

CHAPTER IV -- EAST BASE
MARCH 16, 1940 - SEPTEMBER 30, 1940

SATURDAY MARCH 16, 1940

baro. 28.61 {no other entries}

FRIDAY MARCH 22, 1940

EAST BASE CAMP

{WRITTEN IN PENCIL} fair and cool

LO 4° HI 8°

Almost a week ago I started to begin this next chapter, but the ink had frozen in my pen and it was the only tool available. At that time I had just come ashore from the "Bear". The two ships were at anchor in the bay, but I was to be one of the five on the shore party. Two trail tents were up but were occupied, leaving a floppy and draughting army tent. Harry Darlington elected to try the airplane and I seconded him.

The plane (minus wings) had been successfully unloaded from the "North Star" by means of a makeshift catamaran made up of a small scow and three lifeboats. (The catamaran has been used since to assist the big scow in unloading and has been termed "Saratoga" because of its airplane carrying capacity.) She {the Condor plane} had her wheels mounted and was easily hauled over near the campsite by the "jitterbug", the light and speedy army tank tractor. The fuselage is very roomy and could sleep a half dozen in a pinch. It is ordinarily equipped to carry up to twenty persons, but now all seats are out and space taken up with extra fuel tanks and radio equipment. I squeezed my sleeping bag down between two large tanks and spent a pretty comfortable night.

A boat from the "Star" came over and picked us up for a six o'clock breakfast aboard. From then on the work really started. A working party from the "Bear's" crew aided the "North Star's" crew in unloading cargo from the holds to the waiting scow, which was towed to the treacherous shore. Moored to an ice foot, another crew unloaded it onto waiting sleds or just piled it on the ice. The jitterbug jitneyed hurriedly back and forth from the main cache at the campsite towing the loaded sleds up to be unloaded by another crew - and bringing the empties back. Still another crew was kept at work starting the foundation for the house.

The food was the easiest stuff to handle. It is all in handy wooden boxes weighing from 30 to 100 pounds apiece. It traveled fast when a "bucket brigade" line was formed from boat to sled. The miscellaneous lumber also went easily by the same method. It was quite a job however, unloading the prefabricated house panels weighing from 300 to 600 pounds apiece and being very awkward to handle. Six to eight men to a panel would handle it, but not without strain. There are upwards of a hundred of these panels and they seemed to come endlessly. Heavy machinery was difficult to handle, but the jitterbug usually came to our rescue and dragged it off with a cable. The hundreds of gas and diesel oil drums weren't quite so bad. We laid plank tracks and rolled them off the scow and then we'd lash five of them one after the other on a long line and let the jitterbug snake them out of the way. I really became quite proficient at handling the 550 pound drums, but handling 2,000 sacks of coal was sure a dirty job. We all strained



ourselves at it until it was systematized a bit. Two men would lift the 100 pound sacks to the shoulders of a revolving line of men who would dump the bags on the sled. This was much better than trying to lift your own bag. It isn't the weight that bothers so much - it's the fact that no good handhold presents itself.

SATURDAY MARCH 23, 1940
HI 32° 15" new snow {*only entry*}

SUNDAY MARCH 24, 1940
GALLEY TENT - EAST BASE CAMP - 2 A.M.

Tonight I'm dividing a night watch with Doc Sims here in the galley to see that clothes get dry. I have to get up from time to time to shift the gear and see that all sides are equally well toasted.

A steady snow all day long succeeded in wetting all hands. The majority of us worked on the house while the rest did odd jobs such as marking our caches with flagged poles so they wouldn't be lost in a drift. I wasn't much help this afternoon as I could only use one hand - I crushed a finger this morning while helping to lift the heavy snow-melter - somebody's foot slipped on a slick board so I volunteered for this job. My writing is necessarily pretty clumsy because my middle finger is swollen twice its size.

We had a grand steak dinner last night - and pork chops yesterday. The chow is really excellent, especially when one considers the circumstances under which it is prepared - a camp stove (coal) in a crowded tent and food boxes scattered all under the landscape. Food has to be thawed at least a half day before using, although we usually eat our canned fruit in the frozen state and save the heat.

The "North Star" picked up at Valpo {Valparaiso, Chile}, among other things, four young naval officers, two each representing the countries of Chile and Argentina, our nearest neighbors. They are now returning on the "Bear". This diplomatic gesture resulted in a donation to the camp of several cases of Chilean piscoe (a sort of brandy) and wine. It is freezing fast and so it is served with each evening meal, rather transforming it into a feast. The stuff is really pretty good. It whets the appetite and tends to warm one.

Now's my chance to go back and work up to the present. This chapter should start on March 12 when the base site was settled upon. Previous to this time, the "Bear", lying to the north in Horseshoe Cove, had put off the Barkley-Grow seaplane. With the Admiral aboard, Snow and Perce {East Base pilot and copilot} took off and stopped to pick up our leader, Dick Black, from the "Star" in Neny Fjord. From the plane Dick Black spotted this place and practically decided then and there that this was the spot. We would have very much liked to have gotten further south, but the flight showed that ice conditions made this inadvisable.

When the "Bear" arrived on the scene, the "North Star" was well engrossed in unloading. I got my personal things together and then helped to get the dogs ashore.



I had a bit of a setback when the "Bear" crew, while unloading some of the cargo, proceeded to drop my field trunk into the drink. It was promptly retrieved, but not before the contents received a nice salt-water wetting. Of course it had to be the case that could be damaged most by water. I spent the whole rest of the day wiping and oiling all the tools and instruments that could possibly rust - scalpels, knives, scrapers, bone-cutters, scissors, tweezers, etc. To the crew it was quite clear why it happened -- Case No. 13 combined with the 13th day of the month was just tempting the fates -- but I'm not superstitious, it was pure carelessness on the crew's part as far as I'm concerned.

A day later a breeze came up and the "Bear" turned tail and hit for the safety of Horseshoe Cove. Her superstructure makes navigation among the shoals and icebergs difficult when a gale is blowing. I certainly was glad all my gear had been removed to shore. We kept right on unloading from the "Star" and I slept out in the plane ashore.

The night of the 18th, however, brought a moderate snow, followed by a high wind in the morning. A landing was impossible in the ensuing blizzard, thus marooning five of us sleeping on shore. The wind shifted to east, blowing right off the glacier and sunk the temperature down close to zero. It soon became of gale force and the drifting and blowing snow made any outdoor work impossible. We kept in our "stink sacks" until around noon and then braved the teeth of the gale, making our way to the flapping tent containing the stove. After much wrestling with stovepipes and dampers, we got the stove going. Some difficult reconnaissance netted a few utensils, a case of soup, some coffee, bacon, and canned corned beef hash. By evening we finally had a meal ready. It was quite a sight to see us all huddled around the stove in our hooded garments, trying to eat supper out of a pan with a ladle, the closest thing to a spoon or fork we could find. The tent acted just like a bellows. The steam, rising from our nostrils and food, shifted back and forth in a shaky and uncanny manner with the alternate inflating and deflating of the tent.

Don Hilton and I nerved ourselves up to the task of feeding the dogs and finally accomplished it. Many of the dogs were drifted inside their boxes and had to be dug out. We finally broached a box of candy bars and forced our way back to our respective sleeping bags where we remained for the next 20 hours or so. By this time the wind was hitting 100 m.p.h. in some of the gusts and drifts six feet high had formed behind every obstacle. We managed to again have a meal of soup and corned beef hash and to get the dogs fed. How I envied the dogs their snug coats that enabled them to curl up in a snow drift in that awful gale and to seemingly keep comfortably warm. Once again we all fought our way back to our bags, which at least gave a semblance of warmth (the stove was little better than nothing). By getting up and exercising strenuously at shadow boxing every two hours or so I managed to keep fairly warm during the night. The following noon we were waked by a brave landing party from the "Star". The wind had died down some and a landing was finally feasible. Now we had to dig out and start unloading once more.

By now, we were getting towards the bottom of the hold and were unloading coal and drums. I sure worked like a stevedore on that coal and I don't mean one on WPA! The "Bear" was due in to finish her unloading and the "Star" was scheduled to finish hers the next day. As the weary crowd dragged aboard for

supper that night, the "Bear" was alongside taking on some fuel from the "Star". We were now greeted by the news that we would keep on working all night until both ships were unloaded, as the "Bear" wanted to sail in the morning. The other fellows rushed to get their belongings off and the rest of us grudgingly went to work on the coal. We had worked extra hard just before dinner as we thought rest was ahead -- and now a night's work still ahead. Lights were rigged up and gear was unceremoniously dumped all along the ice foot wherever a boat could get near. By one o'clock I couldn't even stand up any longer and so made my way to bed. The "Bear" evidently sailed early in the morning to the accompaniment of curses and jeers rather than cheers. For a good reason, no one would really mind being dumped so literally on the beach, but it didn't seem right to endanger our gear along the ice edge just because of overeagerness to be rid of us. There's probably some reason behind it but I've yet to find it out.

We all slept late the next morning but were all at work by the time the "North Star" weighed anchor. She saluted with three blasts on her whistle and we returned it by setting off three sticks of dynamite. Our last direct touch with civilization was gone but we were too busy rescuing our equipment from the shore to give it any thought.

This time the weather was fair and mild, and the sunset seemed a little grander. Before dinner, the whole gang, in renewed good spirits, gathered around their leader and toasted the success of the East Base in red Chilean wine. A round or two of song and then dinner. The spark had been struck. Let's hope it flames higher as the year progresses and that our return is marked by great achievements.

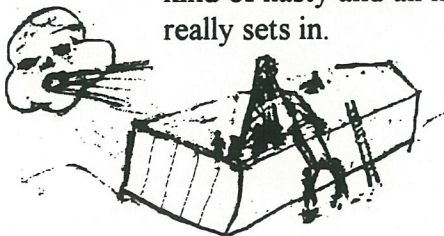
Three of our original 26 returned on the Bear -- Dustin (fuel engineer), Hawthorne (journalist) and our good friend Holly Richardson (in charge of the dogs). We were all sorry to lose Holly; a stomach ailment had kept him in bed for most of the last month. He badly wanted to stay, but of course it was out of the question. Lehrke, Sailmaker on the "Bear's" crew, has been transferred to take Holly's place. Taking the place of Dustin and Hawthorne are "Dutch" Dolleman (PVT, U.S. Army) and "Harry", Harrison Darlington III. We are a great bunch and we expect to accomplish great things.

EASTER SUNDAY MARCH 24, 1940

EAST BASE CAMP 9 p.m

cloudy and windy, LO 26°

I only just found out that today was Easter Day. I had thought it was at least two weeks off. The cussing and grunting went on as usual as we went ahead putting the roof on our house. It is made up of 30 panels each weighing more than 500 pounds. We rigged up a tower and tackle arrangement to help hoist them into place but it still takes lots of man power. With only one good hand, the help I could give was limited, but I certainly was kept from idling. The weather is still kind of nasty and all hands are struggling to finish the bunkhouse before winter really sets in.



Sleeping eight in a tent, this camping really isn't so bad, especially as our sleeping bags are supported by our "Beauty Rest" fancy mattresses (which will take the place of springs in our bunks). It's still difficult to keep clothes dry and get out proper meals, though.

MONDAY MARCH 25, 1940
EAST BASE CAMP 10:20 P.M.
partly cloudy and mild LO 24°

I just sneaked back from the galley tent with a snack. It was baked ham left from dinner. The lantern is out and so I'm writing by flashlight. After almost a week of howling and snowy weather the calm this evening was certainly appreciated. The southern cross shone down through a rift in the clouds while the moonlight diffused through filmy clouds. Orion and Sirius dotted the northern sky above the distant mountains of Falliers Coast. Our tent is situated beneath some large rocks at the crest of the hill that forms our island. They say it's an island, but we don't really know, because a huge glacier's lip laps over one side of it (on the NE). To the southeast is Neny Fjord and beyond it rises a series of peaks as spectacular as the Tetons, although not as high. A narrow strip of water separates us on the southwest from the conical Neny Island, rising pointedly from the water to almost 2,000 feet. Beyond it and to our west lies the broad Marguerite Bay scattered with innumerable icebergs. A truly beautiful location and we all feel it in spite of aching muscles and trying weather.

(Filed message to Wilva {a college girlfriend} offering congrats on engagement, also to Wetmore {my big boss at the Smithsonian} of a more official nature).

TUESDAY MARCH 26, 1940 EAST BASE CAMP
cloudy with high winds, LO 16°

Our new home is rapidly reaching completion. The last roof panels were put on this morning and most of the bunks have been constructed. Just in time too, for a high wind has sprung up right off the glacier and the drifting snow seems to be forced right through the canvas wall of the tent -- work on the roof would be impossible.

As I have said before, the meals have been remarkably good considering the difficulties of preparation. It takes much longer to thaw out the food than it does to cook it. All the food is canned or frozen. Meats, eggs, butter, bread (from Valpo), are all frozen and keep fine. Some of the canned foods are really fancy delicacies when frozen -- at least they would be in a warm climate. For example, they served slices of applesauce with the pork roast this noon. The only way they can get food hot enough to be served, and still remain warm, is to use a pressure cooker. Even then, you're lucky to finish a bowl of soup without ice in it.

WEDNESDAY MARCH 27, 1940

EAST BASE BUNKHOUSE

cloudy, cool and windy LO 7°

In our new home tonight! She isn't complete, but far better than the flapping and crowded tent. Being in the weather corner of the tent, I awoke to find myself in a small snowdrift this morning. Only my nose stuck out of the crusty coat.

Tonight we are gathered around the glowing potbellied stove that radiates precious calories at the forward end of the long gallery of bunks -- an enormous Pullman car with an especially broad isle. The galley is at the far end where the big coal range furnishes the bulk of heat. The house is done up exactly like a refrigerator turned inside out. The double walls and floor are well insulated and real refrigerator doors are used even to the fancy {push knob} catch. Windows {in roof only} are three paned, with air spaces between. Right now I am the envy of the others because I heated up a bucket of snow and am now soaking my feet -- the first fresh water they have tasted in many months. Before long I'll graduate to a sponge bath. I hope.

{FOLLOWING ENTRIES ALL IN INK}

THURSDAY MARCH 28, 1940

EAST BASE BUNKHOUSE

fair and cool LO 8°

It's finally warm enough to thaw out some ink. A slight aurora is trying to vie with the thinly veiled moon in brightening the chilly night. Days now are of normal length but from now on their constant shortening will assert itself.

A drop table has been fixed up in each compartment and kerosene mantle lights give a good white light. Today we tar-papered the already heavily insulated roof and covered all with a 675 pound special paulin (heavy canvas). Windows are absent but good light comes in through the three-paned skylights. Special chimneys and ventilators allow for a variable draught. Our main problem is keeping the quarters cool enough for sleeping rather than getting it hot enough.

A tinny phonograph is playing up at one end and the rattle of washing dishes comes from the other. Zero, Dick's Chilean kitten, is having the time of its young life playing with some pieces of rope on the floor -- much better than hibernating within Dick's heavy jacket pocket.

FRIDAY MARCH 29, 1940

BUNKHOUSE

LO 15°

I think I should title this entry with something really terrific. "Antarctic Hurricane" or something like that. This morning it was nice and peaceful, a slight breeze blowing up a little snow. We finished the outside of the bunkhouse this

morning and this afternoon I helped Herb Dorsey (meteorologist) set up his wind tower on "Observatory Hill". We just got it up and turned in for dinner -- and not long after the hurricane was blowing full blast. Debris of every sort swept through the air, pieces of building were blown off and the waves swept over the small island. What I have neglected to mention so far is that all this was on the screen -- Dorothy Lamour and everything {the black-and-white movie "The Hurricane"}.

Tonight was our Housewarming party. A long table stretched the length of the house -- all set for a feast -- even to a tablecloth of paper towels. Dick broke out his fancy stock and toasts were drunk to: 1. Our safe return; 2. The success of the expedition; 3. The folks at home. It was a grand turkey dinner and, believe it or not, we had fresh strawberries (frozen) and cream (powdered) for dessert. After dinner we were rationed out cigarettes, pipe tobacco, or candy bars (I took the latter, naturally). The {hand-cranked} phonograph played and we all sat around and smoked and glanced over the gross or so of magazines that appeared from somewhere. The motion picture machine {portable 16 mm.} was then set up and we sat down to lazily enjoy the show. Popeye in color started it off -- and then the big blow. By the time the show was over, it was time for the mailbag broadcast. We huddled around the loudspeaker but reception was very poor, due no doubt to the aurora australis display on the southern horizon. I did get a message from Frank telling of the pleasures of spring vacation, but then everything faded out. Light refreshments and then we hit the sack. This kind of Antarctic exploring is sure easy to take. Good night all.



SATURDAY MARCH 30, 1940
BUNKHOUSE
fair

Today has been like a Sunday. The last light wasn't out before 3:00 this morning and bunks held their contents with magnets. We all set to work, though, even if a bit tardily. More supplies had to be moved up from the beach, the house wiring had to be finished up and guy wires strung for the superstructure. Work soon degenerated into fixing up personal quarters -- shelves, bunk ladders, hooks, etc. I drew {signed for} a pair of skis and fancy ski boots but can't use them yet as the ski harness needs some alternations.

We had a big dinner at 3 PM (baked ham). Afterwards a ski party of four made the first reconnaissance of the season -- a short trip up on top of the glacier. Purpose: To investigate possibilities of a landing field there. Result: Landing field quite possible, but far from perfect as it slopes uphill. The main difficulty will be getting the plane to and from the glacier field. When the bay freezes solid, it will be ideal. It won't be long now, as thin ice tongues are creeping out from every side.

