

Antarctic Journal
of Ralph Delagard

Vol. 2



"Universal"
Multi-Column Book

No. S 295

UNIT RULED

SINGLE PAGE FORM

- 2 Columns to right .
- 3 Columns to right .
- 4 Columns to right .
- 5 Columns to right .
- 6 Columns to right .
- 7 Columns to right .
- 6 Col., 3 Left, 3 Right

SINGLE PAGE FORM

- Quadrille Ruled . . .
- Cash-Ledger (Comb.) .
- Ledger, Double Entry .
- Ledger, Single Entry .
- Record Ruled (32 Lines)

DOUBLE PAGE FORM

- 8 Columns to right . .
- 10 Columns to right . .
- 12 Columns to right . .

Made in 150 and 300 Pages

MADE IN U. S. A.

TO REORDER, SPECIFY NUMBER,
RULING AND THICKNESS INDICATED
ON BACKBONE OF THIS BOOK.

Feb. 20 1957 ^{Wednesday} ~~Friday~~

The above mistake is almost unavoidable. There is little to distinguish one day from the next. That is not too intimate that time does not pass swiftly and interestingly but with no set routine and working seven days a week and as many hours a day as possible the particular day of the week has little significance.

All hands turned to hauling food supplies into a jammerway hut behind the mess hall. It was a backbreaking job of lifting and carrying heavy cases of flour, salt, sugar, soy, fruit etc. We formed line and passed the cases from one to another.

I also straightened up my office and rummaged through my boxes of supplies. I found a damaged box of photo paper and cut it up for use as spectrographic data cards.

I still have the speaker system in my office and the discussion as to where to put it permanently is still going on. Sheldon thinks

it should be in the rec room so that it will have a large room to work into and lots of people can listen at once. On the other hand if it is put in the lounge of the mess building it will be less likely to be damaged and can be used without annoying those playing ping pong, shuffle board, billiards etc. And the lounge is much quieter at almost ~~all~~ hours.

Carl set up his large net to catch skua gulls. This net is thrown into the air over the birds by explosive charges. Carl laid out the net near where the seals are kept and waited for a good crowd of birds. Everyone had their cameras ready and set. Carl at his movie camera tripod gave the signal to Dick Berkley who set off the charge. Cameras clicked and whirred as one lonely ~~skua~~ skua, not as lucky as his brethren got entrapped in the net. Carl was heartbroken but he will try again.

In order to operate this gadget Carl needed some waterproof bags - we went around asking everyone for old rubbers but none were to be had old or new. They are a pretty useless

article down here. Finally Dr. Drinnell ~~supplied~~ supplied him with a couple from the infirmary. The evenings movie was Devils Canyon picked after the original movie was voted down unanimously. It was some western with Chester Morris in which every one gets killed except the Marshall. These are known as stitkickers Devils Canyon was about an old time prison in Arizona territory and was fairly interesting.

Feb 21 Thursday 1957

Quite a lot of snow fell today and deep drifts have piled up in various places a ~~couple~~ couple of foot deep in places.

Carl, out banding skuas caught himself a giant fulmar. This is a very large bird that also looks very odd. It has an air intake that looks like a jet engine and a head reminiscent of the extinct dodo bird which it vaguely resembled. It had a wing span of just under seven feet and three men were necessary to hold it down while Carl banded it.

Evidently it cannot take off easily for when released it only walked slowly and awkwardly on its wet feet and sat down to stare at us. The photographers had a field day when it ran into a crate and then up the barrack steps. It might still be strutting about the camp like a tame turkey if some of the boys had not energetically chased it into the sea where it was at last able to get off the ground.

A wooden desk has been added to my office furniture and finding some fluorescent bulbs in my equipment, I am now the only man with a working desk lamp. We all have lamps but the bulbs for them were never shipped down.

I made my first purchase at our base store, three rolls of film and a box of Lux flakes. No money is needed. All you do is sign your name on a sheet of paper.

I washed my laundry in the Westinghouse machine today also. This is the first time I have used a washing machine. Everything went smoothly even though

I took a chance and washed my blue dungarees together with my whites.

Some of Sarge Magee's laundry was ready for the dryer so I mixed his and mine together in the dryer. The heat or something made the ~~color~~ blue color come off onto Magee's and my whites. Magee was pretty sore but since it is only underwear no serious damage was done.

I also enjoyed my first games of ping pong and shuffle board and the evenings movie "Miami Story". I worked pretty late in the tower on my spectrograph and didn't turn in until almost 2 a.m. after writing up my scientific log and listening to a few records in my office.

Don Burnett has been using my phonograph to make tapes for use in the mess hall.

Earl has his short wave radio receiver out but so far as I know has not gotten anything of interest on it.

A really fierce snow storm

is raging now and by morning the snow should really be piled up.

Feb 22, 1957 Friday

The weather turned clear and sunny and the snows began to melt. Several leaks turned up in my tower and I was hard put to keep ~~them~~ it mopped up.

Scientifically it was a good day for me with both the spectrographs and alky cameras working by evening and the visual apparatus set up.

Today seemed to be issuing day. I received a 7 inch knife and sheath, an extra hood with wolverine, and two blankets.

Carl tried again with his large net and we all got out with our cameras to take it in. Berkley counted to three shutters clicked and the net was thrown over thirteen skuas all at once. Many more than that number got away though because some pegs holding the net came loose. Carl was furious not because some birds got away

but because in the excitement he forgot to start his movie camera. He was a very unhappy man for the rest of the afternoon.

We had a scale set to weigh the birds and Sheldon discovered that if you put the skuas on the pan breast up lying on their fold wings with their feet up that they are quite docile and stay in the pan without flying away. Getting them into the pan to occupy this position is quite another story. Two of the "eagles of the antarctic" got blood from me before being subdued. Seven of the 13 birds had been previously banded which shows that Carl has been very active.

A beautiful sunset was followed by the appearance of Jupiter, Orion and Sirius old friends from up North. I am still not familiar with the southern constellations and had a hard time aligning myself.

Feb 23 Saturday

since my work was well

in hand I offered my services to Dick Cameron who planned to make ~~the first~~ ^{2nd} trip onto the sheet since the base was commissioned last week.

The purpose of the excursion was to drill a 4 meter and a 16 meter hole to insert thermocouples to measure the ice temperature at various depths in the sheet. On the first trip yesterday they had picked a site $1\frac{1}{4}$ miles east of the terminal moraine and had drilled 2 ~~or~~ short holes and set up an ^{air} temperature recording instrument in an instrument shelter.

The trip was made by a weasel towing a sled behind, Dick drove with John and I sat in the back seat. We followed the route I have described before past the lake and canyon then by the ramp to the peak. Dick climbed and then inland on the flat blue mesocence of the sheet ice. We stopped every so often to set out empty gasoline drums as trail markers. The day was darkly overcast

with a damp chill wind. The thermometer at the shelter read 22° F when we arrived. The low for the previous night had been 16° .

