first before dinner. We were treated to a training film on life on board ship in cold weather. Some rather farcical statements about smoking and beard growing were made as well as serious advice. We also heard a short talk about fire extinguishers from Mr. Encklow, a very manly guy to be an aeronautics expert.

John Mollison showed us quite a lot for our daily meeting to one o'clock and when it finally did show up, Carl really evaluated him for not being start. This is the first time I have seen Carl actually display any anger or temper. He really got let down eric. Walking and John was so surprised to think he wasn't going to stay. Cameron presented a talk on glaciology and did a very fine job. The lecture room was sadly the best of the place to talk and it was enhanced by the large sketches of glacier features with which he illustrated his talk.

Carl expressed the electronic part for his transistor case, and he tried to get it going.
counters to operate. It did not and no
Chief Chalfon the electronics technician
asked myself, ask it to start it. The
trouble was easily remedied. Since the only
thing wrong was that a twisted cord
was wrapped around the socket due to
rough handling in shipment, I think
she was impressed though by its rapidity
with which we got the thing working.

The counter is heavy, pretty well the
resolving lights are also to the very
from another world, it is well
immediately make a big hit when it is shown
in operation.

Feb 15 Saturday
We were still fogbound
during the morning and a good
part of the afternoon, and saw
my first piece of ice go by just
after breakfast. It was set a
single piece a couple of feet
in diameter, with large tabular
ice bergs very seen on radar but the
dense fog kept them invisible.

The temperature was in the upper
thirties and all of us got out and
wore our heavy clothing.

I saw my second piece of
ice just after lunch. Part of the
morning was spent in getting Earl
Karpinski egg to work. I was not
going and I have some hope that it
will be useful on the ice. There was
the customary Saturday afternoon
hunting game and as usual I did not win

anything. Mrs. Hannah, the leader
of the Australians won one game
and Packard our Indian radio
man won $25.

About 12:30 out of and afternoon
a Japanese whaling ship passed
between us and the ship we were
a killing ship with a harpoon gun
mounted at the end of a long pole
over the bow of the ship, it looked sort
like the pictures I have seen them.
Everyone considered it quite a
coincidence that we should sight
any ships at all in these waters.

Finally, in the evening the
fog lifted and we found herself
surrounded by biggy bits.
There are large pieces of ice
now deep blue in color of irregular
shape. One particularly striking
and resembled is square with
outstretched wings. The color of the
ice was really the most interesting
thing about it. The clear blue
and turquoise color made a marked
contrast to the greyness of the
sea. We passed about two miles
of a huge tabular ice berg.

This berg was easily half
miles long and was absolutely
flat on top.

At 9:30 we passed after
some rearranging of the order
of the ships, the Forebeck goes
behind the move into line.
This was a rendezvous that had long been expected. The Neapolitan was put at a safe distance and probably refused all those ships that meant us, but we are too deeply into the pack. We also saw small pack ice. This is very thin flat ice that is really broken sea water, as large as the icebergs are great water and not thick and made to irregular in shape. We are now at about 65° South latitude and as I write this at 11:30 the sun has not set.

Dec 16, Sunday. Reveille came at seven today, and after breakfast I buttoned up and went straight away to the bridge where I learned that we had left the Neapolitan, the Aurora, and the Hind, and were looking for pack ice in order to clear the pack waters for a longer time. I mailed and read all letters.

The weather was overcast but fairly clear with occasional snow showers. There were very few ice bergs and almost no sea ice. Whales and seals were in greatest profusion and flew very close to the ship. A show pecked flew by, and almost no sea birds were seen in the vicinity of pack ice. We live enough within an hour or so of

Antarctic Circle

As we reached the edge of the pack, the ships were in a quiet state among the floes. The Aurora lowered a boat and picked up the mail to be taken to the glaciers. The small boat also brought ice for Commander Browning's tent. The floes were finally cleared, and we were under way to Cape Adare.

Standing on the bow of an icebreaker, plowing through ice so close that we could see the thrill of excitement as we passed through the frozen ice. It also holds a certain fascination for the men who watch the land in the glasses. We have pure white snow up to the bow and a black line of smaller floes along a clear line. The visibility was also excellent and far more than we expected. The ice would often swing the bow and the bow would be pushed aside or crumpled. The floes were on an average of 50 feet thick with about the same thickness covering them. During the day after the ice cleared and the sun came out revealing a flat white expanse in which only occasional streaks of open water could be seen. Just before sunset at four o'clock, the ship crossed the Antarctic Circle. To all let out a cheer. After supper I saw a penguin standing on a
a flag float by. It looked at me with interest and even walked around on the flow.

Our helicopter made its first flight this morning to look for loads for the ice. And this occurred while we were still on the ice. Only this occurred while our Australians were showing us some sides of their country I did not see any aspect of this operation. Lead in lots of open water in the pack ice.

5/5/17 Monday

Today was overcast with occasional snow flurries and snow. The temperature in the mid-thirties. The pack stretched to the horizon with hardly a break in it. A white desert seemingly endless with leads between flat open and those quite narrow. It was slow and difficult. Going and standing it was necessary for the Northwind to reverse engines back up and charge forward again. The helicopter made the reconnaissance flight over the ice and looked very impressive coming in for a landing on the flag's deck.

Most of the day entertainment came when the truck got stuck in the ice. It was necessary for the Northwind to circle back and cut the channel across the bow of the Armita.

All throughout the day, animals were in great profusion. I saw at least 10 crab licks and seals close on the bow and many more than that in the distance. They would lie perfectly still on the ice and look up at us as long as we were not too close. They would suddenly move as if startled by something. They were all cute little trolls and could be seen running off of the way on their belly, propelling themselves with their flippers. I saw a real seal to take a census on the number of seal in the area. We also had an impromptu rest on the top of the iceberg by one of the crew who decided to be quite profound in the art who would have thought to hear bagpipes played in the middle of the pack!

Bob Stewart talked to us about astronomy in the afternoon. Most of us have been reading the book on mountaineering books. The Ascend of Rum Doodle. There is one character in the book named Potter, who is supposed to be the great mountainer and writer of the mountain world. The author always quoting him as referring to him as the greatest living authority on the subject. No piece of advice which Potter had given the group. We were always supposed to remember.
good practical joke to send,

Dick Cameron, the chief glaciologist,
a telegram from Potter. So I
arranged with Mr. preschool, the
communication office, to get a telegram
prepared that should be delivered through
regular channels and some ULs having
being an actual message. The message
read: "The ascent of Mount Everest is one
thing but waiting over in Antarctica
with another. Good luck," Potter.
The message was duly delivered on
a regular basis and all concerned
held a good laugh passing it around.

Dec 17 Tuesday

Today the air was clear
and the weather unbounded. The
beads and the lakes were like
highly polished mirrors not a breath
of air stirred the surface of those
waters. With the sun out it was
quite pleasant outside. Captain
Thomas said he had never seen
it so sunny pleasant in the antarctic
before. The pack is as fascinating
as ever. I saw a school of penguins
swimming through the water and
shooting up to land feet first
onto an ice floe.

