

Antarctic Journal, 1961-62

Rowland Tabor

*Travis Air Force Base, California  
18 October 7:55 pm*

*Dear Lesley: Here I am writing the first page of the journal and your letter. We wait patiently an unspecified length of time while our ship is fueled and preened for the next leg of the journey.*

*Hickham AFB, Hawaii  
19 October 6:15 am*

*Following the period of the last paragraph, our flight was announced, hence I now write, tiredly, while waiting for people to bathe, sleep, and decide the next move.*

*I was almost glad to see our manageress [of a hotel in DC] appear on the scene just as I got in the taxi, for it spared the sight of you standing alone on the sidewalk as we sped off. But it did make our parting abrupt. We sped out to Andrews AFB along a pleasant parkway, with patches of color appearing here and there, Bjørn assuring me all the time that we would not be late and nobody would mind etc. After a number of enquiries, each answer finished with "You can't miss it", we found the terminal—and it was in no great state of excitement on our late arrival. Our baggage was checked through without a glance as to total weight, and we settled down to cup of coffee, newspapers, and chatting with other USARP [United States Antarctica Research Project] people who drifted in. About 9:30 am, a secretary from the NSF [National Science Foundation] appeared with our "orders", that is letters, allowing us to travel on military planes.....*

*Back at Hickham, I went with John Behrendt<sup>1</sup> and an Australian (VLF man) to the officers' club for dinner. What an experience for PFC Tabor. And what a relatively lush affair and reasonably cheap. Bjørn and I had talked previously about seeing some dancing exhibition at 8 that evening in Waikiki, but as he had not shown for dinner, I'd given him up. Then in he rushed as we were deserting to say a cab was waiting. Bjørn, that afternoon in the bar, had been "picked up" and offered dinner in the Royal Hawaiian by four elderly ladies. He seemed almost sorry that he hadn't accepted. We eventually decided to go, and taking a later cab arrived at the dark, deserted amphitheater somewhat late. Feeling quite foolish and also rather poor, we walked down Kahalua Street peeking, at Bjørn's insistence, in various night spots, finally settling on the Hawaiian Village where Bjørn's poor homesick Norwegian story got us a special table in an otherwise full-up showplace. Here, while John Behrendt and I sipped beer and Bjørn and Australia sipped exotic things with lotus blossoms floating in them, we watched modern hula and Hawaiian singing. Only in Hawaii could one see a Geisha-clad Japanese girl sing Swanny River like Al Jolson. The show finished with a fantastic Tahiti hula, which for sheer energy and vibrations was most amazing. Realizing what these dances were used for in Tahiti added to the fascination. At any rate John and I left Bjørn and Australia with their drinks and bussed back to Hickham where we spent a un-restful night punctuated with jets taking off in our corridor (or so it seemed).*

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<sup>1</sup> Dr John C. Behrent, a distinguished geophysicist and polar explorer. See <http://www.americanpolar.org/john-behrendt/>

*Sunday 22 October*

*7:10 pm Christchurch, New Zealand*

*Dear Lesley:*

*At times like these when the sun is setting and you aren't here to tell me to look, I am particularly lonely. I am tired, but will try to catch up on events.*

*We left Hawaii on Friday about 10:00 am. Nothing to see but a few towering cumulus until we reached Canton Island at about 4 pm, 1100 miles from Honolulu. The island is but a curved atoll, treeless except for a few unhealthy looking palms and shrubs planted around the buildings. While our plane was refueled we looked at post cards of Tahitian women—I sent you one; did you get it?—and wandered about. Bill Long<sup>2</sup>, another fellow and I walked over to the ocean's edge and gazed numbly (I at any rate) at the coral fragments that composed the beach. The water was warm. What a lonely outpost surrounded by thousands of miles of water. As I strolled in the deserted settlement I heard a native woman singing in the white clapboard house. Then we all climbed aboard and off again.*

*In Fuji it had rained and the lights testified to a larger settlement. But we were headed into a brand new airport lounge, locked off from the rest of the world, where we sat for two hours (12:00-2:00 am). Native boys in white served hamburgers and drinks to those who waited, while others bought bottles of duty free liquor at a booth so marked in bright red letters in the otherwise tastefully and moderately decorated lounge.*

*Then back aboard and fitful sleeping until about 6 am (New Zealand time) on Sunday morning; we had passed the international date line. The last two meals on board were rations called V2s and somewhat less tasty than C-rations. At about 8:10 we reached Christchurch but had to circle overhead waiting for the customs officials to arrive on the ground!*

*In a MATS plane one feels crowded and uncomfortable. The seats face backwards and are arranged (in a DC-6) 3 on one side, 2 on the other. A minimum of leg room. We had some good view of the islands coming into N.Z., especially of the almost perfect cone of Mt. Egmont (Mount Taranaki). Being seated on the aisle, far from the window, I continually crawled over people for pictures.*

*After successfully passing through immigration and customs, we were led by Mr. E. Goodale, the USARP rep., to the USARP office in the 43<sup>rd</sup> Naval Task Force building. Here more forms were completed, mail received, and finally our checked-through baggage. Goodale called Art, and he eventually appeared in a rented car to drive Bjørn and me to our hotel. Although the rest of the USARPs are sequestered in a "private" hotel nearer the airfield, we three are in the Hotel Esplanade at New Brighton. The Pacific laps on sandy beaches not 200 yards away. Of course the airfield must be 15 to 20 miles away.*

*8:45 pm*

*On Sunday, nothing moves in Christchurch. The streets of New Brighton are nearly empty. Art informed us that we three were invited to dinner at the home of a Scotsman recently turned New Zealander. Art had made friends with the fellow in the hotel pub.*

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<sup>2</sup> Dr. William Long, Ohio State University. <https://kb.osu.edu/dspace/bitstream/handle/1811/6507/1/LongWilliamTranscript2.pdf>

*Off we went for an afternoon of, I gather, typical N.Z. entertainment. On our arrival, out came large jugs of dark beer and darker stout. Mixed half and half. We sat on the porch in the hot sun while the verbose Scot, named Ray, a wiry little man, entertained us with observations on the world, politics, Americans, Norwegians, etc. His wife, a giggly freckled woman occasionally suggested it was time to serve the pork. But no, Ray would have no part of it. So we sat and drank beer—I gave up after two glasses, almost tasteless—from noon until 4:00 pm. Then Ray stopped talking long enough to inspect and then carve the roast, which was heaped on our plates in great piles. Meanwhile another couple with small baby dropped by unexpectedly, and, according to N.Z. custom (as reported by Art), the new uninvited guests were left standing around. No offer of drink or dinner until Art broke taboos and poured the fellow a drink.*

*Following dinner more beer was served, and then everyone attempted various acrobatics involving the one-quart stout bottles: doing a sort of pushup from the upright bottles or standing on 3 bottles.*

*The Scot, a cash register salesman, did talk very informatively about the island. We learned of Māori feasts, N.Z. liquor laws, and that parties in N.Z. consist of drinking and sex. So much sex, according to our host, that he and his wife left in the middle of a couple of parties that got to be too much. Considering his outspokenness, ribald humor, and idiomatic expressions, they must have really been something. Now Art and Bjørn hope to: 1) go on a 3-day Māori feast, called a “hāngi”(sp?) and 2) attend a N.Z. party. No invitations for either yet.*

*We finally rushed home to the W.C. at about 7 pm, Bjørn having tried to keep up with the host.*

*After starting this letter, we went to a tiny restaurant where I had toasted cheese and oyster sandwiches while we watched a huge television set starring an interview with Dame Edith Sitwell.*

*Art and Bjørn have now gone for one last drink in the pub, and I am about to collapse.*

*So, Love, love, love to you Lesley. Looking forward to a letter already*

*Rowland*

*P.S. Just saw the Spring newspaper story on the Cascades, sent to Art by his wife. Some of the pictures are quite good, but the text is pretty awful.*

*Love again, R*

*October 24, 1961*

*4:15 pm McMurdo Sound*

*Dear Les:*

*I feel like I am getting farther and farther away from you, dear love, and it is true. But what a strange feeling of familiarity when we arrived at 6:00 am this morning. Perhaps it's the buildings, arctic garb, and smell of diesel fuel, but I think it's the windswept desolation, the unending vistas. I felt right at home.*

*But in order to keep this narrative straight, I'll have to go back to yesterday morning (Mon.). Bjørn and I awoke to be served tea and a cookie in bed, a most civilized habit of the New Zealanders. Then as we were having a leisurely breakfast and discussing our week plans, a phone call from USARP announced to Art that 3 seats were available on the evening flight to McMurdo. Art said, “no”, but soon got another call saying one seat was available and that we should use it. Well, Bjørn said that he had things to buy, and Art offered to go in a very unenthusiastic tone, all the time looking at me, so I said, “Yes, of course I'll go.”*

*We delivered and weighed in my luggage at the airport in the morning after a hurried trip through the very flowery botanical gardens of Christchurch and the Canterbury University Museum. Both Art and Bjørn had been to these places, but they insisted on my tour—probably to alleviate any guilt feelings. After I weighted in, Art and Bjørn rushed off to join Roy, the Scot, on some expedition, and I joined, or better, attached myself to, John Behrent and others also scheduled for the night flight. Somewhat at a loss as to what to do, I went with John and the Australian (Neil Brice) to a movie, The World of Suzie Wong. Escape. Then meeting the other departurees on the street we all went to a good last supper. I had filet—see what you’ve done to me. Then out to the airport and a hasty change of clothes in the USARP warehouse. I sent you a post card via civilian mail from the airport. You may not get it before this.*

*The Lockheed Constellation that we flew in is a big plane, but it was filled to capacity with bulky people. The sailors had undergone a miraculous transformation from Navy blue to olive drab (the arctic gear of the military). The flight was smooth, but I couldn’t sleep much. Excitement perhaps, though I felt only tired.*

*The first view of Antarctica came at about 4 am. Through the tiny, dirty window, across crowded pack ice, a great cliff rose up to be lost in the low clouds. I felt no elation, though I thought that I would. Soon after, rough ice was below and Mount Erebus appeared on the left. We zigzagged in and came down to a smooth landing.*

*A blast of cold air as the door opened, and we came out on the sea ice runway. Soon a green weasel with large block USARP letters appeared, and after unfathomable delays (-7° F), we climbed aboard and rocked, yea like a ship in a storm, along the four miles to McMurdo base.*

*A beautiful day in McMurdo. Even though I felt like collapsing and still do, I was glad to hear that I could go right on to Byrd Station tonight with Ray and John. Only one day at McMurdo, a very junky place, but much like Camp Tuto, Greenland; I didn’t mind it so much. I woke John and Ray, who have been on the late morning-midnight shift, to find that everything was essentially under control. We are still lacking a few essentials, most of which sit in Christchurch. We must fight with poor, harassed Phil Smith to get a first aid kit before we depart tonight (at 9:00 pm).....*

*.....I had heard that attractive cards could be bought at Scott Base, the New Zealand base, just a mile from here. So this morning I set out afoot. What a lovely cold morning, the snow crunched, the air was crisp. I enjoyed the walk so much after all our city living and the crowded airplanes. Out across the ice of the Sound, the great buttresses of the Queen Maude Ranges rose up to the flat, low lying clouds. The bases of the peaks shimmered and reflected in mirage. Then as I rounded a corner the mighty base of Mount Terror rose with a great even sweep to the symmetrical top. As I neared the N.Z. base, the dogs all barked joyfully, but I didn’t approach them.*

*No cards for sale at the base, but I did buy some special issue postage stamps. The New Zealanders were friendly but reserved—probably tired of entertaining USARPs. After a cup of tea and brief chat with a new arrival at the base—he wasn’t yet tired of Americans—I walked back to McMurdo via Observation Hill, which bears a wooden cross to Scott.*

*After naps and lunch, I walked over to Hut Point to see Scott’s 1904 hut, now dwarfed by giant gasoline tanks. Hearing strange noises below the ice, I went down to find a huge Weddell seal lying on the ice*

*in what appeared to be labor pains. Another seal was making desperate efforts to get up through a nearby hole in the ice. I couldn't stay to see the birth, if that what was coming.*

*Must get ready now to fly. We go in a huge C-13 plus 16,000 pounds of gear. Won't be much room. Temperatures at Byrd have been in the minus 50-70° F range last week.*

*Love, Rowland*

*October 24 Tuesday*

*Byrd Station -30° F 8:55 pm*

*Dear Lesley:*

*I'm using a purple pencil to indicate purple passion. Actually I've run out of ink and through a confusion of unloading baggage yesterday evening (this morning), I left my brief case on the plane (Oh no! Not again), and it went back to McMurdo. I do hope that I recover it, for in it are my travelers checks and passport.*

*The ten USARPs on the flight yesterday were well packed into the C-130. Great packing crates loomed above us in the immense "hold" of that huge plane. It was somewhat exciting to think that, as we skied along the ground in the takeoff, we would actually get in the air. The flight itself was smooth and uneventful. I was very sleepy and found myself going to sleep with a half-drunk cup of coffee in my hand. But it soon grew almost too cold to sleep, that is, cold at feet level. So like our apartment, out here the floor temperature was 20° F and eye level temperature, standing, 70° F. A smooth landing brought us into Byrd where the temperature was -40° F. Ken Moulton was there to greet us and we walked over to the profusion of aeries and chimneys which is Byrd. My brief case got left because I grabbed John's thinking it was mine.*

*After a cup of coffee in subterranean Byrd (more of it later) we went to a newly erected Jamesway at the surface where we put up cots. The Jamesway is not yet tied down; I hope it doesn't blow away.*

*Now it was 4 am Tuesday morning when we arrived at Byrd. We had passed the date line again and even made it to Pacific Standard Time. On this time we'll be for the summer.*

*Arriving in time for lunch today, I was at a bit of a loss as to what to do. John and Ray slept on. Finally another fellow and I unloaded gear from a sled, and I awoke Ray and John for the uncrating of the motor toboggans. After untold tries, we got one going and all had great fun zipping about. We uncrated another after dinner, but it had been damaged in the shipping and will take some repairing.....*

*Byrd is a funny spot. It seems to be almost deserted most of the time except at dinner. A lone caterpillar goes about its business here, a weasel there. In the murky labyrinth of passages one passes a hurrying figure. Our first entrance to the camp was through a round rabbit hole at the bottom a 15-foot deep bull-dozer trench. Through this hole we slid downward to pillar-filled icy catacombs. Broken beams and crushed stacks of steel drums show the relentless pressure of the overlying snow. From the icy outside cave, much like the pillared galleries one passes on the train out of Grand Central, doors lead into warmer, cheerier rooms. Even these are propped with pillars.*

*October 25, 1961*

*Byrd -20° 10:10 pm*

*In the labyrinth of underground Byrd, one keeps finding unexpected surprises: the radio room, beeping and crackling; the mess hall full of reasonably good smells; offices; the bar called the Winter Nights' Club, a*

real bar; pool table, shuffleboard; somewhat limited library, and a HiFi with a truly astounding and catholic collection of records. All these places contrast markedly with the cold between buildings and tunnel. These pillared tunnels are stacked high with boxes and things: radio parts, bolts, cans of chemicals, rolls of cable; it resembles a surplus store.

Today I missed breakfast, which is served at an ungodly hour of 6:30 am. I would have it, though, for I'm pretty famished by noon. We worked on the Allison toboggans; got, with the help of some rather brutal Navy mechanics, all three going. I spent all afternoon trying to locate the people who could locate the parts and tools that I needed for arranging a remote control device for steering. Finally drilled two holes. It was -34° F this morning, but the weather has been grand. Not a bit of wind, and with any exercise I must shed clothing.

Dinner, a game of shuffleboard with Ray, then an awful western (I stayed through; at least it had action) and out to write with you. An R4D is expected tomorrow. These are the planes which will eventually take us to the Horlicks. But we still have equipment in Chichi and cannot locate the battery for the radio.....

October 26, 1961

-38° F 9:45 pm

Ah, Love! I take up the pen on a cold, cold evening. Tonight John has flown off to deliver a load of food and fuel (5,000 pounds worth) to the Horlicks. I just watched him take off in a cloud of ice crystals and smoke from the JATO<sup>3</sup>. Rainbow rings around the sun behind the cloud of snow.

Missed breakfast again. Can't seem to wake up, and no one else does either. Luckily coffee, cocoa, and sweet rolls are available in the mess hall at all hours. Worked all day on the toboggans; they are a real pain unless we figure out how to run them and start them. Admittedly it's a bit cold now for man or machine, but we may have another month of this cold weather in the Horlicks. When they run, they run well and pull well. Lots of fun, just like a motor scooter. We can start them here because we can use the airplane engine "pre-heaters", yellow octopus like things which pump hot air out through long flexible tubes. But in the Horlicks?

Art and Bjørn were supposed to have arrived in McMurdo by now, but we guess them still in Chichi for we heard the plane they were to use, the Navy's own Constellation, is in Hawaii being repaired. Don't know when we'll see them.

I've picked up a cold of some sort, but as yet feel only inconvenienced. In the mess hall a large bottle labeled aspirin with APC has the inscription: "Good for almost everything what ails you." I took one.....

October 27 Friday

-32° 8:20 pm

..... John's supply flight to the Horlicks was a failure. In fact, more than that. They reached the Horlicks, but the camp side of the range was all fogged in. Returning to Byrd, they found it fogged in as well. They were running out of fuel because they hadn't been able to fill the extra cabin tank before leaving Byrd due to a faulty fuel pump. And now when preparing to land several miles from Byrd, where it was clear, they discovered the tail ski would not lower into position. They landed anyway and taxied two miles to Byrd, which

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<sup>3</sup> Jet Assisted Take Off. The ski-mounted, propeller driven DC-4 that flew us around in Antarctica, when fully loaded, did not have enough power to get off the snow easily so rocket devices were attached under the wings to provide extra power on take off.

*only showed on their radar. The net result was a damaged ski which will take a few days to fix when parts arrive from McMurdo. An inauspicious beginning.*

*The photo reconnaissance plane also suffered mechanical troubles last night so we have two grounded planes. Almost every day C-124s go overhead in huge circles dropping drums of fuel. As they are dropping along side our Jamesway, albeit several thousand yards way, it is a bit unnerving to hear the roar approaching, then hear the heavy thump, thump, thump, THUMP as the 1600-pound bundles hit the snow.*

*My cold is better, and I may even get used to the dryness. That is truly the curse of the Antarctic. My bottle of hand lotion broke—but it was frozen, and I discovered it before it thawed. I am keeping it frozen outside the Jamesway until I find a suitable receptacle.....*

*October 28 Saturday*

*-20° F 10:15 pm*

*Dearest Lesley love:*

*As you see by the paper that I am writing on, the lost brief case has been found. This morning, Bjørn and other USARPs arrived and with them my briefcase. I was beginning to get a complex about it, for I envisioned it not being found and myself stuck in Antarctica without passport. With it back in my possession, I feel more secure. And I can once again look at your pictures.*

*Today it has clouded and we have had a slight wind. This morning, we got all three motor toboggans running with the help of old, experienced Bill Long. After a few gay rides to the airstrip and back, full throttle, I retreated to the warmth of the station to mount my ski bindings. This afternoon, John, Ray, Paul Schmidt (Minnesota), and Tom Bastion (Minnesota) and I enlarged the crawlway into the station. This took considerable shoveling and hauling of snow. After the job was well underway, Bob Farrington, "our" pilot came along to say that the station military leader, "Don" Walker did not want the portal improved because it would encourage people just arriving to haul their baggage into the station rather than out to the above-ground Jamesway where it belonged. After some discussion of this peculiar logic, we decided to go on with the job. This Doc is a peculiar fellow, and I shall try to know him better. As yet no one has criticized our labors further.*

*I am getting to be a shuffleboard addict, but by no means an expert. Far from it. Bjørn and I were thoroughly tromped by John and Paul. Bjørn says "but I am terrific." After shuffleboard, the movie, a western of not exceptional caliber. The cinemascope pictures are not too good on an old bed sheet screen for they are blurred at the edge or the middle depending on the whim of the projectionist.....*

*October 29 Sunday*

*-22° F 10:15 pm*

*.....I got up late this morning so only had a few hours to try to start the infernal machines before lunch. No success. After lunch we got them going and John and I took off to New Byrd (about six miles). We sailed along at about a ten mile clip; that is, I did until my throttle got frozen. We both arrived at N.B. with somewhat anguished expressions, grabbing at things on the motor to stop the roaring machines. We returned, I pulling a string tied to gadgets on the carburetor, John riding side saddle and backwards to manipulate the motor, which is behind the seat.*

*New Byrd<sup>4</sup> is a fascinating place. Great 20-30' deep trenches, 80' wide, have been dug in a trellis pattern. These are covered with great corrugated steel arches. These great icy halls are nearly empty now, but lit by an occasional light bulb giving them an eerie cathedral-like appearance. In time, buildings will be constructed in these great caverns and the problems of drifting over will be solved. The trenches are built with a rotary snow plow-like vehicle called a Peer Snow Miller, Swiss made. These huge machines slice their way deeper and deeper, spuming great clouds of snow on the surface through tall stacks.*

*When John and I returned to Old Byrd we learned that Ray who had remained to work on the third and most crotchety toboggan, had nearly smashed himself and had rolled the toboggan. He too had troubles with a freezing throttle but wasn't out on an endless flat plain as we were, but heading for a wind scoop alongside a pile of lumber. He abandoned the machine just before it went into the hole. Over it went and died on the spot. Ray stomped off in disgust. We haven't assessed the damage yet.*

*Tonight after the movie, a western called by the boys a "manure kicker" or a "horse shit and gun smoke", I took a hot shower. Yes, a real hot shower. But first one must go through a ritual. One goes outside, above the buildings, and shovels snow down a long shaft to the snow melter. Then below valves are turned and switches thrown to pump water from the melter into a storage tank. Following that or concurrently, more switches are thrown to pump water from the storage tank into a hot water tank. One must run into the latrine to see when the tank is full, for when it is the overflow washes down the pissoire (sp?). But the final shower was worth it. The two shower stalls are labeled "His" and "Hers." The door to the combination latrine, shower, wash room, and dark room is labeled "Women". Well I've managed to write quite a bit in my sleepy condition.....*

*October 30 Monday*

*-16° F 10.05 pm*

*Lesley, my love. I got your letters today as I said and what a happy thing to find at the breakfast table—so to speak. I also received a Bon Voyage telegram from your parents, forwarded from D.C. by George Britton. A nice gesture on their part. I'll write.....*

*Today was slow. After I recovered from the trance of reading your letters, I was challenged to a game of chess by a fellow called Marty (aptly named), one of the civilian wintering-over crew who works in meteorology. He is a geology graduate of Connecticut and an old friend of Jim Hawkins. At any rate being base champion, he beat me. After lunch I thought about working on the motor toboggans, but after one look decided to do something else. I typed up some more of the rough draft on the Glacier-Holden trail guide and wrote a letter to Dwight.*

*John has gone out on another unsuccessful flight to the Horlicks. They reported by radio that clouds prevented their landing. He should be back soon. Our main task now seems to be getting some batteries for the radio—did I tell you the special ones prepared by USARP for field parties are aboard the SS Glacier due in McMurdo in late November. What a goof. I keep suggesting to Ray that he, as radio man, do something about testing the radio, locating batteries, but he doesn't seem too eager. I hate to just take over his job and do it myself. I feel that I should make decisions and have things done by the time Art gets here, but at the same*

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<sup>4</sup> See <http://antarcticsun.usap.gov/features/contentHandler.cfm?id=1793>



*time, none of the crew appears to acknowledge my position as "second in command." John, of course, knows the most about what is going on and he does what he can, but I'm afraid some odds and ends are catching up with us.....*

