

# ANTARCTIC JOURNAL

BY  
HERWIL M. BRYANT

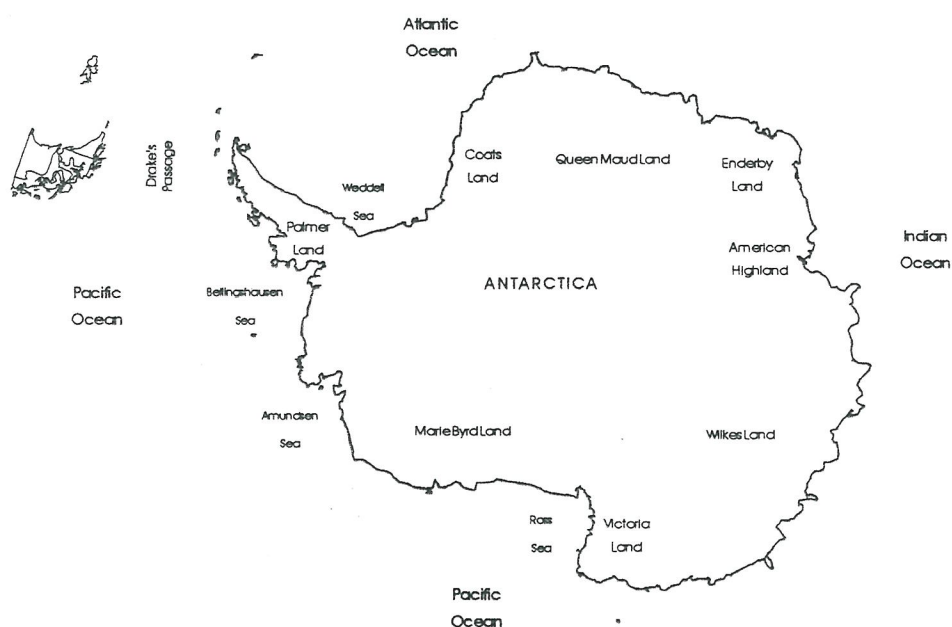


UNITED STATES ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION  
1939 - 1941



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HERWIL M. BRYANT



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Herwil M. Bryant  
Grand Canyon  
Arizona

# JOURNAL

U. S. ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION  
1939 - 1941

CHAPTER I. EXPEDITION PREPARATIONS  
OCT. 14 - NOV. 15, 1939

CHAPTER II. VOYAGE OF THE "BEAR"  
NOV. 17, 1939- JAN 14, 1940  
(Boston to Little America)

CHAPTER III. VOYAGE OF THE "BEAR"  
FEB. 4 - MAR. 12, 1940  
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CHAPTER IV. EAST BASE  
MARCH 16 - SEPTEMBER 30, 1940

CHAPTER V. EAST BASE TO VALPARAISO  
OCTOBER 1, 1940 - APRIL 28, 1941

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## CHAPTER I

### EXPEDITION PREPARATIONS October 14 - November 16, 1939

OCTOBER 14, 1939

This roving journal begins with its presentation to me by my mother just before noon on October 12. The hint that I find something to fill it with was obvious, and I'd better start now or never.

Thinking back, I remember the speedy ride from Washington to New York on the electrified P.R.R. "Congressional Limited". It maintains an average of well over 60 m.p.h. Although the government was paying for a pullman seat in the rear, it was much more pleasant to ride in the coach with mother, who had just arrived from Santa Fe that morning.

Radio City Music Hall at 99¢ gave us more than our money's worth. The film with Leslie Howard and a newcomer called Sigrid something was refreshingly dramatic even though it did draw forth some briny tears. The stage show, as always, surpasses anything you've ever seen before. The forty "Rockettes" with their precise training and high standard for beauty are the high spot of the performance. Dick Liebert at the great organ and Erno Rapee & the Symphony Orchestra did their part.

A grand sleep was had that night in spite of the fact that we let a cab driver talk us into staying at a third rate hotel with a second rate price. It was the ancient "Langwell" -- 44th just off Times Square. The new signs with the huge animated silhouettes in lights were quite an attraction.

Friday the thirteenth found Mother and I at the entrance to the world's fair -- New York's "World of Tomorrow". The first effect was somewhat disappointing but the vastness of the exhibition tended to make up for its lack of conformity. The afternoon was spent in a grand rush to photograph the exteriors while in the sun. I used Kodachrome 35mm film for the first time in my new Wirgin camera. It was also a first for my new polaroid filter screen. The huge Russian Pavilion with its towering statue made the most photogenic subject. The Railroads Exhibit of modern trains and Kodak's projected kodachrome murals were the interesting high spots. The grand color-fountain display, and the fireworks later on, were tops in spectacle. Each display had a theme and was worked out like a symphony. An interesting sidelight was the busses' horns which played phrases from "Sidewalks of New York".

Leaving mother to return to friends in the city, I proceeded to "do" the amusement area. The towering parachute jump machine was the only outstanding attraction. The girl shows lacked the beauty of their California rivals but made up for it in expert showmanship. As a whole, the place seemed dead. The Mardi Gras Casino, however, at the other end of the Fair furnished a hey-day for the jitterbugs to the free music of Bunny Berigan and his orchestra.

I pullmaned to Boston after finishing the day at the Fair and reported for duty at the headquarters of U. S. Antarctic Service at Charlestown Navy Yard. Due to the present spy scare, red tape made entrance to the Yard more trouble than it was worth. At the office, everyone was very busy. I am detailed to help in preparing equipment for loading, which should start soon.

Boston is a funny town. The same old winding narrow streets and pestering street urchins seemed familiar. What I had forgotten was its rapid transportation system. All lines -- surface, sub and ell are run by the same



company and free transfer anywhere in the city is included with your dime.  
Sidelight: a great preponderance of \$2 bills.

No room at the YMCA so am rooming nearby.



### SUNDAY OCTOBER 15, 1939



I caught up on sleep today. I also did some sightseeing in my own quaint way, which consists of wandering about following my nose and pointing my lens at interesting subjects. This afternoon they turned out to be intercollegiate sailboat races on the Charles River in front of M.I.T. and the Harvard Yard. Sidelight: A Negro sitting next to me in a show recalls to me that I am no longer in the South. This place reminds me more of Toronto everyday.

### U.S.S. "NORTH STAR" OCTOBER 18 8 AM



On board at last. I don't know whether I will stay on this ship or transfer to the "BEAR". At any rate she will be my home while I'm in Boston. I am bunking with Lobell in a nice 1<sup>st</sup> class outside cabin. The meals are fine. I helped feed the 23 Alaskan dogs still left on board last night and then they were packed off for Wonalancet. This big motorship has an interesting crew, and I listened to their yarns for a while last night -- mostly concerned with Alaskan waters. It sure was cold this morning here in Boston -- my thermometer read 28°. Even the Alaskan crew was fuming about the weather. Monday I did some shopping in the morning and reported for duty at the Army Base where I did a little manual labor for a change. Tons and tons of everything under the sun is scattered about the big warehouse. This expedition is certainly no small change business. Yesterday five of us went through the mill of physical exams. Lobell, Perkins, myself, Paul Knowles (geologist from U. of Wash.) and Dick Moulton (dog driver from the N.H. kennels) started out with blood and urine tests at the Marine Hospital in Chelsea and ended up doing push-ups for Dr. Sims, one of the Expedition doctors. Only defect for me was a small filling in one of my teeth. I also might mention that I took in the "theatah" Monday night. A first-night at the Wilbur Theater -- Fremont St. This time it was "Kiss the Boys Goodbye" by Clare Booth and starring Elizabeth Love. It turned out to be a risqué comedy in two acts. Miss Cindy Lou Bethany, the innocent Southern lass brought to New York to play Velvet O'Toole in the movie "Kiss the Boys Goodbye" is brought to a sophisticated week-end party and situations ensue. In all, pleasant entertainment -- a good satire on the choice for the movie version of "Gone with the Wind". Sidelight: The "North Star's" chief engineer telling of the time he was attacked by an octopus 90 feet below the surface while inspecting during salvage operations.

### FRIDAY OCTOBER 20, 1939 9:15 PM



Tonight I'm sitting in front of the big fireplace in our quarters here somewhere near Wonalancet, N.H. in the White Mountains. Mt. Chicorua sticks up its rocky head impertinently above the hemlocks, and through the shining birches, now almost divested of leaves, we see the dark outline of Whiteface Mountain. The mountains are rounded and rocky and rise to 4,000 feet elevation, about 3,000 feet above us here. I was called up here with practically no notice. I had just terminated operations on a big T-bone steak at evening mess aboard the "North Star" -- I was sitting next to Captain Whitham, too -- when a messenger stated that I was ordered to the dog

camp immediately on a car just about to leave. Throwing things together with great rapidity, I departed with Malcomb Douglas in his gadgeted Packard. Also going up were Paul Knowles, volunteer geologist from Univ. of Wash. and Jack Richardson, eagle scout dog driver. We arrived in camp around eleven p.m. after an uneventful trip -- we did see several deer though.



Today (and probably the next couple weeks) was spent with the huskies. Each is chained to his own kennel. The kennels, almost 200 in all, reach out into the forest in all directions. The huskies were not as fierce as I had expected. They are one of the friendliest of dogs and just ache to be scratched or petted. They come all shapes, colors, and sizes from the sleek little Siberians, through the chunky Malamutes and Eskimos to the big and powerful Chinooks. Many of the dogs have wolf blood and they say if they were all let loose at once they would kill each other in a few hours.

They work in teams of from five to thirteen and show surprising strength and speed. One must run steadily to keep up with them. Woodland trails fan out through the forest in all directions. To stand on the wooden drag and watch the line of eager dogs trotting through the autumn foliage ahead of you is a real thrill. They seem to love the work and heed well to the harsh shouts of YAK! (get gain'), HIKE! (keep gain'), GEE! (right), HAW! (left), HAW COME IN! (turn around to the left, etc. The universal call of WHOA! is usually sufficient to stop them. An old baby Austin chassis is used in exercising the dogs on the wider trails. The bouncing ride through the woods is something to remember.

They keep a pure timber wolf for breeding purposes. He is the finest piece of dog flesh on the place but of course is not broken to the harness.

Before leaving Boston, I got in my share of stevedoring. The Army Base, where the thousands of tons of equipment is stored, is also where the ships will be loaded. The cargoes have to be checked, measured, weighed, and sorted and I did my little bit. I had lunch with Lobell down at Fisherman's Pier yesterday. The fresh charcoal-grilled halibut steak was certainly a treat. Sidelight: Until I catch on to this Yankee accent up here, I might as well be deaf. It's a kick to eavesdrop on the clumsy conversation between Perkins of Louisiana and of the N.H. locals.



### 8 A. M. TUESDAY OCT. 24, 1939

It's snowing again this morning. My thermometer reads 24° F. It's quite a chore trying to keep warm. We're called up to the kennels now so I'll have to resume later.



6:30 P. M.

Just finished doing away with six tasty pork chops. They feed you all you can eat up here and my appetite has doubled and perhaps tripled. There's something about this atmosphere that certainly makes one appreciate his meals. You can bet I'm glad I don't have to pay for them.



I got caught in a friendly poker game last night and started out losing fast. By the time we ended, though, I was sitting pretty.



I'm catching on to this dog business pretty fast. It's no joke though, caring for over 200 huskies. A day goes something like this:



- 6:45 -- REVEILLE
- 7:15 -- BREAKFAST
- 8:00 -- WATER THE DOGS
- 9:00 -- CLEANING PENS (shoveling manure)
- 11:00 -- EXERCISING TEAMS

12:00 -- DINNER  
1:00 -- EXERCISING TEAMS  
3:30 -- FEEDING DOGS  
4:30 -- WATERING DOGS  
5:30 -- SUPPER  
6:30 -- WORK ON HARNESSSES

I took out my first team alone today, It didn't go so badly until they were headed toward home and wouldn't whoa for me. I tried to stop them by wrapping the hold rope around a tree. They were too fast for me, however, and to save my fingers from being crushed I let the rope slip from my hands -- a thing inexcusable in dog driving practice. Running with all my might I couldn't catch up with the runaway team and heavy drag until they had gotten back to the kennels. I took them out again, however, and with a little rough treatment, they came around fine. It must be very much like driving a team of frisky horses. The nine-foot whip is seldom used but it makes a valuable symbol of authority. Also, it's the only thing outside of a two-by-four that can stop two dogs fighting.