Visibility was superb and
in the far distance I saw the
distant end of the ship. Our helicopter flew out to them
to get mail and deliver some

Arเหนe repaired

to the Dallouille Victory which
had just joined the Ractis for the
trip to the Bruce Island.
The Arเหนe suffered some
damage to her hull from the ice
and we love to sit in a lake while
she made repairs. A crack in the
hull about 15 inches long had to
be covered by welding a plate
over it. A hangar was lowered with
a raft and welding equipment
and in about three hours the
job was completed. The hull
was covered by shifting full
water in the ship's tanks to make
it heel over. It was a great feat
of on the repair and was
photographically documented by all the
photographers, navy, Wild Figue

Dec 19 Wednesday

Land at last. At mid
morning land was sighted
and for the rest of the day
the glaciers were

standing on the ship, were standing
skilfully by the majesty of
the mountain range before it. The
huge tabular iceberg that could
be seen standing in the bay were
like thin pieces of paper compared to the monoliths that rose behind them. Sharp peaks and clear, white walls so severe that even the snow could not withstand them. I made up to 10,000 ft racing straight from the bay ice floating on the sea and all covered with a blinding white mantle impossible to look at with the naked eye. With the sky almost cloudless and the wind still and clear, I felt sure for the first time that skiing under such a sky is worth the hardships and risks involved in such a venture. I am sorry only that I will not be stationed here permanently to be able to enjoy this vista at my leisure. To think among such splendor is as much as one can ask from a continent such as Antarctica.

There were several helicopters flying during the day for research purposes and during some of them the pilot smelled something burning and set down on my ice floe. They sent up a red flare and reflected the beam light on a mirror to show us their position. We got as close to them as possible in the fog and then our covering helicopter took off and blended nearly invisible before we were located as a defective.
to clear snow off the runway used by the airplanes bringing supplies to the pole station. The admiral felt that the pole station has priority over the others, and that in any case our own mission will not be seriously jeopardized by the delay; although, many of the scientists and officers feel very unhappy about this turn of events. Personally, I could be more pleased. This being one of the most scenic regions in all of Antarctica is crowned as it were, Creteus the 13,000 ft. active volcano. It means a chance to visit famous landmarks in the area and to see a base already constructed. Of course to the crew and ship officers it means that they delayed return home and to see our glaciologists it means a lost summer of work.

Dec 20 Thursday

We made very slight progress during the night due to heavy ice conditions. The weather continued mild with moderately overcast skies. I took advantage of the fact that there was no pressing necessity to look at jets rats by on my reading and other recreational activities. I listened to some of the ship's records through earphones on the phonograph.

Rosa Lee

in the wardroom. Their collection of classical records is somewhat limited but consists of Beethoven, Chopin, Schubert, Mendelssohn, Tchaikovsky, Mozart, Schubert, and some chamber music works, including Schubert's unfinished, Mozart's 13th, Beethoven's 8th, Schumann's 3rd, Dinkes, Brahms, and Wagner.

We also read an autobiography of T. B. Mitchell Bridges, a naturalist and explorer of Central America, a biography of the Borgia family, The Eagle's Nest, a recent fiction novel, and In the world; a biography of the American mountain climber of and Robert.
have ever run across, and I have learned a lot about the game
from him! Such Cammen did not arise until two this afternoon missing
two meals. Actually since we have 24-hour daylight it makes little difference when
you go to bed. He says that he is going to go to bed at midnight tonight but it is almost that now
and he is not in bed or near bed. How he can sleep during the morning with all the people going back and forth in our compartment is beyond
me.

Dec 21 7 Friday
I seem to be getting the hang of it. I awoke myself until almost ten o'clock. Today continued warm and sunny. I had lunch noon after getting up and spent the early afternoon playing these bulk 36 long.
I beat him three out of four games, and I am afraid I may have
overdone it and hurt his ego a little bit. He is a very spry and
nimble young man and if I am to keep his friendship I think I shall have to let him win a few games.

The sea is completely free of ice and so there is little

to report, I did see a few ships of whales but they were completely submerged and for from today.

During the bowling of the evening film at 8 o'clock I noticed that Rose Island with Mount Evans and Mt. Terror were visible more
than one hundred miles away. This is a testimony to the clarity of antarctic atmosphere. I shall
have to describe the mountains now because I am sure tomorrow will provide
a much better view of them.

Also, the film I noticed tom.

Frank & Arnold, the heads of the Australian party, reading a
grocery book in Stimson's, I have heard him speak fluent French also. He certainly is an unusual gentleman. He is about 45 short and
chunky with an always unimpeachable
manner and a kind word. Very at
present growing a grey hard beard which when it gets is full age will be something to behold.

Dec 22 Saturday
We are now about five
miles north of Bear Island. A thick fog has limited visibility
to a few hundred yards and we have therefore just stayed put
and waited for it to lift.

After 18 hours it is still with us. The pack is very thick and heavy

Rose Sea
with almost no open water. Being at a complete standstill has given the Adelie penguins a chance to come and look over at closer quarters. At one point I counted 91 of the little buggers surrounding the ship and watching us from their ice platforms guarding at us like a bunch of ducks. Otherwise the day was spent at chess and reading, and little white, nonchalant, cold got too hot at seven sharp as the dogs of getting a good view of Mt. Erebus. But the fog prevented this and I might say we were slightly longer and made the day shorter.

Dec 23 Sunday

I got up just in time to see Beaufort Island two miles away through a break in the fog. It was a ragged looking island, with cliffs hundreds of feet high snow fields lower, with the pack ice. The flat snow by was snow covered. The fog soon closed in again. I guessed we were nearly to the Beaufort Island at all. The density of penguins has increased remarkably. Schools of 25 or more come swimming horizontally parallel with the ship.

Looking much like dolphins. The ship out of the water, in areas usually in union, sometimes they stay near the surface and paddle like ducks. Several times I noticed groups of them acting as if the surface was pushing them to each other. They would converge off quickly and all of a sudden it was as if no one was there. They live simultaneously and swim off together quickly away. The water was full of plankton weed and things small and indistinct looking like brown dirt. The water bathed a very unusual green color which disappeared late in the day. About seven we had a double birthday party for two of the sailors who were becoming one. About 7:30 the fog lifted and land became visible although overcast sky prevented any real view. There was some difficulty in deciding what we were looking at and at one point Cape Royds was mistakenly identified as Point. Gradually however, we managed to get three pieces together and identified Cape Royds, Black Snow and White Islands, Barrier glaciers and Cape Evans. Point remained invisible.
getting many helicopter rides later on. Since I was one of the ones chosen, I cannot complain much. But I do not think that favors such as this should be distributed on the basis of who has the most to further. Carl Oslund's personal projects which are after all strictly his own affair and have no official status as part of the 5-C program. Obviously some of us will have more time than others to give to these projects at the year goes on. But when the time comes to form some firm opportunity should be open to all on an equal basis.

After collecting our camera gear and signing releases, Andy Honkala, John Stewart, Bob Long, and myself boarded the helicopter. Stuck to ourselves in and in a few minutes we were hovering head for Cape Royds. As we landed

The ride was very smooth and the bright sun and clear air Enhance the view. Unfortunately the windows were small and the seats cramped so that it is difficult to see too much from the cabin. In a few minutes we were safely landed at Cape Royds. We travelled out under the whirling blades and watched it rise into the air and head back towards the pack ice to the ship.