I stayed at camp and oiled and polished the trusty 16 gauge {shotgun}, readying it for service. Just in time too, for this evening a Giant Fulmar was bullying the skuas around the cut-up seals. This close relative of the albatrosses seldom strays from the ocean and it was a lucky chance I shot him in the leg with a



6 shell (1st shot, too). As these giants need a running start to take off, he was hopelessly crippled. Eklund {my partner in Biology} and I captured him and took several rectal temperature readings before painlessly putting him away. Result: 105.9° F. I'll let the specimen freeze and prepare him when we get the taxidermy shack up.

Tonight Toscanini and the GE orchestra is playing from {the powerful GE short-wave station in} Schenectady (Damn it, why couldn't it have come in like this last night?). They set up the electric popcorn machine tonight and Tiny (our 240 pound cook) is keeping it busy. They brought out tea balls the other day. It certainly is a relief after the omnipresent coffee. (The average Navy man drinks 17 cups of coffee a day, I think)

SUNDAY MARCH 31, 1940
"LA CASA DEL POLO SUR"

mostly cloudy and mild, E wind 20 mph, LO 17° HI 23°

Each day seems to bring more comforts. Tonight all the electrical fixtures are complete and the hall is bathed in light for a change. Some very nice blankets have been issued and I can now discard the sleeping bag -- keeping it for trail use. The aviation department played Santa Claus tonight and presented each of us with a parachute scarf - 12 feet of the finest silk; it can be crumpled into one's fist.

I put in a good day's work today in spite of its being Sunday. Here, by order, Sunday is any day that is too stormy to work outside. Six of us are detailed for construction of the Science and Mechanics buildings. Today we laid the foundation for the latter. J. Glenn (Dyer) stood behind the theodolite and I was rod-man, as we squared and leveled the beams. Our house foundations are set on a thin and fairly level layer of fresh morainal gravel resting on the bed-rock granite that crops up all around us.

Jack Benny and Charlie McC. came in pretty well tonight. Judging from the Benny broadcast, the show "Pinnocchio" is a hit. It and "Gone with the Wind" are two shows I'll certainly want to see on my return. Charlie's chatter is reminiscent of the word play constantly going on around here (most of it unprintable). As Charles just said when asked if he was speeding: "No, but I just passed two cars that were".

I have now completed 6 mos. of service for the Smithsonian. I feel rather guilty in that I have accomplished next to nothing in the way of concrete results. It's always preparation - preparation, prep. -- etc. It will be some time before I can get around to building a taxidermy shop. Until then I can only collect and freeze the specimens.

The sunset tonight was another beauty. The sun is always low in the northern sky and the sunsets are always prolonged, as the sun tends to set "sideways". The distant outline of Alexander I Land is silhouetted against the crimson and beckons with the weird call of the completely unknown. No one has ever been there.

MONDAY APRIL 1, 1940
LA CASA DEL POLO SUR
fair, LO 10°

More work on the workshop today. We finished the foundation and laid the floor. The weather has been just perfect for working. It's too bad we didn't have all the advantages of good weather before moving into the comforts of home. It was pork chops this noon with apricot pudding. Dinner tonight was late and fancy. Multi-colored streamers were worked among the rafters and little clown hats adorned each flowing scalp (barber tools have been unseen for several months). Gay music issued from the radio while we ate a rattlesnake cocktail (real rattlesnake meat with sauce {canned} -- no April Fool here.). A fine steak dinner followed, aided and abetted by Chilean wines. Soon after dinner "Doc" Lamplugh (radioman) came in from the radio tent and handed a message to Dick Black. No one noticed it particularly, but Dick quickly called us together and read the news. It was an official message from the Executive Committee in Washington, relayed from the U.S.S. "Bear". It went something like this: "John D. Rockefeller Jr. announces that a fund has been set up by himself in conjunction with the National Geographical Society, the American Polar Society and the Guggenheim Foundation, to be divided among members of the U.S. Antarctic Service as a bonus in appreciation of their self-sacrifice for the benefit of science and civilization. Public subscription has been adding to the fund, which should amount to at least \$11,000 per man. The American people are with you in your great undertaking and wish to in some way make recompense for the many trials you are enduring." We of course immediately considered the date and yelled "April Fool". Upon investigation, though, it proved official enough to at least leave a question about it. At any rate the evening passed quickly in the gay mental spending of many thousands of dollars. New cars and trips around the world seemed to stand foremost in our minds. Even after the resounding six-shooting of the "Oklahoma Kid" with James Cagney had died down, 11,000 dollars was still tops in everyone's conversation.

TUESDAY APRIL 2, 1940
L.C. del P.S.
fair, LO 13° HI 15° wind NE 13 mph

Another nice day. The walls are up on the workshop and finishing touches have been applied in the sick bay and galley. Herb, my bunk mate, has got his observatory completed up on the hill and has his recording instruments set up in our cubicle. The weather will now be at my fingertips as well.

Today I took my turn as house-man. His duties consist of keeping the hall clean and assisting the mess cook. Late this afternoon I went up to the mine with the jitterbug (which by now has at least 200 miles on it). We picked away for a couple hours and slid the ore down to a waiting sled. Some of the stuff had beautiful crystalline form and was tinted a soft translucent aquamarine. We have discovered that ice is much more efficiently melted than snow and so have established an ice mine up on the glacier. The tank-tractor hauls the sled loads

back where they are dumped into the snow-melter. We chop off a hunk with axes weighing about 300 pounds and then scoot it down the snow slope to the waiting sled.

WEDNESDAY APRIL 3, 1993

L.C. del P.S.

cloudy and light snow, LO 6° HI 18° wind NE 6 mph bar. 29.96-

Expecting a storm in the near future, we made today a clean-up day, piling all stores in neat piles marked with lettered flags. All trash was burned, or, in the case of wood, stored for use as kindling. In case of a blizzard, we'll be able to find stuff without probing and digging all over creation. I found a personal box of mine the other day that had been missing for some time. After probing everywhere, in the area I knew I had put it, for a box of its description, I finally gave up and started digging. I certainly was lucky to find it at the first place I tried -- three feet under. Even at that, the West Base is troubled a great deal more by drifting snow. I helped Herb get his snow gauge going today, just in time to measure a slight snow fall (0.8").

Paul (geologist) and I were examining some fine glacial gravel today and found a tiny bright red particle that proved very interesting, conjuring up thoughts of cinnabar and rubies. We finally identified it as a particle of red crayon with the Doc's fancy microscope. How it got there, we can't say.

THURSDAY APRIL 4, 1940

L.S. del P.S.

cloudy and light snow, LO 18° HI 21° wind E 4 mph

Things have pretty well settled down to a regular routine now. Half the roof is on the workshop and all stores are moved off the beach. This afternoon I worked with "Little Moe" on the jitterbug in moving the last lot of lumber from the beach. The bay is all frozen over now, but not thick enough to support a man.

I helped Dutch feed the 73 huskies this evening. They have all become fat and sassy on their seal meat diet. My little "Midget" has gained at least at least 20 pounds and is now a match for "Casey", my huskiest. Seals have been few, but we have managed to secure about one a day, just enough for the dogs. When one is spotted on the ice, Eklund and Knowles hitch up a team and pick him off with a 45 revolver. It's really my job, but I'm glad to turn it over to someone who dislikes the killing less than I do. One can walk right up to the clumsy beasts -- they don't even have a sporting chance. The seal is gutted on the spot -- the remains being quickly scavenged by the Skuas. The team hauls the carcass back {to camp} where it is strung up with tackle and skinned down. The meat when frozen is chopped with an axe (it cuts like frozen butter) into neat 1 pound hunks for the dogs.

Tonight's movie: "Topper Takes a Trip". Someone said: "Where, but the Antarctic, can one lie in his bunk and enjoy the latest show?"

FRIDAY APRIL 5, 1940

clear and warm, HI 28° wind E 12 mph

The roof of the workshop was completed at 3 o'clock this afternoon. A good house in 5 days -- and only 6 of us were assigned to work on it. Because things were going so well, Dick called time off, after the roof was on, to take advantage of the fine skiing conditions. The slope leading up onto the glacier is just fine for a good steep down hill run. The soft fluffy snow (6") made a good surface -- especially for falling. It will take a bit of welding to adapt my ski harness. Others are having the same trouble and only a few pairs of skis were available. They were well used and mis-used. I made good use of the afternoon by overhauling my camera. I had parts scattered all over the place. A friction clutch had been giving trouble in the film winding mechanism. I introduced some special cold weather oil and I hope it does the trick.

Bob Steele finally got the big Army tank going. They replaced the motor (an airplane engine) so now the jitterbug has some competition. One feels he's in no man's land seeing that armored monster lumber over the hill.

SATURDAY APRIL 6, 1940

blizzardy, high winds LO 15° wind ESE 60 mph

The wind started picking up last night and the fluffy snow started drifting. By morning conditions were pretty bad and Dick declared it a holiday. We all slept late and occupied ourselves indoors. It took most of the day to construct and rig my "bird cage". It is a fancy wire basket fixed on pulleys for drying clothes. It is big enough to hold a complete outfit of clothes and is hoisted to the ceiling where the air is warmest.

I hope I have gotten all the clumsiness out of my system today. First I stuck an elbow thru Herb's glass aerograph cover and then I dropped the "bird cage" from the overhead onto Joe's head, nearly knocking him out.

The movie tonight starred Deanna Durbin in "That Certain Age". The quality of reproduction for both sight and sound is exceptional, being superior to all but the best theaters at home, and yet with all the comfort of your own living room. The wind blowing outside tonight was stronger than any ever recorded at Little America, yet we were snug and comfortable in our insulated home.

SUNDAY APRIL 7, 1940

cloudy, high winds LO 12° wind ESE 70 mph

The wind hit a new high last night. We feared a bit for the new building which is not guyed down, but all still stood their ground this morning.

I went out and dug out my dogs. The snow was drifted about four feet high over there and the poor dogs had nothing to huddle behind (their kennels were covered). I took my camera along and I think I got some fair shots of snowed-in dogs. My camera reconditioning seems to have done some good.

I was bribed with two candy bars to help with the dishes tonight by J. Glenn {Dyer, our cadastral engineer}. It was easy, as I could listen to Charley McCarthy at the same time. Last night we saw Deanna Durbin in the movies and tonight we hear her over the radio. We feel well entitled to listen to this program as we drink nothing but C. and S. coffee {Chase and Sanborn, the sponsor of one of the most popular radio programs at that time}.

The whole world is at our fingertips by {short wave} radio, but we inevitably listen to WGEO, Schenectady. It's program always seems to be the best.

They talked with the "Bear" this evening. She has spent 5 days at Punta Arenas (Magellanes), Chile and is now heading west thru the Straits. She seems to be making quite a trip.

MONDAY APRIL 8, 1940

cloudy LO 12° HI 20° wind var. 3 mph

A fine morning and we got right to work digging out. After I clear out of here, I think I'll shy away from anything that even looks like a shovel. Here they have all shapes and sizes, but they're all for one purpose, and that's obvious. Anything you're looking for simply must be under at least 4 feet of hard packed snow.

We have started working on the Science Building now. Soon I'll have a place to set up a small laboratory and really buckle down to this specimen business. This afternoon I did manage to dig out enough material to embalm a 16" seal embryo that Carl secured this morning. He bagged four seals, the first in a week now, as the winds blew out all the fresh ice.

Paul just borrowed my electric razor to compare with his. We had a grab-bag the other night to determine which of two models we would get. I got the cheaper model, but I like it much better than the other. We're all letting our whiskers grow anyway so it doesn't make much difference.



TUESDAY APRIL 9, 1940

partly cloudy, quite warm LO 18° HI 28° wind NE to W 5 mph

The hottest day so far. We started stripping off layers of apparel as we worked and some ended up with a good sunburn. The foundation for the Science Building was completed. It went a bit slow because we took the trouble to install a layer of chicken wire over the top of the rocks over the whole area. We hope that it will make an effective ground for the radio station which will be set up in this building. I even contributed some salt to help the little electric currents along and perhaps bring in the mailbag programs somewhat better.

The boys were celebrating nothing in particular tonight with some rations from the Doc. The announcement of the occupation of Norway and Denmark brought us suddenly to more serious matters. Even Claudette Colbert in "Blue Beard's Eighth Wife" didn't keep us from thinking of the complications that may

arise. Last night we heard of England's mining of the Norway coast, but didn't attach any special significance to it. Finn {Ronne, our 2nd in command}, of course, is Norwegian has heard that his home town has been bombed. We are trying to get a neutral opinion from the many languages that bombard our loudspeaker.

WEDNESDAY APRIL 10, 1940
cloudy, snow flurries LO 17° HI 20°

The floor and side wall panels have been laboriously fitted into place on the skeleton of the Science Building today. In the afternoon I worked for a while on my "ice coffin" up on the slope above the dog town. I am chipping away at the glacier to make a blind to allow close observation of Skuas, Kelp Gulls, and Giant Fulmars which feed on the waste seal meat. I also hope to catch some of them for banding by use of a noose. The gulls are beginning to flock and I expect they'll be moving north before long. After the Science Building is completed, perhaps they'll let me have a little time to work on Biology. Dick Black was showing me how to make a "bolo" which certain tropical natives use to capture birds. With sufficient practice it may prove to be a valuable weapon for securing live birds.

It was Earl "Pop" Perce's birthday today. ("Pop", because a daughter was born in Jan.) Harry broke out some Port he was hoarding and we all gave him a good Toast. Dick broke out a box of the Admiral's cigars and we each got a 75-center! It made a neat souvenir of the occasion.

THURSDAY APRIL 11, 1940
clearing LO 14° HI 20°

The walls have been completed, and the false floor as well, on the Science Building. I was lifting panels most of the day and am pretty tired tonight. It would do Dad's heart good to see me laboring these days. I'm pretty well broken into it now and can stand in with the best of them. When you want a house built, just let me know!

You can bet we've kept our ears peeled for Lowell Thomas and Kaltenborn {popular news broadcasters} to hear the latest dope on the European bonfire. The Navy men pay special attention to the great sea battle that is going on. It is interesting to note that the operations at Narvik are going on as far north in latitude as we are south!! They've got the Gulf Stream and summertime with them, though. The reports are certainly mixed up. As I have mentioned before, Germany, England, South America, France, etc. come in here equally well and we get all sides. Little Moe was born French, Zadik was born Spanish and "Dutch" was born in Holland, so between them, we have some pretty good interpreters.

FRIDAY APRIL 12, 1940

fair and breezy LO 14° HI 20° wind NE 25 mph

We put all hands to work today and put the whole roof on our newest building. The worst is now behind us and from now on we'll begin to accomplish some of our aims. Already the plane has had skis replacing the wheels. An airfield has been scouted out on top of the glacier and we should be flying before the month is out.

(A lone Snow Petrel has just wandered across our island)

I have been at the business end of a hand saw all day and its all I can do to stop my hand from shifting back and forth. My armpits are pretty well chafed, but otherwise I'm in fair condition after the ordeal.

Dick Black, at supper tonight, set up a lump of sugar on end in front of him at the table and asked if anyone would give him a bottle of champagne (at our next port) if he couldn't topple the lump over by sheer will power - everything else barred. Applying a little mental physics, I took him up on it. 1st Result: He couldn't do it. 2nd result: He gets a bottle of champagne on me at Valpo. 3rd result: I'm a sucker.

We had our first seal steaks served tonight. They certainly are good. They are as large as a big beef steak and just as good. They're tender and juicy and have a flavor that reminds one of duck and venison. It has a Buffalo steak beat all hollow. Real rum mince pie for dessert, too.

(later)

We saw "Captain Fury" tonight - a good action picture. The program from Syracuse came in fine and the mailbag likewise. {Different cities hosted the network entertainment program that preceded the Mailbag and was dedicated to "those poor explorers down at the South Pole".} A newsy message each from Frank {Hoadley} and Bill P. {Powell, college chums} and from Mother in Berkeley. It was so good to hear about old Troop 23 - especially that C.W. and E.B. are still going strong. {My Berkeley Scout Troop and its leaders}.

It's a beautiful night out tonight -- The Southern Cross is just at the zenith with the Milky Way arcing around it, while the brighter Southern stars burn their holes through the sky.

SATURDAY APRIL 13, 1940

LO 16° HI 24°

It was a real Saturday today except we had the morning off instead of the afternoon. After our easy day, we had enough life left after supper for playing a few games. I played a rubber of contract (and won by 1000 pts.). Harry later challenged me at the chess board and taught me a few things. They broke out some new records -- Victor Herbert and other semi-classicals -- which were a pleasant change from jazz, hill-billy, and Hawaiian numbers which we hear constantly.

My jeans, after numerous washings, have shrunk pretty tight. What with exertion here and there, they have split in several places. A whole chain of safety pins is trying to maintain my dignity until "Sails" {Lehrke, our Navy Sailmaker} gets his sewing machine going.

The Admiral is to talk from the Bear tonight. I don't know whether I'll be awake or not to hear it. (Later) The broadcast was from West Base, rather poor reception.

Happy Birthday, Barb!! {my sister}

SUNDAY APRIL 14, 1940

clear and cool LO 8° HI 15° wind NE 17 mph bar. very hi

A good working Sunday, with the finishing touches put on the Science Bldg. I managed to get a little more work done on the "ice-coffin" too. It was a good thing, for the snow-melter ran dry and I was able to furnish lots of fresh ice (only a couple hundred years old). I keep myself watered while at work up there from the chips that fly into my mouth. They are so cold and dry that they stick to your tongue like a frozen doorknob.

