

Antarctic Journal  
of

Ralph Blazgal  
Vol III

Sept 4th -  
1957



"Universal"  
Multi-Column Book

No. S 295

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SINGLE PAGE FORM

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- 3 Columns to right .
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- 7 Columns to right .
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RULING AND THICKNESS INDICATED  
ON BACKBONE OF THIS BOOK.

Sept 4. Wednesday 1957  
 Monthly Weather Summary for Aug.

Temperature

Average +9.5° F  
 Max +32° F on 27th  
 Min -11° F on 9th

Wind vel average 12.9 knots  
 Highest hourly 6:55 PM 57 K on 25th  
 Peak gust 80 Kts on 25th

Sky cond. Clear 7.2%  
 Scattered 11.3%  
 Broken 15.3%  
 Overcast 59.0%  
 Obscured 7.2%

Winds in excess of 50 knots  
 recorded on 13 different days.

Site 2  
 Average temp. - 10° F ° F  
 Max temp + 15° F  
 Min temp. - 29° F

average wind velocity 27.8 knots.

The boys had a little fun today at Carl's expense. A work party up at the temporary camp decided to take the husky puppy Mukluk with him as company. When Carl came out he noticed the puppy was missing and went all over trying to find it. At dinner tonight when Carl sat down to eat he was greeted by a chorus of "Mukluk, where are you?"

Carl told me that Pooky was limping some but otherwise was alright. Few people were aware of my escapade and was not subjected to any mass jostling.

Sept 5 Thursday 1957

O'law and Magee arrived this afternoon from site two. O'law was not much changed. He is heard must be very slow growing. He seemed glad to be back and enjoyed putting on clean clothes and eating a big meal.

Their trip was uneventful and made under a clear sky. They brought down three weasels, driving two and towing one. This leaves no weasels at site two. They also brought down the generator which

means Dick and John are now without electricity.

O'law and George had attempted to come down on Monday but when their weasel overheated constantly they decided to turn back. One weasel was seriously damaged by a loose capstan axle getting caught in the fan and ripping a hole in the radiator. In the meantime they found the overheating <sup>to be</sup> caused by loose fan belts.

It is now necessary ~~to~~ for O'law to return to site two ~~both~~ in order to bring them the generator which is in need of an overhaul.

All these setbacks, and misfortunes may spell the end of the traverse. It is quite unlikely that O'law will be able to get up and back from 5-2 in time to allow Dick and John to finish their work at 5-2 and lay the depot for the traverse before the end of Sept. In addition the extra trip to 5-2 will put an additional strain on our weasels, particularly as in O'law's impatience and disgust at the turn of events he may set out in a vehicle not fully checked out and adjusted. We are also running low again on fan belts and their

may be no spares left for the mt Long trip if additional trips must be made to S-2.

Olav tells me though that Dick still plans to make the trip. Olav is less than enthusiastic. He does not think we have the equipment, in particular fan belts. But more important he feels there is too much work to be done yet at S-2 and in this area to permit the spending of so much time on a long trip. I am not a glaciologist and so cannot say whether the data gathered on a traverse would be worth more than additional work done at S-2 and in the Windmill Islands.

I do know that a traverse would do a great deal for Dick's reputation in the polar world. Though Olav will do whatever Dick decides he seems dead set against any traverse and certainly his heart is not in it.

Ellsworth Weather  
 average Temp  $-34^{\circ}\text{F}$   
 max  $+5^{\circ}\text{F}$   
 min  $-59^{\circ}\text{F}$   
 average Wind velocity 12.1 Knots  
 Peak Gust  $39^{\frac{1}{2}}$  Knots

Clear days 3  
 Partly cloudy 27  
 Cloudy 1

### Little America

Average Temperature  $-34.5^{\circ}\text{C} = -30^{\circ}\text{F}$   
 High Temp  $-17.9^{\circ}\text{C} = -4^{\circ}\text{F}$   
 Low  $-48.9^{\circ}\text{C} = -56^{\circ}\text{F}$

Average Velocity 14.1 Knots  
 High Gust 80 mph  
 Clear days 9 Partly cloudy 14  
 Cloudy 8

Left 7 Saturday 1957

Morning twilight begins to show now in the eastern sky about 3:30 so as this morning was exceptionally clear with a full moon shining in a dark blue sky I decided to go out for a walk. The temperature was a crisp  $0^{\circ}\text{F}$  with just a whisper of a west wind. I have been experimenting with different clothing ensembles and today decided to employ the syle underwear method. In this system of cold weather clothing you wear a fairly large number of unbuttoned items and then cover everything

with a windproof layer. I had  
wore long underwear, shirt, sweater  
jacket and ~~the~~ parka. This ensemble  
worked out very well. I was never  
cold and had perfect freedom of  
movement and was able to do without  
the rather cumbersome field jacket  
I normally wear.

I set out with the aim of reaching  
the little morainal pimple that Sil and  
I first climbed in February. It was still  
dark enough to require a flashlight  
but long before I reached the ramp  
leading to the moraine I was able to  
put it away.

I was nearly scared out of my wits  
when something came up behind me  
and whooshed past me but it was  
only Pooky come to keep me company  
on my walk. She would dart on  
ahead to break the trail and then rush  
back to me to see if I was still following  
her, as she broke a good trail and I  
seemed to know where we were going  
I followed her lead and before too  
long we were at the moraine. At first  
I thought we were lost for I could not  
see how we got to the moraine so quickly  
I was hardly tired so I decided to push  
on over the ice cap to site one our ice  
cap weather station. There is a well

defined weasel trail marked with  
barrels leading from the moraine  
to 3-1 and eventually to 5-2. I  
picked up some stones from the moraine  
in order to leave a message at site 1  
if I reached it. But it was not to  
be. I passed barrel after barrel  
but still no 5-1. ~~Finally~~ Poor  
Pooky wanted to turn back. She  
no longer ran gleefully ahead.  
She would look at me and cry  
a little bit and if I stopped for  
a moment she would take that  
as a sign to bound off towards  
home. For the last mile or so  
I had to bribe her with bits of  
chocolate.

Finally I had to admit defeat  
myself. It was getting late and  
still no sign of 5-1. I had been  
to 5-1 before and remembered it as  
being only a little ~~to~~ ways from the  
moraine, but on that occasion I  
was riding in a weasel and so  
was not really in a good position  
to judge. As I turned to go back  
I could see the rays of the rising  
sun just beginning to shine on  
the three hundred icebergs or so  
scattered about Vincennes Bay.  
It was a picture of great beauty

and I felt elated and amply rewarded for my efforts to have been privileged to witness the scene. A pinkish alpine glow ~~refl~~ was reflected from the sunlit side of the bergs. All of the Windmill Islands still lay in the shadow of the ice plateau though gradually the pinkish light ran down along the tan peninsulas and before long I had my first view of the sun since last March.

The sun's warmth could be felt almost ~~an~~ immediately in the clear sky and Pookey and I sat down atop ~~a~~ the high moraine peak to admire the view. Pookey was so impatient though that I soon had to move on and after a mile or so Pookey got so far ahead of me that I could no longer see her.

Sheldon, good friend that he is, mentioned to me that Carl asked him to look through my medical record to see if in his opinion there was anything that might conceivably disqualify me for participation in the traverse. I appreciate his concern for my well being and if I could convince myself that he is not just fishing for any old excuse to keep me from going

I might feel more kindly towards him. ~~Sheldon~~ It is very suspicious that he has not asked for a medical opinion on the medical fitness of the rest of the party. As for my health, I have never felt better in my life. My back bothers me not at all and I am stronger than I have ever been. Sheldon agrees with me and said he would tell Carl ~~to~~ that he could see no medical reason why I should not go. He also paid me a nice compliment by saying that of all the people on the base he thought I was the one best suited ~~to~~ for the task.

I might add that Carl has never said anything to me personally, all these machinations go on behind my back and I only hear of them through Dick or Sheldon.

