

(6-3-56) ...Now for news of trip and Tuto. We left Belvoir early Monday morn and by afternoon were comfortably settled in amazing hotel-like accommodations at McGuire field in N.J. Our flight was to leave at 4 am on the 30<sup>th</sup>—the day you wrote your letter. To pass the time John Scoville and I walked on the famous boardwalk; not quite as famous as Atlantic City, but it had to do. We absorbed some sun, took a last forlorn look at free civilized civilians, and looked with remorse at unattached girls. For a married man—to be a father in December—Scoville has a roaming and discriminating eye; not as discriminating as mine, however.

Well, 18 hours after our 4 am take off on Wednesday, we jounced merrily into a snowy Camp Tuto, riding in the back of a 2 ½ ton truck. The plane ride had been delightful, only 12 passengers in a 30-passenger plane. Only bench-like seats along the sides, but everyone could lie down and be comfortable with lots of blankets and pillows. Funny too, for we had to leave 3 men behind. The Air Force is as mixed up as the Army.

Well, life in Camp Tuto has been far from unpleasant. Scoville and I reside in the operations personnel hut with many college boys and some understanding sergeants. And thru some miraculous happening, we two have been put to work on our respective projects and left completely alone. Scoville is going to carry on a polygon study on his own for SIPRE [Snow, Ice and Permafrost Research Establishment]. He has a much-coveted Scientific and Professional rating, which makes him a much-respected fellow.

We spent a couple of days digging out ACFEL's soils lab. The hut was completely full of hard-packed snow. Tomorrow we will start reading thermocouples, those in the road and those in Scoville's polygons. We spent some time getting Steve's potentiometer to work properly after it had been tossed around by various parties during the winter. In fact, they are even going to give us a vehicle to get around in, which is phenomenal cooperation for this operation.

Hawkins has been acting Camp commander and told us in formation—joking, I gather—that it was permissible to have women in the huts. So, if you can think of a way, everything is fixed up, and I will welcome you with open arms. What a joke on Hawkeye.

We had a good chuckle the other day. A woman reporter came up from Thule with chubby Colonel Clarke. She was from the Denver Post. Hawkins came over to our hut and said that she might just be brought around to see a typical enlisted men's hut and would we tidy up a bit. Of course we were chosen because we had the fewest men and had just moved in so the place was really pretty clean.

About that time Master Sergeant Taylor, operations sergeant, came in—he lives here—and told us to really clean up well. Things came off the floor onto the beds to facilitate sweeping. Snow was sprinkled about to catch the dust. Just about this time Captain Hansen was asking the reporter if she would like to drop into a hut and see how the men lived. She, of course, did; so Captain Hansen suggested casually that the closest was right down the street and they could look in. So Captain Hansen

*casually stuck his head in our door—pretending to see if we were all dressed, I guess—and was confronted by a great tumult of gear and activity. He quickly retreated with a loud, “Whoops, they’re not ready yet.” But it was too late, the Colonel came bounding in.*

*“ATTENTION!”*

*We snapped, and one man with a broom brought it his side like a rifle. The reporter and various officers crowded in to see us. Making remarks like, “They have to sweep the snow out 4 or 5 times a day,” etc. Major Ellison was trying to edge around in front of Sergeant Taylor’s bed where someone had tossed an uprooted beer can.*

*They discussed us as though we were some rare animals in the zoo and then left, the signal for us to burst into laughter. Sergeant Taylor was so weak from gaiety that he could hardly stand up. I expect the officers had a good chuckle too, when the woman was gone.*

*(6-10-56)”...We have been extremely busy, so time is going fast. Steve came up about 5 days ago, and [Ron] Scott and [Bob] Davis arrived yesterday, though I haven’t had much time to talk to them. My primary task at this stage is reading thermocouples, and Steve says that when the fellow who is to do the job all summer arrives in the later part of June, he’ll [Steve] give me a job more ‘important’ befitting my ‘experience.’ At least it sounds as though I’ll get something more interesting. I have an assistant, so to speak, one Private Al Kormandy, graduate of Syracuse, geologist, and pretty nice guy. He is extremely conscientious, and obviously hopes to make ACFEL his winter home as I did. We will both do some soils work, no doubt.*