On such a comfortable Sunday evening the boys agitated for a movie and got one: "The Texans" with Randy Scott and Joan Bennett. It makes the fourth time I've seen it, but it's still a good show.

Herb has been making ready for a balloon run and by late tonight was ready to shove off. I had been helping him and we bundled up and took over Observatory Hill about 12:30. It was nice and chilly standing around and making final adjustments. We finally released the balloon with its dangling lantern and followed it through the theodolite for about a half hour. The weather has been so good that Herb was very anxious to find out all about this odd phenomenon.

MONDAY APRIL 15, 1940

clear and cool LO 7° HI 14° wind NE 18 mph bar. very hi

Today: More balloon runs and miscellaneous jobs. Art {our Navy photographer} is hard at work constructing a darkroom and Lamp {Lamplugh, head Navy radioman} is busy setting up a directional antenna. It runs from the roof here over to the rim of the glacier -- 555 feet. We followed the balloons today well above 20,000 feet, until they burst. I'll get up tonight and help him make another run at 2 A.M. so am turning in early.

I played my first cribbage game tonight. The fellows on the "Bear" played nothing but, and it is by far the favorite game here. Each pair of bunks is equipped with a cribbage board.

Tiny is baking his first bread tonight. It certainly smells good. It will sure be a grand change from this South American stuff.

The sun sets behind Millerand Island now, at about 4 P.M. Our working hours are being gradually curtailed. Tonight, only the top half of the moon's crescent rose above the glacier's face. It remained there like a flaming torch for

almost an hour and then sunk behind the ice. Some of the stars are so bright they paint a trail across the distant water.

TUESDAY APRIL 16, 1940

fair LO 6° HI 14° bar. still hi

Another grand day. This weather makes one want to get out and climb mountains, but there's still lots to do around camp. We made a couple more balloon runs and we'll make another at 2 A.M.. I also helped Glenn take a couple star sights tonight -- Sirius, Spica, and Rigel. He's trying to get a good determination of our latitude and longitude.

We get time ticks from NAA {Arlington VA short wave radio station} every night or so and keep our good watches set to the second. There's quite a friendly rivalry to see whose watch keeps the best time. Mine has never left my wrist since I got it and it's well in the running. After four days now, it has lost only two seconds.

The movie tonight was a musical comedy -- a good one too -- "Broadway Melody of 1938", bringing back the popular songs of a few years back: "You Are My Lucky Star", "Yours and Mine", "You Made Me Love You". Eleanor Powell's dancing can't be beat, but I think Judy Garland takes the cake. Her soliloquy on Clark Gable strikes a high with me (even though Glenn didn't like it).

WEDNESDAY APRIL 17, 1940

fair LO 5° HI 17° wind NE 5 mph

Dear diary: More good weather. The aviation gang have taken advantage of it by putting the plane in running order. They put the tail in place the other day and today they got two of the wing panels in place (there are four, two on each side). I am very pleased at this for more than one reason -- I have been promised one of the big wing crates to make my taxidermy shack out of. They're houses in themselves. Dick and Finn have scouted out a route up to the Glacier Airport where the crevasses are not too wide for the tank to cross. Our bay is frozen over again now, but it won't support much.

We did some more balloon runs today and I worked on the Biology office in the Science Building. I built a nice lab bench today. It's certainly nice to have the workshop near by with its buzz saws, jointer, drill press, lathe, etc.

THURSDAY APRIL 18, 1940

overcast and warm LO 20° HI 28°

The good weather continues, but we have forfeited cloudless skies for balmy breezes. We got up at 6 A.M. this morning so as to take advantage of continued working weather for getting the plane rigged -- we got the wings on. In addition to odd jobs, I set up a wall of shelves in the Biology office.

Although the lights theoretically go out at 10, I stayed by the radio tonight, turning it down low, so as to hear Bing Crosby. His records here are almost worn out already and it was good to hear him in such old timers as "Beautiful Dreamer" and "Carry Me Back to Old Virginny". A popular song in the states now seems to be "I Set My Eyes on You". Bob Burns set me to chuckling, too. He was discussing women's styles and how the waist-lines continually change up and down. He said that when he puts his arm around his girl, he doesn't know whether he's going to trip her up or choke her. He didn't say however, at which level they are at present -- something that would be interesting to know. All we can go by is last summer's movie fan magazines.

FRIDAY APRIL 19, 1940

overcast and warm LO 23° HI 30°

The snow-melter needed replenishing this morning and we all turned out to dig ice. The last time ice was dug, somebody seized upon my "ice coffin" as a likely mine and proceeded to ruin it to get a few hunks of ice. I was certainly mad -- and I don't mean just angry. I didn't figure anybody on this expedition was that senseless. I left recording this incident until now, as I might of put down something I wish I hadn't.

I'm finishing this in bed as the main lights are out.

We had another "grog" ration tonight. I traded mine for candy bars; they are much more palatable. It was movie night again. A good colored cartoon "Pingo Pongo", followed by "Made For Each Other" -- Carole Lombard & Jimmy Stewart. It was a bit heavy for the mood we were in, but, all in all, a good show.

The radio shack is fast nearing completion. Even in our emergency set up, the world is ours, but Washington red tape prevents the sending of messages. I have filed several, but I guess they're still on file in spite of talking to the states every night.

SATURDAY APRIL 20, 1940

overcast, light snow, windy LO 26° HI 36°!!

{Only Entry}

SUNDAY APRIL 21, 1940

snow LO 15° HI 20°

A real holiday today. We all slept late this morning and got up to find a fresh snowfall coating everything. It was certainly pretty. The boys built a toboggan sled out of plywood and we certainly used it to good advantage. The slope off the glacier gives about any grade one could wish and a 500 ft. "shush" is easy. The toboggan worked fine on the fresh snow -- better than the bob-sled, which we use under icier conditions. All the available skis were quickly taken up and now ski tracks criss-cross the glacier in a fancy lattice-work.

A show was called for this evening and I went up and dug down to the film cache. The first one I laid hold of was "The Cowboy and the Lady" -- also showing was an educational feature: "Miracle of Salt Lake". After the show we looked outside and a breath-taking vista lay before us. The moon was full and bathed the landscape with its eerie light. It was brighter than at 3:30 this afternoon and everyone ran for the skis for a good night run. I ran for my camera.

MONDAY APRIL 22, 1940

overcast and snow wind W 20 mph max.

It was snowing most of the day, at times quite hard, so not much outside work was accomplished. I was house-boy again and divided my time between a janitor's and a carpenter's job. I completed another set of shelves for my office and will soon be ready to "move in".

The meals have been quite consistently good. Last night we had real fried chicken -- southern style (Tiny is from Alabama) with fresh-frozen lima beans. Tonight we had Swiss steak that overlapped the platters and some cake -- icing and all. Tiny's fresh bread is so good that we almost always make a full meal of it at noon -- with the help of peanut butter and jam.

Bob P. got a sprained ankle while skiing last night for the first time, so we have another cripple with us. Carl has a wrenched knee and Finn has a strained back while Charlie's broken rib hasn't knitted yet -- so I feel fortunate to get by with only a bad finger. It's OK now -- but I haven't started skiing yet.

TUESDAY APRIL 23, 1940

overcast

Another one of those work days. One party went up on the glacier and built some bridges over crevasses preparatory to hauling the plane up -- incidentally, they got one of the props mounted today. The rest of us were assigned to collecting all the lumber scattered over the landscape (under several feet of snow) and piling it carefully together. It's a job that should have been done long ago. The approaching winter makes even little things mighty important.

The jitterbug is some sight these days, carrying a fancy big bamboo framework with a hammock to carry the operator. In case the tractor decides to explore the depths of a crevasse, in theory the frame will stay at the surface and save the work and trouble of hauling out a corpse

Movie tonight -- at last one I haven't seen before -- "YOUNG IN HEART" with Janet Gaynor, Doug Fairbanks Jr. and Paulette Goddard. Verdict: an amusing piece. Best of all -- movie night always means candy night.

TUESDAY APRIL 24, 1940

clear and cool

The first clear day we've had for some time. Its too bad it had to start with a bad accident. A broken back can be mighty serious, especially for a cat. Poor Polo was caught when the door was slammed. Doc administered first aid and has fixed up a plaster cast for him. He is paralyzed from the waist down. Right now he is sleeping because of some drugs. If modern medicine can be of any real service, perhaps he will recover. We all pray that he does, for he has become a very popular mascot around the camp.

This afternoon I borrowed a pair of skis and went up to the flying field with a work party. It's about a mile and a half up on the glacier. We buried some dead men to anchor the plane to. {"Dead men" are logs, poles or planks used as anchors}. Before returning we set up a trail radio set and called back. Dorsey's airfield weather station showed 9½ degrees below zero and long icicles hung from our whiskers. The cold settled the fresh snow and made a good run back down. I took a few pictures -- I hope the cold didn't affect them adversely.

THURSDAY APRIL 25, 1940

clear and cool

Bob Steele and I went about hauling up the wing crate today. It was left near the beach, about ¼ mile from camp. After much usage of good battery juice, it became evident that the tank was not going to start. Bob drained the oil and heated it and by noon we were ready. We lassoed the big box (it weighs a couple tons) and dragged it merrily back to camp. The next thing on the docket is to dig a foundation for it and guy it down. It will sit a couple hundred yards from the main buildings, over by the dog cache.

Once again, the tank has proved its worth. It's great sport to ride within the armored walls and go tearing around the landscape. These glacial moraines and rock outcrops just make the going a bit more interesting.

Polo is doing well despite his awful handicap. He may live for some time yet. I helped Art with his darkroom some today. It is practically complete now. My undeveloped films are mounting up and I am anxious to get at them.

FRIDAY APRIL 26, 1940

blizzardy

More ice for the snow-melter this morning. By noon the snow plumes on the row of peaks had swept down onto the glacier and we realized we were in for a blow. We all concentrated on inside work and I put my office in working order. It needed a good light. This amounted to quite a problem, as I needed one to use with the microscope, too. The lights that have appeared so far have been quite ingenious, being made out of tin cans and all sorts of scraps. A local brainstorm engendered by memories of the North Star's cargo winch finally solved the problem. I have now fixed up a system of pulleys and counterweights so that I can

move the shielded light to any point over the desk and it remains where you set it. It makes a good microscope light too.

By evening the wind was blowing and screaming, putting us in a fine mood for "Son of Frankenstein" with Boris Karloff, Bela Lugosi and Basil Rathbone. The wind had blown down the radio antenna and the connection to the bunkhouse, so we all sat outside the radio room in the Science Building and almost froze during the long wait for our individual messages. Despite the poor reception due to a makeshift antenna, I can acknowledge receipt of my messages. The folks are running around the country so much I can hardly wait until next mailbag to see what new place they've been to. This time it was Yosemite, General Grant, and the new King's Canyon National Parks. Philadelphia was host on the program tonight and they did a mighty good job of it. It was good to hear from Malcomb Davis, especially to know that he got the penguins and seals back in good condition.

I sadly note down now that dear Polo has passed away, helped along a bit by an overdose of amital. He was beginning to suffer greatly and it was the best way. But as one life departs, new ones are ready to replace it. Only yesterday Brownie (on Dyer's team) was confined to the lying-in ward and should soon be a very proud mother.

SATURDAY APRIL 27, 1940

clear

We had one hour of extra sleep this morning; that is, it would have been extra if we'd gotten to bed before we did. I worked up a good sweat this morning digging another dead man. This one is just at the top of the glacier above the plane. We will attach a snatch block to it so the tank can pull the plane up by traveling downhill. Everything was all set to haul up the plane this afternoon, but something went wrong and now we have to wait until tomorrow.

This afternoon, I worked out a set of plans for the taxidermy shack. I am trying to get the best combination of lots of floor space (to put stuff), a small volume (easier to heat), a high ceiling (to string up seals) and not too much difficulty for construction with available materials.

Tonight I actually did a bit of studying -- Meteorology -- I want to be able to follow Herb when he elucidates upon the weather. Dick is doing his best to clear things up so we can send messages as the West Base is doing. We seem to be discriminated against.

SUNDAY APRIL 28, 1940

overcast

Another Sunday -- same as any other day except chicken for dinner -- this time with noodles. The movie is just over; "Live, Love and Learn" with Robert Montgomery and Rosalind Russell. At the present moment everybody is combing their beard before the mirror and discussing various styles of bush growth. The variety of beards in the picture tonight gave new inspiration.

I took my hand at cranking up the plane motors and we got them running smoothly, but the days are getting too short and we will have to leave the hill-climbing for tomorrow.

Dick gave us a synopsis of our planned operations tonight. They are quite extensive and the plane plays an important part. If everything goes well, the map of Antarctica should show no blank spaces on this end of the continent. My plan for the Taxidermy Shack has been approved and my big job from now on will be to see it take shape.

MONDAY APRIL 29, 1940

snow

It was Joe's birthday today and we had a little party tonight. A birthday cake and a rum ration were the main ingredients. By mixing the stuff with hot water and melted butter and sugar you get something that tastes like these candies and can be imbibed without undue choking.

We all set about getting the plane up the hill today, but tonight she still rests over at the aviation cache, securely lashed down. We got her half way up the steep slope, but the strain proved too great and some bolts were sheared off or something. The hope now is that the bay ice is now strong enough to support the plane and that she can take off there and fly up to our glacier airport.

I've been sitting here playing records this evening, about thirty of them. I guess the boys have had enough miscellaneous tunes to last them for a while. I just couldn't sleep last night for some reason or other so, I'm going to try and make up for it tonight. Good night.

TUESDAY APRIL 30, 1940

light snow

Carl brought in a small seal last night and I skinned him this morning. I'll let the skin freeze and when the taxidermy shack is built, I'll flense it and pack it away. It was a Weddell this time, not quite a year old, weighing over 300 pounds and just 87" head to stern.

An abrupt fall in the barometer set us to preparing for a big wind and all hands were called out to secure everything. I spent all afternoon with a group putting extra battens on roofs.

Last night Palmer, on night watch, caught a Snow Petrel floundering in the fresh snow, unable to take off. Carl and I measured its body temperature and then let it loose in the Science Building until we were ready to make the specimen.

The movie tonight was the color classic: "Drums" with Sabu. I'd forgotten it was such swell entertainment. I'll look forward to seeing it again.

WEDNESDAY MAY 1, 1940

overcast, low clouds

I was all set to do some bird skinning this morning when Finn came around with orders to go down and haul coal off the beach. Paul and I did our duty and hauled a couple tons up with the help of the jitterbug.

This afternoon I got around to the specimen. It certainly is hard to kill a bird like the Snow Petrel. I think it is just about the prettiest bird I know of. Its snow white downy feathers are an inch and a half thick, yet the whole bird weighs barely over 5 ounces.

Tonight I had a tinge of ambition again and tried to learn some Spanish. The only book available is a Spanish-English dictionary, but, with Zadik's help, I expect to learn enough to take care of myself in Valpo next year.

Lights are out in the main building so I am over here in the Science Building finishing up. Beethoven's Seventh Symphony is coming by radio from South America. The reception is especially good and it's a real treat to hear.

THURSDAY MAY 2, 1940

I've left this writing up a bit late and I've forgotten just exactly what happened. It was nothing important or I'd remember it and I must have been busy or I'd of had time to write. One thing I do recall is that we had a stiff breeze from the northwest that packed the fresh snow rather badly and we all had to turn out and dig out the dogs.

Being separated from civilization as completely as we are, we often consider ourselves quite lucky to be free of civilization's worries and cares. When the Scandinavian hostilities first started we listened to the news out of curiosity. Now everybody shuns the radio at news time. We'd rather not hear the sordid stories night after night.

The radio shack is in the midst of organization right now but Lamp manages to regularly put through a signal to Fairbanks, Alaska, from where in turn it is relayed to the States. Evidently the back side of this World carries our signals better.

FRIDAY MAY 3, 1940

snow

It's been snowing most of the day and by now a stiff breeze from the west has sprung up, drifting our heaviest fall so far all over the place. I braved the blizzard long enough to go out and fill a tub full of snow and stick it on the Science Building stove.

The show tonight was "The Castles" with Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers. It was mighty fine entertainment despite its war allusions and tragic ending. Their tango was certainly a treat to behold. After the show, I went over to the Science Hall and dipped my finger into the tub -- just right for a nice hot bath. The

Antarctic is a pretty clean place, but we brought down a lot of dirt with us. In spite of the misfit tub, it excelled by far the salt water shower on the "Bear".

The camp got rather worried about Herb when he didn't return on time from a trip to the glacier weather station. We all turned out in the raging blizzard for an organized search just as he gained our lights at the top of the hill.

SATURDAY MAY 4, 1940

clearing and windy

In spite of the refreshing bath last night, I just couldn't get to sleep. I spent the whole night mulling over various thoughts that came into my mind. I even composed mentally several letters that I must get around to writing one of these days.

I was up in good time to go out with the dog gang and dig the critters out. The tethering lines now run through deep trenches; the snow is piled head high on the sides of each team. I'm getting rather anxious to try them out again, but there is always so much else to be done.

I had put on my heavy winter underwear this morning and spent most of the day outside working on a foundation for the Taxidermy shop. In the afternoon I persuaded Moe and Muzzie to go down to the beach with the jitterbug and bring up my last barrels of biological equipment. Right now the barometer is dropping very steeply and the smoke rises straight up from the stacks -- the calm that precedes the storm.