Cape Royds

The day before Christmas although not clearly knew it. The 24th. Christmas was hardly mentioned all day. Things got off to a fast but contrary to all the student's hopes the team led by Carl and Judy Honkala that he should land those men with him we for a helicopter ride to the British

research at Cape Royds. Carl told Judy that he had to lead the party in as had been most active in the seal watch. He also said that the other members of the party should be chosen on the name basis with the exception of the geologist who would be

interesting feature and was the only thing visible and not covered by

skies or low clouds. It was almost white and vast. A huge yellow cloud

shelf of ice glowing like the clouds over the water of the Weddell Sea.

We soon sighted the other ships moored to the ice and we

headed for them. These were the Teresita, Green ville Victory, Krasnaya,

and Merrill. The bluffs could be seen in the far distance cutting a

channel from West Point. We are still about 20 miles from the

point and 3 from Cape Evans. I doubt that we shall approach any closer

to West Point and so have reached the area of the convoy.

Sec 24 Monday

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chosen on the name basis with the exception of the
glaciologists who would be

the
At last I was standing on the Terra Nova of Antarctica, looking toward the sea. There were penguin rookeries with hundreds of penguins dotting the black lava rocks. There was no snow at all in the area. In fact, the delegate had landed us one of the sites of Shackleton's Camp. He made his way to the south pole. The building was black, although fifty years old, was still solid, and the rocks were covered with snow and ice. The delegates decided not to go in unless there was more time late.

Almost as soon as we stepped off the boat, the birds started attacking us. They were attacked by seagulls. They would fly over your head, almost as if you were riding a bicycle. They would buzz you, and you would feel the breeze of their wings on your face. They would fly in and grab them as they went by. Finally, the delegate decided to catch a few of the penguins to keep them from attacking us. He was unsuccessful, and so we decided to proceed to the rookery and look for banded penguins before catching gulls. As we proceeded around the area, we saw the penguin rookery. The penguins (adelie) were almost all sitting on nests made of grass, and could be seen

Cape Royds

nests on unhatched eggs, but others had two or three large chicks. I was able to get quite close to some of them, although when you got within a foot or so, they set up a loud shrieking and if pressed would actually flap at you with their beaks.

I was able to pick up a chick by pushing the middle of my foot, not reaching for the chick with my hand. Putting the chick back was another problem. The mother refused to have it back and tried to bite it. Finally, Harry came over and wore his cloves to catch right onto the nest under the penguin, and she became reconciled.
geological exploration. We started out inland from Cape Royds towards Mount Erebus, which loomed 13 thousand feet above us. Soon Bill noticed some cliffs along the shore that he wanted to visit. I preferred to continue inland toward the summit and so we parted. I continued on over the bluffs of lava and ash and came upon six cases of flour in the absence of a small hut. They had evidently been there since 1907 but the flour was pure white and I imagine it could still be used for baking in cakes. There were also remains of former occupation such as scattered camp fire rings and a metal pan which I judged to hold about a half a bag. I walked on a hundred yards or more than an hour and a half reaching an area where large boulders covered the ground in large patches. The area was easier to walk on than the lava flow as the land surface. At this point Bill felt an indefinite urge to move on to the next. I dreaded seeing my naked rear end to the sight of the antarctic elements, but finding I could not resist, went on in the 2nd. I could not imagine I was not unpleasant at all. This is necessary, as we are supposed to stand back in the helicopter, which is due to arrive.

Cape Royds

Soon to pick us up. Soon while I was still some distance away I saw the boat coming in. I hurried along but still kept them waiting over ten minutes. However nobody said anything or complained, and a few minutes later, I was back on the Northwind with my rock specimens intact. The other fellows had succeeded marvelously finding 12 nice gulls and spotting six striped gulls with band already on them. The latter having been observed by myself.

A ladder had been lowered off the bow of the Northwind to the ice still below and after a quick climb I went down on the ice. This is literally walking on water, and at first you are quite nervous because you think that the ice will crack and drag you into the seawater. It takes sound of a few minutes but the Australian crew and I soon discovered that they were not planning to walk over to Cape Evans. Although I had had a pretty busy morning, decided to go along with them.

Cape Evans is south of Cape Royds and is the site of Capit. Robert Falcon Scott's claim when he made his dash to the South Pole.
reached the pole he perished on the way back and so never reached this camp again.

We set out across the ice, walking up quite easy and the ice colder and finer. The views of Barrier Glaciers and Mt. Erebus were breathtaking. Somewhere along the line a penguin fell in with us and stalked along between us. It was very funny to watch him struggle to keep up with us.

Waddell had tea kept on the ice near the ice holes. Actually at one point I counted 90 seal holes. Most of the seals would remain quite still as you approach them and then would fall around and move a little bit. They made no attempt to run away. You could tell they were frightened though because they started to urinate and made a funny roaring sound with their throats. I touched one with my hand near its tail and it defecated quite violently. The defecation zoo was produced after an hour and a half or a steady walking we reached the sea gate of Scott camp. The site itself was barren free, made of low moss and hard pebbles. It was not too attractive but commanded an excellent view.

Cape Evans

of Mt. Erebus, debris was scattered over a wide area. In some places, real skeletons, some old sled, seals were piled all over the main hut. Scott used skins instead of dogs in his explorations and the tent he left were piled up in Falls near the tent constructed for them. Cans of fruit were stacked everywhere and in most cases the canned goods were still in edible condition. Frank Hannan opened a can of pemmican and although he did not trust the meat inside it was good as the day it was canned. We opened some 47 year old cheese and passed it around. It was quite palatable though different from the cheese we had today. There were also dried onions which were quite tasty and one of the boys found some crackers that were edible.

When we found a stack of unopened cans of cocoa we really found a goldmine. The ground stock of cocoa had run out completely. About a week ago and so each of us loaded up with as much cocoa as we could carry. I climbed up to a corner excited in the vicinity of 2500 miles in the vicinity of the hut. In the case of full aid and petrol still
meable. The most amazing facts were still to come. However, Frank and I were just about to leave, being the only ones left, when we thought we had tried to get in before but all the entrance doors were blocked with snow and ice. As it was 30° the outer rooms were completely filled with snow. The inner room was free however and Graham had gotten in by climbing up on the roof and in through a window. We squeezed our way in through the window and dropped to the floor.

That was the closest thing to time travel I shall ever experience. Everything was just as Scott's men had left it. They must have left in a hurry for nothing was put away. The magazine stood open on a table. We all added a little wax to the stove and wood pieces were drying on the stove. This room had been their dining and recreation room. On the wall was a picture of King Edward and Queen Mary. Two little cradle portrait of penguins and poems of Robert Arnold were on the shelf. A sample of Life magazine was open on the stove. The walls were lined with shelves on which were stored hundreds of food items; sugar, cocoa, dried vegetables, canned fruit and meat.

Cape Evans

Neatly and I found some nitric acid gills which they took to prevent freezing. Almost the room were this and tents and other camping paraphernalia. The furniture was golden in color being just a packing case on end. The hut's roof was almost all of the walls from the use of dhobee canvas for logs.

We were very careful not to disturb anything and not to yield to the temptation of collecting souvenirs. One of Scott's men must have been zoologist for his specimens were all at glass jars on one of the shelves. When we left we put a shutter over the window to keep snow from getting in and prevented any mention about our discovery. Our combustion and restraint labored in vain. However, for later that same day long after we had gone scores of people from the hut and Northwind got in and made a rumble of the place taking souvenirs and leaving a pickup to clean away ice. It was certain that when the British and New Zealand governments learn about this there will be many repercussions.

