

CHAPTER V -- EAST BASE TO VALPARAISO

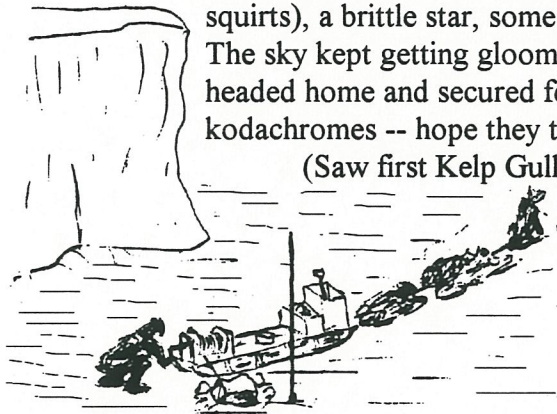
OCTOBER 1, 1940 - APRIL 28, 1941

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1940

Today has ended a week of glorious weather. Bright sunshine and around zero in the shade -- just perfect -- warm enough so you can work short periods without your mitts and cool enough to make you want to keep busy.

I hitched a five dog team to my sliding marine laboratory and set out to do some dredging. I'd park the sled and then dig through the ice with a long ice chisel. Fastening the snap-bucket dredge to the cable on my windlass, I'd let her drop, noting the depth, (I hit 320 feet today in front of the big glacier.) and then slowly crank her in, dumping the contents into waiting receptacles. The bottom here consists mainly of blue glacial mud or clay with scattered rocks. Today, in addition to the usually assortment of worms, I brought up a couple tunicates (sea squirts), a brittle star, some scallops, sponges, sea cucumber, and a lot of et cetera. The sky kept getting gloomier and the breeze kept getting windier, so I finally headed home and secured for the approaching gale. Snapped a couple kodachromes -- hope they turn out.

(Saw first Kelp Gull)



SUNDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1940

Guiltily, I take my pen in hand after forsaking this little volume for almost two weeks. A number of events have taken place, but the most important detail was another bath by yours truly. I was pretty dirty, but not nearly as dirty as I had supposed. All in all, the Antarctic's a pretty clean place -- at least it would be if it weren't for seal blubber and other biological refuse.

We dug out the plane again but the crusted surface was not strong enough and the Condor, with full throttle, could only make 20 to 30 m.p.h., so once again operations are held up awaiting favorable flying conditions.

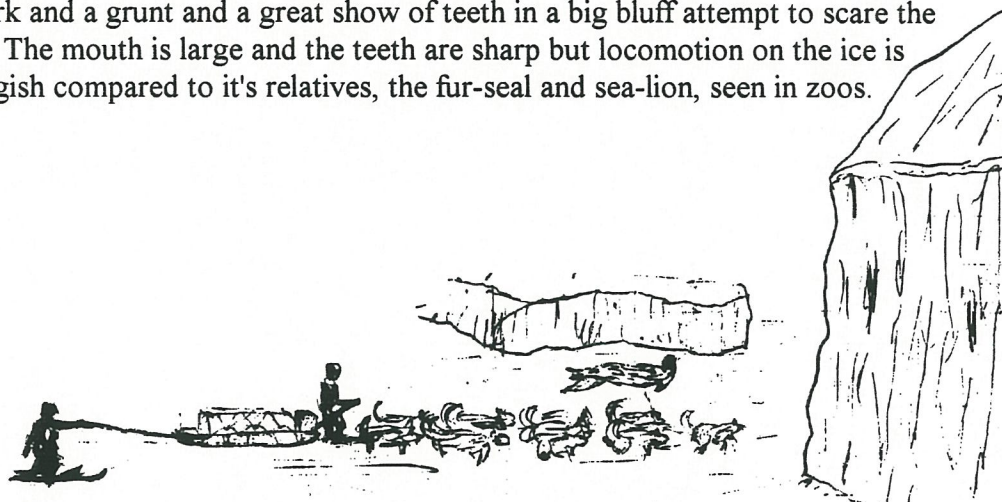
The seals are pupping now and we are careful to only kill the big old bulls. I printed up some pictures yesterday and can see that some will make nifty enlargements on my return. Mailbag was Friday -- a snappy program from Portland, Ore., and a couple messages for me.



**DON'T BE SHOCKED --
ITS ONLY ME TAKING A BATH**

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1940

Yesterday Zed, our master mechanic, turned me out a couple of tiny parts for my camera, and I gave it a complete overhaul -- the cold weather was getting too much for it. Just in time, too, as Carl and I sledged out over the sea ice to Red Rock Ridge, a tentative penguin rookery site. (It's about ten miles one-way.) No penguins were sighted, but the trip was far from a loss. Carl took a shot at a couple of kelp gulls -- and missed, at a couple of snow petrels -- and missed. We passed ten seals -- all Weddell -- five had pups and the others were ready to. The little pups are cute and cozy (60 to 70 pounds). They look up at you with large and trusting brown eyes, while mama finally gathers up enough energy to raise up with a bark and a grunt and a great show of teeth in a big bluff attempt to scare the intruder. The mouth is large and the teeth are sharp but locomotion on the ice is very sluggish compared to it's relatives, the fur-seal and sea-lion, seen in zoos.



The Plateau Trail Party -- Knowles, with Hilton, Musselman, and Darlington -- returned after over two weeks in the field. Bad weather on the 5,000 foot plateau kept them holed up most of the time. Their trip was successful in that they scouted out a feasible sledging route over the plateau and down to the ice on the Weddell Sea side, a feat heretofore considered out of the question except by plane. There will no doubt be a lot of map-changing, and adding to, when we get back. Muzz brought me a rock with several interesting lichens on it. They also reported seeing about 5 Snow Petrels on the Weddell Sea side at an elevation of 2500 feet also a couple at 1500 feet. They were traveling down a large glacier.

Carl and I watched several dozen Snow Petrels fluttering around the heights of Neny Island. They appeared to be mating and it's quite possible there may be a rookery on these unattainable peaks. It would be a great thing if this were true as it's breeding habits are only sketchily known.

It's days like this when I'm mighty glad to be down here. Away from the bunkhouse with its cussers, complainers and "wits" and out onto the white trail with the plumes of huskies ahead and wavering ski-tracks behind, I felt as though I were out on a picnic, especially when it came time for lunch, and we sat down under the brow of the nearest iceberg. We ate the sandwiches Tiny fixed for us and drank our thermos cocoa -- no ants either!

Twenty miles would just be a nice hike at home but here we have to be prepared for sudden changes in weather, a gale or blizzard for instance, that would prevent our return to camp for several days -- so we take a tent, sleeping bags, emergency rations, Primus heater, trail flag markers, and radio set whenever we go

out of close range of camp and, of course, always a compass, for night or foggy travel.

Today was a good traveling day -- low thin clouds obscuring the sun, a fast surface of shallow powder snow, and good visibility. A brisk breeze blew up from time to time and insisted on whipping the sub-zero air against our faces so that we had to stop regularly and inspect each other for frozen spots (milk white on a red face) so we could rub them into life again before they became too serious. That, plus the inevitable beard of icicles and my #13 ski boots which, in spite of 3 pairs of socks, tend to rattle on my feet, were the only discomforts.

(Talked to Lee Curtis tonight via W6IZB) {Lee Curtis was the artist who traveled with us on the "Bear", and whose Antarctic paintings were featured in "LIFE" magazine. My "Iceberg" painting is one of his.} (Apparently a snow petrel rookery on West Neny Island -- Carl bagged a mating pair.)

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1940

Had to go seal hunting today. Since the trail party is only back for a short time, the dogs should be fattened up quickly. Harry III went along with a powerful team to haul back the carcasses and I took along my bottom - sampling gear. We headed first along the pressure ice -- a large area of buckled ice and small bergs forming in front of the snout of the glacier. Somehow it reminds me of The Voodoos after coming through the Golden Gate at Yellowstone. Constant movement keeps the mass churned up and makes its traverse extremely dangerous. We found six seals together behind a berg next to the pressure area where they have access to the water. Four had pups and two were about to, so I persuaded Harry to look farther. I finally found a female that was not pregnant right under the face of the glacier. We still needed another, and I went without lunch to finally locate a lone male over by Neny Island, so the mothers were saved. I used an Army .45 this time, but we have to save the skulls and it often is pretty bloody business.

(Got radiogram from Barb) {Barb is my sister}

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1940

This last week I've had four cameras completely apart and back together again and they all work better than before. On one a shutter had frozen, another had fallen into salt water, the film winding mechanism was screwed up on a third and another just wouldn't work. I'm getting quite a reputation in this line I'll be ready to tackle watches next.

The fine work is especially hard on account of the state of my fingers. When I was seal-blubbering they were as smooth as a debutante's but now they are cracked and wrinkled and peeling due to frostbite, working in wet gloves, and blistering use behind a shovel.



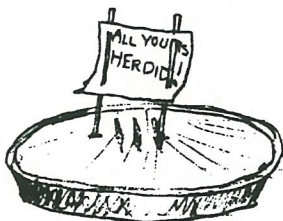
One's eyes get awfully tired too, from the constant glare. Heavy snow glasses are absolutely necessary, but they tend to fog up and drive you crazy trying to see straight, and then again we often run out for short chores without them.

The weather today was very unusual. We actually had a shower a wet one and the snow has become quite soggy. We hope for a good take-off surface when it freezes.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1940

Temperature today still hovers just above freezing. Every roof in the place seems to be leaking. The doors have to be kept wide open to keep quarters cool. Among other things today, I cleaned out a couple of seal skulls. It requires fancy work with a very sharp knife and I managed it with only a cut on my little finger.

I guess I have mentioned before my reputation for a heavy appetite. It really is unfounded, but I encourage the illusion because the cooks try to cater to it. For example, the other night I found a whole pie at my place -- no joke, either. And tonight, knowing my partiality towards raisin-bread and the fairer sex, Doc and Tiny fixed me up a charming raisin-bread girl fresh baked. We had baked ham for dinner, too, my special favorite, and I see two turkeys and some corn-on-the-cob thawing for tomorrow.



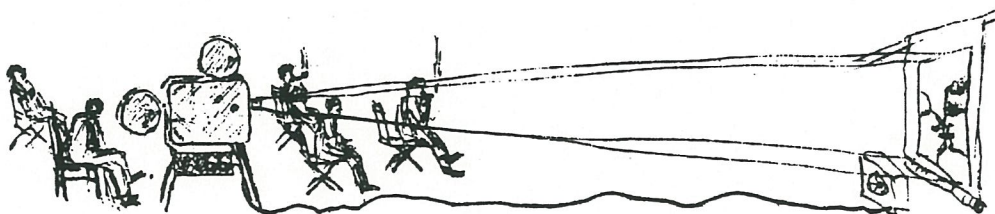
(The radio blared forth the Harvard - Army came this PM but it didn't seem right to listen to it down here.)

MONDAY - OCTOBER 21, 1940

There's a wet snow falling right now, the kind we often get in Washington the kind that sticks to the trees and shrubbery and changes every thing into a winter fairyland but here there's nothing but snow for it to stick to. I often say that I miss the trees and the green-growing things here the most and I have to be satisfied with tiny lichens viewed under a microscope.

Carl and I dug into our frozen cache deep in the glacier today and found, of all things, a pool of water overlaying fresh ice. Evidently the weather has been warmer than we thought. We'll have to dig a drain now. As it is, it looks like we'll have to chip our specimens out of solid ice.

After having viewed all our popular movies almost a dozen times now, I think I can rate the ones that have stood the wear the best. "DRUMS" is probably



MOVIES TONIGHT, MEN

the best, but Bing Crosby in "EAST SIDE OF HEAVEN", " DR. RHYTHM" or "SING YOU SINNERS" comes in a close second. "CAPT. FURY" wins for adventure and "THE CASTLES" for romance. Robert Benchley gets the comedy prize while Don Bestor's Orch. gets tops for music and "Isle of Pingo - Pongo" the best cartoon.

WEDNESDAY OCTOBER 23, 1940

Yesterday was just another dreary Antarctic day, with the clouds pressing down close overhead and a few flakes flying. By this morning it was snowing fairly heavily, but a party, led by Healy with Hilton, Darlington, Musselman, Lehrke, and Palmer, started out heavily loaded to establish a meteorological outpost station a mile high on the plateau. Bob and Sails will occupy it indefinitely.

RYMILL'S CAMP - DEBENHAM ISLANDS



Later on Carl, Paul and myself started out to Rymill's through the falling snow, but backed by a rising barometer. We began by bagging four adult Kelp Gulls, a bird we've tried for a long time to get in range. Soon afterwards the clouds broke and the sun burst through. The rest of the day was just perfect. The surface was ideal about an inch of fresh powder snow over a hard crust and the eleven dogs pulled us on our skis at a good clip. By hanging onto a long line

secured to the rear of the sledge, one can have a great time maneuvering about on skis, yet still not exerting much. We picked up the odds and ends of equipment we came after, shot a few pictures and then raced back for dinner.

FRIDAY OCTOBER 25, 1940

Another melting day. It certainly gives one spring fever to wander around outside in slippers and shirt-sleeves. Once in a while the sun breaks through the clouds, but only once in a long while.

Yesterday we tried once more to get the plane in the air. Ice had formed under the skis and acted like sandpaper, but even after we'd scraped under the skis for an hour or so, she still couldn't get up speed. We next tried clearing a track through the surface snow for half a mile, but still the friction was too great.

Today I spent in the workshop rigging up the "Biology Express", an idea of mine to more conveniently handle the outside work. It's a maneuverable dog sled that will have my equipment permanently mounted.



Right now I'm listening to the mailbag. It's coming in fine. I can hear Dutch's voice coming in here (the bunkhouse) from the radio shack, but by way of Schenectady. He's talking to his folks there.

The program from Minneapolis was fine, but the increasing patriotic tone of the programs has me worried.

TUESDAY OCTOBER 29, 1940

They pulled off the so called "National Lottery" in Washington today, drawing the numbers from a big goldfish bowl for the order of service of draft registries. Of course I'd have a number if I were home and probably be sitting on pins and needles hoping my number wouldn't be among the first. It's kind of nice this time to be watching from the sidelines. My turn though will come when I again set foot on good old U.S. soil.

The army boys like to rub it in on us draft eligibles as to what a tough time we'll have in training camps. I don't mind saying I don't like the idea of the thing and would try all legal means of getting out of it. I hate the idea of wasting a good year of life. If an enemy were attacking our shores, that might be something else again.

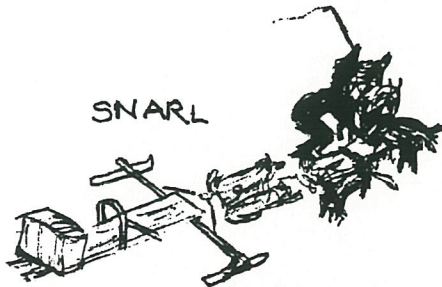
Both trail parties are back in camp now, with a manned outpost a mile high on the plateau now established. I've skinned a kelp gull, gotten a seal, and otherwise cleaned up odds and ends about the place.



WEDNESDAY NOVEMBER 6, 1940

Camp has been in turmoil this last week with everybody keeping crazy hours and very busy preparing for trail operations and plane flights. Let's see what I can recall. Harry's close-shaven head reminds me first of equator days on the "Bear". The bandage, however, brings up something a little closer to hand. Harry and I went seal hunting out on the bay for the trial run of the "Biology Express".

Harry watched the dogs while I dispatched the seal. The sharp report of the .45, though, startled the dogs into a snarl and HD III waded right in with hands flashing -- but our Harry came out second best. He staggered away with his scalp streaming with blood (It wasn't as blue as claimed either) and I ran to help him. "Scotty" must certainly have Indian blood, for his fangs certainly made a good attempt at scalping Harry. We rushed back to camp at full throttle for medical attention and Harry's shoulder-long locks fell before the knife.



We also had quite a gale (70 m.p.h.). I've forgotten just what days it blew, but I remember that Moe (not a dog driver) had taken out old Mike and team looking for seals when the wind came up. I volunteered to go out and see that he got safely in. I skied up to the island's high point and braced myself against some rocks, while I scanned the drifting horizon. I spied Moe out in the pressure



ice making his way towards me against the wind. I sped down the slope before the wind, hopping the tide crack onto the sea ice. To my surprise, instead of coming slowly to a halt, the gale whipped me across the hard-packed surface at a good rate until I met Moe, whereupon I hitched a ride back to camp.

Among other things, the wind buried the plane again and I was up early to start digging. We made a test run with our Antarctic patent tensiometer (a pair of runners weighted with 1/2 ton of coal and hauled across the

surface with a calibrated spring) and found that the surface might be slick enough to take off on. However, even racing the old Babe down hill on the glacier, Ash couldn't coax the sticky skis to leave the snow.

By the next day, Sunday, the weather was cold and the surface hardened. The weather was bad in the morning but by afternoon it was grand. I hitched Mike and six dogs to the "Biology Express" and Herb and I steered for Millerand Island, a big hulk whose back is always silhouetted in our winter sunsets, but which had yet to be investigated. My contraption sped over the ice, Herb being towed behind on skis and myself comfortably riding my upholstered seat. My patent springs took up the sastrugi (wind

- blown snow ridges or "waves") bumps in great shape and we covered the six miles in good time. The outward face of the island forms a sheer face dropping 3500 ft. into the sea. It reminded me of Glacier Point only it was much more rugged. It was this same monster cliff that first greeted the "Bear" as she neared the Palmer Peninsula. It was getting late but I found time to collect some nice lichens. Snow petrels were flying along the cliffs like White-throated Swifts -- even to the chattering -- but were quite unattainable. I am intrigued by the possibility of finding their nests. Coming back we skirted towering ice-cliffs over 150 feet high. By the time we reached camp, hauling a 700 pound seal, the seven dogs had done a good afternoon's work.