After stirring up such a tempest in a teapot it is ludicrous to have to admit that the fan belt situation is really serious. There are now only two spares left. Two <sup>spare</sup> belts are the minimum requirement for the traverse. Thus, as seems inevitable, if another belt breaks on one of our seven weasels we shall have to reconsider our traverse plans. To tell ~~of~~ the truth I am just about certain that the traverse now

planned ~~will~~ cannot become a reality. However, there will surely be many shorter trips by weasel, dogsled and manhauling which will not put such a strain on our fan belt resources.

I spent the evening learning how to lubricate a weasel. I was a real grease monkey complete with grease gun. Adjusting the fan belt and changing the oil were other skills I acquired. Mac has promised to save ~~some~~ a good part of his weasel work for me and I hope in time to become reasonably skilled in the art of weasel repair.

Sept 8 Sunday 1957

Byrd: Ave Temp  $-19^{\circ}$  F  
 High  $8^{\circ}$  F Low  $-51^{\circ}$  F  
 Average wind velocity 23.5 KTS  
 Maximum one minute wind 62 knots  
 Peak gust 70 knots  
 clear 6 days  
 partly cloudy 11  
 cloudy 14

Dil Stewart suggested we make ~~an~~ overnight trip together to the south of Clark Peninsula. We would man haul a boat sled or two and try to go as far as possible, probably camping on the south side of Bailey Peninsula. The objectives of the trip are to test and practice with our camping equipment, exercise and to scout out a route along the coast to the Vanderford Glacier and Haupt Runatak. We would be gone one or possibly two nights depending on the weather.

Dil has secured Carl's permission and blessing and we shall be off on Tuesday if the weather is favorable. Carl seems quite enthusiastic about our trip, ~~and evidently~~ due to a misunderstanding on his part he thought we were planning to go all the way to Browning Island and seemed positively disappointed when we indicated we doubted we would get past Robinson Ridge.

Carl himself is to leave for site two on Tuesday with Olav. Dil goes out tomorrow with Don and Magee to set off some explosions

to create shock waves which his seismograph can record.

I walked over this morning toward Bailey Island via sea ice to reconnoitre our route and possible destination. The weather was again marvelous and Pookey joined me for awhile but when I reached the sea ice she refused to step out onto it and so I had to leave her behind.

We had a meeting of the scientific personnel this evening. Carl brought up the issue of Navy morale. I do not know if a specific incident has brought this question up but Carl feels that the morale of the Navy boys is lower than it might be because many of us are sleeping so late in the morning. The Navy boys all have to get up for ~~to~~ reveille and start work at 8 o'clock. Some of the civilians have been in the habit of ~~the~~ going to bed late in the evening and sleeping late in the morning. Carl feels that we all ought to get up earlier so that the Navy men will not feel jealous or disgruntled. He has a good point and we all agreed to get up on time though Dick Berkley was a bit unhappy

about it. Though I think we must do all in our power to keep up everyone's morale I feel it only honest to admit it to be a hopeless task. The Navy men know we are paid more than they, that most of us only have to work a few hours a day when all is going well, and that we are exempt from much of the routine drudgery. There are so many distinctions between the naval and civilian personnel that sleeping <sup>late</sup> or not is <sup>not</sup> going to alter the basic antagonism or schism between the groups very much.

None of this affects me personally as I am still on the night shift.

Sept 29, 1957 Monday 1 am.

A strong blizzard came up during the night thus probably postponing our trip.

Sept 10 Tuesday  
The blizzard has raged almost continuously. It is now almost Sept 11 and it is still blowing. The highest gust has been about 82 knots. This blizzard has postponed our journey possibly a whole week. We are getting



## Pole Station Weather for August

Average Temperature - 73° F  
 High Temperature - 45.4° F  
 Low Temperature - 99.8° F

Average Wind velocity 16 knots  
 Peak 33

Clear 20 days Partly Cloudy 7 Cloudy 3

very badly snowed in and the drifts are rising at a rapid rate. Getting in and out of doors is a major problem.

I happened to remember a story Carl once told, which I thought worth recording here. Carl was lecturing before a mixed audience about the 1940 expedition and after showing his movie ~~and~~ he asked if there were any questions anyone would like answered. When all the grownup questioners had been satisfied Carl was forced to recognize a <sup>persistent</sup> little girl in the front row who in a loud voice inquired whether Carl could tell her about what the other members of the expedition had done.

Sept 12 Thursday

The blizzard finally petered out and today was evidently a very nice day. It was a day mostly devoted to ~~two~~ zoology. Two seals were killed, one a crab-eater and our first emperor penguin spotted. Of course almost the entire base cameras in hand ran out onto the searce to greet the rare visitor. I was sleeping at the time but had heard it later. The poor bird never knew what hit ~~it~~ attempts were made to tie ~~him~~ it up with belts, assorted people were knocked about by its powerful flippers and when it finally was allowed to head back into the sea it was bleeding.

A screw driver got caught in the snowmelting machine doing considerable damage. We are thus without water for a few days. Since our mechanics etc. are all tied up, repairing this Dil's artificial explosion trip has been indefinitely postponed and he has suggested that we leave on Saturday if the weather is good.

This means I must stay awake all day Friday if I am to be in phase and able to leave early Saturday morning. The following is the list of items to be taken along

- 2 sleeping bags
- 1 tent
- 1 thermometer
- toilet paper
- 1 flashlight
- 6 extra batteries
- ~~first aid kit~~
- sunglasses
- binoculars
- 1 Primus stove
- 1 Coleman lantern
- steel wool
- pocket knife
- sheath knife
- diary
- Pen & pencil
- ~~toilet~~
- 1 crampers
- 1 rope, climbing, (20 ft)
- 2 ice ax
- 1 whisk broom
- 1 cards, pack
- 2 books pocket (Names, Brief of Marshall Hall)
- 1 traveling clock

- 1 fresh cloth
- 2 canteen cups
- 2 mess plates
- 1 pot
- ~~air pump~~
- 2 air mattresses
- ~~box, Hershey bars~~
- 1 camera, light meter, film
- 1 gallon White gas in polyethylene bottles 1/2 gal
- 1 dome made toilet seat stool
- 10 man units, field rations
- 2 man hauling harnesses
- 1 boat sleds 200 lbs capacity
- 2 wraps
- 2 hand warmers with 2 cans of fuel
- 1 first aid kit including ~~stomach pills, compass, pliers~~
- 1 box matches wood
- 2 each knives, forks, spoons
- extra clothing

Sept ~~13~~ ~~Saturday~~ Friday  
I am now in the process of changing over to the day shift. I plan to stay up as long as possible today ~~thus~~ and not go to bed as I usually do at 7:00 AM.

Dit and I spent the morning packing our gear into a boat sled. It is a very tight squeeze and I was sure we would need two sleds, but, by dint of much effort

we should be able to get it all into one. Whether two men hauling one very heavy sled is easier than two men each hauling <sup>his own</sup> a lighter sled I do not know.

Everyone was quite surprised to see me turn up at lunch time. This being the first lunch I have eaten since March. Our water supply <sup>them</sup> having been repaired ~~and~~ I suggested to Dil that perhaps tomorrow would be a good day for going out and blasting to produce artificial earthquakes. So Dil has postponed our start for a day.

The weather was simply marvelous today. Quite warm with the sun in a cloudless blue sky. Dil invited me to ride with him <sup>in a weasel</sup> over to the base of Bailey Peninsula where the glaciologists have set up a line of movement stakes in the ice shelf.

By measuring the stakes with a transit, from time to time, any movement of the ice surface can be detected. This area of Bailey is very close to ~~the~~ the route Dil and I plan to take toward the south and I was able to get a good view of the area as the weather was so clear.

I had hoped to stay up for dinner, but at 4:30 I lay down to rest and never got up again until 5:00 the next morning.

Sept. 14 Saturday

Another cloudless mild day. I worked with MacIntyre on icebergs in the morning but in the afternoon was able to get out for a long walk. I went down to the north east corner of Clark Peninsula where Dil and I had walked by moonlight. Seeing things by daylight made quite a difference. Of course time and weather had made many changes also. The little bay with the steep ice walls was almost unrecognizable. The shelf had calved and debris was strewn about the base of the cliffs. Huge ramps of drift snow had also piled up extending from the sea ice ~~to~~ almost to the top of the shelf. When the sea ice melts a new iceberg will float away and the little green walled bay perhaps reappear.