Scott of Scotts hut is an abandoned snowmobile. It was the first powered vehicle to be tried in the Antarctic. Scott had so much trouble with
...if that he gave it up and stuck to his forces. I thoroughly like something rubb.

Robertson might have designed the new figure out where the driver,

Low supposed to sit or stand to hit the third.

The three of us, Frank Graham and myself decided to walk back along

the edge of the frozen glaciers. There was late that we had missed dinner, so we

had plenty of time. The glaciers were an awesome sight to us. It

towered above us in a hundred foot cliff.

The blue-colored ice was so sensitive and long icicles depended from the

overhanging ice above. The piles of ice and an avalanche lay on the ground where

they overhang had collapsed and fallen onto the ice below. Some distance

away from the glaciers a wonderful light effect could be achieved. The sky

in time was fully 2 seconds and its

return was loud and clear. Since both

Frank and Graham were excellent modellers,

I was treated to quite a concert.

By the time we got back to the

port, and we were quite sure except

Frank who told us he had participated

in a 24-hour walking race back in

Australia. We had walked over ten miles

in the afternoon and I had done at

least three in the morning. We

managed to get a bit to eat before

going to bed and when the coffee

was seen everyone decided to go
to Cape Evans to rest some.

A party left that evening

arriving by the light of the midnight

sun. When the small groups went out

and brought back a cone or two.

December 25

Tuesday

We were all still sleeping at

10 o'clock. The fellow in the bed

next to me was snoring so loudly

that I couldn't sleep well and I kept

waking up all the time. Christmas

services were held right on the ice

but were not particularly well

attended. We had a thanksgiving

Christmas dinner with all the trimmings

very similar to our Thanksgiving day

dinner.

During the afternoon we had a

Christmas party with Dick Tamon

as a very witty Santa Claus. Presents

were distributed. I got a rubber band,

an annual gift to cottage about

the only card game I do not play.

We all also got gifts from the

Nursery School of the American

Red Cross. We got a small kit

with a comb, pile cutter, address

book, card holder, and a

lot of trims. Music was supplied

by the choir members playing the

drums, drums and electric guitar.

After dinner Woodin Brannard and

Frank Brannard came over for why

was supposed to be a short walk

on the ice. Actually we walked
all the way to Cape Barnes about 3 1/2 miles distant where I collected rock samples from the cliffs there for Dr. Cameron. The rocks were quite unusual and came in different colors, red, yellow, brown and black. They were all lava rocks. Though Cape Barnes differs from that of Evans who it has higher cliffs and ash mounds making it difficult to ever step off the ice onto land. We passed another lead of water showing that the ice is beginning to get rotten and during the next storm may break up a bit.

We came upon some fellows who had caught a fish by netting it out of one of these leads. They let us have it and we carried it back to the Northward to serve to eat.

*Dec. 26 Wednesday*

High Adventure with a capital A marked this day. Clara after the ice had passed we went to the Northward to get down, but it died on the way however.

Great Point particularly my left hip joint which was giving me great pain. After a few miles however my stiffness wore off and I felt fine. For the rest of the day we had a light fair so we estimated just under 25 miles to go. Great Point was not even visible when we left the Northward. The weather was clear and very warm and after awhile it became necessary for us to carry our coats.

Also we only had a general idea of where we were going. We passed for the Island which was cutting a channel through the ice in order to get the calcar vessels in closer to Great Point where they could unload. There was a good chance that once reaching the end of the channel that we could get a lift for the last eight miles on a tractor or vessel.

We paddled along for three and a half hours passing Great Island and inaccessible Island. These are just large black masses of rock sticking out of the sea ice. Behind that was a bluish tongue sticking out from Mt. Erebus over the ice of Willard Island. Mt. Erebus itself was free of cloud and emitting a slight volume of smoke, as we moved the strong wind was coming from a trident black.
As we watched the tractor train move, I saw what I meant when I said I was looking for a method of landing. The plane was already over us and from the ground position we positioned the tractor train with its door wide open. We gave the driver a wave and within a few seconds the tractor train pulled out leaving us behind. I do not know how they could have missed seeing us coming. We ran to a few minutes after the helicopter, which we had seen from the window, was pulling out. Our feet had gotten a bit wet, especially mine. I was wearing just an ordinary pair of shoes which I had been careful not to get wet. But the unusual warmth of the day had made the snow and slushy, and the water in the room turned into slush, though. It was so warm that in the sun that settle in the feet was no hardship at all. We had a fairly nice meal of hard-boiled eggs, bacon, bread, cookies, apples, and orange. We even had salt and pepper.
Mr. Nash gave me a real agriculural tour of the farms and barns before he finally landed. The land was very dry and dusty, and the fields were very wide. Mr. Nash showed me around and his assistant also took me around. We walked through the barns and visited various installations, including silos, silage stacks, and equipment. There were a great many temporary buildings, and the land was very flat. The main types of buildings that we could identify were grain bins and silos.

Mr. Nash's son, Tuck, was at the farm and his assistant was an experienced farmer named Colin. They showed me around the farm and explained the various farming practices. Tuck told me about the different crops they grew and the farming techniques they used. I was impressed by the efficiency and the knowledge of the staff.

Tuck took me to his workshop, where he showed me his equipment and tools. He explained the different types of equipment used in farming and the importance of maintaining and using them properly. Tuck was very knowledgeable and passionate about farming. He showed me around the workshop and explained the various tools and machines used in farming.

We then went to the field, where Tuck showed me how to plant crops and tend to them. He explained the different stages of growth and the importance of proper care. Tuck also showed me how to use the equipment and tools in the field. He was very hands-on and demonstrated the various techniques used in farming.

Tuck also showed me around his home, where I was impressed by the quality of workmanship and the care taken in the construction. The house was very spacious and well-equipped, and Tuck showed me around the different rooms and areas. Tuck was very welcoming and kind, and I felt very welcome in his home.

Overall, my visit to Mr. Nash's farm was very informative and educational. I learned a lot about farming and the various techniques used in the industry. I was very impressed by the professionalism and expertise of the staff and the quality of the work they did.

I also visited the nearby town, where I was able to see the town square and the various buildings. The town was very small, but it had a lot of character and charm. I was able to speak with some of the locals and get a feel for the community. The people were very friendly and welcoming, and I enjoyed my time there.

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We were anxious to return to L. O. and while we were talking he received word that he should get ready to leave as he was flying tomorrow. At the same time we heard someone say the Northwind would also be getting underway early in the morning. We immediately checked at the Administration desk and discovered that the Northwind was to take frozen food from the Greenland station, bringing it down the channel and unloading it into the airfield aircraft for flight back to the base. We managed to get our names on the list as passengers to go out to the NW in the after first flight. We were told to stand by until the NW called in and announced its arrival at the old loading site. While waiting we visited the library, a large room with soft comfortable easy chairs and a surprising number of really good books. We then went into a living quarters building and were pleasantly surprised to find few large and comfy beds were. The building was comfortable if anything, and a large lounge area occupied the center section. Each man had a huge double bed, standing tables, and the bunks were double decked and looked very comfortable.

We sat for quite awhile in the lounge chatting with the seamen who had just returned from the North Pole where they had completed the construction of the South Pole base. They said the weather had been marvelous with only three overcast days and very little wind and much temperature of 13° F. They said the base was very cozy and operating smoothly with plenty of water, electricity, etc. The food which they had stored while building the permanent structure had kept them quite warm and well.