PASS THE TURKEY



We had been promised a big Halloween celebration this night and we sure got it. Plenty of "slanch" {our term for the local brand of cocktails}, two balloon-packed frozen roasts, turkeys, a baked ham (oh boy!), fresh (frozen) asparagus, fresh (frozen) lima beans, and cherry pie and fresh (frozen) blackberries for desert, not to mention fancy decorations. A re-showing of "Son of Frankenstein" finished the grand bill of fare.

We tried to take advantage of a harder night surface and managed to take the plane off very early Monday morning -- but not with a load. We tried again the next day and took off on the glacier and proved the feasibility of landing on the sea ice. Preparation now began for a major flight, as the surface was very slick. Early Tuesday, I skied up the glacier and helped them take-off, then shot down to the sea ice on skis, beating the plane, and helped pump in 500 gallons of gas. By late afternoon, Herb gave them the okay on the weather and Dick, Finn, and Art, piloted by Ash and Earle, managed a loaded takeoff and headed straight for the unknown south-west. We traced their approximate route on the sketchy chart as the radio reports came in and tried to picture the "explorers" as they found new lands. The six hour flight was quite successful and

they landed with lots of notes and photos describing virgin territory. Signs of sedimentary rocks seem especially interesting.

We slept late yesterday; then the trail plans, being altered for the last time, were finally issued. They called for hasty preparation and leaving today. I found a little time for going over my specimens, and was deeply absorbed in my microscope, when the whole Science Building was aroused by a triumphant shout. While pouring over a lichen fragment for identifiable characteristics, my eyes were suddenly startled by a large spider-like creature crawling over the landscape. I

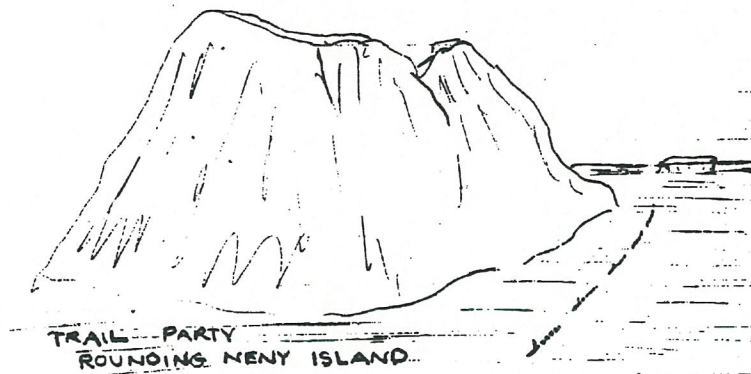


soon found more of them. I had discovered a tiny mite, just barely visible to the naked eye, living on the lichen. Such creatures have been known as parasites on birds, but a seemingly free-living Antarctic form as this, may very well be new to science. A finding such as this in an entirely "bugless" region is very interesting. The only other really exciting thing I have found

may turn out to be nothing, but there's a slight chance it may startle the entire scientific world. It is a question-mark. I can't figure out what it is. I dredged it off the bottom of the bay in some glacial mud and tentatively classified it as an unusually active large flatworm. On closer investigation, however, it appeared to bear gill-slits and other characteristics of primitive chordates. But unlike amphioxus, its dorsal-ventral axis is the thinnest. I don't dare spoil the specimen by prodding further so it remains a question mark. Who knows? Maybe I've discovered the missing link. {P.S.: It was not a new discovery.}

Shortly after noon the weather started clearing and the major trail operation got under way. With five eleven-dog teams hauling over two tons of provisions, Finn, Carl, Joe, Glenn, Muzzie, Paul and Don started off to the unknown South. I sort of envy them this chance at the unknown, but I can accomplish more biologically in short trips from camp. Finn and Carl are to form the spearhead and should reach the farthest, the others giving varying degrees of support. A lot of the dogs will have to

be sacrificed to further the operation. I'm glad I won't have to have a part in that.

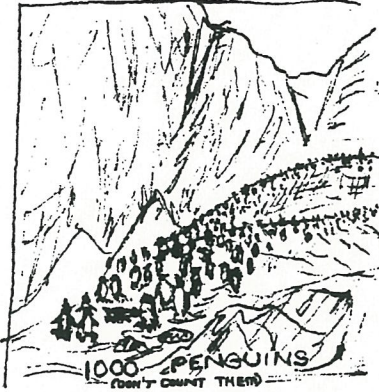


FRIDAY - NOVEMBER 8, 1940

I guess I didn't mention the election the other day. I understand that in the States it was really a hard fought election, with strong feelings expressed, even to the throwing of various vegetables and eggs. Down here we tried to get an inkling of the trends from the "impartial" news commentators. A couple of Wilkie supporters argued a while against Roosevelt's outstanding majority down here, but that soon died out and we waited for the election. By about nine o'clock we had heard enough returns to see that Roosevelt had carried 38 states and Wilkie 10.

However, as Roger Babson put it, if 1% of Roosevelt's popular vote were redistributed in a certain way, Wilkie would have been president.

I haven't mentioned the war lately, but about now Italy and Greece are alternately advancing on the revolting Albanians' front. Britain has taken over Crete and fortifying it to help the Greeks. Germany seemingly has finally given up trying to land a force on England's soil and is attempting a not-too-successful



submarine blockade. The great "Empress of Britain" was recently sunk off Ireland though. The United States continues her support of Britain, especially by the manufacture of warplanes. Trouble brewing in the Orient has quieted down temporarily while Japan tries to bomb the reopened "Burma Road".

Today I led a party of four over to the Adelie rookery at Red Rock Ridge. Carl, on the big trail party, had radioed that the birds had finally come in. Although the weather was poor the surface was fast. We started out right after breakfast with nine rejected dogs pulling the "Biology Express" that sagged under the load of lots of camera equipment, emergency sleeping bags and biology gear. Skis shot ahead 6 feet to a step and we reached the rookery in a little over three hours. There was no sun and the

wind blew pretty hard, but we sat down among the chattering gang for a while and merely observed. It was a 1000 ring circus. We couldn't contain ourselves at their antics, but our hearty laughter was drowned out in their constant squabbling. They paid absolutely no attention to us unless we actually treaded on a particular nesting site. We wandered among the mass to our hearts content, carefully watching our step. The penalty of a misstep was sharp pecks about the knees from two beaks and trip-hammer blows about the shins with powerful flippers. They can beat a tattoo on your calf that sounds like two machine guns going at once.

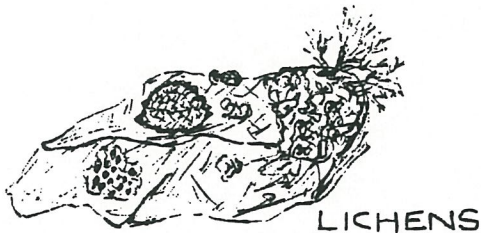
This was the mating season. Each female had selected a nesting site on a series of three gravelly knolls, and proceeded to gather pebbles about her to define the spot. By the time we got there most of the prospective mothers had chosen mates, and hubby was doing the rock collecting. He would leave his mate with a flourish and waddle down a beaten path among the couples, finally reaching "his" gravel sector, and, selecting carefully, picked out a pebble and trotted back to wifey, laying the gift tenderly at her feet. While hubby retraced his steps after another, wifey, business-like, would pick up the pebble and tuck it into place around her. After each few trips, devoted couples would stretch out their necks together, touching beaks and vibrating their flippers in apparent ecstasy (apparently a penguin caress). Certain husbands resort to slyness and save themselves a lot of toting. They find it is much easier to steal a pebble from a neighbor's nest when the owner isn't looking. Woe be unto anyone caught at it, however. With righteous indignation the thief is attacked from all sides and forced to retire in shame. The real squabbles arise however when a gay blade deposits his choice pebble before an already espoused lady. The prize fight resulting is quite a sight with the neighbors apparently taking sides and squawking their cheers for their favorite. The flippers fly so fast that one sees only a blur and so hard that the staccato thumps can be heard from one end of the little city to the other. The loser usually gets bowled over and is forced to retire hastily before a fusillade of snipping beaks. In vain some lone females patiently await the attention

of one of the pebble-collectors. They strut and go into the "ecstatic attitude" with uplifted beak, but don't even seem to evoke a sly wink from passing gentlemen. Such is life I guess. {This description was meant to be entertaining, not scientific!)

Coming home, we were almost half-way across Neny Fjord when Dutch looked back and saw something black lying in our trail. Thinking we had dropped something, I was about to go back after it when it suddenly stretched up and showed himself to be a penguin. He came up to within a discreet distance and again got up on his feet for a look see. We started ahead and he followed; he had evidently been following us for some time. He couldn't begin to keep up with us on his feet, but by skidding along on his slippery belly, using his sharp clawed feet for a paddle wheel and his flippers as oars, he kept up a good 4 miles-per-hour. He finally turned back after we exchanged squawks with him.

(Mailbag tonight -- Seattle host, with Paul Bunyan stories)

SUNDAY NOVEMBER 10, 1940



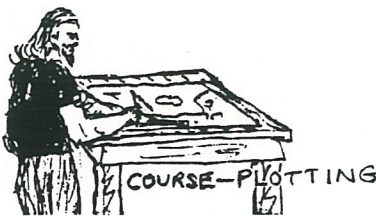
LICHENS

Summertime is practically here and with it came mild weather and some sunshine now and then. We spend more and more time outside now and with less clothes. In fact we're all blossoming out with nice coats of tan. The fellows ski out to surrounding islands to do some "exploring" of their own and I have them well trained in hunting specimens. My desk is full to over-flowing with rocks, shells, and lichens ready to be classified and packed.

The first Skua Gulls of the season turned up yesterday and I can hardly keep up on the skinning. I skinned a penguin yesterday (it's an all day job getting rid of the blubber) and saved the meat for Tiny. He roasted it special today and we had it along with chicken for supper. The meat is quite dark and very good -- I didn't even get around to the chicken. It has the gamey flavor of duck, but the consistency of turkey. By parboiling, Tiny had made it quite tender; in fact, it just melted in your mouth. It's so bright at night now, it seriously interferes with our movies.

TUESDAY NOVEMBER 12, 1940

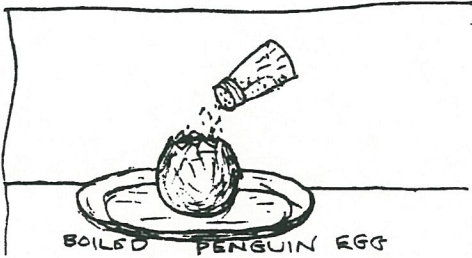
Dear diary: Today I got up at 2 A.M. and helped tend the plane when she landed on the sea ice. We pumped her to overflowing with gas and loaded her up with dog and man rations. The surface was the best yet and she took off with the big load without trouble. Hurrying back to the Science Building I stood at the drafting table and plotted the plane's course while she headed southward to establish a cache over 200 miles toward the pole from here. I traced the course from constant radio reports while they were en route. Howard was on radio duty here, and a funny thing happened. Some hundred miles south of here Art was busy in the back of the plane operating the aerial camera and phoned the co-pilot asking "What's your



altitude?" He had forgotten to throw the "interphone" switch and his voice was broadcast instead. Howard here thought Earle (co-pilot) was kidding him and answered "Zero", what's yours?" Art, taken aback, then asked: "How are you heading?" To which Howard replied: "I'm heading for the nearest blonde now, how about you?" Poor Art was ready to jump on Earle when the plane landed and the mix up was explained. By the way, the two ton cache of gas and food was successfully established.

(Plane passed over trail party on Wordie Shelf Ice amidst terrifying crevasses)

FRIDAY NOVEMBER 15, 1940



Our meals have been livened up a bit lately by fresh penguin eggs. It certainly looks good to see "sunny side up" for a change after endless scrambles and omelets {from our powdered-egg supply}. A boiled egg tastes mighty good after a year without, too. The eggs are tinted a light blue green and are rounded, being a bit larger than a duck egg. They taste just like hen's eggs only perhaps the blue-greenish "white" is a bit stringier. Tiny made some lemon pies tonight and whipped up a beautiful meringue from them.

Paul and Don got back today from the Wordie Shelf, where they left the main trail party, 83 miles south. They made it back in 3 days.

The Skua Gulls have returned now. They seem to arrive simultaneously with the penguin eggs.

International news has been exciting. Early this week a terrific earthquake rocked Romania. Yesterday England, in a surprise Naval air attack on the sheltered Italian harbor of Taranto, claimed to have put out of commission 3 Italian battleships. Today Nazis wiped out the city of Coventry in a 10 1/2 hour continuous air raid.

It's about midnight now and the plane is just about ready to take off. A cache we laid by the plane on the Wordie Shelf last fall has evidently been snowed completely under, for the trail party cannot find it. The plane is laying a new cache and at the same time contacting the trail party, acting in the role of Santa Claus by bringing steaks, pie, and fresh penguin eggs to them. It should be a welcome change from "hoosh" {pemmican mush}.

The weather outside is gorgeous. There's a little zip in the air and cloud puffs hug the higher peaks. Just enough streaks of higher clouds remain to catch all the pastel shades of the midnight sun. My skin prickles beneath night attire as, from the observatory hill, I watch the yellow bird below me sweep off the smooth sheet of snow, its muffled roar echoing strangely from distant ice-cliffs, then ascend the purpling skyway and shrink beyond ice-clad giants gently tanned with alpine glow. Being on an errand of relief and fellowship, our plane is a far cry from its myriad cousins raining destruction on cringing humanity.

SATURDAY NOVEMBER 16, 1940

SCENARIO

TITLE: STRANGE INTERLUDE

TIME : around 4 A.M. LOCALE : HMB's bunk

CHARACTERS: HMB, penguin, and jokesters.

ACTION: Herwillie sleeps, snoring gently into his beard. Enter jokesters with penguin, placing him on foot of bunk. Penguin is attracted forward to investigate the nostril opera. Movement wakens sleeping explorer, who rheumatically rouses himself, rubbing his surprised eyes. Penguin mistakes movement for half-hearted attack and launches a strong offensive. Supposed enemy retires behind blankets. Penguin quacks loudly in his victory, rousing entire bunkhouse, who retaliate with profane threats for disturbing the peace. Exit shame-faced jokesters with penguin. Herwillie sleeps, snoring gently into his beard.

It seems the plane crew wanted eggs for breakfast, so landed at the penguin rookery on their way back to collect a few dozen. One of them got the bright idea of bringing the biologist a live specimen. They say it thoroughly enjoyed the plane ride, flapping its flippers as though it knew it was one of the first penguins ever to fly. {Note: Penguins, like many other birds, usually lay additional eggs if the nest is emptied.}

MONDAY NOVEMBER 18, 1940

It was Saturday morning that Herb and I arose before breakfast and hiked two miles over to Neny Island to look for Snow Petrels and their probable nesting spots. We chose a likely ridge and climbed up the snow-covered talus on one side



up to where a rocky route to the top seemed to present itself. I changed to sneakers and Herb backed me up as we worked along the ledges. A nasty pitch soon blocked the way but, with much patience, I finally managed to lasso a rock above. Using the rope as a safety only, I attacked the cliff and finally made it without help, but not without frantically looking for tooth-holds. When I reached the ridge I first noticed that the lichen growth was especially rich where water from melting snow trickled down. I was looking for lichens when, under a small overhang, I found several clumps of real moss.

Looking farther, I could hardly believe my eyes when I saw a few tufts of grass growing in some cracks. Before I stopped to rest, I had even found a tiny plant with a few dried up blossoms on it. It was like discovering a nearly inaccessible "Shangri-la" where tropic growths prospered amid arctic wastes. Time cut the "exploring" short and we skidded down the steep snow slopes and hot-footed it back so Herb wouldn't miss his noon observation. {I was later to find even better examples of plant life, but at the time, this was probably the furthest south a flowering plant had ever been found.}

With the good weather still holding out, Moe and I took the "Biology Express" out for some biological reconnaissance. We traveled about seven miles and observed seals among the maze of big bergs just to seaward of Neny. We

combed over a small island and obtained some good lichen and mineral specimens in addition to some peculiar arachnids. We spied drift on the high peaks and struck for home, but the wind beat us by a small margin. By yesterday it was blowing a full gale.

Tiny is making the most of our native tidbits, such as a real Antarctic breakfast of seal steak and penguin eggs it can't be beat. We spied some smoke issuing from the floor tonight and ripped up the big metal and asbestos shields under the range to find the whole floor a smoldering mess of coals. The stove's out so I guess I'll pull up another blanket and get to sleep.

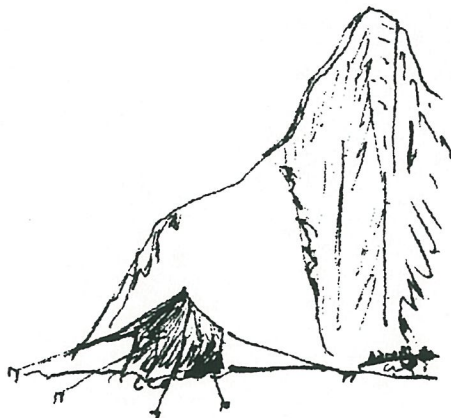
(First Terns seen Nov. 16)

FRIDAY NOVEMBER 22, 1940 RED ROCK RIDGE ROOKERY

68° 20'S. 67° 12'W.

calm - average temp. 31° F.

To my right the 737 (I just finished taking a census) penguins are chattering and gurgling to each other, probably discussing the awful egg-stealing that's going on. A big skua just flew by below me on his rounds, keeping a watchful eye open for unguarded penguin eggs. And now overhead three terns wing by constantly uttering their shrieking call. After a beautiful day, the sun has now retired behind some alto-stratus and the temperature has dropped below 30, making writing with ungloved fingers difficult. I've been running around all day in a light sleeveless shirt (in the sun), but now I am getting cold with my heavy Yukon wool shirt over it. The visibility is good and from my perch I can see untouched landscapes on every side, from Adelaide Island to the north to the dimming peaks of southern Alexander I land 100 miles to the south. I had Dutch bring my trail {camping} gear over with the team. Tiny and Howard also came, so I had some help setting up camp. Now I am alone for a few days and can commune with nature in peace.



SATURDAY NOVEMBER 23, 1940 10 P.M.