*....The last week has been warm, beautiful, with great bogs of soupy mud forming everywhere. Today, however, there are snowflakes in the air and ice is forming on the puddles.*

*I now have a jeep license and can get around at ease, when there is one available. This saves a lot of walking in ankle-deep mud.*

*...Our operation is now underway. Today Kormandy and I dug for thaw penetration and took moisture samples at various would be ‘typical’ borrow areas. Tomorrow the surveying will start in earnest if we can locate any previous survey points.*

*(6-18-56)....I do have some cheery news from my standpoint, however. Evidently my early release will go through; at least the Task Force seems optimistic and agrees to go long with the plan.*

*Life has been far from unpleasant and time has been going quickly. The last ACFEL civilian arrived, young Doug Boyd. I probably mentioned that his father is a big wheel in the Corps and wanted his son to work up here. He’s a nice fellow, junior at Colorado University, typical Joe College. Davis was quite horrified when he first arrived sporting a college jacket adorned with club patches and the like. “Key-ryst,” he said to me, “Did you see what we’ve got.” I have been breaking Boyd in on the thermocouple reading, which he will take over in all soon. Also—chuckle, chuckle—he will take over the thaw penetration measurements, i.e., digging a pit [in the moraine] to permafrost. So far, I’ve been acting chauffeur, ferrying this and that person here and there by jeep. At the same time, I’m supposed to be running tests in the lab; I only get a chance to do this after supper when the civilians do not work. In*

*general everything is highly disorganized, Steve not too good on organization, and Scott too busy with his complicated meteorological recording devices. Scott has come from behind his mask of dignity and sedate composure and has become quite the joker, full of those admirable jests.....puns.*

*We have had mediocre weather, though the last couple of days have been warm and sunny. My nose is getting redder and my ears are blackening. The shower is working now so we will be cleaner. I have managed to avoid Thule, letting a 'whore's bath' suffice. This is the common terminology for a sponge bath, and Scoville and I have been discussing the origin of the phrase. As yet we have arrived at no satisfactory conclusion.*

*As I sit here arguing [with Scoville] the merits of juggling field data, in special cores, to fit the curve, so to speak, Sergeant Galiger, not smart, but affable and who is, right at this moment, asleep, having in the moments before, periodically staggered to the door and vomited. He is very drunk, and seems to get more so on each trip to the door; he takes a more erratic course each time. He is evidently trying to forget that he has been put in charge of a digging crew at the ice tunnel, working from 11 pm to 7 am.*

*....Sergeant Galiger just staggered up again. He has to go to work in 20 minutes but he can hardly stand up. His civilian boss just came in to drag him out.*

*(6-28-56)....I am now working on the drill rig, photographing and logging cores, also running wet densities and taking moisture contents..... I like it—especially when the weather is as beautiful as it has been, cloudless and warm. But when the wind gets up, then it's hellish. The drillers keep right on drilling. I have also learned the use of a wagon drill—a glorified jack hammer mounted on a wheeled frame allowing the use of long drill rods; [the machine] is much used in quarry work and mining. I placed all those plastic tubes and think they will work. Also put in one of those clock work gadgets to record ablation on the ice cap. It does work, for each time I go to look at it, the post it is mounted on protrudes more and more above the snow making it harder and harder for me to reach the instrument. [I think I meant this as a joke, but I should have quantified the difficulty of reading the instrument as inches of ice melted around the post]*

*We are now on a 10 hour [per day] work schedule which leaves us with some evening. The movies have been terrible.....*

*....Evidently Davis met a sort of Waterloo the other day. He was doing the core logging last week. The drill rig was situated about a mile from the road, south along the edge of the Cap, and the crew would go out everyday by weasel (small caterpillar snow vehicle). The spring thaw has been terrific and the 5-10' of snow on the edge of the ice cap is bottomless slush, like thin sherbet. Well, the drillers and Davis started out for the rig one afternoon when the snow was still pretty solid. They had just gotten on the snow when the weasel broke through and dropped about 5 feet into the super saturated snow. Davis panicked completely. The cabins on the weasels are pretty cramped and somewhat difficult to get out of. Davis screamed and scrambled for the door—really a window-sized port. Davis being somewhat rotund, as you well remember, got stuck about half way. I do not suppose this calmed Davis very much. The weasel sank no farther and nobody else seemed to get too excited over the mishap.*

