

Dagbøker  
194



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Dagboken 194

J. Jelbart P. D. I

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John Ellis Jelbart 1926-1951

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NORSK POLARINSTITUTT

Observatorieg. 1 - Oslo

Jelbarts dagbok fra "Haukeheim" eksp. 1949-52.  
Jelbart ankommer på ferden.



Tuesday 3<sup>rd</sup> Oct 1950

Thank God (that) <sup>the</sup> three weeks are over. Can't remember when I first saw Fred. Must have been about the 1<sup>st</sup> of August. I didn't know definitely for a week and then I spent a fortnight reading glaciological bioge, buying gear and rushing backwards and forwards from Ballarat. Clive fixed my teeth except two small cavities in wisdom teeth. I have had the medical exam but the results aren't ready - posted on to me by air I suppose. Tetanus on the 16<sup>th</sup> Aug, next on the 16<sup>th</sup> + 6 weeks whatever date that is; cholera, smallpox, typhoid and tetanus!

Sailed yesterday - "Strathmore", 23,000 tons. - Cabin 448 on the fore of the deck house, starboard.

To see me off - Mrs J, Mrs J, Bob, Clive, H. Frank, Phil Loh, Pauline Loh, Mrs Loh, P.G.L, Mrs P.G.L, Fred, Verny Athol, Fitz, Ron Kenney, Gersh Major, Graham Chittleborough, Ron J, Yvonne J,

Ship left at 11 pm, unpacked, to bed 1 am; met one homo steward - ugh!

haven't made any acquaintances yet - scrappy lot. What bags and fish wives. Slept for about four hours altogether and is my face sunburnt? yes!

Regime:- 7 am tea and fruit (in bed)  
8.15 breakfast  
12.15 pm lunch  
4.00 pm afternoon tea  
7.00 dinner!

Bars open from 10 a.m to 11 p.m.

Drinking "Tiger" export quality - in cabin. Gersh Major pinched the glass from the cabin, blast him.

Do I go from London to Oslo?  
Adelaide tomorrow 6 a.m.

Wednesday 4<sup>th</sup> Oct

Adelaide 6 a.m. Tea & orange 6.30. High cloud and sunshine; but about 9 it began to blow & rain so I didn't go to Adelaide in the morning. Read "The worst journey in the world" by Apsley Cherry-Garrard. Apparently sledging can be hell. The "deadline" seems to be about -60° F. After lunch I toddled off to Adelaide - an hour by train from the outer harbour. Adelaide is rather like Perth and Brisbane - just a big Ballarat. I bought two books, - a Leica handbook in the "Focal" series, and a book on crystal physics (32/9). Couldn't buy a Leica Manual. Also I bought two penatonic cassettes for my own use - about 7/6 per each! Must send them back home.

Dinner was excellent again; I'm as full as a goose. Had a few beers before and after dinner. Such relaxation. My cabin steward (Carthew) tells me that the ship will be rather quiet this trip - only a few people in his section are going through to England. He has been a steward for twenty years! Nice fellow really. Leave Adelaide tomorrow at 6 a.m. Posted an airmail letter home today.

Thursday 5<sup>th</sup> Oct

We sailed at 8 a.m. Fairly good weather but the fore cast is rough in the night! Fiddled with camera & Leica guide until lunch. Took 2 shots in the cabin (of me in the mirror). By 3 pm the ship was moving into a moderate swell so I went to sleep at 4, woke up at 7.10 - a little late for dinner. Read until 8.30 then off to bed again.



Friday 6<sup>th</sup> Oct

A Madorobe sea ran all day - but my stomach was quite settled. Took two more shots this morning, both of the ship's bows diving into a wave. I can handle the camera now. It's all rather simple once you think about it for a while. I do wish I could develop the films. I read the text book on geology all afternoon. It is rather tricky, though it will do. Had a glance at the text book on 'Crystal Physics' tonight. I will need a text book on crystal structure to understand it. Though the maths are o.k. so far. To bed about 9 pm - almost straight to sleep.

Saturday 7<sup>th</sup>

Moderating sea. I spent the afternoon & evening repacking the trunks & kit bags - some job, finished at about 9 pm.