We soon warmed ourselves with work. The boys got out their drilling set and we proceeded to drill ~~at~~ a three inch hole 4 meters deep. The drill is a 3 inch cylinder with a hollow center. As it is turned it cuts a core which fills up the center space, as soon as the drill is filled it must be lifted out and emptied. Ten meter lengths of pipe can be attached to the drill which is also a meter in length to drill deeper holes.

The 4 meter hole was easy to drill but the 16 meter one was another story. 16 meters is well over 50 ft and we had no derrick or mechanical aids. The actual turning of the drill was surprisingly easy and we took turns twisting it by means of a tee handle attached to the shaft. After each ~~meter~~ foot or so it was necessary to haul up the drill to empty the ~~the~~ core of bored ice. This was accomplished by unfastening the extensions from the bore and turning the bore upside down.

The clasp that fastened the bore to the extension shafts usually stuck and had to be unfastened with bare hands a grueling job in cold weather. After a few meters the weight of the assembly began to be appreciable. By the time we got to 10 meters it became impossible to hold the tower of extensions against the wind even with one of us standing on the weasel.

It became necessary to unbolt the extension when the bore was half way out of the hole. Thus for each foot drilled the assembly had to be lifted half way out, the upper shaft sections unbolted, set aside the rest of the drill pulled up and supported, the bore detached and emptied and then the whole thing reassembled and lowered into the hole again.

We completed the hole about 4 o'clock having taken time out at 1:00 for lunch. It was eaten in the weasel with the notes running to keep us warm. An apple pie had been stored in the instrument shelter over night and had become frozen. It ~~was~~ was put on the molas box to defrost and did defrost a little.

but it was pretty much like eating apple sherbert. Other items on the menu were pork chops, rolls, jelly, butter, and apple juice.

John drove us on the way back and took a lot of kidding about his driving technique. For some reason, although the trail is quite well marked by previous weasel tracks, John continually wandered off the track losing it completely. We began to call him Jungle John after a character named jungle from "The Ascent of Man" by Goddell who was always getting lost. When John ~~began~~ to follow a set of tracks made by a weasel which led to Gen Capt Thomas northward back past the terminal moraine we almost died laughing. Poor John was somewhat at a loss to figure us out but he is boundlessly good natured and soon got us ^{back} onto the proper track.

We ~~were back~~ ^{returned} in time to share a rabbit dinner and a double feature movie Mozambo and Thunder over the Plains.

turned off

Sunday Feb. 24 1957

The sabbath is rather a special day hereabouts. A brunch is served at 11:00 so everybody sleeps late. The work of the base is suspended as far as is possible. I used the afternoon to install a new clock in the alsky camera as the old one had gotten stuck a few times. Parth built himself a table for his ham gear. He has brought with him his own ~~own~~ ham receiver and transmitter.

Carl and Don gave our dogs some additional training and exercise and reported that they are shaping up better as a team. Catholic services were held with good attendance in the Bee building.

At 7 we gathered in the Bee building for a bingo game. Lilienthal was the caller and with his loud Texas voice he was the perfect man for the job. The prizes were the model airplanes, boats and cars supplied in the recreation equipment. Actually there

are so many kits supplied that it really is not necessary to distribute them by lottery but this is one way of distributing them fairly and making a way to enjoy ourselves.

O'lar and I won the same round together getting all four corners of our cards filled. My prize was a model of the Missouri and O'lar took the United States. Rudy won twice and was very happy since he plans to take the models home to his four children. I later gave him my kit as well because I have neither the time nor space in which to build it and also ~~it~~ it was of balsa wood and require considerable patience, skill and time to construct properly. Not being an experienced kit builder it probably would have been too difficult.

Kiss Me Kate was the evening's movie and a bit later on I listened to parts of Parloxy's animation of Faust on the hi-fi system in my office. More snow began to fall

and the night was very dark. About midnight Dick Cameron and I listened to Basil Rathbone read ~~the~~ Poe's "The Black Cat" a real spine tingling story of horror. Just the thing for a stormy night.

Monday Feb 25, 1957

I arose in time for lunch and a really swell lunch it was with chicken, cranberry sauce and frozen peaches for desert. I couldn't help but think I never ate so much or so well at home. Scientific work occupied me exclusively for the rest of the day with the exception of a short meeting with Carl at which virtually nothing was said except that we should all prepare monthly reports.

Dick, Howard and John are making preparations for a three day trip starting Wednesday. They are going to look for a place to make movement studies.

The rest of us are still busy setting up our equipment.

Darth expects to have his ham gear in operation by Sunday and there is much interest in this as we all have loved ones waiting to hear from us. The base ham set will probably not be operating for another three weeks.

The Navy boys are still ungarbing general cargo and today sheets were passed around.

The spectrograph was blowing fuses and fixing it kept me tower bound except for the evening movie ^{at} Red River.

The weather had been poor all day but about midnight it cleared and I had a chance to practice my star gazing. I identified many constellations I have never seen before including the Southern and also crosses, ~~Scorpius~~ ^{Magellanicus}, Musca, Leda, Carina and Ucla. About 1:30 Arctura appeared. This, the first Arctura I have seen in the

Antarctic was not much to look at. It was a HA very faint in the morning twilight. It soon faded even before overwhelmed by the rising sun.

I went into the mess hall for a snack before bed and found Dick Berkeley and Paul Wyche having a cup of coffee. Berkeley was having trouble sleeping and Wyche was on the night watch. Not once when I have gone to bed late have I been the last one up.

Tuesday Feb 26, 1957

I can see that I will become more and more isolated from the life of the base as time goes on. I spent most of today except for lunch and dinner ^{and supper} in the tower finishing repairs on the spectrograph. Carl came up to visit me and have a look around.

My isolation is aggravated by both tower and ~~the~~ my hours of wakefulness. However, I am now so busy that I think little of it. Everybody else is also very busy with their own projects and so there is

little of nonscientific chicanery to report.

Green curtains were installed in the doorways to our rooms but not being soundproof they add little to our privacy.

Rudy during the movie "The Command" about Indian Wars asked Carl if he had a hard time at the "Battle of San Juan Hill". Carl is always talking a kidding about his age and about his fondness for the skua, which he regards as a noble beast and the "eagle of the Antarctic". His fondness for these birds is perhaps understandable as he is going to make them his PHD thesis. As Berkeley says the cry of the skua is Phd, Phd Pee ditch Pee. Carl works hard at it going out each day to catch ten or so birds for banking.

Wednesday Feb. 27 1957

We have a Westinghouse washing machine and dryer for doing laundry but lately one or the other has been breaking down almost every day. We have a complete spare for each and already

We are using the second washing machine. It also needed repair just a few minutes after installation. Our best minds were put on the problem today and Magee, Charlton and Patterson got it ship shape after a hard morning's work. It seems the switch had been turned backwards, bending the contacts of the control unit.

It makes me wonder how women manage to use these things. It takes three top notch mechanics here just to keep up with the repairs.

Ollav, John and P ick, left on their journey southwards to find an area for movement studies. They reported by radio at 7 saying they were at Haupt nuhatak and camped for the evening. For some reason although we heard them on Barth's radio they were not received by the radio shack.