In the evening with Dil's return from a successful blasting trip we loaded up our boat sled in order to leave first thing tomorrow

Penck's  
feet  
lost in lake  
& time of water  
horse fire.

Everyone is openly sceptical as to how far we will get. I am also, but regard this as an experiment and healthy exercise.

Sept 15 to Sept 18 refer to trail diary

Sept 19 Thursday 1957

The day dawned partly cloudy with intermittent sunshine. We overslept somewhat and did not start to get dressed until 9:30. After looking over the weather situation we decided that at last ~~the~~ it was stable enough for us to start our baseward journey. This was the first day since Sunday when we felt the weather situation not to involve an unjustifiable risk. By the time we ~~the~~ had dressed (a very involved process in the cramped quarters of a tent) breakfasted, packed up the tent and other gear, and loaded the sled it was almost 12:30. Although this seems like a long time I don't know any way in which it can be shortened appreciably. Many Antarctic authors have commented upon how long it took them to get started in the morning. It seems to be a universal problem.

We harnessed up, took each others pictures and were off. It felt good to be back in harness again in the bright sunshine trudging across territory never before walked upon. We found a safe route across the new glacier and after a mile or so of stiff uphill going in crampons we were heading for the moraine behind Mitchell peninsula.

I looked up toward a gap in the moraine and saw a weasel heading for us. We were to be rescued! My first reaction was one of utter dismay. We had had I thought an excellent record of success <sup>with</sup> many new discoveries and development of survival and travel techniques. ~~It~~ I felt that if we were to ride the rest of the way in a weasel this would be an admission of failure and undo all the good work we had done. It might also mean that we would be forbidden to go out on any more trips. I therefore quickly suggested to Sid that we refuse any assistance and make it quite plain that we were quite willing and able to go the rest of the way on our own power. The weasel soon pulled up beside us and we greeted Rudy, Fred, <sup>and</sup> Bob,

different

~~and~~ They were one of two rescue weasel parties out looking for us. It seems they had been out ~~for~~ three days trying to find us. They thought by now we must be dead and I think they were a little put out to find us so hale and hearty.

Now this situation arose is really difficult to explain. We all are partly to blame. The base party for their unreasonableness or irrationality and ourselves for our lack of explicitness in communicating our plans to Carl and Rudy. As Carl and I do not always see eye to eye on sledging matters I left it to Dil to explain our plans to Carl. I am afraid he did not do a very good job. Since Carl left for site ~~the~~ it was ~~again~~ necessary to brief Rudy <sup>also</sup> and Dil again took care of this. He told ~~to~~ Rudy that we would camp out only one night somewhere south of Bailey Peninsula. Dil did not stress the point that we would not travel if the weather was bad and that we ~~should~~ go as far south as possible before camping. Bailey ~~the~~ Peninsula was only mentioned because the consensus of amateur pessimistic opinion was that we would never get any further. Therefore rather

than say we were going to Robinson Ridge and then find ~~we~~ only gotten as far as Bailey I, simply told anyone who asked that I wasn't sure where we were going but there was a possibility we would camp at Bailey. Thus since Dil did likewise the base developed the opinion that we planned to go no farther than Bailey regardless of the conditions.

Once under the impression that we were going overnight to Bailey only a little over a mile from Clark, our prolonged absence began to worry Rudy. Although the weather was bad there were periods of good visibility when he felt it would have been possible for us to return had we been only a short distance away. Thus on Tuesday during a lull in the blizzard a weasel went over to Bailey to look for us to see if we needed any help after Monday's storm. When they could not find us they became alarmed and next day <sup>the</sup> much ~~the~~ improved weather of the afternoon they made a thorough search of the Bailey Island area without success. Today of course they decided to look further south and finally Bob Long spotted us above Mitchell ~~Island~~ <sup>Peninsula</sup> through field

glasses from several miles distance.

When Rudy pulled up beside us, therefore, his feelings may be imagined and after a three day search he did not feel justified in letting us out of his sight. Thus ~~we~~ I did not press my objections strenuously and we hoisted our sled to the roof of the weasel. I still had misgivings but there was little I could do in the situation. After all when your friends have been out searching for you for three days you cannot refuse their succor when they finally find you without hurting their feelings.

I feel that Dil is primarily at fault for causing this ruckus. I am also guilty to the extent that I should have prepared a written description of exactly what we intended to do and the most probable route we would take. I was also remiss in not including a walkie talkie in our gear. Fred tells me that ~~his~~ units would have been able to cover the distance adequately and they would have been light and easy to pack.

I am only sorry that our so successful trip should come to such an untimely end and that so many well meaning

people should have been put to so much trouble.

While searching for us one of the weasels found a cairn ~~left~~ on a small rock between Bailey and Mitchell. It contained a note in Russian packed in a red gas cylinder. It seems to record a visit by the Russian ship "O b" in ~~October~~<sup>October/Nov</sup> of 1956. Another cairn was spotted a short distance away on Bailey. Here was found several bamboo poles, a bag containing whole fish, sausage links, <sup>and</sup> meat chunks. In the area scattered about were found an empty vodka bottle, a badly torn black tent, a broken thermometer and a bottle of medicine. It would seem that the Russians set up a camp here for a fair period of time.

Dil is translating the Russian note but this is a long hard process as the Russian script is very hard to decipher.

Sept 20

The last day of winter and one of the nicest days we have had this year ending in an awesome fiery sunset.

I had lots to do about the office and so didn't get out much.

Paul, Carl and Olav returned from site two today after an uneventful journey. On the trip up they were caught in the same storm that hit us and for the last 3 miles they had to proceed very slowly, one weasel headlight illuminating the tracks of the trail for the other weasel ahead. Otherwise the trip was largely routine. Noonan took movies and pictures at S 2 and the generator was reinstalled.

As I rather expected they brought back the news that the Mt. Long Trip has been postponed until December. ~~As~~ I interpret this to really mean cancellation as by December I doubt we will have ~~enough~~ enough operating weasels to do more than just maintain normal base activity. As I have mentioned previously in these pages cancellation was a foregone conclusion after Olav's return with the generator earlier this month and his story of mechanical breakdown, broken fan belt, and pressure of work both here and at S-2, as a matter of curiosity though

I should like to know whether Dick's change of mind occurred before or after Carl and Olav's sojourn at Site 2. Dick and John expect to return here in early October and then I will get the whole picture.

Sept 21 Saturday 1957  
almost Spring. Though the equinox does not officially come until 2:30 P.M. on Monday, we shall celebrate it at the party tonight. Dil has translated the Russian note successfully. It would seem that a group of Russian scientists arrived in an ~~IL~~ IL-12 aircraft on Oct 13 <sup>1956</sup> staying until the 8th of Nov. The area was first observed by Russian aircraft on Oct 8 10 during an exploration flight. The Russians evidently thought they were the discoverers of the archipelago not being aware of the previous visits by O'Leary's Highjump and Windmill which mapped the area in great detail and also the visit first the previous summer of P. G. Law who landed on Arktur delat an ~~Arktur~~ Arktur.

We tasted some salami left behind by the Russians as well as sampling some of their dried toast. Both were very tasty and at the earliest opportunity the boys plan to return and stock up on these delicacies.

Sept 22 Sunday 1957

Carl came in today to talk to Dil and me about our recent trip. He had little to say, however, except that he blames himself for not suggesting that we take a walkie talkie. He feels it would have been an excellent opportunity to test their effectiveness and of course it would have been. He seems to have taken the whole thing very well and is glad that the weaknesses inherent in the present trip procedures have been shown up.

I have been busy today sewing up our damaged tent and preparing hampers for the tent lines to hold small items to keep them from getting lost. Sunday is a short day in general as brunch is served at 10:30 and everyone therefore sleeps late.