RED ROCK RIDGE ROOKERY

Wind N 10 mph Temp. 26° F.

Today has been cool, dark, and windy and not too pleasant outside, so I moved the Primus cooker inside after breakfast and cooked dinner in a little more comfort.

Camping isn't much of a problem down here though. Finding a campsite is usually easy. The snow is usually level, and if it isn't, a little shovel work will make it so. Driving stakes is easy. Water supply is no problem at all, but fuel has to be carried unless one uses a blubber stove. A sheltered spot can often be found in the lee of a cliff or iceberg so the emptiness of camping on a bleak ice-plain is often eliminated. One's diet can usually be strengthened with seal steaks and penguin eggs. All in all it's not as bad as you'd think.

But I do miss the pungent smell of pine needles. I miss the friendly stars, (it's much harder sleeping in the light). I miss waking up to the sound of a

woodpecker drumming on yonder snag; I miss the rustle of leaves and the rushing streams; I miss a morning dip in an icy lake and the smell and color of a mountain meadow. And I miss the butterflies (even the mosquitoes) and the flavor of a fresh-plucked mountain raspberry.

SUNDAY - NOVEMBER 24, 1940 10:15 PM
RED ROCK RIDGE ROOKERY

Av. Temp. 30° F.

The sun finally broke through late this evening and I have been out taking some pictures. The lower sun angle helps give a depth effect.

I have numbered 34 nests and make careful check-ups twice daily as to number of eggs and sex of setting birds. By now the great majority of birds have laid their clutch of two eggs, which lie one behind the other between and sometimes on top of the feet. Both male and female have openings in the belly feathers which just admit the eggs when they lie down. The males seem to stick around and give moral support to their spouses until the first egg is laid and then, evidently hungry after carrying their quota of pebbles, they depart to the fishing grounds. A dozen or so birds leave each day for the long trek and a few arrive back. I have followed the birds 8 miles through field glasses where they dissolve into the western horizon. The nearest stretch of open water must be at least 50 miles away. I can usually tell the difference between male and female by the amount of fight they put up. The papas as a rule are big cowards unless backed up by mama.



MONDAY NOVEMBER 25, 1940
RED ROCK RIDGE ROOKERY
LO 16° HI 28° Wind N 6 mph

The sun has broken through veiling mists off and on today enabling a little photography to be wedged in among other scientific pursuits. I found some nice filamentous algae growing in a pool of snow water on a granite shelf. Red Rock Ridge (it really isn't very red) is a great granite outcrop amid a strong metamorphosed region. Neny Island and Base Camp are mostly gneiss with some schists full of bands or dikes of diorite, gabbros, syenite, etc. Even the granite here is full of dikes. This region certainly must have "been through the mill" as there are lots of signs of folding and faulting. There seems to be lots of sedimentary rock (as seen from the plane) 100 miles south of here and we're all hoping the trail parties will bring back some fossils.

I really feel that I'm on a vacation here. Base Camp comes so close to civilization, and yet misses it, that you somehow miss it a lot more. The radio constantly blares forth civilization's wares and disgruntled service men keep wishing they were home. We heard "Now I Lay Me Down to Dream" as soon as you did and are just as tired of "Blueberry Hill".

Personally, I like it here, especially when I'm "on my own". It'll be fun to get back again, but we'll have to accept our share of world troubles along with the joys of renewed friendships.



TUESDAY NOVEMBER 26, 1940

RED ROCK RIDGE ROOKERY

Temp. 28° F. Wind N 15 mph

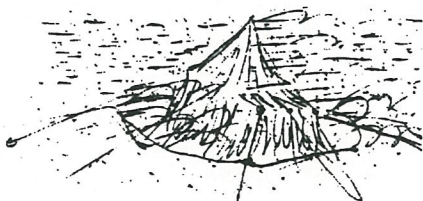
Today has been rather dreary, windy, and snowy. The day was livened up a bit this noon when Dutch and Moe came over with the team thinking I'd be ready to go back. I had them stay to lunch and then bid them good bye until Saturday. By then I hope I'll have enough records in shape to have made this sojourn worthwhile. The boys helped me band some of the birds but I see it's not going to work out. The bands are far too small and tend to make the birds limp a little. A penguin seems awkward enough walking along, but a penguin with a "gimp" is too much.

The time I spend in the tent on inclement days is well taken up with the only two books I have with me. One is "Green Laurels" by Donald Culross Peattie an especially fine and sympathetic treatment of the lives and achievements of the great naturalists. Starting with the outstanding herbalists of the Middle Ages, he touches on Gesner, Buffon and Réaumur, dwells on Linneaus for a while and extends to Lamarck, Darwin, Wallace and Goethe, not forgetting our own Wilson, Audubon, Say, Bartram, and Rafinesque... The other book is the Red Cross Handbook on First Aid.

WEDNESDAY NOVEMBER 27, 1940

RED ROCK RIDGE ROOKERY

Av. Temp. 32° F. Wind N 25 mph



Today has been snowy and blizzardy and I have been forced to stay inside except for regular observations. My First Aid increases by leaps in this kind of weather.

My diet here is easy and varied. (There goes my ink and I haven't any more). It goes something like this -- Breakfast: oatmeal with butter and sugar or bacon and penguin eggs with a cup of hot cocoa. Lunch: usually graham crackers with baloney or dried (Fresno) figs and lemonade (from lemon powder) and perhaps a few malted milk tablets. Dinner: a hot bowl of "hoosh" (a mush made from pemmican), or perhaps chili con carne or vegetable soup (in cans). A chocolate bar usually serves as dessert. At least its more variety than the men on the trail get

-- pretty much a steady pemmican diet. I forgot to mention I usually have a cup of tea or "steero" with my dinner.

Speaking of food, did I mention that I ate a couple of small fish I caught for breakfast last week? They were small but were quite tasty, almost like trout. They were *Nototheniidae* -- the only fish I've been able to catch.

THURSDAY - NOVEMBER 28, 1940
RED ROCK RIDGE ROOKERY

Snowing Temp. 35° F.

It's been snowing pretty heavily today and I've been wearing myself out in the tent blowing three dozen eggs. Most of them have been incubated three weeks now and they are beginning to get troublesome. There has been a steady succession of avalanches on the peak, but I'm getting quite used to them now. They begin with a rushing noise not unlike wind in distant pines and build up to a great crashing crescendo reminding me of the falling of a forest giant.



EGG BLOWING

Things cleared off pretty well around 8 PM and the temperature dropped to give a crusty surface to the snow, so I availed myself of the opportunity and skied to Refuge Islands, about 5 miles due south of here. Rymill named them but I doubt whether anyone had ever investigated them. I found a very rich lichen flora and about ten pair of Skuas, not nesting as yet. *Usnea* (staghorn lichen family) grew in profusion along with some thick, scaly forms. Such a growth would be considered unusual, even in the Sierras. Although predominantly black, some very colorful patches are found that delight the eye already dulled from the fatigue of constant black and white. Bright orange, lemon yellow, silver-gray, creamy hues and green shades often blend in unusual designs. There seems to be some relation between bird life and richness of lichen growths. I'd like to find the clue connecting them.



CARIN AT
REFUGE ISLANDS

I built up a cairn on the highest island and left a slip of paper tied in an old rubber glove, thus leaving my name to be found at some later date (perhaps by my grandchild). I filled my pack with samples, took a few pictures by the obscured midnight sun and headed north again.

Traveling alone over the sea ice can't be compared to wandering mountain trails, heavy with friendly flora and fauna, but in our summertime it isn't too bad. An old bull seal marked the half-way point and Skuas dropped down now and then to see how I was getting on, but you still can't get away from the endless sterile monotony. I amused myself by tossing my voice back and forth to scattered icebergs and the distant ice cliff. At one point I got a triple echo from three bergs and at another point a distant ice escarpment faintly repeated whole sentences back to me.

FRIDAY NOVEMBER 29, 1940
RED ROCK RIDGE ROOKERY

Foggy Temp. 32° F.

Today actually started out with a little sunshine, but by the time I had finished breakfast a bank of fog rolled in and it got worse as the day grew. I visited a little fresh-water pool (from melting snow) on a granite shelf upon a nearby island. It has the only filamentous green algae I've seen down here. As I transferred some of the stuff to my collecting bottle, I noticed some minute bugs, which look suspiciously like the mites I found on lichens. Interesting if true, for here they are living a serene aquatic life. By straining my eyes a little bit I could make out lots of little specks swimming around that, under a microscope, will no doubt turn out to be rotifers.



Melting snow has started a few trickles of water to run by the rookery and I noticed they were all carrying floating velvety-black specks that could be nothing else but that primitive insect form *Collembola*. Tracing upstream, I found their source in clayey banks beneath rocks, where they probably live sort of like ants. The water apparently brings them to the surface much as a rain brings our angle worms.

SUNDAY DECEMBER 1, 1940
EAST BASE BUNKHOUSE

{End of penciled script, starting ink again}

Back in base camp. Saturday the fog gradually lifted and I knew Dutch would be over after me. By noon, the sun was shining and the snow was thawing. To welcome the boys when they came, I skied out and set up a series of road advertisements extolling the civilized pleasures to be had at "Ye Rookery Inn" and made up some lemonade and hot tea for them.



I then took advantage of the sun and retired to an open ledge, which had collected about 8 inches of water from melting snow and prepared to bathe. The water was warmer than I expected {the black rocks absorb the sun's heat} and I gave myself a leisurely scrubbing while, from my vantage point, I watched the approach of the team, still a mile away. I was still sunning myself dry when they arrived and I had to hurry and dress to play the host. The temperature was 35° in the shade, but quite comfortable in the sun. We struck camp and trudged back over the sticky surface to get back in time for a late roast beef dinner. I collected a beautiful clump of moss from Neny Island on the way. The only two good days I had there were the day I arrived and the day I left.

TUESDAY DECEMBER 3, 1940

We had a very gusty wind the other night that probably reached 90 mph, but since the surface keeps thawing and freezing, there's a good crust. Since not

much snow blows around, we don't notice winds as much. This one rocked the building enough to wake me up, however.

I was talking tonight via radio to Malcomb Davis, Dr. Mann's right hand man at Nat. Zoo in Washington (He came down on North Star to take back penguins). It seems I am to take the responsibility of bringing back some more penguins (the last of his died the other day) and seals if possible.

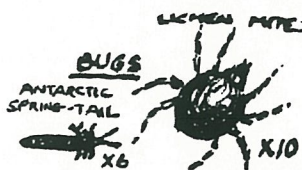
"Bring-em-back-alive Bryant", that's me. I'll sure do my best.

At odd times I get a little reading done, usually a few chapters at a time. I've stuck mostly to the modern novel or historical novel, but am now starting on H.G. Wells' stuff. The best book I've read has been "Stars Look Down" by A. J. Cronin. "Blackberry Winter", a poor "second" to "G. with the W.", had some good points though. One thing we don't lack down here is books. The Library of Congress and certain publishers have been very generous. Some fine encyclopedias are especially welcome.

FRIDAY DECEMBER 6, 1940

Here it is mailbag night. I missed the program last time, so will hope reception is good tonight. We just finished a show and now "Moon over Belmar" floats in over the airwaves from the Rainbow Room and keeps our feet tapping while we wait for St. Louis to do its stuff.

Now that the snowbanks are melting back and hot days start trickles of water over the cliffs, my botanical collection is increasing by leaps and bounds. By



spending some time at the microscope, I'm also filling a few bottles with bugs. I'm hard put to it to pack away and write up the specimens, they accumulate so fast. My nook in the Science Hall is knee deep now and penguins and skuas are piled in the frozen cache awaiting skinning.

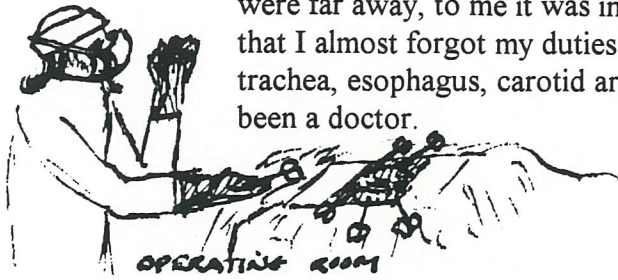
The trail parties are well into the completely unknown now and their radio messages constantly report interesting discoveries.

St. Louis's program turned out to be very good. Southernaires Quartet was especially good. Interested to learn that Stanford won the big game 15 - 7 and will play Nebraska at the Rosebowl. Now for a glass of "orange juice" {from a powder} and then bed.

SUNDAY DECEMBER 8, 1940

We had a real operation today. "Wolf" has been suffering a long time from a huge goiter-like infection of the neck and Doc decided to do something about it and fixed up an operating room. Earle, as anesthetist, succeeded in getting him under the ether and keep him in that state for the two hour operation. Doc as surgeon and myself as assisting surgeon donned sterile caps, masks, coats, and rubber gloves after washing interminably. Zad made a good nurse. A deep incision was made, the gland drained, the diseased tissue cut out and the whole sewed up, but it wasn't quite as simple as all that. Many "bleeders" had to be tied off and it took long and careful work to separate the bad from the good. I helped

handle the haemostats and allis clamps and was kept busy with the sponges. I sure wished I had four hands there at times. Although some of the boys made sure they were far away, to me it was intensely interesting. I became so absorbed at times that I almost forgot my duties. It was a real thrill to stick in a finger and feel the trachea, esophagus, carotid artery, etc. of a living animal. Maybe I should have been a doctor.



FRIDAY DECEMBER 13, 1940

Friday the thirteenth I treaded on some very thin ice this morning while after a seal in the pressure ice jumbles, but it held, so I guess I'm immune to the dismal date.

The Southeast Survey Party returned night before last after having ground-surveyed the area between here and the great Eternity Range named by Lincoln Ellsworth, who saw it at a distance during his epoch-making flight some years back. It's actual position had never been determined as it lay in the center of a great unknown area. We have now placed it and found its height to be 13,000 ft. They brought me some rocks and I'm going over them carefully for signs of lichens. Rock formations there are evidently similar to those here igneous and metamorphic granites and gneisses. Uncommon gyrations of their compass point to some possible large ore beds too. (Since Paul is perhaps some hundred or so miles out, I've become acting geologist).

Most interesting is a sketch they brought back showing palm trees and bathing beauties. The oasis was off their course and their rations were short, so they couldn't investigate, but they swear up and down it wasn't a mirage.

SUNDAY DECEMBER 15, 1940

Here I sit drinking ice cold "orange juice" after a quiet Sunday. That is, quiet inside while a blizzard raged outside. I picked up a book this morning and it proved so interesting I read it through at a sitting quite unusual for me, as I generally read only a few chapters at a time. The book: "Bull by the Horns", a romantic little piece about a college professor who runs off with a backwoods girl.

I've just finished, with the collaboration of the radio department, getting together a suitable radio communication set to use on my projected northern biological survey trip. The ice is beginning to get rotten and the season is late for travel over sea ice, but the time is just ripe biologically.

We happened to tune in on a "revival service" on the short wave bands this afternoon and found it was dedicated to the expedition. The hymns were good to hear but the preaching sure didn't seem to fit in down here. I always associate church with the city, never with the out-of-doors. It may sound like heresy, but I'm glad we don't try and put on any sham services down here.



FRIDAY DECEMBER 20, 1940
BRYDOL DAMP - LAGOTELLERIE ISLAND
(known locally as GO'T'ELL ISL.)

A last minute change in plans delayed us a bit, but we got off on Tuesday as planned even though it was 11 P.M. I had planned food and equipment for four men with two teams (around 1000 lbs.), but as Doc and Muzz were needed in camp, Dutch and I set off with an eleven dog team, pulling two sleds with something over 800 pounds. It really isn't much weight but our dogs are the small unwanted outcasts. They're plenty good enough though, believe me.



We drove the 5½ miles to Rymills' camp and then turned in for a few hours sleep, making use of the Britisher's bunks. We carried on in the morning to a small island where we set up the radio to keep a schedule. We also took a sun sight with the transit and started the surveying. Luck was with us and we found a Skua's nest with two more eggs to blow and add to the collection. We continued to Cape Calmette and set up camp, as the strong sun had made the surface too slushy for good sledging. The weather was so good we didn't bother to set up the tent, but slept under the sky. We got up around midnight, collected some of the rich lichen flora, and again headed north, surveying along the way.

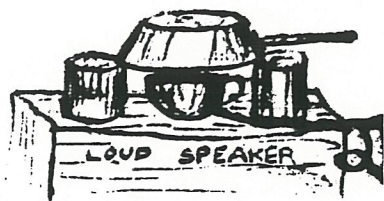
We arrived at Go't'ell yesterday and set up camp not far from a penguin rookery. This island lies west of Horseshoe Island where the "Bear" anchored before the site for East Base was chosen. The "Brydol Camp" is well situated and we expect to use it as a base for our nearby operations. This island is certainly interesting. To begin with, there is an outcrop of metamorphic conglomerate at our camp here which is quite a change from the everlasting granite and gneiss. Some of the rock shows its original stratification and I have been looking for signs of fossils and mineralization. Some areas seem to have a heavy iron content but a few quartz pockets only showed pyrites.

The rookery is a little larger than the one at Red Rock Ridge and occupies the summits of four rocky knolls. On first visit I was greeted with a queer assortment of peeps and it didn't take long to discover that chicks had hatched. Most parents still had one egg unhatched, showing that the chicks were not over a few days old.

A constant procession of groups, averaging around ten birds each, arrive and depart from the rookery. The outgoing parties gradually disappear over the southwest horizon while incoming parties scatter and quickly find their mates, where they greet one another ecstatically, change guard over the progeny and then proceed to feed the young'ns by regurgitation.

We set up the radio upon arrival and successfully contacted the base. This evening, while waiting for the mailbag to come on, we rigged up an ingenious loud speaker from the tiny headphone set and listened to whatever entertainment was

offered. (It amounted mainly to British propaganda). The Salute Program from Indianapolis consisted of a Christmas Party and was exceptionally well done, with proper division of sacred music, popular songs, speeches, and greetings. A letter from Frank H. was my booty in the mailbag.



