their rescuers. Perhaps they were even able to hear or see the weasel during the day. Should a blizzard come up and hinder further attempts their plight might be serious. Of course with good weather they can walk the distance easily but this means abandoning their equipment.

The navy boys are having a field day debating the stupidity of these crazy scientists.

May 17, 1957

The rescue team of John and Don made it to the Nunatak this time. They had some narrow escapes in the crevassed region of the Peterson Glacier but arrived at the Nunatak safe and sound. They helped dig out the bad weasel installed a new battery cleaned out the snow and finally got it started.

They were in radio communication

most of the time and we were able to follow their progress most of the night. They didn't get in until after six in the morning (18th May)

Except for Bob who headed for the sack almost immediately Neil, John, and Rick were quite talkative and readily told of their adventures. I was very much surprised to hear that they had had a lot of bad weather, high winds and drift. Our weather at the base though cold has been very calm and clear. They managed though to put out replacements for all the stakes that had blown away but were unable to survey them properly. Ironically enough the job was left incomplete because the rescue party arrived too soon.

They seem to have been reasonably comfortable thro to the tent though they said moisture collected in their bags and clothing which then froze making sleeping uncomfortable in the later days. Cooking was done with a primus in the weasel. One night a gasoline can used to hold down the skirt of the tent tipped over and the fumes filled the tent making things

unpleasant for awhile but otherwise there were no serious accidents. Del complained of cold feet when sleeping and Dick seems to have gotten a little frostbite on his finger tips and one toe.

The low temperatures (down to -28°F) caused hoarfrost to form on the inner lining of the tent. This seems to be a common fault of double walled tents probably because of the lack of ventilation through which moisture inside the tent can escape.)

May 18, 1957

It appears that the weasels can not be repaired before the middle of next week. So it looks as though Olav and Rudy will have to remain at site two for some time longer.

A 33 knot blizzard has been blowing tonight so it is indeed fortunate that all trail parties have been able to return to base.

Carl's wife sent him the poem below by relay over the ham radio.

Trail to the husband who loves his wife,
and stays at home instead of on ice.
Trail to the wife who his money will squander,
if to the south pole the old man must wander.

As a result of the experience Bob Long, ~~entirely~~ adventure seems to have quite disappeared. He no longer talks of plans to go with Carl to search for Emperor penguins or the ascent of Mt. Lofty. He seems to be remarkably subdued on the subject of outdoor activities. (Written August 5, 1957)

Some time ago the glaciologists had collected some ~~ice~~ glacial ice cores for examination. Glacial ice formed under great pressure has much entrapped air in it and when used to cool drinks effervesces quite energetically. ~~Dick Berkeley~~ Dick Berkeley, our geomagnetist, mixed himself a highball using this ice and when his back ^{was turned} Carl dropped a plastic encased fly ~~into his drink~~, which he had received as an April Fable present from his family into Dick's drink. When Dick noticed the apparently ice encased fly he thought he had a great scientific find, a perfectly preserved antarctic house fly fossil.

Carl told this story to Walter Sullivan on the radio but substituted Dick Cameron name for Dick Berkeley for no special reason except that Dick Cameron is the chief glaciologist and glacial ice was involved. Well Walter printed the story in the New York Times and Dick is now famous as the ^{gullible} glaciologist who ~~got~~ stumbled onto the great find.

Flet says he doesn't mind about the general public's opinion of him but if Supre, Snow, Ice, Permafrost, research

Establishment, gets a hold of ~~it~~ ^{the story} he is going to need Carl's help in getting another job.

Carl's wife also referred to Carl as a frozen asset. She must have quite a sense of humor.

May 19, 1957

Tonight's movie was "On The Waterfront". While at 98 and 99 at Runata Dick, Del and Bob heard a loud noise like a train rumbling by or a heavy truck driving by. They felt or saw nothing. Dick believes it may have been the result of a local earthquake too small to be felt but forceful enough to produce noise. When Del develops his records we shall find out definitely.

Del also reports that he was caught in the annoying position of having the zipper of his fly so frozen that it was necessary to thaw it out with matches in the weasel when a certain periodically arising necessity made itself felt.

May 20, 1957

Wonders never cease in the Antarctic. A live crawling insect was discovered by Dick Berkley on the wall of ~~his~~ his absolute laboratory. This building, just recently heated houses nothing but geomagnetic instruments and is isolated from the rest of the base in order to avoid stray magnetic fields.

Dr. Surnell identified the insect as a common garden variety of beetle. I do not see how this species of insect can be indigenous to the Antarctic, but anything is possible. The most likely theory is that it was brought in packed in some piece of ~~gear~~ Berkley's gear or building material. If so what has this insect been eating all this time and why hasn't it frozen to death? Berkley's buildings only recently have been heated continuously. It may be possible that beetles can go into suspended animation when frozen and then later recover.