*October 31 Tuesday*

*-28° F 10:10 pm*

*Again I take up the pen, my love, but this time not in the Jamesway but in Ken's small USARP office for the lights in the Jamesway don't seem to function. Tonight is a beautiful evening, with clear, quiet and cold air. The sun is low enough to cast long shadows and make every object sharp and distinct. There is a certain evening color at nighttime which makes night so different than day, though, of course, it is almost as light. The snow sparkles more, the smoke from the station seems much whiter and dense and it seems quieter, though again there may be tractors running, large airplanes zooming overhead. I wish, sweet love, you could see it so.*

*But truly at present life would be difficult for women here. Absolutely no facilities and no bushes to hide behind even if you braved the cold. The language is consistently foul, and people are used not to having women around that a good warning would be necessary before the arrival of some. Yet at present, I feel I would not want to come again without you. This is a rash thing to say when I know pressures, both of career and duty, may be leveled at me next year.*

*Art arrived early this morning with a few more of our boxes. We went this evening in lumbering snow cat to New Byrd to pick them up. Still no sign of our sleds.*

*I spent most of the day modifying the throttles on the motor toboggans. Tomorrow I'll spend some more time at the same. Art now plans to put John and Ray in the Horlicks on the first successful flight. With a radio, they could insure us getting in the second time. The aviators have some theory about the wind direction and the clouds forming in the Horlicks (300 miles from here) and probably won't attempt another flight until the wind changes. At the same time the aircraft's radar is kaput and needs repairing. And we have been informed that there will be no flights to Byrd for three days as the weather has finally allowed planes to reach the pole, and all effort is being extended in that direction. Thus no mail, but I did get two letters this morning, oh joy, dated the 22<sup>nd</sup>. I do hope Harry has kept you posted on my arrival dates for heaven knows when you'll get my letters.....*

*November 1*

*-32° F 10.05 pm*

*Ah, love, another somewhat slow day. I fixed the throttles, and we moved some boxes about with Snowcat and sled and muscle. A good deal of time was spent in discussion and some time at coffee breaks. I get up about 9:30am before most other USARPs and before any USGSers. And I try to go to sleep about 11 or 12 pm. The others drift in up to 6 am in the morning. I prefer a day schedule for it is definitely warmer outside—10 to 20° below only.*

*Ray and John may be taking off tomorrow. I hope that they make it. If they don't, we'll probably have to unload the plane and let another party try.*

*A general cold seems to be about. I go from good to bad to good. If I slept better I might recover completely. But I gather these respiratory troubles are not entirely virus but due to the extremely dry and cold air.*

*Our clothing so far has proved quite good. I have warm thermal underwear, a light shirt, heavy wool shirt, wind pants with nylon prima(?) lining and parka with lining, mukluks, mittens and fur cap. This combination keeps me warm while doing a little physical work: moving about, working on the toboggans, say, for an hour or two at 30 to 40 below. If the wind blows, I get chilled much sooner. Actually a little more physical activity and I would be warm indefinitely.*

*Our company commander, the military leader, looks and acts like a beatnik—in a way at any rate. He has a long black beard, is somewhat balding, a thin face, and is never without dark glasses. He never seems to be taking things too seriously. Although he is a lieutenant, even his subordinates call him "Doc". This camp is very unmilitary-like. In fact, in some ways it is a mess. By contrast, New Byrd is neat and straight. Work seems to go on there in a very military fashion. I don't mind the relaxed atmosphere here, in fact, I'm thankful for it; even so the specter of the military hangs about, and brings back those grim emotions of my service days.....*

*November 2, 1961*

*Thursday 11:00 pm*

*Dearest Lesley: Been somewhat busy this evening and haven't had time to take temperature reading or remembered to look at the official temperature in the meteorological shack. This morning I rose somewhat earlier on Art's suggestion that we help get the boys off. John and Ray took off about 11:00 am and reported safe landing about 1:30 pm. They are remaining in the Horlicks with radio to help get us in. The pilot reported on his return that the Jamesway was intact and practically free of snow. We are established. But still no word on the Nansen sleds and our battery.*

*I spent most of the day preparing wires and leads etc. to connect the radio to a substitute battery. And this evening after the movie, tested it in our Jamesway, thereby disrupting some vital communication between Byrd and an approaching airplane preparing to airdrop. However the set worked quite well, but this 200 yard test with Byrd's antennas looming right above me could hardly be called a real test.*

*Art predicts we will head out in about 5 days, weather permitting. Long's party and the Minnesota boys are eagerly awaiting their turn. Bill will try a reconnaissance tomorrow.....*

*November 3 Friday*

*-11° F, 11:30 pm*

*A lovely evening it is. There is not a bit of wind. Clouds in the sky are low, and the horizon, clear in places, making one feel closed in some great room. But the sun breaks through here and there, and from the slight mound that makes up the drifted-in station one looks out across dull white flats to brilliant patches of sunshine. A truly lovely evening.*

*Ah, sweet love of mine. I miss you and I do. Today I arose in relatively good spirits—actually other than my longing for you a great deal—I am in good humor. The day was dull and cold, low clouds and some blowing snow, the light flat, and conditions were approaching the famous white out. I wrestled in the morning*

*with the motor of the toboggan that we're leaving behind. We are taking the motor for spare parts to keep the other two running. I tried out the Molitar boots and found that after 1½ hours of not much walking that I had to retreat to the station to warm my feet. But when I kept moving, although it was 20 below, my feet were warm enough.*

*When Art appeared after lunch we set to work mounting Trima Fels on skis, starting out with John's in case we had difficulty. By dinner time we had mounted one climber. I guess we'll be kept busy for a while.*

*The visibility, being so bad today, permitted no flying. And now we will all wait while Behrent does some reconnaissance so his party can get underway from McMurdo. He, as you may remember, is making a seismic traverse NE of the Sentinels. His party and tractors will be flown in from McMurdo; he will join them from here. So far he has had to wait patiently for some flight time, but I guess the powers that be want to get his flights out of McMurdo over with so he now has top priority here.....*

*After the movie I made my usual check of the ham radio room to see if any good phone patches were in the offing. The only thing they've had out here recently is Hawaii. I'll send you a ham gram before leaving for the Horlicks.*

*Usually I head for the Jamesway after the ham check, but this evening I needed company so I went in the bar and played two games of pool with Tom Bastien of Minnesota's party. Badly losing both. The bar was going strong. Popcorn and potato chips are served free every night with the beer. Sailors and flyers crowd around the bar drinking beer and crunching. I crunched too. You know I cannot resist potato chips. The beer sales are tallied each night in a great book. No more than 5 cans to a customer. Grape soda is not limited—what I have been drinking. For some reason in this cold climate beer appeals not at all. Also I don't like the strange gooey masses that appear now and then in cans that have been frozen. They call this "goober beer".*

*At the ping pong table in the library corner, people are reading and writing. Haven't seen any ping pong being played as yet. The magazine rack is quite popular although the selection is slim, mostly old Newsweeks, a few tattered copies of Look, National Geographic, Argosy, Adam (a British man-magazine) and some Japanese humor magazines. The latter, I assume, come through the Japanese glaciologist who has wintered here. I know him not at all and, I gather, he is shy and not too adept at English. His name is Hivo here.*

*I am now writing by candlelight as our lights just went out. This happens quite regularly for the light lines are in copper tubes running across the snow. The copper tubes are continually overrun by tractors etc. The candles were appropriated by a mechanic next door from a large box of religious articles that suddenly appeared in the bar a few days ago. The mechanic kindly gave me two a few nights ago when the lights went out.*

*Back to the bar: I have noticed that in most of the magazines anything that could be construed as a pinup has been removed. Pinups, by the way, were outlawed sometime ago by Admiral Tyree, and people tell me that some marvelous collections lie hidden away here and there. The Japanese joke magazines I have enjoyed because even when the jokes (cartoons) have no captions they are often obscure and take some puzzling to understand. Many of the cartoons are American. Dennis the Menace looks pretty funny speaking Japanese.*

*Next to the Ping-Pong reading table is a card table surrounded tonight by four desperate bridge players and kibitzers. On the same side of the room is the shuffleboard. And the players there continually bump into the bridge players as they dance around the board.*

*Beyond the pool table, where I am again missing a shot, two VX-6 squadron officers are trying to get tuned, one on a violin, the other on guitar. I left while they were still trying, "It takes a worried man...."*

*November 4 Saturday*

*-20° F 9:45 pm*

*Sweet love: I mailed the last two days' Journal hoping it would get out before too long.*

*Today I kept busy in the little workshop behind the USARP science room. I mounted 2½ pairs of Trimas. And that's about it. We did finish hauling our gear down to the strip in preparation of the flight, whenever it may come. That makes 2 5,000-pound plane loads that will be taken to the Horlicks this summer. I'm beginning to think that we traveled pretty light in the Cascades.*

*For the last two evenings we have gone in faithfully at 7 pm to listen for N(Nash)2-2 in the radio shack. But the Horlicks just haven't come through. And small wonder. The wavelength selected for the radio taken by John and Ray is a teletype wavelength, so the room is filled with clicks and beeps when they turn to that place on the dial. At the same time, the one operator may be sending coded messages to McMurdo with a loud, rapid and rhythmic dot-dot-dot-dash etc. While another man talks to a plane somewhere. We radioed Camp Wash to try again at 1 pm this evening. I hope they get word. Ken is a bit worried, although I am not, for their failure to contact is the poor radio I'm sure. We will take the better set (60 times more powerful) in with us.*

*When that will be, I know not. John Behrent is out on a 13-hour reconnaissance now. Bill Long will go next. Our sleds are in McMurdo and should reach us soon. We will try to get into the Horlicks complete on the next flight, and have one resupply (mail!) in December.*

*As I may have mentioned, I am reading of Whales and Men by R.B. Robertson. The author has sailed aboard a whaling factory ship in the early 1950s as fleet doctor and makes many interesting observations on the men as well as the modern whaling business in general. I was particularly interested in the statement about a period of gloom which invaded the whale ship when it left its last civilized port (not counting South Georgia). The gloom was analyzed by one astute whaler as the prospect of nine womanless months. The author refers to this again during the Christmas celebrations which were drunken and riotous, but according to Robertson, empty shams, obvious pretenses, without women to give them reality. I noted the same thing in Greenland or perhaps I was the only one that felt it. But everyone would work so hard to be gay and happy at a party, drinking, singing, but to me the atmosphere was dead. Even a grandmother sitting demurely in the corner, as Robertson said, would add the intangible ingredient to make it real. Last night I described the life in the bar here at Byrd, and there again, I felt it was really a sham, and for me, at least, empty.*

*Men may be able to derive great inspiration from fellowship now and then, but as a steady diet it's a flop. Then again men may be able to carry on to great achievements, as did Shackleton and others, but I wonder if they were ever truly gay and happy when they relaxed, when their labors did not make them forget about women.....*

*November 5 Sunday*

*-6° F 10:55 pm*

*What a joy this morning when I went down to my breakfast of cocoa and sweet rolls (I haven't even tried lately to wake up for the regular breakfast). I found eight letters! Can you imagine, and all eight from you. I settled down with my cocoa and became oblivious to all around me. Thank you, my love, for being with me so. I also got a letter from your sister Jeanie, who was prompted by her biology teacher to write and ask for some samples of Antarctica flora and/or fauna. I'm afraid the only fauna that I've seen might delight Jeanie, but not be quite what her teacher had in mind. I'll send her some lichens, if I ever see any.....*

*Today I worked on a box to house our radio, which although a fine piece of electronic equipment was designed to sit on a shelf in someone's house, not bounce along through blowing snow on a sled. Tom Bastien and I are both modifying the same type of crate, but we each add on our own little creative tangents. I've left Art and Bjørn to put on their own Trimas much to their disgust. Last night at one am, the Horlick Mountains got through on the radio and all is well with them. We still await our sleds, but when they come, we should be able to take off with the first report of good weather in the Horlicks.*

*John Behrent returned after 1800 miles of flying with only minor success in reconnoitering his traverse route. As he has to depend on pre-established supply dumps, he has to have a good reconnaissance. He thinks they did sight a new mountain range over on the coast near the Bellinghousen Sea. Now that is kind of exciting, but John just passed it off in the same way that Dwight or I would announce seeing a deer in the Cascades.*

*Tonight, after dinner I decided to work a bit on the guide, but no sooner had the maps spread on the relatively deserted bar, when all sorts of people came up for a look, and no work was done. It seems Paul Schmidt of Minnesota worked for Bear Creek on Miner's Ridge a few years back and John Behrent has run gravity surveys up all the major roaded drainages in the Cascades. I'll resist the obvious remark about the Earth's diameter.*

*A good movie tonight. The first real entertainment we've had all along—"The Solid Gold Cadillac" with Judy Holiday and ?. It was reminiscent of "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes", but hilarious and clever. Of course the film broke a number of times, and we always wait while the reels are changed, but this gives people a chance to pour coffee or dash off to the bar for a beer etc.*

*After the movie, I went through the necessary steps, which led to a nice warm bath. A bit of laundering is coming up soon as a project.....*

*November 6 Monday*

*21° F 10:30 pm*

*Hello again, sweet Lesley mine. Another day gone by and yet no flying or sleds. Bill Lang's party is all loaded in the R4D, and [they] are eager to go but as yet have not gone. The radar is broken again, and they may be waiting for that.*

*Most of the day, I spent on the radio box and should have it finished by tomorrow.*

*More and more new people arriving, mainly the replacements for the winter-overing crew. There is great excitement among the latter at the prospects of leaving, both military and civilian. The new*

*meteorologists, ionospheric physicists etc. are being shown their jobs. Now and then a new, clean-shaven face turns out to be not newcomer, but an old bearded friend in anticipation of civilization. People some times ask me if I wintered over, but I explain that Antarctica does not have a monopoly on beards.*

*The great crowd of people is pressing the facilities. USARPs and VX-6 flyers and crews have been asked to help with the dinner dishes. I've volunteered for Thursday.*

*This evening at the movie, the crowd was jovial. During a particular suspenseful scene of the African thriller, when a raiding Mau-Mau was creeping into the heroine's tent, Mukluk, the cat, crept across the table supporting the screen. Pandemonium! The poor, lonesome cat, I have not mentioned. He (I guess, a he) hangs out in the mess hall most of the time; I doubt if he ever ventures outside of the tunnels. The story goes that he was picked up by a crewmember in N.Z just before departure for McMurdo and smuggled right on through in peoples' pockets.*

*November 8 Tuesday*

*+20° F 10:15 pm*

*Dear Lesley love:*

*When you get this you'll know I'm safely stowed in the Horlicks for the next few months. I'm writing this aboard the R4D (pen just froze) winging our way south on a beautiful evening. One can see nothing in all directions but flat white snow.*

*This all came about rather suddenly. Bill Long and party took off this morning and at lunch, Ken was predicting we probably wouldn't get out before the 20<sup>th</sup>. Then around four pm, Bob, the pilot, indicated over the radio on his way back from the Central Horlicks that he would go again. Great panic to get ready. I had finished the radio box in the AM, and our sleds had come creeping over from New Byrd behind a large tractor. When the ship arrived, there were some, "No, we won'ts" and "Yes, we wills". Finally the pilot said, "Get your stuff ready", and here we are. There are some 5000 pounds plus of gear on this plane, and I know not how they did it. In addition to great crates of heaven (and Art) know what are two motor toboggans and two 10-foot Nansen sleds. We are crowded into one side of the ship with our feet propped up on boxes.*

*We may have a third flight in a couple of weeks to bring in additional food. This in addition to the planned resupply in December. Hence I shall get some mail out to you if it happens. I'm a bit dubious of the value of such a third flight—they run about \$10,000 a trip—but Art thinks we should have the food before our December resupply.*

*Sweetheart of mine, I wanted to have a few more letters waiting for you when you got home, but I guess this will have to do. I really feel that our adventure is starting now. Perhaps the means that I will get back to you, sweet, sooner. You are a wonderful thing, thing. I love you.....*

*The tiny irregular line of the Whitmore Mountains has just appeared on the left. They are part of the isolated nunataks—a discontinuous chain between the Sentinels and Eastern Horlicks. The first topography I've seen for two weeks.....*

*November 9 Thursday*

*-23° F 1:45 am*

*E. Horlick Mountains, Camp Washington*

*Dear Sweet Lesley:*

*Well, here we all are in the Horlicks at last, and considering the time it took to get here, it does seem a long ways from anywhere. As you see by the time, I have given up trying to live a normal life—what is normal here?—and go with the crowd.*

*I left you yesterday aboard the R4D en route here. I got a thrill of sorts when the Horlicks finally loomed up; somehow so familiar from all the pictures that I've studied. As we circled the infinitesimal dot, that is the camp, two tiny figures ran about madly. We arrived and hurriedly unloaded. We all went to the Jamesway where the crew was presented with a bottle. I started to arrange our scattered gear, but everyone seemed content to let it lie for the time being, so I gave up, but did set up the RCA radio in order to try to contact Byrd. And we did make contact with a sloppily set up antenna; but today with carefully set up antenna, nothing. Meanwhile the crew had returned to the plane, warmed up the engines and were speeding down the "runway", across the snow, that is, when suddenly the plane stopped. We worked on putting the hut in shape and waited. Then the plane taxied back and in came the crew bearing a large cylinder of oil, which they proceeded to heat on our stove. Oil pressure was amiss in one engine, so it seems, and they needed more oil which could normally be tapped from the cylinder, which was inside the plane. But because the heater did not work—and we had a chilly ride due to this—the oil had congealed in the cylinder. At about 4:30 am, they had thawed enough oil to add to the engine and withdrew from the warm hut, peanuts, and fruit drink that we had been offering. This time they took off in a roar of JATO, and we saw them disappear across the immense horizon to the east.*

*So we went to bed about 6:00 am after discussing the cooking situation, and I agreeing to start the first day. You used to feel that you couldn't create much in the field due to limited supplies, but our diet will be quite monotonous and the cooking only a chore. The rations are all packed by Boulton Farms and vary not at all. Proportioned dried vegetables, milk, onions, cocoa, canned spam, beef, etc. I will say more about these later as I become more familiar, but it's a limited system and could use much improvement.*

*I served breakfast at 2 pm and spent the day getting semi-organized, though nobody worked very hard. As we sit around in the hut, about 50% of the talk is of sex and small wonder, surrounded by these buxom nudes that you may remember from Art's pictures. As my bed foots at the door where snowy blasts invade, I put up a plywood partition there, and on it, mounted two of your pictures—the least "suggestive" of the bunch. And I enjoy gazing at you with my imagination and memories much more than at the calendar girls. I hope you don't mind being associated with thee damsels of the skin.*

*The wind has been about 15 to 20 knots all day so work outside has not been pleasant. I guess Art is waiting for better weather before setting out for some geology, but he hasn't said much. I feel that we should be at least getting all packed and ready for an extended trip, but things seem to be slow, and I shall bide my time.....*

*November 10 Friday*

*-17° F 2:45 am*

*Another day, sweetheart, thinking of you. Art was cook today and served us hot cocoas as we awoke. The wind seemed to die down after breakfast so we talked of heading for the mountain, but as we worked to*

get ready, it started blowing again. After about two hours of work outside, rolling fuel drums about and arranging boxes, I had to retreat to the hut with a chilblained nose. The wind varies from about 10 to 15 knots and at these temperatures, that about does one in if he must face it at all. Now and then the wind dies a bit, and then it is quite pleasant outside. Truly this is a fascinating spot. The great escarpment of the range lies to our west, the brown cliffs capped with a thick frosting of ice; icefalls and broken glaciers stream down everywhere. The nearest point of the mountains is about 6-8 miles away and the scale difficult to judge. (you probably recall the pictures) But to the south, the Directors, 20-25 miles away, rise like a great island above the flat-flatness. Even when the wind blows out here, one can see great fogs of white rising to obscure the mountains where the wind found a channel.

Our camp sits here in this somewhat awesome place like a tiny pathetic thing. The Jamesway is about half buried, but has a wind scoop in front. This saves some shoveling but is unpleasant, for as soon as one steps outside into the wind scoop, he is hit with swirling snow. The day we arrived, Ray and John had put up a 4-man draw-tight tent over a neatly dug pit. Inside a red box with a padded seat offers welcome sanctuary from the howling wind. At another corner of the Jamesway, we erected a six-man draw-tight which will serve as storage and a garage if we need to work on the toboggans—heaven forbid. On the other side of the hut are stacks of rations and fuel drums. Here and there bamboo pole with flags that wave gently in the wind.....

November 11 Saturday

-20° F 2:50 am

I look at your pictures and love you.

The wind blew again this morning, so after a slow start—Ray as breakfast cook—we fiddled around with gear, putting things in order, finding out what we have. The excess of equipment is ridiculous. Between USARP's supplies and John and Art's scrounging in McMurdo without communicating between themselves, we have enough cooking utensils for an army, camp stores of every description and type, something like 17 sleeping bags, ski bindings galore, and other odd items one would hardly expect to find in Antarctica, such as a cruiser ax and machetes. Some of this material can be thought of as emergency. Obviously we need a cache of tents and sleeping bags in case of fire; but so much! One of the useless items found in all the bases, usually in quantity, are snow shovels, scoop type used for quickly running light snow off the sidewalks in the city. Absolutely useless for real digging which we all do.

This afternoon we set up a ~2 mile line of flags in a north-south direction away from camp. This will help us return to camp, especially when we have all 4 points of the compass so flagged. The camp becomes terrifyingly small when one travels only a short distance away and commonly disappears altogether behind some imperceptible swell in the ocean of ice. But the wind had ceased and even though the temperature was about -17°, it was most pleasant and exhilarating to putt-putt along on the motor toboggan. I drove, John rode on the sled and handed Art the flags, which he placed at barely visible intervals as he skied along behind in tow. We had hooked up our bicycle wheel and odometer to the sled, but it did not work; too cold or something.