SUNDAY MAY 5, 1940

overcast with high winds

Last night, as predicted, the wind blew and blew and blew. Just about the only holidays we have occur when a big storm and Sunday come on the same day. We all slept late and followed a holiday routine.

We are getting a library fixed up over in the Science Hall and I can see some good reading ahead. Our Polar Library is quite complete and the fiction seems commodious enough. I had picked up "Disputed Passage" and found it very hard to leave alone. I also find myself reading the Bible more than ever before, but from a rather critical viewpoint. I especially like the modern version of the New Testament Mother gave me not so long back.

The show tonight was "Letter of Introduction" with Charlie McCarthy. We held an intermission half-way through so as to hear him in person. {By radio -- Charlie, of course, was the popular dummy of ventriloquist Edgar Bergen, possibly the most famous comic of that era}. The show seemed to bring back a hazy recollection. Didn't the family see it together at some distant point while traveling out West?

MONDAY MAY 6, 1940

overcast and windy

The big wind continues to blow and so our work is somewhat limited. My work was cut out for me when they caught another Snow Petrel last night. Carl and I took the temperatures and then persuaded Doc to make some blood tests on her. (It was a her this time). That took most of the morning and then in the afternoon I skinned it out. The blood count on the bird was something terrific -- around 27 million.

Carl and I also managed to rig up a sort of trap to catch some more birds. We notice they were attracted by the lights at night, so we set up a couple poles and strung string web-like between them and mounted a light close to it. The theory was that the light will attract the petrels, and as they get close, blind them. The strings should entangle them nicely. {The invention of the mist-net, or at least the first one ever used in the Antarctic!}

Dick gave me an interesting souvenir from Java today -- a very pretty iridescent green beetle fixed in a small frame. He has also given me some lace-work leaves from Pitcairn Island. I now have some biologically interesting and worthwhile mementos of far-away places.

TUESDAY MAY 7, 1940

mostly clear and windy

Once again we dig out. Pretty soon we'll have to dig tunnels for the dogs. We've piled up snow on each side of each tethering line now away above our heads. I examined Brownie today (She's the bitch scheduled for whelping). There is absolutely no indication of pups now, so the one conclusion we can come to is that the night watchman didn't watch carefully enough and she had her pups and ate them.

Muzzie passed out the furs today. We really don't need them, but they make us feel a lot more like "explorers". I find the mukluks very comfortable. The reindeer hide is a great improvement over the seal-skin ones we've been using. The fur cap feels better than anything else I've got, too. The big double mitts are clumsy and are only necessary in really cold weather.

I finished "Disputed Passage" tonight and I can recommend it highly. We've waited a long time for Hedy {Lamar} and tonight we got a good eye-full. Romantic "Algiers" was the vehicle.

WEDNESDAY MAY 8, 1940

And again we dig out. Today was really a "dog day". Old "Kelley", Paul's leader, was found dead in his box. He has been getting gradually weaker and finally died quietly of a ripe old age. "Kelley" was the proudest dog on the "Bear" and has no doubt had more experience on teams than any other on the expedition, having left a fine record behind in Alaska. This afternoon Don's tethering line broke and the dogs were found in a maelstrom of bloody fur. "Moe" took the

worst beating and we rushed him over to the doc, who stitched up rips in a half-dozen places. He no doubt also had internal injuries, as he died just a while ago. Pal, my "fightin'est", evidently was inspired by the frenzy next door and managed to pick a fight with the invincible "Bing". Result: 8 stitches in Pal's cheek. The patient is doing fine.

Carl and I worked hard and got the foundation built for the Taxidermy Shack. We also have our traps fixed with chicken wire now, but still no captives. I also have developed the first film at East Base. The negatives are coming along fine.

THURSDAY MAY 9, 1940

quite warm

After being put off for some time, Carl and I were free today to get the old wing crate set up on the foundation. It shouldn't be long now before I have a shack to do the dirty work in. The winter is closing in on us fast. The sun left us here before May Day and won't be back until August. The sun still hits the surrounding mountains and we get six hours of what you could call daylight.

A small fire involving some celluloid brought home to us the need for a little better emergency organization. We've all been assigned posts and I'm fire marshall of the Taxidermy Shack.

Carl has termed himself "king of the crib" so I guess I'll have to challenge him to a game and pull him down a peg. The boys have been accusing me of getting fat, so I ran a tape around my waist today. I was quite surprised to find that I'd added a couple of inches and, no doubt, several pounds. I guess a little blubber won't hurt me down here though.

FRIDAY MAY 10, 1940

fair

(Germany invades Holland and Belgium as Britain changes prime ministers).

A big surprise greeted me this morning in the form of completely harnessed skis. Herb had gotten hold of some sheet steel and stayed up most of the night to fix up my skis. It sure was a swell thing for him to do.

The weather cleared up today and all hands were up early to assist the aviation squad. Finding it impossible to haul the plane up onto the glacier, we decided to fly it up, the bay ice by this time being thick enough to support it. The tank hauled the plane over the hill behind the dog kennels and the motors were started without much trouble. I was dispatched up on the glacier and I just managed to look down at the takeoff. The plane taxied down the hill and crossed the tide cracks onto the bay ice successfully, leaving the ice just a split second later. It was a very hazardous undertaking but was accomplished nicely.

An instant later, though, one of the motors started popping and we could see something was wrong. The plane gained about 50 feet of altitude and then seemed to careen down toward the ice edge. The motor popped some more and

the plane slipped as she tried to turn back onto the ice. The motor caught on though, just in time, and she soared upward once more and continued circling higher and higher, finally making a beautiful landing right at my feet up on the glacier. She was up almost a half an hour and successfully completed her test hop. The motor trouble has been spotted and she's all set now to make a photographic mapping flight of our vicinity.

The skis worked fine, but I'm rather weary tonight as I sit here listening to the mail bag. I had houseman duties today in addition to the rest. We had a fine steak dinner tonight and toasts were drunk to the plane crew and to Glenn Dyer, whose birthday we celebrated -- cake and all. The movie "Spawn of the North" kept us occupied until radio time. Loya's message came in fine, but the Buffalo program and other messages were drowned out in gobs of static.

SATURDAY MAY 11, 1940

mostly clear, wind coming up

We had hoped to fly today but there were too many adjustments to be made on the plane. I hitched up my dog team for the first time since Little America this morning and carried a load up to the glacier airport. The team worked just fine -- as a matter of fact, better than they have ever worked before. I had expected a tough time in breaking them in again, but evidently their Little America training has stuck with them. Bozo, my little old bitch leader, seems to fathom what I want and the other dogs are ready to follow. Bozo seems to be getting old and in her dotage at times, but then again I have to give her credit for some smart moves. She's blind in one eye and tends to go in circles if she has no trail to follow. I've got several smart dogs, though, and if Bozo fails me I'll break in Casey, or Pal, or Midget.

This afternoon I helped set up the big radio antenna. Soon our communications should be on a firm footing and perhaps we'll originate some broadcasts.

SUNDAY MAY 12, 1940

high winds

Once again the wind has arrived in time to give us a real Sunday. We all slept late and stayed inside most of the day. A good picture tonight, too -- Myrna Loy and William Powell in "Double Wedding" -- the funniest show we've had.

MONDAY MAY 13, 1940

very high winds

This morning I began my week as KP, as the army calls 'em, or mess cook, as the navy says, or just plain scullery maid, as it's known as in these parts. We each take our turn at this despicable job and, more or less cheerfully, accept the ribbing that goes with it. Carl, during his time, was known as "Helga", while Paul

last week was referred to only as "Lillie". At present writing, it looks as though I must answer to "Belinda".

I get up with the cook and set the table for breakfast and wake up the rest of the men -- usually with a choice selection of phonograph records. Serving table comes next followed by cleanup and dish washing until it's time for lunch. More serving, cleanups, and washing, plus a clammy trip out to the food cache, brings dinner time, which in turn starts the whole rigmarole again. When you throw in coaling the range and dumping the garbage, it amounts to a good day's workout.

Another movie tonight. With the sound turned on full, it tended to take our minds off the hurricane outside that threatened to blow us, house and all, to the far end of kingdom come. The show: "Spirit of Culver" with Jackie Cooper, Freddie Bartholomew, Henry Hull and Andy Devine.

TUESDAY MAY 14, 1940

extremely high winds

Wow, that wind sure did blow today -- upwards of 80 m.p.h. in gusts and averaging 60 over longer periods. I was kept busy in the galley, but scarcely anyone was able to venture out anyhow. They brought in a few of the dogs that seemed to be ailing and one of them died. A post mortem by Doc Sims seemed to point to exposure as the basic cause. Dog lives being almost as important as human lives down here, a thorough investigation was made. All the dog men met together tonight and tried to thrash out the problem. As dogs seemed to thrive at much lower temperatures at Little America, we hadn't been giving them any special attention. The conclusion we arrived at is that the climate here involves such a high moisture content, that 0 degrees here corresponds with 40 below in drier regions -- as far as the dogs are concerned. We will concentrate now in giving the teams more exercise and in making covered tunnels to protect them from the elements. My "Jimmie" was brought in quite sick -- he's my only husky from Alaska -- he has about a 50-50 chance.

MONDAY MAY 20, 1940

fair

My mess duty has kept me rather busy and this journal has suffered considerably, thereby. I'll first try to bring myself up to date. The high winds continued all through last week, giving everyone a chance to catch up on their rest. The highest winds came on last Monday night, while the lightest were on last Saturday. The average for the whole week must have been close to 40 m.p.h. A little calculation shows that upwards of 6,000 miles of wind passed us during this week's period - enough to blow us clear to Panama, if in the right direction, and if we had a balloon or something. By the end of the week all loose snow had been blown away and the glacier shows its blue ice surface once more. The wind and waves also exerted such pressure on the heavy bay ice that huge cracks and ridges appeared, turning large icebergs right up on end. The ice finally loosened and a lot of it blew out to sea leaving turbulent water where the plane took off. We

certainly picked the right time to make the flight. A thin crust of salt now covers the windward side of all exposed objects, even though we are a half mile from the only channel of water on our windward side. There are some signs of salt up on the glacier, too. It's a possibility that it may have come from across the plateau a hundred miles or so from the Weddell Sea.

The plane was well secured up on the glacier and weathered the hurricane in good shape. Everything was set for a short exploratory hop and today Herb promised us a good flying weather. The plane crew got up in the dark and started heating the engines and making ready. By eleven (daylight saving) the sun hit the peaks and the plane took off with Ashley Snow and Perce, pilots; Black, leader; Carroll, aerial photographer; Dyer, navigator; and Ronne. They circled around for about an hour testing and then headed south to map aerially the coast south of us for about 200 miles. We were in constant touch with them by radio and plotted their course on a chart in the Science Building. They turned back after reaching the upper part of George VI Sound and safely completed our first "business" flight.

I spotted our first seal in several weeks this afternoon and sent Paul down to kill it. It was dark before I could get time to go down to take measurements and gut it. I had to go back after supper with Carl to complete the job. It was a big Weddell -- 117" overall. We removed a nice embryo and I also removed a section of the stomach choked with parasitic worms -- nematodes of the ascaris type. The seal could certainly not have lived much longer in such a state.

It is full moon again tonight, and once again I must mention the beauty of a moonlit Antarctic night. I recorded a night balloon run for Herb and could clearly read the stop watch without supplementary light. The peaks seem to move in a bit closer in the pale glow and seem so much more friendly and protecting than, as dark shadowy forms holding back the stars, they normally appear.

TUESDAY MAY 21, 1940

fair and cool

Taking advantage of the good weather, we went ahead with our plan of operations and made another flight. This time the Condor {our plane was a Curtiss Condor} took off about noon (daylight saving time) with Snow and Perce, Pilots; Black, leader; Carroll photographer; and Hilton, navigator. They carried a large supply of provisions and landed on a glacier above the Wordie Shelf Ice (80 mi. south) where they established a provision cache of man and dog food plus aviation gasoline. This can be used as an emergency landing field or a provisioning point for sledging parties. In taxiing after landing here, the tail ski was slightly damaged, so I guess we won't fly tomorrow.

It's fun to sit in the Science Hall and follow the plane in flight on the chart. Perce or Black come in from time to time on the radio and give a running account of their view and sensations. Dick is known unofficially as Lowell Thomas II.

Tonight the successful flights were celebrated with grog rations and movies -- Deanna Durbin for the second time.

WEDNESDAY MAY 22, 1940

cloudy

We try to make the most of our short days. I am working on the addition to the wing-crate taxidermy shack and in fixing up my dogs. "Jimmie" is coming around fine and "Pal's" face is practically healed.

Several days ago we dug out some valuable additions to our record library. Two albums of operetta music with representations of Jerome Kern and Sigmund Romberg melodies. They are far nicer than anything else we have and are certainly doing double duty.

Such hits as "Roberta", "New Moon", "Sally", "Student Prince", "Blossom Time", "Cat and the Fiddle", "Desert Song" and "Show Boat" are well represented by tune medleys. It's much easier waking up to tunes such as "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes" or "Sweethearts" or "One Alone" or "The Night Was Made for Love" than "You've got to get up in the Morning" or "Tin Roof Blues" or "Hallelujah I'm a Bum".

Something else that has appeared for the first time this week is some games. The most popular by far is "Dictator". Cribbage has been forgotten for the hilarious evenings furnished by this game. It is even better than Monopoly. One deals in battleships, airplanes and propaganda rather than utilities. I made a treaty with J. Glenn the other evening, swapping two battleships for a candy bar, and so lost the game (but I did get the candy bar!). I guess I needn't say that the game is timely -- it's pretty obvious, what with daily reports bringing Hitler closer and closer to Paris. It's beginning to look now as though there's a chance of the U.S. being sucked in. If that's the case, we'd like to stay down here another year.

The next most popular game is a bowling alley. It's only about fifteen feet long, but it's perfectly scaled and is played to regular rules. Tiny and I are tied for top score at present -- 214. I had to have six strikes in a row and a streak of luck to do it.

MONDAY MAY 27, 1940

cloudy and warm

Work has settled down now to a general routine and there isn't too much to write about, so daily entries are probably a thing of the past. The daylight hours recently have been spent working, with time divided between housing my dogs for the winter and construction of the tax. shack. The news these days is pretty dreadful. We debate on whether the Allies are really losing the war or whether they just want us to think so.

Friday we had a show followed by the mail bag broadcast. Reception was poor, but I gathered that the folks are in the Sequoia country; Barb's getting ready to come home; Wayne's about to graduate; Frank's going back to Glacier N.P.

Saturday was windy and Sunday we all slept in. Tonight I have been studying Spanish again and want to fill this page before I turn in. The latest innovation for camp morale has been the pool table. They finally found all the parts and did a good job of piecing them together. It's the real thing and will be one more distraction to spare time study.

THURSDAY -- MEMORIAL DAY MAY 30, 1940

quite cool with low fog

After working hard all morning, a tasty lunch awaited us. Dick found at his place a very artistically drawn up document. It turned out to be a very flowery petition for a half holiday, so that we might (among other things) quote: "consolidate our gains". The petition was promptly granted and a fitting ceremony was held up on the hill.

Knowing that all folks at home would be especially observant on this day of remembrance, due to the world turmoil, we tried to add our bit. We met below the stars-and-stripes floating above the hill-top and dedicated our ceremony to the dead Antarctic explorers. The flag was lowered to half mast and Dick gave a brief mention of those whose memory we were saluting. J. Glenn followed with some fitting scriptural references and then the flag was raised to the reports of a brace of rifles. We stood then at attention, saluting Old Glory, while the clear strains of the "Star Spangled Banner" filtered through the crisp Antarctic air. The spirit of the day reached everyone, making a very effective picture -- twenty-six men standing rigidly in their hoods and furs on the snow swept hill, with the glorious banner above and with the national anthem sounding from a hidden phonograph. Surrounding the compact group were the mighty peaks, with their icy aprons reaching towards us, and beyond them, thousands of miles of Antarctic silence.

While it was still twilight, I put on my skis and tried out the new 8" of snow that has fallen. Although the temperature was 14½ below, I got over-hot herring-boning up the glacier. Herb is trying to break me in to some of the tricks and this soft snow is just the thing. All my dogs are back in harness again now and I've found a few chances to exercise them. Bozo is certainly making up for the trouble she caused me at Little America.

I have probably mentioned before that I have been forced to live up to the reputation of a very heavy eater. The other day we all came in from a heavy day's work to a very appetizing dinner. Delicious bowls of soup steamed before each place and my favorite, roast veal, was coming up from the galley, but at my place I found a glass of water and two hunks of hardtack. A note explained that rationing had started due to food shortage and that I would begin by dieting. They made up for it tonight, for at my place rested a whole roast leg of lamb, while everyone else had to be content with slices.

Today is also significant in that it marks the astronomical beginning of the long winter night. Although no sunlight has touched our quarters for a month now due to the surrounding mountains, we at least have seen their tips sparkling in a reddish gleam. Now even that is gone; we do what we can in the few hours of twilight.

SUNDAY JUNE 2, 1940

cloudy and cool +1° F.

While the cat's away the mice will ----. Tonight turned out to be Jitterbug Nite. Sunday schedule is something like this: Get up at noon, cook your own hot cakes, and chicken dinner at 5 P.M.. Today it was altered some in that a group

consisting of Black, Ronne, Hilton, Knowles, Carroll, and Darlington set out on a trip to visit the camp of Rymill's {British} expedition -- down here in 1936. It's about 6 miles north of us and we've all been waiting for the chance to visit it. Once again the sea ice (now 7" thick) is safe and now the trip is attempted. I got up early and Herb and I skied out with them for about a half-mile. They had to cross one bad lead {an open crack in sea ice}. All the dogs got a good ducking, but the sleds made it all right; it looked pretty bad for a minute. Herb and I came back and I hitched up a dog team; then four of us went out and bridged the crack with planks. The rest of the short day was spent in ski practice.