After the fly in ice business it is ironical that Berkley should

discover this insect.

In regard to the fly incident and newspaper article Dick Cameron received the following message from G. Totter the grand old man of mountaineering and adviser to the Rum Doodle expedition as well as a godfather of our own expedition.

"Have read Sullivan's NYT ~~article~~ story & Congratulations on discovery of frozen house fly in glacier ice and subsequent preservation in alcohol & Have often put ice in alcohol when engaged in scientific research, but have never achieved your remarkable results & Best wishes for your continued success & Totter X"

Poor Carl felt terrible when he found this message on ^{the message} ~~the~~ board. He believed he had gotten Dick into trouble. As Dick was out collecting ice and snow samples Carl anxiously went about trying to find someone who knew Totter. Carl was soon ^{and dead-end} reassured as to Totter's inherent good will towards Wilkes station and Carl's burden of guilt was speedily lifted.

May 22, 1957 Thursday

John and Sheldon still have not been able to make a start for site two to relieve ~~to~~ Olav and Rudy. Rudy must be positively hailing. Carl says he is afraid to speak with him over the radio. The trouble is getting a weasel into working order. We have seven weasels. No. 1 is at site two and won't start. No. 2 is used as the fire engine and so cannot go on trips. No. 3 had a salt water bath ~~on~~ and requires a complete overhaul. No. 4 needs the water pump fixed. No. 5 needs a new clutch. No. 6 has not been worked on and needs a set of heavy duty treads installed as well as other miscellaneous work. It also must be dug out. Nobody seems to be sure ^{where} ~~about~~ number 7 is just now.

The weather has been exceptionally clear and calm this past week with some good auroral displays. Carl and Jack took a run over the sea ice with the dogs to the northern islands and went exploring. Two female Weddell seals were found and killed and when cut open seal embryos were discovered.

The embryos were quite advanced and looked like miniature Weddell seals with big eyes and brown skin - about $1\frac{1}{2}$ feet long.

Lilienthal, the aerographer, was telling me about six in the morning that he felt a blizzard was on its way. The sky was clear and it was very calm and warm. So warm that I made my way over to the weather office to find out the temperature. It was very balmy and I could walk about outside without any coat without feeling cold - it seemed like a day in spring under a bright crescent moon. The temperature was $+23^{\circ}\text{F}$ quite a bit warmer than it has been lately. It is unique to think of 23°F as warm and to feel perfectly at ease in such a temperature. In New York this would be considered a rather bitter night. It is amazing what the human body can accustom itself to.

Sure enough such a high temperature meant something had to happen and no sooner did Billie finish telling me to expect a blizzard than there it was upon us, bringing a weeks collection of moist, sticky,

drift snow with it. The sky remained clear though even with the clouds of drift and a 40 knot wind. John and Sheldon were finally to start this morning so this blizzard may have ironical consequences. I should imagine though that wind alone will not stop them unless the drift obscures the visibility.

May 25 Saturday

Word has been received today concerning our departure for home. A ship will call here about Feb 1 and will transfer passengers to airplanes at the first port of call, just which port this will be we do not yet know. Neither is the name of the ship known.

May 27 Monday

Olav and Rudy are still marooned at site two. Despite the beautiful weather we have been having here when John and Sheldon get up on the ice plateau the high winds and blowing snow force them to return to base.

Today fortunately they did not even set out for Rudy said over the radio that there was much drift at site 2. By late afternoon a real howling blizzard 50 knot wind and thick drift hit our base. Had John and Sheldon been trying to return then they would not have been able to. John was at site one with Carl Bailey and another nappy man and they were caught on the ramp. John had to walk in front of the weasel to guide the driver back to base. Carl says "never again".

The blizzard increased in fury as evening advanced and during the movie "Man from Cairo" with George Raft, the chimney of our recreation hall ~~leater~~ ~~blew off or was crushed~~. As a result, the draught was shut off and large volumes of smoke poured out into the room, so we were caught between a blizzard outside and asphyxiation inside. The heater was quickly turned off. The projector had suffered a failure also but the show must go on so we watched the picture through a pall of black smoke while Paul Hoover turned the table up

ready by hand.

Later on entering the science building I was unable to close the door again by myself. Both Gil and Dick had to come to my assistance. This is the first time I have experienced this difficulty.

May 28 Tuesday

If the blizzard was bad yesterday today's sample has been even worse. For the first time the winds gusted to over 100 mph making this the worst blizzard on record at ~~Knob~~ ^{Wilde} station.