I also managed a contact (in Morse code) with the outpost weather station, up on the plateau, and we exchanged pleasantries until our respective keying fingers became too stiff from cold to make intelligible characters.

SATURDAY DECEMBER 21, 1940 BRYDOL CAMP

Today should be the longest day of the year but a high fog is keeping us from appreciating it properly.

I did a spot of exploring this morning and discovered a little hidden valley with a northern exposure. I looked down at it from a high ridge, and rubbed my eyes in astonishment. I could hardly believe my eyes, for below me lay a lush green mountain meadow with a little brook running through it. I would not have been more surprised to see a few mule deer grazing in it. Investigation proved it to be mainly an extremely rich and verdant growth of a bright green Antarctic moss, clumps being up to six inches thick. Its springiness sure felt good under foot. At the borders of the moss banks, tufts of grass began and filled up any bare spots. I succumbed to temptation and threw myself down on one of the grassy banks, dozed for a while and awoke to find Skuas circling close overhead. In one of the pools of water I found many "fairy shrimp" plus small mites, *Collembola* and other signs of life. So this is Antarctica?

SHANGRI - LA



SUNDAY DECEMBER 22, 1940 BRYDOL CAMP

I hope nobody back home is feeling sorry for me enduring the rigors of Antarctic camping. Personally I am having the time of my life; the hardships are becoming harder and harder to find. Maybe I'm just getting used to them.

I turned on the radio from my cozy bed this morning and heard the plane contacting base from somewhere away out in the completely unknown southeast. We listened awhile to get the dope on the history-making flight and then turned on music while we cooked breakfast.

The sun was shining and, feeling a yen for some mountain climbing, I put on my sneakers and shinnied up a nearby cliff and gradually worked my way to the top of Lagotellerie Island, while Dutch followed me with binoculars from below. By the time I reached the summit an icy 40 mile an hour wind was blowing, but mitts and wind-proofs were ready in my pack sack. I built up a hefty cairn on the untouched summit and deposited name, date, and etcetera. I was supposed to place an official claim marker but I forgot to bring it. By the time I had photographed the seemingly endless horizon,



collected a nice bunch of lichens and scrambled back down, Dutch had lunch all ready. He had also kept in touch with the plane, finding that Dick Black had not gone along as planned and the plane had successfully reached its limit and was now returning.

Dutch, in addition to doing most of the dog driving, has proved an excellent cook. We certainly feed well, juicy tender steaks every other night, and choice canned goods the rest of the time. I can especially recommend his salmon patties. We have all sorts of crackers, wafers, and fancy cookies, peanut butter, honey, peanuts, candy bars, jello, canned fruit, nibbles, dried prunes, fruit punch, lemon and orange powders, egg powder, soups, dehydrated vegetables, et cetera plus; so you can see what hardship we make out of exploring.

Dutch was justifying himself doing the cooking by stating that I already had too many titles to look after, in that I was leader, navigator, biologist, ornithologist, geologist, radio operator, surveyor, geographer and meteorologist of our little expedition. He at least wanted to be Chief Cook in addition to caring for all the dogs, which is no mean job! What a great guy!

THURSDAY DECEMBER 26, 1940

BASE CAMP

{Lost pen, pencil again}

To catch up, I will hurriedly state that last Monday we sledged our heavy emergency rations over to Horseshoe Island and established a well-protected cache on a projecting rocky ridge which we named, without inspiration, "Cache Point". We hauled large rocks and built up a cairn around the supplies that can be seen for miles. That night we struck camp and left around 11 P.M., Dec. 23, to take advantage of the faster surface. I'd have been perfectly content to stay a few more weeks and poke around the rookery and our interesting "Shangri-la Valley", but there's work to be done at the base and Dutch rather wanted to be back for Christmas.

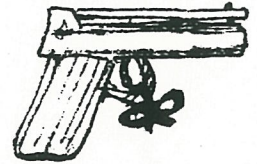
The surface was glare ice (snow over the sea-ice surface melts under strong sun into broad shallow pools of fresh water which then freezes) and the dogs pulled the sledges along at a trot. Not being able to keep up on skis, we hopped the sleds and were pulled along with no effort on our part. While Dutch verbally encouraged our eleven straining huskies, I pulled out the radio gear and, by dragging a length of wire as an antenna, proceeded to get the British propaganda station and then counteracted it by listening to a happy German Christmas program. WGEO (Schenectady) provided some good dance music and then proceeded to try and contact our main Antarctic stations to arrange a Christmas broadcast from us. Conditions were unfavorable, however, and it was put off until New Years Eve.

On our way back we noticed that ice cracks were quite a bit wider and also more frequent than on our way north. The glacier tongue near camp had nosed out a mile, smashing bergs through bay ice, and we were forced to make a detour. As we approached camp, Herb came out to meet us. The camp was sleeping late and we were unpacked by the time lunch was ready. Christmas Eve was celebrated by a gay little party that lasted far into the night. Christmas Day was

evident mainly by the mania for cleaning up that infected everyone. All afternoon was spent in beard-trimming. I had my sideburns clipped, my chin trimmed and my moustache waxed. With my long flowing hair, I was immediately dubbed "Buffalo Bill" by the majority. A small minority held out for "D'Artagnan", however. At any rate we weren't quite the ragamuffin bunch we were a few days back. The service men all put on their uniforms and the civilians made various improvements in their apparel. I actually put on a pair of street pants for a change. Around camp I practically always wear "the bulls wool" -- our long gray underwear {two piece, long-sleeve shirt and pants of



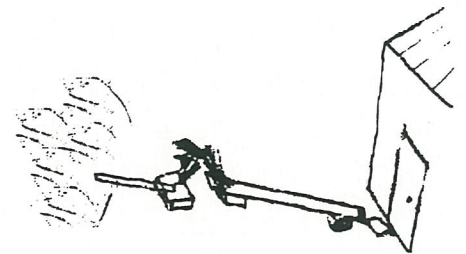
heavy wool}. Tiny fixed up a dinner fit for the Queen's Christmas and, after everyone was seated, he appeared in furs with a sack over his shoulder and proceeded to produce several bottles of wine, which everyone had thought was exhausted almost a year ago. Toasts were promptly drunk to the boys on the trail and the folks at home. Dressed turkey, spiced baked ham, cranberry sauce, mince pie, mixed nuts and many other goodies were on the menu. We had drawn names from a hat for a present exchange and after dinner they were passed out. I guess I haven't mentioned the grand decorations, either. Gay streamers, Santa Clauses, artificial flowers, favors, etc. really dressed up the place. Dick had thoughtfully brought along a phonograph record with some nicely sung carols; with that and the radio we had a nice Christmassy atmosphere. My anonymous gift turned out to be a nice "Webley" air pistol, the finest made. Using pellets, it's good for shooting birds. It was very generous of the base leader to part with it. Tiny darts are furnished for indoor practice and I expect soon to be adept. My score with the big 45's has been far from perfect. The movie "Drums" finished up our evening and we all turned in to dream of the celebrations at home that we missed.



Today I have been calculating and plotting, getting ready to map our little survey. I have also developed some films that appear to be very good. Right now it is 2 AM and they are getting ready for another flight, so I don't know whether to go to bed or not. If I do, my help will most surely be needed for a 4 AM takeoff.

WEDNESDAY - JANUARY 1, 1941

The weather lately has been phenomenally good. Sunshine 24 hours a day has melted most of the snow around the buildings down to rock. The streams of water are led in drainage ditches around the buildings wherever possible, but that still hasn't stopped a large lake from forming in front of the machine shop. A network of makeshift bridges has become necessary to keep our arteries of communication open. The drifted snow has all crystallized into neve and, especially around the



buildings, one has to pick his way carefully lest he should become swamped. The darn stuff is almost like quicksand.

Fresh water forming on the sea ice has forced the plane back up onto the glacier, but the surface has been good there and two long hops have been made. One to the southwest has completed the mapping of the Alexander Land sector and another to the southeast has mapped a heretofore unknown coastline of the Weddell Sea. Both flights have been safeguarded by the trail parties standing by in their respective regions. Each flight discovered endless mountain ranges, some perhaps 15,000 feet high, never before seen by man.

Last night at 12:45 East Base put on a short ten minute greeting program to be rebroadcast by NBC. The States were troubled by bad static, so perhaps we didn't come in so well. West Base was drowned out entirely.



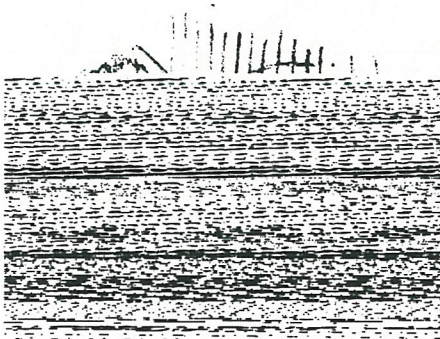
After several months of parched throats, the boys, in a celebration mood, finally prevailed upon me to drain some of the precious spirits from my tank of fish. Thus they were able to greet the New Year in the style to which they were accustomed. You wouldn't think a bunch of preserved fish would have much attraction, but not only do I have to keep them under lock and key, but, when things are particularly bad, I actually have to stand armed guard.

This week has been mostly spent in packing and classifying eggs and other specimens when not helping Herb with balloon runs or attending the plane.

(Received Christmas Greetings from Don and Elizabeth Lindsey; he was Biologist on Byrd's 1932 Antarctic Expedition)

FRIDAY JANUARY 3, 1941

Bob Palmer and "Sails" Lehrke returned in time for New Years Dinner after spending two months in a tent at the Plateau Weather Outpost, a mile high on the icy backbone of the continent. Dutch, Muzz, and Art went to meet them, but. Art took off his snow glasses in a fog and came back with a bad case of snow-blindness. It must be pretty painful and he'll be laid up for several days.



During the latter part of December when the plane was flying, everyone was keeping crazy hours. With no night, everyone slept (or tried to sleep) when it best suited him. The cook put out some chow at 9 PM but everyone shifted for himself the rest of the time. Starting with the new year, Ash was appointed Acting Executive Officer and things have been put on schedule. We are already beginning to pack things up for evacuation and there's loads of work to be done. Reveille is 10:00 AM, breakfast 10:30 AM, turn to {start work} 11:00 AM, lunch 3:30 PM, turn to 4:00 PM, knock off 8:30 PM, dinner 9:00 PM, taps 1:30 AM. The system is working fine.

(mailbag tonight: Frank H. in Florida with folks; Salute from K.C. Mo. -- fine popular music)

THURSDAY JANUARY 9, 1941

I've got one of the little trail sets {battery radio} hooked up in my bunk now. At present I am writing to the tunes of a British dance band -- a pleasant change from the everlasting propaganda. Even the U.S.A. stations are putting it out these days. I hope we can trust the news commentators. Lowell Thomas is always interesting, but this fellow from the Christian Science Monitor seems to be more in touch with things. We have, of course, followed England's steady advance into Libya, cheered the fighting Greeks, and breathlessly awaited new developments in the Balkans. We have listened to FDR's fireside chats and are whistling the latest tunes -- "There I Go", "That Same Old Story", etc. Our movies, however, are beginning to grow beards. I've been giving the boys a show about once a week lately. We of course know them all by heart now, but they still act as an apparent inexhaustible reservoir of wisecracks. Gags and catch lines from the shows form a small library in the cranial recesses of each man. This is kept immediately available and quips are whipped out to fit every possible contingency. Original wit is becoming somewhat worn about now and the movies furnish some badly needed patching material. No doubt our good-natured (and sometimes malevolent, I'm sorry to say,) banter would seem coarse and vulgar to the ears of gentlemen and ladies. However we don't aspire to the above-mentioned titles here, and so no one is offended.



You can pretty well guess the main topic of conversation around the camp these days. The war is forgotten and the arrival of the ships is discussed hours on end. The vital question of the moment is whether the ice will go out this season. Meteorological records show that it has been a particularly bad ice year and Herb, after checking all available records, has expressed his doubts regarding navigable water close to the Base. We might have to sledge many miles over treacherous floes to reach the ship and have to abandon everything but records. Then there's always the chance that relief would be impossible; it's happened several times before in these parts. We have sufficient stores to hold us another year but I'd sure hate to have to live with some of my comrades under such circumstances. Already tempers are short and the days and even hours counted before the scheduled ships arrive. Some of the boys are already packing their stuff, although the ships are still almost three months away. For them the days are dragging by. Three or four of us, however, are finding the days flying by and wish time could be moved back a few months, so we could get more work done. We sometimes wonder what the rest ever came down here for. Dick is trying his best to minimize the apparent risk of our heavy ice -- for morale's sake, I suppose.



I've been exchanging radiograms with the "North Star" regarding purchase of penguin food in New Zealand. I hope ice conditions will be favorable for collecting live specimens at the proper time.

WEDNESDAY - JANUARY 15, 1941

During this last week, Glenn and I have been surveying our immediate neighborhood for the making of a detailed contour map. It is quite important that we have every cache and building plainly oriented so that they could be found in the future under heavy snow. I think I can now qualify as an expert surveyor -- well, if not expert, experienced anyway. The work is made easy by fine instruments and good weather. Even the extended computations are done by electricity on one of these fancy calculating machines. I enjoy operating it. It almost seems to have brains.



Glenn and I are also taking daily magnetic measurements to determine diurnal variations using a dip needle. It's a long procedure, but with practice we're getting it down to an hour's time.

Biology is not being neglected. I've been trying to get over to the penguin rookery, but it'll take a good freeze to make the ice passable. I did get a small seal the other day and am now in the midst of its preparation.

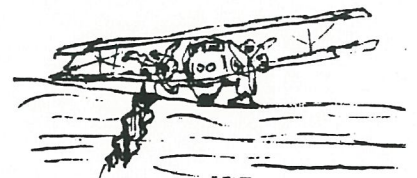
FRIDAY JANUARY 17, 1941

I awoke this morning early to the tune of hearty greetings outside. I tumbled out of bed in time to help the Weddell Coast Party unhitch their dogs after returning from their six hundred mile jaunt. Paul, Harry, and Don are looking fine after sixty hard days on the trail. They have explored the lower western coast of the Weddell Sea, a coast only guessed at heretofore from distant airplane views. Their ground surveying formed the basis for our aerial mapping while their location safeguarded plane flights there. {Cape Bryant, named since, we mapped on this coast.}

FRIDAY JANUARY 31, 1941

Two weeks have flown by without notes on current happenings. I have actually been working so hard and keeping such crazy hours that bed has always tempted me to the exclusion of the pen. Right now I sit listening to a Bach concerto from Boston on our last Salute Program, tonight sponsored by the Christmas Science Monitor.

A little excitement was brewing for a while when the Southwest Trail Party (Carl and Finn) radioed in that their dogs were in very poor shape, rations low, etc. Their position was over 200 miles south and plans were hastily made for a rescue by plane. Ten days passed, without word from the stranded pair, until flying weather arrived. Upon taxiing preparatory to take-off, the right ski, {breaking through the bridging snow cover}, slid headlong into a large crevasse. The front of the wooden ski was thrust upward where the prop splintered it; then it sank into the hole, dropping the plane down on the wing. It will be a wonder if the Condor flies again, but Dick, thinking of the possibly stranded trail party, was having several cat fits. I



might say here that no one else was particularly worried, as we knew Finn and Carl were good trail men and that plenty of provisions had been cached. It looked to {some of} us as though they were trying to flag a ride home. Time out -- just got a message from home on the mail bag. Dick hastily organized a rescue party and, after several false starts, set out through the mountains to the south, after them. They hadn't gone much over 20 miles when they met the missing party steaming in under their own power. Although their transmitter had failed, the receiver worked well and they were able to follow instructions. The combined parties came on



back into camp on January 28, a date set many months ago for a big celebration. Carl's birthday is the 27th and mine the 29th, so we had planned a combined party on the 28th. Now, in addition, we could celebrate the return of the last party. We "drained a few fish" for the boys and Tiny put on a grand dinner with a huge double-deck frosted cake. A grand time was had by all. In fact, it was made an official holiday. Taps now, so "to be continued".

SUNDAY FEBRUARY 9, 1941

This Sunday I'm going to try and think back and fill in the gaps I have left lately. I think I mentioned the plane stumbling into a crevasse, but I don't think I recounted how I explored the cavity. A ladder was roped to a large plank that bridged the five foot gap. This ladder reached a ledge which could be traversed without difficulty. With someone at the surface paying out the safety rope, I climbed back along the ledge. Hundreds of icicles barred the way and, as I forced my way through, they would shatter and fall tinkling to the ledge. Some fragments would find cracks and clink from side to side as they fell into the depths of the glacier. The snow roof was thin enough in places to let that indefinable blue-toned light through, which sparkled against the icicles and then was lost in the depths. In some places ice crystals formed leaflets of surprising beauty. In one spot appeared a whole "rosebush" frosted with glittering and fragile crystals. Across a

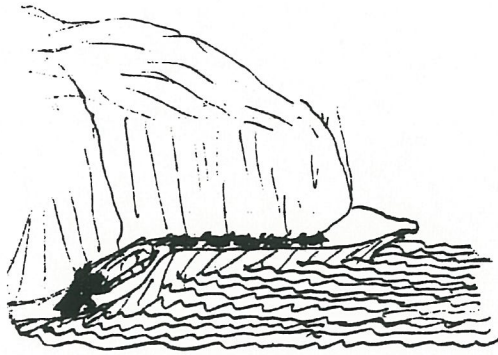


bottomless crack two tremendous icicles had curved to form a nice pair of 8 foot mammoth tusks. At my feet I found a stalagmite ice formation taking the form of a woman holding a child by the hand. I was of course reminded of some of the Virginia caverns. The formations were fully as varied, but not quite on such a grand scale. Size however was compensated by the glittering of the myriad crystals and the natural indirect lighting filtered through layers of snow. I tried to take some pictures, but I doubt whether the delicate lighting could be caught by the photographic lens.