Sunday 8<sup>th</sup>

Fremantle at about 10.30 a.m. Took a few shots of the pilot launch and bugs. Went for a walk about 11 o'clock. Toddled around Fremantle, then off around the beach for a mile or so. Stripped off to sunbath, but I had to come back quickly as I had forgotten to ask when the ship left - vision of flying to Colombo to rejoin ship! The ship left about 5 pm. At 9.15 there was a recital of Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony & the Last Hungarian Rhapsody. About eighteen badgers turned up and chattered loudly - the reproduction was highless, woofy and shattering on the lows. I stuck it out though. Life on board is rather childish - beer & skittles. Met a metallurgist to

Monday 9<sup>th</sup>

I must have worked a fair bit yesterday. I can't remember because today is tomorrow. Getting warmer now.

Tuesday 10<sup>th</sup>

It's hot today - the humidity must be rather high. I played deck quarts with Mrs Nicholson & Mr Coulman (on B deck) and another gent as anonymous as myself. Met Hugh Evans this morning - Tams cousin.

Wednesday 11<sup>th</sup>

I wrote a letter to M<sup>r</sup> Neenan - Emu Park Hotel. The weather is rather dismal - the old shower or two. Worked on glaciology most of the day! - except that I slept from two to 5.30. It was rather hot. This diary is rather a force at the moment!

Thursday 12<sup>th</sup>

Hell its hot this morning - rather dismal weather again; low cloud and intermittent rain though the wind is on the beam now instead of astern.

Sunday 16<sup>th</sup>

The ship arrived at Colombo today about 11 a.m. There was alot of cloud but I took a shot of the entrance. We queued up at about 11.30 to get passports and transit cards stamped - this is necessary before going ashore. I had lunch on the ship first; Mrs Nicholson & Mr Coulman invited me to come with them to Mt Lavinia for the afternoon! So about 2.30 we hopped onto a launch and after alot of messing round finally got ashore. The taxi was waiting outside the entrance and off we went. Colombo is an extraordinary place - palatial mansions alternate with wailing outside the entrance and off we went. Colombo is an extraordinary place - palatial mansions alternate with rows of derelict native stalls selling fruit, vegetables, lace, trinkets etc. etc. we took about half an hour to get to our first destination - a jewellers shop which had previously sold Mrs Nicholson a faulty piece of jewelry. They sold wooden elephants, book ends, carved figures, slimp shells and of course stones. After alot of hesitation I bought a pair of book ends for 25 rupees - £2 Australian actually. The blighter took them away to wrap up and exchanged them for a damaged pair. Blast his eyes. I only found out later. I saw the natives making the elephants. It was an extraordinary sight. They used the obisels so nonchalantly. We went to the Mt Lavinia Hotel for tea and fodder - ibs on the edge of the sea. remember? Mr Coulman insisted on paying for everything. He is very good indeed. The taxi collected us again at 4.45 and took us back to the landing stage entrance. Instead of going back to the ship we had a look round the centre of the city. There are emporium type stores and native kupa shops in the same street. I bought a roll of panatomic X for RS.50 (which is expensive). Mrs Nicholson delights in examining the gems without any intention of buying!

Finally back to the ship, very dirty and sweaty; but it didn't rain though it was rather black at times. Had a beer and whisky & dry before dinner. Then as usual - work!!! or do I kid myself?

Wed 18<sup>th</sup> October

Bombay today at 6.30 a.m. I went ashore for about an hour and one half, was pleased by two taxi drivers and fled back to the ship. Too damn hot altogether. The streets seemed to be fairly clean except for the belal nit excretion. Saw the Taj Mahal here but that's about all. They worked 20 rupees at the Army & Navy stores for a spool of Kodachrome! 1 rupee = 1/6 sterling. It was only 15 at Colombo. I must try at Port Said or Aden.

Kerist its hot! Prohibition in India.

A rude Singapore fellow grilled me in the lounge this evening before dinner - what was my name, how old, where to, where from, what did I do etc.

There are four of us at the table now - Mrs Dockhill, me, Mrs Nicholson, Mr Coulman.

Hell its hot!! Clean sheets today. I washed a few (2) things again today (2<sup>nd</sup> time!). Changed twice

already afternoon and evening. One fly in the cabin.

So far I have posted letters to

- Home 2 or 3
- Clive 2
- Athal & Fily 2
- A. Ede 1
- Mrs Lister 1
- Kim Ian 1
- Phil Leb 1
- Mrs Mrs Law 1
- Ron Hurley 1
- Heenan (Emu Park Hotel Queensland) 1
- Fred Jacka 1

14 or 15 !! almost 1 per day

It's b. hot.

Thursday 26<sup>th</sup> October

The trip to Aden was quite pleasant. I played deck quarts with Mr Coulman, Mrs Nicholson & Mr Hodge a fair bit. Far too hot to work in the cabin. The geological literature doesn't add up to much anyway.