Now to get back to the theme I started on. With the leaders away, and with them the main objectors to jazzing things up, Benny Goodman and Tommy Dorsey held sway at the phonograph and things started to sizzle. Bobbie Steele appropriated (or I should say misappropriated) every tin gadget in the galley and set himself up as a trap drummer. The Doc had hung up a row of whisky bottles and was tuning them up. Somebody got hold of a harmonica and I dug out the pipe (recorder) -- and were we in the groove!

Another specialty today was ice cream -- the real stuff -- we just put it outside the door to freeze. The chicken today was stewed with noodles and served with corn-off-the-cob -- mighty fine!

The boys all clamored for a movie, but the operator was "out of town". Odom (radioman) and I got together, though, and dug up the favorite "Algiers". I added a new innovation by fixing up an electric pick-up to work through the movie sound system and thus gave them recorded interludes while the reels were changed.

Radio reports the gang is staying all night in Rymill's cabin, so we are rebroadcasting Charley McCarthy to them.

MONDAY JUNE 3, 1940

We all got up according to schedule this morning and all turned to, to swab up the quarters and have everything spic and span for the returning leaders. The party came in soon after lunch, and brought with them a few souvenirs from the Britons' quarters. A few cast-off mittens, a battered hat, some tea, some tobacco, a half-eaten bar of candy, an odd slipper, and a singularly out of place signpost were all brought back. The signs of erstwhile neighbors tends to detract from our feeling of being in utterly new territory, but at least the place hasn't been trampled over like Little America. The British had planned another expedition in this region, but the war prevented it.

Carl and I spent all of our time on the Taxidermy Shack -- and, with the help of the jitterbug, we hoisted up the heavy roof panel to the wing crate and secured it. Tomorrow is another day and I hope our architectural monstrosity will soon be enclosed as we're about due for another wind.

(The Battle of Flanders is practically over with the majority of English troops saved at Dunkirk; Paris bombed, Italy mobilizing.)

FRIDAY JUNE 7, 1940

cool -26° F.

Mailbag tonight -- I got messages from all over the country but could hardly make them out as conditions were quite poor. Frank reported from Rapid City, S.D. and Belton, Mont. The folks are still in Gen. Grant Park. Coming as a happy surprise were messages from Mary Jane in Sioux City, Iowa and Louise from Grand Canyon.

The taxidermy shop is just about finished in spite of sub- zero weather and poor light, neither of which are an aid to carpentering.

Our radio department has strung up quite a network of antennas, and their efficiency has been on the increase. I filed messages today to Mother and Frank. "Sails", who by the way was recently rated as a Chief Petty Officer by the Navy, finished making curtains for our bunk spaces, so we now enjoy so somewhat more privacy.

(The "Battle for France" is now raging along the Somme, with the Germans battering on toward Paris. We all hope they are stopped).

SUNDAY JUNE 9, 1940

snow 0° av. temp.

Another pleasant Sunday has passed. I caught up on sleep, skiing and lounging. The finishing touches were put on the outside of the Tax. Shack yesterday and we actually got our stove going. Now I suppose we'll be assigned to something else for a while.

At odd moments I've been reading an interesting book donated to us by the "Book of the Month Club", called "Hajji Baba of Ispahan". It is a series of personalized adventures with the oriental touch. It becomes tiresome to take much of it at once, but it is fun to dip into it now and then. The rest of our library has been broken out and shelved. Especially welcome were a number of "American" magazines -- a pleasant change after "True Detective"s and "Movie Mirror"s. A few cases of light flu seem to have appeared in the germless? Antarctic. No doubt the germs arrived with the books. The same relationship of germs and newly opened cases was noticed at Little America.

MONDAY JUNE 10, 1940

clear and cool -20° F.

"All hands" were mustered today to carry out the work of making a decent food cache. Our old one is now beneath so much drifted snow that it is well nigh impossible to find what you're looking for. We all manned a "joy stick" (shovel) and leveled out quite an area and began stacking the cases. We will cover the whole with a large tarp. We found a few items we were looking for and a few others such as date butter, banana flakes, popcorn, etc. that we had forgotten about.

A cool breeze was blowing and we had to keep an eye on one another's faces to see that frostbite didn't get far. A spot on my left cheek gives me a little trouble, but I always catch it before it gets bad. Most of the rest of my face is matted with rusty ice-encrusted whiskers which, although the ice becomes heavy at times, at least keeps my chin from freezing.

We were all waiting for Lowell Thomas tonight and heard that Italy declares war on the Allies. The Western front reported German advances to within 35 miles of Paris. We have some great arguments down here sometimes, almost coming to blows. We haven't any Nazi sympathizers, but are sharply divided as pro- or con- British.

(Italy declares war on the Allies)

THURSDAY JUNE 13, 1940

still cool -18° F.

We completed the new food cache Tuesday and Carl and I have been putting in the best part of the last two days putting on the finishing touches to "Ye Sign of Ye Blood and Blubber", as a fancy metal sign hanging above the door now reads. Staying with the Old English Pub tradition, it is complete with a can of blood and a piece of hanging blubber. Our fancy insignia is Dick Black's contribution. We are now lining the inside with strip canvas, olive in shade; wherever possible we stuff in rock wool. The result so far is quite reassuring as, this morning, we had the stove going only an hour and a half when the thermometer outside the door read -20° and the one inside read +80° F. Rough exploring has its place, but I'm pretty glad to be working inside for a change.

Right now I'm listening to Bing Crosby via radio after having just watched him perform in "East Side of Heaven", shown tonight for Herb's benefit -- because of the cute baby Sandy. You see, Herb just heard last night that he was a father. He married his pretty wife as soon as he knew he was coming down here. Cigars were passed out (75 cent Havanas) and toasts drunk to celebrate the occasion. At the same time we toasted Ann Siple, the new addition to the Siple family {Paul Siple was West Base leader at Little America}. Herb's was a boy -- Herbert Grove Dorsey III. Herb feels mighty proud as he well might. However, I hope when (and if) my bride is ready to make a presentation, I can be a little closer to her. No doubt Herb feels the distance a little more these past few days.

I got into a little spat yesterday with Finn Ronne over a pair of boots. He's harder to get along with than anyone else in camp -- We don't hold a thing against him personally, but he tries to be a dictator in a democratic camp.

The French gave up Paris today, making it a free city. The Germans are now occupying it. The Allies are retreating South. We listened to Roosevelt's "stab in the back" speech and have re-argued many times among ourselves as to whether we should fight with the Allies now or whether to sit back and fight for Pan-American solidarity.

(Got a radiogram this morning from Cliff Presnall)

MONDAY JUNE 17, 1940

clear and cool -25° F.

Another bunch made a practice trail trip to Rymill's British Camp on Debenham Island yesterday. I was asked to go, but declined in favor of someone else who probably wouldn't get another chance. All I asked was that they bring me back a souvenir.

Knowing that they would return from "Rymill's Swap Shop" with odd relics, those of us at Camp set up a Customs Station on the return trail close by with the following sign: **STOP! INTERNATIONAL BOUNDARY - U.S. TERRITORY - ALL BOOTY MUST BE DECLARED.** A line of lamp-black furnished the boundary; a ladder made the gate and the stars and stripes flew from a pole. We fixed up Little Moe with a buffalo robe, an officer's cap, a pair of goggles and a revolver to play the part of the inspector. A sentry with shouldered rifle also gave atmosphere. It all amounted to a pleasant interlude of fun to brighten the winter's darkness.

They said they had a fine specimen for me, specifically a fine example of "Anas urinomas" or "Rymill's Duck". Later on they presented to me, with all sorts of ceremony, a duck-shaped utensil commonly known as a male bed urinal. I at least get a distinctive souvenir. It's even inscribed: "TO HERWIL FROM JOHN RYMILL". I also got hold of a pair of old soft moccasin boots that, with a little repair, will make a more useful memento.

The best salvage that was made was a dozen old English phonograph records, varying from Bach's "Sanctus" to Gracie Fields. We have been spending all evening getting a few ears- full of British-accented music.

We were all waiting anxiously for Lowell Thomas tonight to hear of the week-end developments in the field of war. Headline news is that France has offered to surrender while England swears she will fight to the finish. Hitler, Mussolini, and Franco are meeting now to make their terms. A British radio station reported that Canadian newspapers are beginning to criticize the United States for not rushing to England's rescue with an overseas force.

(Received radiogram from Wetmore {my boss at the Smithsonian} on June 14 -- he reports specimens sent back on the "North Star" with Lobell were received in good condition)

TUESDAY JUNE 18, 1940

clear and cool -26° F.

If I were up on the Pass tonight {Fall River Pass in Rocky Mountain Natl. Pk., my summer ranger station}, with the full moon above the peaks, I'd probably be coming in late from a lecture, and, before turning in, would walk out along Trail Ridge and absorb some of the beauty of moonlight in the mountains. There below me the snowbanks would be glaring white and the granite outcrops shining, with a lake here and there twinkling against the velvety forest background. Perhaps I'd even try to catch some of it on photographic film.

Being in the Antarctic in the middle of winter with the temperature upwards of 50° below freezing, you'd think things would be quite a bit different.

Tonight, after sitting through a Fred Astaire - Ginger Rogers show, I should have gone to bed, but the moonlight was too much for me. I bundled up, strapped on my camera and headed up the glacier alone. The cold light, helped along by the snowy landscape, bathed the surrounding terrain in clearer illumination than we'd had at 12 noon. The sky was an intense purplish blue, shading into turquoise on the southern skyline. The brighter stars rested on this background like gems on blue velvet. Far below, the contrasting orange glow of electricity marked the site of our base, while beyond it the smooth expanse of sea ice extended out to infinity, broken only by the towering heights of Neny Island and a few frozen-in bergs. A blur of light suddenly bounces up from far below and rises smoothly and steadily toward the zenith. It is no doubt Herb making a balloon run. We are so little in this great world around us, and so insignificant, yet trying to outshine the Moon with our puffing generators. Only the sharp tinge of frostbite on my cheek brought me to my senses and I was forced to leave my seat in the snow and slide {glissading, skating down on one's boots} back down to camp.

These dark days also have their beauty. When clear, the sky overhead is dull blue blending into light gray on the northern horizon. As one follows the sky southward it gains a rosier hue culminating in bright pink which shades suddenly into a deep purplish-blue band extending behind the southern skyline.

(Roosevelt suggests compulsory military training)

WEDNESDAY JUNE 19, 1940

snow and warmer +1° F.

Carl and Paul went out to Neny Island for some rock specimens and came back with two Crabeaters they found over toward Red Rock Ridge. They hadn't taken a revolver and had a hard time killing them with an ice chisel and a shovel, but seal is a precious item this time of year (first seal since April 8) and it wouldn't do to let any get away from us. Here was a chance to try out our Taxidermy Building. The dogs dragged the carcasses up to the door where we attached a line to the chain block supported from the ceiling and hoisted them up. Although it was late, we skinned one completely out and made a straight skin from the other before supper. The system works and our clean floor is now christened with crimson.

Glenn has started navigation classes meeting before supper each evening. Here is a good chance to consolidate my odd bits into good practical application. Radio classes have also been started -- I'm practicing high-speed code copying on the typewriter. Joe, Dutch and Bill Pullen went over to Rymill's today and brought back some small gas drums, leaving others in exchange.

FRIDAY JUNE 21, 1940

MID-WINTER NIGHT

snow

On this, the shortest day of the year, I hitched up eleven dogs and joined 4 others in an extended trip after seals. We made about a ten mile trip up into Neny Fjord and each team hauled back a big Weddell. A light snow was falling steadily and visibility was mighty poor. However, a powerful light was mounted atop the radio mast and served as a beacon for a radius of about 2 miles.

According to Antarctic tradition, Mid-Winter Night calls for a big celebration. Our predecessors south of the Circle have always made a point of greeting the sun's return southward with fitting ceremony. The inaugural issue of a Camp newspaper came out and will speak for itself, as well as for the fine dinner we had.

The Biology Department also had a little tradition to live up to. Biologist and assistant carried on in the style set by Scott's biologist in 1911. More will be said of this episode under separate cover.

MONDAY JUNE 24, 1940

snow, thaw

(Paul Knowles' Birthday)

After the weekend festival we are once again on work schedule. We're all pitching in now preparatory to the extensive trail parties and plane flights mapped for coming months. My immediate work consists of making up dog pemmican -- 5400 dog-day blocks are needed. It works in with the seal skinning, at which job I am pretty well occupied at present. I ran some wire over to the taxidermy outfit the other day (60 yards) and connected up some lights. We are now officially open for business.

Paul's birthday dinner was in the regular East Base style, complete with fried chicken and candle-specked cake. An added treat tonight was fresh (frozen) asparagus. Later came the movie, "The Oklahoma Kid" for the third time. By now, we can even beat the "Kid" to the draw.

After the show a number of us withdrew outside for fresh air. Today has shattered all our illusions of Antarctic winters; today the temperature has risen to 38° Fahrenheit. A warm Foehn wind blew in from the north and brought with it our first good thaw. Tonight the snow is falling heavily. A well-aimed snowball at the back of my neck suddenly made me realize that tonight, for the first time, conditions were right for snow-balling. Everyone still had the "Kid's" fanning six gun ringing in his ears and, before I had a chance to turn around, a battle was raging. The balls flew in arcs from all angles, like a bunch of roman candles spewing off at random. The raining missiles soon resolved themselves to three main sources; Dick Black and I loaded up with an armful and tried to storm the enemy stronghold between the Science and Mechanics Buildings. A few retreated and we struggled hand to hand with the others. It turned out in a hard-fought draw that was only broken by a consolidated aerial attack on Knowles, who had

set himself up on the well-fortified meteorological tower and was bombing all targets.

Valparaiso tangos have degenerated into endless Republican speeches from the Philadelphia Convention, so I am signing off -- it's hard to write to speeches.

(French government agrees to German terms, but parts of Army and Navy refuse to give in.)

SATURDAY JUNE 29, 1940

cloudy

Now that we have a weekly newspaper it sort of steals my stuff and ye olde diary doth suffer as there's no use duplicating.

Last night was Li'l Moe's birthday, and he led us in quite a celebration climaxing in a burlesqued "strip tease" skit. He certainly was a howling success. He was toasted last night as "The sprightly elf of East Base". When I first met him in Boston, a typical army private, I thought he was the most vulgar, cheap, loud-mouthed goon I'd ever run into. But my standards have changed. His constant (though profane) banter has brightened many a gloomy hour. I really don't know what we'd do without him.

Plenty of smoke has been pouring out of the Taxidermy Shack this week as seal oil production has reached a new high. Seal blubber has yielded over 40 gallons of good oil in our special cooker. The floor is thick with blood and grease and we live up to our sign literally {Ye Signe of Ye Blood and Blubber}.

I read over old letters tonight and got off a radiogram to Dad and to Mary Jane.

(Willke nominated for President - Republican Party - Vandenberg for Vice President)

MONDAY JULY 1, 1940

high winds, blizzard

Old Mom Nature must have figured that we'd been having nicer weather than we deserved this time of year, so she whipped up a whopping blizzard yesterday that has not abated yet. Overnight the snow drifted 10 ft. high around buildings and we had to tunnel out. Yesterday, being Sunday, we all stayed in, but today we dug. The dogs were safe in the tunnels, but it took an hour or so to dig down to the entrances. "Casey", next to the door, was pretty well snowed in from seepage, but I cleared things and gave him an armful of excelsior. He was just like a bird building a nest -- taking meticulous care in laying himself a comfortable bed. We designed the Taxidermy Shop with aerodynamics in mind, so our door is kept blown clear. It withstood the 70 m.p.h. wind in grand shape. The icy crust, formed by the extraordinary thaw, has been ripped up in places and huge sheets of ice are seen cartwheeling over the glacier. I was awakened several times last night when large hunks of ice crashed into the metal ventilators on the roof, making themselves heard above the constant roar of the sweeping blizzard. The radio antennas seem to have suffered the most, but we haven't inspected the plane yet.

Our Fourth of July celebration was postponed a day so that the mailbag would be part of it. Our regular holiday turkey dinner was enjoyed greatly, especially the dressing, which was well garnished with mixed nuts. The peach pie was also a special treat. Today was also Doc's birthday and a special cake, complete with frosted greeting and five jumbo candles, appeared. Red, white and blue streamers, party napkins and fancy paper hats decorated our festive board.

The big surprise was a new movie (We've seen most of them three times now), Bing Crosby in "Sing You Sinners". Another surprise was Bing Crosby, Olivia DeHaviland and Martha Tilton (Benny Goodman songstress) in person on a special program for us from Los Angeles. Reception was good for a change. I got messages from two Franks: Hoadley at Glacier N.P. reports marriage of Esther Smith and Harold Warner; Hodgins at Toronto sends regards and the lowdown on the whole family.

Certain personal relations have become a bit strained during this last week. I am at peace with the world, but petty hates and jealousies have been springing up all around. One, in fact, actually led to some fisticuffs -- the only casualty being a fractured nose. They told me that "polar nerves" often led to such things, but I had thought it was all bunk. Well, anyway, there's only 8 or so more months of it.