As I mentioned before, these accents have me buffaloed. For example, I have worked out below a sentence in English as accented by Dick Moulton, a local dog-driver, and Mrs. Dyer of Atlanta, wife of our surveyor.

CAN YOU WORK THE CAR?

KAEN YEW WEHK THE KAEH?

CUN YOU-ALL WURK THA CAH?

The KP here pronounces QUART as QUOIT, Holly Richardson says QUAT.

Highest temperature today -- 32°. Snow in the air all day.

### OCT. 25

low 12°F. followed by two days of rain, then snow flurr.

### SUNDAY EVENING OCTOBER 29, 1939

Lo 24°, Hi 32°, clear



Last night was the Halloween Party thrown for us dog drivers by the New England Sled Dog Drivers Association. It was held here in the fireplace room of the C.C.C. Camp. The decorations were most appropriate. The centerpiece was a big four-foot cardboard model of the "Bear" caught in the ice and surrounded by little penguins and huskies. Place cards were little cardboard sledges carrying a basket of nuts. The walls were covered with colorful autumn foliage interspersed with large carrots festooned with lycopodium moss. At least fifty people attended at six bits per. The group included millionaire's sons, a university dean, old timers and tenderfeet, but all with an absorbing interest in sled dog driving.

Baked ham, sweet potatoes, pumpkin pie and cider made up the meal. We were each called upon to say a few words. I was supposed to say something about "what kind of a lead dog Power is". "Power" is the dog that got away from me a while back (see last page), but with whom I have since come to an understanding. I wouldn't trade him now for any other three dogs at the kennels with the possible exception of Wa-goush, the big timber wolf.

It's practically sure now that I'm going to the Palmer Land base. I will probably get "Power" for my lead dog. He's light tan in color, a cross-breed, but is a very experienced dog. To make up the rest of my team I will probably use most of the reddish dogs, many of which have German and Belgian Shepherd blood. "Casey" is a big dog and the handsomest of the bunch.





A news-reel photographer was here day before yesterday. He got some very comprehensive shots of the men and dogs. Glen Dyer's team, which had been acting up as of late, gave a fine show while Paul Knowles' and Carl Eklund's teams, formerly on good behavior, took the notion to act unruly.

Did I mention that at the party we were each presented with one of the specially made model penguins and huskies? Also a nice note book?

Finn Ronne, the Norwegian in charge of dog transportation was up with his interesting Norwegian wife.

Thursday night I had a yen to do something, so wangled a ride twenty miles to the nearest movie. A double feature and bank night were in order. I enjoyed it despite the fact that they were mediocre pictures and the film broke seven different times -- and the seats were hard.

**OCT. 30**

low last night 12° F.

### **WEDNESDAY EVENING NOVEMBER 1, 1939**

This was supposed to be my sailing date, but I am still well ensconced in this New Hampshire hideaway. Halloween was yesterday, but we had our celebration last Saturday. Mr. Seeley brought back the six huskies from the New York World's Fair which closed yesterday. Just in time, too, because tomorrow all will be wormed.

If the snow cruiser doesn't get out of that Ohio ditch pretty quickly, the "North Star"'s sailing may be delayed until the ninth. My ship, the "Bear", is due to sail by the fifteenth.

I am getting together a pretty nice team these days. "Power" behaves himself well but "Pal" is quite a scrapper. The other day I was driving past "Mike's" kennel and "Pal" stopped things to take a nip at the growling bystander. A fine scrap ensued with "Mike" coming out with a rip in his leg that took fourteen stitches to close. Today I tried out "Bing" at point and "Pal" at opposite wheel. At the first opportunity Pal took a nip at "Bing" and another snarl resulted. I hacked away at the bloody fighters with the whip handle, but to little avail. I finally separated the dogs one at a time, and, to my surprise, not one was even crippled. "Bing" was punctured by fangs in several places and poor "Midget", who was pulled into the mess by her harness, suffered a minor cut on the ear which rather drenched the place with blood. They say it isn't real dog driving unless you have several such fights a week.

Did I mention that swell pocket knife Dad sent me?

Sidelight: For once in my life I can use certain real swear words on the dogs without feeling in the least bit guilty.

WX: More rain. Temperatures from 34° to 40°. Since I can't find a blotter for the above blot -- I am reminded of something -- DEFINITION: A blotter is something you look for while the ink is drying.



### **THURSDAY EVENING NOVEMBER 2, 1939**

I'm going to see if I can't write something every day now. I've been trying to work into this gradually. Today we wormed the dogs. To each and every canine tenant of the kennels was forcefully administered at least one large pill.

"Wa-goush", the wolf, is a pretty good pal of mine these days. I had a good romp with him inside the cage today. A picture was taken to prove it.

**FRIDAY -- NOV. 3 8:00 PM**

Low 17° F. 30.36



"Dutch" got back from a short trip to Boston and brought back some mail. My little old barometer arrived in good condition and I'll give relative pressure readings from now on. Carl's new wife arrived this evening and a bunch of us went up to their tiny cabin, "Eklund Lodge", for highballs and general housewarming.

**SATURDAY -- NOVEMBER 4**

LOW 20°F

We hurried through the chores this morning and then set to work on hitching up 75 dogs, a show we were putting on for the Newsreels. With "Waska" at lead, the huskies pulled the 3-ton army truck on a 3 mile jaunt. The weather was clear and the newsreels got their fill. It was marvelous the way "Waska" obeyed commands from 250 ft. in the rear. Another interesting sight was the view from the drivers seat with seventy-five odd waving plumes of tails extending into the distance.



We turned the dogs in a broad five acre field and returned them all to their respective places without mishap -- luck was certainly with us. The photographers, representing MGM-NEWS OF THE DAY, PARAMOUNT NEWS, FOX MOVIE TONE, and ACME SYNDICATE, later photographed the group of Antarctic dog drivers holding puppies. In one shot my face was surrounded by little pups to give a fur parka effect. I'll bet I sure looked foolish. I managed to shoot a few pictures myself, and sent the roll in to A.P., who wanted pictures. If they use them it should mean cash in my pocket. P. S. They didn't use them, but I got my films developed free.

**SUNDAY -- NOV. 5**

LOW 27° 8: AM 30.20- 8: PM 29.48- !!!

The Sabbath is the same as any other day here. Leland Curtis, artist for the expedition, arrived yesterday to learn dog-driving. He is from L. A. and is a great skier and Sierra Clubber. He remembers Dad well on some Sierra Club Outings. Mrs. Seeley had tea for us this afternoon while we were interviewed by a Mrs. Harkness who writes for "Atlantic Monthly" and "New Yorker".

Lots of sleet this afternoon followed by rain, then high winds as barometer dropped. The lights went out and poor Dick (Moulton), who also is emergency lineman, had to rush out and make repairs where a large tree had fallen.

**MONDAY -- NOVEMBER 6**

I spoke at the Rotary Club in Ossipee (N.H.) tonight and was introduced by Mr. Seeley. I got a really nice steak dinner and had a fine audience of about twenty big business men of the White Mountains Region. I gave them an informal chat on the scientific aspect of the expedition.

Mostly clear, high winds last night, many trees blown down -- lights out for a while.

LOW 34° 8 AM 29.39 !!!, 8 PM 29.49+

**TUESDAY NOVEMBER 7**

LOW 35° 8:AM 29.54+ (HI 45°) 8:PM 29.66  
clear & part cloudy - west winds



Carl's wife, Harriet, made dinner for us here at the camp - Spaghetti in the real Italian style (her maiden name is San Giovanni) complete with Parmesi and dry wine. It was a real treat, I can assure you. "Dutch", our loyal army chauffeur, received word that he is accepted for the expedition. He has just been beaming ever since. Born in Holland, he came here as a youth, and you couldn't find a more patriotic American citizen. He certainly deserves the break.

**WEDNESDAY NOVEMBER 8**

HIGH 44°? 8 A.M. 29.56- 8 P.M. 29.49+ MOSTLY CLOUDY



Today was much like others before but this farmer's life hasn't become boring yet. Today I lost balance riding one of the drag sleds over a rocky trail and got dragged for a ways. Later three of us got together and rejuvenated the old Austin chassis for safer and more comfortable riding.

I get more impatient to be away with every new postponement of sailing. I've received no end of special goodbye letters and even telegrams from a few of the girls, but I probably won't get off for almost two weeks. Every newspaper announces a different date.

**THURSDAY NOVEMBER 9**

LOW 27° HIGH 29° 8 A.M. 29.64 ++ 8 P.M. 29.84 ++  
SNOW FLURRIES THEN CLEARING

Something definite at last - The "North Star" is to sail Sunday night. We are rushing around like mad getting everything ready for sending 63 dogs down Saturday morning. I worked tonight putting each dog's name on his collar. Lee Curtis designed a grand letterhead for us and we're all going in together to get stationery printed up. Glenn Dyer and Seecee (his wife) returned from Boston bringing the latest news and mail. We get up an hour earlier in the morning - so -

**FRIDAY NOVEMBER 10**

LO 18 HI 37 8AM 30.01 8PM 29.71 -- cloudy then clearing

BUM

"Bum", one of the dogs assigned to my team, has a beautiful smooth coat and is more affectionate than the rest. He's just a little over a year old and is now adolescent. I think he has great possibilities. At odd times today I have tried to teach him a few things. He will now obey my commands of "up!" and "down!". My next step will be to teach him the difference between sitting down and lying down. He will make one ideal pet and I hope to bring him up as a canine companion down on the ice. He should be worth plenty on a cold night.

Three huge 5-ton Army trucks arrived this evening to haul the dogs down tomorrow. They all but blocked the road.

**SATURDAY NOVEMBER 11**

LO 34° 8AM 29.56 HI 36° 8pm 29.90+

## SUNDAY NOVEMBER 12

Up good and early this morning. 63 dogs and 9 pups are off for Boston including, worse luck, my dog "Power".

## MONDAY NOVEMBER 13

LO 10° F. 8AM 29.80 HI 30° F. 8PM 29.7 SNOW FLURRIES



I think I should mention the lobsters. Some of us went together and had the cook buy a dozen or so lobsters in Portland, Me. They arrived green and writhing. After the usual tom-foolery of testing the nippers unbeknownst on someone's neck, etc., we selected a few and hied ourselves up to Carl's little log cabin. While Harriet fixed up some seasoned melted butter, we picked up a likely specimen and forcibly placed him within the prison of a grill-frame. A short sortie outside with a pocket knife and we have a nice long handle for the grill. We now settle back before the fireplace and enjoy a pipe while the poor critter is roasted alive. After a few minor explosions, some of the juice runs out, and the spiny crustacean gradually takes on the ruddy hue of the glowing coals below. A savory aroma soon greets the nostrils and we are ready for broiled lobster. A butcher knife hammered with a handy log of wood cleanly bisects the animal lengthwise, exposing the tightly bunched white meat. I pull out a likely morsel, dip it in the butter, hold my breath, and nibble at it. "Not too bad" I say, having expected the taste of raw oysters. It went down fairly easily and I was game for another trial. This time I gave the flavor a chance to caress my taste buds. Peculiar, yes, but in a nice sort of way. The third morsel tasted better and by the fifth I was pretty well convinced. By the time I had cracked open a claw, I was a confirmed lobster addict. I never would have thought it. Tomorrow we'll boil one and see if it makes any difference.

The snow cruiser has finally arrived in Boston, creating the worst traffic jam the city has ever known. It's had its tribulations, but at least it's reached its immediate goal - the "North Star". Time will tell if the theory works well in practice on the antarctic ice.

## WEDNESDAY NOVEMBER 15

Broadway Hotel, Boston

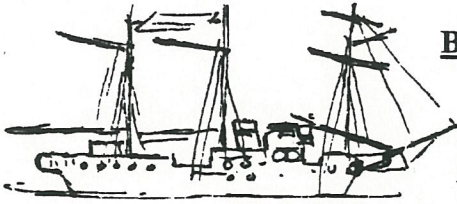
The "North Star" pulled away at 6:14 this morning - Philadelphia next stop. I am ordered to Army Base to help load the "Bear". I came down this afternoon with Dyer and wife. Highlights of the ride down were one fleeting glimpse of Mt. Washington mantled in solid white, and a gorgeous sunset over the foothills of the White Mountains. According to "Seecee" (Glenn's Atlanta wife), the colors changed from flamingo to mulberry to garnet to apricot etc. Even little Mercury sparkled below the painted wisps, vying with the new moon in saluting the sun's dying rays.