Saraen B lade was the evening's cinematic treat. A real blizzard came up during the movie with blowing snow

and gusts of wind over 45 knots. The buildings groaned and rumbled, while our tinnies rattled and filled with fine snow.

About 2 in the morning I was having a snack with Patterson the night watch when a deluge storm our radioman came in for a quick drink. He had a radio contact with McMurdo to make at 3 and he had to walk to the Temporary Camp where the transmitter is set up. He was dressed in all his heavy clothes and when he finally got out we wished him good luck. He also had to start a generator in order to power the transmitter.

Thursday Feb 28 1957

The storm continued unabated all night and when day light came the damage done could be assessed. The Roddis hut had suffered irreparable damage. Its cloth shell had been torn and blown down leaving the surrounding

metal framework intact. How the designers ever expected this structure to survive down here is beyond me.

In my own tower the trap door in the roof blew off and landed about 50 yards from the tower virtually unscathed. There was about a half inch of slush on the tower floor to clean up though.

The wind also piled snow into high drifts in strange places. The poor dogs got so drifted in that only a few inches of ~~it~~ their chain showed above the snow level. ~~The~~ The wind died down considerably during the day and the temperature was just about freezing. It seemed quite a bit warmer than it has been for the last week.

Again a one way contact was made with the trail party. We heard them but they got us only intermittently. They reported that they had gotten little done that day but were otherwise in good shape.

Carl and Sil hitched the dogs up to drag their own meat from where the seals are kept. Evidently 2 of the dogs got to fighting and Carl applying the rule of patience and understanding kicked the dogs with his foot severely injuring himself in the process. Doc fixed him up but he is limping and using a cane. The moral as Carl sees it is don't kick the dogs unless you are wearing the proper foot gear.

March 1, 1957 Friday

A fire broke out in the generator building. No fire alarms sounded though. It seems ~~the~~ a fire alarm short circuit started the fire. No serious damage was done and only a few boxes of lightbulbs got burned.

I was terribly busy today. I constructed a platform under the metal dome, and then since both machines went bad together I had my hands full with them also. Don Burnett

accidentally damaged the needle on my phonograph and I had to spend some time repairing it.

March 2, 1957 Saturday.

As the nights are getting longer I have for several days been living a new routine. I get up in time for lunch at 12:30 work all afternoon and early evening, take time off to see the evening movie and then work again until 3 a.m. when I usually go to the mess hall for a snack.

In a few more weeks I shall have to miss lunch also.

Today was one of those sparkling scintillating days that makes you feel glad you're alive and in the antarctic. The temperature rose to 39 and in the sun it was much warmer. I would have liked to take the dogs for a run but I had too much work to do before nightfall so I settled for an hour's walk before dinner.

I went over to the nearby penguin rookery to see how they were coming along and was

astounded to find them all gone. The rookery was completely empty though the smell remained to unmistakably identify the area.

One lone skua swooped down on me and looking around I was just in time to see a chick make an awkward takeoff and fly away.

Down on the shore and in back of our base there are small groups of penguins that stand about all day doing nothing. I am told these birds are in the process of moulting and sure enough you can see the feathers coming off them. Most of the skuas appear to have gone and Carl caught only a fulmar today.

Saturday night to our party night and a bottle of whiskey made the rounds with the usual beer. Since the night was clear I had to work and was rewarded with a three hour continuous auroral display.

March 3, 1957 Sunday

I slept right through brunch and got only a cup of cocoa before setting out with the dogs for a run. The day was beautiful although a brisk wind was blowing. The snow surface was hard but not icy.

I took three dogs, Woryon, Smokey and Kao. Woryon and Smokey are big black malamutes and about the biggest and hardest working pair we have. Kao is in training to be our lead dog. Since I was going alone on an empty sled three dogs would be all I needed.

As soon as I took the harness from its box the dogs became all excited and barked and ~~came on~~ jumped up extending their tethering chains as far as they would stretch. Taking only three dogs makes it hard on those left behind but the full team would have been too much for me to handle alone on an empty sled.

We got off to a rousing start with the three dogs running pell mell out of the base area. They followed the weasel tracks through the snow keeping up a good pace until we were out of sight of camp.

I decided that instead of following the weasel trail it might be nice to see the northern side of the peninsula again. I yelled my commands "gee" and "haw" to Kao but he just kept on his merry way straight ahead. I soon realized that Kao was a very sorry lead dog having no more understanding of commands than a Chinese soldier in the Russian navy.

Carl had said that if Kao did not obey commands I should stop the sled and whack him with the whip. This necessitated my getting off the sled and walking about 15 feet to the head of the line whacking Kao and turning him ~~head around~~ bodily around.

Kao had a mind of his own no matter what direction he is pointed he would soon

over back to the weasel trail. If pointed to far he gleefully started back for home.

I made very little progress north but kept edging closer back to base. Finally on one of my trips up to whack Hao they got scared and took off without me. I yelled my lungs out but to no avail. They headed home at a good brisk trot and all I could do was to hurry after them.

I was imagining with chagrin the ~~frustration~~ ~~of~~ rubbing I would get coming in trailing the dogs and was hoping the loose dogs would not do any damage dashing through camp ~~disturbances~~. But my fears were ungrounded. The dogs ran right to the tethering area and sat down to wait for me. No one saw me or them return.

I turned them about and off we went again. This time I stuck to the weasel trail and had a very enjoyable carefree ride.

~~It had returned~~

After a dinner of cold cuts I helped Carl with some

skua gulls. He has developed a new system. The ends of the snares are fastened to bamboo fish poles, and when a bird walks into a snare he picks up the pole and hooks it just as you would a fish. I had the pleasure of catching one by this method and we weighed and banded it and then released it.

Carl has also built a blind out of a big packing crate and we both sat in it for awhile hoping to catch a great fulmar. We had no luck though.

The Sunday bingo game was held at 7 with more airplane models as prizes. I did not win a game this time though. The movie was "The Captains Paradise" which I don't think was appreciated as much as it deserves.

March 4, 1957 Monday

The Dick, Olav and John returned at six this morning in high spirits. They had traveled all night in order to be sure

and get here today for since radio contact had failed, they did not want us to worry about them. The trip was a great success with all work completed. A aspt nunatak was used to establish a reference point for setting out stakes to measure glacier movement. Next summer they will return and check the positions again. A few crevasses were encountered en route but evidently nothing impassable. They made today a day of well earned rest and recuperation.

The rest of us are still setting up instruments and carpentering and even unpacking. Carl got himself a giant fulmar and dyed six skua scarlet.

The evenings movie was so bad that almost everyone walked out on it.

It was quite cloudy during the early night. When it is like this I listen to records and read checking every half hour for signs of clearing or aurora. I was about to give up when at 2:00am the sky cleared and revealed some faint auroral glow. By 2:30 the glow was gone and twilight growing.

I have just completed "My Two Years in the Antarctic" by Lt Kevin Walton a member of the British expedition to Marguerite Bay in 1947-48-49. It was quite interesting particularly his theories on dog training and his comments on the Americans who shared Stonington Island with him (Finn Ronne Expedition).