We have been having no luck with the radio, and today, almost all reception had died on the Zenith. Yesterday we heard a bit of conversation between the South Pole Station and a C-124 as well as what may



*have been one between McMurdo and Byrd, but although we heard McMurdo quite clear, we could barely detect the other station, which we thought was Byrd. We know the radio works for we took the Zenith out on our 2 mile trek and picked up Ray broadcasting from the Jamesway.*

*Tonight the crew celebrated the third day in the field with cocktails—whiskey etc. and dehydrated juices (and water). I tried some the other night but didn't find it worth the while. They may be going through the allotted 2 ounces per day per man a bit faster than the USARP planned. The conversation after dinner ran long—from Henry Miller, pornographer or artist (the latter my defense) to the corrupt “publish or perish” practice at Universities.*

*November 12 Sunday*

*-21° F 2 am*

*Hello, sweet life.*

*Today 3 of us set out for the mountains with the ambition to climb one spur to the top of the escarpment and return down another. John was ill so did not go. Bjørn stayed in camp to play with his numerous thermometers. A beautiful day, about -17° F, but not a bit of wind (at least to begin with). The motor toboggan towed us blithely over the snows, Art at the wheel, Ray and I towed behind the sled. Forty-five minutes to reach the base of the escarpment and the beginning of our climb.*

*I suggested to Art that we try the left hand side of the ridge which looked easy and mostly snow. Art said the ridge itself was easy for he and Bjørn had been part way up last year. We began to climb a steep snow tongue which was hard crust in places. Really no difficulty reaching the ridge with a few steps cut, but Ray found the going difficult, and when above the first shoulder on the ridge, we had more steep snow, he elected to go no farther. As there was an easy way down, Art and I continued scrambling and Ray went back to the sled. Now it looked as though we were going to have trouble at one smooth-looking step, and I suggested we reconnoiter a route off on to what I considered the easy side. But Art kept on up the ridge, and I scrambled to catch up. We reached the difficult place, which it was, and I managed to reach the crucial holds and climb up—one of those places where if you slip, you jump down on the broad ledge below. Art has shorter legs and thus had trouble. At his hesitation, I threw him the rope, but it was no go. The route was a scramble and a walk from my position, but I again suggested that we try the easy snow route on the left side. The pitch had been just hard enough to warrant rappelling down, which I did, and we climbed down to the escape route. Then Art thought it was late (we'd only been gone four hours), and I don't know what else. He thought that we should be getting back. So we easily slid down the snow on the left side and after a quick look at another outcrop, we motored home.*

*I shouldn't write all this so, for I'm sure it makes me sound disappointed. I suppose I am. I would very much like to do the geology and get out. I see nothing to keep us here so very long if the weather remains reasonable, and we work a bit. But things are slow down here. Maybe I'll adjust to the relaxed pace, but I hate to when it keeps me away from you!*

*Back at camp, Bjørn and John made radio contact with Byrd, reported the weather and said, “Operation normal.” We might have heard when we'd next see the plane, but they faded out. This means our radio does work all right, but that this odd area in the center of magnetic disturbances doesn't.*

*I've finished the Henry Miller and though it's a little hard to take at times, both his realism in regards to crude people and sexual activities—mostly among whores—does have something; he is really a poet. Bjørn thought the book depressing, but I'm not so sure. He does seem to have a knack for describing things in terms of the human digestive tract and alimentary canal, usually in the vernacular, but at the same time has a certain amount of humor and irony. My cabin mates hesitate to give him credit as an artist or admit his work is literature, but if I were to reproduce the mood and conversations of this hut at times, it would read much like the more lurid passages in Henry Miller—only all, in this case, talk. Four letter words are used as expletives in Miller as well as here.....*

*November 13 Monday*

*-8° F 3:15 am*

*Clouds coming in from the south and wind rising. Everyone predicts poor weather tomorrow, but some of this may be wishful thinking. The contrast between long periods of work outside in the cold, cold, cold, and the warm cozy hut is great, and I don't think there is one among us who after a bit outside isn't glad to come in.*

*Today, Ray, Art, and I again set out for the mountains (should be, The Mountains) and this time made the high plateau via a steep, snowy ridge—cut steps— and endless seeming snowfield. We reached a rock summit of 8400 feet (the Jamesway is at ~5700 feet) where we made a feeble, feeble attempt to light a primus for lunch soup. The gasoline was so cold and wind so strong that we could not get it lighted, hence munched a few frozen raisins and meat bars and started down. At the the bottom where we left the toboggan, there was no wind and the sun shone brightly. It was like coming down to a warm valley from a cold mountain.*

*Back at camp we had a good dinner prepared by John. My turn tomorrow. We turn off the stove at night and it's pretty cold in the morning when one gets up—i.e., the cook. Right now everyone is in bed reading.*

*No contact with Byrd today.*

*Just before we left Byrd, 10,000 gallons of gasoline was lost at McMurdo because someone ran over the main hose and cut it with a tractor —out on the sound ice, I guess. The Navy is trying to pin the blame on a USARP, the USARPs on the Navy. Needless to say this represents a lot of money when the cost of getting the gasoline down here is reckoned. At Byrd the estimated price of aviation gasoline (air dropped) is \$10 per gallon). The planes operating out of Byrd burn hundreds of gallons per hour. The JATO rockets used in takeoff cost \$500 a piece. They use up to 16 on one take off sometimes. The price of this operation is staggering. One wonders sometimes if it's worth it. Of course, most people agree that it isn't our government interest in promoting science, but international politics, which keep the funds coming.....*

*November 14 Tuesday*

*-12° 4:00am*

*Hello, sweet wife.*

*Today, my day to cook, so I was first up. I served French fried pound cake. I thought it good, but the response was not enthusiastic. The day turned out beautiful in spite of all the predictions. In fact, in camp today it got up to a few degrees above zero.*

*The project for the day was an expedition to a distant nunatak, 23 miles from camp and some distance out from the front of the escarpment. Art seemed to think that only three should go, and as I was cook, I was to stay here. I was quite eager to go as a matter of fact. I don't know whether Ray saw my secret scowls or not, but he volunteered to stay home due to a blistered foot which kept him out of his climbing boots. Thus I did go and Ray took over the remaining cooking chores.*

*We went the 23 miles in about four hours, stopping a number of times to take barometric elevations. On arrival at the base of the nunatak, we set up a tent—a tepee-like arrangement just like Scott used—and cooked some soup in comparative warmth for lunch. Then we made the first ascent of Noel Nunatak (5920'), built a cairn, and placed a register. The name will probably remain unofficial as the Board of Geographic Names seems to deem valid only names of Antarctic explorers and workers etc.—but not wives. However, sweet Noel, to me it is Noel Nunatak and that is what it says in the register. The view was marvelous of the Horlicks to the south across gleaming snow.*

*As we started back, the good ol' toboggan started losing power and began smoking profusely. We had burnt out a drive shaft by neglecting to grease—no mention of this in the instruction book. We poured some oil in it and sputtered home. Now it is ruined, and we are in danger of losing the other toboggan if we don't get some grease and a grease gun from Byrd. Next on the agenda is to reach Byrd by radio and have the reserve toboggan and grease sent out.*

*I ski-joured behind the sled the entire 23 miles (3 ½ hours) and am now somewhat tired. And so goodnight sweetheart.*

*November 15 Wednesday*

*-16° F 1:30 am*

*Another lovely day, no wind and not too cold. We debated on what to do next. I, who have done no sledging, voted on a several day trip with sled to a place to work. All the others vetoed this, and it looks as though we'll make some long one day trips, 15-20 miles of skiing for a few hours of geology. At any rate we are much slowed by the mishap. We took the offending part out the toboggan and sure enough it was far beyond repair, fused and ground up metal and square ball bearings. We were lucky, downright miraculous that we did not walk back the 20 miles or so.*

*But we did reach Byrd today and had a good clean and lengthy conversation with Ken Moulton, listing all the items that we need. However, things have not been going too well recently. An R4D broke a ski landing in the Sentinels, and they think it must be abandoned. Nobody hurt, but we know not whether the Minnesota party got into the field or are still at Byrd. This leaves only one R4D at Byrd. Geophysicist Ed Thiel was killed in a P2V crash near Wilkes Station. This is a tragic loss to Antarctic research for he was, I am told, an enthusiastic veteran of many seasons. I only hope that you don't hear some garbled news release of the crash without names.*

*At any rate they hope to get a plane out to us with spare toboggan and grease in four to five days.*

*Art and I both sent wives "hamgrams". I hope, sweet thing, that you get yours soon after your return to Seattle. Normally a hamgram is a written out message, relayed by ham radio people until it gets near enough to its destination to be phoned. Ours went to Chief Kirby, the radio operator at Byrd, who is about to leave for home—Bothell, WA. He should have called you.*

*The rest of the day was spent, by me, in bathing—in our galvanized tub—and washing clothes. Reading, writing, a bit on the guide, and reading. I've still been skimming the Decameron and have done a little in Grabau. I'll have to start a novel, which is a better form of escape.*

*As it is possible that the plane might arrive early, perhaps while I'm out, I'll put this installment in an envelope. I think of you, my love, much of the time. In fact, most of the time. My companions must think that I'm really love sick, for my perpetual theme is: things would be all right in Antarctica if they'd just let women come. As long as I'm busy, I don't feel that emptiness that stands for you, my love.....*

*November 16 Thursday*

*-8° 1:20 pm*

*Dear Lesley love:*

*Another day of almost nothing and after a talk with the pilot at Bryd, we fear there is a good chance we won't see the plane for perhaps a week or more. The radio reception had been good and we talked to Byrd a number of times today.*

*Art and I tried out the heavy Nanson sled for man-hauling. We hauled about 240 pounds pay-load one-half mile, which is not by any means a real test. The sleds themselves weigh 50-80 pounds, but do ride well and track well. They come from Norway, are about 12 feet long, constructed of 2 long skis and wooden platform. They are wired and lashed together with rawhide; hence they more or less bend around or over the sastruga.*

*I spent some of the day constructing and writing Christmas cards. I'll enclose one for you in this installment.*

*And I finally finished repairing the odometer, fabricating parts out of wood and glue (epoxy resin). I'm not sure my efforts were appreciated or not, for when the odometer was dismantled the first time after its breakdown, all cried, "It'll never work." I've spent about 3 days or more off and on fixing it and though it works after a fashion in the hut, I wonder how it will survive the rugged blows of the sastrugi.*

*I cooked dinner tonight to repay Ray his duty for me, day before yesterday. I tried to fix creamy cheese potatoes, but they were a bit heavy—all ingredients dehydrated. And I fixed some dehydrated steaks. These, believe it or not, are fairly tasty. They come in a can looking like fibrous balsa wood, but with soaking turn into almost juicy red meat. We have a limited supply of dehydrated steaks and pork chops, but we expect about 300 pounds of frozen meat on the next plane. I tried to fix a fruit-nut-Jell-O desert, but the dehydrated fruit that we have is so dehydrated that when cooked up, it is just a mush. I'm not sure the desert was too popular either.*

*The rations are definitely designed for easy preparation on the trail. In addition they seem to be limited to peculiar things, perhaps those things on which Boulton Farms could make the best deal. Tons of dry biscuit-like crackers, some canned meat, Maine sardines, tuna, sausage, including a hash of vegetables, which is really*

*a potent laxative. Many unnecessary expensive little items, like individually packed tea bags with sugar and lemon crystals, imported chocolate bars. No pasta of any sort—but small packages of spaghetti sauce (!?)—; no canned fruit. Plenty of fruit drink—called bug juice here—Jell-O, and other odd items such as extract of yeast and preserved cherries. On item is the meat bars, which I think are really pretty good. They are greasy and taste kind of like bouillon, but on a cold day are filling and delicious. I carry one in my shirt to keep it thawed. We have plenty of butter and powdered eggs, scrounged from McMurdo. One could bake things if there was anything to bake in.*

*We have a pressure cooker which speeds up the dried things immensely. We have been using an instant cocoa scrounged from Byrd called Brown Swiss (Sana Dairies, Madison, Wisconsin; Webster Van Winkle Co., Summit N.J. distributor). It is wonderful with or without milk added.*

*USARP supplied us with a whole crate of whisky, gin, etc., which is supposed to be but half the supply.*

*The boys as a whole are not keen on cooking. John has come with some pretty good things. Art, I think, really thinks little about eating. Ray has very particular tastes and passes up a great deal which comes to the table. But to make up for deficiencies we all have our daily multiple vitamin tablet.*

*I do wish that we'd start work in earnest. Perhaps this never comes about in Antarctica. We may start a snow pit for Bjørn tomorrow, but his is only a substitute exercise as far as I'm concerned.*

*I'm so looking forward to the plane, for Ken Mouton informed us that we had lots of mail. That means I shall be getting a bit of you, sweet love. And my love and letters will go winging off to you.....*

*November 17 Friday*

*-8° F*

*Again sweet love, I take up the pen and try to be with you. I have been reading the Hamlet (Faulkner) having given up C.P. Snow—not very interesting so far as I read. Then I switched to “Pornography and the Law” relinquished by Ray. The book is divided into a part rich in excerpts of what the writers (a married couple, psychiatrists) call erotic realism: Shakespeare, Casanova, Pepys, Miller, Frank Harris, and section on pornography or what the writers call hard core obscenity. I have yet to come to the latter part. In reading some Elizabethan poetry (not unlike our Tavern Songs and Glees), I am tempted to write an erotic love poem to you. I shall try sometime when the mood is right. As psychologists the writers are much concerned with the harm done by Western puritan hypocrisy. And they feel that healthy expression of sex and sexual acts in literature is much better for young people than the sadistic and unnatural depictions, i.e. murder mysteries with sexual overtones, so readily available and usually escaping the censors.*

*Well, between readings of P and L, I helped begin digging of the snow pit, wrote some on the guide, and played a game of chess with Art (haven't beaten him yet).*

*We have all put sealed estimates of plane arrival time in an envelope and the closest one shall get skipped in the cooking rotation. My guess was pessimistic so in reality I hope that I loose.*

*As I sit here on my bed, I can gaze about the room and give you a description of our inside world. First and foremost in my sight are your pictures, mounted at the foot of my bed on the plywood partition. There is a shelf there too with my books, a bottle of ink, soap, and cup with toothbrush. Bjørn's bed is along the wall at right angles to mine and as we sleep head to foot, he now and then kicks me in the head in*

*a restless stretch at night (not often, however). Bjørn now lies on his bed with his book cleverly propped above him on the curving wall-ceiling so he doesn't have to exert any energy except to turn the page. We have all kidded him about this extreme laziness. Head to head with Bjørn is Ray's bed. He has taped some cardboard boxes to the roof arches over his bed and these are filled with small personal bric-a-brac. John is at right angles to Ray, head to feet, and he has a shelf tacked to the end of the hut. Art is feet to feet with John and his head in the opposite corner of the hut from me.*

*On the remaining side of the room is a table and a large packing case on its side. On one end of the table by Art's head is the radio box containing the radio. Next to it on the table is the battery. This whole corner of the table seems to be overflowing with things stacked high on the radio box: batteries, tape, pencils, papers, tools, a hat of Art's, all overflow on to the table and floor. Next to the radio box is a small crate on its side loaded with canned things, stacks of Jell-O. It too is piled high with odds, and ends. Then there is the cooking space on the table and larger crate. It is half filled with more stuff: a box of instant coffee, envelopes, Boulton biscuits, cans of brown bread, usually a pot or two of leftovers. In what little space is left are two Coleman stoves, round, one-burner types. The packing crate is filled with pots and pans, helter-skelter, but above the stoves are nails with neat clusters of serving spoons, etc. and a row of cups. Under the table are boxes of dried things, canned things, unknown things, and the extra radio.*

*The heat stove is across the doorway from me and next to it on one side is a large garbage can filled with snow—our water—and on the other, two five-gallon water cans. At present John stands at the stove making tea and debates with Art as to whether we have enough white gas to last.*

*A table sits in the center of the room with rather nice wooden chairs all scattered about. Ray is at the table writing. On the table are 3 gallon plastic bottles and aluminum screw lid cans filled with butter, sugar, candy. There is salt and pepper, Worcestershire sauce and hot sauce. Also on the table is the Zenith, the chess set—hand carved by Art last year from candles—and an empty Drambuie bottle with a candle which is sometimes lit during the happy hour or similar celebrations.*

*The ceiling of the hut is festooned with boots, underwear, socks, parkas, shirts, etc., all hung up to dry in the often hot upper regions. Among the clothing are the calendar girls, sometimes covered with an undershirt or even a dishtowel. Miss November on the door has all but disappeared behind an ever-more-bulging mail sack.*

*On the ceiling is a map of Antarctica with Camp Washington denoted as a red X. On the blocked door at John's and Art's end of the hut hangs a barometer and a maximum and minimum thermometer which tells us it only gets down to about 20° F at night in the hut with the stove off and up to 80° F during the day.*

*Well, I've described our happy home, called Horlick Hilton on the door.*

*November 18 Saturday*

*2: 20 am -17° F*

*Another day of nothing, and I think it a real crime. The weather has been excellent. I still maintain (but only to myself) that we should have sledged 10 miles to get something done. And we could have done quite a bit during this good weather. Today is one month completed since leaving, and we have done 3 days of geology. Now I am told that this is a good average in Antarctica, but I think we could have done better.*

*No radio contact with Byrd today, although we heard them talking to aircraft. I finished P & L last night, having had trouble sleeping and am now immersed in Faulkner again. As *The Hamlet* is the first of the trilogy I am meeting old friends again before I met them last time.*

*Bjørn's snow pit is down to about 10 feet. I rigged up a tripod today, which has a pulley system of sorts to raise a washtub full of snow from the pit. The digging has almost reached—according to last year's reckoning—the depth where the yearly temperature average prevails at -35° F. We will probably dig somewhat farther, then Bjorn will bore for even deeper studies.*

*19 November 19 Sunday*

*2: 50 am -10° F*

*Clouds this early morning, and flat light, but cleared this afternoon to be so beautiful. Not a breath of wind. One could stand around without parka and remain relatively warm in the sun. We have to keep turning the stove off in the Jamesway to keep the temperature reasonable.*

*Another day and no plane (I don't expect it until about the 22nd) and no radio contact with Byrd.*

*I was cook today and couldn't produce much inspiration. Spent some time this morning (i.e., before lunch at 7 pm yesterday) helping Bjørn dig in the snow pit. One man digs and the other hauls up the snow in the tub. Have read much Faulkner but must come up for air now and then. Also tried to make a recorder (whistle flute) out of a piece of bamboo used for trail flagging. The hard thing is to get it to play more than a few notes. I shall have to work on it some more.*

*Art is now reading P and L, and amidst chuckles now and then reads some of it aloud. For some reason, I don't really find these matters as funny as the rest seem to. I respect sexual acts, techniques etc., and although I see humor in it, I don't find it a matter—in these cases—for ribald laughter. I wouldn't laugh at the love scenes in "*Lady Chatterley's Lover*." Would you? A love bout may well be a time for laughter in the participants, but I cannot laugh as an onlooker so to speak. This, of course, does not apply to the intended humor in Boccaccio, where the situation is funny.....*

*November 20 Monday*

*3:30 pm -9° F*

*We go to bed later and rise later every day. At this rate we shall be on a proper schedule by the end of the season. Made radio contact with Byrd today, but very brief, and no message of our plane. I've finished Faulkner, written in the guide, and done some logic puzzles.*

*We have had pretty good radio reception today, and last night we heard "The Dragon Lady" on Radio Peking. We sometimes hear the Voice of America and commonly hear Moscow. Now and then we get British stations, N.Z., and almost always a missionary station in Quito, Ecuador, but this latter is unbearable. Today we had an English language program from Japan.*

*I've completed my recorder and almost been able to play a decent tune. I don't know how well my hut mates will bear up under the onslaught. John and Art spend much of their time studying Russian —when not falling asleep. Bjørn has been writing an article for an Oslo newspaper, between times studying Spanish from a pocket book. Ray reads and, as far as I can tell, stares at the ceiling.*

*I detect a certain animosity growing between Ray and myself. He feels it too and tends to bait me a bit. I on my part imagine he is argumentative; he certainly complains more about the food than the others. I'll have to be careful of these signs of cabin fever.*

*As a matter of fact we are all pretty sick of the rations. It won't be bad when we are working, but this leisure might inspire cooking if there was anything to cook. It seems clear that the planning was lousy. Obviously the heavy ration, so called, could contain much more variety and in bulk quantities. Each time we open a new box, that is, with a new menu number printed on the side, everyone watches eagerly, but out comes the same old dried stuff, Maine sardines in unbelievable quantities and perhaps canned chicken instead of canned hash. Everything carefully packed in small portions. I fear the government is really getting taken on these rations.....*

*November 21, 1961 Tuesday*

*-11° F 3:50 am*

*Hello again, sweet love. Another day of waiting, thinking, watching, listening, and even speculating on when it will come. On the radio today we heard the flight of another R4D to Byrd, which suggests they may be preparing to visit us. Everyone thinks it won't be long. Tomorrow, Art and I, and maybe Ray, will take a ski tour over to the rocks, plane or no. The activity will be good.*

*Today: dug in snow pit, read C.P. snow, tried some logic puzzles, played chess, and practiced home-made recorder. It looks as though I shall be cooking on Thanksgiving unless the plane comes soon enough for me to win the raffle or to allow our departure for the Directors, 20 miles to the southeast.....*

*November 22 Wednesday*

*-7° F 7:35 am*

*Dearest Lesley love:*

*A bit gloomy out this morning, with a wind, so no one was interested in a ski trip. At last, this evening, I took a short trip myself and I did need it. I went on skis out along the 2 + mile line of flags to the south. A*



great menacing cloudbank lay to my left, and the sun barely peeped over the edge to brilliantly illuminate the mountain front on the right. The wind was blowing a bit so I didn't experience that fantastic stillness that characterizes the Antarctic. In fact, as I passed each marker flag, I heard a low melodious note—the wind blowing across the end of the pole.

When I finally reached the last flag and turned my back to the wind, I fairly sailed along, singing, all the way back. It was good to sing our songs, but at the same time lonely. We must sing more when we are together again.....

Today and, as it seems, all days before into infinity, consisted of the usual routine for me: reading, work on the guide, practice the recorder, chess, and puzzles. We reached Byrd with the radio, but no plane, and they told us that Bill Long reported 55 knot winds in the Central Horlicks. Some of the weather seems to be closing in on us now. Wind picking up, clouds coming down. We may not see that plane until a good time after Thanksgiving.

John and Ray, finally after much threatening, made a deck of cards, and the hut (except me) has settled down for a long bridge siege this afternoon.....

November 23 Thursday

-3° F 7:40 am

Happy Thanksgiving, Sweet Lesley.

Because of our haywire schedule, I shall be cooking Thanksgiving dinner on Friday rather than on Thanksgiving, Thursday. The clouds have been with us all day, some strong wind and perhaps a bit of snow—hard to be sure. No contact with Byrd. At least we didn't hear the plane circling futilely above the clouds.

I spent some of the morning repairing Coleman stoves. We seem to be surrounded with broken stoves. Finally, with Ray's assistance, got the large 2-burner going. Some of the trouble seems to be that people kept trying to burn kerosene, diesel fuel, and who knows what in the stoves.

And this afternoon, we all played hearts. What have I sunk to? But it was fun. Bjørn and Art are threatening to teach me "intuitive" bridge.

One of our constant sources of humor and speculation is a wondrous spire in the john. From the bottom of the 4-5 foot deep pit beneath the seat, rises a thin frozen stalagmite of deposits. It is amazing: the rest of the pit is almost as bare and clean as when it was dug. Our speculation is what to do when the tower reaches seat level.

I feel that I should write something about my hut mates, although time will bring out their characteristics more sharply.

You know Art fairly well, I think. He is not much different here than in civilization. One would scarcely know that he is leader of the expedition, but when he does definitely say something is to be done, it gets done. But he is very casual and seldom presses anything. He does have a ready sense of humor, and his hearty laugh will burst out on every occasion. I think he and I are well at ease with each other. Although we don't agree on the way things should be approached or done, I am perfectly willing—and he knows it—to accept his decision.