I got a great kick tonight when I went to a show to see myself starring in the newsreel (FOX MOVIE TONE). The 75 dog team was featured, with several good action shots. I was shown hitching up a dog and again later in a close-up with the pups. It sure struck me funny to see my visage stretched out to the size of a very large parlor rug. My guffaws certainly surmounted the general snickering at the comical sight.

## CHAPTER II

### VOYAGE OF THE "BEAR" BOSTON TO LITTLE AMERICA



**FRIDAY NOVEMBER 17**  
Aboard U.S.S. "Bear" (on test run)

After stevedoring all day yesterday, I finally got aboard the "Bear". All was in great confusion but they found me a vacant bunk in the officer's quarters. I worked with the crew all evening getting things shipshape for the run. And now we're steaming at half speed out of Boston harbor.

To say the very least, the "Bear" is an interesting ship. The thing that struck me most was the sharp contrast between the ancient and the modern. At first glance she looks like she came direct from a story book. Her long forty foot bowsprit, the figure head of a polar bear, the three towering masts with accessory cross arms, ratlines, hawsers, and cables, even the old-time poop deck, point to the romantic vintage of the 1870's. In contrast to this rugged yet filigreed outfitting, are certain modern installments that seem very out of place. The radio shack is a good example. An old time cabin with the old time port holes, but jammed with ultra-modern equipment. The engine room seems entirely out of place on this historic vessel. The big diesel is the very latest type. Everyone on board today has been astounded at the lack of noise, especially at the lack of vibration. You can never tell whether the engine is running or not.

**THURSDAY NOVEMBER 23**  
ROOSEVELT'S THANKSGIVING WIND 3 SEA 6



Aboard U.S.S. "BEAR" 14 hours out of Boston, off Nantucket Light.


At sea at last. It's a great relief to be off, but a rough sea the first day doesn't help.



LEAVE EAST BOSTON (ATLANTIC YARDS): 12:05 NOV. 22  
LEAVE BOSTON ROADS : 17:45 NOV. 22

We had a really grand send-off - even better than the "North Star" had. News photographers crowded the decks already filled with the dogs, and the little dock was just packed with curious people. As the boat made ready to pull off, I was watching out for the dogs on the after deck and missed most of the tearful goodbyes. At the last minute I ran forward and caught the last of the flashing cameramen, the grinding newsreels, and even yelled a goodbye at the CBS microphone, held out as the ship pulled out. The crowds yelled and waved as we clung to the closer side and shouted in return. All of the whistles in the vicinity burst forth in a loud round of applause as Police and Coast Guard ships escorted us from the dock. Through all this I managed to keep my emotions cold, but as the boat passed out through the channel, each individual boat down to the smallest little yacht wanted to whistle its own little personal farewell to be answered by the whining horn of the U.S.S. BEAR.

We anchored in the roads for several hours to lash and batten everything down in preparation for rough weather. We left in a shower of snowflakes the size of milk-bottle tops and storm warnings had been displayed up and down the coast.

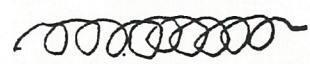
As we left the protecting arms of the famous Boston harbor and headed by "The Graves" out towards Cape Cod, we struck "heavy rollers". The good old ship rode them like a cork, pitching like all get out. From the bridge it was a startling sight to watch the bowsprit slowly dip down into the roiling sea and then

rise up and up and up until she darn near stands on end, then down again to repeat the process over and over. She started out like this  then like

this  and finally like this . Then she

started the roll in addition. Rocking from side to side, a given point seemed to

follow a figure of eight  or sometimes more of a corkscrew

 . With each big roll she'd ship water on the well deck - rubber boots were needed to cross from fore to aft. Cargo started shifting and all hands were called to deck to fasten things further. By this time a good many of the crew and most of the ice party were good and sick. I drew the 4 to 6 A.M. dog watch and tried to get some sleep, but it was too much work to keep from rolling out with the ship listing as much 35°! from the vertical. The deadly rhythm of the swells didn't help any. I kept getting sicker and sicker. About 3 A.M. it got a bit rougher and we were called out by watch to keep the dogs from rolling overboard in their crates. By the time I took over, things were in pretty good shape, that is, with the exception of my head and stomach. We soon rounded Cape Cod and the sea became a little quieter. The dawn finally broke, finding me almost asleep on my feet. I hadn't slept in over two days, having stayed up all night making dog-crates.

My watch over, I then went over to the galley for a bite to eat. Breakfast fare was hot sausages. They smelled very good and I fixed up a little sandwich to eat on deck. One bite was all I needed - luckily the rail was close by. I went below - the ice party quarters is amidships - and actually managed to get in a little sleep despite salt water washing down our only ventilator. I went without lunch but by dinner tonight I had regained some appetite. The whole crew unanimously states that this is the roughest riding boat they have ever had the questionable privilege to serve. I of course agreed heartily with the crew. They put up a jib and spanker sail today which helps to steady the boat some, but even at that, this is the first time I've been in condition to do a piece in this log.

Passed a destroyer (4 stacker) apparently on Neutrality Patrol.

sails: spanker (steadying only) (see back for symbols)

#### FRIDAY NOVEMBER 24

COURSE 240° WIND 4 SEA 4 SAILS: SPANKER, FORESAIL, FORELOWERTOPSAIL,  
FOREUPPERTOPSAIL, FORETOPGALLANT, JIB, FLYING JIB, STAYSAILS

8:30 and I just had a grand breakfast. We're sailing before the wind, and a grand sight it is. I slept fine last night, too. It's a pretty good world after all I guess.

#### MONDAY NOVEMBER 27, 1939 21:00

FULL SAILS                      SEA 4                      GULF STREAM

To catch up with the present date I'll have to tell how we pulled into Hampton Roads early Saturday morning after a fairly rough night. I was feeling pretty low again. We docked at the Norfolk Navy Yard at Portsmouth, VA without the aid of a tug and proceeded at once to unload a barge we carried and make ready for the plane. We also planned to take on about forty more tons of ballast. The ballasting required considerable cargo shifting and we were hard at work most of the day. Come Saturday night we were all given shore leave, a rather happy surprise, as we had said good bye to U.S. Civilization in Boston. I

made good use of the early evening in buying a few necessities and then went to a classy Norfolk theater to see W. Powell and Myrna Log in "Another Thin Man" - good light entertainment.



Before turning back to the Ship, we couldn't resist seeing Norfolk as the sailors do. East Main Street is known as one of the very toughest in the U.S. Sailors frequent the string of cheap beer parlors just to the right of the ferry and then move on up the street, where the brothels are run wide open under careful Police and Health Dept. supervision. I snooped around some (to see how the other half lives) and then hit the ferry for Portsmouth. Carl and Paul pulled a crazy trick. They got a couple of sexy books and got as many prostitute autographs as they could and still remain bystanders. All in all, it was a very educational evening. I will be very interested to see how Panama compares - they both have such sordid reputations.

Sunday we took the plane aboard, a beautiful silver dual-engine job by Barkley-Grow. She slipped nicely into the waiting rests for her pontoons. Some time was taken up lashing plane gasoline, and removing the wings; then we took leave of the U.S. at about four p.m.. The long narrow harbor was interesting to see. The new cruiser "St. Louis" and the battleship "New York" along with numerous smaller craft were passed as we "steamed" slowly down the channel. Boats of all sorts whistled their farewell greeting, or, in the case of such navy ships as the "Arkansas", "Quincy", "Tuscaloosa", "San Francisco", "Wichita", and the "Texas", blinker lights signaled good luck. The last view of the Virginia Capes was as a silhouette beneath a gorgeous sunset. As dusk settled down, the channel lights spotted our way toward the open sea. During an early morning watch today I watched the steady blinking of the great Cape Hatteras lighthouse, the last outpost of the United States to be seen for some years. A gorgeous full moon and the great rocking sails against the heavy sea made a weird background for a last farewell.

As I sit here writing on the teetering table, I feel as though I were sitting on some sort of giant rocking chair, wafted back and forth by an invisible hand. One soon finds a soothing effect in the gentle cradling. However, when the invisible force rocks her clear back to balance on the tip of the rocker, and hesitates there for a while as though trying to decide whether to relax and let her go on over or whether to pull herself together and tug and strain to gradually pull the chair back to an even keel, one finds it hard to rest his apprehensive mind, especially as the process is repeated over and over. The "force" seemingly becomes more tempted at each stroke to carry things a little too far.

### WEDNESDAY NOVEMBER 29, 1939

FULL SAILS SEA 2 WIND 4 8-9 KNOTS OFF PALM BEACH LAT. 26°N.

The last couple days have definitely shown the influence of the gulf stream. The weather has been generally sunny with drifting clouds and the breeze-blown deck has been comfortable without a jacket for the first time. The sea has been relatively smooth and shows a very deep blue - I've only seen it before in Crater Lake. The fathometer shows around 2600 fathoms depth - a couple miles - maybe that accounts for it. The easiest way of getting an approximate position is to learn which radio station comes in best. Night-before-last we were listening to the Carolinas, and today to Florida stations. A few minutes ago Cuba was announced so we are getting along. We haven't seen land for three days now and are several hundred miles from the nearest terra firma. Life aboard ship has settled down to a definite routine now and even the meals are getting better.



probably immature  
"common dolphin"

I saw my first porpoises today. They only played for a minute and then were gone so I didn't get a good chance to identify them. They were about four

feet long, and a dead-gray, covered with irregular dark blotches. A slightly arched dorsal fin was the only other mark I could make out.

THURSDAY NOVEMBER 30, 1939

THANKSGIVING DAY

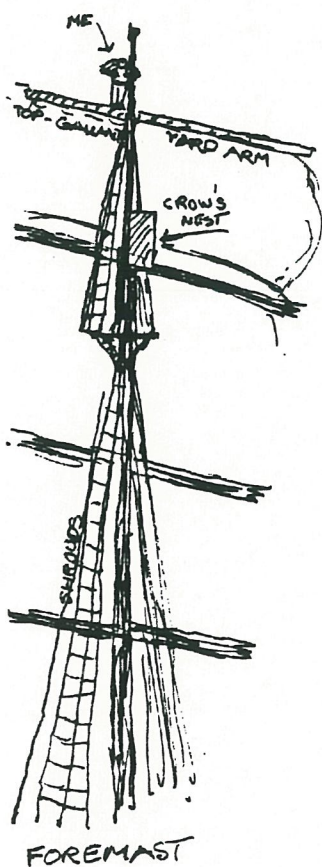
SEA 3 WIND E, SE 4-5 FULL SAILS STEADY BAROMETER  
POSITION AT 21:00 - 23°N 74°30W COURSE 180°

It's been a truly beautiful day here at sea. The perfect opposite to the nightmare I went through last Thursday. Sunshine, the warm penetrating kind, prevailed, but with just the breeze to keep it from being the least bit sticky. The sea has only been slightly wobbly. I've got my sea legs for one thing, and then, too, the sails help to steady her. We had a grand feed at noon, complete with plenty of turkey, cranberry sauce, dressing, baked ham, sweet potatoes, and apple pie. It would have been mince pie, but we searched half of yesterday and couldn't find the mince meat.

Just before noon, a lookout atop the foremast shouted "Land ho, on the starboard bow." It wasn't long before the dim outline of an island materialized and finally the distinguishing features of San Salvador became apparent. It was most interesting to come upon the first strip of land Columbus sighted after his endless course westward, just after being at sea myself for almost four days without sight of land. I am further south now than I have ever been before, and the fact was neatly presented to me tonight when I looked for some familiar stars. The big dipper was almost wholly below the horizon and Cygnus was just about ready to dip into the ocean.

I felt well enough today to try some mast climbing. I tackled the mizzenmast first and felt free enough to go back up with camera to get some angle shots. Later on I even had nerve enough to try the foremast, the highest one, and the one involving a difficult overthrust traverse. The climb, and especially the climb down, isn't much fun, but it's a real thrill to look down on the tossing ship from almost 100 feet directly above. When, with each roll, you find yourself over the waves instead of the deck, it's a very special thrill. Give me time and I'll even be snapping pictures from up there.