March 5, 1957 Tuesday

Had a long discussion with Paul Nadman our photographer about developing my film. I hope tomorrow to be able to develop the first reels of aurora films.

Carl set off his net again. There were ~~several~~ the astounding number of seven giant fulmars in the area when the net went off. Only two were caught in it though. I helped Carl and Rudy band them and then they were weighed and dyed a scarlet red. It sure was funny to see these puzzled wet scarlet fulmars waddling around dazedly. A skua caught at the same

time is to be kept in captivity primarily to observe its moulting process.

John had the dogs out for a run and from what he said I don't think he had much better luck than I did.

Evening brought with it ~~46~~ ~~knotty~~ winds and dense overcast I did a jigsaw puzzle to while away the observing hours.

March 6 Wednesday

It is amazing how much fascination a jigsaw puzzle has. Almost everyone who came through my office today stopped to look at the puzzle and try to fit a few pieces.

Carl is thinking of making a trip in April or May to locate an Emperor Penguin rookery. This seems to me to be a hell of time to travel. Not only is it dark most of the day but winter will have arrived. Also the sea ice will probably not be very firm at so early a time of the year.

Paul Noonan helped me develop my first roll of film in our dark room. It came out very successfully. The night surprised me by turning clear and staying that way all night.

March 7 Thursday

Dick Cameron and John Macpherson are going inland tomorrow in hopes of finding a suitable site for digging their deep pit. Dick has asked me to come along and since it is only a day trip I have agreed.

We plan to go about 30 miles inland and south to an altitude of 4000 feet. As of now we are in the midst of a snow storm and it is possible the trip may be cancelled.

Just about nobody including myself went to the movies this evening. The reason the pictures name was "Dynamite Colt." I am going to bed early tonight and Barth who is not yet in bed is going to be surprised to come in and find me already asleep. He has been working quite late on his ionospheric transects.

March 8 Friday

The best laid plans of mice and men gang oft aglaze. Dick got me up at six as promised but an attack of sciatica which has been building up for days was so bad that I could hardly get out of bed. I told Dick I was sorry after all his trouble and consideration and I certainly was terribly disappointed myself.

I spent the entire day flat on my back in bed. The doctor examined me but there was little he could do. I had lots of company and the time passed quickly. Bill Lichtenhal brought me ~~breakfast~~ ^{dinner} on a tray which I did not do full justice to. Having dinner in bed in the Antarctic is quite a novelty. I got an awful lot of reading done including a science fiction novel and ~~the~~ "My Antarctic" by Jennie Tooney Moon by Jennie Tooney Moon. I also read "The Women Who Wintered Over on Palmer Peninsula with Ronne 1947 Expedition".

Her book is very exciting and the personality conflicts and shortcomings among Ronne and his men are well brought out. The contrast between this expedition and Ronnes are extreme. So far we have none of the bickerings or petty jealousies that plagued Ronne's men.

Carl who wintered at the same base in 1940 and John Malholm whose half brother was a member of Ronne's expedition and I had a long discussion as to why Ronne had so ~~many~~ many personality problems and we do not.

For one thing Carl said we have been carefully selected and screened. For another we are all being paid whereas Ronne's men were volunteers. Ronne's rather dogmatic and puritanical leadership also was an important factor in the creeping demoralization of his base.

Carl took quite a kidding today about his age again during a barracks lounge bullshit question session. The average age of the ICG personnel was computed to be 26.5 years.

Carl raised the figure by 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ yrs.
 Carl boasted that he was the
 all high school forward of Lincoln
 county when he was young and
~~possibly~~ someone remarked
 that Carl had probably played
 when the center jump was still
 included in the rules.

Carl gets his revenge, at
 least on Berkley. Whenever Berkley
 gets on line ~~to get his~~ with his
 tray to get his food, Carl remarks
 in a loud voice how International
 Geophysical Year for 1957 and
 1958 could be written in block
 letters across the seat of Berkley's
 pants.

March 9, 1957 Saturday

Although not completely cured
 I managed to get up after lunch
 and stay up for the rest of the
 day. We had a meeting
 at which Carl discussed
 his plans for ~~the~~ extended
 trips during the next few
 months. On Monday,
 he and Dick, Olav, John,
 Rudy, and Paul Noonan, the
 photographer will take three

weasels and sleds to set up
 a Jamesway hut at a site
 about 30 miles inland from here.
 They expect to be gone about
 5 days. Later when the bay
 ice freezes Carl wants to make
 a trip taking both weasels and dogs
 along the coast making a map
 and looking for an emperor
 penguin rookery. Dick Cameron
 will go as glaciologist and Dick
 Berkley as surveyor. Of course
 most of these trips are out for
 many of us including myself as we
 must remain close to our
 instruments.

Carl announced that Rudy
 has been appointed Deputy Chief
 Scientist an excellent choice.
 Since both he and Rudy are both
 going to the cap for a few days
 Carl had Dick, Barth, Berkley
 and myself cut cards to see
 what would be third in
 command. Barth won.

Saturday evening brought
 forth its usual party featuring
 Ed Methusalem. When the
 movie Dodge City was over
 everyone yilled for another
 and so we had a double feature

with Jivaro the other film.

March 10, 1957 Sunday

Doc has had a lot of business lately. Jim Powell hit his leg with a wrench but only bruised it. Magee was not so lucky. He slipped and a D4 tractor ran over his leg. I don't know if this is the truth but this is what he told me. Actually a tractor can run over you without injuring severely since the tread will and the weight distributed over a large surface. The first Walker base surgery was performed to, ~~remove an ingrown~~ splinter from Rudy's ~~middle~~ little finger.

Carl and John went seal hunting taking the dog team over to the first penicillin rookery. They got two seals and Carl also shot a fulmar which he plans to freeze and ship to the Smithsonian Institute. The dogs got into a fight so there went but except for some splattered blood

and a chewed ear or two no damage was done.

Preparations for tomorrow weasel trip continued and I gave Daniel roasted a roast beef for them to take along. Rudy and I sampled it at Lin the morning while Rudy told me of his bout with Rheumatic fever when he was in the army in 1943. After being in the hospital for 4 months he was released on a medical discharge. He had a heart condition for six months thereafter but has fully recovered. He also mentioned that his tonsillectomy in 1945 caused him to miss Thanksgiving dinner due to surgical complications. It being a cloudy night, I shaved myself the movie I missed "The Fighting Lady" a rather engrossing film about a blind pilot in the Korean War. Lilliantha came in to watch it with me.

March 11, Monday

I slept so late I missed lunch. As the night get

longer I guess shall mas
 limit more and more often.

This week it is my turn to
 be latrine orderly. This means I
 have to mop up the floor see
 that toilet paper is available
 and that the area is clean.

A flight of Antarctic terns
 circled about our base chirping
 loudly above our heads. They
 appear to be migrating. The first
 signs of new bay ice appeared
 today a sure sign that summer
 is at an end.

I looked in at Carl's two
 red skuas, which he is keeping
 alive in a box. While he is
 away I am responsible for seeing
 that no harm befalls them.