*But no one would let Davis forget his transgression, and he was kidded unmercifully. This is a terrible thing (comic as it must have been) for a person to do something he is completely ashamed of doing, and then be kidded so. Davis has been quite sour since the mishap. Fortunately, he is mellowing a bit now.....*

*(7-10-56) The sky has darkened steadily all day and the wind is just beginning to ripple the Jamesway. I guess our delightful summer is over, and we are now pushing towards fall. The other evening some project personnel and I went for a slight hike to investigate a large diabase dike that outcrops west of here. The weather was fine, so Cliff Kujawara (civilian surveyor, smiling, Hawaiian) hiked without a shirt; Kormandy in a T-shirt, Davis and Bob Mulligan (MIT student, surveyor) and myself in shirt sleeves. This is quite unusual at 11 pm..... [On the way home,] we managed to run out of gas, but were fortunate to be near one of the many emergency shelters along the road and there found a drum of gasoline.*

*We spent the 4<sup>th</sup> of July putting in the usual 10 hours, but got the evening off. Seems as though some generals and other VIPs are coming up tomorrow, and the Colonel has it through his head that we will look soldierly if it comes to a choice between looking like a civilian construction camp or an Army base. Of course, this attitude of "to Hell" with the construction .... has disturbed the project leaders who sense the discontent in the much-tired men during the day. In fact, the truck drivers on the ramp road drove so slowly that Scott was much disturbed. They also pushed breakfast up to 5:30 am, and this really disturbed the civilians. Scott had words with the Colonel and came back looking sheepish. Breakfast was changed back to 6:00 am—originally it was 6:30 am—but we still have to make reveille—5:45 am— and work until 8:30 pm. This makes a rather long day.*

*The Colonel in a speech to the sergeants said, ".....he would not be intimidated by these civilians into pampering the men." He knew the ingredients of good morale were: "good food, good hard work, and good leadership." In general the leadership is not bad, so we must have good morale. Every night we go out and pick up trash for two hours, trash that the Army has spread all around the countryside for the last 3 years.*

*One night we had a GI party—meaning hut clean up. And some idiot along the chain of command said that all tables, cabinets, etc. must go. Now, everybody had a box of some kind beside his bed to keep toilet articles, books, etc. intact and handy. Most of these boxes had turned into small tables with shelves, some quite fancy with paint and drawers. Sergeant Galiger had just completed a good-looking set of shelves out of plywood painted red. He had a fit, and he was not alone. We all were unhappy at this. Now the Colonel has reneged and said that such things were allowed. Fortunately, I hid mine with Scott, who I hope will give it back without too many hard feelings.*

*...No KP this year, I hope. Last year the cooks did it with much grumbling. Evidently they are keeping things going with misfits and volunteers; this is actually taboo, for it should be done by company roster. As we are in a hut with many sergeants we have avoided latrine detail (honey bucket detail—no sewers, just barrels). This is fortunate, but may not last long.*

....My early release request has bounced twice for additional comments; this last time from Fort Belvoir. I have to sign another statement and it will be on its way. I doubt if I'll see Belvoir much before the end of August, but I do not think I'll mind too much [leaving here]. This place is getting too big and too much like an Army camp. The frontier aspect is going fast. And I don't really have a job to call my own. I'm general handyman on the Project. They have so many civilians and soldiers now that I cannot get my teeth into any single project. I do not get bored for I am always busy at something. I did have a good job at the drill rig, but that is packed and on its way to the U.S, air freight. Money, money, money. Davis has even less to do and occupies himself with trivial jobs. At his pay he should be doing something important. I don't think Scott feels he is too capable and does not give him any real job.

Enough of this complaining. I'm now reading Birth and Development of the Geological Sciences etc. It is slow, but somewhat interesting. I'm afraid I am getting into the habit of counting the days; as some of the boys would say, "61 days and a wake-up."

My sex life is rather slow these days. The biggest thrill we get is a movie with a good-looking heroine. Sometimes the comments are pretty raw.