Before I forget it, I must record some of the wild life seen to date. A bunch of Herring Gulls (Larus Argentatus) followed us from Boston to Norfolk. Individuals were in various plumage phases but L. Argentatus was the only species definitely recognized. At Norfolk I noticed a few Ring-billed Gulls mixed in with the Herring's. A flock of about fifteen Herring Gulls followed us out of Norfolk and then gradually dwindled away as we pulled south of Florida. Also seemingly following the ship were a few dovebies or Little Auks. At least one of them stayed with the ship until we reached 24° 30'N. latitude - near San Salvador I. - This seems to be a bit far south for this northern bird and I would have liked to get one and perhaps secure a new southern record. One was stunned on deck the other night but the Captain made watch set it free before I could get there. Nautical superstition, I can very well see, isn't going to help my specimen bag any. It did give me a chance however to get some check on my field identification.





**SATURDAY DECEMBER 2, 1939 09:00**

WIND SE 4 - 5, SEA 2 - 3 FULL SAILS - FALLING BAROMETER cumulus clds  
POS. AT 22:00 DEC. 1: 19°N. 74°40'W.

Yesterday we pulled around the hind end of Cuba, through Windward Passage and into the Caribbean. Right now we are passing Jamaica on the starboard beam but it is just out of sight. A beautiful cruise steamer overtook us yesterday. After thoroughly enjoying the balmy tropic air for the past few days, I can clearly understand the appeal of a Caribbean Cruise. A swimming pool on deck and some good looking women around would make this ocean about perfect.



Just as we sighted the distant headlands of Cuba, we sighted our first man'o'wars. Soaring with that complete ease that even buzzards lack and forking once in a while their long sharp tails, they were definitely recognized as the Magnificent Frigate Bird.

Flying fish are very plentiful. They come in schools of from a dozen to a hundred and skim over the waves in leaps up to a hundred feet. I was certainly not disappointed in them.



**SUNDAY DECEMBER 3, 1939 19:00**

APP. POS. 12°N. 77°30'W.  
SEA 4 (BIG SWELLS) WIND 3-4 SE HALF SAILS (CARIBBEAN SEA)



We're sure in the tropics now. The temperature hasn't been bad (85°) but the humidity makes it mighty uncomfortable. The sea breezes are the only saving grace. We have rigged up some winds'ls (a long canvas pipe with a sort of wind scoop at one end) to try and ventilate our crowded quarters. Even electric fans can't make it as comfortable as the deck. I haven't been feeling any too pert of late and I sort of feel our stuffy quarters is to blame. I haven't had a good sleep for three nights but lie around and drowse most of the time. A favorite napping place of mine is the top of the radio shack. You can climb the shrouds and then drop down onto it. I try to keep in the shade of the spanker sail, but today the sun caught up with me and my face and arms feel even pinker than they look.



I saw a couple new birds today. A lone Sooty Shearwater? this morning and a number of Greater Shearwaters? this afternoon. The latter showed themselves quite plainly. A curious upstart for the middle of the Caribbean Sea was a swallow which flew around us for a while this afternoon. It appeared to be a swallow and it looked like the Barn variety. My eyes must be deceiving me, though; it must have been one of the storm-petrels.

**WEDNESDAY DECEMBER 6, 1939 03:24**

We just this moment cast off from the Navy Base at Balboa, Canal Zone. We have now left civilization for good - for many months to come. I experienced a sort of sinking feeling as we threw off the last lines. After all, this tub is rather ancient and it will probably take a heap of praying to keep the ice from crunching her to bits. We also take the chance of having something go wrong in the midst of a deserted ocean - say for example, our evaporator, for furnishing sweet water. At this writing I have just finished the second night of shore leave in Panama. I have had no sleep since we were in the midst of the Caribbean Sea. My hand is very wobbly and I'm hereby postponing my description of these colorful surroundings until a later date.

continued 18:30



The sun has just set behind the last mainland we shall see for almost two months. The streaky clouds worked themselves up into a frenzy of color to serve as a suitable background to silhouette the purpling peaks on the distant Central American horizon. That doesn't sound right, does it, that sailing south from Panama, on the Pacific side, we see distant mountains on the WESTERN horizon and only the restless ocean on the other three sides. I'm still mixed up. Of course I realize that Central America does a bit of serpentine in the vicinity of Panama and that, passing from the Atlantic to the Pacific, the Canal ends up further East than it started. However, the effect must be accentuated by the optical illusion generated by the mountains becoming increasingly higher as the coastline recedes to the northwest.

The Panama Canal has afforded me the most interesting day of the trip so far. I'll record a few of my impressions.



Leaving the Coco Solo Submarine Base near Christobal at 5 A.M., we headed straight for Gatun Locks. We rose up the series of steps in the company of a large Norwegian freighter. The grey early morning light combined with a steady tropical downpour made picture taking impossible and greatly hindered observation. The thing that seemed to strike me most was the speed with which the lock filled. The waterline rose fast enough to follow it along the edge easily with the eye, and yet the water surface is very little disturbed. The electric mules were another source of interest. In addition to being geared to the ground they have a very clever cable-reeling device which seems to work on the order of the Isaak Walton variety. Four of the mules can handle a large ship nicely, holding it centered in the lock and helping the engines move the ship forward.

Only one section of the locks are being used these days, the other sets being under repair. For this reason it was necessary for us to anchor in Gatun Lake until noon and thus give the ships coming from the other direction the use of the Pacific-side locks. We made good use of this pause. All decks were swabbed with the fresh water, clothes were washed, and even some of the sailors found the chance to go swimming. Lots of gulls vied with a few of the adept man'o'wars in snatching up refuse thrown overboard. More and more ships gradually climbed the ladder and dropped anchor beside us as Army and Navy planes continually droned overhead. The rain by now had dwindled to intermittent showers, and heavy mists rose above the surrounding rain forests as the sun found leaks in the clouds. With my binoculars I spotted the colors of the anchored ships. Most neutral nations have flags and nationality painted on the side while the British and French freighters were all a dirty gray with the inevitable two-incher cannon mounted on the afterdeck.

Near Gaillard Cut we passed a huge British steamer loaded with airplanes. Everything was painted crazily, including the planes on deck, to form a weird design that might, on a very long chance, fool a German Sub. The "Bear" led the procession down the lake and into the channel. The most interesting part of the whole trip, to me, was the cruising between the little tropical islands. The verdant growth began right at the water's edge and worked up from little fern-like growths to palmettos, giant ferns, trees with enormous leaves, and up to the 200 feet high trees. Hanging plants hung from otherwise bare limbs and colorful blossoms were easily spotted with field-glasses. Alligators? once in a while slid down into the lake with a splash and the chattering of monkeys and unseen birds was heard every time we sailed close. I thought the Florida Everglades were so tropical once, but it's nothing compared to the impenetrable green of the lush equatorial growth.

The lake led to the channel, cut through the isthmus hills, and finally to the deep Gaillard (or Culebra) Cut with high hills rising all around. The descent is by two sets of locks, the Pedro Miguel and the Miraflores. Technically, the descent is just the same as the ascent in reverse. This time the sun had set behind the hills and once again photography became difficult. The most obvious and striking

aspect of the whole Zone is the intense militarization. Here on the locks it was particularly evident as sentries paced at regular intervals and observation towers bristled with the guns of more sentries. Planes keep flying overhead and one passes camps and barracks at regular intervals. Every ship has to carry a large consignment of soldiers. On all the ships we passed, even the small banana boats, the soldiers on deck seemed to outnumber the crew. Ashore, too, uniforms were ever prevalent.

At the Submarine Base at Coco Solo (Atlantic side) we had just five hours, from midnight to 5 A.M.. The ice party was given shore leave and went to town full force for a sailor's spree. Colon, Panama, across the street from Christobal, C.Z., is sure a dirty dump. We walked the muddy, narrow streets and frequented some of the cheap cabarets, dodging the insistent street-walkers as best we could.

Shore leave was also granted at Balboa Navy Base, on the Pacific side. This time we were in early enough to see the better part of town still awake. Panama City has a world wide reputation and I was out to see the select as well as the seamy side of things. Panama City is a town of black Catholics who call themselves Panamanians. They treat the white man as a disdainful necessity. The language is all Spanish and in a good many places English is not understood. The shops along Central Avenue open right out on the street and are run almost entirely by Hindu's. I shopped up and down for a while, trying a couple of interesting tropical juices, and otherwise observing the busy life of this good-sized city. I decided to wait and buy my souvenirs on the way home, as they'd most certainly be only in the way with me and it was impossible to mail any late at night.

During the course of the evening I travelled in the four common types of transportation vehicles prevalent there. First the little narrow-gage "Toonerville" trolley that ran on the single track down the main drag. Then there was the handsome cab that took me sightseeing all around the town for 20¢. The trip over from Balboa I made in one of the rattling jitneys. They aren't allowed to stop except at isolated points, so one just runs and jumps in. They are regular little Ford buses studded with colored lights; they go by any given point about once a minute. Once inside, I told the driver I wanted to go to Central Avenue, Panama City (about 5 miles). He promptly rolled his destination sign to correspond to my goal, and made it non-stop, depositing me with the flair of a taxi (fare 10 cents). Then of course the taxis themselves are all open touring cars. I had to take one to get back to the ship in time - 5 miles - 25 cents.

The only thing out of place in the long line of native shops was Kodak stores, Ltd. This most modern, air-conditioned, streamlined building housed one of the nicest photo stores I have ever been in. Mamie Kelley's is the town's biggest cabaret and always the focal point and meeting place for gobs ashore. It was there I found the rest of the gang. Before turning in we had to catch at least a glimpse of the big Coconut Grove district, one of the famous honky-tonk sections in the world. Full of cheap cabarets and bars, it was festered with soliciting "French" and Panamanian girls, whose bedrooms, decorated fit to kill, opened right out onto the sidewalk. As a matter of fact, all through the town, people's living rooms open right out on the street just as though one had just kicked out the whole sidewall of his living quarters. An average family with six children goes right on about its daily routine with complete unconcern for the passing audience.

All trading is done by barter. No person would even think of paying the first asked price for anything. A cab fare, for example, must always be bargained for in advance or one would be hopelessly gypped.

In the cabarets, one sits down at a table and a flock of "hostesses" quickly clusters around. You try to pick the one with the best complexion and then have your choice of dancing at 10 cents a dance to the Rhumba Band or else buying her drinks (colored water) which will always cost at least twice as much as whatever you order yourself. It's too bad that my last look at la femme has to be these mercenary little trollops.

FRIDAY DECEMBER 8, 1939

COURSE SSW WIND 2 S. SEA 2 NO SAILS (OPPOSITE GALAPAGOS ISLANDS)



This evening we are bearing down steadily on that imaginary waist line of old man world. We have been passing through the doldrums and the sea has been exceptionally smooth. Temperatures have been temperate (in the 80's) with just enough breeze to keep one comfortably cool on deck. That is due to the sky being clouded over and the air wetted by frequent squalls. The humidity, of course, is very high; down below, where ventilation is poor, such as in my bunk, it gets mighty uncomfortable. Puddles in the bunk now are not from the leaky deck but from my own perspiration. For that reason I have been catching some sleep on deck whenever I can find the gasoline barrels unoccupied. A life jacket makes a good pillow. The difficulty on deck is that it becomes quite chilly and one has to put on lots of clothes which makes one sweat, and so on. One feels as though he was both hot and cold at once - not a very comfortable sensation. The thing I dislike the most about the tropics is the ever-prevalent downpour of rain. It's nice warm rain but I so hate the process of always being drying myself out.



↑ MALPELO ISL.  
vs (opp. Columbia, S.A.)

Yesterday we passed close by a very out-of-the-way desert island. It was a surprising sight to come upon this 850 ft. rock jutting right out of the mile-deep ocean, its top obscured in the hanging clouds. The only apparent life on the barren rock seemed to be a small colony of Blue-faced Boobies a few of which flew out to give the "Bear" the once over.

We are now sailing a very unfrequented course, one that perhaps has never been followed before - the great-circle route from Panama direct to Little America. Malpelo Island (this rock) is the only land within sight of the set course through the southern seas and chances are that we won't even see another ship until we meet the "North Star" after an estimated forty-five days at sea. I seriously doubt that any steamer route today is any more isolated. Sometimes as I hammer a nail and see how rotten some of this ship's old timbers are, I suffer a few qualms of fear, but soon forget it when I realize what capable officers and crew we have. Six thousand (nautical) miles is a long way.



Travelling now is a little easier with the ship running smoothly, my dizziness gone, and work getting down to a definite routine. Even the food has improved. The stop at Panama resulted in loading aboard a good bit of fruit, something I had sorely missed. A crate of extra-size select California Valencias sits at the galley gate and the side passages are made difficult by the many huge hanging bunches of bananas. Our water ration is now in the form of iced limeade, a great improvement over the metallic-tasting water we just couldn't get used to. The bananas, being close to tree-ripened, have a sort of cheesy taste and consistency that is quite delectable.