It is really remarkable what man can accomplish when he sets his mind to it.

I also inspected the head, a big metal box with a metal windshield and three firing line toilet seats. It was just like a water run into a wash basin and then turned it upside down and left. The whole water fell into a tank below. 1/2 so of the compost took us into dinner. We had an ice block selected. I had some and served myself a little from the large jar of food in the country. My first course of the Northwind in Antarctica consisted of chicken soup.
moistened potatoes, course sleek, a delicious orange drink, chocolate pudding and a fresh iceberg onion salad. I would say the food was better than in the northwind although my judgement may be clouded due to the monotony of the food on the northwind after almost six weeks of it.

After dinner we visited the chapel, a really thrilling interior and read with interest two plaques hanging inside. One list of all those explorers who have died in the Antarctic and the other a list of the meteorologists over personal last year at that point.

Another red building was a combined power house, laundry, snow melt, and shower room. The amount of machinery in this building was prodigious. But every thing was neat and clean under my charge. I spelled out and diry work by day before.

The radio shack was next on the list. This building was located amongst a maze of antenna wires and poles. We charged in and after stating that lack of business were taken out a long list. A fellow we had not met at dinner in the mess hall. I was happy to see some RCPs.
Evans camp which is much larger. Climbing a small hill behind the hut and visited a cross erected on the memory of Vince one of the men. From this hill we could see the two JG 63 fuel tankers that had been flown down here and frozen in to act as storage tanks for fuel.

By the time we got back we were told to be ready at any moment. Then we were finally called however, it was to board a helicopter rather than the other. This was a disappointment although it seemed phenomenal now. A helicopter ride to 2pm progress. We were the only passengers and I think they were testing the pilot. They flew us to the spot where we had been picked up earlier in the morning and led and led the others from the ice. Mr. Mac was waiting to lift us into the flight deck of the Northwind. This had been arranged by radio while flying out because North had been refueled just before the Northwind. The helicopter to the Northwind and cleared the deck we hopped in.

Dec 27 Thursday

Everything was back to normal with the Northwind leading the ice break. We landed in Greenville, Victory, and Port. Joseph 2 Merrill through the pack ice to open water. The Atka got stuck twice and had to be rescued which brought a smile to everyone's face as the Atka is the state ship of the Northwind. After the Atka was free and proceeded northward. We passed Bremerton Island again and later Franklin Island.
the last land we shall see until we again are at Cape Hallett.
Otherwise the day was uneventful through not dull. We saw one of
the best movies in the series so far — "Beckley & Son" a 1939 film with
David Niven & Ginger Rogers. Otherwise card playing, deck washing and laundry
hunting absorbed most of my time.

Dec 23 Friday
We are still in open water
heading for Cape Hallett.
The sun was bright and the
Temperature about 34°F. With the
hot sun beating down however,
I was able to stretch out on the
bow and do some sunbathing.
We did run through a hail
storm which covered the deck
with a thin layer of crystalline
snow. This snow melted however,
under the bright sun. I finished
a book "The Road To Stalingrad"
by Denny Terger and began "Age of
Columbus" by Samuel
Morison. Almost all of the evening
was spent playing chess with Sheldon
Drinnell (which I finally won but
only because he let me take back
some careless moves.

Dec 29 Saturday
Cape Hallett was plainly
in sight once again.
This was done to provide a better spot for weather and was not obscured by a steep cliff and able to withstand the dangers of avalanches from the cliff above.

The cutting of a new channel because we proceeded to cut a new one and the going was even harder than before. It is not a raft. That is one still moves out onto another one making a new float turn as this.

The afternoon bingo game was an actual even day 2 Phillipine stewards. I do not understand how they do it, just one they manage to turn iconically week after week. Perhaps there is more to playing this. Then I think.

In the meantime aerial reconnaissance showed that the entire spit was covered with Adelie Penguins. In order to construct the Boca it would be necessary to move the penguins out of the area selected as the site. It might seem that this would be a simple matter to shoo away a few birds, but this was not an ordinary rookery. It was estimated by Dr. V. that there were between 50 and one half million penguins on the forty acres of the spit of about one or two hundred square yard.

In addition each penguin probably had one or two chicks in its nest, but was decided that they should be removed as humanely as possible and the job was assigned to Carl Eldredge and the scientists including the Australians. Carl's plan was to use nets and carry the penguins one by one, with half chucks to some other part of the rookery. We discussed the idea in various bill positions and discovered that each one of the 17 of us would have to move 2000 penguins in order to clear just one place.

All kinds of other ideas were suggested such as moving them ashore with bull dozers lining their lines and ignorant the base over their ignoring them. I am not sure if I think completely hopeless and suggests changing the base site. The latter position allies quite unlikely as the surveyors are ever now laying out their markers. It's not that we're still trying to cut a channel to land that ice so that the ship can unload safely.

Sunday Dec. 30

We collected our gun nets, covered them with, and got reports to the flight deck. The northwest was one miles from the base city.
movie pictures. I came in for a little bit of kidding, because unlike the others I was wearing cotton trousers and a necktie, with white gloves on my hands. I expected penguin mummy to be hard work and to lift all this out, clothing on the beach, while I was wearing my long undercoat, I probably looked colder than usual. In any case I was unburdened with heavy clothing and therefore at least a little more efficiently without overheating.

As soon as that was finished we went together as a group with Carl to see what would happen when a family was moved in a group. We selected three nests, collected the adults, tied nets around the chicks, and carried the chicks by hand or in paper boxes and set them down in a few pits. As soon as the adults left the ground they were off and paid no attention whatsoever to the chicks. After a while some of the chicks were adopted by other penguins who came over the ice, which was going on. We had to catch each chick and put it in the nest of a bird who already had one, and we discovered that a strange chick was readily adopted by a new mother or father. It was therefore decided that we should place each chick in a new home, Sheldon and I selected a group...
and all to work. At first we collected one family at a time as before but we soon decided that this was too tedious and complicated working since the adults refused to have anything to do with the chicks once they were moved.

Instead I suggested we should collect all the chicks in one group together so that we should have the time to mark and then transport the adults later. We worked this system for awhile until I began to notice that the chickless adults were getting less attached to their nest and so began milling about, milling about more. In the meantime the seagulls had arrived to create a low fence around the area so that once the penguins were removed they should not be to able to get back in again. By this time we had removed about 100 chicks to new rooms and had quite a few unattached penguins in the area. It occurred to me that they might be hoppable. One of the seagulls temporarily let down the force and a few of us got together and making noise along moved the group toward the young. It worked and soon the hatchling corner of the plot was free of penguins. Both adults and chicks had been informed of our presence and soon the whole

Penguin lift group adopted our system, most of us also simply collected 10 or so chicks in pots and boxes simply dragging them just over the fence. After a time adults would come over and collect them. This saved us a lot of walking time. Actually the whole area was cleared in five hours. We were all flabbergasted that the job was accomplished in such a short order. With everyone pitching in we could herd 500 to 700 hundred penguins though the fence at one time. The most time was spent collecting the chicks and deplucking of them. Collecting chicks was sometimes difficult. The adults usually figure to get off their nest and actually attack you either by pecking at your shoes and pants or, more significantly, several times in the skins and once even was attacked from the rear. Usually a big well-placed kick in the belly would them back away off the nest and then you could kick down and peek the chicks without getting bitten. Many of the chicks were just quite large and could scamper away very few legs were broken in consequence. The penguin nest are made of pebbles and each nest is a penguin castle they defend. We, nests, even more than

(Please note: There is a portion of text that appears to be cut off or incomplete in the image.)
They are young and spend most of their free time stealing pebbles from one another.