*John is a never-ending source of entertainment. He has a great deal of character. His interests and cultural knowledge are sometimes amazing. He and I play a bit of lifemanship now and then either identifying classical music on the radio or identifying hummings or whistling of each other. John is the real bachelor of the group, in view point and actions, in the popular sense of what a bachelor is. We hear snatches of his amorous exploits in New Zealand now and then. He likes his beer or whiskey and actually is one of the better cooks in the group. He is also one of the crudest of us, ribald or otherwise. Yet he is intelligent and works quite diligently on his Russian. I like him.*

*Bjørn is somewhat different here, out of civilization's glass. He is a Pooh-like person in many respects. Sometimes he is unbelievably clumsy with some mechanical detail. When he cooks, he seems in a great rush, harassed, and clanging and banging all over the place. But the results have been relatively good. He reminisces about his more social activities. He told me once that he only took strong liquor socially, but I've noticed he's quite eager at the cocktail hour (less often lately these; the low liquor supply may be felt). I think that I've made contact with Bjørn although our real interests differ greatly. He is always willing to lend a hand to help. I am surprised that he doesn't find more to do with his glaciology. He was quite busy for a week taking temperature measurements, but now hasn't done much. He did say once that he welcomed the slow pace of Antarctic after his busy life in Norway. He seems absolutely at home anywhere he is, and essentially enjoys himself. He speaks very little about his wife and family.*

*Ray may be my problem. I'm sure there is really nothing to my feelings, but they are there—a form of cabin fever. Of all the group, he will be my antagonist. I will find fault with him, and I expect, he with me. He seems the youngest of the group. He complains more about most everything, but not in the same half-jovial spirit as the rest of us. His restricted tastes make his meals lack imagination. But what he does prepare is well prepared. He, as radioman, has at least one perpetual duty, although it takes little time. Yet even when we all suggest that he contact Byrd—or try—he is slow on the uptake and even offers excuses. According to Ray the radio can be adjusted to ham wave length, and with the adjustment which he says he can make, we might reach a ham station in the U.S. We were all enthusiastic at this prospect, and Art suggested he make the adjustments during this period of inactivity. He hasn't tackled it.....*

*November 24 Friday*

*8:10 am*

*The end of Thanksgiving day. The weather has cleared, but the wind blows heartily up to 30 mph. The day was spent in usual ways, with some respite in useful duties. Bjørn dug out the drifts threatening to fill his snow pit. The rest of us rigged a fuel drum with valve to lead directly into the stove tank. Previous to this, we had to bring in fuel in gallon jugs. Now one has only to open the tap, although the tap is, unfortunately, outside.*

*As cook for the day, I decided to make some eggnog for the festivities. I made some out of the left over French toast batter, added some rum, and found it quite good. Thus I started mixing a big batch. Half way through someone pointed out that the powdered eggs were not supposed to be used uncooked. Sure enough, so it said in bold letters on the can. So, adding some more eggs to the mixture, some more sugar, and improvising an oven out of the frying pan and a large pot, inverted, I set out to make custard. Well, after a few*

hours it actually baked, and it even tasted something like custard in spite of a notable lack of vanilla and nutmeg. Most of the boys ate theirs with a bit of rum for flavoring.

We had canned turkey and rice mixed with dehydrated vegetables. John had appropriated a Navy bed spread in McMurdo for such occasions, so we also had a table cloth. Many toasts were drunk and many photos taken. As we had been trying to reach Byrd on the radio all day without success, one more try was inaugurated as dinner drew to a close. We were all feeling gay, and as Ray started his call, everyone had things to say. And the call got through. Byrd asked for a long count—that is, a slow one...two...three....etc., allowing the listening station to make adjustments for a weak signal. Ray started the count and John made a humorous remark, and we all went hysterical because poor Ray, laughing so hard, couldn't finish the count. Byrd said something like, "Can't understand, say again." And we all shrieked again. Ray was laughing so hard that he couldn't go on so I made the count. Well, we finally got our weather report through and now everyone is all hopes for a plane tomorrow—that means today in the middle of our night. I can't help being skeptical, but we shall hope.

I've started reading Bertrand Russell's Unpopular Essays and enjoy them very much. So far they've been very funny.....

November 25 Saturday

-7° F

Well, we all awoke saying "Where's that airplane. Where's that airplane." Then we began picking up all sorts of aircraft conversations on the Zenith and finally made contact with Byrd and asked for a "voice conference" with Ken Moulton. And then we heard the news. Behrent's big air push is just starting today, and they're starting a big airlift to a new station, called Skyhi, to be established north of the Sentinels. And because of all this, we won't see the plane for another week at least. Grim news, sadly received by all. Art was particularly grim and looked pretty glum all day. He's cheered up a bit this evening. Of course, we had to open the sealed date of arrival estimates, and Bjørn won by having the latest estimate.

Now Art has decided there is nothing do but sledge. Hence we will probably take the trip that I suggested weeks ago. Everyone, except me, is dreadfully gloomy at this prospect. I feel that even very difficult labor is better than doing almost nothing. Furthermore, we will feel we've accomplished something. And the time will pass quicker.

Plans are now to try a one day trip to the mountains, a warm up and conditioner. Did not go today, for everyone felt the wind too strong. This evening (i.e. this morning) is beautiful and thus we shall try tomorrow.....

Played a rather somber game of hearts this afternoon and read and worked on the guide. This evening, I took another little ski trip out to the south and took pictures of sastrugi. A good photographer could catch a wonderful array of fascinating patterns, shadows, curving lines, delicate natural bridges, tiered keels, scalloped rises. I never tire of looking—and just as well; there isn't much else to look at.....

November 26 Sunday

-4° F 10:15 am

*I wonder what you're doing now, sweet love. I have just crawled into bed after a long day. We made our conditioning trip. By the time we reached the first nunatak, 3 ½ miles out, Ray and John were almost incapacitated by blisters. The plan had been for 3 of us to head on to a ridge which would allow us to climb the escarpment. One would remain with Bjørn to help him set up his glacier movement stake and turn angles with the theodolite. But we left both Ray and John on the nunatak to safeguard Bjørn wandering about on the glacier by himself—no crevasses in evidence—while Art and I went on to the main mountain front, another 2 ½ miles. There is something very tiring about skiing across these endless snowfields. The best one can do is go into a trance until arriving someplace or tripping on a sastrugi. When we arrived at a solid rock point, we set a flag for Bjørn's survey and investigated some shearing. Then through the binoculars, I saw John and Ray returning to camp. This would have left Bjørn alone to pull home the Akio sled with his instruments, so we gave up our ascent plans—didn't look very profitable anyhow—and returned to Bjørn. He was trying to spot the poles that he had placed with the theodolite from the nunatak. But no luck, and before we knew it, the great cloud of fog—really ice crystals—that had been hanging out to the east some 10 to 15 miles came sweeping onto us along with icy wind. We packed up and headed for home. What a gloomy sight. Nothing but greyness ahead; the only interruption was the incredible tiny black lumps of the camp, the snow rushing across the ground, a world in motion. We hurried along and arrived home in good time. Ray had bug juice and steaks (rehydrated) waiting.*

*I am tired and I guess everyone else is too.*

*The blisters of Ray and John are so bad that I don't know what will happen to our week-long sledge trip. The weather, at any rate, appears unsettled. We are in a full-fledged whiteout now. No horizon distinguishable, and Ray has reported falling down 3 or 4 times on the way to the John tent.....*

*November 27 Monday*

*+1° F 11:00am (thermometer in sun)*

*I guess it has been decided not to attempt the sledge trip. We now wait word of the plane. But today we heard one of the R4Ds relaying weather through the South Pole station to McMurdo. The R4D at Skyhi reported bad weather, and McMurdo reported no C-130s launched, hence delays in that program will keep us waiting even longer. It appears that they are keeping the R4Ds on the ground at Skyhi and on the Yates Coast as radar targets for the bigger planes. And we wait.*

*It may turn out just fine; we may get the grease, repair the motor toboggan, and finish off all the geology with ease, but I cannot help wondering. When will the plane arrive? Will the weather hold? Will the toboggans keep running? If I were in charge, I would risk the displeasure of the troops and begin preparations for the sledge trip. Well, we shall see.*

*Today: finished Russell, took up "The Naked and the Dead", Norman Mailer; lost a quick game of chess to Art; played hearts; worked on the guide, and made some calculations involving hanging valleys in the Holden Quadrangle; washed underwear and lower me.*

*Tonight a rolling game of bridge is going. Who knows how long it will last? We're trying to push our schedule around to Byrd time. Actually we should be on Central Standard Time here.*

*It has been cloudy all day and sometimes windy, picking up a bit now.....*

*November 28 Tuesday*

*+4° F 1:50 pm (sun influence)*

*Hello again, sweet love. This is late at night (or better early morning) for us, but we are pushing our schedule ahead. Today I learned how to play bridge. I never thought it would come to this, but it has, and we've played for 6 to 8 hours. Well, if I don't get anything else out of this, I'll have learned one of the "social graces". But I feel guilty, although I shouldn't. I cannot keep harping on the sledging even if I thought it would do any good. But no one else seems to feel uncomfortable sitting in a warm Jamesway drinking tea, playing cards, all costing the Government an unbelievable amount.*

*We did dig in Bjørns snow pit a bit today, John digging furiously, and Art, Ray and I hauling snow in the tub to the top. My day at cooking, and I served unpopular mush and sausages for breakfast and a curried chicken-potato glop for supper with a chocolate frosted, canned pound cake. The latter made a hit.*

*The weather has turned nice, although there are still a few clouds about. It hurts the most when the weather is good.*

*I'm reading Mailer's book with some reservations for I really hate to relive the Army and re-know the people I've known in the Army, but maybe that is the fascination. It is good although unpleasant. He pays good attention to both details of character and activity. The book comes well after Russell to illustrate man's depravity, bigotry, stupidity etc. At times it is discouraging.*

*We've made sealed guesses again as to the arrival date of the plane. I've added caution to pessimism and guessed Dec. 5<sup>th</sup>. I do hope it gets here in time to take off the Journal to you before Christmas. Christmas cards too.....*

*November 29 Wednesday*

*+1° F 5:20 am (in sun)*

*Another day, sweet love, and it brings me closer to you. Well, at any rate, I won't feel that I've been overworked in the field. Today: read, worked on guide, dug in snow pit—now down to 16 ½ feet—lost two games of chess to Art, and played bridge until sick of it. But Art and I won this round of bridge, much to the disgust of the experts.*

*Considering the strain we are under with this interminable waiting, I'd say the group gets on pretty well. There have been no real personality clashes other than what I feel with Ray, and even that has been lightened, I think, by my writing it down to you. Except for that one gloomy day when we heard it would be another week or so before plane arrival, morale has been pretty high.*

*There isn't much else to report on the day's activities. We did give our own weather report to Byrd. This trying to get on schedule is wearing. I just fell asleep with pen poised.....*

*November 30 Thursday*

*-4° F 6:00 pm (sun)*

*Again, elation has hit Camp Washington. We have been hearing much on the radio of the goings on in West Antarctica, and this afternoon the Minnesota group was delivered to the Sentinels by an old friend, Lt. Farrington, in old flying jalopy 853. So everyone thinks there is no reason in the world why 853 cannot come to us tomorrow. Well, I'll reserve judgment until we hear them on the way.*

*The days go by surprisingly enough. We played a hand of bridge, and Art and I were royally taken, much to the great pleasure of the experts. I worked on the guide. I've started some work on the introductory chapters, though I have no idea what Dwight wants to do in this line. But it keeps me busy and gives me a sense of some useful work accomplished. Then helped Bjørn briefly drill a hole in the bottom of the snow pit so he could extend his temperature measurements down to 30 feet.*

*I'm still working on Mailer's book and actually enjoying it. I think that he makes most of his characters too introspective, or at any rate too consciously aware of their own emotions. I don't believe the people he's writing of are that aware of their own consciousness, but it makes me think about my reactions and emotions as life goes on here. Here, I can do this for there is plenty of time, but usually when I have real contact with the world in this business of living (much of the time here too), I don't even think about how I am reacting. This is not true when I react with shame or feel guilty about some reaction. That is, if I feel hurt pride or jealousy or feelings which make me uncomfortable. I tend to analyze them in order to get rid of them. But I don't think I look too closely at feelings of joy, pride, etc., even when the "good" feeling stems from "bad" events—triumph at another's expense, vanity, etc.*

*The weather has been excellent and so little wind that our trash pile is becoming unsightly. On the ice—as the OAEs say—the litterbug can never gain ground. Anything that sticks up the slightest above the snow surface is soon drifted over. For this reason Byrd station, I'm sure most junky, looks pretty clean at the surface. McMurdo on the other hand, off the ice, and in a summer, the region is a terrible smelly garbage heap. Of course this self-burying litter works both ways. Many a valuable item has been lost overnight.*

*I would say that we are almost back on schedule, but I see everyone but me has fallen asleep almost immediately after dinner. Bjørn is the only one really in bed. Art has fallen asleep, still holding a Russian grammar book propped against his knees. John has H.L. Menken lying across his chest, and Ray is flat on his back after finishing the dishes. They'll soon be waking to crawl into bed for I've turned off the stove.....*

*December 1 Friday*

*5:45 pm*

*Hello again, sweet love.*

*The clouds came in on us today, and we have had both sunlight and snow flurries most of the day. This has been most agonizing. We talked with Byrd this morning and Ken Moulton informed us that the plane would be out today, this afternoon or this evening. At that time the weather looked pretty good, but soon after, all was clouds and snow. But it has been up and down all day as far as landing an airplane is concerned. We tried*

*to reach Byrd again when it looked the worst, but could not reach them. Our reception has fallen off, so much now that we hear almost nothing on the aircraft frequency, usually quite busy.*

*Thus the plane may arrive any minute now or late this evening. We only hope the weather is "right" when it comes.*

*The usual today plus leaping over to the radio. Played one short hand of bridge, made some bad mistakes—partially through Bjørn's kibitzing—and gave up for the while. Finished Mailer. The irony is almost too much to take. The suffering, the dying, the extreme human effort in his story avails absolutely nothing. But a gripping story all the way through. Worked on the guide. Practiced bamboo recorder. Drilled another meter for Bjørn in his snow pit.*

*It's kind of fun to go down in the snow pit. The snow has been nicely trimmed, the walls are white and smooth. The square patch of blue sky above is brilliant.*

*Played a game of chess with Art and finally won. Funny how this petty accomplishment made me feel better, sort of off-setting the even more petty loss at bridge. I surprise myself at how important I sometimes make such things seem.....*

*Plane one minute out now. Clouds may be broken enough to get in.*

*.*

*December 2 Saturday (?)*

*7:25 am*

*.....Soon after I put your letter in the mailbag, the plane roared overhead, looking very foreign and out of place with its great orange tail. We contacted them on the radio, and through some misunderstanding of directions—the Navy uses a silly system with east as north or some such thing—Farrington kept trying to land across the sastrugi. The light was bad and for some reason he picked the cloudiest place around. But after 2 tries where he was practically on the ground before pulling up, he made it quite smoothly in spite of the sastrugi. Every time he had pulled up again our hearts were in our throats for we feared he could not see enough and would give up.*

*We entertained the crew and two tourists, Ken Moulton who we'd invited and Sam Travir(sp?) of Ohio State (on his way to work with Bill Long), with tea, coffee, and Boulton biscuits. We chatted and heard about all the problems of the Navy and the USARPs well into the early morning. Finally we waved them good by, and I could return to your letters, the last dated Nov. 21. I would gather you have missed some of mine—maybe they went to New York—but I'm not sure. The dates should tell.....*

*I was just served hot cocoa by John—I'm in bed, writing—and almost spilled it all over letters and everything. John is quite a sight in his long, baggy underwear, his white mukluks. He too had trouble sleeping and looks quite bleary. His hair is getting quite long and it is curly so he begins to look like something out of equatorial Africa except for his red beard.*

*My beard is getting so long I can't seem to eat soup without dribbling it down my chin. Disgusting. It may teach me to eat soup properly.*

*+ 2° 8 pm*

*Now after a pause to do the day's chores, I can go back to your letters.*

*I remember Idylwild airport. It is huge. I always had the impression when looking out at the lighted runways stretching off in the darkness that I stood at the edge of the world or perhaps at some magic portal. The far-away places lay just at the end of the runways.*

*And I am glad and relieved to hear that you're safe at home. I can visualize you in your room with our things, and that is good. So you have to take vitamins too. I try to remember to take a multiple vitamin tablet every day.*

*Today we got ready for the trip to the Directors, 30 miles to the south. I spent most of my time repairing the motor toboggans. I'm afraid that I haven't endeared myself to Ray. We discovered today that the clutch was bad on the other toboggan. Ray looked it over and declared it was absolutely impossible to take apart because we didn't have the proper tool. We could get around the difficulty with switching and repairing of engines, involving much effort and time. I suggested that we make a tool out of something, and Art more or less concurred. But Ray was adamant. Couldn't be done. So I went ahead and made a tool out of a spark plug wrench and two ice pitons, and it worked. I seem to always be getting into Ray's business, although I try not to. He gets so defeated and won't even try unless we press him. I don't know if he was really disgusted, but he hardly appeared from the hut again. Art did all the loading of the sleds, and I all the repairing. I don't know what John did other than cooking—his day*

*Oh yes. Last night our meat came. About 150 lbs of prime beef in great slabs. It's frozen solid and one has the devil of a time cutting it up. John served steaks for breakfast. It truly is prime steak, as tender as can be.*

*It has been snowing all day, but at the same time the sun peeked through the clouds for a while and the temperature shot up to +8° F (according to Bjørn). Amazingly warm. I had to shed lined parka.....*

*December 3 Sunday*

*-5° F 9:15 pm*

*Hello, sweet love.*

*Today we did not go (again) because of weather. It snowed most of the day and was incredibly warm, +8° F, or so. I think I would have been tempted to go because it was very pleasant traveling weather. But it was probably best to wait and see what the weather would do. It has cleared up, and we'll undoubtedly go tomorrow.*

*It has been a slow, depressing day. I've spent much of it reading some not too old New Yorkers and Times, kindly brought by Ken Mouton.*

*Ray does get on my nerves. And I tend to blame him mentally for things that don't get done. Just now at an attempt to give our SITREP (situation report) to Byrd, the radio was discovered faulty. Now it has shown trouble sporadically before. Ray, as radioman, was responsible to try and fix it. I would be glad to try myself, but I cannot assume continually other people's responsibilities.*

*I just had an argument with all as to whether we should wash our dishes on the sojourn or not. It may last for two weeks, and I feel that's a bit long to let the grease accumulate. No one else seemed to think it important, especially Art. I shall try to remember to sneak along a bag of Tide.*



*But this kind of day leaves me edgy, and I must keep myself from criticizing and condemning my hut mates. I do feel there is a great lack of ambition. And now that we are about to embark, I sense, maybe falsely, a gloom or better grim determination to go on with this thing although no one wants to. Well, perhaps when we are out and doing everyone will brighten up again. Me in particular, for this feeling is definitely a symptom of cabin fever.....*

*December 4 Monday*

*+28° F in the tent 9:10pm*

*Hello sweet love, Lesley mine. I'm writing this in a rather cold tent in the Directors, some 30 miles from Camp Washington. With a "warm" sunny day for a start, we got underway at 8 am. John started out in the first toboggan towing two heavily loaded Nansen sleds. Ray took the wheel of the second toboggan, towing one sled loaded with baggage and Art high atop the foam rubber mattresses, and with Bjørn and me on skis behind. So went the day for 9 ¼ hours. We traded off driving and Bjørn gave up trying to do Christies at 5 mph after awhile, so 3 people sprawled on the mattresses.*

*We had a few mishaps, but no serious trouble—everyone is thankful beyond words for this. At one point I was bouncing ahead with the cargo sleds when I glanced back to check on Art who was just behind and he wasn't. Away in the distance tiny figures were waving and jumping about. They had run out of gas, and I had the gas cans.*

*Another time after a short stop and conference, we started again, I at the wheel of the passenger sled. I hit some rough sastrugi, almost tipped over, and just caught my balance and was underway again when the motor sputtered to a stop. We cranked and cranked to no avail. Investigation showed no spark, so amidst of chorus of curses, we got the tools for a major repair. Then someone noticed the ignition switch looked a bit askew. Now the switch has never worked at all until today. On or off the toboggan went. But we tried it, and sure enough the motor started right up. I had evidently hit it in my desperate efforts to stay upright.*

*The sastrugi was very rough in places and we just crawled up, over, and around. The poor sleds and toboggans took quite a beating. But the roughest places were of bare ice, wind pocked as if covered with small waves. The chain drives of the toboggans clattered, clanked, and banged. Now and then the sled would coast to the side of the toboggan's path, wrenching the back end of the toboggan around, and we'd go in a circle. At one place the ice turned us back. We were headed for the base of the mountain and some moraine, hoping to find a sheltered camp spot. The bare ice, of course, means all the snow has been blown away, and considering the amount of snow in Antarctica, this takes some mighty blowing. But we were going down hill and the sleds were impossible to manage. We skidded and turned. The towropes got tangled up in the toboggan drive mechanism.*

*We turned and managed to reach our camp site about one mile from the mountain base and just off the ice. We pray that the wind doesn't start blowing. The sky has clouded over except for a thin line of bright blue way off on the horizon. It looks pretty gray.*

*Everyone is excited for the rocks from a distance look like sediment in part. Tomorrow, I hope, we'll know.*

*We have two Scott tents (higher but not quite as much floor area as a Gerry tent). Three sleep in one and two in the other, which also serves as a cooking tent and radio tent etc. Our foam rubber mattresses help make the tents cozy. We have Gerry Alpine sleepers. I hope they are warm enough.*

*Everyone was quite tired tonight and although spirits were high enough, all seemed to be taken back at just how primitive this tent living on snow can be. I don't find it greatly different than expected. To add to the gloom, we find that the Boulton trail ration—we have enough for 15 days—is not only God-awfully monotonous—this everyone knew before hand—but an actual meal of powdered potatoes and meat bar hoosh drives home the point—but the idiotic people put in no salt. The 15 days of mush breakfasts are going to be somewhat dreadful. We have supplemented this with some fresh meat and other goodies, but they won't last long. Ray will have the hardest time for he will eat practically nothing of what the rations have to offer.....*

*December 5 Tuesday*

*7:30 pm*

*This morning we awoke warm and comfortable. The temperature in the tent at floor level was 54° F. And this could only be due to our body heat as the sun was behind the clouds. It may have been about -5° to 0° F outside.*

*The morning started gloomy but the sun finally broke through the clouds and it became quite warm. Breakfast was slow in coming for not enough water had been made the night before.*

*Art sent Ray and John to search for fossils in the moraines at the base of one mountain, and he, Bjørn, and I headed for another. I, the deviate, took my skis and had a thrilling if not nerve wracking run across the blue ice down the slight incline to the moraine.*

*We had hoped to climb the peak, but as we worked our way around the base of the mountain, climbing up to the plateau behind the peak, the peak remained sheer. Whenever the snow gets over 40° or so, it becomes ice, hence normal promising-looking snow routes are out unless one gets very serious about the climb. The Directors also form the escarpment of the south polar plateau, but instead of being a discontinuous line of cliffs beneath the ice of the plateau, as the mountains farther north are, they are rugged peaks, 2-3 thousand feet of relief, sticking up above both lower ice field and polar plateau with great bulges of ice streaming down between them.*

*As we climbed higher on the peak, the clouds moved in, finally obscuring the sun and the tops of the peaks. This brought an incredible color to the bare ice of the icefall and the snow-free area at the front of the peaks. It was sort of a pale blue, cold, but beautiful, quite startling against the grey of the snow and clouds.*

*Well, as the clouds moved in and solidified as a continuous low ceiling, Art began to make noises about going back. Your dissenter, me, questioned the reason for this. It just seemed a good idea. No, there probably would be no storm, no, the clouds wouldn't lower and obscure the camp very fast. Both Bjørn and Art seemed to fear the clouds. We couldn't get lost as we circumvented the mountain. Bjørn, however, did want to go a bit farther, so we did, and climbed up some worthwhile geology. We were right at the ceiling and every time a bit of mist went by Bjørn and Art looked abject. My remarks about no harm in clouds as long as we could find our way back, brought only a "You don't know anything about Antarctic weather. This isn't the Cascades*

where help is nearby." Ha. Now, I have a very healthy respect for weather, but I didn't understand this. Well, we went back and it was about time to turn anyway. The ceiling was just where it had been when we went into the clouds, and we had no trouble returning to camp—other than the flat light.

We have brought along the Zenith—God knows why—and as I write I hear very incongruous Dixieland from the other tent. I really think the attachment Ray and maybe even Bjørn feel for this radio is that it shuts out the Antarctic quiet. I dislike the radio myself—unless there is good music and that is rare—but perhaps, if I was alone, I'd want to shut out the quiet also. Right now I have John's snoring.