As we rapidly approach the domain of King Neptune, notices have appeared on all sides warning all "pollywogs" that the day of reckoning is soon at hand. We will cross the line tonight sometime and tomorrow King Neptune will hold court. The crew and ice party have divided into the two groups and take turns insulting each other. The "shellbacks" are working up some fancy plans, and by tomorrow night I should have passed through the harrowing and painful initiation and become the proud possessor of the certificate. To make matters worse, the pollywogs find they are equal in numbers to the shellbacks and are going to take their chance at revolt. I already have some black marks against my name for a little scuffle with a shellback yesterday. Today the pollywog flag flies from the tip of the mainmast. We will see whether it can remain there. I don't know when I'll get the chance to write again as I may not be able to sit down for a week.



P.S. 23:00 I'm now in the crews' quarters where they have piped in the first Mailbag broadcast. (This weekly short-wave broadcast is prepared for our Expedition). After good musical reception earlier in the evening, local static built up to hinder the speech reception. Not so much, though, to cause me to miss the telegram for me. I received it just as the good ship "Bear" was balancing herself gracefully on the knife-edge of the equatorial line.

## SATURDAY DECEMBER 9

COURSE, ETC. SAME AS YESTERDAY (OPPOSITE ECUADOR)



Just as I thought - I wouldn't be writing this sitting down. The most comfortable position I can work out is lying belly down on the bunk, so here I go.

Last night at eight bells all hands were called forward, there to stand in awe while Neptuneus Rex and retinue climbed aboard. A fearful proclamation was declared and all sniveling scums of pollywogs were handed official subpoenas to appear before Neptune's Court on the morrow at two bells (9 A.M.).

I turned in after the broadcast last night and was rudely awakened before six A.M. with a pair of handcuffs thrust niftily on my wrists. Five sturdy shellbacks returned my surprised query with grimly set stares. Resistance being futile, I was led meekly to the bowsprit and there chained in an especially trying posture in all my nakedness. The wind blew hard and the salty spray splashed over me. My perspiring form was soon in gooseflesh as the blame wind chilled me to the marrow. Never did I expect to be shivering on the equator. Soon I was joined by other roughly awakened shipmates to serve as targets for a couple of maniacs behind the fire hose. About this time we were offered nice hot steaming aromatic coffee, evidently brewed with salt water. So much for unofficial preliminaries.

Neptune's Court itself was set up forward of the bridge; it was bedecked with signal flags and steeped in tradition. King Neptune and retainers marched solemnly forward and were greeted by the captain wearing a special historic uniform. Places were taken before the throne and trembling pollywogs brought forward one by one to be tried. First, however, the Royal Navigator shot the sun with a crude wooden sextant and announced the latitude to be "Oh Oh, Oh Oh, Oh Ohhhhhh!". Neptune himself sat sternly rigid on his throne, his hemp beard all but hiding his actual identity. Business at hand was announced by the Scribe and orders were carried out by a rough crew of swarthy pirates.

Called in turn to trial, I first salute the King with a long kneeling bow (Swat! Bang! Slap! Ouch!) then stand rigidly before the august judge to first hear my charges read, then "Guilty or not guilty?" To vary things a bit, I plea guilty to all charges but the first. This stumps them for a minute, but then I'm accused of being a "sea lawyer" and the prosecutor tears into me. The defense attorney, whose cap already bore the legend "I can't win", presented pleas in vain, for guilty I was. Sentence pronounced: "Turn him over to the Royal Nursemaid!!" Here one is relieved of excess clothing and bends over to kiss the Royal Baby (our fat Negro mess attendant, in diapers) and again is assaulted from behind (Wham! Bam!, Swat!). The Royal Cook now serves me the most putrid concoction whose vile stench ever nauseated the atmosphere. Next comes the Royal Barber, who carves the equatorial line across one's scalp and lathers one's whiskers with axle grease. The Royal Doctor now douches my throat with a hygienic mixture containing, among other things, mustard, chile pepper, and worcestershire sauce. After being massaged with sticky tar, one is now turned over to the Royal Photographer, whose infernal camera hides an ingenious oil-squirting device. The rounds have now been completed and one emerges a meek, dejected and sore shellback. A couple of cakes of lye soap, a shower of salt water, and the energy to scrub through three layers of skin is now needed to make one again presentable.

A further indignity not on the list was suffered this afternoon when I was shot with a c.c. or so of Typhoid injection. I am taking a set of shots not because I have to, but because it's free.

## TUESDAY DECEMBER 12, 1939

COURSE SSW WIND 3-4 SE SEA 2 ALL SAILS SET 10:40 10 S. 89° W.

Today I am moved to write something about tropic seas. The seas first took on their tropical appearance off the South Atlantic States when we hit the "Sargasso Sea". The very deep indigo of the Gulf Stream reflected its warmth and set off the odd pieces of straw-colored sea weed (kelp) that drifted by constantly. Warm weather soon caught up with us and by the time we hit the Tropic of Cancer one could actually call it hot. Our most uncomfortable warm weather, we hit in the Caribbean, where the temperature reached 87° in the shade. The sun of course was very hot. Panama showed us what high humidity was really like and furnished more than its share of rain, but the temperature kept below 80°. Since Panama the seas have been delightful. We've now had a full week of the balmy doldrums. Light breezes and cloudy weather have made it heavenly. The cold Humboldt Current coming up from the Antarctic has quite a moderating effect on the weather. One lies out on deck with his shoulders propped against a life jacket and peruses some story from the ship's library. His light shirt acts as a sieve to the light breezes, but protects his still tender skin from burning. He'll pause now and then to scan the endless horizon circle and perhaps pick out what seems to be a distant man'o'war hawk soaring on its daily patrol. The binoculars at his side soon verify the fact. He reaches down now and blindly picks up a ripe banana from the bunch of fruit at his side and automatically feeds himself as he returns to the temporarily rejected story. The slight slap of a banana peel hitting the deep, signifies that once more he is well engrossed in the book at hand. An easy and enviable life it is. It's certainly too bad that one can't spend more than an hour a day enjoying such languid pursuits, but there is lots of work to be done. The dogs need to be watered. Clothes need to be washed. Quarters must be swept. Equipment has to be squared away. The sledges must be built. And HMB must do his part.

We hit the SE trade winds last night and so have all sails set for the first time since we hit the doldrums off Panama.

I finished the job on my hair that King Neptune's court started. She's all clipped off and helps measurably in keeping cool. A red bandana protects the old pate from burning when out on deck. The other members of the ice party, being in a like fix, are also sporting red bandanas, a sort of badge of honor. Some of the crew, seeing how well we took to the wholesale reaping job, have decided to give it a trial, so we're no more the only pebbles on the hairy beach. My 2-weeks beard right now is much longer than my hair, a sorry sight. The beard's getting itchy now so I think I'll shave (at least once a week) until we reach cold weather. Even then, I rather doubt whether I'll give this soft red-brownish beard a chance.

I read an entertaining book the other day, a weird fantasy by Edison Marshall about a lost world in the heart of the Antarctic Continent - a sort of Shangri-la - with a beautiful blond princess. He was evidently inspired by a quotation of Admiral Byrd's which intimated that it was not beyond possibility that some unknown Antarctic valley might have suitable conditions for supporting temperate life.



**SATURDAY DECEMBER 16, 1939 09:00**  
COURSE - SSW WIND 2-3 ESE SEA 2-3 - CROSS SWELL 1/2 SAIL



Today we cross the TROPIC OF CAPRICORN and leave the tropics behind. However it will be with regret because the past week has been just perfect. On deck it has been on the cool side but the sun high in the sky concentrates lots of heat. I was on early morning watch today and saw the Southern Cross for the first time. To tell the truth, it was rather disappointing. Stars on all sides of it seemed to be brighter. The same feeling would probably affect a Southerner upon first seeing Polaris with brighter stars all around. Orion and the Pliades were the most prominent Northern constellations. They are in the Northern sky and appear to be upside down, but at least it's nice to know that the folks at home are looking at them too. Sirius is still the brightest star in the heavens, and the navigator's favorite target.

My head is suffering somewhat from lack of hair these days. The bandana prevents a good sunburn but doesn't raise the low bridges. I've never had so many bumps before, the old pate boasts a regular mountain range. The hair must be sensitive enough to detect a heavy corner before sharp contact is actually made, because I'm sure the cushioning effect can't account for the bumps I've been missing for the past years.

The other day we were each issued a carton of cigarettes and a carton of chewing gum. What has recently been so hard to get is now raining down on us, making other things the more valuable. I've seen a penny box of matches traded for two packs of Camels. Right now candy bars are at a premium. My issue of cigarettes has made good trade material and my supply of candy bars has been increased somewhat.

**MONDAY DECEMBER 18, 1939 16:00**  
COURSE - 210° WIND 3-4 SE FULL SAIL CLOSE-HAULED  
POSITION 30° S. 100° W. TEMP. 69°

Temperate climate has tempted me to compare our position here in the South Seas with a like position in the Northern Hemisphere. If you could imagine some sort of a mirror along the equator that would reflect today's position in the Yankee hemisphere, it would put the image of the old "Bear" somewhere on the plains of Texas near San Antonio. A sea of gray prairie grass would certainly be a relief from this blue, blue ocean and the blue, blue sky only relieved by the white, white foam, the white, white clouds and the white, white sails. It's no wonder we find it necessary to wear a red bandana with our blue, blue denims. Every day is like the day before and it is beginning to become monotonous. Any time now, however, we're liable to hit the high winds of the "roaring forties" with accompanying heavy seas - a variation I'm very willing to postpone.

In getting away from tropic waters, we have left most of the birds behind. The white, spike-tailed tropic-birds, that revisited us day after day have now disappeared. Only a lone storm-petrel flitting close to the waves is spotted once in a long while. One seldom sees the phosphorescence, now, that helped light the tropic waters. The ship seemed at times to be striking a series of sparks in her swirling wake. At other times it seemed that we were sailing through a sea of strangely luminous and endless stars. It's hard to believe that these glowing spots are caused by nothing more than tiny microscopic animalcules stirred up by the boat's passage.

Day before yesterday I had the last shot in my Typhoid series. Once again my poor belly swelled up and yelled for mercy. This time however I accidentally rammed the spot and was immediately overtaken by nauseating pain and fainting spells. Yesterday I had a slight fever and stayed abed but today I find myself



normal again. The Doc assures me that it was only the normal reaction. At least now I'm immune for four years and am all set for shore leave on the way back.

**TUESDAY DECEMBER 19, 1939 17:00**

COURSE 205° WIND 2 W WAVES 2 S SWELL 2 BAROMETER 30.17  
BECOMING CLOUDY CI-ST POSITION 33.7° S. 101.8° N.

We have continued across the Texas cow country all day and are now nearly to the pan-handle. As dreary as Texas is, the southern Pacific is drearier. We haven't even seen another ship in over two weeks. As far as latitude goes, we overtook Barbara in Tucson this morning and should overtake Flagstaff late tonight and Grand Canyon in the morning.

**WEDNESDAY DECEMBER 20, 1939 12:00**

COURSE 204° WIND 4 N WAVES 3 SWELL 2 BAR. 30.02 FALLING  
POSITION 35.9° S. 102.5° W. PART CLDY CI-ST

Having passed the 35th parallel, we find ourselves on the approximate level of Buenos Aires, S.A., Capetown, So. Africa, and Sydney, Australia. Projected northward, our course has passed through Amarillo, Tex. and is heading for Colorado's melon-producing plainslands.

**THURSDAY DECEMBER 21, 1939 12:00**

COURSE 204° WIND 3 W WAVES 3 SWELL 3 BAR. 29.69 FALLING!  
POSITION APPR. 39° S. 105° W. CLDY RAIN, FOG

A tossy night and a dreary day. Fog obscured the horizon and a drizzling rain kept the decks wet. Herb Dorsey, our meteorologist, has spent all day fixing up fancy canvas funnels to catch the water seeping through our ceiling in various places. We've got a number of barrels and we expect to catch some fresh water. Our fresh-water rations have been getting smaller and smaller, so it's used only for cooking and drinking. The drinking water tastes bad so that doesn't use much. Since shaving with salt water is quite a chore, almost everyone boasts a beard in various degrees. Clothes are difficult to wash in sea-water and suffer accordingly.