Jack, one of our huskier dogs, kicked the bucket rather suddenly the other day. Doc and I performed an autopsy and found a ruptured liver and acute peritonitis -- the indications pointing towards a kick. A bit of a stink was raised with the dog drivers, but things have been pretty well straightened out. A big mystery concerning dogs popping up in impossible places has dog man Darlington pretty worried. He suspects "fifth column" operations.

News reports show that Britain, in a surprise move, has captured the bulk of the French fleet causing a break in their relations. Nazis have bombed England and appear to be planning an invasion.

(sent message to Mother)

FRIDAY JULY 12, 1940

It's been a week since I've written, but things have been following a set rigmarole (mas o menas) and nothing startling has occurred. Our blubber factory has been going full blast and we have manufactured over 1000 cakes of pemmican (1 per dog per day). I, like the rest of us, have my ups and downs, but the net average is well in the black.

Last night we had a general discussion of Sir Hubert Wilkins' original exploratory flight over this area. From his high position, he thought the peninsula was pierced by several sea-level channels. We have already landed the plane on one of these channels and found the elevation over 2,000 feet! His flight has helped us by indicating possible new land not yet reached.

The other night was one of those real Antarctic chillers with a breeze blowing the 25 below air right through one. I know. You see one of the local pranksters stirred up a nice batch of fudge to which he subtly added a sufficient quantity of calomel. You can draw your own conclusions.

(received messages from Mother and Mary Jane; sent messages to Trail Ridge gang, Row Emery and the Appels)

(Roosevelt mobilizes the National Guard; Britain raided daily by scores of Nazi planes)

MONDAY JULY 15, 1940

To begin with, L'il Moe is lying here on the table while the rest of the men take turns at autographing his leg. He was trying to learn skiing by moonlight and got himself crossed up. Doc built up a fine cast and it now looks like the foyer of Grauman's "Chinese". The fracture is not serious.



Late last night I was awakened by some especially potent snores, and, before I could get back to sleep, I felt my bunk trembling a little. It felt like an earthquake and I started counting seconds. By the 20th it had entirely died out. At breakfast they all laughed at me -- hallucinations, nightmares, polar nerves, etc. I notice, however, that tonight's news reported widespread earthquakes and volcanic activity in the eastern Pacific. Dorsey's barograph seems to show an anomaly at about that time, too.

Paul and I took out a transit last night to sight some stars and figure our position. We chose Antares and Achernar. Our calculated position very closely checked with our determined position: 67° 02' 43" W., 68° 11' 52" S.

(Roosevelt nominated for third term)

THURSDAY JULY 18, 1940

light snow

The temperature this morning climbed up to 21° above and Carl and I organized a little party to see if any seals were enticed out by the warm weather. Carl, Muzzie, and I hitched up teams and set forth. I had a bit of trouble getting them started. Short-legged Bozo, my leader, kept bogging down in the deep snow while the rest of the team ran over her. While untangling one of the resulting tangles, "Bum" expressed his displeasure (his leg was caught in a harness) by biting my ear. I had Doc look at it tonight and the lobe appears to have been pierced clean through. "Bum" doesn't mean any harm, but he sometimes forgets how sharp his teeth are. If it weren't for my fingernail, I'd've had a bad gash on the end of my finger; I over-estimated his distance while feeding.

We found no seals along the tide crack in the fjord, as it was all frozen over and covered with snow. We sighted a dark object in the far distance just as we were ready to turn back and finally reached the point where a Weddell male had gnawed his way through 16" of ice to bask on the snow. We made quick work of him. (We no longer carry a gun, as we can do a quicker job with a knife and a pointed pole.)

We took seal measurements, determined our position by compass, gutted the critter, and started hauling home. Muzzie and I each gave up two dogs to help Carl's team pull the seal. On the way back, we sighted another seal and left our track to get it. By this time it was dark and we traveled by compass bearing. When in line with our island (4 miles away), we exchanged flashlight signals and plodded on. The tide had evidently come in while we were gone, as our track had become a morass of slush under two feet of snow. It was all my five dogs could do, to pull the empty sled through it. I had fur mukluks on and sank above my knees with each step. The going sure was tough. During the course of the trip, I had tried out every dog on my team, plus a couple from Carl's, on the lead, while Bozo guiltily rode the sled. It certainly was exhausting to try and sink some sense into untrained leaders. By the time the pleasant glow of camp lights greeted us, we were dead on our feet. They thoughtfully had held dinner for us and a couple of men helped us unhitch the dogs. Today, for the first time, I have felt like a real explorer.

(Sec. of Ag. Wallace chosen as FDR's running mate)

(P.S. - July 19 - Now I know what Bozo's trouble is - she is quite pregnant - if I didn't know she had been spayed, I'd've guessed it long before.)

FRIDAY JULY 19, 1940

Today was a memorable day at East Base. We established our first two-way contact with WGEO. Surrounded by mountains as we are, and hindered by an unsuitable hour for radio communication, we have broken through in spite of it all. Harriet, Carl's wife, was at the studio and the two carried on a fairly legible conversation. Carl was so happy and excited he couldn't hold the mike still. He was only married a couple weeks before leaving Boston. The program was sponsored by the San Francisco Chronicle and came from Treasure Island. They made a brief radio tour of the Exposition, including sound effects on the Gayway. It was a very fine program, typical of S.F.

On the mailbag I got messages from Mother and Dad. If I heard correctly, it looks as though Kings Canyon National Park is our new home, at least temporarily. There seems to be a new N.P.S. director and a general shift of personnel.

By the use of a 48 dog team, we have hauled a couple of heavy airplane wing-crate sections up on the glacier to serve as an airport building. The snow is too deep to give traction for the jitterbug or tank.

(sent radiogram to Unc Will) {Will Morrish, my banker uncle, VP (and later Pres.) of Bank of America in S.F. }

WEDNESDAY ~~THURSDAY~~ JULY 24, 1940

I thought sure today was Tuesday the 25th. It's certainly hard to keep time straight. It's suddenly dawned on me now why my navigation problems have been slightly off the last few days -- I've been using the wrong date. Time here is reckoned by Mailbag nights; e.g., our last thaw was just before the Hollywood

Mailbag. We have just had another thaw. A warm wind blowing from the north, accompanied by clear skies and the noon sunshine creeping down the mountains, sure gave me spring fever. We rushed around in our shirt-sleeves and were just peeling our shirts when the wind shifted. A few hours later it was well below zero again. That's the trouble with this place; it always keeps you guessing.

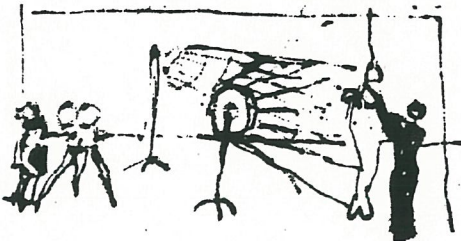
Our {dog} pemmican wouldn't harden, so we have stocked well up on blubber while the skins are easy to thaw. My wrenched knee being much better today (they were beginning to call me "Gimpy"), I skied up to the glacier airport to help the aviation boys erect their wing-crate quarters. The surface was fast and the downhill run was great. I am also working on a small cable windlass to use in dredging the local depths.

(radiogram from Mother - family has enjoyed reading my journal - sent return message) {Journal #1, covering up to arrival at East Base, was sent back with Admiral Byrd for forwarding to my parents.}

(Compulsory military training for the U.S. seems sure. Russia seizes Latvia, Estonia and Lithuania.)

THURSDAY JULY 25, 1940

Normal temperatures again (0°) and back to "fish cakes". Our work was interrupted for some time this afternoon, while we acted under powerful klieg lights for the benefit of Art and the big movie camera. Carl and I skinned a seal in record time and then went through all the intermediate steps of manufacturing the stuff. The final shot showed a consumer in the form of "Kathryn", a favorite at the kennels.



A pleasant change in luncheon was enjoyed this noon -- potato salad and salmon {canned} with a special tartar sauce. We certainly do miss fresh salads, especially the crisp lettuce that goes with one. To satisfy everyone's taste, our tables have accumulated a good number of fancy sauces -- some commercial, some camp-made. We have ketchup, worchester sauce, chutney, red hot, chow-chow and mustard. My favorite is a fancy tomato sauce with chopped onions, spices, pimento, etc. in it, despite its slight real rum flavor. I sure wish I could give Loya a nice birthday kiss in person {my sister's birthday}.

(Britain and dictators trying to bomb hell out of each other.)

FRIDAY JULY 26, 1940

Today marks the advent of "Caesar", a new pup. To begin with, he is premature, probably at least a month, and was delivered by caesarean section. The most interesting thing about him, though, is that he is a seal pup. It all happened like this: We spotted a seal out on the ice this afternoon, and Paul took his team and went to fetch it. He slit open the belly and removed the guts, saving out the embryo. Perhaps impressed by its size,

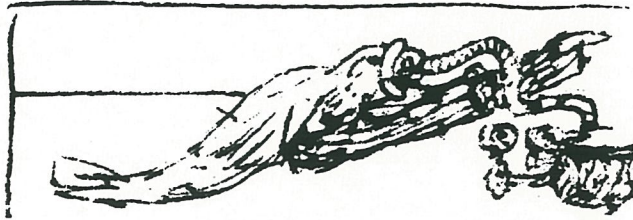


he removed the foetal sac and found a tiny, perfectly-formed little seal. He decided to experiment tying off the umbilical cord and cutting it off. He then lifted the body by the hind flippers and experimentally slapped it where its buttocks should be. Imagine his surprise when it coughed a little and then squealed, as life was shocked into being. Paul hurried back and excitedly brought him (it's a boy!) into the Tax. shack where Carl and I were working. The news spread fast. Doc arrived with a stethoscope; Dutch ran up with a nipples bottle; Tiny brought some milk while Art set up his cameras. "Caesar" tips the scales at 29½ pounds and is doing well after 7 hours. He curls his foreflippers around your finger just like any infant.

(Got radiogram from Appels)

SATURDAY JULY 27, 1940

It's now past three A.M. Sunday morning. I'm over in the Science Building



now -- little "Caesar" has just passed away. We have been sharing watches tonight to keep him alive by artificial respiration. We have even broken out the oxygen tank inhalator. His breathing has been only with great difficulty and I guess his short life has been just prolonged a little by our patient ministrations. He was such a cute little bundle -- about 40 inches long --

like a big furry teddy bear. If you want to figure it that way, his age has been a minus quantity, but we kept him alive for 36 hours. Some of the boys had mental pictures of a trained seal to go back with us, but the Scientific Department knew it was one chance in a million.

Bozo came through with a measly set of four premature pups this morning. All but one are dead. Bozo is hardly fit for a mother and so perhaps it is just as well. She would never have gotten in such a condition if we hadn't known she'd been spayed.

(got radiogram from Mother and from R. Gregg)

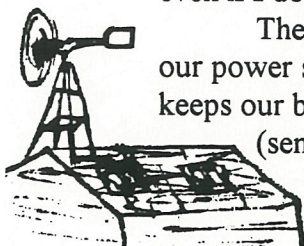
MONDAY JULY 29, 1940

Blue Monday. Bluest for Bob Palmer who got word via radio that his betrothed had run off and married someone else. Next bluest for me, who lost a good lead dog. Bozo died in my arms this evening after a sudden paralytic attack. I performed an autopsy which confirmed my suspicions. She died of complications following the premature birth a couple days back. Two pups had refused to be born. I certainly will miss my chubby little whitesplashed black bitch. She was blind in one eye and wasn't much of a puller, but was just about the smartest dog in camp -- very affectionate too. She remained loyal to me to the end -- she'd do things for me that no one else could get her to do. Blue for Tiny the cook, too. The snow-melter broke down and the range had to be shut down -- no water and cold food.

I concentrated on making "Caesar" into a good specimen today. He yielded a beautiful pelt and I also prepared the skeleton. I did a pretty good job, even if I do say so myself.

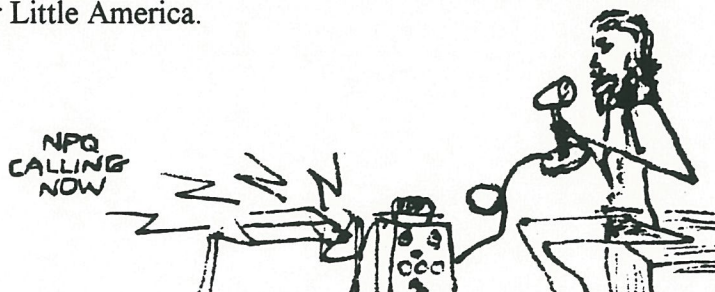
The new windmill atop the workshop is the radiomen's latest addition to our power supply. It adds a new whine to our assortment of windy noises and also keeps our batteries charged up.

(sent message to Wetmore)



WEDNESDAY JULY 31, 1940

The other day conditions were good and I talked to Jack Perkins, Biologist at West Base, over the radiophone. I was glad to hear how he was getting along. He is preparing to go on a sledging trip, as there isn't much of new biological interest near Little America.



Today I fixed up our old hole in the glacier into a covered cache for keeping our specimens well frozen. When on the inside, and the door closed, a very eerie effect is produced -- all light is transmitted through the ice. It made me feel as though the walls were made up of glowing coals, only instead of a hot red, it was a cold blue. I'm afraid it's beyond description.

I started out to do some studying after supper but played Harry a game of chess instead. No one has beaten him yet and tonight was no exception. However, I challenged him at pool later and trounced him three games in a row.

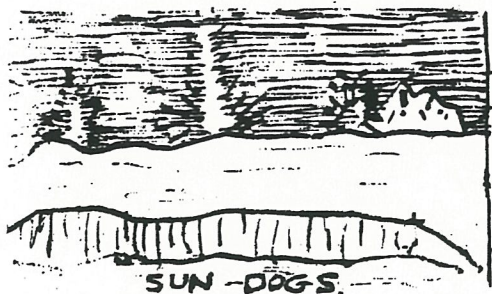
With three good huskies as pall bearers, I laid Bozo to final rest over at the dog cemetery. A sheet of crusted snow made an admirable marker. May she rest in eternal peace!



FRIDAY AUGUST 2, 1940

A beautiful day in Antarctica. It's weather like this that makes you glad you're here. The warmish and overcast weather we've been having gave way to clear and crisp 16 below stuff today. The cold air is a great bracer and makes you want to do things. The sun came closer and we saw some nice sun dogs just over the glacier. I went up to observatory hill near camp and actually got the sun on my face. It looked and felt mighty good. As a training trip for "Pal", I drove five dogs

up to the glacier airport. The aviation gang have a pretty nice shack up there now and are housekeeping for themselves. Dick, Finn, Joe and Art finally got off on a reconnaissance trip up above the end of Neny Fjord. In the absence of Art, I showed movies tonight.



The program tonight was sponsored by Bangor, Maine Daily News and featured the Admiral in an informal talk. By the time my mailbag message came through, conditions were pretty poor and I didn't get it all. It was something about the kodachromes. I think you said some were bad.

FRIDAY AUGUST 9, 1940

It was Tuesday the trail men went out exploring. They took all available dog teams and headed up the glacier towards the 6,000 ft. plateau. None have returned yet.

In the absence of the leaders and almost half of the camp the boys have turned to with a will to dig the plane out of its winter hibernation. We get up an hour earlier, eat, then ski up to the airport and grab the handle of an Antarctic joy stick. The aviation crew gives us a lunch and then we turn to again. Being the only "dog driver" in the crowd, I volunteered to man-haul the snow away. When darkness approaches we hop on our skis and scoot down to camp (1 1/2 miles - all downhill) for a good dinner. By noon today our work was complete and the "East Base Canary" pulled up the long incline under her own power and took off for a perfect test hop. What a surprise it'll be for the rest when they find the plane all set to go.

As I write, the wind has risen to 60 m.p.h. I sure pity the men in tents.

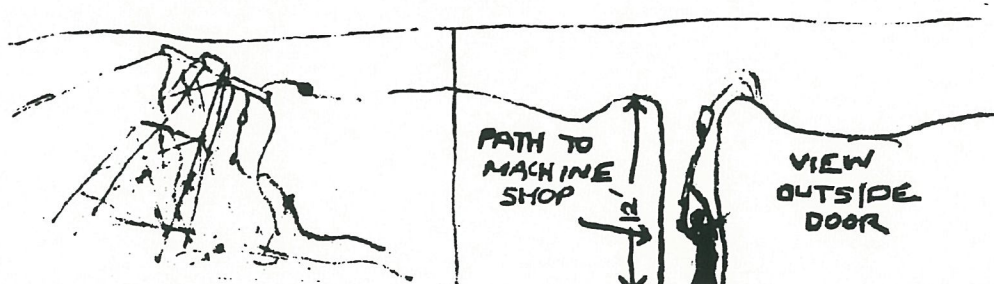


SATURDAY AUGUST 10, 1940

That breeze last night sure turned out to be a whamdoozle. Sixty per turned out to be a minimum and it kept at 80 for minutes at a time, probably topping 100 in gusts (official 90 m.p.h.) We all slept late this morning, mostly in fear of viewing the havoc wrought. Ashley {Snow, our chief pilot} nerved himself and burrowed his way to the surface. His report that the plane appeared in the same spot high on the glacier gave us renewed hope and one by one we crawled out to meet reality. We had thought that previous gales had already packed all

movable snow but we were sadly mistaken. It was packed 12 feet deep in front of the door and over 20 feet in some places, just over night! The radio antenna system suffered the most. All fifteen antennas were down including the two main towers. One of the dog tunnels had blown to pieces and a table full of my dog cakes had somersaulted westward. Heavy sledges dotted the landscape and anything lighter and not tied down had gone for good. The wind is still blowing 40 m.p.h. Tomorrow's work is well laid out.