Lunch was flown in by helicopter and consisted of hot toast, tomato soup, and two fresh sandwiches. Very often the chefs would include a white milklike fluid when picked up. I was lucky, however, and they got sprayed once. The entire area was covered with grime and the odor was not exactly pleasant.

Half off were there were some pebbles in the bay area and I was able to get some movies of men slippery swimming in the water and splashing about like others.

The weather was not too good during the day and when we tried to leave cake it looked as though whiteout conditions were imminent. Before we quit we counted the number of boats and came up with a total of 3161 boats. The total number of people moved was 3168 of which I accounted for 448 the highest of any body.

When the helicopter finally arrived he said that he would have to cancel the safaris to the tent first and especially that we would have to do this. Since the weather was closing in and he

Cape Talbot

might not be able to fly long enough to ferry us all back. By this time the Northwind was only a mile and a half away, normally this would not be a long walk. But not only was I tired from a long walk but most of the way was through a patch of still deep snow which makes for very tiring walking.

First Carl Walsh, the Australian physician broke through a thin layer of ice and got wet up to his ankles, but luckily he was the only casualty. As it turned out the lake was unnecessary as whiteout did not occur and soon it actually cleared and the sun came out.

Dinner was coldcuts and I was really furious. We went out and worked hard at something we are not required to do so that the construction can proceed. At least the chiefs officers could have given us as a hot meal especially since we had gone up our Sunday dinner in order to complete the job swiftly.

Mon. Dec 31

The Northwind was now only a block or so from the
which seems to have been named by the late, Captain B. It had arrived during the night, and some of the gnomes had a real mantle of snow. The sky was clear, but a fierce 27kt wind was blowing and although the temperature falls to a height of 3°F only a few hours would stand a cold for more than a few minutes.

The Commander mentioned that a fort was going ahead and I noticed the flag had stopped and our colours were flown. Capt. Bob Long and Capt. Handke had mentioned going ahead to help Carl Edlins find some ships' goods. I decided I might as well go ahead also as I had nothing else to do. But by the time I got my boots on and cleared, the Edlins had been taken up and we were underway again! I felt like a damn fool still dressed up with nothing to do.

Just when things seemed to be proceeding well a bridge broke loose from one of the ships' propellers. Evidently a piece of tough wood had cracked it off. About six hours were spent in investigating the damage and estimating the consequences to our mission. At one point it was thought we might have to return to New Zealand.

However, after dinner, we got underway again and I do not believe any irreparable damage has been done.

By late evening the wind had risen to 47 knots and the ships were almost broke off. Several seaplanes from the Arleigh were marooned on the northern end of the rock. One of the seaplanes' crews was led by Flt. Commander Handke, Chief of the Aircraft Construction Unit. He is a very nice guy, easily approachable, quiet, and knows his stuff. I asked questions in a concise, friendly, and intelligent manner, and Capt. Thomas told me that he thought the wind had helped to clear away a lot of the loose ice and that he would take advantage of the fact to bring the patrol to the unloading area. It was also reported that we were packing the whales around the area and might look for them. I looked as though we will have a pretty busy New Year's Eve.

Regardless, the penguin fence was blown close to its wind and many penguins have moved into the pen again. Now that the chicks are gone though it should take only a few minutes to feed them out again when a new fence is ready.
The wind continued unabated in vigour. The Arnhem was caught in between two floes and was in danger of having her bow crushed in. The Northwind had to go to her rescue. Actually, some damage was done to the Arnhem and I understand that the hull was bowed in some and a screw opened and wide. A man could stick his head through. They used jacks to pull the hull back into shape, but still were having to plug out water leaking in though other small leaks.

The Arnhem had to be moved into still water, but she was threatened by two large floes which kept her from turning or maneuvering. In order to clear her the Northwind had to make a move to move it ahead of her and break up the floes to the point bow of the Arnhem. On one pass, the edge of the floe then came within a foot of the railing on the Northwind's port stern. It was thought that the Arnhem might have to be hove into the ice floe but she finally extricated herself and followed us a few hundred yards into the pack.

Sometime during these maneuvers the Northwind lost another blade from its damaged screw. This leaves one screw with blade and one screw with three blades. Later, while discussing the deteriorating situation it occurred to me that we only had four blades left and so I corps the duty "When your blade gets down to four that's the time to buy some more." We are beginning to feel that it is not unlikely that we shall see Wellington again before seeing Port Chalmers. It is also not impossible that the Kermadec base will not be established until next year. This slows down our plans but pleasurable we have become. There is a possibility that the Whalers can be released from the Mount area to help the Arnhem into Cape Galalet. This would free the Northwind to return to Wellington. It could then rendezvous with the Arnhem and Greeninville Victory later after repairs have been completed.

The margin for error is becoming very small and the success of the entire operation hangs on a thin of fate.

Wednesday Jan 2 1957

The wind is no longer blowing, but the sky is overcast and...
the visibility moderately limited. We appear to be stagnated. The wind is leaking badly with five feet of water in one cargo hold. It takes all her pumps and several of ours to just barely keep up with it from rising further. I shall try to keep a record to copy the log after getting on situation of that I shall have a record of the exact damage the Arctic has suffered.

As if this were not enough a fire broke out in the stack of the Northwest. Flames and black smoke came pouring out ringing the American flag flying from the mast. The flames have been distinguished with water and foam extinguishers and I got some fine blooms of the whole operation.

Carl Ekblad erected a bit of a still fire going over the side of the ship to lead anchors, baited with meal to trap ship gulls. He was very successful gathering about 29 during the day. Some of the gulls were very yellow by illuminating them in daylight. It turns quite a show to watch and Carl held an enthusiastic audience.

The Northwest was not yoked in with all hay and is not likely to. We must now wait for a wind to blow the hay ice out to sea. If this takes a month we will have to remain at least a month. We are entirely of the despair of the weather gods.

Thursday Jan 3 1957

After reading yesterday pessimistic report you can imagine what we were all feeling.
Operational Report
Jan 2nd 1956

Umbrella Report
Jan 2nd 1956

Ice pressure started by tide changes apparent extending damage at frame 135-141 astbd.
Walter failed to depth 5 feet.
Inoks NR 4 held. Impossible to shore or repair due to cargo.
Ice eductor, three submersible and two 500 pumps barelly control flooding.

Contemplate moving our 500 horse power outboard to NR 3 hold to permit removal of cargo to allow temporary repairs in order to control flooding.
All available pumps including three tomorrow on port starboard.

Flooding in NR 2 hold can be controlled by 500 horse power boat when suction shifted to mizzet engine room bilge.
NR 2 floods rapidly despite efforts to prevent effective repairs NR 2.

It is considered that on changing tide additional damage may be

Arneb's Northward Damage

incurred. Present intention of getting into Cape Hallett to appear to be only solution available. Will permit us to make temporary repairs to extend hull.