If our course were in the north, it would suit me fine about now. This noon we would be passing Pike's Peak on the port bow and this afternoon we should go right through Denver heading for Estes Park, a curious coincidence.

**FRIDAY DECEMBER 22, 1939**

COURSE 215° WIND 1 VARIABLE WAVES 1 SWELL 3 BAR. 29.58 BOTTOMED  
POSITION APP. 42° S. 107° W. CLDY, DRIZZLE

We're now in the "Roaring Forties" but you'd never know it. For a week the seamen have been going over the ship making sure everything was lashed down and well secured. We're even prepared to lash ourselves in bed, but right now we're riding easily on a smooth sea with a slight pitch due to the swell - if only our luck holds. And there's still the "howling fifties" and the "stinking sixties" ahead. Back north the "roaring forties" would put us somewhere near the basin region of Wyoming, say north of Rawlins a ways.

The rains'ls last night managed to collect a barrel of water from the rainfall, so today naturally became washday. I did all sorts of washing in both salt water and fresh, but the blame weather doesn't give them a chance to dry.





I was just up listening to the "Mailbag" broadcast. It's kind of tiresome straining for an hour or more to catch the incoming messages through the incessant static, expecting each one to be yours. When yours does come, though, it all seems worth while after all. The impersonal spoken word lacks the individuality and personal touch of a phone call or a letter, but it is so much better than nothing - where just the weakest thread of contact means so much.

**SATURDAY DECEMBER 23, 1939 18:00**

COURSE 207° WIND 3 SE WAVES 3 SWELL 3 BAR. 29.55 STILL LOW  
POSITION 45°S. 112°W. CLDY LT. RAIN

We're now further south than we started in the north. The ocean temperature has dropped to the low 50's and the air temperature likewise. Another chiller like today and we'll all be putting on our woolen underwear. The longer daylight hours, however, belie the coolness, and show that we are heading into mid-summer. Up north, the counterpart of our position would be in southwest Montana, just out of Yellowstone National Park. No doubt the weather there right now would make this chilly rain seem quite summer-like by comparison.

**SUNDAY DECEMBER 24, 1939 19:00**

COURSE 210° WIND 3 W WAVES 3 SWELL 3  
POSITION 48.5°S. 113.5°W. SOME CLDS, DRIZZLE

Christmas Eve and we're heading through the forties in more ways than one, as both air and water temperatures dropped below fifty today. The Captain has set up a prize for the first person to sight an iceberg. It will be almost any day now. We actually had some good Chicken a la King for dinner - without the trimmings of course, but mighty nice for a change. They've turned on the radio tonight in hopes of hearing some Christmas carols, but we can only hear a couple of old plays right now. The radio reception isn't too bad but no one ever listens. It's really a relief to get away from it, but now, when we'd give most anything to get some real Christmas spirit, the radio seems to go back on us.

We're in the albatross zone now and have seen at least one for the past three days. In all probability it's the Wandering Albatross in one of its immature forms. This bird has a marvelous easy flight, keeping just over the water and seeming to fly right through it as it passes down a trough unseen to the eye. It doesn't seem very large until it comes abreast of the ship and then its immensity becomes suddenly evident - at least 8 feet or more wingspread.

Well, finally, a Christmas Program comes on, from the City of San Francisco through WGEO, short wave from Schenectady N.Y. The mission bells are ringing and the citizens are singing. I take back all the nasty things I said about radio now, as my eyes well up a bit and I can't help humming along with the singers. We changed our time again this morning, and are now on Greenwich +8, same as San Francisco. Merry Christmas everybody!! That program over, we've tuned in a Brit station spouting some pretty nice grand opera. By a curious coincidence, if our course had been a northern one, we'd have struck our third National Park today - Glacier.



## SUNDAY CHRISTMAS DAY DECEMBER 25, 1939

COURSE 210° WIND 5 N SEA 6 BAR. 29.20  
APP. POS. 51.5°S. 116° W. CLDY LT RAIN

Christmas Day and the roughest sea yet! Confused 20 ft. waves came steadily from abaft the starboard beam. We have had decks awash but the old "Bear" careens lazily along just the same. I thought sure I'd be sick and lose my appetite for Christmas Dinner, but it turned out I had one of the biggest appetites. Lots of Turkey, dressing, fancy sweets, mashed spuds, cranberry sauce, olives, and apple pie. The cooks did a swell job, especially considering the way the galley must have squirmed under them.



Today has been much the same as any other day. The same chores have to be done. We dog-drivers wedged into our quarters for a while this morning and had our own substitute Christmas tree - an old candle with a ribbon tied around it. Some of the boys broke out some candy and fruit cake and somebody had smuggled in a bottle of wine. I supplied a bunch of pine nuts and we had our own little party.

Before I go any further I want to mention that I am thinking of my own Xmas gifts and how much they've meant to me even if received somewhat prematurely. The camera case from Dad has been simply indispensable. It would be impossible to make the kind of pictures I like without it. It has proved it's worth over and over again. The money and other things - the notebooks etc. - are thankfully received. My Kodachrome film and filters would be still in the shop without the extra help. Many, many, thanks.

## TUESDAY DECEMBER 26, 1939

COURSE 180° WIND 7 SEA 7 BAR. 28.88! MIN.  
APP. POS. 54°S. 117°W. CLDY

Storm at Sea. The bottom dropped out of the barometer last night and brought with it a nice gale. It buffeted the ship around enough to prevent any real sleep. We all lashed ourselves into the bunks but even then couldn't keep our heads on the pillow. We reduced speed, struck sail, and changed course to alleviate the tossing. The dogs are all in their crates which are nailed and lashed down. All the decks are awash and our quarters might as well be in a submarine as the little skylights have been covered with at least a foot of water all day. All meals were eaten standing up with one hand squeezing a stantion, or else sprawled out on the floor with feet braced against the lee bulkhead. The inclinometers have been registering lists as high as 45°! Safety ropes have saved me from a briny death a couple of times. I've been wearing a typhoon suit with hip boots and have managed to at least keep dry. I have most certainly got my "sea legs" now as my appetite has been well up to par. For dinner we were each handed a can of sardines, crackers, and an apple. Under the circumstances we were lucky to get anything.



The trend of conversation of the crew today has been rather on the morbid side. One would think they didn't give the ship more than a few hours to live. Either she was going clean on over during a bad roll or else the seams were going to open wide when she whammed into a deep trough. There has been lots of speculation as to how long it'll be before the airplane breaks its lashing and tumbles in. The officers however, feel that the old ship is riding well, and there's no basis for any qualms whatsoever. We are a bit worried about the dogs, however.

**THURSDAY DECEMBER 28, 1939 02:20**  
COURSE 210° WIND 5 SSW SEA 5 BAR. 29.07 +

I didn't get at this yesterday so I'm making up for it now while I'm on the early morning dog watch. We're far enough south now so that it's light enough to read by, all night long, so there's plenty of light to write this by.

Early yesterday, the storm had degenerated into snow squalls and the sea abated enough so that we could once more strike our plotted course. We headed straight into the wind without benefit of sail and took plenty of water over the foc's'l. This morning it's much the same only the wind has increased and shifted to a couple points off the starboard bow, enough for us to set the fore-and-aft rigging and cut close-hauled against the small gale. This results in a decided list to leeward, but the steady wind does prevent a bad roll. We are pitching quite strongly, though. I was just up on the bridge following the bowsprit as it slowly ascended the wave-mountains and then, seemingly pausing for breath at the summit, takes the leap into the briny abyss below. The next mountain creeps eagerly forward to engulf it and check the dive, then start her once more on the climb.

The temperature is just above freezing and snowflakes powder the air. I've got to stop before my hands freeze.

LATER DEC. 28

COURSE 210° WIND 6-7 SEA 6 BAR. 28.81 \ APP. POS. 58°S 121°W.

Back home it's mother's birthday. Many happy returns of the day!! Here it's another rough day on the Southern ocean, notable because icebergs were sighted for the first time. It was about nine o'clock this morning that the pale specters, haunting the horizon mist, were first sighted. We should have them with us for some time now. The barometer has dropped again and we're heading into a pretty rough sea. I was on the bridge this morning when a wave splashed clear over the funnel. I would have been washed away if I hadn't had a firm grip - and that was



twenty-five feet above the water line.

We're further south than Cape Horn now and would be just about even with Juneau, Alaska in the Northern Hemisphere.

Did I mention I won the ice party's pool on the date of sighting the first iceberg? A new supply of candy bars - hoorah!

**FRIDAY DECEMBER 29, 1939**

COURSE 210° WIND SW 6 BAR. 29.35 APP. POS. 60° 30'S. 123° 43'E.

Continued rough sea with a heavy snow flurry this morning. Waves continually break over the foc's'l and today the bowsprit had worked loose and some of the seams have started to part. Everyone is beginning to look around and see where the life jackets are the handiest. Bergs sail silently past and seem to be becoming more numerous. The "Shrieking Sixties" are upon us and that wind is biting cold.



We were issued more cold-weather gear today - flannel skivvies, wool socks, Pendleton shirt, heavy mackinaw jacket with hood, flannel pajamas, ski pants, heavy mitts, etc. We're ready for the Antarctic ice pack now.

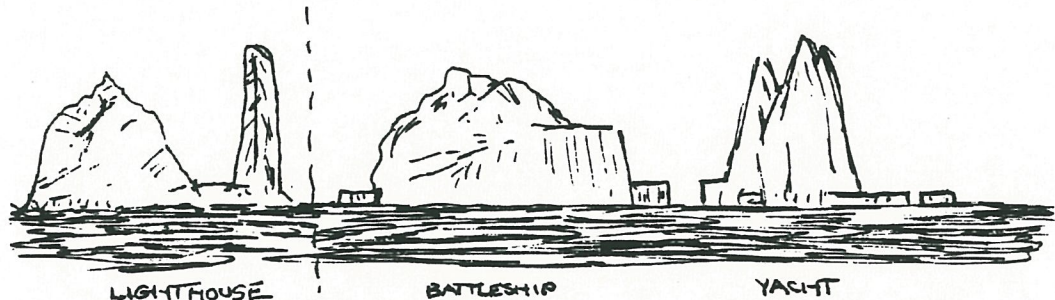
A flock of storm petrels has followed us all day - also a Giant Fulmar. The bird life seems to thicken as the air gets colder.



**SATURDAY DECEMBER 30, 1939 22:00**  
COURSE 230° WIND 3 SEA 4 BAR. 29.18 POS. 63°S. 124°W.

The sea has finally moderated, and the weather, although colder, has been much more pleasant. Sunshine and blue sky with large patches of squally snow clouds has been the rule. The monotony of the trip has been greatly relieved by accompanying birds and the ever present bergs. Each one is different and each one gradually undergoes a complete metamorphosis as the viewing angle changes while the stately bergs pass in ponderous review. The first Cape Pigeon was reported yesterday and seen again today. We've been expecting them for some time.

Although it's after ten, I've just been watching a very pretty sunset, in the south of course, which goes to show that we're rapidly advancing upon the Antarctic Circle.



One procession we passed today (distance 2-3 miles) bergs at least 100 ft. high

**SUNDAY DECEMBER 31, 1939**

COURSE 230° WIND 4 SEA 4 BAR. 29.28  
POS. 64°S.. 127°W. TEMP 31°F. - SNOW

We're heading south-west through a nice snowstorm at present. The icebergs are becoming thicker, with more and more of the "tabular" type. Little "growlers" are making the navigation difficult as you can't see them until practically on top of them. When down in the hold you readily see, or rather hear, why they take the name. It's the scrunching sound they make as they are pushed aside by the ship's hull.

Today we spied some more Cape Pigeons (a petrel) and then distinguished an Antarctic Petrel which looks almost like it. A little later the pure white Snow Petrel showed itself. These last two birds frequent the floe ice and seldom stray far from it. A bright glow in the southern sky also indicates that the ice pack is not far away.

Today I completed the "SIMPLIFIED KEY TO ANTARCTIC BIRDS" that I've been working on. I presented the Captain with a copy and hope to get more cooperation in the future from the Navy, especially regarding bird reports.



**MONDAY NEW YEARS DAY JANUARY 1, 1940**

COURSE MOSTLY W WIND 2 SEA 2 BAR 29.33  
NOON POSITION 63°26'S. 130°16'W. TEMP 30° AIR 33° SEA

Happy New year everybody!! This is the first time I've ever seen the new year come in by daylight. It just doesn't seem right. Celebration among the ice party took the form of a poker game down in the forward hold, which degenerated in the early hours into a sea story session. These navy boys sure have a repertoire - mostly personal experiences in the dregs of the world's metropolis's.