87 x 3/6

During a lull after dinner I went up into the aurora tower to check ~~my~~ the instruments. Both the trap door in the roof and a side window had been blown open. The trap door in the ceiling fits in a frame in the ceiling. To get onto the roof of the tower this section of panel is pushed straight up and moved aside onto the roof adjoining the hole. Despite a board nailed on the roof to hold the door down the wind lifted the door panel right

out of its frame and blew it away. The strange thing is that the board holding it in place fell into the hole onto the tower floor seemingly having passed right through the trap door itself.

The northern window panel was simply blown into the room its nails being insufficient to strength to withstand the fury of the winds. ^{aside from some odds and ends blow-off about two other serious damage had occurred.}

I took advantage of the lull to search for the traveling trap door and with remarkable luck found it in just a few minutes on the rocks ~~to the west~~ between the tower and the sea to the west. Had the board reached the ~~west~~ ^{bay} edge it would have had clear sailing to Singapore for the blizzard has blown out all the sea ice, the same seemingly firm road which Carl and the glaciologists have been running around on for the past week.

I dragged the wooden paneled trap door up the ladder into the tower and hoisted it into its slot. While ~~was~~ climbing into the metal dome, through whose slot I planned to nail the trap door securely in place, a sudden gust

and may 60.7 mph. This is an all time antarctic record which I can assure you Wilkes station has no desire to better. By comparison our own average wind for the month is ^{well} under ~~50~~ ⁵⁵ mph. The average wind velocity for the year at Cape Denison was approximately 50 mph.

Although the whole thing has been kept hushed up, I gather that Dave Daniels our cook is up for a possible court martial. It seems he had a fight with CPO Fred Charlton and hit him on the nose ^{with his fist} ~~possibly with a~~ ~~hand~~. Fred has a small dressing on the bridge of his nose and has three stitches.

Fred is a very strict disciplinarian but is generally fair and even tempered though very determined and not easily dissuaded from a policy he believes correct. Dan has been generally grumpy and irritable and seldom good company. He seldom bothers to say hello or good morning and lately has been staying up very late Saturday and Sunday getting drunk on beer or the whiskey permitted on Saturday nights. ~~He was~~ ~~probably~~ ~~beaten~~ ~~when~~ ~~he~~ ~~had~~

~~He ran in with Fred. Fred is not very tactful or sympathetic with ~~him~~ and they probably got into a hot discussion when Fred attempted to discipline ~~him~~ on his excessive merry making.~~

Dan has requested of his superiors whether he has the usual court martial powers of an officer in charge. He received an affirmative answer. What happens now is up to him.

May 29 Wednesday

Interesting quote from Manson - Vol I "Home of the Blizzard" P 251, "We found that it was worth while spending some time in boiling the dogs' meat thoroughly. Thus a tasty soup was prepared as well as a supply of edible meat in which the muscular tissue and the gristle were reduced to the consistency of a jelly. The paws took longest of all to cook, but, treated to lengthy stewing, they became quite digestible."

"We had breakfast off Singer's skull and brain. I can never forget the occasion. As there was nothing available to divide it, the skull was boiled whole. Then the right

and left halves were drawn for by the old and well-established sledging practice of "shut-eye", after which we took it in turns eating to the middle line, passing the skull from one to the other. The brain was afterwards scooped out with a wooden spoon.

May 30 Thursday

The weather has been so unusual that I think Wilks station has scored another meteorological first or record. The temperature as I write this is $+38^{\circ}$ F six degrees above freezing. The highest it has reached a few hours ago was 39° . Everywhere it is dry, dry, dry. There is practically no wind with scattered clouds.

Carl let Koo loose hoping that he would tag along with him on a walk. Carl Bailey and Billie Lilienthal were over at the penguin rookery enjoying our summer air when they speared 2 seals on the shore. They waded to Carl and Koo to come over and ~~with~~ Carl went to get his gun to kill one of the seals which he proceeded to do.

Koo in the meantime speared the other

and set off at once to harry it by snapping at its tail and jumping about barking. The seal thoroughly disturbed and frightened headed for the edge of the ice and open water. Koo nothing daunted dived right into the water after the seal, something never before seen in antarctic regions.

The fool dog couldn't make it back out of the water again. The ice edge proved to high an obstacle for him. However, Carl was able to pull him out seemingly none the worse for his cold dip.

Olav and Rudy have been at site Two 54 miles from base on the ice plateau since May 6. I have recorded several attempts to relieve them but as of now they are still there. John and Sheldon tho have tried several times only to be turned back by heavy drift.

Yesterday, John and Dick gave it a try. Carl is having a little kidney trouble and it was decided that Sheldon as doctor had better stick to the base for a while. John and Dick got off to an early start but hit bad drift and visibility almost as soon as they reached the plateau proper.