Art finally realized that we only have food for about 10 days, if that. I expect we won't stay out as long as planned. People are already talking of how nice the Jamesway will be.

I found that a bit of Canadian Club in pink lemonade tastes almost as good as wine after a cold day out. I don't think it's a habit yet.

Sweet love of mine. This seems a remote place and far from you. As John says, one gets awfully attached to his sleeping bag. It's all one's got. But I love you and when I am warm in my sleeping bag, I can let myself luxuriate in thoughts of you.....

December 6 (really Dec 7) Wednesday

12:30 am

..... A long day and many events. I probably cannot do them justice. Art finally did what I hoped he'd do long ago—he split up the group. A logical thing. Art and Ray went off to investigate one mountain near camp, John, Bjørn, and I to visit the other side of yesterday's mountain and some small nunataks along the escarpment. The geology was simple so we made good time. We had one mishap en route to the mountain in the motor toboggan. My rucksack fell off the front of the sled and was run over. It just rolled the frame up in spiral. But with 6 arms, a few feet, and a hammer, we managed to straighten it out to a usable condition.

We had a good day and managed to visit one more outcrop than planned. The glacier here is amazing. The ice movement is so slow that there are steep walls, hills, and bulges of blue ice with practically no crevasses. A similar steep stretch in a temperate climate glacier would be a chaotic icefall. There are icefalls here too and really huge, but the seracs are never large or many except where the ice is really squeezed around a nunatak. And the crevasses are filled or drifted over with snow. One sees suggestive bands of snow across the blue ice, never yawning holes.

We got back to camp about 5 pm. No Art or Ray. About 7:30 we began to worry a bit. Then as I searched the mountainside and ice fields with binoculars (while standing on a motor toboggan), I saw one tired-looking figure trudging across the snow. Ray arrived with a very heavy rucksack and the news that he and Art had parted about 2 pm and were to meet shortly, and Art didn't show up after Ray had waited some 5 hours. This was disturbing, and we immediately began to ready a search and rescue operation. But in Ray's rucksack was a 30 pound meteorite that he had found lying on the ice. What a thrill! We barely looked at it though, before loading first aid and sleeping bag on the sled behind a toboggan and jouncing off across the sastrugi. As we neared the arête where Ray and Art had parted, John spotted a tiny figure picking his way down the ridge. As one might have expected, Art had gone on to the summit.

*We motored around to the place he would eventually come down to and waited while picking through the moraine for possible fossils. And I found the second meteorite! What a thrill again! Just like the first one, but somewhat smaller (20 pounds). I've always wanted to find a meteorite. We'll have to go back and look further for there may be more if they represent a swarm or debris from a large impact.*

*Everyone is happy back at camp. We were tired but ate our salt-less hoosh and steaks with relish. John and I have moved into the cook tent for it was decided that the cook and the next cook should occupy the crowded tent.*

*I am about to fall asleep. I love you thing. Goodnight*

*December 7 Thursday*

*~0° F 9:10 pm*

*Hello, sweet love. I'm snuggled down in my warm sleeping bag in our none-too-warm tent. The wind blows about 25 mph in gusts and tent is flapping and banging. Even with the stove going it does not warm up much.*

*Today Art, John, and I went south to visit the last mountain mass in the Eastern Horlicks. Bjørn and Ray went to hunt, unsuccessfully, for fossils and more meteorites.*

*The three of us tobogganed about 5 miles over rough sastrugi and bare ice. Then we climbed a long steep couloir to a cold and windy notch. The peak we had wanted to climb was a little too challenging, especially in the wind so we went up the second highest peak on the ridge, dubbing it Poopout Peak. Amazingly enough at the top of the peak it was windless and warm in the bright sun. One begins to say "warm" for any condition where one can sit still for 10 minutes without getting cold or can do things for a short time with bare fingers. At any rate, we had a terrific view of the Directors and the plateau to the west. We could see Captain Munsun's Nunatak, a strange pimple of snow to the southwest. It appeared to have some exposed rock, hence we should try a visit, but I doubt we do. To the west of it is an ice escarpment showing still another step-like rise to the South Polar Plateau. We could even see, in the opposite direction, Noel Nunatak.*

*We may have seen, or did we imagine, a dark sliver on the distant skyline to the east: the Mystery Mountains. These are the mountains appearing on air photos looking towards the Pensacolas from the Horlicks and also seen on photos looking towards the Horlicks from the Pensacolas. No one knows exactly where they are. They would be about 150 miles from the Directors.*

*We finally gave up our sunny perch and returned to the windy lowlands, biting cold. Then we motored over to a nunatak that we had visited yesterday to collect a large sample of a marvelous porphyritic granite to be used for radioactive dating. We rolled a big block down the ice slope beneath the nunatak, loaded it on the sled and jounced off to hoosh and warm sleeping bags.*

*Tomorrow we move camp north, towards the Jamesway. If the weather holds, we'll be back in that warm haven in less than a week.*

*..... How often when I see some wondrous thing that I wish you were here to see it too. You would love the endless white; the peculiar scattered morainal blocks on bare ice, looking somehow comical as though*

*squat little men scattered and lost; the way the sun shines across things when it's low in the sky at night.....*

*December 8 Friday*

*8:35 pm*

*Sweetheart mine. We moved camp today and a cold job it was in wind and blowing snow, to break up the old camp and load the sleds. A small wall of snow and a pit Bjørn had constructed for a john was completely drifted over. No one had the nerve to face the icy wind, so just before the last tent was struck, we removed the floor and dug another hole.*

*We tobogganed about 5 or 6 miles along the mountain front to our present campsite. We're about ¼ mile from the mountain in a quite spectacular place. Some of the ice fluting and cornices on the peaks could stand muster in the Himalaya. Our camp is on a peninsula of snow, surrounded by blue ice. It was warm and sunny when we arrived so we started unloading. Then the wind came in sudden gusts up to 40 mph. Everything tends to fly away. I spotted what looked like a long, dark animal loping across the ice in the distance. It was the canvas cover for the tent. Bjørn went after it on a motor toboggan, like any good cowboy after a stray.*

*Right now the tent periodically rattles and roars, then dead silence, and I can hear sounds of the bridge game in the next tent.*

*After lunch we set out for the mountain. Bjørn and I investigated one gully, Art and John, another. Ray, whose feet still cannot manage his boots, looked for fossils in the moraine. Plenty of sedimentary rocks did we see, but no fossils.*

*When I was high on the mountainside looking out across the ice, I got the distinct impression that I was on the edge of the sea. The cliffs fell away to a long sweep of moraine, from my vantage, a pebbly beach. The blue ice was like a calm sea, and in the distance the sastrugi frothed in the wind.*

*I finished my stint of cooking with the normal evening glop plus hot bug juice. Hence, I'm now in the non-cooktent.*

*I tried out my down pants today and found them quite comfortable, adequately warm when sitting. But if any exercise, I just about expire and have to take off my parka in spite of wind.....*

*December 9 Saturday*

*10:35 pm*

*.....Today was truly sparkling, albeit a bit windy in spots. Last night the gusts continued with an impressive barrage, and it was soon discovered that both tent covers had blown away, all of Bjørn's plastic snow sample bottles, plus numerous other things. I went out this morning and collected much of the stuff. Fortunately the wind stopped gusting before too much of the night was gone so we got some sleep.*

*Bjørn and I set out this morning by one route to climb the nearby peak—second highest in the Directors—Art and John another. Ray chauffeured Art and John around to the base of their climb in the toboggan, then returned to do some detailed work near camp.*

*Our climb was easy enough, mostly rubble and scree. We built a cairn on the summit and deposited a peanut can register. The geology was not very inspiring.*

*Tonight we played hearts in the cook tent, the primus purring merrily under a pot of snow. Sitting and looking at the view would be pleasanter than card playing, but one cannot do that for long outside.*

*We've been making good radio contact with Byrd these days. This morning Art received a ham gram from his wife. This means that Byrd is making ham contact with the States again, so I shall send one to you if we make good contact.*

*I have noted a distinct change in conversational topics. I mentioned how a great deal of talk was of sex when we first arrived. That gave out in a couple of weeks. Women and sex seldom get into the conversation. The main topics out here are around the work at hand, food, abominable AINA [Arctic Institute of North America] equipment, and comments about the radio programs on the Zenith—for ever and ever “Praise be to Jesus.....” on Quito, Ecuador—people tripping as they go in and out of the sleeve entrance tents, problems of defecation in the wind, and new ways to prepare the hoosh.....*

*December 10 (really 11<sup>th</sup> again) Sunday*

*12:20 am*

*Hello again, sweet love.*

*We seem to get later and later and never catch up. Art served breakfast this morn about 10 am and we didn't get underway until about noon.*

*John, Ray, and I set off with motor toboggan for a distant peak, the highest in the Directors. Art and Bjørn were to visit some patterned ground features that Bjørn and I found yesterday.*

*Our route led up a great snow ridge, like a drift, onto a rounded glacial ice ridge with mild sprinkling of small crevasses. Then we had to cross about 4 miles of plateau glacier to the base of the peak. We really wondered if the toboggan could climb the hill, but even if it did that on the ice ridge, we had to get it across about 10 feet of bare ice going uphill. Bjørn and I scouted the route yesterday. Ray was very dubious and at the bottom the hill he stopped the toboggan and said, “Just where in hell am I supposed to go.” I said, “Up.” I think he would have given up right then. John and I were skijoring behind. Ray drove to save his feet. When we finally got to the place, which was pretty steep (20° maybe), Ray was so cautious that he didn't go fast enough to steer the toboggan. I, in my agitation, finally said the inevitable, “Here, let me do it,” and gave the toboggan gas and rode right up with no trouble. Again, I hate to do things like that, but Ray is so often defeated before we even start.*

*We went right over the icy spot with a tug by John and me from in front, and sailed merrily over the upper part of the glacier. It was windy and cold, and as we left the toboggan and began a traverse of the ridge, no one was very enthusiastic. Finally we had to drop into a deep saddle, and I started down some steep snow, chopping steps. Ray again declined to go farther. His boots were giving him trouble. We left him there to study the rocks.*

*But John and I didn't get much farther, for after I'd cut steps up a short but steep ice slope, and the next bit was belayable scrambling, I was not enthusiastic, and John was less than that; we turned around, I cursing myself for having cut such giant steps.*

*On the way down the snow ridge, John drove and did it well. Ray and I skied. Ray fell hard once and bruised himself on some samples in his pockets. Then I fell—when a ski came off (lousy bindings)—and bruised myself on rocks in my pockets. I resisted throwing the rocks away with a curse as Ray did. All in all, however, it was a pretty good run on hard, wind-packed snow. However, this evening as I undressed, I discovered to my horror, and to my tent mate's amazement, a bruise and lump as big as my fist on my left leg. I don't know how Ray fared.....*

*December 11 Monday*

*-2° F 11:20 pm*

*Sweetheart mine*

*We moved camp today. Breakfast was late as usual and after breakfast in my usual impatience to get going, I left the tent and started packing gear. A half hour to an hour later, I was still packing gear and readying the toboggans; the rest of the crew was still in the tent talking. As you might have expected, sweet love, I was vexed, but I swallowed my frustration and retired to my sleeping bag with a book. After awhile the others came out, took the tent down around me. I'm sure none of them sensed my exasperation.*

*Well, we finally started out, past noon. I drove the toboggan towing the cargo sleds, Art, the passenger sled. We had a rough go through two-foot high sastrugi, but arrived at the new campsite about 3:30 pm, ±5 miles.*

*The last mile or so was great fun. We traversed a great area of blue ice with a liberal sprinkling of smooth, pancake-like and irregular snow drifts. The trick was to stay on the snow. The toboggans don't always respond to the steering, especially on hard snow or ice, so it was no mean trick to run the jagged course. We are now camped on a broad pancake of smooth snow with ice all around.*

*There is some question as to whether this ice is glacial ice, i.e. ice that has flowed down in this spot from some distant region or snow that has recrystallized in situ. These great areas of ice more or less follow the mountain front, and Bjørn thinks the increased solar heating of the nearby rocks has metamorphosed the snow in place. When one walks across this ice with crampons or even jabbing an ice axe, now and then there are resounding "cracks". And in this campsite we hear the ice cracking unprovoked, so to speak. No matter how the ice has formed, this cracking would be expected for the glacier is moving, if only extremely slowly, and the brittle ice at the surface is under stress.*

*After setting up camp, we ate a bit and waited, or at least I did, for Art to announce a sojourn to the rock. But he finally appeared in the cook tent, where John and I now reside, to say that he thought it too late to accomplish anything and how about a game of hearts before dinner. As the wind was howling outside, no one argued, and we all sat in the cook tent playing hearts and drinking tea.*

*Our camp location, however, is quite spectacular and the peaks appear as rugged from this view as we have seen them. I can't get over the feeling of sitting on an ice flow in some blue ocean, not far from shore.*

*The cook tent is usually pretty messy. John sleeps on one side, I on the other. The radio is at John's feet. In the center are cardboard ration boxes, on top of them, the stove. Plastic bottles, pots of snow, and odds and ends, such as an open can of butter, a chore girl, a box of Boulton biscuits lie scattered about. This confusion of junk will increase as we remain in the camp.*

*The tent is provided with some crossties at the peak for drying and these are very effective, but now and then a sock or insole comes tumbling into the soup. At our first camp, one of the calendar girls also hung from the drying rack, but she fell into the hoosh and now lies rolled and somewhat worse for wear under the radio.*

*My bruise is declining so I guess no serious damage was done.*

*I have been reading Mario Pei's "The Story of Language" and find it quite interesting. It isn't quite, but almost, the sedative for me as Art's Russian grammar is for him.....*

*December 12 Tuesday*

*-3° F 8:45 pm*

*Dear Sweet Lesley:*

*A windy night we had last night, and no one slept well. I don't think that I slept at all. And as no one could sleep we had a reasonably early breakfast and were underway by 10 am.*

*John and I set out to climb the highest peak in the range by one route, Art and Bjørn by another. We don't know the names of these peaks, although Art has submitted names to the Board of Geographic Names, each peak for a director of the Survey. But Art forgot to bring a list of what he proposed and he remembers not. We know them only by such exciting names as W1B etc.*

*The day has been windy, and John and I had a cold walk across the ice to the mountain front. We had a brief warm respite in the sunny lee of the cliffs, but were back in the blast when we rounded the north end of the mountain. We attempted a rock route on the ridge, but our scree ledges gave way to blocky cliffs and finally ice plastered ribs so we retreated to the base of the mountain and trudged up the glacier to the plateau behind and the easy backside. It was easy except for a high wind, which dogged us clear to the summit where we found a brief respite under a large cornice. John suffered mild frost bite on nose and cheek. We found this evening that Art had measured 50 mph wind and -12° F on a nearby summit. It was about the coldest climb that I've ever made, though I doubt if our winds were as high as Art's.*

*We built a cairn and left a peanut can register. I doubt if the second ascent is made before the next hundred years, if ever.*

*We scouted another route to take the toboggan up on the plateau, a trip planned for tomorrow.*

*But the wind is howling about the tents again, up to 35 mph gusts, and Bjørn and Art returned completely beat from their battle with the winds. Thus Art has proclaimed we'll return to the Jamesway if the wind continues. However, a large bank of clouds has appeared to the southwest, so we may not go anywhere.....*

*December 13 Wednesday*



+1° F 9:30 pm snowing

Here we are, sweet love, back in the Jamesway. The sky was overcast when we left the campsite and the light flat. I started out riding the second sled, garbed in down pants and comfortably reading Mario Pei, but Ray, who was driving the cargo toboggan, soon gave up on the grounds that he could see nothing. I took over and drove all the rest of the way. It was difficult to see, but no worse than skiing in flat light. We found our track from the outward journey just before the clouds obscured the northern mountains that we steered by. We soon left rough sastrugi behind and rolled along at a pretty clip. The Jamesway appeared, but as we drew near, my toboggan set up a dreadful banging. The main drive chain was broken, and one of the metal bars which take the bite in the snow badly bent. So well the toboggans had served us to this last minute. We left the ailing toboggan by the wayside and made a slow train on to the Jamesway, 3 heavy sleds behind one toboggan. The poor critter was probably hauling close to 3000 pounds.

The Jamesway looks the same. Surprisingly enough there was no great elation on our return. I felt none at all, but then I had felt that we should stay out a day or so to see if the weather would improve. Now we must return about 10 miles to the south to finish off the planned work in that area, about one day's worth. Art is continually concerned about the weather, but as yet we haven't one that wouldn't allow retreat. Yet he may be right to be conservative and if this storm—if one can call it that: no wind, low clouds, and light snow, but fairly warm—should last for several days he will have made the right decision. However, I suspect other things influence these decisions, and this is only human. Art fell yesterday and sprained—only, we hope—his wrist. This morning no one looked very happy eating the oatmeal and with nothing better in prospect, these things influence. I don't mind returning to the Jamesway, but I want to finish and come home to you. I guess I don't enjoy playing bridge in the warm Jamesway as much as the others.

I was dinner cook tonight. As I prepared a non-hoosh meal, the others went back with sled to fetch the crippled toboggan. We can probably fix it or replace the whole drive bell from the spare toboggan. There was heavy lacing of the bug juice before the steaks tonight, and it still goes on. Art is drunk. Bjørn happy. John has had as much as the others but seems normal. Ray is quiet as usual.

We played a game of hearts after dinner, and now a wild game of bridge is in progress. Art is loud and somewhat obnoxious. He is continually trying to relight Bjørn's cigar. I'm afraid the intuitive method may take a beating tonight.

I have suffered minor frostbite of the nose or so I would guess by the blisters and tenderness. And somehow today I smashed my glasses. They were in my ridged metal dark glasses case in my pocket. I pulled the case out on our arrival; it was bent and battered, though I know not how it got this way.

I cannot let myself drink and be gay with the crew for some reason. I'd much rather drink wine and be gay with you, sweet love. And if I cannot be that I'd rather write to you.

We have, on calculation, about 8 to 10 more days of geology that must be done. In addition there are some distant nunataks, which could be visited if the motor toboggans hold up. However, one bind is that Bjørn must make his glacial movement measurements in early January or later to coincide with last year's measurements. On top of this Art assures me that the Navy wouldn't get us out of McMurdo earlier than February even if we did finish up and leave [here]. However I would be willing to risk this eventuality. There is

*talk of starting to vacate the camp the first week in January when the plane comes. I shall push for this if we are done with the geology and if it fits Bjørn's needs.*

*December 14 Thursday*

*+5° F 10:30 pm snowing*

*Hello, sweetheart*

*Snowing all day and the visibility so bad now that one would have trouble traveling. If this keeps up, Art will have been right.*

*I spent much of the morning—after a late breakfast—repairing the toboggan. Art worked at boxing specimens in spite of a painful hand and wrist. But even after he had made the most uncontestable statement at breakfast about, "Let's get the motor toboggans in running order today," I was the only one who set out to do so. Finally I had to have help and Bjørn came out—it was cold and windy—to help. As far as I know, John and Ray did absolutely nothing to further the cause. And, of course, Art said not a word more. The toboggans still need a little work, and when Bjørn and I had finished, I made some remark to this effect, but to no avail.*

*Yet one can say nothing, as peace must be preserved. But no one here is a "helping spirit". How nice to work with Dwight where help and cooperation are taken for granted. Now and then Art issues an order directly to someone, and they do his bidding, but no one actually looks for things that need doing and sometime things imperative to the success of the operation. That is, except me, and you know how fidgety I am.*

*I took a sponge bath today and washed my hair with shampoo borrowed from John. Feels pretty good to be relatively clean again. I now must start the slow process of washing underwear and socks.*

*At a rubber of bridge this late afternoon, John got quite mad when Bjørn gave me a broad hint as to what to play, and it cost John and Ray many points. You're not supposed to tell your partner what to play even if he's a beginner of very low order. And John has been most morose ever since. I think the close quarters are telling on everyone.*

*We have all been taking pictures of the meteorite. Who knows where they will end up? If this were a private enterprise, we could probably sell them for a pretty penny. But that is hardly the scientific attitude.....*

*December 15 Friday*

*+4° F (in sun) 11:10 pm*

*Hello again, sweet wife;*

*Today we had a slapstick comedy up on a glacier. We had set out, all five in early afternoon and in beautiful weather for the nearby nunatak and glacier where Bjørn was to survey some more glacial movement stakes. This was the area visited several weeks ago on ski. While Bjørn worked, the rest of us proceeded up a wide valley, hoping to reconnoiter a route onto the plateau.*

*When we take our northern trip, we must skirt the escarpment's edge which outlines the plateau. The plateau juts out to the north like a peninsula, and when we have reached the farthest most outcrop or nunatak by skirting this plateau, we shall be some 40 to 60 miles from the Jamesway. If we could cut back across the plateau, that is across the neck of the peninsula, we could save half the distance or more on the return trip. From the photos, the plateau is easily gained from the far side, but this side was questionable.*

*As we started up the valley, it looked like the difficulty would be a steep slope far up the valley. I suggested to John that we try the remote control steering when we reached the first gentle rise in the floor of the valley, when we hit the crevasse field, hence, I was skiing next to the sled, steering the toboggan with reins. Art was skiing behind the sled. John and Ray started out riding on the sled, but when John jumped off for something and put his foot through a snow bridge twice, both he and Ray hastily donned skis. We were on hummocky ice with soft snow between the bumps and practically every depression was a well-concealed small crevasse. We banged along for a short ways up the hill when the toboggan found a big crevasse. The front, ski-bearing end passed over the bridge, then the track settled into the soft snow and dug itself through the bridge most efficiently. The bridge disappeared and the engine roared as the track spun in space. The machine had caught on the rear tow bar on one side the crevasse and the skis were on the other. I finally reacted to pull the string, which stopped the engine, and we crept up to peer in. It was big but narrow, and had the tow bar not caught on the edge, the poor toboggan would have slithered in tail first. We might have gotten it out; I don't know. At any rate, it was easy enough to lift it out from its hung position.*

*But now the comedy began. The wind was blowing a gale in the valley here, and the first few feet above the ground was whirling snow. We turned the toboggan and sled around and tried to go back down. Many things happened. I got tangled up in the control ropes, and while trying to extricate myself, fell down and let go. The toboggan was off by itself. Art tried to reach the ropes and fell down on the ice. The machine found another crevasse and ran along the edge, half tilted into it as on a track. But it didn't fall in and luckily stopped when the dragging control line got tangled in the sled and shut off the motor. Meanwhile Ray and John were picking and slipping down the hillside in a comical fashion. They both had on bright blue nylon down jackets, puffed out like strange bird's breasts over their parkas. Between their lack of skiing prowess, the poor bindings, and wind, the crevasses, and ice, they made quite a sight. And meanwhile my hat had blown off, and I went stumbling after it as best I could on the broken ice and with no ski poles.*

*The second attempt at descent got us a bit farther. It really was an innocent looking gentle slope. But Art was trying to hold back the sled, which tends to shoot past the toboggan on the downhill and turn over, and he fell down. The toboggan and I were getting on pretty well when the sled came zooming by, caught up short on the tow rope as it went by and wrenched the rear of the toboggan around on the ice and the toboggan tipped over. There it lay, spinning its track like some poor overturned beetle.*

*We finally made it down to the level snow with Art at the wheel—damn the crevasses!—and I braking the sled.*

*We shudder to think of coming down through that with two heavily laden sleds. Thus we cannot make the short cut.*