(First birds seen - 2 Snow Petrels)



~~MONDAY TUESDAY~~ AUGUST 12, 1940

Yesterday, as the wind gradually decreased, we set to work digging out. Removal was greatly facilitated by the combination of the jitterbug and the Fresno scraper. We all worked like demons and finally opened up a passage to the side door so we could bring in ice. The snow in a couple of places had drifted over the roof (24 ft.). We all went to bed dead tired but not before I beat Herb at a game of 8-ball.

As we have not heard from our now overdue trail parties, we decided to ready the plane for any emergency. Deep snow bogged the jitterbug so we man-hauled a sled of material to the airport. It seems as though they could have left at least one dog team. The plane was of course snowed in again and required digging out. We also managed to gas her up and otherwise put her in readiness. We also established an auxiliary radio station at the field, and still found time to dig out the dog tunnels to receive the dogs when they come in. Once again I retire early after a real work day.

(More petrels)



TUESDAY AUGUST 13, 1940

The explorers returned tonight just in time for dinner. They're all pretty tired and brought back some wild tales of near destruction. The big wind ripped one of the tents away and nearly blew the whole shebang off the plateau. They



also must have had quite a time crossing crevassed areas. Carl, who was in the ripped tent, still claims it was the old man taking a swipe at him with his sickle. It was impossible for them to reach the objective but good trail experience was gained by all. A couple of my dogs were pretty well torn up in fights, but they should recover.

As for myself, I worked with the gang clearing out the snow, building a convenient food cache, and otherwise getting things shipshape after the storm. We hardly expected the trail party today as it has been snowing incessantly and the visibility was very poor, but they managed it. I helped them unload and put the dogs away and by that time the food was ready. A solid and tasty meal must have been quite a treat after a week's hoosh (pemmican).

FRIDAY AUGUST 16, 1940

Wednesday night we celebrated Dick Black's birthday a bit tardily (It's actually on the tenth). Muzz dug out some fancy decorations and we made a real party out of it. Tiny had baked a nice cake and Dick proved he had plenty of blow. The cake was cut with a historic machete from the South Seas (the exploring touch). After the turkey dinner, Dick uncorked a birthday bottle of venerable Benedictine and we each wetted the bottom of a cup and toasted a successful working season.



Radio reception was good tonight and Chicago put on a nice program. Dr. (snow-cruiser) Poulter spoke. Mailbag came through okay but we couldn't make contact -- permanent antennas have not been completed since the big blow. Carl's wife was at Schenectady too. Mary Jane's message spoke of Compton's approaching marriage. {Mary Jane was a friend in Rocky Mountain Natl. Pk. and Compton was a fellow Ranger Naturalist there}. Finished an interesting book this week: "Honey in the Horn", a story of Oregon homesteaders in the gay nineties.

(Nazis are attacking Britain with full force; supposed to have sent armada of 2500 planes over England today).

MONDAY AUGUST 19, 1940



Starting today I'm on for another week's work as dirty Gerty, the kaypee. I'm broken in this time, so should work efficiently enough to get a few rest hours.

Saturday "Bushpatch" Joe brought in a couple of seals from the fjord, also managing to midwife the embryo in one of them. It was quite a bit

more developed than Caesar and we were in hopes of its survival. It weighed over forty pounds, but succumbed last night. We were glad to get the seals, though, as it will give us enough blubber to finish our quota (5400 cakes) of dog pemmican.

Carl should have them done by the end of the week and then I'll be set to go fishing through the ice.



Saturday night the wind came up again and Sunday was an assured holiday. The wind topped 60 per this time but it hardly bothered us. I spent the day putting a new coat of base wax on my skis and developing films. Radio reception was good tonight and Bob Palmer had a nice chat with his folks in Cincinnati via amateur radio.

("Joan" had 6 pups)

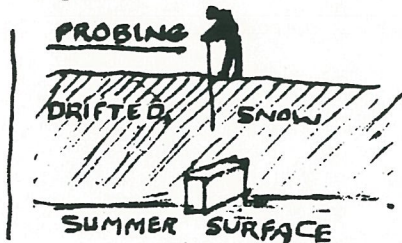
(British abandon Br. Somaliland to the Italians)

THURSDAY AUGUST 22, 1940

Paul, Harry, and Odum got in tonight after a four day geological reconnaissance up towards the plateau. The weather has gotten colder and I've been spending all extra time trying to locate my ammunition box. It was in use as an anchor for one of the tents since dismantled. After three days search, it was finally found and rescued from the depths. A comic section was used in the packing and was eagerly seized upon.

I got a grand radiogram from Wayne {my brother} yesterday, telling of a great summer -- mountain climbing, fishing, and working with the Sierra Club in the Kings high country.

There are several ways of figuring the temperature down here. When heads of nails in the wall frost over on the inside it's probably below zero outside. One gets so he can tell temperature by how hard his palm sticks to the metal doorknob, or by how long his chin-cicle is, or by how tenaciously the T.P. roll resists unrolling, or by the density of the fog formed whenever the outside door is opened.



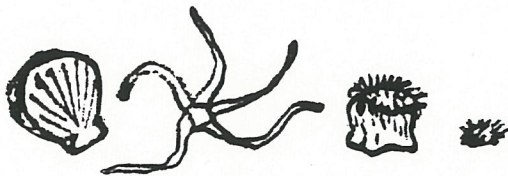
(Received message from Wetmore via WLMM)

(Germans start shelling England from across Channel)

WEDNESDAY AUGUST 28, 1940

After winding up my week's drudgery, I went right to work at dredgery, rigging my dredging equipment. Yesterday I gave it a trial on Neny Channel. After chipping at the ice for a half-hour or so, I struck water which welled up to the surface. At this particular point, the bay ice (salt) was a little over two feet

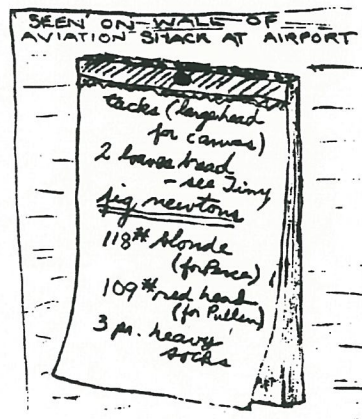
thick. A blizzard had begun to blow but I managed to take five bottom samples with the bulldog-snapper before coming in. The small haul was rather fruitful, netting a number of scallops, an ophiuroid, sea anemone, sea urchin, etc., in addition to a number of worms, at a depth of about 14 fathoms (84 feet). At present I am calibrating the steel cable on my windlass, so as to read fathoms directly.



A flight was planned for today, but a sudden blizzard messed up the plans. The marine invertebrates certainly brought back memories of tide pools at Pacific Grove and Bar Harbor.

SATURDAY AUGUST 30, 1940

Another month (and another payday?) blown by -- and I do mean blown! Conditions keep approximately the same -- snow - blow - dig out - snow - blow - in unending succession. We've dug that *!?!* plane out half a dozen times and it usually blows in again before we get a chance to fly, not to mention digging into the dog tunnels and caches plus clearing passageways. We are unanimously agreed that the only fitting emblem for any Polar Society would be a small gold-plated shovel to hang from a watch chain.



Mailbag was last night -- a program from the New York World's Fair -- lots of ballyhoo -- Frisco's program much better. East Base letters few -- I didn't even get one. Washington has cut off our radiogram connections and we're all yearning for home news. Running an expedition by a radio from Washington has certainly resulted in a mess. They always want the impossible.

A ladder pool tournament has been started and I expect to work from the bottom up.

(9 Snow Petrels seen after big blow yesterday)

MONDAY SEPTEMBER 2, 1940

LABOR DAY

Today started out nicely. The sun was shining and the temperature up close to freezing. I hitched up Pal, Midget, Tiny, Jimmy, and Bing; the other dogs were all busy hauling gasoline drums up to the plane (the snow is too deep for the tractor to navigate). Then I went "fishing" off the end of our island. Using the bulldog-snapper in 50 feet of water, I pulled up an odd assortment of sea-weed, sponges, sea urchins, sea-cucumbers, small starfish and coral. I feel like an operator of one of these nickel-in-the-slot bucket cranes. Usually I get just the candy (mud and rocks) but every once in awhile I get a prize. The price I pay for the chance is the labor of digging a big hole down through almost three feet of ice. When I finally puncture through at the bottom, the ocean surges through like an artesian well until it is flush with the surface of the ice.

I came in for lunch and set out again to make the most of the good weather. This time I went way down the channel and sounded in 20 fathoms of water, but brought up no interesting samples. Although the sun had just been shining, I was rather startled to see what appeared to be a high bank of fog suddenly appear to the southwest. Fog, or "sea smoke" as we call it, has never been particularly troublesome here, so I went right on working. I was stooped over when the wall hit and the sudden intensity bowled me right over backwards and nearly upset the sledge. As fast as one could snap his fingers I was enveloped in not fog, but an intense snow squall. The distant home island and the jagged coast escarpment, as well as nearby icebergs, were blotted out as by white blotting paper. This was rather disconcerting, to say the least, and I hastily repacked the sledge. The wind came in varied puffs and I tried first to see if Pal could pick up the home trail that had been obliterated so completely. He struck out on what seemed to me to be a straight course, but, after a while, we were back where we started (I had flag-marked the ice-hole). {Our course had been a perfect circle!} This was serious business. I sat down and tried to think what was best to do. This might last several days, and already the temperature had dropped 15 degrees. How I wished I'd brought a compass! I had a sextant, which I was using to triangulate my points, but it was useless with nothing to sight on.

By this time, the wind seemed to have settled down to a steady 30 m.p.h. from the NW {at the ice-hole, I knew my approximate directions} and I decided to make another try for home. I tied a short length of line around my waist and then to Pal's collar, and tramped off. Knowing our little island to be approximately north, I made sure to keep the wind hitting my left cheek -- at least then, if the wind held steady, I wouldn't be going out to sea. For hours on end, so it seemed, I led the dogs and marched on through the milky gloom. The surface and sky and all sides looked the same -- you couldn't tell where one ended and the other began. The only similar sensation I've ever had was flying through a cloud in a plane. At least in a fog your surface is differentiated. A couple of times strange icebergs precipitated out of nothing and then dissolved again in the swirling snow. Once a cheeping at my head startled me and I saw two black eyes and a black beak circle right over my head and then disappear. They looked pretty disconnected, but I know a Snow Petrel by now. The sea of milk was beginning to bother me some, and I had to keep turning around to sight my lead dog, to make sure my eyes weren't going batty. I kept hearing a sort of booming sound. I thought it probably was the ice cracking or else they were shooting off a gun at camp to help direct me. It seemed to come first from one side and then the other, so I blamed it on the ice. (I later found out it was gun shots, probably echoing from bergs).

I finally came up under the ice-cliff on the sea side of the glacier and planned to follow along it until I reached our island, which lies at the base of the glacier, but I had no idea where along the six mile front of this glacier I was. I kept stumbling along and finally crossed over a tide-crack and started up a slope. Could it be that this was our island at last? I continued up, but missed the rock outcrops I was looking for. The surface dipped a little and the dogs started acting up a bit. I soon found what the trouble was; we were perched on the edge of an ice-cliff -- it might have been 20 or 200 feet down for all I could tell. I cautiously led the dogs along the edge until I found a drop-off on the other side. There was nothing to do but retrace our path. I was certainly lost now, as no island anywhere

around that I knew of had ice-cliffs on two sides. I found my way back to the tide-crack and followed it for a while; I crossed it again and up another slope. Then I bumped into rocks, but very unfamiliar rocks. They appeared to be part of a very high outcrop, altogether too high for the smaller islands that dot the channel. Could the wind have shifted and I had hit the mainland over by the fjord? There was no use trying any more, so I brought the team into a sheltered spot behind the rocks and prepared to wait the storm out. I prospected around a little bit and on top of the outcrop I found a wooden survey stake -- and yet I knew of no island with a survey stake. The visibility had increased a little bit in a swirl and I could see a black object at 15 yards. I investigated and found an old gas drum half-buried in the snow. Could I have, by some stroke of fate, hit Rymill's island?



I found my way back to the team and planned to get up on top of the rise. I swung around a small point and there was Dick and Muzzie yelling to me. It was the distant end of our own island. Dick was getting ready to shoot off some dynamite charges to guide me in. The only way I can explain the ice-cliffs is that I'd run up the back side of a large iceberg. The little sketch shows just how I looked when I got in. It had only taken me 2 1/2 hours, but it seemed like many more. The temperature had dropped to zero and I had my summer underwear on. All in all, I'm mighty glad I'm not still out there waiting for the storm to quit. Those right around camp had hard enough times finding their way home.



Did I mention that last night we viewed our Deanna Durbin movie - "That Certain Age" - for the fourth time? Unbeknown to us, Art had spliced in some choice bits of "Frankenstein" in surprising places and gave a real kick to the thing. (Hungarians march into Transylvania (formerly part of Rumania) after treaty with Hitler and Mussolini).

THURSDAY SEPTEMBER 5, 1940

Dog meat is getting scarce, so five teams went out this morning after seal. Later Herb expected a storm so when they radioed in about 11 o'clock, they were warned to come in. The storm was well started when they got here, but they had managed to get one seal, which furnished us with lots of meat and another embryo for our series. The snow has been drifting high this afternoon, carried by a 45 m.p.h. wind from the north-west. This is very unusual as practically all our bad winds come from the south-east. It was especially tragic for the plane, which is tethered with south-east winds in mind. The aviation radio now reports both ailerons buckled and the rudder slightly damaged from wind pressure. We have been trying our damndest to fly since August 9, when we first dug out, but weather or something else has always interfered. I never saw such continually lousy weather: Snow - Blow - Snow - Blow on and on.

Casey, my prize wheel dog, is sure feeling chipper again now. They brought him in half-dead and wanted to shoot him, but careful doctoring, especially by "Dutch", has brought him through.

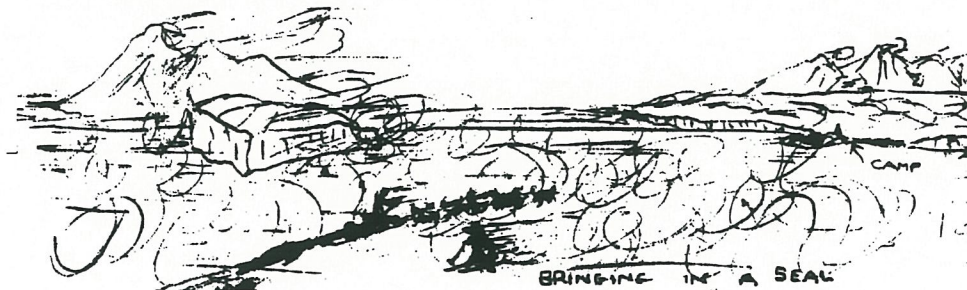
(Yesterday Roosevelt announced trade of 50 old U.S. destroyers to Great Britain in exchange for air bases in New Foundland, Bermuda, Bahamas, Trinidad, Guiana, etc.)

SUNDAY SEPTEMBER 8, 1940

That old wind is still a'blowin, and whipping up the fresh snow to beat all get out. The temperature is below zero and outdoor work is far from comfortable when the visibility is only several yards. Yesterday we went out and brought in a couple seals that were out on the ice. I hate to kill the dumb beasts, especially the pregnant females, but the dogs have to live.

While the blizzard rages outside we sit comfortably together and eat our turkey Sunday dinner. The desert tonight was pretty good -- mixed fruits with plenty of shredded coconut and mixed nuts. I was house man today and purloined an extra bowl of it, which I ate while watching the movie.

We were talking to some hams tonight (our signals were pushing through remarkably well) and learned of the passing of a part of the conscription bill. Although the vast majority are already in the service or reserve ranks, a few of us are eligible and have our plight driven home forcibly by the rest. You'd think we were already in training camp.



FRIDAY SEPTEMBER 13, 1940

Right now I'm sitting here waiting for the West Base messages to finish and the East Base one's to begin on the 21st consecutive Mailbag broadcast. The Hawaii Salute came through well and there's every indication of the messages doing likewise.

Each time the wind has fallen below 30 m.p.h. we have started digging out the plane, and each time the wind increases, it drives us to shelter and drifts in the plane again. We have conservatively estimated that it takes 200 tons of hard snow to drift in the plane, so you can see its some job for less than a dozen men. Our continual digging has resulted in raising the elevation of the glacier by about 30 feet. We'll have a new mountain to name if we have to keep this up much longer.



The weather has also put the jinx on my dredging. I'm trying to grapple for a piece of my dredge that came apart under water. I sure hope I can snag it.

SUNDAY SEPTEMBER 15, 1940

Just jumped in bed after eavesdropping on Lamp "hamming". He was holding a four-way conversation with N.H., Florida, and Calif. Great thing, this radio!

Yesterday dawned cloudless and calm -- a real miracle. Every man in camp (5 are out on a sledge trips laying depots) turned to for digging out the plane which had snowed completely in overnight. The weather was crisp and we worked with a will. By mid-afternoon, the snow was cleared and the engines were being warmed. Time after time Ash raced the engines, but the skis stuck tight. We tried sledge hammers, jacks and more digging, but to no avail. We finally edged her out with full throttle and groups of men alternatively heaving on each wing. As it was too late to fly, the plan was to fill in the gaping hole and re-tether the plane. We hadn't gotten far with this when darkness fell and it was decided to sink emergency dead-men and lash the plane down in the clear. We had no sooner tied the last knot when a stiff breeze blew up soon approaching 70 m.p.h. The trip down the glacier in the dark, on slick ice, with fresh-waxed skis and a full blizzard at your back was far from relaxing. Tired bodies and fatigued muscles sure appreciated the "Beauty-Rest" that night.