The text of the Russian message found in the cairn is as follows:

"From 13 October until 8 November 1956 the following members of the Antarctic Expedition Commission of the Academy of Sciences of the USSR worked here:

- N. Romanov - geologist
- A. Nash - aircraft commander
- E. Karotkevich - chief geologist, geographer
- U. Nodak - geomorphologist, glaciologist
- G. Patavushika - radio man
- M. Porebrikov - geophysicist
- N. Solokhov - geophysicist
- V. Tsuruka - co-pilot
- M. Dapika - mechanic
- E. Derbov - geologist

The results of the labor of the commission are the discovery of this archipelago, the determination of the coordinates of this remote spot and also the verification of fine observations.

The approximate coordinates of this remote spot are:  $66^{\circ} 18' S$   
 $110^{\circ} 31' E$ .

This archipelago was discovered and explained for the first time by the



Antarctic Expedition Commission of the Academy of Sciences of the USSR during a reconnoitering flight on 10 October 1956 in an IL-12 aircraft by these men:

- N. Rovonov - geologist
- A. Kanaev - geomorphologist, geodesist
- E. Korotkevich - chief geologist, geographer
- D. Norozov - navigator
- A. Nokolov - mechanic
- M. Somov - Head of the Antarctic Expedition Comm.
- G. Sorokin - pilot
- A. Chenshev - radioman
- F. Cherevichny - commander, chief aviation <sup>officer</sup>
- I. Shmandin - mechanic

On 12 October the airplane came to this ice bay, as we called our campsite with these personnel:

- F. Inozentsev - pilot
- D. Lardov - navigator
- V. Maleshkin - mechanic
- G. Sorokin - Commander
- A. Chenshev - radioman

The crew of the aircraft prepared a landing field for the basic work here and for the further scientific investigation of this land by the Antarctic

Expedition Commission of the Academy of Sciences of the USSR, whose members are discussing the beginning of this further occupation.

Sept. 24, 1957

O'lar has asked me and Bob to go with him to Pt. Nunatak to help him measure the cumulative movement of the Vanderford Glacier. On two previous visits ~~sets~~ to the nunatak stakes were set out on the glacier itself for a mile or so. Pt. Nunatak is a rocky mound just at the edge of the glacier about 4 miles from the coast. By measuring the movement of the stakes relative to the position of the <sup>fixed</sup> nunatak the <sup>movement</sup> ~~rate~~ of ~~of~~ the glacier can be determined.

We shall travel by weasel with a boat sled as emergency equipment. Otherwise our equipment is similar to that Pil & I took on our previous journey. O'lar plans to cook in the weasel and so I shall get some idea of another system of camping. The weasel carries a ~~to~~ long range radio

telephone so we shall be in constant communication with the base. We propose to leave tomorrow morning but as the weather does not appear favourable our departure may be necessarily postponed.

Some difficulty was experienced in preparing a weasel for the journey and another fan belt was used <sup>up</sup> to effect repairs. Thus there are no longer any spare belts, and already we are robbing Peter to pay Paul. Any long weasel trips would seem to be impossible. Indeed unless strict conservation measures are imposed site two might have to be abandoned.

A reducing diet craze has hit us. Carl, Flenchie, Magee, Daniels, and Berkley are in a race to see who can lose the most weight by Nov. 1. The betting is very heavy in both beer and money and every mouthful they take is the subject of much comment. Those of us who have side bets on our fans, see to it that they keep strictly to

their diets while those who <sup>are</sup> bet on others try to entice them into eating more. There was an official weighing in on the doctor scale at the beginning of the contest in BVD, to prepare for which the contestants all consumed large quantities of water beforehand. The strange thing about all this is that most of the protagonists don't need to lose weight at all.

I had a good han contact tonight with my folks through Jule K2K6J<sup>4</sup> after our talk was finished a whole host of stations started calling me. They came in so thick and fast that I could not get away from the set and was acknowledging calls one after the other. The majority of the calls were from stations we had not previously contacted. I had other things to do but you just can't sign off without first giving everyone a chance.

Sept 25

B lizzard has blown all the day thus delaying our departure for Haupt Nunatak.

Sept 26 to Sept 30  
see trail diary

Oct 1 Tuesday 1957

In the morning much to our surprise the sun was shining. We hurried through breakfast and Olav and I set out with transit and notebook to survey the stakes we had set out on the glacier. At first the work went smoothly but soon clouds began covering the sun and a chill wind made the work very cold.

However, perseverance won the day and shortly after noon the work was completed and we began preparations to return to the ranch (as we referred to Wilkes Station). Later calculations showed the glacier to be moving at a rate of approximately ~~two~~ feet per day a rather rapid flow rate.

I cooked up a hoost of meat bars while my companions broke camp and soon we were on our way to soft beds and running water.

Olav and I shared the driving between us and after an uneventful journey under an overcast sky we were back to Daniel's cooking about 6:00.

We then learned for the first time that the peak wind velocity had been 105 miles per hour at the base. This is the record for the year so far. No wonder our tents suffered such damage. Since Clark Peninsula and the base are somewhat sheltered by the rocks about the area it is not unlikely that the wind was much greater at Haupt Nunatak where virtually no shelter exists and where the wind has a completely unimpeded ~~course~~ path to the sea.

Those we left behind had had their troubles also, some of the dogs had gotten free rides in their bakes for considerable distances and others had been completely buried. The latter way

leading to the aurora tower was bridged over by drift about half way up but otherwise it seemed undamaged.

Oct 3

Have spent most of the past two days repairing the jet heater in the science building. It has suffered a major breakdown and extensive repairs are necessary.

In response to a plane patch from Carl Capt. Thomas, who is now a civilian employee of F.G.Y., sent us a message saying that the Arneb would return to the United States via Australia, South Africa, and South America. The Burton Island would return via New Zealand. Thus we are all considering various trips and routes home, even though as we well know there are many slips between the cup and the lip.

Also the first planes to from New Zealand have already landed at McMurdo and the men are in the process of being evacuated. In a few days Byrd, Pole and Little America will be visited by planes carrying

mail, fresh fruit and V.I.P.'s

Oct 4

### Wilks Station

Average Temperature	11.8° F
Max "	+ 31° F
Minimum	- 8° F

Wind	Average Velocity	15.7 KTS
	Highest hourly velocity	58 kts <sup>677</sup>
	Peak gust	91 kts on 30

sky condition	clear	4.5%
	scattered	11.6%
	Broken	23.7%
	Overcast	54.4%
	Obscured	5.8%

Wind velocities in excess of 50 knots were recorded on 9 days of the month

### Byrd Station

Average Temp	-23° F
High	+1.4° F
Low	-61.4° F

avg. wind velocity	22.4 KTS
Max 1 minute wind	46 KTS
Peak gust	49 KTS
clear 5	partly cl 10
	cloudy 15

Ellsworth  
 Ave temp  $-17^{\circ}F$   
 High  $+20^{\circ}F$   
 Low  $-56^{\circ}F$

Ave wind velocity  $12.6$  KTS  
 Peak gust  $36$  KTS

clear 0 Partly cloudy 25 cloudy 5 days

Little America  
 Ave Temp  $-29.3^{\circ}F$   
 High Temp  $-3^{\circ}F$   
 Low Temp  $-51^{\circ}F$

Average wind vel  $10.4$  KTS  
 Peak gust  
 Highest minute  $25$  KTS

Clear days 7 Partly cloudy 13 cloudy 10

Hallett  
 Ave Temp  $-10^{\circ}F$   
 High  $+15.8^{\circ}F$   
 Low  $-16.6^{\circ}F$   
 Average wind speed  $3.5$  KTS  
 Fastest minute  $38$  KTS  
 Peak gust  $55$  KTS

Clear 11 days Partly cloudy 16 cloudy 3

Oct 4 Friday 1957

The reducing craze continues with everybody looking at what everyone else is eating. Every mouthful is counted and God help the reducing contender who succumbs to temptation and piles dessert or potatoes on his plate.