Introduced myself to Betty Sparkman - Mrs Humphrey, the old duck who landed at Bombay told me who she was - i.e. which lass. That was at Aden. Toddled around Aden, bought two shirts for 7/6 and 10/6, a silk scarf for 5/- (which I lost), a Kodachrome film 16/- plus coin



for Taxis. Beth was short of cash so I lent her a few pounds - which was returned in the afternoon - but unfortunately unfortunately she had to go to Quarantine in Port Said for two days (Cholera in Bombay) so I lent her some more. Embarrassing for her.

The ship filled with oil at Aden - that's supposed to take her to England and back.

We went ashore in launches as at Colombo. There was lots of oil on the sides of the Jetty. The taxi charged us 18 rupees for the trip to and from the bazaar (about 5 miles) He should have charged 6 - and like a mug I tipped him as well! Too soft - stupidity really.

We left Aden at lunchtime, headed up the red sea for Suva. On the <sup>Right</sup> (starboard) I noticed the sand sweeping down to the shore from a line of ragged hills. The resemblance to a glacier is amazing. In the red sea it was quite calm for two days though a wind raised a small choppy sea later. We arrived at Suva early yesterday morning. No one was allowed ashore - anyway we only stayed an hour or so and then moved into the canal. There was one ship in front (at least) and at least one behind in company. The South West side has quite a lot of vegetation but the other side is quite barren - just telegraph poles and sand.

I took a lot of colour snaps of the canal, about 18 altogether. The fresh water canal runs on the south west side; also a road and train line. There were many military camps and installations. The canal sides seem to crumble easily - mudstone and sandstone blocks cemented together I think.

We arrived at Port Said about 8 o'clock. No one was allowed ashore from the ship because of cholera contact at Bombay - but plenty of pilgrims came on board! I played rummy again after saying goodbye to Beth. We finished about 11 p.m. Then I bought a "bag" from the rowing boats - 35/- . It looks rather wicker now - a bright yellow orange (chrome). I paid too much - could have got it for 30/- . The ship left for Marseille about 10 p.m. this morning.

Cash I'm tired - played deck games after breakfast again, then dice before lunch.

Tuesday 31<sup>st</sup> Oct.

After we left Port Said it was fairly cool. The run to Italy was fairly calm but after the Bonafacio straits the ship played up a bit. Lots of wind. We passed Stromboli at 5 a.m. on Saturday morning. We had heard it was in eruption so I expected to see something good. But there was one thin red trickle of lava and one very small explosion so I went back to bed fairly quickly. The coast of France is interesting - it looks like limestone country near Marseilles. The stone bridges are picturesque. We dropped anchor at Marseille about 10.30 and I spent two hours hanging around waiting

to get my transit card stamped and get ~~the~~ Australian changed to francs - £1 aust ≈ 750 fr. I posted two letters airmail after lunch - ~~310~~ 310 fr. altogether (6/-). I washed some clothes and then I must have slept. Yesterday I was invited ashore <sup>by</sup> Mr Colman, Mrs Nicholson, Mr Hodge to run

out to Cassis in a taxi - about 4,000 fr. for 6 hours. We left the ship at 10 a.m., drove through Marseille (I didn't take my camera) and arrived at Cassis an hour later. It's a very attractive town with a little harbour for the fishing fleet. Rather hazy atmosphere though. We had lunch at "Les Roches blanches", a hotel perched high on the shore line. At 11 a.m. we had coffee; thick, black and pungent. Then we drive back to the town and had a good look around. Afterwards we had the <sup>usual</sup> apero said lunch at the afresaid "Les Roches Blanches". First we had a cocktail - champagne, bitters, brandy, sugar; - then we had some "slab" meat - very nice - then steak (horse?), chips and artichokes with "rouge vin ordinaire". Bill: 4954 fr - about £5 sterling!!

Later back at the ship Mr Colman refused to let me pay my share.

Last night, there was a party in the Next cabin until 2.30. I'm tired today. There was one bystynical bag who cackled the whole time.

I had the second tetanus today - 1cc - <sup>from</sup> by the surgeon. The next one will be the 12<sup>th</sup> of December. And the last thank ~~ed~~!!