I was very happy today.
 We opened a crate of liquor from
 the liquor locker and discovered it
 was Rye whiskey (F. Henley's)
 rather than Old Methusalem.

Strangely enough although the
 crate was well nailed shut one
 bottle inside had been opened
 and a couple of ounces were missing.

Sil Stewart seismology bulb
 is quite a ways from camp. He is
 going to have a rough time this winter.

Pick Berkeley was unable to get
 a series of sun shots he needs to
 establish a true bearing. Sometimes
 I wonder if we are ever to see the
 sun again.

~~Lili~~ I spent
 an hour or so with Gauth in
 the science building. He
 has set up his ham transmitter
 and receiver and thought he
 was trying to get somebody
 to come in. We could hear
 several stations quite clearly
 but they could not get us.
 It was strange hearing
 those voices from South
 Africa, Saudi Arabia,

Malaya and Bangkok and
 sometimes amusing. The South African
 said the temperature there was 54
 in Durban which I guess is low for
 them but to us it sounded tropical.
 Someone else mentioned a thunderstorm
 something we haven't thought of in
 five months.

Bill Lili was again my
 guest at a midnight movie showing
 and told me something of his
 background. He comes from
 Nebraska. His father had
 a chicken ranch there but when

The bottom fell out of the chicken market he had to sell out and take a job with a construction company. Bill has done a lot of traveling with the Navy and has been to Japan, Formosa and other far east ports.

March 12 Tuesday

Without our live wires Rudy and Jack to entertain us we must carry on as best we can. And with so much cloudy weather I ~~can~~ have a special problem. I can truthfully say though that the time passes remarkably quickly.

The fire alarm bell rang but no fire could be located. All hands were brotting about with suprised looks.

Barth's recorder is now fully operative and he showed me some of his results. On the film you can actually see the E, G and F layers represented and the critical frequency. By examining these it is possible to tell if the aurora is probable that evening.

March 13 Wednesday

Most of today's events are connected with radio. First there came the news of Admiral Byrd's death. Even though I have never met him I could not help but feel a personal loss and mourn the passing of an era.

Also reported was the birth of a son to Dick Cameron. He is still out on the plateau but there will be rejoicing in mudville when he returns.

Barth after days of patient trying at last made contact with the outside world. The south pole station answered his call. The conversation was a bit confused as the pole was talking to about five stations at once. Little except radio jargon came through. Just then a strong voice came through calling HC4054 our call letters. The caller identified himself as a station in New Jersey. He said he was 16 yrs old and that his brother 14 would also like to speak to Antarctica.

The young man was most anxious to learn if ~~he was~~ he was the first contact we had made outside the Antarctic. He was quite overjoyed to learn he was especially as he explained he had also been first to contact the pole.

I remembered reading about this fellow in the Times and Wall's Journal also knew him. We promised to contact him again and try a phone patch next time.

March 14 1957 Thursday

The mail party will return tomorrow evening if their garbled radio message was correctly interpreted. Dave is going to bake a cake and throw a surprise party for Dick Cameron in honor of his having a son.

Four hydrogen filled balloons have been sent aloft successfully so far the highest having reached an altitude of 74,000 ft. These balloons report pressure temperature and humidity by radio to a

ground receiver which continually tracks the balloon thus gathering data ~~for~~ of the wind aloft.

Several of the little coves were half covered with slushy sea ice and the ~~temp~~ high temperature for the day was 22° . The sun sets about six and sets much faster than it used to. The weather has been so continuously overcast that I have been able to do virtually no auroral work at all. Tonight the sky seemed brighter than usual but the overcast remained solid.

I have left some chop meat out to defrost so I helped myself and made hamburgers to eat at 3 am to kill time and fill my empty stomach. I'll probably think we have rats if he notices the missing meat. Since I don't get to bed until very late I have not been getting to lunch and so supper is the only formal meal I eat, thus some kind of early morning snack is just about a necessity.

March 15 Friday 1957

The mail party did not return tonight after all and so although the cafe was ready for them it was not eaten. Dave was curious as to what had happened to some of his chopped meat but I did not enlighten him. He used the meat in the spaghetti sauce at dinner. He used so much red pepper that everyone was panting for breath. Poor Don Bradford the radioman sprinkled his with pepper from the table before tucking it and made his completely inedible.

The two little coves on either side of our base are now ice filled though a strong wind will likely open them up again.

March 16 Saturday 1957

Carl, Rudy ~~and~~ John and Paul got back from the sheet about 3:30. The base was established at a point 54 miles from our base at an altitude of 4000 ft. By 8:30 ~~the first~~ night the hut was constructed and

the stove lit for heat. They were troubled some by white out conditions which kept them from completing their work on schedule. Dick and I have been remaining until Tuesday to finish things up.

Two weasels were left behind when it was discovered that no oil had been brought and the weasels were running out. This and Rudy's falling into their garbage pit are evidently the only mishaps of an otherwise highly successful venture.

The sky cleared briefly during late evening and bared a dazzling full moon. Both icebergs and ice sheet scintillated with its silvery glow. The reflection from the sea water was especially delicate and mysterious. It is the first time the full moon has been visible during the night sky hours.

Sheldon and Rudy a bit tipsy joined me for my 3 o'clock meal in the mess hall. They must have been very hungry and set about preparing a meal of sauerkraut

and frankfurters.

March 17, Sunday

Dan and Magentyre looked over the weasel trail to decide about its suitability for D4 operation. If a D4 could be gotten onto the plateau it would save the weasels a lot of wear and tear as a D4 can carry very much more in a load than a weasel which is really big as a passenger carrying vehicle.

One of my cousin Harry's fillings came out of one of my teeth so Sheldon turned dentist and installed his first filling. He had a real friendly leer in his eye as he began to poke around in the cavity. We were both a bit nervous when it came time to use the drill, and while Sheldon pored through the instruction book trying to find out how to insert the bit into the drill I began to count the tooth as lost in the course of science.

I then remembered how cousin Harry did things and so showed Sheldon how the bit goes in and the job was over in no time with no mishaps.

Rudy talked with some of the weather men at the Pole station on Barth's radio and heard that the temperature there was -60°F . By comparison our temperature has been 26°F most of the day.

Carl and John were out catching skuas with a different kind of trap. This is a metal hoop that folds in half catching the bird by its feet. One bird caught seems to have damaged its wing as it does not seem to want to get off.

I won a plastic model of the USS Constitution at bingo tonight and no one was more surprised than I. I hadn't been concentrating at all on the game and when I looked down and saw I only needed one more number I was a bit shocked.

We also had a raffle for the right to buy scarce store items such as watches, electric razors, cigarette lighters

pipes and diaries. I have the right to buy a watch and razor. The prices are very cheap and so we are all interested in buying many items that we might be able to do without.

The night was brilliantly clear and the full moon rose over the cap just as the sun set in the sea. In my lower dome I was able to write and read by moonlight. The dogs must have been impressed by its brilliance for their voices were raised heavenward, the first time I have heard them cry at night.

It clouded over after midnight and so rounding up Bill Lilienthal who had the late meter weather observation we gave ourselves a showing of Eskatchewan a film with some breathtaking color shots of Canada.