The icebergs today increased greatly in number and were accompanied by whole families of growlers. They came quite close together and it was necessary to drop to half speed and pick our way among them. Petrels became more numerous and then finally the narrow white ribbon appearing on the horizon marked the advent of the ice pack. The sea was quite calm and seemed very green in contrast to the bluish ice. We soon found ice on all sides, catching us in a regular cul de sac. We had to turn around and it was a good many hours before we rounded the big enclosing tongue of ice.

**TUESDAY JANUARY 2, 1940**

COURSE 265° WIND 3 SEA (MODERATE SWELL) BAR. 29.67  
NOON POS. 63°35' 144°13' TEMP. 33° AIR 33° WATER

We're heading due West now with our eyes peeled for open water to the South. We're looking for a short-cut to Little America.

I see by our morning news sheet that New York had it 17° last night. At that rate it certainly is summer down here. If you'd see how we dressed, though, you'd wonder a bit as we're fixed up with hoods and all. The damp and icy winds, right off the bergs, are like a hypodermic needle piercing its way into you and injecting a blue and frigid solution of chills.



EDGE OF ICE PACK - SHOWING ICE GLARE OR "BLINK"

**WEDNESDAY JANUARY 3, 1940**

COURSE 263° WIND 5 SEA 5 BAR. 29.34  
POS. 63°S. 147°W. TEMP 31° AIR

The sea is rougher today than it has been in some time. I'm lying abed but not because of sea-sickness. I have a slight fever in connection with a case of diarrhea I've picked up. It's probably either in the old tank water we drink or from the soap on the plates that are insufficiently clean. I am being dosed with pills and expect to be all right tomorrow.

We're continuing West and easing as much South as we can and not hit the pack, The wind is from the North and the sails are helping us push on at a pretty good rate. The "North Star" has left New Zealand and is rushing to beat us to Little America.

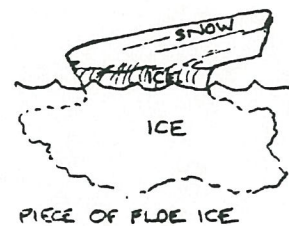
Ever since we left Boston the crew have been arguing among themselves as to the real purpose of the expedition. The two most heavily accepted explanations

are: (1) An outlet for the surplus population of skiers in the U.S. (2) A new site for one of Father Divine's heavens.

### THURSDAY JANUARY 4, 1940

COURSE ZIG-ZAG, 0° AT TIMES  
POS. 62.5°S. 149°W. TEMP. 30° CLDY, FOG

Today we're working our way carefully through the floes of drifting pack ice. Our zig-zag course is delaying us quite considerably, and the "North Star", after being held up a little by heavy head winds, is proceeding at a good rate. Each time the "Bear" hits a large ice cake a shiver runs clear through her and the cake is pushed aside, now marked with our brand, a smear of reddish paint from our prow.



### FRIDAY JANUARY 5, 1940

COURSE 270° BAR. 29.60  
NOON POS. 62°34'S. 153°32'W. TEMP. 35° AIR 35° WATER

Open water once more - not an iceberg in sight. The sea is quiet except for a long low swell and the sun manages to find a break in the clouds from time to time. It doesn't seem too cold, either, and it's hard to believe that the pack ice lies not far to the south. A couple of Wandering Albatrosses have appeared, also a Wilson's Storm Petrel, helping to show that we're in open sea again. When we get a little further west, we'll start heading straight in - ice or no ice.

The ship stopped today for a little while for minor engine repairs. I made the most of the pause by putting out a couple fishlines - no luck, however. I could see some tiny red things swimming around (1½ " long) but couldn't catch any by dipping. They appeared to be tiny squids.

On the opposite page {see next page - ed.} I have appended one of our daily news sheets prepared by the radio boys. We wait in turn to read them at breakfast, but the news, especially war news, varies so little that usually once a week is sufficient to keep abreast of the times.

### SATURDAY JANUARY 6, 1940

COURSE 255° POS. 63.7°S. 159°W.

We're heading closer towards the South each day now and the little ice we've seen has been well worn. We might even find a lead into the Ross Sea without breaking ice at all. The more powerful "North Star" is fast catching up with us now and will no doubt break way for us if the ice is troublesome.

### SUNDAY JANUARY 7, 1940

COURSE 215° WIND 3 SEA 3 SWELL 3 BAR. 29.22  
NOON POS. 66°42'S. 162°26'W. TEMP. 32°F. AIR 32°F. WATER

We cross the Antarctic Circle at last and find ourselves in the Antarctic Ocean instead of the South Pacific. A change in name is the only change however. It's the same green churning water and the same bobbing growlers.



One thing varied the sameness of it all today. It occasioned no little comment. We passed a floating keg. Certain members of

USS BEAR

5 JANUARY 1940 DAILY BEAR TRACK ENROUTE LITTLEAMERICA

PARIS:

PREMIER EDUARARD DALALIER AND POLISH PREMIER WRADISLAW SIKORSKI ON THURSDAY SIGNED ACCORDS AT THE WAR MINISTRY PROVIDING FOR RECONSTRUCTION OF THE POLISH ARMY AND AIR FORCE IN FRANCE, TI WAS ANNOUNCED OFFICIALLY,

LONDON:

A BLUE AMBULANCE BRINGING THE HONORABLE UNITY VALKYRIE FREEMAN-MINFORD "NORDIC" FRIEND OF ADOLF HITLER FROM ..... ARRIVED THURSDAY AT OLDFIELD COTTAGE, HIGHWYFROM THE COUNTRY HOME OF HER FATHER LORD REDESDALE, THANK HEAVEN ITS ALL OVER LORD REDESDALE SAID.

PARIS --

THE AIR MINISTRY ORDERED THURSDAY THAT EFFECTIVE SATURDAY GERMAN PLANES SHOT DOWN IN FIGHTING WILL BE EXHIBITED AT A KIEAMPH ELVSSE SHOW WHERE ENTRANCE FEES WILL BE CHARGED PROCEEDS WILL GO TO THE ARMY'S CHARITY FUND.

MOSCOW--

AN OFFICIAL COMMUNIQUE ON THE FINISH WAR SAID THURSDAY THAT THERE HAD BEEN NO IMPORTANT ACTIVITIES AT THE FRONT.

ISTANBUL TURKEY--

FURTHER EARTH SHOCKS WERE REPORTED IN PARTS OF TURKEY WEDNESDAY AND AUTHORITATIVE REPORTS ESTIMATED THAT FIFTY FIVE THOUSAND HAD BEEN KILLED IN A WEEK OF DEVASTATING EARTHQUAKES.

TALLINE ESTONIA--

ESTONIAN OFFICIALS DENIED THURSDAY REPORTS FROM STOCKHOLM THAT FINNISH AIRPLANES HAD BOMBED AND DESTROYED SOVIET RUSSIAN BASES ON THE ESTONIAN LAND OF EOCEC

the crew were quite intent upon chasing it in case it might hold some beer. The current was in the wrong direction, however, so longing eyes and watery lips gradually watched it disappear into the fog. Some figured that it was a remnant from Little America, which might, by this time, have floated off on a section of shelf ice that then gradually disintegrated. One small keg has given us enough to talk about for a week.

For no apparent reason we had a big turkey dinner today. Great stuff - far be it for me to complain.

### MONDAY JANUARY 8, 1940

COURSE 200° WIND 5 SEA 5 BAR. 28.96  
POS. 69°S. 166°W. TEMP. 30° CLDY, FOG



It's somewhat stormy today after a respite of moderate seas. Fog condensed on the rigging and froze into ice which in turn jarred loose upon unfortunate heads. All scrap ice, however, was eagerly snatched up to be melted into a coveted fresh-water bath or shave for some lucky soul.

I'm so used to the boat by now that I never notice the roll when I'm below. My muscles just naturally correct for it. It often comes as a complete surprise when hitting topside in the morning to see the horizon line teetering gleefully on the fulcrum of our course. For a moment that silly feeling assaults my stomach, but then I stuff it full of chow and everything's jake. Another effect of the roll comes into play when trying to toss or drop something in a wastebasket, say. Your hand may be directly over the receptacle but nine times out of ten the object will fall out of bounds. It's quite uncanny.

### TUESDAY JANUARY 9, 1940

COURSE APP. 270° (225° TO 305°) WIND 4 SEA 4 BAR. 28.97  
NOON POS. 69°48'S. 172°55'W. TEMP. 30° AIR 31° WATER

Like some little old lady, who gingerly lifts her voluminous skirts, and fidgets along the edge of a big mud puddle looking for a crossing, the old "Bear" pulls in her sails and skirts the ice pack gingerly, expecting the miracle of a clear passage. The "North Star", on the other hand, takes the pack in her stride, as would a boy take a wide mud hole on his way home from school. He takes the chance of soiling his boots, yes, but loses none of his precious time.

The North Star has now pierced the 60 mile pack and is well ahead of us, in the Ross Sea, several days from Little America. We seem to be headed now for the "North Star's" wake.

I traded a carton of Camels yesterday for 3 Hershey bars. This rate of exchange is hardly profitable. Here I work hard all week playing poker to win two hundred cigarettes and then I trade them for a measly three candy bars.

### WEDNESDAY JANUARY 10, 1940

COURSE - W THEN S WIND 4 SEA 4 BAR. 28.86  
POS. 69.5°S 179.5°E 1" SNOW

Today is notable because of two things: We crossed 180° - the international date line - and entered the pack ice.

We crossed the line early in the afternoon, thereby making the day suddenly become Thursday, the 11<sup>th</sup>. We had quite an argument about the dog watches. Half of us dog drivers watch on odd days and the others on even days. The Jan. 11 watch would have to take 2 watches in succession as we plan to cross back



over the line after negotiating the pack. Since being on the other watch, I was in for a holiday. The others raised such a storm, though, that we had to take one of the watches. It just happened that long about midnight we happened to be just about straddle the line. A person letting his fancy run wild might consider the complication of having it be tomorrow on one side of the boat and yesterday on the other, with today dissolved like sugar in a cup of coffee.



#### THURSDAY JANUARY 11, 1940

COURSES S 90° TO 220° WIND 6 SEA 2 BAR. 29.97  
NOON POS. 71°33'S. 178°0'W. 30° AIR 30° WATER

We entered the pack yesterday afternoon and found the going pretty easy, as the strong wind blew the floes apart, making many leads. The officers soon found the trick of breaking their way along and the ship didn't stop once. At times, though, she was ploughing through six feet of ice. The metal sheathing over the old wooden prow remains unscathed, but each little floe was branded with reddish paint scraped from the sides.



Our first penguins were sighted soon after we entered the pack - a family of seven excited Adelies occupying a small ice cake. On the approach of the ship, they all looked at us and then congregated together, waving their flappers nervously. It was almost as though they were pointing and discussing among themselves the huge apparition before them. Many more were seen during the night; those directly ahead would dive off their floating mansions and, swimming porpoise like, would shoot up on an ice cake far abeam

#### FRIDAY JANUARY 12, 1940

COURSE SSE WIND 5 SEA 5 BAR. 28.78  
POS. 74°S. 179°W.

Sailing smoothly through the Ross Sea, we're headed directly for Little America. We made a fast passage neatly through the pack, perhaps making the long detour worth while. The "North Star" arrived at the Bay of Whales today and is setting about finding a place to land the snow cruiser. We should join her about Sunday.

Everyone is busy putting the finishing touches on equipment. The admiral's plane has now sprouted wings and the small boats are being conditioned. I've been working mostly on the sledges. Gee poles (a guide pole) have to be attached and harnesses rigged.

#### SATURDAY JANUARY 13, 1940

COURSE SE (135° TO 150°) WIND 6 SEA 5 BAR. 28.61  
NOON POS. 77°14'S. 170°50'W. 29° AIR 32° WATER

Today a strong southerly wind is whipping up a good sea and the old scow has found a new way of jerking that requires a fancy two-step to keep one's feet. The sun did it's best to relieve the nip of the icy gale but didn't quite succeed. The

water has been getting greener day by day until now it's about a grassy color. The white foam matches the fleecy clouds, but the water itself, instead of blending with the sky, rather clashes with it. The cause is evidently due to the differential scattering effect, perhaps because the salt water is diluted with melting ice, or perhaps because of its temperature, now below 32°F. Although our dog water has been freezing up in broad daylight for some time now, today is the first time it has been cold enough for the salt spray to freeze on the deck. It certainly does complicate one's navigation of the deck.