*Bjørn was far from done when we returned, so Art and Ray stayed to help him while John and I set out on skis for the Jamesway. Without pack the 3 ½ to 4 miles was pleasant enough exercise. As soon as I got home, I changed the worthless soft shoe leather bindings of my skis, which had left me helpless on the ice, for Army cable bindings. I had originally put on the leather bindings so I could ski in mukluks, fearing that my feet would be cold in boots. But I've never been cold when skiing, so I'll be glad to have some control again.....*

*December 16 Saturday*

0° F 10:50 pm

*Today was to have been a long trip to the “southern nunatak” that we did not reach on the last excursion. But at breakfast, served about 1 pm, various reasons were found to postpone the trip. Thus today was to be spent getting ready for an early start tomorrow. The alarm is set for 5 am—I am breakfast cook. But now the sky has clouded over and the wind picking up so we may not go tomorrow either.*

*I did most of the preparation for the trip, worked on the toboggans etc. Art and Bjørn worked at breaking up the bulk samples and boxing them. Ray came out and helped about a minute, if that. John appeared not at all. I've just got to adjust to this state of affairs. After all there often isn't enough to keep one man busy, and I am much better off doing something, hence I shouldn't complain when I'm the only one doing it.*

*I washed some underwear this afternoon, under some derision from Ray. And I read Mario Pei—slow going—but interesting. Nicht war? And a rubber of bridge with Art as partner.....*

*December 17 (really 18) Sunday*

*12:45 am*

*We made our long trip today, and as I hardly slept last night, I'm about done in. Everyone else is too. Some in bed, sound asleep, some half in bed, others out of bed but all sound asleep. I had to keep going as I was cook and had all the before-bed chores to do such as empty trash, melt water, fill snow barrel etc.*

*The trip was quite successful. We had wonderful snow conditions for the ten mile trip to the nunatak and we must have averaged 8 or 9 miles/hour. The fresh snow of day before yesterday had smoothed the sastrugi quite nicely, and there has been relatively little wind to carve them again.*

*John and I set out to investigate an even more remote nunatak—about 15 miles from Camp Washington—which is on the plateau. We didn't think we could get up the escarpment with a toboggan and had visions of a 10 mile ski trip, but lo, we found a route and the trusty steed took us right up. John and I sat on the seat of the toboggan and dragged only a small Akio sled with packs and skis. We had some tippy times in rough sastrugi, the crux of the ramp onto the plateau was a berschrund-like crevasse. I probed with an ice axe and found a bridge—very solid—which John rode across standing on the running board of the machine, ready to leap.*

*I am going to add to this tomorrow (today), sweet love, for I am woozy with sleep. Good night, sweet warm thing. I love you.*

*December 18 Monday*

*-5° F 1:10 pm*

*.....But to continue with yesterday's saga. After our investigation of the far southern nunatak, John and I returned to some small nunataks on the escarpment where Ray, Art, and Bjørn were at work. Next to one nunatak, down a huge moat-like wind scoop, we heard the hundred foot wall of ice above us snapping and cracking. Even these slow glaciers have life. Sometimes when one is up high and looks out across the plateau, one sees great bulges of snow-free ice cut with huge arcuate crevasses. These blisters represent tumors of rock preparing to push through the tinning ice skin of Antarctica. Fortunately we've managed to keep away from these areas.*

*Today has really been an unchallenged holiday with no pretenses. I did write up my notes from yesterday. One seldom takes many notes in the field, that is, out of doors, for understandable reasons. I usually jot down a few reminders and note specimens and any hard-to-remember data. Sometimes when the sun is bright and one is sheltered, one can write comfortably with bare hands for some minutes. In this respect, I've become pretty efficient at taking pictures. I can take both cameras out of my bosom, where I keep them warm, and take two pictures before my fingers are numb.*

*The clothing has been pretty good, although I haven't touched some of it. I usually wear thermal underwear and wind pants, undershirt, light shirt, and wool shirt. If I'm doing hard work, extended skiing or climbing, I can get along with only the light anorak, but if riding or only climbing a little or if the wind is really strong, I wear parka with liner. I carry my down pants everywhere for any occasion where I'm still, i.e. long rides, etc.*

*I think Art has finally realized that there is a disproportion of the work and actually asked John to grease the toboggan tonight. John looked startled, but complied without a word.*

*Today was a usual day off. Much bridge and several games of hearts after dinner, which was unbearably late for me, for Art, the cook, was playing bridge. Ray made a good contact with Byrd so I sent you a ham gram. Unfortunately I forgot to give your address, only the telephone number, hence it may not get to you for some time unless the recipient ham in the States is near Seattle or is willing to call long distance collect.*

*Days like this leave me rather empty. I wish that I had spent it with you. We probably will finish up the geologic work before Bjørn is ready to leave. Of course bad weather could change this. It aggravates me to waste time, which I could be spending with you. The total time spent doing geology out of time spent on this expedition is going to be appallingly low. Even if time spent in travel and for bad weather is legitimately reckoned, which it must be, the total time of doing nothing is immense. This would not be so bad if it was with you.....*

*December 19 Tuesday*

*~0° F 3:35 am*

*Hello, sweet mine. Good morning, I guess it is.*

*A plan to visit the nearby mountains today was put off due to weather. It has been snowing off and on all day, and the clouds have often obscured the mountains.*

*We were awoken by Ray hammering the malfunctioning Colemans and served breakfast several hours later after he finally got one to go. The poor gasoline or perhaps the misused kerosene has taken its toll, for the big Coleman is completely clogged and a few of the smaller ones in a bad way. Luckily we have two new small ones to fall back on.*

*I spent a good part of the day playing bridge, first with Bjørn as a partner, then with Art. The intuitive method took a great drubbing. Bjørn will do wild things in the game just for the play. To hell with the points. I don't mind. Ray and John are much more serious.*

*I have been adding some short stories by D.H. Lawrence, a collection called "Love Among the Haystacks". They are all very good and reasonably cheery. I'm still plugging away at Pei, but I've bogged down in the descriptions of the various language groups.*

*And I have been writing another poem to you. I enjoy doing it, so I hope you'll excuse the poor poetry. I think that I've apologized enough before so I'll stop doing so and just send my productions without further ado.*

*Bjørn has declared that he wants to make his last measurements about Jan. 15<sup>th</sup>. This means some of the party must remain at least until then, although some may get out on the first of the two evacuation flights about the 7<sup>th</sup> of January. The weather and the Navy may change all this, of course.*

*We have been having steaks every night, and I expect with our supply will allow us to continue to do so. Frankly, I can get as tired of steak as the rest can of hoosh.*

*Ray was quite industrious as cook today and organized the kitchen and pantry to a high degree. But he didn't send a SITREP when Art suggested it, at a time when Byrd was coming in well on the Zenith, and when tried, unsuccessfully sometime later, Art seemed a bit displeased. I still have feelings of real antagonism, but think that I'm getting these pretty much under control. As I have a tendency to be over-suggestive to everybody, I've vowed never to argue except where I think that there is real danger involved. I find it hard to keep this vow sometimes. Well, I think that we'll make it through the season without any real squabbles, and in these circumstances that indicates a pretty well-matched crew. I hope that I haven't penned too soon,*

*Lesley, sweetheart love. Only a few more days until Christmas, and I can open my presents and think about you. In some ways, I hope we'll be on the trail on Christmas, thus avoiding the inevitable Christmas "party" which will only make me miss you even more. But we'd only have the party when we return, so maybe it doesn't matter*

*December 20*

*~0° 3:45 am*

*Snowing all day today with near white out conditions. We may pay now for our phenomenally good weather of the early season.*

*The day was spent in bridge and hearts. I have read so much that I'm about read out, but may soon be card-played out as well. Thus return to reading. I've finished the short stories of Lawrence. He is amazingly gentle in his handling of human foibles. He finds the beauty in even the grimmer aspects of life and has a huge amount of human sympathy.*

*After dinner tonight we played hearts. Art was a bit drunk and we were all very gay. I guess in sympathetic response. A tremendous volume of beer is consumed by this crew, by John in particular, but the others follow closely on his lifted elbow, so to speak. A dozen or more cases will have been consumed by the time we leave. As I have never even approached the state of tired-hotness that I can reach in the Cascades, the beer has no appeal whatsoever. Yet when we're confined to the hut, the others drink it constantly. It's always a great fuss over thawing the cans. Sometimes they are left too long and must be chilled outside—where they are often forgotten until frozen again. If they are opened at the wrong temperature, the Jamesway is showered much to everybody's amusement.*

*Good night sweet love of mine. I love you. I love you. I love you,*

*December 21 (really 22)*

*4:05 am*

*Again bad weather, although it showed some signs of clearing. At times the distant glacial masses shine silver bright beneath grey clouds, and white wisps of mist drift across the peaks. It is beautiful even on "bad" days.*

*Our nearby trip to the mountains is intended for Bjørn so that he can install a temperature recording device (thermograph) on the rocks. But he wants good weather for this, so even though today was navigable, we did not go. And, of course, we cannot begin the long trip north in bad weather.*

*I played bridge much of the day, then a tense 3-hour chess game with Art—lost again. Though I deplore it as a waste of time, I do enjoy playing cards. And it does pass the time quickly. Just as we were about to go to bed this evening, someone suggested hearts, so we all sat down to the table again, and John rushed outside for the forgotten beers. I would rather have worked on your poem but I need quiet for that.....*

*December 22 Friday*

*-2° F 11:20pm*

*Hello, sweet love:*

*As I was cook today and woke up early to find sun on the window, I roused the others out for an early breakfast (11:45 am), and the trip to the mountain was accomplished. I did not go, however, but remained in camp to cook and ready the sleds for another trip.*

*The others were only gone a short while, a few hours, but I enjoyed being really alone, the first time since being in Antarctica. And somehow being alone made me feel closer to you. And the prospect of completing our northern trip cheers me, for although we may have time to kill, it's another step towards you. However the clouds have been hanging about the mountain all day, and a black sky is moving in from the southeast—our dangerous direction.*

*This morning when I first went out, there was a bit of ice mist in the air, and the sun had beautiful sundogs and crosses. It was dazzling.*

*I spent much of the day reading Hamlet is a collection of 5 plays brought along by John. It makes me think of evenings on Ravenna, sitting with you, sipping tea, and reading bawdy Shakespeare. I'm now starting on Macbeth.*

*I tried to make a rice soufflé for dinner this evening, but with no recipe to guide me, I produced a rather rubbery mass, which was eaten, but only rather hollowly complimented. Not eaten at all by Ray.*

*Listening to the radio this evening, we begin to sense Christmas approaching in the Antarctic. The pilots were calling in to Byrd to wish everyone a Merry Christmas. Tomorrow is Christmas Eve in McMurdo. And we have heard a New Zealand commercial program beamed at New Zealand bases in Antarctica where all sorts of personal Christmas messages were delivered by announcers as well as some wives and sweethearts. Some of them were almost hilariously contrived and artificial, but I expect that they were well received. I must admit that I couldn't express the love I wanted to in the ham gram that I sent.*

*My early breakfast may help get us back on schedule, for everyone fell asleep before or after dinner, and now most are in bed. The climate must be good for me, or I get too much sleep, for on days when I've had little sleep, i.e. like today after only 4-5 hours, I feel sleepy, but never out-of-sorts as in the States.*

*I love you, sweetheart mine.*

*Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,*

*Thy head, thy sovereign, one that cares for thee*

*And for thy maintenance; commits his body*

*To painful labour both by sea and land,*

*To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,*

*Whilst thou list warm at home, secure and safe:*

*Taming of the Shrew, v. 2*

*I wish I were at home to care for thee, but I do hope you are secure and safe. Good night, love.*

*December 23 Saturday*

*+10° F 12:10 am*

*Our promise of good weather yesterday disappeared in snow. We awoke to a white, white, white world (even whiter than usual) and all cloaked in about one inch of snow, and still snowing. All objects outside are suspended in white space, no ground, no sky. As the yearly average snowfall is not much more than 2 inches here, we feel buried. But if the wind should start blowing before the sun can solidify this new snow, we will be literally buried. Well, as someone said, "We'll have a white Christmas."*

*Our early to bed last night was fruitless. No one slept. It was too hot, and our monstrous sleeping bags are not very adaptive. I didn't get to sleep until about 5 am, and then had a sexy dream about you, sweet love.....*

*The temperature today crept up to +12° F, a record over last year. Bjørn postulates that the storm must have snuck in from the Weddell Sea Area, the wet air causing all sorts of havoc. We have heard the Minnesota party on the radio. As yet they are still where they started and evidently getting some of our weather. Also, Behrent's traverse we hear, and John B. in a strange dog-calling voice, saying "Nash 2, Nash 2, Nash 2, Nash 2," as he tries to rouse Byrd and report his trouble. He is at mile 320 and been there several days.*

*We have postulated all sorts of Christmas pranks such as tobogganing 160 miles to Bill Long's camp and singing a carol outside their hut or calling Byrd, then responding with naught but a carol.*

*As usual we played bridge much of the day and there is another game in progress now. After the first game, John built a Christmas tree which now hangs from the ceiling at the end of the table. The trunk is a bamboo pole, the limbs, small dowels—trail markers—jammed in holes, ever shorter toward the top. From the four limbs half way up the tree hang green trail flags. This gives the tree color and body. At the end of each limb is a chore girl, brand new. Thick strips of tinsel cut off a roll of Al-foil by Ray are draped about, and John and I made two candy chains out of string and hard candy. There are tea bags, colored pipe cleaners, a whisk broom—Bjørn's contribution—and a paper silver star atop. Art hung an old sock on the tree, and one of the calendar girls half looms out of it.*



*We have each drawn a name out of a hat, the named to be presented with a present. I have drawn Art's, but haven't hit upon an appropriate present yet.....*

*December 25 Monday*

*3:00 am*

*Merry Christmas, Love of Mine. No pretending it's Christmas Eve. I must write according to the time. I hope your Christmas Eve was fun and not too hectic. I would so be with you now.*

*We have heard Christmas music on the radio all day from all the "Voice of...." Stations. Some of it makes me quite happy in mood. John and Art have played carols on their harmonicas and I on my recorder, but there have been no proposals of singing, even though the bug juice cocktails have steadily been poured. And we heard two Christmas messages delivered to Behrent by the Byrd radio, which were terribly funny. These were greetings intended for all the USARP parties, one from Phil Smith and crew in McMurdo, and one from Waterman himself of N.F.S The funny part was that all the rigmarole of official messages was included in the sending, everything repeated twice, and difficult words spelled out in the radio alphabet. Recall the example of a message that I sent you a while back. And when Waterman's somewhat lengthy sentiments were over, Behrent said most innocently, "Did not copy all after 'TO USARP REP MCMURDO'." We no doubt would receive the same message, but Ray, though prodded numerous times all day by Art, has just got around to trying unsuccessfully the contact. And with Byrd celebrating Christmas Eve and no planes up at this time of night, great wonder if the radio operator was on duty, even if sober.*

*The weather tried to clear a bit and we had some sun bringing out a wondrous sparkle to the snow. I got so fed up with bridge, and as it was Bjørn's turn to play anyway, I went out and ski-joured behind the toboggan. I steered by remote control and had fun cutting great sweeping arcs through the fresh snow behind the toboggan at full throttle. But full throttle is not very fast for skiing, Then a near disaster. The throttle control string jammed, and I could not turn the thing off. Away I sailed to the endless horizon. But I pulled myself up hand over hand on the tow and steering ropes until I could just, by squatting, reach the tow bar of the machine. From the squatting position I had to lean way over to grab a holdable part of the engine, pull myself way off balance, and grab the throttle. I managed to do it, but if I had fallen down, the machine would have gone on until it ran out of gasoline many miles away. Oh well, entertainment.*

*I have been reading more Shakespeare, Romeo and Juliet and Julius Caesar, and have tried to write you another poem. This last one is somewhat silly so I may not send it. But then again maybe I will after I've worked on it a bit.*

*I love you, sweeting, so very much. Tomorrow I'll open your presents and report on the events of the day. I long to be with you once more, and I shall if time will but fly. Love you.*

*December 26 Tuesday*

*+8° F 12:10 am*

*Christmas has come and gone. With it came good weather, and if all goes well, we leave on the northern trip tomorrow.*

*I have thought of you much today, yea even more than usual. We got up about noon. You no doubt were done opening presents and perhaps eating breakfast or was it after that even? I hope the Mumu fits, if*

*not now, maybe later. I couldn't resist it for you, and it has a belt making it more to your liking. I'd hoped it would serve you in your delicate condition.*

*Bjørn cooked a special breakfast, but his Norwegian porridge did not work out as he would have liked, because the powered milk would not whip. I don't think that he put enough milk in. But it was good, and afterwards we opened our gifts. Art and I were the only ones with gifts from home. Mine were dandy. Everyone has enjoyed them all, me in particular. The maple candy is about gone already. I've a picture of John gazing at a pinup through the dream scope. And it took me about 2 hours to reassemble the ball. In fact, I could not get it apart until John found the key.*

*Art's package turned out to be for all, from his wife: five mugs with our names on each.*

*Our white elephant gifts were merrily received. My gift to Art played on his propensity to fall asleep while reading Russian. With a note explaining the gift would keep him from wearing out his book, I gave him the bottle of phenobarbital pills (sleeping pills) out of the first aid kit. John received a great many packages of dried onions, which he favors in the cooking and which also make him very flatulent. And with the offending onions he received a new sleeping bag liner. Crude humor but appreciated. Bjørn was the giver.*

*Bjørn was the happy recipient of a huge box of Maine sardines, which he dislikes. Ray got a can of grease and a poem by John to the effect that his greasing of the motor toboggans would save our agonizing walk back from our next trip.*

*And I received from Art, a large screw and a note to the effect that I would have received a roll of wire and some pliers. This came about because I had admired a book holder that Art had made allowing him to lie comfortably in bed and read without freezing his arms. And then yesterday I had ruined his gift ("screwed" it, that is) by building one. In fact I had spent a good deal of time hunting for the wire and asking Art what he had done with it.*

*The same play on words was descended on Bjørn as a gift of a box of "assorted screws."*

*We fiddled around until Christmas dinner, masterfully prepared and presented by John. Steaks, of course, and the usual dried vegetables, but also ice cream, chocolate chip. Ray made some punch (?) with which we toasted, and many pictures were taken.*

*We heard again on the radio the Christmas messages of yesterday being delivered, and at our SITREP, managed to stave off delivery. Art got a ham gram, and then we got a telegram, and probably 5 hearts missed a beat—mine did at any rate—but it turned out to be for nobody we had ever heard of.*

*Two games of hearts, rather subdued. I suspect we're tiring of the game. Then we all ran outside to take Christmas portraits of each other and variously froze cameras and fingers in the process.*

*But sweet love, it was not Christmas without you. For Christmas shall never again be unless you're with me. Empty gaiety. I love you much. How was your day? I hope Peggy was with you, and the Stark household was filled with their usual madness and love. Your gifts to me made Christmas something. Thank you for thinking of it way back in hot D.C. Miene Weihnachten Kinderlien, ich liebe dich auch. Good night, Sweet love.*

*December 27 Wednesday*

*0° F 12:30 am*

*Hello, sweet love. I'm closer to you than I have been for sometime.*

*We are camped in a pleasant basin about 20 miles north of Camp Washington. The snow is smooth and soft in the basin, hence we expect to be free from wind. Today was a lovely day. We sailed along on the motor toboggans at a fine clip over the snow-smoothed sastrugi. As we went along the northern escarpment of the Horlicks, we darted in now and then to collect a sample. Ray and Art on one sled and toboggan, John and I on the other. The rock is all the same so we made good time.*

*We have left Bjørn behind for he has some surveying to do. He almost seemed happy to see us go.*

*The toboggans ran along wonderfully, but now and then some small thing goes wrong, and our hearts sink. We are so dependent on the machines. It's a long walk back even if we don't have to drag the sleds behind us.*

*We will occupy this camp for three nights. Tomorrow if the weather holds, we'll split up and head out to some distant areas of outcrop, the farthest another 25 miles from here. Then the next day we'll do the local geology and climb the highest peak in the Eastern Horlicks (a 2<sup>nd</sup> ascent; Art made the first last year from the other side) if we can get up the escarpment.*

*Art and I are ensconced in the cook tent, Ray and John in the other. I am cook tomorrow. We've brought the so-called medium weight rations with us. They have more variety and four times as bulky as the lightweight, but not four times as good.*

*We may suffer at night in this windless spot for I am already growing hot in the sleeping bag.*

*As we got up at nine am this morning, close to 3-4 hours after people went to sleep, we were all pretty tired when we arrived. After dinner I suggested as a joke—thinking surely they've had enough—a game of bridge. And, of course, everyone was eager to play, though no one really knew what he was doing.*

*Sweet love of mine, I wish you could see it now. It's like crystal outside. Quiet, sharp, a world dead and frozen, but somehow beautiful and unbelievable. I would so like to be in it with you. Love you thing, goodnight.*

*December 28 Thursday*

*2:45 am*

*A long day today. John and I set out for some nunataks about 12 miles distant. Our hopes for a windless camp were rudely shattered this morn for the wind blew lustily. And it was pretty cold as we motored along. However, we soon climbed up to a great plateau-like bench, a step up to the main plateau, and here the wind was gone, the sun warm, and the snow smooth. The ride was smooth and swift, and John fell asleep on the sled.*

*We visited many outcrops and saw much of the same rock. But in late afternoon we came upon a new rock type, a spectacular granite porphyry which stands up in citadel-like cliffs, which reminded me of Chamonix. A rock climber would be delighted were it a trifle warmer.*

*When we left our plateau we got back in the wind and blowing snow; gusts and whirlwinds tormented us. We had dandy time trying to wrestle a large 100 pound sample down a snowy slope to the sled, while the wind tried to blow us away.*

*In spite of the wind it has been a gorgeous day. As we came along the base of the escarpment deep in shadow, the blowing snow off the top of the jagged escarpment vaulted out over us, bright in the sun and besplendered with a thousand colors due to refraction.*

*At the last stop we were in high wind and when it came time to turn for warm tents, the toboggan wouldn't start until we'd cleaned some water out of the fuel system (the sediment bowls). What a miserable task. And we discovered today that the one toboggan has a leaky head gasket. One may travel for scores of miles this way with little trouble, but when it blows out, that's the end. Well, we hope it has another 20 miles in it at least.*

*Art and Ray had set out for the most distant nunatak, about 25 miles from camp. They hadn't returned when we got back so as per arrangement, John and I started out along their track at midnight loaded with spare toboggan parts. About 2 miles out from camp, John, who was riding on the sled facing backwards, just saw Ray and Art disappearing over a rise, headed towards camp. We'd still be riding now if he hadn't spotted them.*

*Back in camp they had a sad tale to tell of how their toboggan got clogged up with ice in the fuel system at their turn-around point, the distant nunatak. They had spent 4 hours taking it apart and putting it together in cold winds. Coming home they'd somehow got on to our track, which went a different way, hence our near miss.*

*Sweet love, heart of mine. I'm so tired that I can hardly think, so I must snuggle in my mind with you as I fall asleep. Good night, love.*

*December 28 Thursday*

*+16° F (official by Bjørn) 11:55 pm*

*Hello, sweet love of mine.*

*Our last long trip is over and we're back in the relative comfort of the Jamesway. This morning we awoke late and the day was warm; in fact it was +54° F in the tent before Art started the stove for breakfast. The plan was for Art and John to ascend the high peak (mundanely called M—survey designation of Bill Chapman on the 1958-1959 traverse). Ray and I were to investigate the rocks of the cirque and break up camp for departure. But as we ate breakfast, a great canopy of cloud arched over us from the north, which looked black, indeed. Art did not want to do the peak on a bad day so we all worked the valley. Art and I went again to see the contact of the intrusion; John and Ray sampled on the opposite side of the valley. The day was becoming duller and greyer, but still amazingly warm. To the south, over Camp Washington, we could see the edge of the grey canopy and blue sky.*