March 17 ~~Sunday~~ Monday

Bill and John have gone to get Dick and I low and all should be back tomorrow evening. Carl shot two silver grey fulmars. One of them fell into

a can of gasoline and got stamed red much to Carl's chagrin.

Barth had a long conversation with a man in Denver. The reception was remarkably clear. Bob was quite amazed that Barth could talk so long to someone in Denver and yet not mention skiing.

I had my hands full fixing the spectrograph and so had little time for gathering news or socializing.

March 19 Tuesday

The first real blizzard of the season struck us today. Although it is the worst snow storm we have had thus far and so we tend to build it up it was not as severe as storms in the states yet. We had average winds of 25 knots with gusts once in awhile at 50. The temperature was in the upper 20's. Only 1 1/2 inches of snow fell in the 8 hours or so the storm lasted.

The blowing snow was a fine powdery type of snow which insensated itself into every crack and hole no matter how

ting. The arctic tower had a fine coating of snow on the floor. The barrels between building were badly drifted up. You had to dress with great care before going outside or the wet snow would get through outer garments and melt you inside.

Cable's pet skuas became encrusted with frozen snow and could hardly move. I decided to throw them out so I helped him move them to the science building vestibule.

They seemed quite amenable to their new surroundings but later that night, the storm they made such a commotion that I set them outside again. I was glad to get rid of them as they gave off a sickening odor of seal as they warmed up.

The blizzard kept Dick, John & Larry and I from returning to camp from the advance station. I took advantage of the first unusually clear night sky to start the meteor counting program.

having ended

This consists of lying on ones back on a cot which has been set up for this purpose in the tower and counting all the meteors which flash overhead by recording their duration, direction and magnitude. In an hours observing time I saw only 4 meteors all of remarkably high length of travel and luminosity. One looked like a very foggy flying saucer, quite large in size and indistinct or nebulous.

Mar 20 ~~Wednesday~~ Wednesday

I now sleep until 3 or 4. The nights have been rapidly growing longer and the sun is set before dinner is served.

Our Collins ham transmitter is finally operative though no contact has been made. Its installation has frustrated all our hearts and this evening a small crowd and our official photographers were on hand to share and record the long awaited event. Due to technical difficulties it was well after midnight before it was in operation.

our hi-fi system parts have been moved to the library in the mess building. Prager has finished the cabinet and I am starting on the wiring.

Tonight the temperature fell to 13° the coldest so far. A large halo about the moon is said to indicate an approaching high wind according to the Eskimos.

Thursday March 21

The first day of fall. The sun is now above the horizon 12 hours a day and the days and nights of equal length.

A true weather prediction was never made. The wind picked up just after lunch bringing with it a fine powdery snow. The velocity gradually picked up as the barometer dropped. By dinner I was still able to go from building to building with only minor discomfort and without special clothing. However, this was just the beginning.

Auge drifts of snow collected

on the windward and leeward sides of the buildings. Still the wind increased until a steady 40 knot howling gale with gusts to 58 knots was whirling fine snow into our tunnels and even our permanent buildings.

The tumult could be felt in the shaking and rumblings of the buildings. ~~At~~ Carl said they had not had anything this bad at the East Base in 1940 but as our temperature is only 23° F I can imagine storms a lot worse.

At 1 am I put on boots and Byrd cloth parka to see what it felt like to be out in such a storm and also to collect the vital statistics on the storm from our meteorology building. The distance between barracks and weather building is less than fifty yards. As soon as I had managed to close the door behind me, no easy task, a complete and utter darkness surrounded me. All sense of direction disappeared. The steps leading to the ground should have been just before me but as I put my foot down there was only snow drifted up to the level of our tunnel. 7 bounding

ahead it soon became obvious that a flashlight was of the utmost necessity. Fortunately the science building is just a few feet from the barracks and groping my way I soon stumbled on the buildings steps.

Securing a flashlight I emerged and now had to meet the full force of the wind and driving snow against my face. To get to the meteorology building I had to walk directly into the wind. After just a few seconds in such a blast the first twinges of frost are felt in your cheeks.

The snow packs itself against your eyelids and in your lashes.

The eyes tear and you can see only by squinting. By looking down at the ground some progress can be made but the ground gives no clue as to direction even with a flashlight. Soon it is

absolutely necessary to look up and I discover that I have walked past ~~to~~ my destination on its right. My flashlight is reflected from its orange walls. So I turn and plow through knee deep drifts leaving

against the wind to reach the door of the building which already has a foot of snow packed against it.

I pushed my way in and surprised Paul Mycke the observer for the night. I warmed myself in the cosy warmth within examined the anemometer chart and barometer which was still falling and started on the trip back. The return voyage was easier on my face but with the wind at my back it was difficult to keep from stumbling against things and I somehow managed to return by the most obstacle strewn course.

When I went to bed at six the wind was still blowing with no signs of abating. The snow level in our tunnels is up to the knees in places and some kind of waterproof clothing is necessary for getting between buildings.

Peter Schoeck the aurora project leader contacted me via ham radio from my Murdo sound. Since his normal base is Little America, I was a bit surprised to find him at my Murdo

but he explained that he had gone on this flight from LA in order to reconnoiter the route for his trail party next spring. Pettit had some technical details he wanted to discuss but he was also curious about our base here at Knox Coast. It seems to have lost some of his enthusiasm and it was a pleasure for me to converse with a new voice and compare experiences.

March 22, 1937 Friday

The trail party returned this evening. It seems they had set out yesterday but had been caught 10 miles from our base by yesterday's blizzard. They had to stop and spend an uncomfortable night in their weasel. They said they were quite warm in their sleeping bags and they seem in good health and spirits despite their experience.

Chief Charlton gave me a lesson tonight in how to operate our ham transmitter. I hope soon to be able to operate it and make contacts with my parents and

friends.

Tonight was unusually clear and we had a very faint auroral display. I was up late enough to see the sun rise so I am now almost 180° out of phase with the rest of the base.

March 23, 1937 Saturday

Sheldon, Carl and John taking the dog team went to the far penguin rookery to fetch the 2 seals left there some time back. The seals were left on some sea ice which was grounded on underwater rocks. This ice was evidently separated from the ~~land~~ snow covered sled trail by exposed boulders. Carl went out on the ice to see if the sled could be brought nearer by taking it over some new sea ice which had formed in the bay.

While inspecting the possible route the ice which was slushy and only 2 inches thick broke under Carl's weight and Carl became the floundering father of the Walker station.

swimming club. Carl only got wet up to his waist but as wet clothes are rather uncomfortable down here Carl and the dog and Sheldon returned to base immediately. The seals are still there.

Evidently you can't keep a good man down for Carl was out banding and weighing penguins during the afternoon.

Dick Cameron, alias black ham, as he has been dubbed by the Navy due to his very dark beard, passed out cigars and through a party in honor of his fatherhood. He is a bit embarrassed because he can't remember the name for his son he and his wife decided upon. At the party Dick served, smoked oysters, clams, camar, shrimp, sardines and other delicacies sent to him as Christmas presents. I've baked a really excellent cake.