Today although cold ( $+6^{\circ}F$ ) was so clear and bright that Sheldon and I went out for a walk during the afternoon. We planned to head for the ice cliffs off the north east end of Clark Peninsula but time was too short to reach them. We started out overland but deep snow recently fallen made the going very difficult. Finally we reached fairly firm sea ice and so continued over it. The ice had evidently just recently frozen for it had very little snow on it. Its surface was a bit wet and slippery but it appeared quite firm and we made good progress stopping occasionally to examine an iceberg.

At one point the ice was not as firm as it looked and

Sheldon put a leg through it into the water underneath. I, like a fool stepped into the same area and got a foot wet up to the knee but as both of us were wearing water repellent trousers the incident was no more than a trivial annoyance.

We had an expansive view of the coast to the north from a rocky peak near the for penguin rookery. The coastal ice cliffs stood out their green sides in contrast to the white snows elsewhere. There is nothing quite so desolate in the Antarctic as a deserted penguin rookery. It is like visiting a graveyard. All the hustle and noise is gone and only a few feathers and stony nests remain as testimony to the ~~energetic~~ querulous and frenetic ~~life~~ lives that were enacted here just a few months ago.

Oct. 7, 1957 Monday

For the last few days the successful launching of an artificial satellite by the Russians has

been much in our minds and conversation. As scientists engaged in geophysical work we are perhaps in a better position to appreciate the magnitude of this accomplishment.

I. G. 4 headquarters in Washington has requested all the Antarctic bases to attempt to record the 20,005 Mc signal satellite broadcasts continuously. They are also desirous of obtaining visual observations of the satellite and estimates of meridional passage. The satellite is a steel ball 23" in diameter weighing 185 LBS. Its altitude above the earth varies between 223 miles and 560 miles. Its speed is about 18,000 mph and its orbit is inclined to the earth's equator by about  $60^\circ$ . It reaches as far south as  $65^\circ 5'$  latitude and at present has an orbital period of one hour and thirty six minutes.

From the best data available I have calculated that it should pass over our base once each day about two am in the morning. It has a brightness similar to that of a fifth magnitude star and so would be just barely visible to the naked eye. With innocuous though it should

be quite easily visible, I deem it unlikely though that we shall see it here as darkness ~~is~~ is fast disappearing and our nights are mostly overcast these days.

Picking up the satellite by radio however, is a comparatively easy job and we have set up an ampex tape recorder to record the signal from a communications receiver. A watch schedule has been set up and we are all taking turns tending the recording machine. The signal is just a beep-beep which waxes and wanes or sometimes disappears completely as its path brings it nearer and then further away from us.

Rudy and Dick are making ready to go to B2 but a mild blizzard has held them up today.

Oct 10, 1957

A strong blizzard is still blowing after two days. Rudy and Dick have still not made it to site two, ~~on Monday~~ Tuesday they actually left the base and got twelve miles out before deciding to turn back. Poor visibility and the complete absence of ~~former~~ tracks forced them back to base. Since then almost continuous blizzard

and falling snow has kept them base bound.

Carl has anxiously been waiting for the return of the skuas and penguins. He has a very ambitious program of bird study outlined and is most eager to get it underway. Marret, the French explorer, calls the skua a "bird of evil augury", Carl refers to them as "The eagles of the Antarctic" and thereby has earned himself the <sup>sobriquet</sup> ~~sobriquet~~ of "eagle" by which he is known and referred to by many of us.

For some time now Don Burnett, a graduate civil engineer and the officer in charge of naval personnel, has been working on a survey of Clark Peninsula and the area to the north. He has put a lot of time into it and has wandered far and wide setting up survey markers and instrument stations. Paul Noonan, our photographer, has ~~also~~ taken a series of panoramic shots from the various ~~for~~ instrument stations to aid Don in adding the detail to the maps. These panoramas are made by laying successive pictures side by side and gluing them together ~~with~~ where

they match. a full 360° ~~of~~ <sup>about</sup> ~~out~~ <sup>near</sup> a point stretches out to ~~about~~ <sup>near</sup> five feet.

Earth made contact with Davis, the <sup>five men</sup> Australian base at Vestfold Hills. They passed on a lot of gossip and polar chit chat that was most interesting. An Australian plane made a flight to Mirny where the Russians laid out a royal welcome mat for them. The Australian said the interior of some of the Russian quarters had wall to wall carpeting, wall paper, and ~~so~~ so many other amenities that from inside they ~~could not tell~~ might just as well have been in somebody's private home.

They returned from their visit laden with presents from the Russians of vodka, candies, dried fruits etc, not only for themselves but also for the their comrades left behind at Davis and Mawson.

Dick Conger, the warrant officer photographer, who came down on the Northwind with us, and for whom Conger Glacier is named, is now at McMurdo and gave us a call. He had a lot of new <sup>news</sup> rabbits to give us among which was the intelligence that the Glacier is

coming to Wilkes station and that he is ~~totally~~ coming with it. It is not certain though whether this involves an extra trip here or ~~not~~ whether the Glacier is replacing the Burton Island originally scheduled to come here. He also said Capt. Ketchum would again be in charge of the task group. This intelligence immediately stirred up all our old fond memories of Capt. Ketchum. It was suggested that a display of pictures showing our base solidly drifted in be prepared with a caption underneath "Our boys don't need tunnels". This latter is said to be Ketchum's response to ~~to~~ Carl's request that enclosed tunnels be built connecting the main buildings. Some of the drifts now are as much as fifteen feet high and they continue to grow. Keeping the few open doors free of snow is a major job during and after a blizzard and getting from the barracks to the radio shack or garage is like going over an obstacle course.

Helping Fred

I have been helping Fred Charlton make bags for his radio spare parts

rest of



Fred has fixed himself a workshop in a Jamesway a short distance behind the radio shack. Thinking the blizzard ended I went over to Fred's place without any gloves, outer clothing or hat. No sooner had I started work than the blizzard burst upon us out of a blue sky. During the morning as Fred and I worked on inside the Jamesway the wind was piling up drift snow against the entrance door. By the time we decided to quit for lunch we could not get the door opened. Fortunately Jamesway windows are just large enough for a man to crawl through. He had to clear the snow away from the window to make room to crawl out, but I soon was able to follow Fred and clamber out into the maelstrom. By the time I reached the barracks my clothing and hair were encrusted with snow.

Oct. 13, Sunday 1957

Much to everyone's surprise today turned out to be a glorious day. A clear warm cloudless day with just a whisper of a breeze. Poor Dick and Rudy were loath to

give up their Sunday but finally after much procrastination they set out for site two during the early afternoon. At last report they were about 15 miles from S2 but darkness and some drift were making progress impossible and it looks like they will have to spend the night on the trail.

I decided that such a beautiful day should not go to waste and so hitched up our dog team and set out on a trip. It had been a long time since I used the team and I was pleasantly surprised to find that they were much more manageable than previously. As usual, once harnessed up they are just raring to go and the sled must be tied down until just before all is ready to go. Then with the sled freed off they go at breakneck speed and it is all you can do to hold on and maintain a footing on the sled as it ~~has~~ is pulled over the rough sastrugi and snow mounds.

Soon, though this first burst of enthusiasm wears off and the dog settle down to a more realistic pace. Has a medium built light colored ~~lead dog~~ animal

is the lead dog. As lead dogs go he is not very bright but he is learning. He seldom keeps his trace tight but it is an unusual lead dog that actually does any pulling. Although Kao fears a beating from the whip he still remains largely undisciplined. He will bring the team up short occasionally to attend to his own personal business and has a strong predilection for going close to rocks.

To turn the team it is necessary to yell gee or haw at Kao and then if nothing happens, which is the usual case, you step on the brake and when Kao turns his head to find out what is wrong you point in the direction you want to go and shout gee or haw. Kao will then change course to the left or right depending on which way is closer to home. You then stop the sled again and point the course to Kao and threaten him with the whip. He will then usually try the other direction and gradually by this means you get where you want to go. There is a fifty fifty chance that Kao will turn in the

right direction the first time ~~and~~ but with practice the odds should improve.