SATURDAY SEPTEMBER 21, 1940

It's getting along toward Spring now and with it we've actually had a little sunshine. I've been dividing my free time between biology, aviation, and surveying.

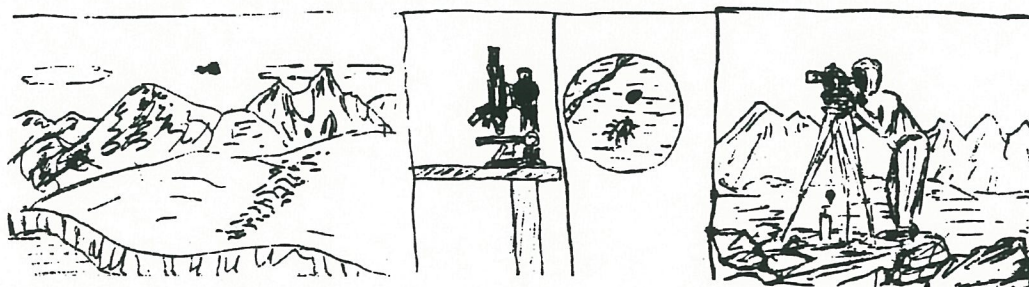
The biology consisted mainly of investigating holes in the ice and microscope examination of samples. The surveying is closely allied to the former -- I need to locate my dredging positions. By means of a transit and a sextant I've made my own map of the immediate region.

Tuesday I was again called up to the glacier airport to prepare for a flight. A trail party had not been heard from (probably radio trouble) and they were anxious to locate them. It was well after five P.M. when the plane got into the air and up over the plateau, where they found drift obscuring the surface and a stiff headwind impeding their return. They got back okay, but didn't sight the party. A sudden down draft dropped them 2,000 ft., but nature was kind and kept some air beneath them.

The clouds finally broke late yesterday afternoon and the projected eastern exploratory flight was scheduled for today. I was on the job and we had the plane ready by noon. (In this sub-zero weather, it takes about 5 hours to preheat the engines and another hour to idle them up to working temperature). Changing weather recalled them before the full flight was completed, but they saw enough to change a lot of maps. They raced the quickly lowering ceiling back, handicapped by a 50 m.p.h. headwind, and managed to slip down over one of the valley glaciers ahead of the foreboding clouds.

The 5-man trail-party burst in at midnight last night after traveling over 30 mountain miles from their far point where they were blocked by a sunken glacier inlet. It had taken them 10 days to reach it, thus showing the difference weather, established route and loading make.

Last night Earle, at the aviation outpost, tried out a new antenna on the 20 meter "ham" band and "worked" a whole series of U.S. stations with the 30 watt!!! battery phone transmitter. He received several reports of R 9+ -- in other words he was coming in as loud or louder than local stations.

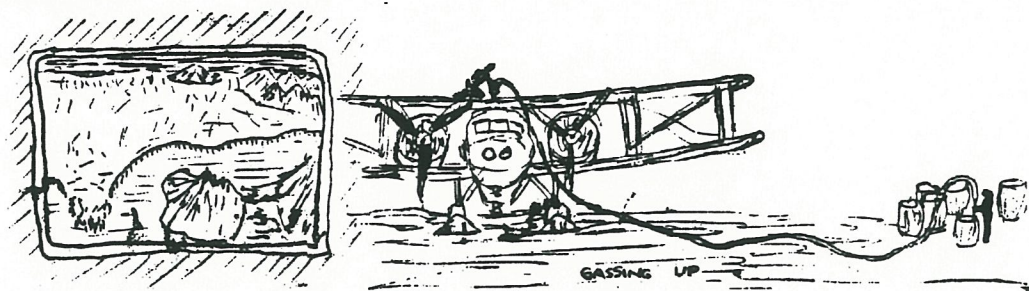


FRIDAY SEPTEMBER 27, 1940

MIDNIGHT -- Just woke up to hear mailbag program -- a lively program from Worcester, Mass. including Rita Johnson speaking from Hollywood.

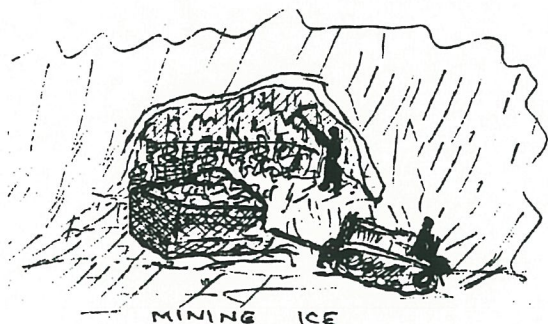
There's really a lot to say as the barometer has hit the ceiling and decided to hang there for a while. We've been up before six the last two mornings, preparing the plane for carrying a ton of supplies to establish a depot as far out as we can in the unknown West. Everything went fine this morning except that five inches of loose granular snow impeded the skis so much that we had to dig a 200 foot runway to get her started "rolling". It was soon clear that she couldn't plow through the stuff fast enough for a takeoff with a heavy load. To take advantage of the perfect weather, plans were hurriedly changed and a local reconnaissance projected. I went along this time. (time out - message from Mary Jane) It was a laborious takeoff, but we made it. For the next hour and a half we circled up and down the coast, the photographer taking pictures, the co-pilot calibrating his radio direction finder, etc. and I along just for the ride. We flew over Red Rock Ridge but could see no sign of any penguins as yet (they have a rookery there). I kept my eye peeled for seals but it was evidently too cold for them today (slightly below zero). As Ash (the pilot) was saying, God must have been good and angry when he made this section of the Earth. A thousand yawning crevasses opened into the guts of the glaciers, each large enough to swallow the whole plane and never leave a trace -- jagged saw-tooth ridges extended icy fingers upward as though trying to

rip our belly -- needle sharp spires were ready to impale a careless airman - jutting icebergs would break up the smooth surface of sea-ice -- vertical ice-falls cascaded over sheer precipices -- bumpy air tried to throw a scare into us -- but from high above, the sheer virginal austerity of it all was truly beautiful. Our meager camp blends into nothingness and only our tiny scampering shadow on the ice hints at a sign of life. This flight has given me a feeling for the topography of the region and I shall feel more at ease knowing what's just beyond our encircling wall of mountains.



SATURDAY SEPTEMBER 28, 1940

Another gorgeous day -- cloudless and breezeless. I guess the law of averages is working out after all, but we are still due a lot of good weather to make up for the lousy conditions. They made a 3½ hour flight to the south for aerial mapping but the surface is still unsatisfactory for a loaded takeoff. I put in the day doing odd chores, to get them out of the way while the weather is good. I hauled 1½ tons of coal, filled a couple sleds of ice, cleaned up my dog tunnel, rustled a half dozen drums of diesel oil for light plant, etc. etc. With all this nice sunshine, I'm actually getting a nice sunburn on parts my beard does not cover.

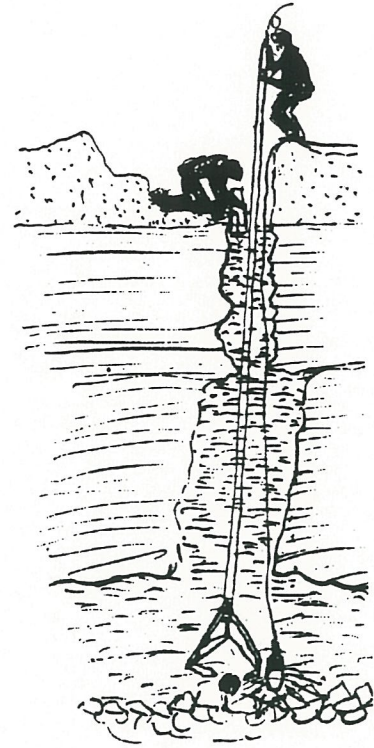


After the flight yesterday, I stayed to help gas up the plane. Ash gave me a special invitation to dine with the exclusive aviation circle, so I stayed on. After a nice steak dinner at the airport shack, I skied back down to camp by the glow of austral aurora (and checking back my arrival by radio -- a necessary safety measure).

MONDAY SEPTEMBER 30, 1940

Eureka! After three weeks of pitching my ingenuity against 20 feet of ice and water, I have finally salvaged my important dredge part. I started out with a weighted 3-prong fishhook and managed to blindly recover a coil spring, but the big bucket jaws were something else again, as they were smooth and round. I devised a spring grapple and patiently fished for it but to no avail. The wind drifted in my hole and cold weather froze it, but I kept at it. I rigged a flashlight in a fruit jar to throw light on the subject and constructed a hydroscope to see with, but the water appeared too murky. Then I scavenged some long wire and ran 500

feet of it from camp to the hole and used a submarine light. I fixed a sort of grab bag to the end of a 30 foot pipe and only managed to push the gadget in a crack -- then the light broke and nearly busted the generator. I finally devised a pair of jaws and constructed them with the help of our chief mechanic. With a makeshift light and Herb's help I finally snatched it to the surface.



EAST BASE PERSONNEL

(in no particular order)

"Dick"	Richard Blackburn Black (Field Rep., Office of Territories and Isl. Poss., Interior Dept.)	Base Leader
"Finn"	Finn Ronne (Navy Dept.)	Asst. Leader, Dog Driver
"Glen"	J. Glenn Dyer (Bureau of Public Lands, Int. Dept.)	Surveyor and Cartographer
"Herb"	Herbert Grove Dorsey (Weather Bureau, Agr. Dept.)	Meteorologist
"Bugsie"	Herwil M. Bryant (Smithsonian Institution)	Biologist, Dog Driver
"Paul"	Paul Knowles (Geological Survey, Int. Dept.)	Geologist, Dog Driver
"Swede"	Carl Eklund (Volunteer)	Ornithologist, Dog Driver
"Ash"	Ashley Snow (U.S.Navy CAMM AP)	Chief Aircraft Pilot
"Pop"	Earl Perce (U.S.Navy RM1 AP)	Pilot, Radioman
"Zed"	Zadik Collier (U.S.M.C.)	Chief Mechanic
"Bill"	William Pullen (U.S.N.)	Aircraft Mechanic
"Bobbie"	Clarence Steele (U.S.Army)	Mechanic, Tank Driver
"Moe"	Anthony Morency (U.S.Army)	Tractor Driver
"Lamp"	Elmer Lamplugh (U.S.Navy)	Chief Radioman

"Doc"	Lewis A. Sims, M.D. (Lt., U.S.Navy)	Physician
"Pookie"	Howard Odom (U.S.Navy)	Radioman
"Sails"	Lester Lehrke (U.S.Navy)	Sailmaker
"Muzzy"	Lytton Musselman (Volunteer)	Quartermaster
"Harry"	Harrison Darlington III (Volunteer)	Dog Driver
"Dutch"	Hendrik Dolleman (U.S.Army)	Dog Care
"Bushpatch"	Joseph Healy (Volunteer)	Dog Driver
"Shack"	Donald Hilton (Volunteer)	Dog Driver
"Art"	Arthur Carroll (U.S.Navy)	Photographer
"Tiny"	Archibald Hill (U.S.Navy)	Cook
"Bob"	Robert Palmer (Volunteer)	Recorder
"Charley"	Charles Sharboneau (U.S.Army)	Carpenter

MY FAVORITE PHONOGRAPH RECORDS

(from our Camp collection)

Dance Music:

Gus Arnheim Orchestra with Bing Crosby

A: I Surrender Dear

B: La Rosarita

Victor 22618

Homey Memories:

Gene Austin

A: Ramona

B: Girl of my Dreams

Victor 21334

Kate brings back a couple:

Kate Smith

A: It's Never Too Late

B: I Cried for You

Victor 26214

Semi-classic:

Lawrence Tibbett

A: Lover Come Back to Me

B: Wanting You

Victor 1506

Torch-singing:

Larry Clinton Orchestra

A: My Heart Belongs to Daddy

B: Most Gentlemen Don't Like Love

Victor 26100

Swing:

Benny Goodman Trio

A: Dizzy Spells

B: Sweet Lorraine

Victor 25822

Hot Stuff:

Benny Goodman Quartet

A: Sweet Georgia Brown

B: Opus 1/2

Victor 26091

Jazz Classics:

Leo Reisman Orchestra with Eddie Duchin on Piano

A: What is This Thing Called Love?

B: Moanin' Low

Victor 24862

June 6 (1940)

Dear Frank

Last night I remembered and opened your letter of October 24 and dated for June 3. Commencement by now has finished commencing and you are no doubt on your way West. When I was at Rocky Mountain, I didn't in the least envy you but right now I'd sure like to be in your shoes -- not that I'd trade places because it means a lot to be down here -- but if only I could be in two places at once!

I have just come in from working on my taxidermy shack. All the general preliminary work is completed and I am allowed to start on biology. My smelly hang out is made up of the big airplane wing crate plus an L-shaped addition. Carl, the assistant biologist, and I are building it alone. Today the snow has been slowly sifting down further impeding the progress (already hampered by the darkness and 20 below temperature). Putting on a roof under ordinary conditions is no cinch, yet we are sticking to it and accomplishing the impossible. Dressed in fur cap, hood and mukluks, with several layers of underclothes, one is so encumbered that action is restrained. One also has to work in wool mitts covered by clumsy fur ones. One has to shed the big fur ones to do any sort of carpentering and has to use at least one bare hand for nailing. After each nail, it takes valuable time to thaw-out the hand. Warmer weather is usually accompanied by high winds of 50 to 100 m. p. h. which blows the loose snow up into such a fierce blizzard that outside work is absolutely impossible -- but still the dogs must be fed and so a few of us, wrapped up like mummies, fall against the wind and work our way over to the kennels. The frozen seal will finally be found under three feet of snow and one gets to work with the axe. The seal is as hard as rock -- a three foot log would be much easier. After about three swings the seal would be completely covered by snow again -- and there are 87 dogs howling for meat! You finally satisfy the hungry brutes and make

your way back to camp only to find that you're on the house detail and the ice melter is empty. That also means that after supper you have to help do the dishes, dump the garbage, and swab down the floor -- and so it goes.

But don't get the idea that we let the inconveniences get us down. Take a typical Sunday -- We all sleep to a late hour. I'll get up around eleven and slop some batter on the range, eating a bowl of cereal while the hot cakes are browning. Some maple syrup or honey gives that complete flavor and I am free until 5 o'clock dinner. There has been a fresh snow so I put on my Byrd cloth windbreaker and go out for some skiing while the twilight holds out. There is a fine practice hill out back where the glacier dips down to meet our island. Tiring of practicing downhill turns I go over to the kennels and hitch up my three best dogs. Until dark I go joy-riding around the landscape ski-joring behind the eager huskies. The dogs are put away and I go into the science Bldg. to toast my toes and mix a cup of hot chocolate. Somebody now challenges me to a game of pool so I cross over to the Mechanics Bldg. and get nosed out by a last minute scratch. By now it is getting close to dinner time and I clean up a bit and arrive in the bunk-mess hall in time for the grog ration. (We are celebrating a birthday or a successful flight or something). Many toasts are drunk and by the time we are all in high spirits, the regular Sunday chicken is served. The appetizing dinner is completed with a bowl of ice cream (we just set it outside the door to freeze) and then we all sit back and chat and smoke.

The main subject for discussion is always "Navy politics" (women, sex, vice, etc.) but now with great battles raging in France it has a close second. There's just time for a rubber of bridge before show time so I sit in with some of the scientists. The rest amuse themselves at "Dictator" (like monopoly), cribbage, or lounge around reading a book. The most popular books are the real polar adventures of Amundsen, Shackleton, Greely, Scott and others. Charlie McCarthy is piped over from the radio

shack and just before showtime, Muzzie, the supply man, issues tobacco, gum, and candy bars all around and then we lay back in our chairs, light our pipes, and cross our feet on the table while Hedy Lamarr parades her luscious figure through "Algiers". The phonograph plays Victor Herbert favorites tonight while reels are changed. Before bed I take on the meteorologist at our undersized alley. We bowl a few and I make a 214 after getting six strikes in a row which ties me with the Navy cook for high scoring. Lights are out now, so I grab a doughnut and plop in between the sheets on my Beautyrest mattress for some restful slumber.

The above picture may sound pretty damn nice and I guess it is but we have to have it easy once in a while to keep up the morale. "Polar nerves" keep everyone jumpy and petty hates, jealousies, and arguments keep things always stirred up. So and so isn't working hard enough -- the night watchman made too much noise last night -- somebody swiped my whatchamacallit -- the !@\$# houseboy didn't take out the ashes yesterday -- and so it goes. Everybody looks out for himself and to hell with everybody else. The combination of servicemen and scientists causes lots of friction too, but all considered, we're a pretty decent bunch.

The European situation looks pretty gloomy right now with Hitler advancing ominously on Paris. The idea of Britain being conquered doesn't seem as impossible as it once did. Spirit seems to be flaring at home and Congress is pouring millions into armament. What it will all mean to us down here is something much discussed. Perhaps no ships will be available and we will be forced to stay here another year on reduced rations. Perhaps South American waters will be in the war zone and we will have to dodge torpedoes all the way back. Perhaps we will all be conscripted and the ship will sail direct for the front. At any rate, our much looked forward to triumphant return now seems very clouded over. Only time will tell.