During the party as well as most of the night the most brilliant auroral display of the season so far was taking place. Since I was too busy to make the party it seemed as though I would miss out on the cats, but Dick marvellously thoughtfully as always carried a piece of

cake up to me in the tower and stayed a while to watch the display.

March 24, 1957 Sunday.

Another attempt was made to bring in the seals but this one also was doomed to failure. This time Carl and his helpers could not get the heavy seals over the rocks to which the sled was waiting. They will try again tomorrow.

Don Burnett took a D4 tractor with McIntyre and Noonan up onto the caps for the first time and went out and brought back ^{two} weasels and two sleds that had been abandoned due to mechanical difficulties during the return trip from the advance base. On the way down the ramp the coupling between the D4 tractor and the first weasel broke and the line of weasels jerked and turned around on itself.

Paul Noonan who had gotten out to take a picture fell at just the moment the accident occurred and so missed getting a picture. By using the D4's winch

and straightening out the mess all vehicles were brought back safely after dinner with Barth's assistance I made my first contact as a ham. My call was answered by the south pole station KC4USN. I would have preferred to reach further afield but it was a thrill to get any answer. The fellow sending was Chet Legere the cook at the south pole. He said it was 1:20 am and all were asleep except himself. He told me that the temperature there was -78°F quite a contrast to our mild 28°F here. I told him some of the features of tropical Wilkes station garden spot of the antarctic and he asked what our summer hotel rates were. I said he could come and ~~live~~ live here free all next year if he was a good cook. He declined the invitation.

Much to my disappointment a transmitter failure curtailed any further ham activities on my part.

March 25 | 1957 Monday

Pending a reply to a message

To Washington civilian ham activities have been suspended. The reason is mostly cold feet and to play things safe.

Since there is no recognized government in Antarctica and no local FCC the question has arisen as to the procedures for operation of our station as regards licences, call letters, phone bands etc. Since the military here do not wish to take responsibility for making a decision on these issues they have passed on the responsibility to their superiors in Washington who probably will not want to accept the responsibility either.

The evening's movie was ^{heraldine} surprisingly better than we had any right to expect it to be. It was about a record making company and so had a special interest for me.

The weather tonight was so erratic, I had a hard time keeping up with it. Within 10 minutes it would go from driving snow to completely clear. When it is cloudy I usually stay in my office in the science building and read or listen to my earphone phonograph. Every half hour a buzzer sounds if I have set it and I go outside to see if it

has cleared. If not I return and try again in another half hour and so on through the night.

Occasionally if I have missed a movie shown previously I give myself a private showing to help pass the cloudy hours. Also film developing and report writing fill many cloudy night hours.

Should the sky be clear I immediately get my gloves on and climb the metal ladder at the end of the science building and enter the aurora tower.

Here I have a bed or chair mounted in a transparent dome and I sit and watch the sky for signs of aurora. Usually aurora is not long in appearing. Should there be no aurora then I recline on the cot and using binoculars count meteors and record their characteristics. Often I use star charts and practice learning the constellations. Of course if there is aurora I am busy recording its description on \pm BN cards. Occasionally on a clear night when a bright moon makes viewing difficult I may read by

flashlight until brighter aurora appears. Meteor counting under moonlight conditions is usually worthless.

March 26, 1957 Tuesday

Rudy and John left for their advanced base in a weasel pulling a sled. They got as far as the base of the ramp when the tread on their weasel broke and came off. They had to walk three miles back to base and get a new tread and Mac's assistance to put it on. Thus they are still with us.

Dick and Olav walked over to Bailey Island, which as I myself proved once before is no island, to look for evidences of past glaciation. One of our aerographers is named Bailey. He does not take kindly to disparaging remarks about his island, and Dick kidded him by saying it was the most worthless island of the group.

Rudy told a story about ~~the~~ one of the older inhabitants of his home town, Shelburyville in N. H. This fellow was stopped while driving his car by a policeman for

violating a local ordinance. When the officer asked him ~~how many years~~ he had lived in S — ville all his life, he replied, "not yet!" Of course Rudy told this story in his own inimitable style rich in the accents and humors of backwoods New England, and during a movie intermission and had us all in hysterics.

Sheldon performed the first Wilkes surgical operation today on Jim Powell. He had a mole on his nose removed. Local anesthesia was used and the wound required 6 stitches. Jim says he can feel no pain and is walking around fit as a banded skua gull so I guess the operation was a success.

March 27 1957 Wednesday

John and Rudy finally got away this morning.

A reply was received from task force 48 headquarters on the regulations involving ham radio. It in every way vindicated our position. Unlicensed personnel may operate it and we can use the international ham bands as well as the US ones.

However, due to timidity, lack of knowledge and perhaps just plain spite and stubbornness Don still is withholding his permission to use the gear. This in spite of the fact his own communications chief has told him he feels I am completely competent to operate the gear and despite the fact that I have already done so. Even Carl was a bit suprised at Don's attitude. The military mind is often hard to fathom and this is the case the Wilkes station Williams will have to bear.

Tonight's movie was "The Man Between" and although I had seen it before I quite enjoyed it again.

March 28 1957 Thursday

Now that things are settling down to a routine for the long winter night I shall no longer keep this journal day by day but shall simply note from time to time events of special or unusual interest.

Don Bradford one of our radio operators gave a lecture on ham radio to all those interested in using our ham gear. It was followed by a short quiz.

all this rather childish rigamarole I guess is part of the navy way and we all took it in good grace.

All interested have been assigned instructors to teach them how to operate the equipment. As I already have been through this I have permission to operate it anytime it is free. It was just my luck though that a radio blackout and blown fuse have made the transmitter useless today and so I still have yet to make my first state-side contact. All this is very frustrating.

Barth Stonebocker, our ionospheric physicist has brought down his own transmitter. He would like to use call letters of his own choosing rather than the bases. Since I on had no orders governing such an unexpected development he sent a ~~message~~ ^{message to headquarters} asking for advice. It tonight he received the rather ambiguous and plaintive reply

"Authority to operate independent ham radio not within scope of operation plan. Only one station assigned ham call allowance. Advise sending request to CTF #3."

Evidently this was done and another message came in,

"Concur one amateur station each base however one station may transmit simultaneously more than one frequency if all ^(the) equipment is used for intended base morale purposes with equal opportunity for all hands"

Out of all this military jobbledog the basic issue remains unanswered. There is a civilian, a private citizen residing in a foreign country (Antarctica), not subject to military law, who, having his own private equipment wishes to operate an amateur station.

Normally he would apply for a license to the country he is in and in due time he would be assigned call letters. Since as yet there is no government in Antarctica this cannot be done. It is therefore obvious that Barth may legally operate his station whenever he wants and use any set of call letters his fancy suggests.

It is rather presumptuous and indeed illegal for the navy to suggest that private property of this nature must be shared communally if it is to be used at all. Also the fact that an independent ham station was not envisaged in

the original operations plan does not excuse them from envisaging it now and coming up with something a bit more constructive.

What makes the whole situation even more amusing is that Dearth was told personally by Comm. Snag (officer in charge of communications) at Davisville that he would be able to operate his own station and should use the base call sign.