I went first to the far penguin rookery to see if any penguins had arrived for Carl. I did not see any which was just as well since the dogs would have been uncontrollable if they had sighted any such tasty morsels. I had a feeling though that such good weather would encourage penguin migration and that they would begin to arrive very shortly. Later in the day Fred Charlton actually did find a solitary Adie sitting ~~at~~ in the abandoned rookery near the base.

Since the <sup>far</sup> rookery is a dead end unless the sea ice is reliable I turned the team around and retraced our steps. Of course the dogs took this as a sign that we were homeward bound and nothing short of a beating would deflect Kao from this course. If I ordered Kao to turn to the left he would start off that way but after a few paces his direction would be the same as before.

Finally, when we were almost

in sight of the base I managed to convince them that I meant business and we left the old trail behind though without much enthusiasm on their part.

Ketah was to Koo's left just behind him. Ketah is very quiet and docile and although light in weight a very hard working puller. Behind Ketah was Pookey our only functioning bitch. She also is a most enthusiastic puller with ~~a very devilish and~~ much joie de vivre and devilishness but ~~she~~ <sup>though</sup> is extremely thin she pulls with all her heart. Occasionally she takes time out to nip poor Petyah the cross-eyed siberian who is tied next to her on the right. I never think of Petyah without the adjective poor.

He never attempts to defend himself against Pookey. Unlike the other dogs he doesn't bark and get all excited when humans approach. He waits patiently without moving while the harnesses are being put on and otherwise always remains subdued, calm and cooperative. He pulls well, however, though somewhat advanced in years.

Behind Pookey is Horizon ~~our~~ a hunky malamute. He and Smokey the other wheel dog are by far

the heaviest dogs in the team. Smokey is just about the perfect sledge dog, a good puller without too much temperament. Horizon on the other hand appears to be a bundle of complexes. He does not get along with Pookey seldom pulls his trace taught and is the only dog in the team that will not sit down at command. He must be threatened with a whip or actually hit before he will obey.

Pookey was so afraid of Horizon that she would keep stepping over the center trace in her efforts to keep as far away from him as possible. Finally I had to move her up <sup>occasionally</sup> beside Ketah. This had the disadvantage of <sup>occasionally</sup> distracting Koo from his duties as lead dog, the attractions of the female sex so close behind him being more than he could resist.

We made sure but slow progress toward the northeast corner of the peninsula and for the first time I was able to penetrate to the area behind the ice cliffs I have mentioned earlier in these pages and the route being entirely overland I found some lakes and other interesting formations en route. By now the dogs were I thought very tired

and seemed to be just dragging themselves along so I stopped at a rock outcrop just below the moraine. I shared out a two Hershey bars among the team and gave them a few moments to rest while I climbed to little mound of rocks to admire the view. Ordinarily if the dogs are left alone for a moment they ~~up~~ run away taking the sled with them. But they now seemed quite content to bask in the warm sun, that is all except Horizon who remained standing the whole rest period.

If I thought the dogs tired I was in for a surprise! For as soon as they realized we were going home they were <sup>off and</sup> skimming over the hard snow as fast as a greyhound after a rabbit. Riding on the sled behind them with the wind of our motion in my face was a most agreeable sensation. By the time we got back to the base I estimated we had done <sup>well</sup> over 50 miles in less than five hours. I gave them some extra seal meat that evening as a reward for a job well done.

Based on orbital data supplied by the F G Y in Washington I calculated that the Russian satellite might just be visible from here during the evening hours at 07:34 and 9:10 in the Western sky. Carl agreed we should make an attempt to observe it and we organized a corps of observers. Three men including myself were stationed in the tower with binoculars and several others were scattered about at ground stations.

Visibility was perfect, but at 7:34 the twilight light was still very appreciable and only Venus was readily visible. By 9:10 it was fairly dark though there was still considerable light in the South western sky. None of us was able to spot the satellite, however. The satellite would have appeared as a third magnitude star moving slowly from the west to the northwest at an altitude above the horizon of perhaps 15 degrees. Since this was largely like looking for a needle in a haystack it is not surprising that we did not spot it.

By 9:20 we agreed to quit and at 9:40 I was enjoying a cup of hot cocoa when in rushed Lieutenant

huffing and puffing as though out of breath saying between gasps that McDentyre had just spotted a faint moving object overhead. I was very skeptical but hastened after Lilienthal to where Mac was standing and looked up at where he was pointing. Sure enough in the North but about  $70^\circ$  high was a faint reddish dot moving slowly among the stars. But its motion was from east to west which is just contrary to the way the Russian satellite would move. I didn't know what to make of it. I never for a moment believed it to be the Russian satellite for it was not only going the wrong way, it was also at the wrong altitude, azimuth and time. But I could not deny the evidence of my own senses. There was a moving object up there be it a ~~different~~ <sup>second</sup> satellite, an ICBM, an airplane or a flying saucer.

In the meantime while I attempted to fix its coordinates Carl came out took one look and announced over the intercom system to all hands that the satellite was now visible overhead. Doc came out and set up his telescope and succeeded

in getting the object into his field of view, but he lost it soon afterwards. Carl was quite enthusiastic and asked me to draft a message to be sent to Washington immediately and he was just about to ask Don to send it out on a priority basis when Don told him and the rest of us that the "satellite" was a <sup>flash</sup> light ~~ball~~ tied to a <sup>small</sup> weather balloon which had been launched by Lilienthal while we were inside.

It was an eminently successful practical joke well staged and executed. Had the wind been blowing from west to east the ~~deception~~ <sup>simulation</sup> would have been perfect. Of course Carl and I had to take a lot of ribbing during the next few days and a model of the satellite (balloon and light) was mounted on the ~~bulletin~~ <sup>bulletin</sup> board. Likewise Lilienthal ~~is now~~ <sup>became</sup> known as the satellite kid and wore a band on his hat saying "satellite Launcher".

Oct 14 Monday 1957

Another glorious day. Sheldon and I walked over to Rookery A to visit the first penguin. It was

illusion

appearing

airplane

still all alone in the deserted rookery. It seemed to enjoy our company and readily posed for pictures.

Continuing on around the point of the peninsula we came to a point where the ice shelf overhangs the sea by quite a bit and we could safely look over the edge into the still water below. The water was so clear that details on the bottom were quite discernible and even small quarter inch krill could be seen swimming about. The krill and a large brown leaved plant were the only signs of life in the still waters. Perhaps later in the year we shall be able to see penguins seals and fish swimming in these waters.

Sheldon had brought his 38 revolver with him and enjoyed himself practicing shooting with some icicles as targets. Further on we came upon some grounded ice bergs connected to the shore by some consolidated sea ice floes. These floes evidently had been inundated by sea water during a high wind for their surface was much sculptured and scalloped.

They were quite thick, however, and easily supported us. We were able to climb up to the top of the iceberg and admire the view. In one side of the berg there was a small cave with a rather elaborate entranceway. From outside it looked as though there were a path with steps and a small veranda leading up to the ~~cave~~ it.

From the berg we crossed over on sea ice to a small island just off the tip of Clark Peninsula. There were many penguin feathers and evidences of skuas so although the island is very small it is not uninhabited. In a few more weeks it will be impossible to reach this islet unless you are a bird.

Oct. 15

Our lonely penguin has been joined by another. Now there are two lonely penguins for they are apparently of the same sex. Cloudless skies continue.

The year's first discussion on religion started today in the science building with Carl, Darth, Bob, Olav, Dil and myself the major participants. Darth who is a devout Mormon was kept pretty much on the defensive most of the time and had to put up with a lot of joshing as his

religion forbids the drinking of hot beverages, smoking, and alcohol. But as Barth says he has been through such discussions many times and does not take offense.

Oct. 16 Wednesday

Another warm clear day. Both penguins are gone and Carl is mystified. Rookeries much farther south are filling up at a rapid rate while our rookery still is begging for tenants. It may be that the 24 hour daylight experienced now by more southerly bases is more attractive to penguins than our warmer but shorter daylight period.

It was so warm that I took a pillow and a book out on some rocks nearby and sunbathed for an hour.