It was the evening of the 27th of January that Herb and I set out for Rymill's camp with skis and packs. Tide cracks and open leads made the going a bit precarious in places, but by going a few miles out of our way, we managed to approach the island from the rear. The other three sides adjoined open water. Almost all snow had melted from the island and the camp took on an entirely new prospect. I replaced a broken ski-pole from the Britisher's stock and purloined a few specimen bottles from the deserted biology lab.

A couple days later, after having made five abortive attempts during the month, I set off with Carl and Bob Palmer and dog team for Red Rock Ridge

penguin rookery. Three or four good freezing days had frozen the open pools and leads with an inch or so of new ice, which made going easy. We were almost rebuffed though when we found open water surrounding the point where the



rookery was. While I was prospecting a route over the side of the mountain, Carl and Bob followed along the "ice foot", the overhanging ice formation which always forms at the water's edge. Luckily it was just wide enough for the sled and reached all the way around the open water barrier.

We found the penguin chicks to be well grown by this time. They were moulting their dark gray down and taking on the plumage of the older birds. At this stage of the game a communistic community exists. All chicks are pooled together in groups of from ten to a hundred birds, carefully watched over by a few

adults to prevent their straying. All parent birds work in shifts to secure food and bring it back to their special group. A food-laden parent arriving causes quite a commotion among the juveniles, as each hungry bird puts in his bid for a meal. The bread-winner appears to peck at a likely chick and then beats a retreat with a couple clicks in close pursuit. When free of the rioting group, the lucky chicks are allowed to fill their stomachs by inserting their heads into the mouth of the parent and taking their share of the sirupy crustacean-filled food. The parent now has a very difficult job ahead of him in trying to throw off the trailing chicks. He returns again and again to the group but sometimes even picks up more chicks. Sometimes he escapes only by diving into the water leaving the young birds to find their way back as best they can. It is these wandering chicks that are at the mercy of the attacking skuas, which have their own babies to feed.

A small pond formed by melting snow was seen to have some bright scarlet splotches on the bottom. Some of the substance was collected and tentatively identified as a colony of myriads of bright red rotifers.

Yesterday I went sealing with Harry and his team. Thawing weather has softened the new ice and made sledging difficult if not dangerous. With a full load of 1500 pounds of seal, the sledge would smash through the new ice formed on thaw pools about a foot deep over the old ice. Under some of these pools the old ice has melted completely out and so circuitous routes are necessary to

hold to the more solid ice. Time and again, however, the sledge would crash through with a crunching sound or the dogs would flounder in an open



lead, or both, making perseverance a very necessary quality. Being forewarned, I wore hip boots, thus saving my toes from a constant series of freezing baths.

The "North Star" and the "Bear" left the Bay of Whales on February 1, after successfully evacuating the West Base. They are now heading for East Base to pick us up and carry us home. Many of the boys are getting anxious with the "North Star" due in five days. Days are being crossed off calendars and the ships courses plotted each day from radio reports. Fellows have been feverishly packing their "loot boxes" with souvenirs and are all set to go. As for myself, I'm skinning

birds as fast as I can collect them. Carl is working overtime too. We are on the black list of the contingent that wants to be all ready to hop on the boat and leave the moment the ship arrives. We are banking on one thing, though, and that is that the ice will prevent the ships from arriving on time. At this late date solid ice extends out from 20 to 60 miles, depending upon who is doing the guessing. At any rate, field glasses from the top of the glacier (400 ft.) cannot see the end of the ice, although there are a few open leads. Even the most optimistic are beginning to back down and admit that the ships will not arrive at the island according to schedule. Many are now praying for one of those fierce gales that were so devastating during the winter. Betting started out at even money, but now I doubt whether any takers could be found to support the existing schedule. My own guess is that, if the ships get in here at all, it won't be until after March 1.

Herb and Joe have taken a picked seven dog team and a small sled and are scouting out a route north across the glaciers. It's been considered impractical, but Herb wants to test his own ideas.

A couple of weeks ago, a great stir was created in the administrative circle when an anonymous bulletin was posted, presenting the case against the possibility of the ice going out {at all this season}. A more recent bulletin has given the low-down on a liquor crisis which nearly developed here just a week ago. This document was so choice that I made a copy of it. It concerned the story of a cache of choice whiskies which was buried when first brought ashore (under disguise). The exact location was unknown to interested parties, but digging squads worked at odd times throughout the winter and spring seasons, looking for the "buried treasure". Now that the snow level has melted to below last year's level, interest in prospecting has greatly increased and the discovery was finally made. Secrecy was attempted, but leaked (on someone's breath) within an hour. The resulting stampedes, hijackings and orgies were really quite humorous, if you could look at them {as I did} with a disinterested point of view.

For dinner tonight, I had three seal steaks smothered in onion sauce, plus rice with seal gravy. A couple of slices of bread right out of the oven, melting their butter, and a bowl of canned royal anne cherries finished the bill. After dinner Doc has been giving first aid lessons, preparatory to Red Cross certificate exams.

FRIDAY FEBRUARY 14, 1941

Valentine's Day! And not a gal within a couple thousand miles. Ah me, we have to get what consolation we can from our movies, picture magazines, books, and, more important, memories.





The mailbag is now coming in with the announcement that the boats are here loading, and before next broadcast will be on the high seas. This caused quite a chuckle, as the ice still holds for 30 to 50 miles out. The ships are in the vicinity, but are using the waiting time for doing a little exploring on their own hook. We talk to them daily by radiophone.

A week or so of thawing weather has made the sea ice pretty dangerous. Doc Sims rode a sledge into a bottomless thaw pool, but the dogs fortunately pulled him out okay. Westerly breezes brought a nice "Christmassy" snowfall,

first in a couple months, followed by freezes. If this keeps up, the sea ice will soon be firm again. I'd sure like to get over to the rookery again.

After following for weeks General Wevill's advance through Libya, things again look dark for the British, as Nazis penetrate Romania and threaten Bulgaria. Germany continues to play havoc with some of Britain's shipping and the Greeks keep forcing their way in Albania. British propaganda has certainly been playing up to American emotions, evidently trying their best to inveigle us into war. Japan's threats at Siam add much to fears to future peace for the U.S. I hate to think of what militant fever must be now gripping everyone at home.

The service men kid me a bit as to what branch I'll be in. They've even taken it upon themselves to give me a little preliminary rifle training. For targets, we generally shoot at icicles hanging on the glacier face -- a hit brings a resounding crash. The shotgun  is bringing in a nice set of bird specimens, too. 

Herb returned from his outing but, because of poor radio contact, was limited to nearby regions.

SUNDAY FEBRUARY 16, 1941

Although it isn't so very late, I'm lying here on my bunk listening to the Sunday evening radio music. The "Hour of Charm", one of the high-lights of the week, is coming in now with "My Love Walks By" and "I Hear a Rhapsody". It sure does sound nice.



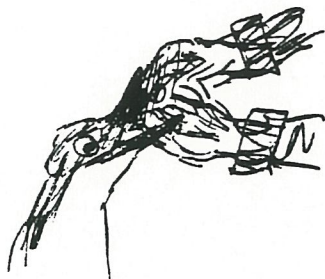
I got out of bed with a "crick" in my neck the other morning and have been forced to go about with a rather distorted posture. It didn't keep me from going over to the penguin rookery with Carl today, however. A good freeze has again put 3 inches of new ice on the surface, so the going was good. Only about one out of six penguins are left at the rookery, and they are young that haven't quite lost all their down yet. Those who have completely moulted their down are wandering far and wide. Several have even visited camp. I brought two live ones back with me and hope to experiment with their diet. I shot some 4" by 5" Kodachromes for Art, but I'm afraid the lighting conditions were a bit on the dull side. We keep looking for Terns, but they manage to stay out of range.

Ashley and the aviation crew, after solving a difficult engineering problem, hoisted the plane from the crevasse and gave it a good overhaul in addition to replacing ski and propeller. Yesterday flying weather arrived and the Condor took off for an extended test flight. Their reports on ice conditions were fairly encouraging as they found open leads to the north in which a ship might maneuver. The crew also said the ice looked rotten enough so that the first big wind would blow it out. However, today, after having traversed 18 miles of supposedly rotten sea ice, I'm rather skeptical. A huge berg turning over only cracked up the ice immediately around it.

The constant discussion of the probabilities of the ice going out is almost beginning to get out of hand. "Bulletins" pro and con are posted daily. I'm afraid I think the pros are mostly wishful thinkers. Dick has talked by radiophone with the captains of the two ships which are waiting "just around the corner". None admits to worrying about if we get out but only when we get out.

MONDAY FEBRUARY 17, 1941

This morning I fixed up a nice enclosure for the two young penguins I brought back yesterday and gave them their first meal (force-fed sardines). They seem quite happy.



Carl and Paul got over to Rymill's over the new ice, a feat we thought would be impossible again this season. Carl bagged a Tern at last.

While most of us were listening to Doc's spiel on first-aid tonight, a sudden interruption occurred. We were being serenaded by a mysterious quartet. By the time we had discovered that the voices were issuing from one of the roof ventilators, the rendition was over. This time it was at least a change from the endless "ice bulletins". By applying at the proper source I managed to get a copy of the words, but I've forgotten the tune. The words have a sharper significance than one might suppose, but it's still in the spirit of fun.

The "North Star" today penetrated ten miles into the pack, but gave up and pushed back into open sea. At her closest she was still over a hundred miles away.

"ICE SERENADE"

Anonymous

OH THE STAR TURNED BACK WHEN SHE HIT THE PACK,
AND SHE MAY TURN BACK AG' IN;
BUT WHEN SHE HEADS NORTH INSTEAD OF EAST
YOU'LL HEAR FROM DICK AND FINN.

OH WE TOLD THEM SO, BUT YOU ALL KNOW
HOW THEY POOH-POOHED ALL THE TIME;
NOW THAT WE ARE HERE FOR ANOTHER YEAR
WE'LL HEAR THE SAME OLD LINE.

OH THE ICE IS ROTTEN AND THE LEADS ARE WIDE,
BUT THE SHIPS ARE NOT IN SIGHT;
AND UNLESS THEY HURRY UP TO US
IT'LL SOON BE WINTER NIGHT.

OH THE WINTER NIGHT WILL SOON BE HERE,
AND THE SNOWS WILL SOON FALL DEEP
AND THE WINDS WILL BLOW AND THE SHIPS WILL GO
AND LEAVE US TO OUR SLEEP.

OH THE COOK WILL BEEF AND STARVE US THIN,
BUT WE WILL STILL GROW FATTER;
IT'S NOT SO FANCY BUT VERY GOOD
FOR WE STILL HAVE PLENTY OF BATTER.

OH THE WEATHER MAN SAYS THE WIND WON'T BLOW,
AND THEN SHE BLOWS LIKE HELL;
SO WHAT'S TO DO BUT JUMP IN BED
AND MAKE UP TALES TO TELL.

OH WE'RE ALL EXPLORERS BRAVE AND BOLD,
AND DANGERS DO NOT SCARE US;
AND THE TALES WE TELL ARE HARD TO PROVE,
BUT NOT LIKE SOME THEY TOLD US!

FRIDAY FEBRUARY 21, 1941

We had a 60 m.p.h. wind on Wednesday and it succeeded in changing the open leads around some, but the general conditions seem little different. Yesterday, after photographing myself with shoulder-length locks, I had Charlie do a Delilah act. As a jest we worked up a beaut of a dutch cut. If it weren't for my handle-bar mustache and Van Dyke {small pointed chin beard}, I'd look positively girlish. As it is, the boys are beginning to call me "Gertie", so I dassn't keep it that way long.



I was on mess duty today, but some of the men went fishing in the newly opened leads and returned with a grand string.

Especially interesting was a new species about a foot long. It has a protruding lower jaw with tiny tusks (like a boar's) and its operculum (gill cover) extends back to form protruding spines.

Those fish that don't end up as specimens

will become good man or penguin food.



AN AFTERNOON'S
CATCH



SUNDAY FEBRUARY 23, 1941

Just four years ago today, Rymill's little relief ship reached his base. Today our two powerful ships tried to push against the pack but couldn't get closer than 65 miles to the base, the bay entrance being completely clogged. It being a clear day, a survey party went up the glacier and a scouting party climbed a shoulder of Millerand Island to get more dope on ice conditions. Half of the bay is still solid

ice and the rest is tight pack ice with a number of large open leads. The entrance however is barricaded with crowding floes. After a three-way radiophone discussion of the situation, the ships decided to head north a few hundred miles to try and find a safe harbor at Port Lockroy, an old whaler's retreat. There they plan to wait a couple of weeks until the bay clears. A lot of "I told you so's" have been heard since the decision. Heaviest loser is "Pookie" Odom, who had the temerity to bank on the ships getting in on schedule.



I have been talking to Perkins on the "North Star" and am glad to hear he has live penguins and seals aboard. My latest addition to the menagerie is a young Skua. I have clipped a wing and put him in with Percy, the young penguin.

THURSDAY FEBRUARY 27, 1941

It has been snowing hard all day and a heavy blanket envelops our island, now semi-officially called Stonington Island after Stonington, Conn., the home port of Capt. Nathaniel Palmer and the old fleet of Antarctic sealers. I never thought snow would thrill me again, but it's been many months since enough snow has fallen to put a rounded and smooth mantle over the jumble of sharp rocks. It's just like the first snow of winter -- and maybe it is.

After the ships went north, Herb offered odds of 100 to 1 that the ships this year would never make last year's anchorage off our island. He limited bets to 10 cents, and although I'm not a betting man, the odds were too tempting; I placed a bet before the books were closed by official order. Within four miles of the Base the ice holds as solid as ever, while beyond a few leads are opening up in the solid ice. They lead to closely packed floes which in turn are banked by many miles of pack ice. It looks as though a ship might force her way into sight from the hill if the ice keeps on breaking up.

MONDAY MARCH 3, 1941

After a good cold snap reaching 20° below freezing Saturday, she warmed up to 20° above freezing yesterday to set a new high temperature record for this part of the country. It was followed last night by real rain-drops you could actually hear patting on the roof -- a sound I have sorely missed. It has tried to drizzle before but never any actual rain. It almost melted away all our new snow before the temperature again dropped. Right now it's snowing again and the level is again building up. There is no visible change in the ice conditions, except that large areas are slushy due to the weight of the snow pushing the ice below water level. The ships up north are beginning to worry a bit about us and are already beginning to plan an emergency evacuation -- by plane if necessary.

Harry and I went over to Neny Island with a team. The low snow level had exposed huge boulders that made sledging almost impossible. We came back with another young live Skua and some (liverworts?).



(This morning I found first Skua (banded) missing from paddock.)

FRIDAY MARCH 7, 1941

We're still waiting and praying for a hurricane from the southeast. It's about the only thing we can count on to move the ice. This past week has averaged quite warm, just above 32°F. With just enough snow falling at night to melt off the next day. The winds stay westerly in spite of our entreaties. Various emergency plans are being discussed. The ships are champing at the bit at their cove to the north and no doubt something drastic is in the offing. In the mean time there's not much work for us until we know definitely what's what.

We've worked up lists of personal and scientific gear in order of their importance and are packed as far as we can. There's time now for a rubber or so of bridge in the evening and all around discussions on classical questions such as how many children Cleopatra had. The several encyclopedias are consulted many times each day to settle heated arguments on such points.



All our frozen fresh meat is gone now, but a seal roast like we had yesterday keeps us from missing it much. Milk powder and yeast are almost gone and cigarettes are worth their weight in gold. Pipe tobacco is holding out, however. Various other staples are running low but there's plenty to keep us from starving if we have to stay another year. I've often said how much we miss salads; at last we've found a fair substitute. Dehydrated onions are mixed with dehydrated celery, green peppers, and parsnips, then soaked in vinegar for a while in company with a few spices. The resulting relish has a piquant taste that is quite refreshing; pickles help too.

I found little Percy stone dead today when I went out to feed. An autopsy showed the penguin had a gall bladder swollen to bursting point, but I cannot be sure it was the cause of death. He seemed quite happy yesterday and chased me around like a shadow, always begging for another morsel of fish which he had learned to swallow without help from me. The two skuas look well and are apparently on friendly terms. They are well accustomed to feeding themselves and cause no difficulties. They still, however, are a bit shy of me and prefer to do their feeding in private.

WEDNESDAY MARCH 12, 1941

The days still pass surprisingly fast in spite of the emergency we are in. The "Bear" is again heading south but is finding more ice than last time. Heavy snows and freezing temperatures keep the sea ice solid and give the whole landscape a mid-winter appearance. As Cmdr. Cruzen said on the radio today, there's three things that can happen: (1) The "Bear" might penetrate the pack and force leads to within sledging distance of the Base; (2) The plane might fly us out in relays to a place the ship could reach; (3) We stay here another year. Only a miracle could move enough ice to allow the ship to reach her old anchorage. This is bad news in any case, as it means leaving the majority, if not all, of our hard-earned specimens. I hate to think of my year's biologizing becoming almost a total loss. I will at least be able to get out a few biological film negatives -- I hope. Considering these specimens, and what with war brewing at home, I think I'd rather stay here another year -- but I'm afraid we couldn't count definitely on conditions being any better next year.

(Sadie has 7 pups, born Sunday). (Lend-Lease aid to Britain, HR1776, was signed by Pres. Roosevelt yesterday).

FRIDAY MARCH 14, 1941

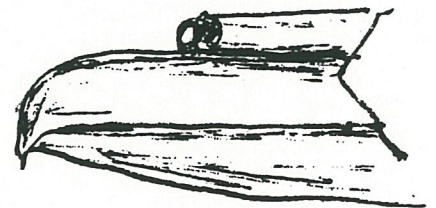
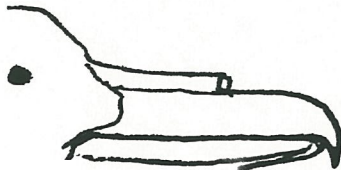
I am now listening to the mailbag after just finishing a meeting for open discussion of evacuation plans. As things stand now, flying out seems to be the only way. The "Bear" has not been able to get closer than 180 miles of the Base and the ice appears to be getting worse. She is now scouting for a suitable landing field which will be within reach of navigable waters. The "Star" is also heading South to aid in any attempt. The discussion centered mainly on what, in addition to our bodies, could be taken out. Ashley Snow, the pilot, has planned to use the plane in three hops, taking eight men each time in addition to pilot and co-pilot. A certain amount of emergency equipment has to be taken to safeguard lives, leaving very little margin for personal equipment, specimens, and valuable instruments. I meet with a committee tomorrow to cut this to a minimum. I will certainly try my best to include a few of the lighter and more important specimens. I may not even be able to save my cameras and a suit of street clothes.