Our first South Polar Skuas were recognized today. This fierce hawk-like sea-gull is one of the few predators preying on the denizens of the Antarctic.

## SUNDAY JANUARY 14, 1940

COURSE SSW

All were alert this morning to spot the ice barrier. Right on schedule it loomed ahead around 8 A.M. and then we bore left, following along the edge of the ice-cliff. Along here it seemed to be about 150 ft. high. It wasn't long before we passed around a point and into a long tongue of water pinched between icy jaws, and extending into the blur of a snowstorm. We steamed into the Bay of Whales with all hands braving the driving snow on the foc's'l head, eagerly waiting with readied cameras for the first glimpse of the "North Star". The barrier here began sloping toward the bay, and in places the face was only a few feet high. A murky grease spot on the gauzy horizon soon materialized into a ship, the identity of which was readily confirmed. They were waiting for us and had a mooring spot all readied for us just back of the North Star. Lines were thrown out and we were soon made fast to the ice, which at this point was only a few feet above water level and sloped up to the level ice-plain behind. George Washington Gibbs, one of the officer's attendants was allowed to be first down the ladder thrown overside and thus the first Negro to set foot on Antarctica. Many signs of activity were apparent. Dogs barked in the distance and teams could be seen silhouetted against the skyline. What first appeared to be seals in the snow, soon turned out to be skuas, a bird very much like a dusky and oversized seagull. Nearly a hundred of these birds could be seen within a mile radius. A pair of curious penguins wobbled up to peer at the proceedings, one of which was easily caught by one of the sailors and brought aboard, to the delight of the camera fiends. He soon took a header into the brink and swam, swiftly as a fish, under water to the ice, popping out and once more hobbling close to view the activity. The snow soon quit and the resulting glare made our eyes quite sore. The thick snow-glasses were soon broken out and the rest of the day was spent exercising dogs and readying cold weather clothing.



## MONDAY JANUARY 15, 1940

BAY OF WHALES

TEMP. 21°

The watches here are on 12 hour shifts. I went on at 12 midnight and was assigned to Dr. Poulter's crew to build a staging for unloading the snow cruiser. In six hours we had piled up lumber to make a firm pylon for the huge timbers.



The afternoon was a real tussle. I hitched up my dogs to one of the big sledges, grabbed the gee pole, and shouted YAKE! to Bozo, my substitute leader. Away they went in a flash, glad to be in the harness once more. One difficulty

presented itself on the double quick, however. I found I had absolutely no control over their direction, stopping, or even slowing. I sat back on the sled and just let them go across the endless trackless snow, thinking to soon tire them. After several miles I became rather apprehensive and managed to head them back toward the ship, where I stopped them by catching the gee pole in a hanging hawser. The rest of the time I spent in vague attempts to tame them on short runs. I'd crack the whip and they'd begin to show meekness, but when once off again they were unmanageable. I tried physical persuasion, I tried mental persuasion, I tried cajoling, I tried pleading, I applied all sorts of nasty profanity, but they still didn't seem to care whether I was riding the sled or the sled was riding me. More often than once it was the latter and I got pretty well strained and bruised and cut and scraped - but not seriously. I had to finally tether them at dog town without accomplishing any useful labor, but expending more energy than I would ordinarily use in two weeks. We've all had our troubles though. The chief dog driver himself, an old timer at the job here on the ice, was run clear through a huge airplane wing by a runaway team.

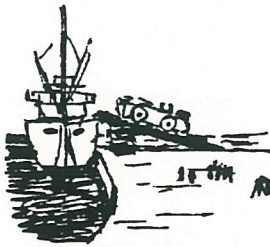
Although worn to a frazzle, I still mustered enough energy to haul myself and camera to the top of the slope and picture the two expedition ships with the Bay of Whales and a beautifully clouded sky as a back ground.

## TUESDAY JANUARY 16, 1940

BAY OF WHALES WIND 2 S. BAR. 29.04 TEMP. 21°

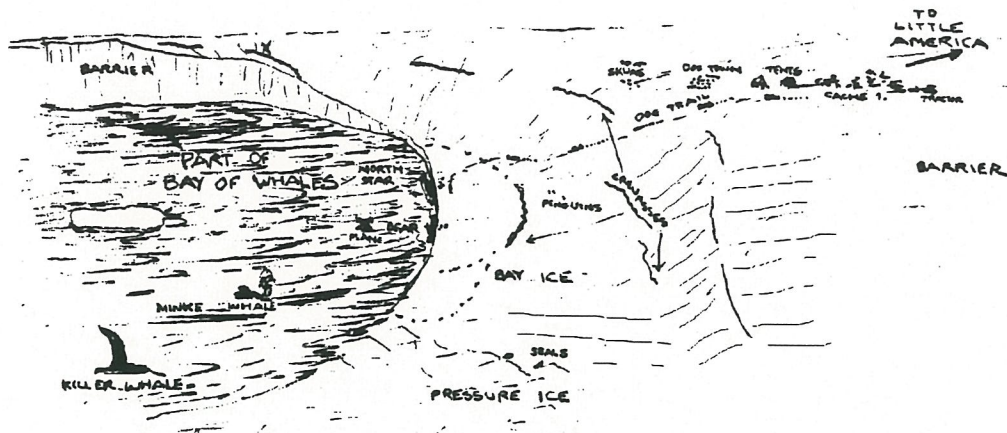
It's a beautiful day in Antarctica. It's cold, sure, but the sun shines bright or else is filtered through filmy low lying clouds that act as a mirror for the surrounding expanse. The ice barrier line can be traced for almost a hundred miles by its reflection in the sky.

I awoke rather stiff and sore this morning after very little sleep. My sleep was rudely interfered with news that the snow cruiser was about to be unloaded. Three huge 3 foot timbers were laid up to the staging and were crossed by a planking of huge four inch boards. A framework of girders crossed the gap to the ship's deck. After waiting over an hour everything was set and, with the Admiral and crew aboard, she sounded her whistle and shoved forward onto the staging and down the incline. About half way down a rending crash was heard as she broke through the huge planks. She stopped momentarily just about to break completely through when Poulter gave her the gun. With a splintering crash she slid to the bottom and headed across the ice - safe. Every plank was broken clean through. The sudden lunge was all that saved her from dropping ten feet to the ice and probably right on through, as the planks evidently broke just under and back of the hind wheels. It was a dangerous job, but successfully done. A huge sigh of relief was heard all around.



The Barkley-Grow seaplane (on the "Bear") has been put in service and has made a couple of test flights. It even landed on the snow with it's pontoons.

I've been working all this shift loading and unloading the dog sleds carrying material from the ships to a dump near cache 1. Twelve steady hours of stevedoring leaves one pretty darn worn, but not quite so much as running beside a dog team.



### WEDNESDAY JANUARY 17, 1940

BAY OF WHALES WIND 4 E BAR. 28.92 TEMP. 19°F.

If not for this journal I would certainly not be able to keep the date straight. It's fully as bright at midnight as it is at noon so that I have breakfast at midnight, lunch at 6 A.M. and dinner at noon. I'm eating on the North Star now. It's some different from the Bear's pig trough. You actually sit at a table and are served by a waiter in a white uniform. One helping is all one gets though, whereas on the Bear one got all he wanted of everything, which usually meant 3 helpings in my case.

I worked at Cache 1 today, loading and unloading the big freight sledges hauled by tractors. The bay ice is dangerous for them so they stay atop the barrier, sometimes using heavy and long lines to haul stuff too heavy for the dogs.

When I awoke this morning I found the ship out at sea. While I was sleeping a huge section of bay ice broke away into the sea. It happened to be the one the ships were moored to, so it took quite a bit of maneuvering to come back in while the huge cake edged away. All essential equipment was saved from the ice, but a few men were marooned on the barrier for a while. We now each keep a sleeping bag on the barrier in case it happens again. All unloading is a race with the crevasses which widen each day and finally break apart completely. The snow cruiser was certainly lucky to get off when it did as it was only a few hours later that its landing stage went floating away.

We of course dress quite warmly, but also light, as the heavy work keeps one hot. The temperature isn't so very low but the driving wind is always present to drift snow in your way. My face is red from chilblains and my lips are badly chapped. My muscles are sore and my body bruised. My socks are dirty and so are my fingernails, but even if I had to return now, I'd consider the trip well worth while.

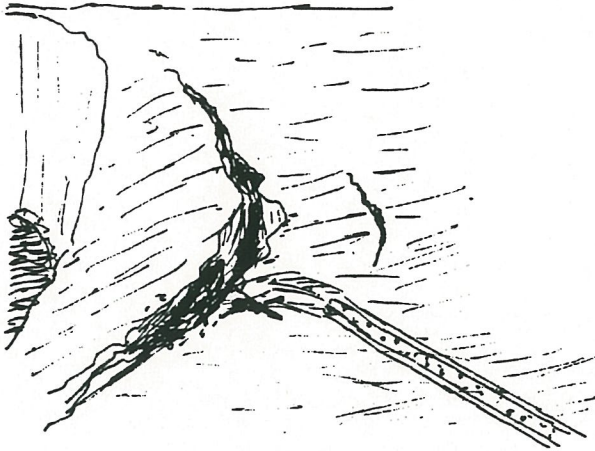
### THURSDAY JANUARY 18, 1940

BAY OF WHALES WIND 5 E BAR. 29.02 TEMP. 15°F.

Damn the !@\*?+! blizzards. It's been a nice day down by the ships but up at Cache 1, the wind blows like all heck and whips up the snow so one can hardly see fifty yards ahead. From past experience we have marked every little dump pile with a tall bamboo pole and flag. That was a lucky thing, for the drifts are already seven feet deep, burying anything in their path. Going against the wind is a real ordeal, the tiny snow crystals sticking to your glasses and beard and then melting, through body heat, to form inch long icicles on your chin. They set up a cook tent

up there today and kept coffee made. At least once in three hours one needs some warm encouragement. I took my sleeping bag up last night in one of the tents and had a much better sleep than I would have had on the "Bear".

I hitched up my recalcitrant team again on the second six hours of my watch. Bozo insisted on racing me around wherever she pleased with me hanging



on for dear life trying to regain control. It's like being in a car on a steep hill without any brakes and no steering wheel. I started the dogs heading inland where the roaming space is unlimited. I finally gained a semblance of control, however, and started them back to the ship to pick up a heavy load to help tame them. They kept veering to right all the time, and for the life of me I couldn't change their course or slow them down. They were headed for the barrier edge and I began to get apprehensive. I almost broke my leg plowing the snow in an effort to stop. A big crevasse suddenly showed up ahead but Bozo, partially blind, didn't see it until the last minute and made a sharp left turn. I saw what was going to happen so I rolled off the sled, giving it a good lurch so as to hit the crevasse edge on.

It just missed lodging and went tumbling in from its own momentum and of course pulling the harnessed dogs in after it, making that awful hollow thudding sound. I stopped myself all right and crept to the edge. The sled was lodged above the dogs on a tiny ledge about fifteen feet down. I climbed down in enough to dislodge the sled off the dogs and then signalled for help which came on the double-quick. It was really a race with time as we expected the whole piece to break away at any time. The settling movement was easily felt. I lowered Dick Moulton down on a rope and we hoisted up each dog separately and then the sled. No Casualties, but the photographers were the only ones pleased about the mishap. Dick Moulton (from Wonalancet Kennels and in charge of West Base dogs) took over the team and had not much better luck than I did. He finally gave up and tried Casey at lead, but he turned out quite stubborn, so we finished up the day with my team and sled load hitched behind his.

(The "Bear", with this journal and all my gear, suddenly takes off, leaving me stranded on the ice.) On Jan. 19 with Admiral Byrd aboard, she heads for South Cape for calibration of direction finders, then proceeds eastward skirting the barrier. After mooring at Biscoe Bay for a day, trying out the plane, she then proceeds along the barrier to the north and east of Cape Colbeck - on Jan. 23 her position was 74°39'S. 166°22'W. Sighting Scott's Nunatak, she proceeds east, exploring the Jacob Ruppert Coast, then moors at 74°43's. 143°52'W. Here, On Jan. 25, the plane made an exploratory flight. On Jan. 29 The "Bear" found herself in an open lead, but completely enclosed by seemingly impenetrable ice. A plane flight located a possible escape route which, ramming through heavy pack, provided a very fortunate release and safe return to the Bay of Whales.