An all out effort is to be made to devise a method to release weather balloons during periods of high surface winds. It has been decided to add side doors to the inflation shelter so that the balloons can be walked out the lee side of the shelter instead of going through the roof. Since the lee side of the inflation shelter is all drifted up with snow it had to be cleared first.

It looked like a big job, but with six of us working for an hour and a half the job was completed and we hope in a few days to have a trial run.

Dr. Fouse of W2UH brought me birthday greetings from my folks in a letter he read to me this afternoon. I should not have even remembered it was my birthday or that today was the 16th were it not for his cheery "Happy Birthday" greeting.

Within a six month period we have had winds over 40 knots (47 mph) 49 times and over 50 knots (58 mph) on 27 days which have made <sup>balloon</sup> releases impossible on 45 occasions. A record velocity of all U.S. stations established here in September with gusts to 91 knots (106 mph).

Oct 17 ~~Thursday~~ Friday

The good weather continues. I and I visited the penguin rookery again. We did not see any at all, but later spotted a group of five on an ice floe a short distance off shore. Dave Daniels and Syd Green reported seeing a skua at rookery B and five penguins but so far Carl has

seen no skuas around the base area.

Puck Cameron, Dick Berkley and John Mollhorn have left site two in two weasels for the base. Thus Rudy is now by himself up there. They got off to such a late start however, that it will be quite late before they arrive here.

Don Burnett, Fred Charlton and Carl are going to Cape Folger to do some surveying and they have asked me to go along. They plan to take two weasels and get there via the sea ice. Personally I think the trip very risky as the ice is rather new and I don't think it very thick. While there is ~~no~~ probably little danger of loss of life there is a certain probability that a weasel may be lost and as we have now only five working weasels this would be a serious loss. However, I do not make the decisions and am just going for the ride. Undoubtedly frequent checks of the ice thickness will be made and then perhaps we will get only a few yards off shore before a decision to turn back is made.

Oct 19. 1957 Saturday

Dick, John, and Dick arrived back last night shortly after 11. They seemed chipped and quite

pleased with the work they have accomplished. The deep pit is 115 feet deep with a hole drilled in its bottom going down another 27 meters. Dick proudly displayed the core he obtained from the bottom of the 20<sup>3</sup> foot hole. The snow at that level has become so compressed by the weight pressing down <sup>from</sup> above ~~at~~ that it ~~had~~ turned to ice.

Today the weather was perfect. Not a cloud in the sky. As per plan Carl, Fred, Sheldon, ~~and~~ Don and myself started out in two weasels to survey the coast between base and Cape Folger. We were soon down to rookery B where the sea ice begins about half way down Clark peninsula.

Carl and Fred were in the front weasel leading the way while Don, Sheldon, and I rode in the second weasel, bringing up the rear. Any worries I might have had about the safety of the sea ice were entirely unfounded.

Apparently the cold windless weather of the past few days had thickened and cemented the ice considerably and it was



as strong as it has ever been. We were all surprised at its fine condition and soon were whizzing along at a 15 mph clip over a smooth flat ice highway. No one even bothered to check the ice thickness with the ice auger we had brought along.

The two weasels separated before reaching Mickey Mouse Island. Carl and Fred were to stick close to the coast line and place markers in the ice every mile or so for six miles. Then they were to measure the distance between the markers and the coast line, and measure the height of the ice to the cliffs behind each marker.

Our weasel was to survey the markers from cairns on a chain of islands at some distance from the shoreline itself. We were in radio contact with the other weasel on an almost continuous basis so <sup>that</sup> the operation could be easily coordinated.

We pulled up to the first island and eagerly unpacked the transit and tripod and carried them to the summit of

the island. This island contains several penguin rookeries and our landing was watched with great interest by seven early arrivals to the rookery. From the summit we were astonished to see large numbers of Weddell seals on the sea ice to the north. Carl and Fred had reported finding one seal with a pup just off our island to the east but now as we looked about from our vantage point we counted no less than 12 evenly divided between two groups, one near an iceberg just off our island and another just off the coast itself. Through Sheldon's binoculars we could see that every seal had a pup. Indeed though I saw at least 25 seals before the day was ended I never saw a ~~one~~ male seal or a <sup>female</sup> seal without a pup.

I was acting as rookman for Don, but as soon as my services were no longer needed I took off to visit the seal rookery near the coast. But first I visited the solitary mother and pup just off the island. The mother was quite disturbed at my approach but did little to protect her pup. The pup

was a cute little thing that obligingly posed for all kinds of pictures. Occasionally it ~~let~~ would bark or squeal to its mother who would sometimes answer back. ~~It~~ <sup>They ~~stayed~~ <sup>mother and pup stay</sup></sup> very close together generally but by maneuvering about I was able to pet the pup without interference from the mother. The pup however, did not enjoy the experience and started to growl and even snap its small teeth together.

The large group of seal were gathered ~~also~~ together about a frozen lead in the ice half a mile away. By keeping holes open in the ice of the lead they ensure ingress and egress from the seawater which supplies them with food. Passing one of these holes I heard a loud hissing sound and was just in time to see a seal come up into one of these holes for a breath of air. He snorted and hissed drawing in the air and then noticed me. His eyes bulged out in surprise and curiosity and after ~~a good staring~~ <sup>my</sup> ~~deciding~~ ~~was not to be~~ in the eye for a few seconds he decided I was not to be trusted and <sup>so he</sup> sank under the water out of my sight. Though I waited some time

for him to return he must have found some other more private breathing hole. Upon reaching the rookery I made the rounds of the various seals and their pups. Each mother's reaction to my intrusion was different. One mother charged at me, though their motion is so sluggish that this means of defense is very ineffectual. Others snort and hiss trying to appear fierce ~~but~~ rising up, while arching their back or rolling about. ~~Another~~ another mother was sound asleep and did not awake until after I was some distance from her when she suddenly reared up and emitted a surprised bark. I was fortunate enough to see a pup nursing, this act being accompanied by a loud sucking noise.

Since Sheldon and Son were still busy at the transit I took a walk right up to the coasting where the ice cliffs are steepled with morainal debris. Areas of black silt interlarded with white ice made the cliff face resemble a giant seven layer cake.

After awhile, Dan and Sheldon came around the island in the weasel and we were about to set off for the next survey point when the weasel stalled and Dan could not get it started again. He contacted the

the other weasel by radio thought, and soon they rolled over to give us a push. The waiting period was not wasted however as I got a fine picture of a seal coming up to breathe in its hole.

The next island we visited had four penguins on it none of them <sup>at all</sup> friendly. They were extremely coy and kept running away from me. On the sea ice just off the island was a giant fulmar watching a seal with ~~its~~ a pup. These great birds feed on carrion and perhaps this one was looking for placenta with which to gorge itself. I also saw the first skua gulls of the season ~~was~~ an event of great significance to Carl. These birds also had come to the seal rookery to feed on placenta or seal pups that died during birth.

The next survey point we visited was on an island completely domed by a sheet of smooth slippery ice. From the east it appears to be a huge domed iceberg but from the west a few rocks show through the ice establishing it as a true island.

Drift snow had ~~be~~ collected

on the ~~south~~ slope of the island and Sheldon uncovered a deep snow drift crevasse. A crevasse large enough to be dangerous to a man caused by tidal ~~most~~ motion of the ice on which the drift snow collected. Some idea of the thickness of the drift accumulation may be gathered from the fact that we could not see the bottom of this crack.

The weasel again stalled and would not start and while Carl was coming to rescue us we explored a nearby iceberg which was trapped within the sea ice. It was shaped something like a butterfly with wings outstretched, ~~bright~~ shiny icicles glittered in the sun suspended from the upper edge of the berg.

Once Carl got us started again we headed to the line of markers at the coast and began to survey them moving up until we met Carl and Fred at marker three where the job was completed. The coastal cliffs leading to Cape Folger are much drifted up and it is even difficult to see the cliff with all the drift packed against it. Due to the drift crevasses the area

is somewhat dangerous go well.  
Many caverns and overhanging  
cornices adorn the ice cliffs where their  
faces are visible.