*We packed up camp, had a cup of coffee and set out for home. I drove the cargo toboggan, but John had the hard job of finding the route in the flat light. There were a number of hills, mostly down, always difficult to navigate with a heavy sled, and we had to avoid some of the great ice blisters, rich in crevasses. But John managed to follow our old track, though it was heavily drifted, and even though the wind had exhumed many sastrugi, we made it back in 3 ½ hours. This evening we drank a toast to the motor toboggans.*

*And back at Camp Washington, it was like coming out of Winter into Spring. Although misty and snowing slightly, it was warm and cheery. As I drove up, Bjørn was out to greet me, and, as I guessed he might be after three days alone, quite talkative. John and the others came up a few minutes later after slaloming the northern marker flags and making a figure eight just beyond the camp. The bug juice cocktails were poured.*

*And now we seem to be winding things up. We have one more long toboggan trip to Captain Munsun's Nunatak to the south. As soon as this is complete, and it should take but a long day, we'll call for the first evacuation flight. That should be before January 10. And that, sweet love, means mail from you. The last evacuation flight will be around the 15<sup>th</sup>.....*

*December 30 Saturday*

*0° F 1:20 am*

*Hello, sweet wife thing. A beautiful day today and very pleasant to work outside. Lucky, too, for we had much to do. Art and Bjørn went off to the nearby rock to visit and rewind the thermograph. John and I began packing gear and taking it out to the "strip" for our evacuation flight. The panic over the about-to-blow head gasket proved unfounded. I started it and also finished it by discovering where the disconcerting jet of hot air was coming from.*

*But while moving gear out to the strip, we broke another drive belt chain. So I had to repair the belt previously broken and with Art's help put it back on the sled.*

*Ray helped not one wit which provoked me. I really think he never thinks about doing anything., But it was such a nice day that I soon forgot him and even more or less enjoyed the grubby work.*

*If the weather holds, tomorrow, Ray, John, and I head out for Captain Munsun's Nunatak, 40 miles to the south. This will be a real grueling marathon. We are praying tonight to the gods which keep reciprocating engines running and the spirits which prevent chains from breaking. Art and Bjørn will stand by as rescuers while working on a nunatak about 10 miles south. We don't plan to spend the night, but are taking a small tent and various paraphernalia in case we do break down. I think that I could probably ski back non-stop with light pack, and I think that John could, but I'm dubious about Ray.*

*Today we heard a New Year's greeting being offered to USARP field parties via Byrd from the Russians. Although we made radio contact today, Ray managed to explain that we had heard that message, so instead they delivered Waterman's Christmas message, complete with all rigmarole. Later on the Zenith we heard Mirnyi talking, but even our Russian experts couldn't quite get the gist.....*

*December 30 Saturday*

*+6° F 10:45 pm*

*Oh frustrating day! We awoke beneath a provoking cloud cover with blue sky all around the horizon. As it did not improve or get worse after we waited a bit, the trip was rather wishy-washy put off. This evening it has cleared considerably, and we have hopes for tomorrow. Both Art and I were willing to begin tonight, but signs of high winds along the escarpment, plus more negative response of Ray and John to go, decided against the proposal.*

*I would get this trip over with and call for the plane. Possibly if the weather holds it would come in the next few days, and Art has decided to send two men out with the first evacuation flight to keep track of our gear and prepare the rocks for shipping. I would like to go with that flight, finish up the chores and concentrate on leaving Antarctica, which could be done with luck. But Art hasn't committed yet to who shall leave, and we may end up cutting the cards.*

*And so it was another day of bridge and reading. I've begun again "The Scarlet and Black".*

*I'm afraid the boys are not at all anxious to make this trip to Captain Munsun's Nunatak, but whereas I'm not really looking forward to 80 miles of sastrugi-jouncing either, I'm not at all eager to procrastinate.*

*John has been testy all day, not even appearing to relish the bridge, which usually makes him sparkle a bit. He has trouble sleeping and this leaves him looking and acting like a grumpy sheep dog.*

*His musical knowledge is amazing. He can by far out-name me on music caught in snatches on the radio. He never complains about duties called for and seldom questions Art's decisions.*

*Ray, I truly feel, and perhaps unfairly, is not a strong addition to the party. His lack of work cooperation annoys me, but he has also been most worthless in the field. If the terrain gets rugged or the distance long, his nervous feet give out. I'm not sure, but I think that he is a little frightened of Antarctica. He often is very slow to respond to a suggestion of something to be done, that is, direct suggestions to him. Often I think that he just doesn't notice. In a discussion of willingness to return again to Antarctica, Ray was the most adamantly against. John, Art, and I were quite willing. I said I'd be glad to spend a year or two provided with, first my wife (and family), and second, geologic work to keep me busy. Bjørn wouldn't commit himself. Ray has a habit of spending much time in front of our tiny mirror, essentially primping. Even at bridge he will constantly comb his hair or beard.*

*Bjørn is probably the happiest and most well adjusted of the lot. He seems to enjoy his work as well as the long hours of no work. Often in the late afternoon or evening he will have put away a number of bug juice cocktails and fallen asleep on his bunk with a contented smile. He is always in a pleasant humor and willingly helpful.*

*Art has become a little more decisive in these later days. He certainly has become aware that if work is to be done—other than what I and Bjørn do—he must make definite assignments. I have also asked him many times directly, what are we going to do next, who goes where, etc., and he hasn't seemed to mind this and usually responds with becoming firmness.*

*Can it be, sweet love pot of mine, that the end is really in sight. I don't dare get my hopes up for so many fickle happenings can get in the way. Are you getting bigger? What will you look like when I see you again? Where will that be? I hope by now you're over the stomach troubles. Tomorrow is your birthday. I shall, I hope, be atop Captain Munsun's Nunatak tomorrow and the most distant ever from you in space, much closer in reality. I forgot to wish you happy anniversary in these pages. I do it now and shall make it up with a thousand snuggles when I get home. I love you sweet thing mine. Good night.*

*January 1 Monday*

*+3° F 6:25 pm*

*HAPPY NEW YEAR, sweetheart mine.*

*At the beginning of the New Year, I was huddled on the sled behind a bouncing motor toboggan 20 miles from Camp Washington, returning from Captain Munsun's Nunatak. I was reading a collection of de Maupassant stories and having a fine time turning the pages in the wind with mittens. I tapped Ray and wished him Happy New Year. He just groaned. I yelled at John, driving the toboggan, and waved an arm while trying to avoid another jolting sastrugi. So that, my love, was New Year's.*

*We made our 80 mile trip in about 15 hours. The weather held clear and sunny the whole way, but in some areas the wind was fierce. The first ten miles was smooth and relatively fast. It brought us to the foot of the escarpment. John and I had found a route up a snow and ice ramp previously on our trip to the southern nunatak. As we started up, the wind was blowing down the hill in a furious manner and the blowing snow made route finding difficult. Then we hit the blue ice and with much pushing and straining we got the toboggan and heavy sled over the blue ice patches. And in the process, I had to drive over a number of small and well-bridged crevasses which caused Ray some consternation. We finally made the plateau and snow. John took over the driving and I settled down with de Maupassant. Several miles later we hit some fantastic sastrugi. Isolated patches of weird sculpture 4 to 5 feet high. John wound between these strange shapes and truly formidable barriers on a relatively smooth snow surface, and we were most thankful for the fresh snow, without which the going would have been very difficult indeed.*

*After 2 hours, Ray took over the driving and in an hour or so drove smack into the middle of a crevasse patch. I became suspicious as we climbed a slope, on the top of which were strange humps. But Ray drove on in his usual somnambulant manner and only stopped at the edge of the first huge and obvious crevasse. I probed across, ~50 feet, with an ice axe and found the bridge very solid, so I told Ray to come across. But he wouldn't drive the machine, and as it was necessary to avoid sastrugi on the far side, thus requiring careful steering, and not allowing the machine to be sent across by itself, I drove across at full throttle.*

*Then on and away from the ice blister. At about 8 pm we reached Captain Munsun's Nunatak, a really insignificant pimple, but the only rock outcropping around for 20 miles. And for the first time, we found sedimentary rocks in the moraine which may help tie the Eastern Horlicks to the Central Horlicks. This trip was well worthwhile. Ray seemed too cold to take much interest in the geology, but John and I hunted carefully through the moraine for fossils—without luck.*

*The wind was blowing fiercely, and on arrival I had noticed the sediment bowls full of water, which necessitated the cold finger job of cleaning them out. But this insured an easy start and we were soon on our way home.*

*We hardly stopped at all on the way back until we reached the small tent of our search and rescue team at the foot of the escarpment. There we found Art and Bjørn comfortably wrapped around a merry primus, and crawling in with them we had hot drinks.*

*When we returned to the Jamesway, everyone was exhausted, including me, for I hadn't slept much of the night before. But we were happy and again blessed the motor toboggans. No other vehicle short of an airplane could have taken us so quickly if at all over such rough terrain. They have made the expedition a success.*

*January 2 Tuesday*

*+2° 4pm*

*Hello, sweet love. It's come at last: the events bringing me home to you. Art selected Ray and me to accompany the rocks to Byrd and ready some gear for next year. We've notified Byrd and had the plane not been grounded with a broken something, we might have left today. The part must come from McMurdo and be installed, but they hope to get in on the 3<sup>rd</sup> or 4<sup>th</sup>. Then I shall truly be on my way to you, sweet love, and I*

*feel like jumping up and down with excitement. But these are big “ifs”. Our weather must hold, I must be able to get transportation out of McMurdo—that could be by ship. It shouldn’t take us long to complete our chores at Byrd and McMurdo. I for one will work at them like a demon, if they can cause the delay.....*

*January 3 Wednesday*

*5:30 am*

*Ah miserable day! Waiting for airplanes again. We were told by Ken Moulton this morning (really afternoon) that he couldn’t say for sure when the plane could get here for no C-130 flights were getting into Byrd, bearing the crucial part. And this was because a C-130 was forced down due to contaminated gasoline, and no more were to be flown until the trouble with the fuel supply was corrected. But we listened carefully to the radio all day, and happily a C-130 did arrive at Byrd. We are all optimistic enough to hope the part was aboard, and that the plane will arrive tomorrow (really today, afternoon). And our optimism is so great that Ray has been commissioned to get up at 10 am and send a weather report. He is most unhappy at this, but has reluctantly set the alarm clock.*

*Our weather has been perfect. A wonderful sunny day. We worked some outside in shirtsleeves, packing up more gear to go out on this flight*

*But there’s a devil in the best laid plan,s for OSU in the Central Horlicks has been promised a flight on the 5<sup>th</sup>, probably more than one as they are moving their camp to the Western Horlicks. And Minnesota has planned a resupply flight for the 8<sup>th</sup>. If we don’t get out today or tomorrow, we won’t get out until the 10<sup>th</sup> or so. Grim, grim.*

*I have been reading the “Red and the Black” most of the day when not busying myself with other odd chores. After dinner we played hearts for the ten thousandth time, and I think we are all getting bored with the game. The cards are getting so worn that some of the crucial ones are recognizable from the back, which makes for a livelier game at any rate.*

*Well, sweet love thing, I’m crossing my fingers. I am flying home to you in spirit every night and I lie abed thinking about the journey and especially my arrival. Yet I can’t let myself go in rapturous anticipation for so many delays are probable. I have to maintain a patient pessimism. But the turn has been reached, and no matter what happens next it will be a step towards you. I love you, sweet Lesley. Even though this Jamesway and these icy mountains have become the real world to me now, my thoughts are always with you, although at times I cannot really remember, that is, feel our life together. But my memory isn’t so bad that I do not long for this “together” again. Every time something happens, I think, “I want to tell this to Lesley.” When I take a picture, I imagine how it will be, showing it to you. In this way and others, you are a part of me and will forever be so, though my environment swallow me up as this one does—and they all do in time—until it’s hard to remember what it was like before.*

*Good night sweet love pot, I love.*

*January 4*

*6:25 am (We’ve packed away the thermometer so cannot record any more unless Bjørn has read his instruments)*



*Ah, sweet love; it goes on. Today we heard that the part had been delivered to Byrd, but it was the wrong part! And today on the southeastern horizon, the telltale splinter of black cloud heralding a storm appeared and gradually moved up during the day to cover us. So there was great consternation and pessimism. But still the storm has held back, and though the ceiling low, it is yet flying weather. Also we have heard of another C-130 flight to Byrd on the radio, and our hopes are springing eternally. I have volunteered to get up and send a weather report in early morning, which is already here, so I shall stay up to send it. This may be our last chance for several days.*

*I finished the "Red and the Black" and then read a short appraisal of the book by Somerset Maugham. To my horror he maintained the hero of the book was one of literature's best-portrayed villains, one the reader was interested in, but for whom one had no sympathy. I had great sympathy for the hero and hardly considered him a villain!*

*Other than bridge and chess, the only other thing that I have done is try to do a poem on Antarctica. I shall send it to you when I finish. I am trying to put across the place itself in ways it has often struck me. This is difficult, but maybe you will catch a glimpse.*

*I truly think that my happiest and most contented times here have been when I'm out on the trail or doing geology. Then I feel my life is moving forward and there is excitement in the air. Some mornings when we have set off on a long journey and are shooting across the snow, the sun, the scenery, and everything is exhilarating. Unfortunately there have been all too few of these moments in total. Since arriving at Camp Washington, I have done geology on 16 days out of 58. I'm sure that Art and Bjørn would assure me that this was outstanding success.*

*Bjørn is the only one of us who has been doing any work now. And he has been working hard in his snow pit, collecting samples of snow from various annual layers for study of the oxygen isotopes—indicators of temperature of formation amongst other things.*

*Well, sweet love, we'll hope again for the morrow. I can hardly sleep at night in anticipation. And I'm looking forward to your letters. If this delay keeps up, I'll start filling these pages with erotic love messages once more. I love you, sweet thing. Have patience. Good night.*

*January 5 Friday*

*2 am*

*Hello sweet love. A most exciting and harassing day it has been. Last night, i.e. yesterday morning, as I went to bed, the clouds had closed in on us altogether, so I put off sending the weather report until 11 am. Rudely awoken by the alarm, I went out to see the weather, which was still marginal, but worth a try. So I sent in the report. Then back to bed, but little sleep, for we left the Zenith on in case. "Navy-niner-eight-five-three" was launched. But we only succeeded in keeping ourselves awake as "McMurdo Radio" carried on its business with all the planes in that area.*

*And the day went good and bad, from good visibility to no visibility and falling snow. We tried once to reach Byrd and amend our report but with no success. Then as Art and I were just about to lose another game of bridge, out of the radio came the voice, "Nash 2, Nash 2, this is Navy-niner-eight-five-three ready for takeoff, give me your altimeter and wind." The Jamesway exploded into jubilation tinged with anxiety. The*

*weather remained undecided. We tried to reach Byrd, but without success as it was official SITREP time, and all the other field parties were on the line. Then there was no doubt; Navy 9853 was in the air and heading for us. We rushed outside periodically, too frigid to sit still, and yes, the weather was improving. Soon a blue patch appeared and the sun began to shine. None the less, Bjørn, John, and I raced around with the toboggan setting out a mile long row of drums and boxes to help the pilot judge the ground if definition was bad.*

*Ten minutes before arrival time it was clear and sunny. We were beside ourselves, and somebody made the remark, "God likes us." I'm sure with no sense of piety. But then the clouds came back and as arrival time came on, we could see nothing; it was snowing harder than ever. Gloom. Then Bjørn and I agitating about, outside, trying to dispel the clouds with will power, heard the motors in that never-too-sure way you do when you're listening too hard. But it was real and at the same time 853 came on the radio calling us.*

*We began directing them to us: "Now you're to the north, now to the east, etc." as they circled around. At one point the battery ran down, and we tried to start up the toboggan with generator attached, and it was out of gas. Great panic. But finally that was going, and Ray again made contact. Bjørn and I continued shouting directions to Ray in the hut. The plane appeared out the mists, almost overhead. John and I fired off flare guns and smoke bombs; they never saw these, but finally saw the camp. But then they'd bank away and would lose us or disappear from hearing altogether, and we would say, "You're way off to the southeast." Again they passed overhead, this time lower, only to disappear into the clouds.*

*We heard them coming again, but the motors sounded funny. Then Ray yelled, "They're on the ground," and sure enough they were taxiing towards us. How they ever landed, we'll never know! What is more, it wasn't Bob Farrington, who is familiar with area, but a new pilot. And the copilot, who we have considered none-too-bright, and who'd been on the earlier flights, couldn't remember in which direction the mountains lay.*

*To finish off nature's caprice, from the minute they were down it began to clear, and when we took off, the mountains were out, and the sun shining brightly.*

*And thus, sweet thing, I am on my way home to you. I've been reading your wonderful letters during the 3 hour flight back to Byrd and am writing this as well. Thank you, thank you, for the letters. The last was dated Dec 8<sup>th</sup>—fewer flights from Christchurch now. You are a Christmas Kind, but I'm so happy that you can enjoy that.*

*I'll add to this when I've talked to Ken Moulton about further progress towards the U.S. But I suspect that you had better start getting ready to descend on Menlo. Do you have someone to drive with you? I hope so, for you shouldn't have to do it alone in your condition.*

*January 5 Byrd Station*

*11:30 am*

*I cannot say definitely when I'll get to the U.S. With luck it will be about the middle of January. I want to mail this installment—though with luck, again, I may get there before it—I'll keep you posted.*

*Dwight writes that he is going to Kentucky for 3 months, beginning the latter part of February. Have you been in touch with the Crowders? He did not say if family was going.....*

*I tried to sleep a bit this morning and had a good 2-3 hours of sleep. I'd go to bed now but they haven't decided where to put me. I may retire to the cold and deserted Jamesway outside, where the USARPs stayed when we first arrived.*

*We unloaded the plane and are preparing to pack the rock boxes, all 2,000 pounds of them. I may not get much help from Ray. He went off for coffee about 3 pm and was to bring some tools back. At 4:15 I could do no more work without tools and went to fetch him, but by then it was time for dinner (5 pm).*

*The food tastes good, and before going to bed this morning I had a shower. This evening after supper, Ray and I cut each other's hair. But don't worry; it will still be long.*

*Byrd is the same only different. Above ground snow has been bulldozed about and many more tractors and snow cats are scattered about. The USARPs have a new vehicle all to themselves, a Nodwell; Canadian made, it is a huge tracked vehicle, which almost borders on the plush inside. The station is a-drip. Water drips everywhere except where ingenious mazes of tinfoil troughs and tubes plastered to walls, pillars, and ceilings catch the drips and lead them off. The temperatures here have been in the +10° to 20° F range.*

*Many new faces, as most of last year's crew whom we were just getting to know have left.*

*Sweet love of mine, I'll be moving on yet. Love you, love you, love you. Goodnight.*

*January 7 Sunday*

*5:15 am*

*Still at Byrd, but today should be the last day. Yesterday, sweet thing, I received the bundles of letters from you. First a great handful at breakfast, then some more at dinner. Wonderful!*

*My insomnia continues. Evidently a common malady around here. Ray has been having trouble too. I went to bed night before last about 9:30 pm and awoke at midnight. I finally got up, deciding that I might as well be working as tossing about so futilely. In the mess hall I discovered Ray who'd also been having little luck at sleeping. I suggested that we go out and work on the rocks, but he decided he wanted to try for sleep. The result of this and a few other maneuvers is that I did all the work. And none to soon, for I just finished before lunch yesterday—completely beat—and right after lunch Ken announced a C-130 due into New Byrd shortly. We quickly gathered belongings and dashed off to New Byrd in time to see the plane taxiing off just as we pulled up. The big planes are rigged with rollers so the huge cargo can be unloaded in about 20 minutes. They don't even turn the motors off.*

*Well, we visited New Byrd again under the guidance of its able but somewhat tyrannical officer in charge, Lt. de Vick. They have made great progress since the last time I was there, and it truly is a fantastic accomplishment. But as Bjørn commented, is such elaborateness really necessary? We even saw the "million dollar sewer" of electrically heated pipes being put into place.*

*I may have commented already on the fantastic contrast between Old and New Byrd. There is not a single piece of equipment out of place at New Byrd; everything is as ordered and precise as a military drill team. No trash litters the ground. And it's obvious from Lt. de Vick why this is so. He is one of the most outstanding military men I've yet encountered, even though his curt attitude of obvious superiority must be galling to those who serve him. It was so obvious that New Byrd was his, from huge electric generator down to neatly cut and smoothed snow entrance.*

*I was so sleepy during the tour that I hardly knew what I was doing and dozed almost all the way back to Old Byrd even though the trip was as bouncy as a rocking horse.*

*I forced myself to stay awake through a travesty of Faulkner's "The Long Hot Summer". Never have I seen a movie garble characters and events so thoroughly. Only Frenchman's Bend and some character names were similar to Faulkner's trilogy.*

*I had hoped to be so utterly exhausted so as to drop right off to sleep. So I couldn't even stay awake to write to you and thus felt lonely and deprived when I went to bed. But I did go right to sleep for at least 1½ hours. Then I was awake for several hours thanks to drunken revelry in the nearby enlisted men's Jamesway.....*

*Sunday 7 January*

*+14° F 10:45 pm Byrd*

*Dear Sweet Lesley Love,*

*Still here. Oh curses! No planes as yet today. It is terrible to wait and never know. No one here at Byrd knows. They don't know when a plane is expected until it calls in a position from an hour or so out. Up until today Byrd has gotten several C-130s a day; yesterday there were four and we missed the last one!*

*I suppose the journal is waiting over at New Byrd. I went back to bed this morning after mailing it and slept rather soundly until noon. Have read magazines, bits of books, checked in the radio room innumerable times, and generally fidgeted. I cannot settle down to anything; I just want to go, go, go.*

*I have typed up the poem on Antarctica and will enclose it with this. I wonder if Willie's sudden capture by the poetic muse is due to his broken engagement. I often feel like writing when I'm loneliest for you. Beyond what I can put in a letter.*

*The R4D went out to the Central Horlicks and will there pick up three visiting geologists, who will vie for travel space with me. I'm afraid, however, there won't be much vying, for their evacuation was planned at this time.*

*And to add to fate's unkind manipulations, ham radio contact has been very bad since my return so there's little chance of getting in touch with you.*

*This morning I discovered to my delight a letter of yours that I hadn't read. It was the one concerning moving. I don't think we need a travel advance if we have enough money to pay for it. Furthermore, I don't think you could get one without my signature. At any rate you will have tried by the time you get this.*

*I'm not very inspired tonight for writing but I wish that I could wax with Shakespearian eloquence on my impatience to get home to you. But you do seem much closer than you did in the Horlicks. You know, at times there, I had faint stirrings of horror at the distance, the remoteness. I could visualize something happening to force us to stay the winter. Yet I don't think it was really the physical-set up, but our complete dependence on other people. I might not have felt this if we had been planning to walk back to Byrd or even trust the toboggans that almost infinite distance. I've never really felt that same remoteness—a place where my legs wouldn't, with relative ease, carry me back to civilization. In Alaska, the feeling was somewhat similar, but*

*there was no comparable urge to be able to get back. The thought of not returning to you would turn my heart to dull grey stone (fine talk for a geologist).*

*I don't feel that remoteness here at Byrd, for there is just too much of man and his ways. Too many planes (usually), too much coming and going. It is truly said that in Antarctica man must be gregarious. Alone he is dead.*