A number of Nellies {Giant Fulmars} have showed up lately and I was anxious to get a few more specimens. Perce and I got up at 4 A.M. the other morning and headed to the far end of the island where we had previously left an old seal hide to attract them. We lay in the snow in back of a bank and kept the 16-gauges {shotguns} ready. The only cartridges left are fairly small shot so that it really becomes a sporting affair. It has been our experience that the heavy feathers shed the small shot when shot at head on. The birds are quite large and have over six feet of wing-spread. Their beak is almost the size of a toucans'. After much waiting we spied one heading right for us and held our fire until he had passed in front of us. I let go first, but he had just swerved and the charge went ahead of him. Perce also missed. I loosed the other barrel and a leg dropped down as though hit, but he continued on, apparently unhindered, until the shot suddenly seemed to take effect and he crumpled to the surface where Perce

administered a coup de grace. I don't like this shooting business and usually am able to find willing hunters for the collecting. However it doesn't seem quite so much like murder when the subject has better than a 50-50 chance. I can even see where sportsmen get their thrill, but I still find it hard to justify my conscience, even in the cause of science.



Joe and Dutch, while sealing, managed to surprise a number of Nellies feeding. Joe was actually nimble enough to nab one while it was trying to take off. (Although they vie with their close relatives, the albatrosses, in flying ability, with full stomachs they need a 50 yard run before they can take off.) What is more, the bird happened to be of the rare pure-white variety. Although thick leather mitts were almost cut through by the vicious beak, they managed to truss the creature and bring him in. I built a special enclosure for it and hope to take it out alive.



(Got message from Loya {my sister} announcing her June wedding. I have had hints of it but am certainly glad to hear it from her. I'll certainly try hard to be at the occasion in person.)

SATURDAY MARCH 15, 1941

(Today completes one year of my life at East Base.)

Today the first bit of real discouragement has crept into my being. I stand to lose the most, if nothing but human lives are rescued from this beset camp. I have sacrificed much to lay in a proper cross-section of Antarctic specimens and, after a year's work, I hate like hell to see them left here to rot. In committee this morning we formulated an evacuation plan whereby 350 pounds of specimens could be flown out, in addition to a little personal gear, by making three trips, thereby also preventing an overload of personnel.

In a radio contact with the "Bear" soon afterwards, Cdr. Cruzen stated that ice conditions were getting worse and action was necessary at once. Further, he feels that all personnel should be taken out in two flights, leaving no room for anything else. There is even doubt whether the ships can force their way to a suitable landing place. Perhaps a second year will be the best way to settle this emergency. However, the encroaching shadow of war might make evacuation difficult in another year, in addition to causing considerable expense -- and we still have no assurance that the ice would go out next year..

Right now President Roosevelt is speaking on the radio, just one week after the passing of the much-debated Lend-Lease British Aid Bill. Help in the way of materiel is being speeded to Britain as fast as possible. FDR has just recommended the authorization of seven billion dollars to carry out the terms of the bill. He asks for sacrifices of enduring higher taxes and longer working hours for the "all out" effort to defeat the dictators. "Make America the Arsenal of Democracy". He also promises ships and help to China.

It looks to me like we'll be in the war before the year is out. Britain and Germany are still each claiming air victories as wholesale bombing continues. The Blockade continues and France is crying for food. Germany, with huge fleets of small submarines, is taking great toll of British shipping. After an intensive Balkan campaign, Hitler has penetrated Romania, and now Bulgaria, without battle and is now threatening Greece and Turkey. Britain's Army of the Nile, after cleaning out the Italians along the Libya coast, appears now to be arriving in Greece to stop the Nazis. Meanwhile British South African troops are methodically attacking Italian East Africa with continued success. Greece continues to force through Albania, routing the Italians.

MONDAY MARCH 17, 1941

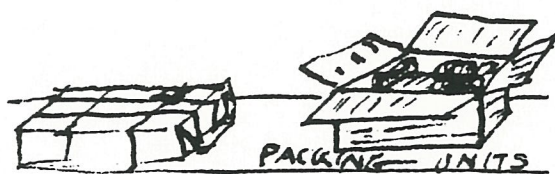
Herb predicted a long easterly gale the other day and she's been blowing hard for the past two days, reaching 50 mph. Outdoor work is impossible and the snow has drifted deep as winter sets in again. We are hoping against hope that it will change the ice conditions to our favor, but we see no change as yet. Some of the boys have been burning prayers on parchment and others drinking toasts and smashing the glasses. The ships seem to be a bit more worried than we are. The Navy has readied ships and planes to come to the rescue if we're not out in a week. They are evidently set on getting us out. Some of the West Base boys on the "North Star" have complicated things by trying to get the "North Star" to land them safely in South America before continuing with the rescue plan. About all we can do here is wait for flying weather. "Abandon-ship" bags are all ready. As Moe so aptly puts it: "Here we are beset in the Antarctic thousands of miles from civilization, 26 hardy explorers marooned by the ice in the desolate land of perpetual snow and blizzards, their rescue looking more doubtful all the time. Yes, here we are, reduced to making popcorn and fudge, playing bridge, watching movies, listening to the radio and otherwise amusing ourselves."

WEDNESDAY MARCH 19, 1941

The wind still blows and a large lead of open water has opened up about four miles west of here. Because of the great field of pack ice that lies just outside of Marguerite Bay, the ships have given up all hope of penetrating into the Bay, even though the Bay itself opens up. We can now see this stretch of open water from our island but it's main value to us is as a landing field for rescue seaplanes.

The ships are together again a couple of hundred miles north, where they are investigating an unknown island for a possible landing of our plane. We are all

set for a quick plane evacuation if safe conditions arise. First, a landing field must be found within flying radius where contact with the ships can be sure. Second,



we must have a snow surface here suitable for a loaded takeoff (We waited over two months for one last Spring). Third, we must have good flying weather (about one day in every 18). Fourth, we must dig out the plane, which has drifted in badly. Fifth, we pray that no crevasses interfere with takeoff or landings.

SATURDAY MARCH 22, 1941

The time is now 6:45 A.M. The "North Star" is well on her way towards Punta Arenas (Sts. of Magellan), where she plans to refuel and take on stores for an extended sojourn in Antarctic Waters. West Base personnel will be left at the southernmost city in the world to be picked up later, the lucky so and so's. However we are about to forestall such a plan. Right now the "Bear" is anchored near a snow-covered island and the "Condor" plane is now almost there with half the camp and plenty of "loot" aboard.

Yesterday the wind suddenly quit and we skied "en masse" up the glacier to dig out the plane. It would have been a three day job, but someone got a bright idea and we pulled her up the steep incline {out of her hole} with a hefty chain-fall. We still had to move a hundred tons of snow though. We moved the plane 75 feet in all and we figured we had to pull the chain five miles to do it.



It was soon apparent that conditions were far better than we ever had dreamed was possible clear cloudless sky, temperature about +10° F. and a good firm takeoff surface. Everyone worked in a frenzy and when the "Bear" reported a landing field, joy knew no bounds. The plane got off at 5:30 AM and should get there, now, in about 15 minutes. All being well, she'll be back for the rest of us in a few hours, so the next story may very well be written aboard the Ye Olde U.S.S. Bear.

SATURDAY MARCH 22, 1941 (CONT'D - 12:26 PM)

Aboard "Condor" plane, elevation 3,000 ft., about 100 mi. N.

After traveling over lots of open water, we're now following along an ice shelf at the base of high mountains. The air is a bit bumpy but I don't feel sick. There are 14 of us, including the pilots, but because of necessary emergency gas tanks and equipment we're packed in rather tight. There are no seats, so we loll on the sleeping bags and browse on the ultra-ultra scenery. We had to forfeit a lot of equipment to enable a take off, but more of that later. One becomes so engrossed in the scenery and picture-taking that one forgets the danger. However, in looking

into some crevasses, big enough to swallow a whole squadron of planes, one is apt to do a bit of wondering.

**SATURDAY MARCH 22, 1941 (CONT'D - 10:06 PM)
Aboard USS "BEAR"**

Safe and sound; ready to sleep for 24 hours or more.

**SUNDAY MARCH 23 1941 8 AM
USS "BEAR" 65°13' S. 69°07' W.**

I was up on deck early this morning to try and catch a last glimpse of the Antarctic Continent, but any sign of it was hidden in clouds. A fair swell was running and no ice in sight. Cape Pigeons were flitting around the ship and two whales spouted in the distance. I also saw Snow Petrels, Wilson's Storm Petrels, and a Black-browed Albatross. There seemed to be several birds that looked like Cape Pigeons except for white heads. I expect they're young birds, but they might be Silver Grey Petrels.

This morning the whole evacuation seems like a dream I'd been trying to think of a word to describe it and the closest I can come to it is "**Providential**".

"Lucky" does not half cover it. We had a whole series of real breaks, like a person needs to win many times running at, say, roulette; only here there was more than money at stake. First, we needed a good takeoff surface, which meant hard windpacked snow. For that we needed thawed snow, followed by a hard wind (but keeping its direction constant to prevent ugly sastrugi from forming) then followed by cold weather and not fresh snow. Second we needed good flying weather over our whole route. Third, we needed an accessible landing field. The last condition offered quite a problem, as the coast was inaccessible due to the same heavy pack ice that prevented penetration to the Base.

Time and again the "Bear" and "Star" tried to break through where the ice was thinnest, but to no avail. The first break in the dark future occurred with the big wind that lasted three days and whose scope included the area to the north. It laid down some nice pack snow for almost a mile (at our glacier airstrip), beyond which a cross-wind had set up some stumbling blocks of sastrugi (snow dunes). This take-off surface, however, was at the cost of a totally snowed-in airplane. After the cessation of the wind, the Bear reported that it had opened up the ice some and they were investigating possibilities near some outlying islands.

We in turn set to with a will towards digging out the plane and praying for good weather on the morrow. Everyone was happy as the weather kept clearing. Just as the job was about done, the sun sank into the sea on the equinoctial line, leaving the scattered clouds touched with scarlet a gorgeous last sunset at least we hoped it was the last! I skied down over the fast surface and found nice Crabeater Seal steaks were waiting for us. No one felt like sleeping and we all worked at doing last minute jobs and making small packages of important records.

At 5 A.M. the first plane-load was loaded and she took off at 5:30 after a short run. The weather was perfect and the "Bear" was pretty sure there would be a landing place. We followed the plane by radio and were greatly relieved when a

safe landing was reported. The Bear's whistle shrieked and even the officers yelled {we were told}.

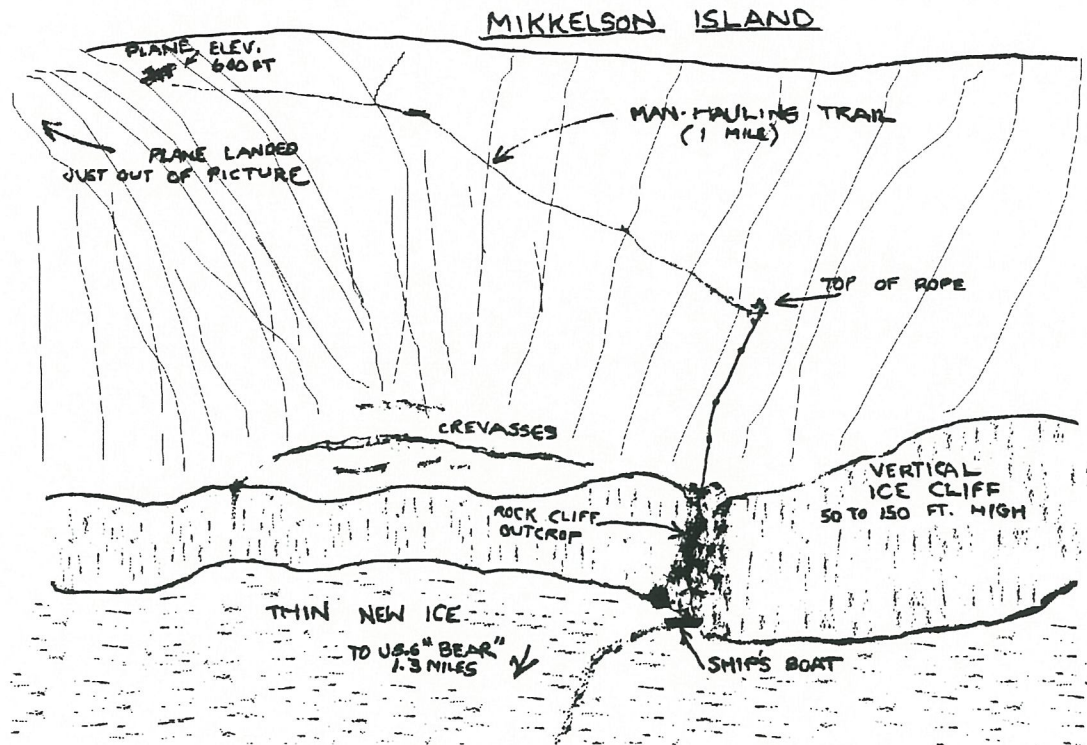
The plane took off again immediately while we set about boarding up the buildings and the worst job of all killing the dogs. Carl and I got out of the latter by taking one team up to the airport to haul gasoline for the refueling. We flagged the plane in and then set about gassing up. The loading was another problem. Boxes and bags were stacked as high as the plane, and it seemed impossible to take them all, but we did feel that skis, sleeping bags, spare clothing, emergency equipment, records, and a few specimens should be taken. We piled the stuff in until the cabin was stuffed half full; the rest we left. Then the motors were started and we all tried to climb in on top of the baggage 12 of us plus two pilots. We finally managed, a la sardine, to accomplish loading and close the door. The motors roared one ski broke loose from the ice the plane swerved the other ski broke away she slid forward. This was the crevassed area; would our luck hold? The throttle is opened full and the engines are screaming, the plane creaking, as it slips faster and faster over the {now sticky} snow. Ten seconds, twenty seconds, thirty seconds, and still we have not left the surface. Forty seconds wham! bang! crunch! whumph! unh! We are crashing. No, we have hit the sastrugi. Will the landing gear take it? I look out the window and watch the port ski as she hits the humps. She bends nearly double and flexes back in the other direction. I close my eyes; I try to close my ears, but I still hear rending noises. Now the motors are cut, we slow down, still bouncing, and turn back. We cannot take off. We finally come to rest where we started and many breaths are caught for the first time.

Ash says we have to throw out 500 pounds at least. No one wants to begin with his own stuff, but soon the ball gets rolling I throw out my small bag of extra clothes and pray that we can save some of the specimens. We still have to leave more. The leaders look through the plane and check bags, but everyone has an excuse for keeping his own. We are getting desperate. Someone throws my bag of specimens out and I go out after it. I go through the bag and throw out box after box. They catch in the propeller draft and roll off down the glacier in a cloud of snow - a years work gone forever. I try and hold back the tears. I get back in the plane with a very shrunken pack but no questions are asked. Papers, books, binoculars, radio equipment, are thrown out and are lost in the whipped up snow. We have reached the limit. We crowd in once more and the door slams shut.

The engines roar and once again we slide uphill over the glacier. The speed increases. {After a bit} we begin to bounce. Bam! we hit the sastrugi. The engines are shrieking we bounce we crash down we bounce then crash than rebound. No one breathes, the final rending crash is expected but does not come. Are we in the air? I chance a look the skis are barely off the surface! Can we hold it? A huge cliff looms up ahead the plane gradually twists and heads over the great crevassed area, still hardly ten feet off the surface. Is it impossible to climb? We make a wide circle and perhaps gain a hundred feet, then head out over the ice-covered sea. We are finally breathing easily.

My camera appears and spectacular pictures present themselves as we hug the huge cliffs that border the Bay. After a while we cross lots of open water (entirely surrounded by ice). We pray for the engines as no landing place is within sight. We cross low clouds and wonder what lurks beneath. We finally reach

Adelaide Island and climb {zig-zagging back and forth} towards a visible pass. We have just enough margin to clear it. We have been in the air over an hour; the plane drones on and we joke with each other. It's been almost two hours now; someone is pointing; smoke rises from a small ice-island. Now the "Bear" is spotted! All is well.



MONDAY MARCH 24, 1941 8 AM
USS "BEAR" 61° 51' S. 69° 58' W.

This ship squirms like anything. Too damn sea-sick to write more than this!

TUESDAY MARCH 25, 1941
USS "BEAR" 59° 20' S. 70° 05' W.

We're fixed up in fair comfort down here in the for'd hold the five scientists on five army cots. The rest of the gang are back in the "glory hole". We've gotten hold of a few old "Life"s and are having lots of fun preparing ourselves for civilization. For the first time we see what Mr. Willkie looks like, and how his name is spelled, after having heard him and about him for a year. We can also see how war hysteria must be gripping the American people.

One odd mailbag {one holding real mail, not our radio message program} happened to be on the "Bear" and I was lucky enough to get some word from

home. Thanks to good radio correspondence the news was old, but the details were refreshingly new.

We see what the new movies are and what actresses are popular; a Sears Roebuck catalog gives us the low down on new styles and manufactures. The styles, by the way, are quite eye-teasing and we itch uncomfortably for the sight of a comely damsel.

WEDNESDAY MARCH 26, 1941
USS "BEAR" 56° 11' S. 68° 05' W.