Capt. Johnson

and again

012245 Z

From US Arneb

To Chief of Naval Operations

Commander Task Force 63

War ice fast in ten tenths pack ice. Moving by that extends 30 miles to read and up and down coast as far as help to reach could determine possible. Ice pressure variable and is extending damage slightly. Northward with reduced operational capabilities unable to maneuver to free ships or relieve pressure. All available pumps from both ships in constant use.

Arneb trying to control flooding unable to effect repairs in NR 2 and NR 4 holds due to cargo.

Am attempting to shift cargo to allow short term repairs to extend hull when ice conditions permit to effect repairs to outside of hull
I awoke Thursday morning to find a cloudless sky and a calm
at south wind. The Northwind broke
ice 50 yards offshore and heaved back. The combination of
the violent storm and a strong
torrent following had carried out
most of the ice. By noon the
Arnt had steamed on her own
through open water, and was firmly
moored to the unloading site of
Madison Island in the Bay ice.

It was discovered in the light of
the noon day sun that the Northwind
had lost only one blade and that
it probably had come off not
because of ice but because of
failing practice on the part of a
hasty shipyard. The blade did
not crack but to tear off it
sharply fell off.

As soon as the ladder was
down, G.W. Long and Frank Redfield
and myself got our ski and
set off for the nearest pit closed.
This was the first time had used
my own country ski. I was
quite pleased with the effectiveness.
They are quite light and easy to
put on and control. Although
managed to get around on them
easily, I still think walking is easier
though perhaps not as fast.

I did not attempt my townies
skiing as the long, white frozen
river was very
poor and the ski sank several waks.

at each step I sank and only
one run each and then gave up.
During the day a demolition team
blew up a large chunk of the
ice between the shore and the point
at which the Northwind had had to stop
breaking. There were four explosions
in all during the day, and they provided
quite a spectacular. Unfortunately, a
few penguins and some gulls were
killed.

After skiing both and I returned
to the ship and sat out again on foot.
After 3 of had taken some more
pictures of the penguins remaining in
their little ice house. We walked
over to an entrapped ice berg beyond
the Arnt and did some exploring. It
was just a large flat topped
piece of ice with a crevasse
running through it. This
walk had a double purpose as tomorrow
we are going across the bay to
the foot of the hut and also to get
the boat from the ice. We will
not be able to move the boat, but the
ship will have already started across but the
part of us are waiting for tomorrow
so we can have a full day.

Friday Jan. 4, 1957

During the night the ice
to which the Northwind was
moored broke away and began to drift out into the bay. The Northwind was therefore unable to cross the bay to tie up behind the anchored boat. In all the bay ice was suspect and a ladder still not put down until very late in the morning and our expectation to go ashore had to be cancelled.

In the meantime the seagulls were busy building and had landed several hundred nest and were again amphibiously. A request was made of Carl that he get together a few fellows and move some penguin chicks that had hunked all together near the unloading site. It seems they were being maltreated by the nearby seagulls as well as being in danger of starving as they were not being fed by adults. (Carl, Frank, Frankham, Sheldon, B. Law, Pat Grahman, and myself) went over in one of the Northwind's small boats. We landed at a beach prepared by the seagulls. We soon found the chicks to be herdable and drove them deeper into the rookery and dispersed them somewhat. From the number of lead chicks about I would guess the other eggs taken a large toll. It is a shame but little can be done about it. The chicks want on

Cape Hallett

Getting together in large groups, making it impossible for the adult penguins to feed them properly. After lunch having nothing special to do I went ashore again. In the boat with Sheldon and Bob Hogue, the artist from the Smithsonian and walked through the rookery to the foot of the cliff that is the side of Cape Hallett. In wading from the boat I jumped onto the beach and injured my right heel. Although I could still walk the pain was severe and it hurt worse on the day wore on. However, I managed to fumble through the rookery and part way up the rocky slopes of Hallett.

These rocks being away from and quite warm were a temptation paradise. Some of the rocks were painted with bright red lichen. Other horizontal patches had a bright green moss covering them. There was also a green lichen on the crags among the rocks. We found many shaggy gull nests nestled with small hollows which stuck in them. The gulls would flap their wings and cry madly when we approached this nests. Sometimes they even swooped down as if to attack but always veered away just before reaching you.
we walked back to the ship. By this time my leg had been very painful and I spent the rest of the evening nursing it.

At 8.35 discovered from some pictures taken of our strenuous task by the 12 out of 20 straps are left on the nut. They hold the blade to the hub. The straps keep the nut from working loose due to vibration etc. They mean we could easily lose other blades off either screw at any time. It was not possible to see if any of the nuts were loose already. They if we continue to fly will be taking a calculated risk.

Jan 5 1957 Saturday

as my heel was still pretty sore I thought I had only a dull day ahead of me. I woke everyone about 8.55 am and started to go. Pretty place to be. It felt pretty miserable to make me feel even worse the weather was just about perfect.

I was lounging in the wardroom feeling sorry for myself when out of the blue Sky Carl and Commander Brown put some cameras and said there were two empty seats.

Cape Walkelet Helicopters. I remember going for a ride and if there was anyone else around what I look like to go. It seems that Carl and I had been arranged to be taken to the glaciers at the right of Mount baking and planned to spend the day there collecting rock samples. They also wanted to fly over certain areas of that fly up and pick up a sample of rock with some peculiar markings they had left there.

at 10 o'clock we were airborne on the most exciting scenic flight I have ever experienced. This area must be great about the most scenic in the world. The mountains seem to vie with each other for supremacy. Even the rocks seem to struggle with lava and granite competing. We proceeded first south the left side of Montrey Bay for about 10 miles I landed late at night we had ascended to 8000 feet about as high as the helicopter has flown this trip and yet we were not high enough to look over Cape Walkelet to the Ross Ice Sea. In this point a lofty mountain rose and the bay made a right angle turn and proceed to
March to the base of Mt. Herschel a 10,802 ft. high, which peak is visible from our motoring site.

We continued on down the right side of Green Bay and at its mouth landed first on pack ice. We then backed from the nearly rock cliff, I led down some snow on it that looked like fossils although there is some doubt as to this. We continued up the coast along and gave the glaciers that flow from the slopes of Mt. Maguire. From this side you could see the glacié cracks and the undulating Pleistocene mantle of this mountainous world of nature. We landed on the glaciers not too far from an outcrop of rocks and Dick and I then piled out with all their gear. The snow surface was soft and they fell in try to their knees after they jumped out. They brought their立法 and they should be able to get about. The helicopter was able to stay on foot because instead of walking it simply kept its weight off its wheels by lowering as soon as they were off, and took off across the bottles and toward the north wind. When I reached 54 I spent some talking to the

Cape Halward, Helicopter, and

sunbathing. This ride made it a lot easier to endure the rest of my day's confinement. It is difficult to express in words all the wonder that is seen in this area, I can only hope that my picture will do it justice.

After lunch a dense fog set in which is still with us. It is now 10:45 and Dick and I how have not returned. We are sounding the ship whistle every so often to help them find their way but they have many miles to go and suppose the helicopter cannot fly in this weather. They have food only for two days and so must return before tomorrow. Fortunately they have a compass and this should keep them going in circles. And I will not think of my feet, I should probably be with them now and I can truthfully say that I'm glad I'm not. Why are both quite decorous and I am sure they will return safely. Underwater, always have kept tightening our nuts on the bodies of the screws. This should help in preventing more than from coming into our ears. I spent most of the day drinking some improvement on my portable ear phone.
phonograph.
Sunday Jan 6 1957

Dick and O'Leary made it alright. They followed their compass having taken a bearing before the fog cleared up; until they were within hearing distance of the ship's fog horn. It took them about 90 hours to make the return journey arriving about midnight.