*Well, I didn't mean to get on this somber note. I just wanted to say that I love you and miss you. Sweet thing, you and I are truly lucky to have each other.*

*I must say goodnight. I shall go and snooze on Ray's bed while he carries on the inspection of the radio room.*

*January 9 Tuesday*

*~34° F ! McMurdo Sound*

*Hello, sweet love; here I am writing a letter that I hope never to mail. And there is a good chance it won't have to go to you by mail. But habit, especially pleasant ones, are hard to relinquish, and after all this is a journal of events.*

*A C-130 is scheduled to leave in the next few days, on its way to Chichi for a 600 hour overhaul or some such thing. And though the exact date of departure is not yet known, P. Smith assures me that I can go with it. But there are no MATS flights scheduled from Christchurch until the 27-28 January. But he also assures me the NSF will pay my way commercial. Thus I will probably get home to you before any of my letters do telling of my impending return.*

*Well, to the day's adventures. Last night I met Dr. Schopf<sup>5</sup>, the Survey coal geologist, who had visited Bill Long. Even though he was obviously beat from his return flight, we had a good geologic talk. The first for a long time.*

*On getting up for breakfast, I was immediately informed by the radio man, whom I'd much harassed, that a C-130 was due in New Byrd early afternoon. Ken determined the time was 1 pm, so off we went at 12 noon with a Nodwell full of baggage and passengers. On arriving at New Byrd, we found no one had heard of the plane or when it would arrive. We mulled over this over the tenth cup of coffee for the day, when in rushed a clerk saying that the plane was due in 10 minutes. He, poor fellow, who'd seemed so impatient with our enquiries, now had to round up tractors and sleds for unloading on very short notice.*

*In came the beautiful airplane. Beautiful to me, but in reality a C-130 is a most improbable flying machine. As it taxied across the snow on skis, which pressed right up against its fat cargo-holding belly, I could think only of some fat seal waddling across the ice.*

*But it is a fast and powerful plane, and we reached McMurdo in 3 hours. Ray Brown met us at the airstrip on the sea ice, which is rapidly disintegrating. Great slushy puddles are found everywhere, and the road to base on land makes wide detours to avoid open leads. I hope it holds long enough for us out of here! Along the roadside were dozens of black, grey, and almost white seals, large, fat, amoeba-like masses. And we saw*

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<sup>5</sup> Dr. James M Schopf (1911-1978), well-known paleobotanist, coal petrologist, and paleopalynologist. See <http://isgs.illinois.edu/james-m-schopf>

*four penguins, just walking around in circles, but in formation, near the road. Almost hilarious, but we weren't really close enough for a good look.*

*Perhaps in our honor, but anyway with an excuse, Phil Smith threw a cocktail party before dinner in the USARP quarters. This is a newly set-up Jamesway with a large picture window viewing the bay; it is just larger than the Admiral's picture window. On the front end is a chalet-like porch. The USARPs would have to outdo the Navy if they could. I am now writing in the lounge, comfortable chairs, and brightly lighted.*

*The cocktail party was enjoyed by those who had missed martinis during the months, but I found it kind of dull, although I sipped a bit of vermouth.*

*McMurdo, or McMudhole, as it is fondly referred to, seems quite different in mid summer. Mud and running melt streams everywhere. It is junky, but less so than I had been led to believe. Much work and construction going on everywhere. Just on the ice at the foot of a hill is a great pile of junk and garbage, which does for the fantastic panorama of bay and mountains about what the University dump did for Lake Washington and the Cascades. The Navy hopes, of course, that the ice will all break away and sink the dump into the sea.*

*January 10, 1962*

*Wednesday 10:25 pm*

*It is snowing a wet damp snow, covering up all the mud and mess. But what will it do to my flight? I know not. No planes are flying now so it may be delayed. P. Smith says no earlier than the 12<sup>th</sup>. So we wait.*

*I had hoped tomorrow to hike up on the cinder hills behind the camp. But the weather may not be appropriate. Poor light and clouds today kept me from taking pictures.*

*I arose this morning around 10 am after the most solid sleep that I've had in weeks it seems. Perhaps the assurance that I'm on my way home has eased my agitation.*

*This afternoon after Ray and I had straightened and inventoried the Survey gear, we walked over to Hut Point. The incredible mess of garbage, trash, and old machines that spills away from McMurdo Station and even surrounds Scott's cabin (some of it is obviously his) almost completely submerges the scenic and historic pleasure of the walk. A photo cannot be taken of the hut without including old packing crates or orange tractor bodies.*

*But the look out onto the sound was interesting. A great ragged slash of open water showed, I presume, the path of an icebreaker. Large cracks are in the ice and near these, scattered black dots were seals. We again saw two penguins running about, but some treacherous looking ice between us and them prevented a closer look.*

*And reading and talking to the various USARP workers here about. The variety and goodness of the food is astounding, and I am well stuffed every evening. Imagine, lettuce!*

*This evening the movie in the officers' theater—called wardroom after ship's jargon—"The Desk Set" with S. Tracy and K. Hepburn was most enjoyable even though the projector kept breaking down.*

*I bought for you a present, sweet love, in the "ship's stores". You'll never guess what it is. I hope that I have a bit of time in Christchurch to buy a few more things.....*

*January 11, Thursday*

10:10 pm

*This may well be the last installment written in Antarctica. The plane is due to leave at 12 noon tomorrow. As the route to the airstrip has become even more circuitous to avoid bad ice, we must leave here about 9 am.*

*I packed up some things to mail today, for I thought I'd have to cut my weight in order to fly commercial. Now I hear from P. Smith that they are holding the MATS flight in Christchurch for us. This may mean no time at all in Christchurch.*

*I spent some time looking through the endless rows of packing crates scattered about the hillside for a missing box: the Allison spare parts box, which we sorely needed and which seems to have disappeared. What a fantastic expense all this junk represents. One wonders if the Navy has any idea just what it has.*

*After pursuing my futile course through the boxes, I struck out for the summit of the cinder cone behind camp. And enjoyable it was to get away from noise, diesel smoke, and constant profanity. At least the latter is what one begins to associate with humanity after being in close quarters with the Navy for a while (or the Army for that matter). I don't mean to sound the prude, but the dialogue is so monotonous as to be depressing. If one four letter word and its derivatives be removed by some scandalized censor from the normal Seabee conversation, the resulting jumble of prepositions and articles would be meaningless.*

*Example: "Where the \_\_\_\_\_ you been?"*

*"That \_\_\_\_\_ of a captain sent me to the \_\_\_\_\_ to pick up these \_\_\_\_\_"*

*"What the \_\_\_\_\_ does that \_\_\_\_\_ know about it?"*

*And so forth.*

*But back to my climb, away from the noise, though a distant rumble and groan still sailed up to me. The junk of McMurdo got lost in the distance, and all that was left was the panorama of gigantic snow-covered peaks far across the bay ice. The orange buildings of McMurdo merely added pleasant contrast to the all blue and white scene. In the opposite direction Erebus rose up to be rudely flattened by a heavy cloud layer. Mt. Terror was almost gone altogether. I walked on cinders and was happy alone.*

*January 12 Friday*

10:20 pm

*Hopes crash to the bottom in Antarctica. A cheery crew we were as 9 of us climbed into the Nodwell for the trip to the airstrip. Four of the happy returnees are from Argentina's Ellsworth station. They are Americans and spent the last 14 months at that base far across Antarctica. This summer when it became apparent that the ship with their replacements was not going to reach the base, they were lucky enough to find a way out via an Argentine prestige flight from Ellsworth to the South Pole. They truly will have gone around the world when at last they reach home.*

*Another illustrious companion on the "flight" (I'll explain the quotation marks anon) is the U.S. exchange scientist from Mirnyi. He was delivered to McMurdo on one of the two Russian visits.*

*The other 3 are the Ohio State geologists, Treves, Schopf, and Oliver. They are a jovial trio, and I enjoy their company. In fact the whole group is interesting, and that is well, as you shall see as I go on with my narrative.*

*Our trip across the ice was slow. The heavily loaded Nodwell constantly bogging in the soft, wet snow. And we had a few bad moments when the machine nosed crazily in the air as the backend dug into a soft spot right next to a hole in the ice where a seal was nosing playfully about. Many weak jokes were made about saving the rock specimens, etc.*

*But we arrived, and Ray Brown, the USARP secretary and driver, seemed little perturbed. I had just found a seat on the plane, when someone rushed in to say the flight had been indefinitely postponed. Water in the gasoline! Sure enough, outside many mechanics, brass, and interested bystanders were milling around under the wing, while a mechanic, using a long pipe with pin-like apparatus on the end, “bled” the tanks into a quart jar. Then he would hold up the jar for all to see. I expected them to ooh! and aah!, but they only marched off en mass to the other side of the plane.*

*We all had lunch.*

*After lunch, helicopters from the base began to arrive bearing more brass. All sorts of suggestions were offered, but nobody knew quite what to do, or worse yet why there was so much water in the gas. Then the news filtered down to us somewhat dumbstruck USARPs that if the plane did not go today it would not go for a week or more. It seems that the picket ship, a patrol ship for weather, search, and rescue, was about to depart its duty station, half way across the stormy, cold Antarctic seas that we were about to fly, and sail for supplies in New Zealand. The brass had rushed off to the radio to try and stop the picket ship. Then the word was definite: no flight until the 19<sup>th</sup>. Gloom and Gasp! Then the word again: they were going to fly the plane to Byrd on a routine run. Then refuel and hope to depart tomorrow at 8 am. I don’t know what happened to the picket ship problem.*

*So now we wait, quartered here at Williams Field—named after a seaman, I believe, who fell through the ice and drowned—and in a barracks called Heartbreak Hotel. There are many Jamesways here with all the usual provisions of a gloomy military base, including lousy movies. But the view of Erebus is outstanding. Huge.*

*This scare over water in the gasoline is well founded, for two planes have had trouble because of it: the plane that went down between here and Byrd a few weeks ago, and has since been recovered, and a plane last night which just came back from the Pole on two motors (ample for these mighty planes). But flying over the icecap where a landing most anywhere is possible and flying over 2000 miles of ice cold ocean are matters of acute difference. I’m glad of the conscientious attention given to the problem.*

*We have heard that 321, our plane, is on its way back from the pole and as yet has had no trouble. Well, I daren’t get my hopes up.....*

*Saturday 13 January*

*10:10 pm Christchurch, NZ*

*The cold part of the adventure is over, and I have bathed and put on clean clothes. Yet my journey thus far was not without further mishap.*

*Sure enough, this morning when we got up, we were told the plane was ready to go, have your baggage aboard by 7:30 am. At quarter to eight we were all strapped in and the last minute counting of heads was underway. Something seemed to be wrong. Among the passengers was one Commander Butcher (unbelievable name; must be a pseudonym), chief something or other to do with operations. The crew*



*consulted with him and muttered, then called my name. I wasn't supposed to go. Air Devron Six had received no manifest on me from the USARPs. The Butcher blurted this out to me as if to imply that I was a deliberate stowaway. I maintained that I was only doing what I was told. Whereupon, the Butcher pronounced that I could go—were they about to evict me bodily I wondered?— but he would see Phil Smith about this, “These damn usarps.....”*

*So once again, with further disaster allayed, we took off and had a very uneventful flight to Christchurch. The weather was perfect as we flew along the fantastic jumbles of rock and ice making up Victoria Land, but on arriving at Christchurch, we plunged through cloud to a rainy, gloomy countryside. But green and trees, and the smell of earth! The Ellsworth boys were much more affected than I, for as soon as I was back, it hardly seemed that I had ever been gone.*

*And now another dull weekend in Christchurch. And no hope for shopping. The plane we shall leave on is a Globemaster, flown down from Honolulu with a new engine for the MATS 118, which tried to leave without us but never got off the ground. We are scheduled to leave at 11 am, Monday.*

*January 14 Sunday*

*11:20pm*

*This is some sort of neurosis, sweet love, that makes me persist in writing this to you as though it were a letter. But to whom else can I talk? The military just cannot run an airline. Because of a faulty engine in the plane bringing down a new engine, we are delayed another day. One consolation: I can go shopping tomorrow.*

*January 15 Monday*

*9:45 pm*

*Last night I had little time to add to the journal, for Jim Schopf came in to talk, and when he left, the lure of sleep was too great.*

*Sunday was spent in rather aimless wandering about the biological gardens, trying to find places to eat, and waiting for a Scotch Regimental Band concert, which never took place.*

*Today I shopped and this afternoon went for ride with two Ellsworth men, Bill Holt and Larry (?) Seaquist<sup>6</sup>. We drove over the hills south of Christchurch to a small bayside village, Aukoroarta. In spite of the name, this town was a French settlement, and all the streets were “Rues”. The town lay in the caldera of an old volcano, the rocks of which from the hills we traversed.[check original•] The scenery was hilly, dry, and brown, much like areas of eastern Washington or Oregon. The trip was not particularly exciting, but I did learn more of my companions and their experiences at Ellsworth.*

*But first let me speak of the New Zealanders. They seem truly to be a distinct “race” of people. They all have very definite characteristics, physical. As many of the observations of the group I am with centered on the women, and I admit I haven't been ignoring them (more of that later), it becomes quite obvious that they are in general of limited types. In fact for the most part they don't appeal to me much at all. There seems to be two types: skinny and dumpy. Black hair and pale complexions are common. The men contrast with their ruddy complexions. Most attractive girls, best dressed, are usually in the skinny class, though some are buxom*

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<sup>6</sup> Larry Seaquist continued with an illustrious career in the Navy. He became an expert and author on world conflict and eventually was elected to the Washington State Legislature; see <http://www.larryseaquist.com/bio-current.html>

enough, but they look facially about 15-16 years old. Perhaps they are older, but the lack of makeup may contribute to this look of youth. Very few look in the 20 to 30 range. Many of the older looking girls are quite broad hiped. In general the women's attire is not stylish by U.S. standards.

The men are often skinny as well, with great mops of hair. Freckles are common. Sharp facial features, often, almost gaunt.

The most attractive girls generally have harsh, pinched features, and horribly glum expressions.

The accent I find quite distressing at times. It has little of the charm of the so-called Oxford accent, and, especially in the girls, aggravated by a high pitch or whine. There is a tendency to raise the pitch at the end of sentences in an almost funny way sometimes. I could hardly keep from laughing hearing the girl in the telegraph office read back my telegram to you.

I want to record some of the personalities that I'm beginning to know and describe their reactions to civilization and its wiles. Especially the Ellsworth group, which obviously had personality problems. I wonder what goes on in the minds of the men who are deceiving their wives. And they do it so candidly. I'm at a loss for inspiration now; perhaps later.

And perhaps grim news we have had. The plane is now scheduled to depart 2 pm tomorrow. This depends on their successful replacement of the tonight-arriving engine in the DC-6 and testing of the plane. I'm losing faith and am dubious that we'll leave tomorrow. But I'm hoping so much.

Where are you, sweet love? Driving across Oregon? Take it easy!

January 17 Wednesday

4:05 pm Hotel McCambo, Fiji

And what can happen next? Counting the time since we called for the plane in the Horlicks, I have been trying to get home for about 16 days and am not yet halfway.

I thought yesterday that I was really to make it. We departed at 1 pm from New Zealand and arrived at Fiji as scheduled about 8 pm. We had dinner—curried lamb and Tiger beer—then started out on the 12 hour, nonstop flight to Honolulu. About an hour out, as I was just dropping off to sleep, there was a “Bang, bangity bang!” out of the engine right next to me. For the next few minutes various members of the crew were gazing out the window intently at the misbehaving engine which was clearly sputtering now and then. Furthermore, sporadic jets of black smoke issued forth. Finally the plane commander announced that we were returning to Nandi, and shortly after that, the engine was stopped. We made it into Nandi, seemingly without difficulty, but I was told we had dumped several thousand gallons of gasoline to do it.

After much stirring about in the terminal, it became apparent that no one really knew what was wrong, and finally the crew admitted as much and shuttled us off to hotels. Some of the sailors aboard indicted they couldn't afford the hotels—which were not cheap—and the plane steward could but offer them a couch in the terminal.

So thwarted again and losing faith, if not courage, with the military air system. Almost every time an engine is stopped on this trip we have a many hour delay. And now we hear that a new engine is to be sent for, a process which will take several to many days to complete.

*A slight chance will see us aboard a C-124 due here this evening, but if this does not materialize, I'm going to write out a TR for commercial and damn the consequences.*

*And so I have spent a day touring in Fiji. This noon—slept late—Treves, Schopf, Seaquist, Drury, and I took a cab 15 miles to Lautoka, the second biggest town in Fiji. On our way the driver stopped to let us take pictures, and he also stopped at a native village where we took more pictures, exchanged smiles with the natives, and where I was much admired by the children for my red beard. This was the oldest village on the islands, as I was told later by a Fijian. Thatched huts and corrugated buildings in solid squalor. But the people were all smiles and seemed happy. Nor did they begrudge the invasion of their privacy. The children clapped when we took their pictures.*

*Lautoka was mostly Indian with a sprinkling of Chinese. The taxi driver told us that there were 70,000 Indians on the islands, and I guess they've all but taken over every enterprise but the government, still run by the British. We looked into the various shops, which were just closing. Sam bought a lava-lava, the male sarong. I almost bought one and may yet.*

*We walked through another rather squalid native village on the edge of town—very few natives in town—and saw a man using a power mower among dilapidated grass shacks. Then we mounted a bus and had a memorable ride home.*

*The buses are quite open, that is there is no glass in the windows. Instead, a canvas roll is let down cooperatively by all the passengers when the rain gets too ferocious. At one stop we picked up an almost endless troop of mothers and children. A young girl who sat behind me told me that they were on their way to another village—the one we had visited earlier—to have a celebration—play football(?)—as part of the continuing New Year's celebration. About this time, the sky opened up and we had a terrific downpour complete with lightning. The canvas rolls were let down, and everybody was quite gay. The bus driver didn't slack his speed in the downpour or even when he crossed the sluggish brown rivers on narrow bridges, which the road shared with the narrow gauge railway.*

*And now I'm sitting on the veranda of the Macabo; the hotel is brand new, quite fancy. The décor is bamboo and rattan with wall-to-wall carpeting. Dozens of barefoot native boys in red shorts and blue lava lavas lounge about ready to leap at a guest's command. The bar is open 24 hours a day. The cost for a double, air conditioned room with connecting bath is \$6.25/night/person.*

*I look across green, green sugar cane fields with a few thatched huts to the incredibly steep and dark green hills. Jagged knobs and cliffs of grey andesite stick out here and there. Along the tops of these ridges, white clouds drift, remnants of the afternoon storm.*

*But much as I am interested in all this, and I am enjoying the contrast with Camp Washington, it really is nothing without you, my love. I want nothing more than to get on that plane and head, not home, not to the U.S., but to you!*

*10:30 pm*

*And now confirmed news that we leave tomorrow on the Air Force C-124 at 10 am. I expect, as does everyone, that we'll get just to Canton Island before having another breakdown and delay.*

*But what of my companions? My roommate here as in Chichi is Dave Drury, the senior meteorologist who spent 13 months at Ellsworth. A handsome dark-haired fellow, he is soft spoken and quite amiable. But he is also quite empty. His greatest interest seems to be spending a raw night in the bar. He is married but shows little desire to get home to his wife. He said on our approach to Christchurch, "I'm afraid I'm gonna have to commit adultery this time." I don't know if he did, but he bragged of his good times with the women at the officer's club in Chichi.*

*When I first met him at McMurdo, I had no idea that he was connected to the 3 obvious close friends just in from Ellsworth. He was a lone wanderer. But the reason became clear when Holt explained the personality difficulties the four had encountered at Ellsworth.*

*In some respects Holt himself was obviously the most difficult to get along with, albeit the most interesting. He is a self-appraised genius. Almost, according to him, attained a PhD in physics—he was the aurora man at Ellsworth—but wants to go into music composition. I fear that he is just another immature, an unsettled soul who will never make up his mind what he wants. He has forsaken science entirely, again he says, and lives by a sort of controlled emotionalism. He seemed to hate Drury and only tolerated his other two friends, who he suspected of being morons. He is very articulate, in sort of an impetuous nonsensical way.*

*When we first arrived in Christchurch, Holt at once got into a big tussle with Ed Goodale, the USARP representative, over his intentions to stay awhile in Christchurch and catch a later MATS flight. Goodale, a somewhat pompous gentleman, got quite huffy with this request. Holt spent several days composing letters and telegrams to Washington in order to go over Goodale's head. Then before he had a chance to send them, Goodale informed him that he could stay. Holt's righteous indignation collapsed; the dragon had turned tail before he had even charged. But we left him in Christchurch to do what, heaven only knows. Become a great composer, I guess.*

*Well, more of this next delay. Sweet Lesley, reading this, I wish you were here with me to stroll under the moon and stars along the dark road through sugarcane.*

*January 17 Wednesday*

*8 pm En route Canton-Honolulu*

*8,000 feet*

*•••I woke up early this morning with little desire to go back to sleep. Breakfast at 7 am, then with Schopf and Travis to the airport. We were scheduled to leave at 10 am today, but by 9 am they had barely begun unloading the cargo, the kaput engine of the C-118, the first kaput engine, that is, the Christchurch engine.*

*The plane is a magnificent thing. I think that it's called the flying boxcar. It can carry 125,000 pounds. It's as fat as a porpoise, and the nose opens up and ramps drop down, which allow vehicles to be driven aboard. Although it is strictly a cargo ship, there are plenty of canvas seats along the sides and actually there is more room than in the much smaller C-118. Here we can stroll around, stretch out on baggage or one of the numerous cots and stretchers.*

*But it is slow. Six hours to Canton, where we saw a nice sunset amidst a rain squall. And dinner at the government mess hall. Now we strike off for Hawaii; eight long hours it will be.*

*I have played several games of chess with Jim Schopf, and, as he is just learning, beat him several times as well. We will probably play some more before this never-ending journey is done. Schopf as I have mentioned is an older man, 45 I would guess, maybe more. He talks much like Fred Cater and has a quiet sense of humor. He is a paleobotanist and quite knowledgeable which made the vegetation both in New Zealand and Fiji quite interesting.*

*His companion, Sam Treves<sup>7</sup>, who teaches at Nebraska, is a very pleasant sort. He has fine sense of humor and a winning smile. Though greying and mature looking, he seems quite young. I would imagine that he is a good field companion.*

*I set out to describe my companions, but do it very inadequately. I cannot seem to characterize them at all.*

*Seaquist is from Oregon and truly a farm boy at heart. In addition he has a tremendous simplicity and honesty. Holt accused him of being clumsy and somewhat accident-prone, a sort of naive Hawkins. He is engaged, and I would gather suffered great spasms of conscience after an escapade last night. This escapade as related by Drury began when Seaquist rounded up a midnight swimming party—I was in bed. A taxi driver with some prodding produced some native girls. Drury claims that he just watched the frolicking from afar. Seaquist and a dole fellow named Phipps (something?), an AEC technician returning from work on the reactor at McMurdo. I would gather some if not all the participant's were in the all-to-gather, but my questioning of Seaquist brought only evasive and almost blushing answers.*

*Well, that might have been interesting, but I was in bed, sweet love, thinking of you.*

*END OF JOURNAL*

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<sup>7</sup> Samuel B. Treves was a professor of geology at the University of Nebraska. See [http://journalstar.com/lifestyles/announcements/obituaries/treves-samuel-b/article\\_cce07d5e-2120-56b4-a65d-68d01e60b95f.html](http://journalstar.com/lifestyles/announcements/obituaries/treves-samuel-b/article_cce07d5e-2120-56b4-a65d-68d01e60b95f.html)