With the job completed we  
set out for home and reached the  
bay without incident.

Oct 20 Sunday 1957

Pick says the Vanderford  
Glacier is the fastest moving  
glacier so far measured in the  
Antarctic. It moves about six  
feet per day at a point about a  
fifth of the way across the glacier.  
Pick has decided to put in more  
markers further out on the glacier  
in hopes of recording even faster  
velocities. Pick, John and Flaw  
will leave on Tuesday, weather  
permitting for Capt. Nunatak.

Fred, Charlton and Del  
took the dog team over to Shirley  
islet where they visited the penguin  
rookery there. Bob, Barth, Flaw  
and John walked over to ~~visit~~ the  
slab rookery I visited yesterday.  
Pick, Cameron, myself and Sheldon  
went via ~~ice~~ to site one  
to six to thermograph, measure

ice temperatures, admire the view  
on an almost cloudless day and  
try out tray sliding on the ramp.  
Sheldon brought his telescope  
with him and set it up at 5-1.  
We had a clear view all the way to  
the head of Vincennes bay and even  
with the naked eye the ice cap could  
be seen rising far to the southward  
and extending over westward to form  
the other side of Vincennes Bay.

Visibility was so good that I  
suggested Sheldon look for  
Mount Long and sure enough,  
though it is 75 miles away and  
only 6700 ft high Sheldon was able  
to spot a little brown and white  
pimple just on the horizon  
protruding from the blue ice cap  
surface about it. It wasn't much to  
look at but we all crowded  
about the telescope anxious to  
get a look at this goal of so  
many abortive traverses.

Also visible was the area  
of the 1000 foot ice cliffs and  
this time there was no doubt  
as to their reality or position.  
Perhaps if an icebreaker pulls in  
here and has some extra time  
to spare we will all be able to go

down there for a closer look.

On the way back I tried some tray sliding on the ice slopes of the cap. It went pretty well but the tray refuses to slide over snow and as there are many patches of snow still covering the ice the speed of travel is greatly erratic.

However in a few weeks when more of the snow has melted it should be great sport sliding about the cap or ramp.

In my spare time I have been making an oil painting by the number system. We were sent quite a few Craftint oil painting outfits. To make an oil painting all you do is fill in the appropriate color in the numbered space on the canvas. The whole process is very simple and even infantile but since I seldom do anything even remotely artistic I find the work unusual and relaxing.

Many other finished pictures done by Don and the Ag's are scattered around the base. Mine, entitled, Gnarled Tree, I will use to adorn my corner of ~~my~~ the bedroom.

Oct 21 1957 Monday

I spent the entire day surveying with Fred and Don about the base area. In the morning, I was the roodman and Don was the instrument man and Fred was the recorder and computer. In the afternoon I was recorder and Fred ran about with the stadia rod. The weather continues balmy and cloudless and being out of doors is no hardship at all.

Carl, Don B radford, Paul Noonan, and Billie Lilienthal went out to the seal rookery to brand some seals. The big one turned out to be too big and ornery for branding but 22 seal pups felt the sting of the branding iron before the day was out. Carl sometimes uses anesthetic darts to put the seals to sleep, but if the seals are very large the darts are not too effective and if they are too strong for the seal pups.

Oct. 22 1957 Tuesday

Olaw, Dick and John have left for Kussup Nunatak. A strong

southwind has sprung up but the skies remain as clear as ever.

Last night, after most of us had retired, John's raucous voice came booming over the intercom system asking for Cameron. Pick pulled himself out of bed and sleepily turned the intercom volume down to a minimum. He then donned slippers and bathrobe and went out to the head intercom to answer John so that his conversation should not disturb the rest of us. A few moments later Pick was back in the barracks foaming at the mouth. John had gotten him out of bed to ask him how ~~to~~ to spell Canberra.

Oct. 23, 1957 Wednesday

A partial eclipse of the sun occurred today about noontime although it was total in the Weddell sea area only about two fifths of the sun were covered in our vicinity. Eclipses of any kind are rather rare in the Arctic regions so this was quite an event for us.

Almost everyone was out

peering through pieces of film at the solar disk.

The Haupt Nunatak party returned late tonight having been gone only 39 hours a record for the trip. They set out an eleventh stake 5 kilometers in on the glacier. In this region they said there were crevasses <sup>up to</sup> 50 feet in width. All three of them put feet through weak snow bridges at sometime during the journey.

Oct 24 1957 Thursday

Although the weather <sup>has</sup> changed for the worst Carl, Don, Fred and myself left this morning in one crevasse to extend the survey to Cape Folger.

We stopped enroute at the seal rookery where we made tape recordings of the barks and squeals the seals make when aroused. I was also fortunate enough to witness a seal bite open a frozen water hole from underneath the ice. The seal came up, found its breathing hole frozen over, and therefore proceeded to gnaw its way through the thin

ice crust. Finally it burst through and with a tinkle and a crack its head appeared through the hole to gaze at the world and these strange creatures.

We then drove along the coast stopping every so often to put in a survey marker. This is done simply by drilling a hole in the ice and inserting a stake to which a sign has been fastened. Each sign is cut to a different shape so that they may be easily recognizable from a distance, or through the transit telescope.

The coastline of the Antarctic continent from the seal rookery to Cape Folger and beyond is austere and exceptionally barren. No land or moraine interrupts the continuous line of ice cliff. In some areas where the movement of the ice cap has pushed against ~~underwater shoals~~ or the frozen sea water the sea ice has buckled and split forming a jumbled chaotic mass preventing close approach to the actual shoreline and sometimes even hiding it from view. In other areas huge icebergs have broken off from the parent ice cap, but remain in the general area because they are grounded on the sea bottom or

because they become frozen into the sea ice where they remain embedded until the ice breaks up or the current becomes strong enough to carry them away.

Blue and white are the only colors. To the north of Cape Folger the cliffs continue though their altitude drops somewhat before the Balaena Islets are reached about 14 miles from Folger.

Unfortunately the weather worsened as the day progressed and visibility became so poor that it was decided to defer the remainder of the surveying work until another day.

On the way back, Carl wanted to do some seal branding at the rookery as there were three newborn seals not yet marked with the circle I O Y brand. Carl heated his branding iron over a small stove and while I on kept the mother seal at bay with a boat hook while Fred and I held the baby seal in place. First the fuzzy down was pulled out of the skin, his baby hair comes out quite easily and as soon as a bare patch was made Carl applied the hot

iron to it. In a few moments it was all over and mother and pup were together again. The burning does not seem to ~~affect~~ <sup>the</sup> pain. The seals especially and those previously branded appear to be leading normal happy lives again.

We also killed a male seal as we are very short of dog food. Carl did honors eviscerating the seal, a very cold and incredibly messy job particularly in the high wind then blowing. The gutted seal was then towed behind the weasel to the base area where the skin was removed, another difficult job performed with the aid of a weasel. The weasel pulls <sup>back</sup> the skin as it is cut from the flesh with knives.

The meat left was brought over to the dog area, while the skin was left upon ~~the~~ a rock where the birds can pick away the blubber leaving a clean skin which Bon intends to use for some purpose or other.

Carl has given me permission to make a dog sledging trip to the east coast of Budd Coast from site two if I can get a suitable partner to go with me. Carl, himself does not wish to go. He feels his

work here is important and also I think feels that perhaps such hardship is for the young. So also feels a glaciologist would be of greater value on such a journey. Both he and I will discuss the matter with Dick to see what can be done.

Oct. 25 1957 Friday

Unfortunately Dick does not feel he can spare himself or one of his men at the present time to go to Budd Coast with me. He wants to go himself very badly but with site two to maintain and the melting season coming on he just can't see his way to undertaking yet another large scale project.

So it would seem another of my schemes has gone aft a'glay. I think it a shame that the only base with a dog team finds it impossible to take them beyond the Windmill Island vicinity.

Oct. 26 1957 Saturday

Some cloudy weather for a change. I decided to take some black and white indoor movies of people at work.

Paul Noonan also was taking