Got up at 5:30 A.M. to see the Diego Ramirez Islands (W. of Cape Horn). They appear to be rocky and barren. Kelp floated in the water and small flocks of dusky birds (probably Sooty Shearwaters) flew off the water as the ship approached. The visibility, as I sit here on the for'd deck, is extremely good and the sea is remarkably calm. A breeze is blowing up a few white caps now, but the big swell we've had has died out. In "rounding the Horn" last year, the "Bear" was in waves 70 ft. high (so they say).

The engine was shut down and we crossed into the Atlantic Ocean under full sail. The boys had an "anchor pool" worked out for the time when the Horn bore exactly due north. We crossed the imaginary line at exactly 2:00 P.M. and #60 (60 min. past the hour) won \$120. Rounding Cape Horn, according to tradition of the sea, entitles one to rest his feet on the wardroom table with immunity, and after sailing around the Horn, one is immune to certain penalties attached to such acts as, say, throwing trash to windward.

SNOWY PEAKS ON NORTH HORIZON (TIERRA DEL FUEGO)



ISLANDS NEAR CAPE HORN



By the time this trip is ended, I will have chalked up quite a record: Crossed Equator; crossed 180 (International Date Line); crossed Antarctic Circle; rounded Horn; passed through Straits of Magellan; passed through Panama Canal; spent 38 days on open sea without sighting land or ship; penetrated thick ice pack; bettered Cook's furthest south; etc.

LOOKING NORTH-EAST

CAPE HORN



It was quite pleasant on deck today (with a heavy coat on) and a great thrill to watch the boys set the sails, which had been unused in Antarctic waters. The ship under sail has an easy swing to it that is lost among the growling timbers and vibration of engine travel. Everyone was on deck and we had quite a party, what with picture-taking and everything. We even had creamed tuna tonight -- for the first time in 19 months -- and for the first time sea sickness had not held me down.

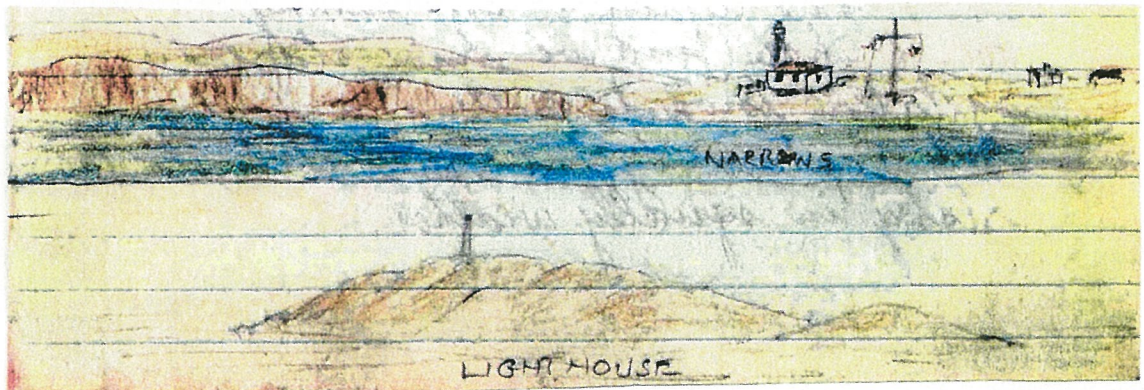
THURSDAY MARCH 27, 1941 8 AM
USS "BEAR" 54° 23' S. 65° 20' W.

We passed through Le Maire Straits last night (off tip end of Tierra del Fuego) and after breakfast this morning we were treated to quite a sight when Magellanic Penguins and Sea Lions sported on all sides of us. We were all of forty miles from shore, too.



FRIDAY MARCH 28, 1941
USS "BEAR"

We're now passing through the Straits of Magellan. I got up early as we passed the Cape of the Eleven Thousand Virgins in the dim dawn. It presented our first lighthouse {our first sign of civilization}. Now at 10 AM we have just passed through the "Narrows". The Strait upon entrance is quite wide and one can only see the nearer shore, but it quickly narrows down to a little over a mile. Then one can see sheep grazing with the help of binoculars. A stiff headwind is whistling through the rigging, but we are riding on the crest of the 40 foot tide and our speed has increased to 13 1/2 knots (regularly 8 knots). Only the most powerful vessels can make the Narrows against the tide. If we hit the next narrows before the tide changes, we'll make Punta Arenas tonight. The crew are very busy scouring the deck and making things shipshape.



WEDNESDAY APRIL 2, 1941
USMS "NORTH STAR" 53° 30' S. 72° 54' W.
FIELD ANCHORAGE , STRAITS OF MAGELLAN

After a gorgeous day's trip through The Straits against a full gale, we pulled up into a side bay and anchored next to several green islands. Two glaciers creep down the canyons at the head of the bay, but stop short of reaching the water. The steep mountain sides are rocky but manage to hold quite a forest growth. Magellanic Cormorants sit on the rocks and try to look as much like penguins as they can. Once in a while Steamer Ducks flap along over the water never quite leaving it. They cannot fly. The weather rotates from gale to squall to sun to dark overcast, and the scenery changes with the weather. I'm not going to try to describe the marvels of Patagonia, as I hope my photographs will do the country justice. It's certainly nice to have Kodachrome again. I'm itching to get over to shore and we have started agitation towards putting a boat over, but Captain Lystad rules that it's too risky in squally weather.

MONDAY APRIL 7, 1941
USMS "NORTH STAR" SOUTH PACIFIC OCEAN

After laying over a day at Field Anchorage in hopes of the weather abating some, we proceeded on through the Straits on Friday. Upon passing Cape Pillar at the entrance, we immediately ran into a heavy sea which soon laid me low. With the North Star's hotel accommodations, one hardly expects to get sick, but, unlike the long graceful gyrations of the Bear, the "Star", running without ballast, has a jerky roll and slam that gets the best of us. Meals are all served restaurant style and my turn came up for waiter yesterday and I hadn't been able to hold a meal in two days. As luck would have it, however, the sea abated some and I was able to carry on. Sunday dinner (midday) was choice of roast turkey and dressing, roast Patagonian goose, or baked ham, plus ice cream with fresh strawberries. You can bet I got my appetite back in a hurry. By evening, another storm had arisen; food, chairs, and diners slid all over the salon. My sea-sickness had luckily left me, but its place has been taken by a nasty cold, my first in over a year. Today I am dishwasher, but if this rolling continues much longer, there will be no supper dishes to wash they'll all be broken.

If this confounded roll doesn't affect me too much, I'm going to try and give a few impressions of the first port before it becomes ancient history:

PUNTA ARENAS, CHILE

The "Bear" pulled unto Punta Arenas at supertime on Friday and docked at the same wharf as the "North Star". Familiar faces were soon picked from the crowd and a great round of handshaking and back-slapping began as West Base and East Base were once more united. The crew on the "Bear" had touched this world's southernmost city last year and had kept us regaled with tales of its manifold possibilities. However, I was much more interested at the moment in getting my mail. A whole state-room full of East Base mail was opened and I

found myself the possessor of a full U.S. mailbag, plus miscellaneous packages. I soon picked out a handful of more pertinent envelopes and engrossed myself in home tidings for a while. The badly needed cash was pocketed. Later we selected our khaki suits that had been ordered for us just shirt, pants, shoes and socks, not a uniform.

A good bath, a change of clothes and I was ready to eat. It was 9 PM and everyone else had already gone, so I headed into this foreign city alone. It didn't seem foreign, however, as the streets were filled with late models of American cars and neon signs announced various bars, hotels, and theaters. By "following my nose" I arrived at the central Plaza about which all Spanish towns seem to be centered. From there I systematically poked my head into all doors suggestive of eating until I caught sight of the colorful array of uniforms donned by our Army, Navy, and Marine Corps men for a big night ashore. At Hotel Ritz, I found most of the gang and sat down among amassed wine bottles for a real Spanish Dinner. Zadik {fluent in Spanish}, in full Marine regalia, went from table to table and helped us with the ordering. Many and many a toast was drunk to various and sundry and, as an echo to each, Felix Ferranto, snow cruiser radioman, insisted on "To the Snow Cruiser" until finally, in desperation, we all toasted "To the Snow Cruiser, for no good reason!" The meal was good and inexpensive. The momentum of the crowd carried me around to a few night spots, but I soon turned back to the ship to leave some celebrating for another night.

The next night found me wining and dining at the Savoy as the guest of West Base dog-driver Douglass. Outstanding course at this dinner (I never did count the courses, they just kept coming) was a huge platter stacked high with fresh-boiled mussels. There was just one tasty bite in each one, but as sea food goes, it sure was good. The dinner starts out with seven or eight pieces of silverware and they bring more with every course. Wines white and red, dry and otherwise, always go with a meal, and the whole kaboodle never seems to cost more than 20 pesos (70 cents in our money). After visiting a Spanish Society Benefit Dance and a couple of joints, I found myself at an uptown cabaret. An orchestra was hitting up some fancy Latin tune and I was soon dancing with the cutest senorita there. Some of the boys had bought out the bar and were putting out liquor at their own prices (not the management's), but I was more interested in dancing. It certainly was good to be tripping the old light fantastic again. Flora caught on quickly and we showed the local yokels a thing or two. I couldn't begin to rumba or tango, but my memory was surprisingly good on the latest Estes Park steps. Around 3 A.M. my compatriots had all left as more of the natives arrived, but I was having a lot of fun and stuck my ground. I'm glad I did for I got in on something the others didn't. A group of real gauchos came in later, complete from spurs to sideburns. They were pleasantly drunk and hadn't had a bath for a long time, but they were fun to watch. I managed to hang on to Flora although I was offered all sorts of women in trade. They were very much interested in our dancing (I was specializing in whirls) and did their best to imitate. I must have been in rare form as I strove to show them something worthy of imitation. We got a big hand and then the gauchos put on a dance for me. It was accompanied by great waving of handkerchiefs and cheering and stomping and shuffling, all to a delicious Latin rhythm. It reminded me more of the Mexican "hat" dance than anything else I could think of. It was quite some evening. I guess I was the only

one in the place that could speak English, but I got along fine, getting a rather sordid kick out of speaking my mind in English, knowing full well no one knew what I was saying. I could bawl out the orchestra, the waiters, the dancers, or the gauchos to my heart's content and get only "Si, Si, Senor" as an answer. My meagre Spanish vocabulary consists of Si, No, Vamos, Gracias, Quantos pesos?, and a fair knowledge of the local currency. It was quite sufficient. It was much more fun trying to use sign language or pointing, to make your wants known. Flora was a pal and made sure the management wasn't putting an extra charge on the Americano. Some different from the Panama leeches, which I hope I never see again. So much for the night life.

I shopped around town, buying fresh fruit and much needed clothes. I even dropped into a modern movie theater (price 7 cents) and saw Nelson Eddy in "Balalaika". The shows are almost all American with American sound but with Spanish titles flashed onto the screen. Although the story was weak, the music and atmosphere were very good and this Ilona Marsey wow!

This is a duty-free port and a fine place to buy certain articles. Watches are the best buy and I certainly itched to get a few. Almost everyone bought at least one. Fine Longine's pocket watches sold for as low as \$9.00 new, and the finest Swiss wristwatch cost \$26.00 at least \$85 in the States. They say silk and fur pelts were also good buys, but I didn't run across anything that looked particularly good. {I did buy a German film-pack view camera to replace the one I had to chuck out of the plane.}

A brief sketch of a few local characters may be interesting. Harry Rhodes was a taxi driver a typical little Cockney Englishman. Being the only driver who could speak English (if you can call Cockney good English), he was in great demand, and we all learned how to call for "Chauffeur Anglais". No doubt he was a fugitive from justice or something else romantic, but he certainly treated us fair and showed us all the ins and outs of the fair southern city, with some fine patriotism thrown in. He always had a fresh report of the British sinking another Italian battleship, or a new advancement on the African front. He also loved to start, or at least keep in circulation, rumors that Mussolini had cut his throat or some other such nonsense. In his own shifty way he was rooting the Empire on to victory.

Lisa was the sweetheart of Patagonia, at least as far as we were concerned. She and her mother ran the Scandinavian Bar, the favorite hangout of the gang. She was blonde and buxom and had a smile worth any number of beers. I'd put her age at 18 and her virtue at 100 % (Mama never let her get out of sight). She spoke English with a Sonja Heinie accent, but rather enjoyed the halting German of a few of us. Very business-like with the drinkers, she unbent a little to some of we sober ones. She was delightful to talk to and showed so many interests. She collected stamps and was so glad to get any odd ones we had. Finding out I was a biologist, she presented me with an "ostrich" {Rhea} egg she had collected herself. I can think of only the most glowing terms to describe this Patagonia flower. She reminded me somewhat of Roberta Harwell and that's a real compliment. The only shortcoming anyone could find was her decided tendency towards Naziism.

I've forgotten this fellow's name but he was a typical Chilean of Punta Arenas. He was sitting at a nearby table in a tea shop and showed great interest in our small Expedition group. I called on him to settle an argument we were having

concerning the date of Magellan's passage and he was very pleased to help us. He spoke very halting English and my Spanish was probably worse, but with the help of penciled diagrams we held quite a conversation. He ordered wine so we could toast Roosevelt and claimed most Chileans backed American foreign policy. He showed great concern, however, for the control the Germans have over the Chilean Army and most of the businesses. We also learned that Punta Arenas is the center of one of the world's largest sheep-raising areas, but although the ranchers are rich, most of the natives are quite poor.

Donald was a fair English boy of about 18, but with a Spanish Accent. He hung about the ship and seemed to always want to do something for us. We soon learned, however, that he was out to get what he could from us in the way of meals and hand outs. Living at odd jobs and on his wits, he evidently looked forward to any English or American ship to dock (at best, 2 a year). One felt sorry for the orphan, and usually his lies and interpretations were worth the price of a show. He clung like a leech, however, and was very hard to lose.

**THURSDAY APRIL 10, 1941
VALPARAISO DE CHILE, ROYAL HOTEL**

(No other entry)

**THURSDAY APRIL 17, 1941
MS "ACONCAGUA"**

Sailed from Valparaiso 11 P.M. APRIL 16. (only entry)

**THURSDAY APRIL 24, 1941
MS "ACONCAGUA" OFF ECUADOR**

I've left this so late now that I can only remember the high spots. The "North Star" sailed into Valparaiso Harbor early on the 9th of April. The sun was shining and the green headlands were a beautiful sight. (The sun only stopped shining at night during the seven days I spent in Valparaiso). The day was spent watering and refueling and I finally got ashore late in the afternoon. I shackled at the Royal Hotel, an old building but big rooms and good service. It is considered the city's second-best hotel room & bath \$40 a day (Chilean), \$1.30 US. The ship was anchored out in the bay, so I made my headquarters on shore, where I could get the business attended to. I first made a round of the clothing stores and picked up some shirts, light coat, a couple pairs of pants, tie, underwear, etc. and otherwise made myself presentable. Being decked out in new togs, I couldn't resist gals and music, so I took in a couple of the local cabarets. You can get a lot of fun for your money in Valparaiso.

Next morning I called on the U.S. Consul and fixed up financial arrangements. I cashed a draft of \$100 (U.S.) so I could start my per-diem (\$1.00 U.S. = \$31.20 Chilean). A young English boy in the employ of the U.S. Consulate

took me in tow and I made the necessary contacts to start the penguins home. The ensuing three days were holidays (Easter) and little business was accomplished. However, the people I had met went out of their way to show me around. The most I could do was to take them to the "North Star" and give them a private showing of the penguins.

Dr. Reed was almost indispensable in helping me make arrangements. He is a very clever man. His father was English and quite a collector of all natural phenomena. The present Dr. Reed is one of Valparaiso's most prominent physicians and also one of Chile's few natural scientists. His home is a museum of note and possesses almost every rare animal and object obtainable in South America. He has raised several sons, each one of which has been a national champion swimmer in addition to attainments in other sports. One went to the Olympics, another is middleweight boxing champion, another runs cross-country races, etc. The house must have nearly a ton of silver cups and medals won by them, but the boys are more than athletes. One is a doctor, another a dentist, a third is a lawyer, another a Naval officer, one is in Med school, one is an intern, and so it goes. I met five of the boys and each was as fine a person as I ever hope to meet. Alfredo and Carlos took me right in and always made sure I was having a good time. They arranged parties and dinners and introduced me among the elite of Chile. One night we danced at the Embassy Nite Club champagne and everything. They fixed a date up for me with Kitty Spencer, a lovely blonde from classy Vina del Mar. The catch was that her brother had to come along to chaperone her; he turned out to be a pretty good kid, though. I was just learning to tango when it was time to leave. It is certainly a beautiful step. I must learn to do it well. They put on a Cueca for me {a popular Chilean folk dance celebration} and a gay time was had by all.

Sunday I visited the English boy, Pat Robinson (of the U.S. Consulate). He and his girl friend took me on a sight-seeing trip that was equal to one in Southern California. We traveled along the beach highway and stopped from time to time for pictures and specimens. We ended up at their ranch and took a little hike. The country was just like the Berkeley hills, and seemed even more like them because of the California quail introduced there. Pat's hobby is raising cactus and he has a rock garden of almost a hundred different varieties including some *Sedum* and *Agaves*. I also visited the Valparaiso Museum and had my picture taken with the Director. They are a bit jealous of Dr. Reed, however, because he has the finer collection.

The "North Star" was due to sail Saturday and I had made arrangements to remove the penguins, but at the last minute Captain Lystad decided to favor us by staying over until Monday. Arrangements were made to keep the penguins on the Chilean Naval Training Ship "Baquedano" until the "Aconcagua" arrived. We set up the canvas tank and cage in a cool place and the penguins appeared quite happy. El Commandante, El Capitan and crew were very courteous and gave me every assistance. When the big ship arrived, they gave me a good crew to set up the tank and cage and to move the fish. {The "Aconcagua", named after South America's highest peak, was the Chilean Line's newest and best liner, used on the Valparaiso to New York run. The Smithsonian and I arranged transport for me and the penguins on this ship.} The birds were soon comfortable in their ice box compartment and I could go ashore for a last minute clean-up. I bought six

Chilean photograph records with typical music to remind me of the swell times I had there.