(7-25-56)

...We had a few flies a couple of weeks ago, but I guess the fauna and flora have succumbed to the arctic by now. Last week our warm, sunny days gave up to a driving wind, rain and finally snow. We had about 7 days of blizzard with one day of 40 mph winds and snow. Did some work in the lab and fiddled with meteorological equipment. Also played chess with Kormandy, who seemed to improve all of a sudden. Now I find that he was some kind of champ in college, and I have lost 8 games straight.

Our most recent endeavor is to build a bridge across a melt stream on the cap. This will service the ice tunnel project. A couple of weeks ago a weasel load of workers bound for the tunnel broke through the ice along the edge of Lake Tuto, where they were accustomed to going. Luckily nobody drowned, but the weasel sank clear out of sight. They are bringing up a diver to try and recover it.

Davis is in charge of the bridge, and though he confesses no knowledge of bridges or construction, we are getting along. I finally persuaded him to at least lay out the positions for the piles with a transit instead of just eyeballing as he had planned. We had been fighting with the McCullough—the [ice drilling] gadget we tried in Crawford Notch—all week and are making slow progress. We have one abutment in and 3 pilings.

Davis came close to being no more the other night. We had a crane up on the road to place the pilings (telephone poles) in our 10 foot-deep holes. The crane was parked on a side hill above Davis who was drooling over something. The crane operator was about to move the boom when it got away from him and the force of gravity swung it around very rapidly. Scott yelled, "Davis! Look out!" and Davis cocked his head to one side, the correct side fortunately, just as the 1000-pound ball on the end of the cable came flying within a fly's wing of his head. Davis never saw it or he would still be recovering from shock. Oh well, these little things liven up our days, or nights rather, for we now work after dinner until 9:00 pm.

*We have (or had) gained a new man on our crew, Specialist 2<sup>nd</sup> Class, Samuel Colabro. Colabro is simply amazing. He is Italian, wonderful teeth, and though not insane has somewhat a fixation on Colabro and certain parts of women.*

*Davis made the mistake of professing to Sergeant Peat—the NCO in charge of the Project military personnel—that he knew nothing of bridges. Peat sent in Colabro who professes to know everything about everything, especially women.*

*Colabro, now called Blabro, calls Scot, Scotty; Davis, Fats; Piazza, Pizza; and Kormondy various things that I cannot put down. He still calls me Tabor, but he took Kormandy aside one day and said, “Your friend isn’t too smart is he?”*

*He is a staunch Catholic, at least verbally, but as I say he has this fixation on a particular biological act, which, when we question him in reference to his broadcasted views on the bible, the Pope etc., he vigorously defended in that he was only human, “no \_\_\_\_\_(and a couple of more blanks) Saint.” And what is a man supposed to do when he looks down and finds a nude woman right there etc. etc. Scott got quite a chuckle of out all this, but admits he is getting a bit worn down by the constant clamor. Colabro is always coming up with some “scientific” fact, which he hopes, I guess, to impress us with, but which is nine times out of ten quite twisted in meaning. He always wants to be in control, handling the most difficult or glorious part of the task at hand, but he usually rushes in blindly and falls all over himself. His stories of female victories are utterly fantastic. He is the number one character I have met this summer....*

*...I can now be sympathetic with you of the hurting teeth clan. I am having some wisdom tooth troubles and so go down to Thule next week to have it removed. It slows down my eating (same as you), which is just as well, for I am getting fat I suspect. The nice hot meal tastes pretty good these days.....*

*(9-4-56)....We are now in the midst of another storm. Strange is the Arctic, however, for yesterday a wet snow was falling and the wind blowing hard. Today the wind blows harder but the snow has turned to rain and the endless boulder fields glisten white against black towering storm clouds. A complete rainbow has been traveling around us all day, antithesis to the sun. Of course, little outside work can be done in the soils or survey line. Kormandy and I spent the morning in the lab running an M.A. and playing chess....*

*Last Saturday, Kormandy, Cliff, and Bob Milligan and I drove north to a high bluff overlooking Wolstenholme Fjord. The evening was cool but clear. Across the quiet waters of the fjord we could see the long trunks of glaciers as they spilled their icy load into the water. To the left, the Camberlin, branching into each tributary valley as it climbed up to meet the ice cap. The Knud Rasmussen stretched off to the left, and just below us to the left, the Sermerssuaq raised a notable cliff on its terminus.*