The fog persisted all day but after dark I went out in our boat with Juan and for a tour of inspection. Several temporary buildings called huts have already been constructed. Each has an oil burner heater and hanging outlets. They will be used to house the seabees until the main buildings are being covered. The temporary mess hall but is already serving coffee and cocoa. The soup I tasted was quite good though not hot enough. Several radio antennas have been stringed and I understand the murmur should be reached.

The grading of the permanent building site has been graded and from the high stacks of chafed coal the dirt must be pretty near unloaded.

Cape Wellington

The fog lifted during the late evening to reveal the Victoria mountains painted with a faint fringe tint from the midnight sun. No matter how many times I gazed upon this wonder I am always detailed in color revealed by the changing light patterns. The view was doubly welcome after so many hours of near complete white out.

Monday Jan. 7 1957

The scientists were again asked to move some penguins out of an area so Call Dick O'Leary and some others went over to do the job. They were mostly all chicks to be moved and we asked them as we have done before and disturbed them deeper into the rookery where it hope some adults will look kindly upon them and give them some food.

It was somewhat depressing to see how many dead penguins there were. Many of the living ones must be slowly dying of starvation. You can see how they follow and crowd about any adult that passes near them begging for food in a creeping sound.
We had arranged for a boat to take us back to the Northwind for lunch. A few of us were ready and waiting when the boat came in. Others were several hundred yards away coming in. I don't know myself. I climbed aboard first and despite our protestations, the boat officers pulled out without waiting for the others. We insisted he had instructions to be at the anchorage at 11:15 to pick up Capt. Thomas. Our lunch arrived at 11:15 and so it seemed we might make it if Capt. Thomas was there and ready to board when we came by. Of course the area on the beach had no chance at all of being on time for lunch.

Of course Capt. Thomas was not waiting for us at 11:15. We stood waiting for him by the anchor for at least 15 minutes. Eventually, the trip by water from beach to Northwind took about seven minutes. Then Capt. Thomas finally did come aboard. He announced bureau. We had to clamber aboard. Capt. Thomas got off saying to what that he would be back shortly. About 15 minutes later he was back and we finally got back to the Northwind of course which was just about over.
Cape Walcott Visit.

We were quite friendly and let me come quite close. It's evidence some mild curiosity in a seal, I suppose. But when he touched it with his nose he got scared and barked away. We found a great whale pool at one point and noticed many whales fishing in it. Earl came over and found three birds that had been floundering around on the sand. He was quite excited over the find as well he might be.

On the return trip the helicopter flew by and circled overhead a few times. We could see both Jack Couder, the farmer, and Garwood and still larger the nearby photo-hanging out an open door taking pictures of the progress.

The next day was a fine clear day, but the wind was strong. We had to sail through the air with the wind. We had to keep our sails rolling back and forth. The sea horse was quite good and there was little danger of falling through at all.

We stopped here and there to collect some samples, or take pictures of the magnificent scenery. I have yet to describe the scenery so often I am getting tired of writing about it, but not tired of looking at it. We saw from the ground many of the same things we had seen from the air: huge glaciers, icebergs, land, Victoria Mountain, and the background. When the others were back hunting...
make it. I am sure that something will be done for them. For myself, I feel that as long as we all live here, get there, it does not matter to me how long it takes. There will be enough long months to spend there without getting there early. The trip is also a very pleasant place to while away the time.

While Carl and I were riding on the beach we got to talking about the pros and cons of spending another year in Antarctica. I felt that it was a wonderful thing for an American man to be able to do that with so much money. The extra year would mean about $10,000 in the bank more. I have been thinking about it for a long time, so far the lift has been wonderful. I hope the lift will agree with me. The company is pretty kind, stimulating and although I have no work to do, the time passes quickly. I do feel that a reaction is going to set in sooner or later. I am glad to know if I can return, or if other hands will be much money at stake, which I could lose to get a plug or invest. I must not throw this away just because of some personal discomfort. I am bored. I am sure that I shall always now regard life at home as terribly tame and dull.

Penguin recording

I guess first and foremost in my mind is the reaction of my parents if I stayed away another year without seeing them. They have little that matters in life to them except each other and myself.

I have a few months to spend before making a decision, so there is little point in speculating much more now.

Tuesday Jan. 7, 1957

Carl wanted me to help him make some recordings of penguins and other birds. He did during the morning. I checked the operation of the recorder and after lunch we went out in the boat to take the fear of the spot where we planned to make our recordings.

Carl was largely preoccupied with this impending trip to Antarctica and a call went out to see Glenn's wife on the airplane about sending a telegram to Dick. I waited therefore hand with the equipment while Carl got off at the airport.

I used the time to make a tape of assorted penguins and chick voices. The machine ran on batteries with a spring motor. I simply wound the spring turned it on,
recording and walked through the rookery with a microphone.

Carl came up, and although we had

quitted the penguin rookery, I

played them back for him and he

seemed satisfied to me to net out

for some other critics.

It seems that Capt. Thomas

had requested a time and a

frequency from A. P. For to

discuss with the order to return to

McMurdo. We are now awaiting

the Admiral's reply.

Carl was quite successful in

obtaining misinformation.

I left with a lot of time left. I took some

movies also. G. L. Freer and two of the New Zealand

came over and while Carl showed

them some banked shelves I

got and watched the penguins

of work and play. There always

seems to be something new to

see here. For the first time I noticed

an albino chick. Several of the

chicks regurgitated food to the

door and witnessed an orgy of

stone stealing.

I also shot another great

look at the camp. At the

camp itself the people

were starting to load

express gear back on the contents.
10 Navy crewmen and three Navy civilians to talk to, it will be hard to establish rapport with the first group and difficult to remain aloof from the latter. However, it has one of the finest base acts in Antarctica and a lot to work to do. Perhaps this will be some compensation.

During the evening movie a good cry of fire on the flight deck had the scrambling out of the wardroom to see the show. There was nothing to see however and after a few minutes everyone returned to normal. At 1800 this we are preparing to leave Cape Wollast and get underway to McMurdo Sound.

Thursday Jan 10 1957

We hit open water again and headed south with overcast skies and occasional snow flurries. I spent most of the day writing a letter home and then worked on Jack Coiffers tape recorder.

The boys have been playing a running practical joke on John Stickford. John always wears a sheath knife in his back pocket to someone always takes the knife out of the sheath and hides it somewhere. For the first few

On route to McMurdo Sound after John noticed and reported asking people if they had seen it but since the last catch a few months ago after five times it went fishing unproductive.

Friday Jan 11 1957

The weather was very poor colder than usual with limited visibility and occasional snow flurries. We made excellent time however seeing Franklin, Beaufort and Ross Island in a few hours of each other. By evening Cape Bird was visible under theclouds in the distance. For the first time we got to see Cape Bird from a plane. No passage of ice has been sensed in the clouds. The largest known penguin rookery is located here and you could see the snow covered areas easily from the ship.

I spent the day reading and playing chess and cards.