March 29 1957 Friday

Another blizzard struck us today ~~less than~~ just a week after our last one. This one was even worse than the last. The wind blew in gusts of up to 58 knots piling up the snow on top of the drifts left by the previous storm. The temperature was down to 17° and several doors froze shut with melted snow in the door jam. The night watch was ordered to make his rounds carrying a walkie talkie in case he got lost and needed assistance.

The wind whistling through

~~for~~ Dearth's antenna built up such a large static electricity charge that it produced a coronal discharge corresponding to several thousand volts. Dearth was working on his antenna connections when he accidentally touched the antenna lead and ~~the~~ ~~902~~ ~~ground~~ ~~simultaneously~~. He said afterwards that the shock was severe enough to throw him to the floor. When I saw him later he still looked shaky and frozzled.

March 30 Saturday

As a very minor blizzard blew again tonight the sky was overcast and when the wind died it remained so. I used the time to try and contact my parents on the ham radio.

Starting in just before five am I met with little success until by ~~about~~ CQ call on the 10 meter band was answered by a ham in Woodbridge New Jersey. When I told him my home was in New York City he offered to phone them a message and when enough in a few minutes he had my

parents on the line. Unfortunately he had no phone patch equipment and so I could not talk directly to them. I did pass along the message that they should stay by the phone until I could get through to them. Due to a change in the ionospheric pattern the signal began to fade and soon was gone so that I did not have an opportunity to thank the ham properly which I greatly regret.

Another ham, W2OT, listening in interrupted at one point and offered to supply a phone patch. He was standing by but he faded before I could reach him.

My next contact was with a fellow in Rouseau, Minnesota. He was a 34 year old bachelor who hunted deer with a bow and arrow and flew a ski plane to find game. He sounded as though he led a much more adventurous life than we down here. He said the low temperature during their winter was -40 or better. This is quite a bit colder than it is likely to get around here and I told him so. I was also surprised to find out there were no polar bears here.

I had just about given up hope getting a contact closer to home and had turned the set over to Don Bradford when he got

a call from Rochester and Cranston, R.I. Both offered to make phone patches and so I chose the ~~Long Island~~ fellow and in short order I was speaking to my parents 10,000 miles away. After they caught on to the system we were able to get across to each other fairly well. They seemed to understand me much better than I did them but as I did most of the talking this was not much of a hardship. I spent most of the 40 minute conversation describing our base and its recreational facilities, ~~and~~ wildlife and climate.

They in turn told me remarkably little except ^{they} they were well, and the rest of the family was well. They also told me Ted Schwartz had contacted them and was coming over to show them some pictures. This makes me very happy and Ted is an angel to do it for me.

It is hard to find words to express my gratitude to the hams who cheerfully make these connections possible. It takes a lot of their time and with only occasional exceptions can the conversation be of any interest to them. Of course there is the thrill of contacting the Antarctic but many of these hams

have spoken with us before and the novelty must be threadbare by now. Let them still answer our call and do the best job they can to see our messages get through. I can only say that a more selfless, dedicated and conscientious group cannot exist in America.

March 31 Sunday

Carl and Dick are seriously thinking of organizing an overland trip to the South Pole via the Russian base at Vostok. They would leave next Nov. with weasels, tractors and even dogs. They seem to be serious enough about it to ask permission to do it and for some special seismic equipment to be flown in.

This is an idea we have discussed half seriously many times before but never in such earnest. I think the announcement that a Russian base has been established on the 110 meridian 700 miles from us provided the stimulus and ~~raised~~ raised the ambitions of our group.

April 1 Monday

April fools day was not forgotten. Carl's children who have given him a present for almost every real and some imaginary holidays supplied him with some goodies to be opened and used on April 1.

Carl unveiled them at the dinner table there was a spoon with a good imitation of a dead fly stuck to it. While I distracted Martha, Carl slipped it onto his tray and sure enough when Bart ~~was~~ stirring his coffee he noticed the fly and let out a yelp which soon brought a chorus of April Fools from us.

Other items were a rubber pencil, a toothpick with a bloody tooth on the end of it and a package of spearmint gum that bites when you pull a piece from the package.

April 2 Tuesday

Another blizzard raged this afternoon and evening with gusts up to 63 knots. Rude lines were strung

between buildings to make getting about easier. Some of our buildings are now drifted up to their ceilings on the outside. It has been necessary to shovel our way into some of them.

The main topics of conversation are the weather and the projected journey to the South Pole.

April 3 Wednesday

John and Rudy have returned from the cap. A stranger would think we didn't love them if he heard some of the remarks made in greeting. "What, you're both back? Couldn't you lose John?" "Couldn't you lose Rudy behind?" etc.

April 4 Thursday

Chief Powell has gathered the following weather statistics for March³

Temp	Monthly Average	23.7° F
	Extreme maximum	35° F on 6 th + 7 th
	Minimum	13° F on 20, 28, 29

Wind Average Velocity 9.2 Knots
Prevailing direction East
Highest hourly velocity 45 Knots on 29th
Peak gust East 64 Knots on 29th.

Sky condition Clear 18%
Scattered 11.6%
Broken 36.9%
Overcast 30.7%

Clouds	Less than 1000 ft	6.0%
	1000 - 5000	25.7
	5000 - 10,000	10.8
	Above 10,000	17.2

Visibility	Less than 1 mi	4.9%
	1 - 3 miles	1.6%
	over 3 "	88.5%

Pressure average 965.5 mls
Ext maximum 1002.1 mbs on 20
Ext minimum 960.3 on 24th

Precipitation days with 24
Total Water Equiv 4.88 in.

April 5

The glaciologists working at the moraine on a slit trench, saw the smoke rising from the base area, but they correctly surmised from its position that the fire was in the Jamesway built to protect our water supply lake from freezing and to house a pump. The heater in this tent keeps the lake from freezing over, but it had a leaky fuel line and somehow the whole building caught fire. Nothing could be done to save it and it is a total loss.

In addition the lake has been somewhat contaminated by ashes and glass wool insulation but this stuff should settle to the bottom eventually.

We have become so accustomed to using the lake as an easy and convenient source of water that we are quite unprepared to get it the antarctic way, i.e. melting snow or distilling sea water. So far as I know we are the only base blessed with a fresh water lake. All the other bases must haul and melt snow for their water needs.

Of course other bases have much more snow than we - but since our last few blizzards snow is not as scarce as it used to be.

April 6 1957 Saturday

Reference
Marret
Seven Men
Among the Penguins

Footy is in heat and has become the main topic of conversations. The ^{supply of} jokes and wisecracks on this theme seem to be inexhaustible. Suggestions have been made that a round the clock guard be posted to see that no one takes advantage of the defenseless animal. Others suggest that lots be drawn to see who gets her. Carl suggested that all who want to learn how to do so should come over when he mates her with one of the lucky males.

Many of the jokes were at John's expense as he has always maintained that dogs ~~are~~ make truer and better companions than women who he says talk too much. "at least dogs don't answer back" says John.

Actually there may be more