*We went down the steep slope to the water’s edge, stopping to admire the wild flowers, large and profuse, in this wetter area. Down on the shingle beach under a great lip of overhanging snow and ice, eaten out by high tides, we poked about at this far extension of the North Atlantic. We saw delicate little jellyfish, small shrimps and various sea plants. Across the water came a dull roar, a new iceberg had*

calved, and the sea again attacked the icy front, to win back more of its long lost water. Continuously we heard the plink, plink, plop, plip of dripping icebergs that floated in the calm waters. Now and then a swish, bloop would come wafting across as an iceberg slowly rolled over. Icebergs in all sizes. Some measured in fractions of a mile, large enough to build a luxurious house on and still be bothered by snow shoveling. One we named "the littlest Iceberg" and wondered what Walt Disney could do with it. As we walked along under the dripping ice apex, which sometimes forced us to hop from rock to rock on the water's edge, we saw a flight of ducks wheel overhead. Then behind us a large head appeared in the water. Following us? Then a splash, only to reappear a bit farther away. Seemed too big for a seal so we concluded that it was a sea lion.

Finally the beach gave way to a rather high cliff, which Kormondy and I attacked with geologic interest. Well foliated amphibolitic schist, dipping to the south. We began our scramble to the valley rim where the truck waited. Cliff and Bob went back the way we came. Finally we reached the top of the scramble and Kormondy, looking a pit pale, said that he hadn't realized what height felt like. From the top of one rise I spotted a suspicious reddish-brown scar on a distant bluff. I veered that way. Kormondy went straight ahead. I felt elation. Here was an actual gossan, bright red and rotten as could be. I yelled at Kormondy, who did not hear me, and hacked like a madman with the G-pick. The bright, shiny metallic material turns out to be marcasite, and perhaps a touch of pyrite and chalcopyrite. Yet it was a thrill to find some real mineralization. I doubt if many others have seen the spot. It is the only real mineralization that I have seen up here.

I filled my pockets with samples and waddled back to the truck. Kormondy was enthusiastic and we planned to return with a pick and shovel.

Ron Scott accompanied us on the second trip—an evening off on payday—but the scenery, though cloud shrouded, was the most rewarding, for our gossan gave out to badly weathered country rock—amphibole schist with a few specks of pyrite. This suggested a supergenic origin for our "rich" strike. We were somewhat disappointed not to find more spectacular mineralization, but we had a good time.

Interim: haircut by Cliff and dinner.

As the wind is still blowing and rain pattering intermittently we will probably have to forgo our Saturday evening exploration and settle for the movie.

....The tooth is out. No pain, no fuss. I still have one trip to the dentist for a filling.

No word from Belvoir on my early out. I expect I should hear one of these days.

(8-18-56) I am now sitting in the headquarters building of the 1st EATF down in drab, dull, smelly, boring, and unimaginative Thule. On Monday if all goes well I shall climb aboard an airplane and wing away to the sunny south. Yes, hurrah! and all that, the Army has granted the early discharge and even been so considerate as to send me home in time to receive it. Unless I can speed things up a bit when I get back to Belvoir, I shall start the long, but welcome trip west about the 10th of September. Evidently I am now getting a little treatment of R and R, or rest and rehabilitation, for I was sent down here a couple of days

*early and am getting bored to tears. But I am catching up on sleep, which is pleasant even if somewhat stultifying.*