Mr. Black and wife were also sailing on the "Aconcagua". {Eviza Black with Harriet Eklund had traveled to Valpo to meet their husbands there.} I had stateroom Primera 1 (Cabin No. 1 First Class). I was quite lucky, as one usually has to wait 3 or 4 weeks for any first class accommodations. {The man who had reserved the stateroom had graciously agreed to share it with me.}

MONDAY APRIL 28, 1941
MS "ACONCAGUA" CARIBBEAN SEA

I'm sitting here in the bar now -- only because its the coolest and most comfortable place to sit. A group of four are playing bridge at a nearby table, but most everyone else is laid up. The sea is a little rough and the weather is uncomfortable. We came through the Panama Canal yesterday, with a complement of 23 soldiers armed with automatics, billy clubs, and riot guns. I talked to a number of them. Their average age was about 20; most had southern accents and all wish to heck they were home. Most of them were enlistees to escape the draft. The trim U.S. uniforms, boats, and barracks were a splendid sight after untidy South American ports. The soldiers, even if they serve no practical purpose, certainly make fine propaganda. My cameras had to be turned in of course, but no other special precautions were taken. The main change I saw in the canal was the adoption of "bomb detectors", or whatever they are, in each lock. Only one set of locks was in use, the others all being worked on. The Gatun locks seem to be almost completed now.

We docked at Cristobal for a couple of hours to discharge a race horse (in the care of a Venezuelan toreador) and other cargo also passengers. It was past midnight and a group of us went up to the (in)famous Silver Spray Cabaret. We hoped to see a good floor show but were disappointed in its quality. The place is overrun with the "entertainers" who, with slick evening gowns and honeyed voice, try to tempt you to buy their company at your table for \$1.00 a drink (colored water). It looked good to see American girls again and to hear English spoken, but I'm afraid all the girls had seen better days. They say they send down 70 or 80 girls at a time from New York for a few months. They're mostly worn- out chorus girls. I understand they make very good money though, and some come back with several thousand dollars laid away. I feel sorry for the thousands of Army and Navy men whose only feminine contact is with these girls. However, in the Antarctic, I'm sure we'd have paid even more for a few hours dancing and conversation with such a woman.

This steamship company has a contract for transporting most of these girls and I'm told we have taken a bunch on here. Judging by actions last night, however, it'll be several days before they can recover. One incident was quite funny; I really felt that I was watching a Harold Lloyd movie. The gangway had been removed and the ship was being gradually warped away from the dock. A sailor in whites was concluding last farewells with his gal of the moment. They were both well "lit" and leaned across the widening gap for a last embrace. Engrossed in themselves, they paid little attention to the ever-stretching crack. By

the time they parted lips, his balance was already gone, but with the luck of the un-sober, he somehow regained it. Then the ship moved in again for a moment and sailor and lady were ready to take advantage of it. Once more the embrace



and the yawning crack. The sailor is bowed way over, he's on his tip-toes; the girl won't let go of him; now he's almost horizontal; the audience is screaming; he's going to fall in! No, he gives himself a nonchalant push backward from the retreating ship and teeters on the dock. But he can't get his balance, he's going to go in for sure.

No, another sailor comes along just in time and pulls him back by the seat of his pants. The audience once more breathes freely. The sailor careens off down the dock, blowing kisses and shouting goodbyes. The incident is closed and everyone prepares to turn in.

ANTARCTIC COMFORTS AND OMISSIONS

COMFORTS I HAVE HERE

1. Radio at bedside
2. Beautyrest mattress
3. Ice-cold drinking water on tap
4. Lemonade and fruit punches always available {from powder}
5. Free candy bars, cigarettes and tobacco {donated}
6. Electric razors and hair clippers
7. Automatic toaster, popcorn popper, coffee percolator
8. The bread is always freshly made

WHAT I MISS

1. A laundry
2. Someone to darn socks
3. A fresh fruit and lettuce salad
4. French-fried or baked potatoes
5. A date on Friday night
6. Clothes that fit me
7. Potato chips

ST. LOUIS SALUTE PROGRAM, DEC. 6, 1940

Hits of 1940:

Oh Johnny!

Careless (Dick Jergens)

I'll Never Love Again (Tommy Dorsey)

Practice Makes Perfect

Rosebowl teams: Stanford, Nebraska

VALPARAISO NOTES

APRIL 10 {THURSDAY}

Breakfast at Hotel Royal - \$6.40 {pesos} - charged

9:30 AM saw American Consul, Mr. Burt. He gave me \$600 authorized from Washington {to cover expenses of bringing penguins and me back} in two gov't drafts -- one for \$100 and one for \$500. Left \$500 draft in Consulate safe and cashed \$100 draft at Timmons Co. at advice of Consul. Received \$53 in U.S. bills and 1,466.40 pesos (\$47 @ 31.20) (rough receipt obtained).

Contacted Dr. Reed {at Smithsonian's suggestion} - showed him penguins on "North Star" - mentioned desire to obtain a guanaco.

Fed and watered birds at 1 PM - lunch aboard

3 PM shopping:	5 postcards	@\$2	10	
	5 "	@\$1	5	
	envelopes	?		
	stamps	5 @ 40 cts	2	
		10 @30 cts	3	
	airmail	5 8	40	
	padlocks	2 @\$6	12	receipt
		1 @\$10	10	"
	knife (for fish)		30	receipt
	muscat grapes	1 kilo.	4.20	

4:15 PM Consulate; radiogram to Mann {Director, Nat'l Zool. Park} about guanaco -- collect, at suggestion of Consul's clerk. (copy)

5:00 PM Saw Lystad {Captain, "North Star"} for a moment; he suggested an arrangement to keep penguins on a Chilean Naval vessel.

5:30 PM Interview with Mr. Pfingsthorn, sub-manager of Chilean Steamship Lines; "Aconcagua" booked full of fruit still a chance to see {Chief} Steward 10 AM Friday made out pass {to board vessel}.

6:15 PM Contacted Mr. Peddar {at request of Smithsonian}; saw some of his specimens (held for British Museum).

8:00 PM Dinner at Pat Robinson's {in} Vi a del Mar.
cash 1235 pesos in bills 2 in change: \$53 + 5 U.S.

APRIL 11 -- GOOD FRIDAY -- HOLIDAY

called at 8:30

went sight-seeing -- ascensor, etc. -- pictures -- met Dr. Reed

10:00 visited "Aconcagua" for penguin accommodations -- 2 possibilities -- one looks good. Mr. Wolf -- Engineer of ship -- very obliging {Cruise} director a sour-puss

11:30 went aboard "North Star" with Dr. Reed and 2 sons -- met Pat Robinson and Eileen Palmer there -- fed penguins for them -- shot the bull with Santiago newspaper men without interpreter
2:30 came ashore -- had dinner at Neptune Bar -- fine Lobster Salad
Met Dr. Reed at 4:00 PM
Visited "Star" with guests Dr. and Sra. Prunés of Santiago (former Minister of Health) -- he was very distinguished looking -- she was very smart looking
With Mrs. Reed -- had tea at Café Vienés then visited Dr. Reed's home -- one of the most interesting museums I've ever seen -- he collects anything and everything and does a good job of it
6:30 PM Drove to Via del Mar and on to place where Prunés's were staying, a beautiful drive, especially in company of "Kitty", girl friend of Wilson Reed, who was also along.
9:30 PM Dinner at Reed's -- avocados -- phonograph -- fine bunch of fellows -- returned at 12:30 AM.
cash \$1190 pesos in bills 5.30 in change 53 + 5 U.S.

APRIL 12 - SATURDAY -- FEAST DAY -- STORES CLOSED

called at 8:00 A.M.
breakfast at Café Vienés
met Dr. Reed at 9:00 o'clock - He arranged for a barge to take penguins off ship.
Went to North Star with Wilson and Kitty - drained tank - fed birds - heard 2nd hand that ship wasn't sailing until Monday - had to have tug and barge sent back - talked to Captain Lystad and found he had made arrangements for holding penguins aboard Chilean Naval training ship - birds to be removed Monday. Stayed on board until 4:30 P.M.
Met Dr. Reed at Royal Hotel at 5:30. Had tea with Alfredo, Carlos, and two Peruvian girls - one a daughter of a Senator. At nine o'clock Alfredo called and we took the two girls to a movie - Claudette Colbert - Ray Milland - in story of pilot of fortune and newspaper woman in present day turmoil - tune "Awake My Love" - some propaganda but a good show. Returned girls to hotel and proceeded to "Embassy" {Club} for dancing - met some of the {Expedition} boys - Mrs. Eklund there - no {dime-a-dance} girls - Carlos met us later and {Club} put on a real show in the "Cueca" - Chilean National Dance - {show included} pretty women in short skirts doing Rhumba, Tango, Conga, and jitterbug.
cash \$1100 bills 2.20 in change (\$35.30 US) 53+5 U.S.

APRIL 13 -- SUNDAY -- EASTER

called at 9:00 AM
Met Alfredo Reed at dock at 9:45. Showed him and girl friend penguins while I fed them. Arranged to meet Pat at house in Viña for lunch. Got there at 12:30 after having a sandwich with Alfredo at Café Vienés. After lunch Pat

with Eileen and Mrs. Robinson took me up the coast to Cancon -- a beautiful drive -- stopped several time for pictures -- did some tide-pool canvassing finding the famous sun starfish (*Heliaster*) plus anemones, periwinkles, 4 kinds of small crabs, two kind of chitons, large snails, corals and many small shells, including "Loco".

Inquired about {purchasing Humboldt} penguins ("pataburo" or donkey-duck) at Cancon but only ones had recently been sold. Went to his country place (Quinta) for tea -- saw his rock (cactus) garden -- 95 varieties -- short hunting trip at sunset but didn't bag anything -- heard Chilean Partridge, saw flycatchers, thrashers, hummingbirds. Country reminds me of Berkeley Hills -- California Quail common, even Eucalyptus -- gorgeous sunset over the Pacific. Dinner at Pat's in Viña -- cold wild rabbit mighty fine as 1st course - left at 9:30 for Royal {Hotel} - arranged to call Alfredo at 11:00.

LIQUOR EXPOSE'

The recent liquor episode has some very humorous aspects. First, because liquor presents a problem on most polar expeditions. Second, because in this instance the perambulations of this supply, in a very short time, were quite remarkable. Using fictitious names in all but one case, here is the inside story.

Arriving on our island there was a seemingly plentiful supply of "Bacchus Juice", so when Harry cached a case of assorted whiskies at a remote spot he had no trouble in hiding his supply, presumably to be drunk at a later date. As a matter of fact it was not a certainty in most minds that such a supply even existed till long after ferocious appetites and mal-distribution of our known supply had made quick work of all that was known to have been brought ashore. So, even during our "nightless" winter night there were a few hopeful souls probing for a supply that was not definitely known to exist. Harry lent weight to the belief that there was a cache by making regular and frequent trips, alone, to see if his treasure was intact. Over a period of time, his actions were noted, and by the time thawing had taken place on a large scale and removed most of the high drifts, probing of the suspected area took place on a bigger scale than ever before. And now we arrive at that fateful day, February 2, 1941, a so-called holiday, but made a unique one by virtue of the amount of work done and the number of early risers. Here begins the necessary use of fictitious names.

Early in the morning of the memorable day, February 2, NEB's long efforts were rewarded. Not being the heaviest drinker in camp, and having a very generous nature, he revealed his find to DEB and they returned to the cache, removed fourteen of the twenty-two bottles, and re-cached them in three separate spots nearby. At this point Harry smelled an open bottle and hurried out to find his treasure gutted. He took the remaining eight bottles and proffered them to PEB and KEB, who, after having a snort or two, joined Harry in cussing the broachers of the remainder. Harry, PEB and KEB are believed to have six of those eight bottles safely hid, but we are not certain of this. To return to the major part of the booty, which after the original discovery had dwindled from fourteen to twelve bottles.

SEB, lured by the adventurous aspects of prospecting, learned of the three new caches that had supplanted the original, and went out to have a look. On arriving he found WEB and BEB already on the job. They formed an alliance, but like any involuntary alliance, it was doomed to failure. They found two of the three caches, totaling nine bottles, which had been hidden only a few feet from the original point a few hours earlier. Needless to say, one bottle was rapidly done away with, especially with the timely arrival of ZEB. During all this search SEB was ostensibly searching for the eight bottles which Harry had already removed, but on finding DEB's caches he did not hesitate to slit his own cohorts' throat -- so DEB was robbed while watching the whole thing from a safe distance.

WEB, BEB and SEB re-cached the nine bottles and repaired to the science shack with loud protestations on their lips for not being cut in on the liquor find. SEB protested so vehemently that (with the aid of a now parched throat) he convinced himself that he was being discriminated against, and went in search of the third cache of DEB's.

Under the influence of fresh air, however, he reasoned that he was the rightful owner of the two caches which WEB and BEB had helped him to locate, so he moved these to a new site, known only to himself. In doing so, he stumbled across DEB's third cache, so he ended up with all but the original eight bottles, or a total of fourteen (less the two already scooped).

Harry, as we all know, did considerable gum-beating throughout the day, and was probably justified. HEB and FEB arose in mid-afternoon and on learning of the incident were quite upset -- but not on account of Harry's loss. Rather, because of someone else's find. Not being in on the deal they began an abortive attempt to have all the liquor turned over to Harry for distribution among the entire camp. This is the age-old story of the "Haves versus the Have Nots", and resulted in the same end. Their campaign laid the only fresh egg in camp at the time.

DEB, on learning of the loss he had suffered, played a very cagey game and laid low. Before two days had passed he learned who had robbed him. LEB and MEB entered at this point and convinced DEB and SEB of the justice in their crime and further convinced them that such treasure would be wasted on the poor tastes of FEB and HEB and the other camp neophytes. So, 'neath a blanket of falling snow and in the very wee hours of the day (February 4, 1941) the entire cache of twelve bottles was moved to its final resting place, where it will be quaffed. That is, unless some person proves to be wiler than DEB, SEB, LEB and HEB, -- and they are slick artists, especially when the reward is a valuable as it seems to be. As a matter of fact, a stomach pump will be more useful than a gee pole for locating it if you wait over forty-eight hours.

by BOB PALMER

FROM: ARMY RADIO RELAY STATION VIA NORTH STAR

TUCSON ARIZ

23 MAR 1941

BRYANT:

APPARENTLY FEB MSG WAYLAID ACCORDING TO BARBARA
DID YOU GET LETTER OF JANUARY X PLENTY OF SUNSHINE WARM
WEATHER NOW DAYS HERE X WHEN DO YOU EXPECT TO EMBARK QUERY
AM VERY ANXIOUS TO SEE YOU AGAIN HOPING FOR A CHANCE TO
SERVE DINNER FOR YOU OTHER THAN FROM GLACIAL ICE BOX X AM
HAPPY BECAUSE GRADUATION IS ASSURED X AM DOUBTFUL ABOUT
TRAIL RIDGE X A GOOD TOURIST SEASON EXPECTED IN ESTES PARK X
WILL WRITE ANOTHER LETTER IF THERE IS AN ADDRESS X HOPING
FOR A VISIT FROM YOU FUN AND SAFE RETURN

JANICE

1510 WTDU 8770 NI

Social Hall
USMS North Star
34°S 73°W
April 8, 1941 3 bells
1st watch

Dear Mother and Dad,

We dock in Valparaiso tomorrow after a very stormy passage from Punta Arenas. By sending a letter airmail it will reach you before I do. I won't get a chance to write more than a few letters but I'll be home soon and you will have all the news first hand.

My plans seem definite at last. I am directed by radio to proceed to the East Coast from Valparaiso by first commercial ship with suitable cold storage facilities for the penguins. Financial arrangements have been made and I will leave the North Star tomorrow. Since I was only able to bring out a very few specimens, I am really fortunate to get this chance to further prove my worth to the Smithsonian. It's a tough assignment, however, as there are only eight penguins left and one of them is ailing. My ace in the hole however is the rare white giant Fulmar which I "smuggled" out of the Base in the plane.

I hope you have not counted too much on meeting the ship as this rather complicates matters. Seattle would have made a nice trip for you but New York is a long way off -- especially with a Commencement and a Wedding in the offing. It seems to me the expense would be unwarranted especially in view of the Wedding -- and also in that I would be so busy nursing the penguins to the Washington Zoo, there would be no real greeting -- it might even interfere with business.

If plans work out I will proceed to Washington and work off the necessary reports as soon as possible -- at least get them started -- and then take at least

a month's vacation I have coming. I expect to buy a car and drive West perhaps getting in both Barbara's and Loya's great occasions. I'd like to work at Rocky Mountain after July 1, but am not sure of the possibilities. I also have several irons in the fire for next Fall, but nothing is definite yet.

The grand bunch of letters I got have certainly been a pleasure to read -- also the magazines. I hope to have most of (end of letter)

LIST OF PERSONAL PROPERTY ABANDONED AT EAST BASE, ANTARCTICA

	age	cost	value
1 Royal Portable Typewriter	2 yrs.	\$52.00	\$38.00
1 leather suitcase	5 yrs.	\$22.50	\$12.00
1 business suit	new	\$45.00	\$45.00
1 large plate camera	old	\$200 ?	\$ 7.50
1 Bausch & Lomb 8 x 36 binoculars	1 yr.	\$80.00	\$48.00
1 pr. black oxford shoes	1 yr.	\$ 5.50	\$ 2.00
1 lot assorted wearing apparel including 3 shirts, 1 bathrobe, belt, underwear, socks			\$ 6.00
1 book "Synoptic and Aeronautical Meterology"	new	\$ 6.00	\$ 4.00
photographic equipment			
1 Camera tripod, large	2 yrs.	\$12.50	\$ 6.50
1 Camera tripod, small	2 yrs.	\$ 3.50	\$ 1.00
Various pieces of photographic equipment including 3 daylight-loading film tanks, flash synchronizer, 1/2 case flash bulbs			\$15.00
1 Aneroid barometer	4 yrs.	\$ 5.00	<u>\$ 2.00</u>

187.00