*The last month in sunny Tuto had its ups and downs but was quite peasant in general. We finally finished the bridge and it actually held up with vehicles driving over it. We have decided that it must be the most northern bridge in the world and at that, built by hand by a bunch of amateurs. The primary workers were Davis, Scott, Piazza, Kormondy, and Tabor, helped out now and then by various people passing by. Scott had some good go-arounds with the military, which could go under the perfect squelch category. A week or so ago, we were ready to add the last span to the bridge which would essentially complete it. Scott had requested a crane from operations and been told it would arrive at the site about 1 pm. We all went up, anxious to complete the job. No crane. Scott went down to operations. Now the same day we were having a visit by a British General, and the Colonel, following his usual procedure, was showing the VIP around the area, probably boasting of his accomplishments at the various project sites. When Scott arrived at operations the Colonel was having a conference with the General in his briefing room attended by Captain Hansen, the operations officer. As Scott could not get anything out of Operations without consulting Captain Hansen, he marched determinedly over to the briefing room. A sergeant at the door said, "You can't go in there, they're having a conference." Scott of course snubbed the soldier in his good old Scottish way and burst into the conference room. Captain Hansen, thinking Scott had come 'to say a few words about the project, put on a big smile. Scott scowled at him and said, "Where's our crane?" Captain Hansen made quieting motions, quite taken back and whispered something about later. Scott returned in a loud voice that he was not interested in later and that he wanted the crane right away. Captain Hansen ushered him outside and explained that we would not get the crane that day for it was urgently needed up at the end of the ramp road to load some pulvamixers on sleds. Well, this nigh unto ignited Scott, for these pulvamixers had been sitting for a week or so on the ramp with nobody too excited whether they got loaded or not. On top of this the Captain made some remark about why should Scott care anyway, everyone could see that the bridge was just about finished.*

*Well the good doctor strode off, gnashing his teeth, came back to the bridge all in a brown study. A few minutes later all sorts of jeeps and sedan cars rolled up and spilled out great quantities of brass. Everyone bowing and scraping to the General. The party approached Scott while Kormondy and I snuck off around the truck. "Dr Scott," the Colonel said, "I'd like you to meet so and so. Would you mind explaining the project to him."*

*Scott, still warm inside, but with complete composure said, "I'd rather not, thank you," and walked off, leaving the Colonel to do the explaining. I understand that this really raised the hackles on the colonel's neck, but there were no serious repercussions. I hope there are no international ones.*

*We have had some remarkable near misses that would have put the Task Force in the mortuary columns. They have given up trying to retrieve the weasel that went down in the lake. Nobody got more*



than wet in that mishap, but later sounding of the bottom, proved the weasel in at least 70 feet of water. This implies that the lake though small probably lies in a rather great topographical depression and possibly extends underneath the ice cap for some ways. The ice tunnel had another near miss when some of the idiots were throwing high explosives in a trash fire and did not check for caps. Davis and I ran over from the bridge to help carry the one injured man, who looked about dead, but recovered with only some nasty looking powder burns. Out at Site Two on the ice cap some of the boys were partying it up with a drum of alcohol that somebody found. It was methyl alcohol and one fellow was close to death for a couple of days. While the First Sergeant tried to find out who his next of kin were, the clerks in the office squabbled over who would get to accompany the body home. But unfortunately for these Greenland haters, the lad recovered with no ill effects and will probably live happily until he gets drunk again. I am quite amazed at the safety record we do have. Considering some of the things that are done with comparatively dangerous equipment; 'tis a wonderment the Task Force does not have a high fatality rate.....

..... Last Sunday, Scott, Kormondy, and I said to hell with maintenance, the usual Sunday entertainment, hopped in Scott's jeep and headed for the Coast Guard station at Quaratit. You may remember the pictures I showed you of this Long Range Navigation Station. Arriving at the coast we climbed a high bluff over looking the sea. To the south was a most magnificent view of the steep, banded cliffs, broken by narrow valleys, fjords and the Petiwik Glacier. Icebergs joggled each other over the deep blue waters and thousands of sea birds wheeled over our heads, gathering into formation for their southern journey. It was a warm calm day, and we had a most enjoyable time watching ocean, bergs, and birds. We returned to the jeep and found a pleasant note from the Commander of the station inviting us over to coffee. We went over and found another party of tourists already there, some Danish sailors, a couple of EATFers and two Danish girls. I must confess this was an unexpected pleasant sight, but Scott was somewhat shook up by the blond. Seemed she was his type, but she did not understand the language too well, so he did not get too far. She is a daughter of some Danish official at the Danish Village. The others left soon and the three of us stayed for dinner, then returned to Tuto, the low sun turning the hills and rocks to varied shades of yellow and orange. A delightful trip all told.

End of journal 1956