I got a maroon telegram a few days ago from Kirwan (Chemas). I am to go straight to Cambridge that night (Saturday the 4<sup>th</sup>) for a lecture on the expedition. I don't know who is giving it. I am to be the guest of D<sup>r</sup> (?) Wordie of Saint John's College. On the 12<sup>th</sup> I go to Oslo by air. My heavy baggage is to be delivered to Cox & Kings (agents). This customs will be tough. Are they going to tax me on the expedition goods? Hell!!

Friday 3<sup>rd</sup> November

We finish tomorrow. About half an hour ago (3 p.m.) we stopped at Brixham to pick up the pilot, customs officials and agents. We are off again now. The coast is much like any other coast. There aren't many trees though - and the fields are rather small. Brixham isn't far from Penzance!

I didn't see Gibraltar - we passed at 5 a.m. and that was too early altogether. The Bay of Biscay was fairly calm though we rolled a bit this morning.

I have sent all my heavy luggage to the Baggage Room, where it will be unloaded later. The agents are Cox & Kings. I filled in the customs declaration form (2B) which has to be done if you send baggage through an agent (unaccompanied baggage). Altogether there are 5 kit bags, 3 trunks and the parcel of skis, ice axe and crampons. I put the Leica camera, the exposure meter and the Hamilton watch in Trunk No 1 - I hope they aren't stolen.

I have now written letters to these people as well

Lem Macey

Rene Kirby

Tom Kelly (Rocky)

" Smithwick (Emu Park - in the navy)

Aunt Joyce

plus 4 more home

2 " Clive

1 " Athol

So the total now is 27 letters!

Saturday 4<sup>th</sup> November - London!

It's about 11.15 p.m. I'm sitting on D<sup>r</sup> Bertram's bed in St John's College, Cambridge. I've just had a hot bath and I'm almost out on my feet. This has been the busiest day of my life - the people I have met! I don't suppose I can recall 1/3 of the names. I'd better start at the beginning.

About 7 a.m. I had my bath on the Southmore, then breakfast at 7.30. Before I entered the saloon I saw the agent (Cox & Kings) and made an appointment for after breakfast. Last night he gave me a letter from Kirwan telling me to forward my heavy baggage to Capetown! - that was a blow. I had packed my gear assuming it was all going to Oslo and it all reposed in the baggage room to be landed much later than "accompanied" baggage. I talked it over with Mr Colman & we decided that it would be best to pack one kit bag from the stuff and take that with me to Oslo on the plane. I slept on it and told the agent in the morning. So we then asked the baggage room steward to land Box 1, Box 3 and Bag 3 into the customs shed and I would select my gear from them. Fortunately I had a spare kit Bag in Box No 1.

After breakfast I queued up for passport & landing card inspection and ~~was~~ also a boat train ticket. I got them alright. I was rather worried about the customs inspection because I intended to take the camera with me - also the watch and exposure meter. The agent said that the rest of the stuff would remain in bond until I left Southampton. The ship gave us a hot lunch for the train. I collected that about 10.30 and soon after I went ashore. The boxes and kit bag were already in the shed, so the agent's "man" asked an official if I could repack and that we did. When we finished the customs official just asked if I had any cigarettes or spirits, had a look at the camera, asked me how long I would be in the country and let me through without opening a bag! The chap "next door" had to open everything. I gave the agent's "man" a 10/- tip and got on board - 1st class 6/6. We left about 11.40, arrived about 1.10 after passing miles of appalling terraces with dingy gardens and rusty battered chicken coops. Much worse than anything I've seen in Melbourne.

At St Pancras Keith Douglas-Scott was waiting for me. He had sent me a letter telling me what he looked like - a very nice chap indeed. We booked two bags in at Kings Cross (Cambridge trains leave from there and Liverpool St) and took two bags to Scott's flat in "The White House" Euston Road. He gave me my mail ~~to~~ to read. There were letters from ~~the~~ Helen, Dad & Mum, Yvonne, G. Cole, Alan Villiers; a Leica lens cap from A.C.D. and letters to Gordon Robin & Captain Bauer. On the ship I also had letters from D<sup>r</sup> Bertram inviting me to a sherry party before dinner at St John's. The party commenced at 6 p.m. so I decided to leave on the 3.21 p.m. which arrives at 8.21.

Keith Scott gave me a cup of coffee and then I toddled to Kings Cross in a taxi, got my bags and safely caught the



Train - 1st class return 23/11

Sunday 5<sup>th</sup>

I was too tired to finish last night. I had breakfast in Dr Bertram's rooms - Wheats, Ham & Sausage slice, Toast & marmalade. I feel much better than yesterday.

It was almost dark when the train reached Cambridge. I was in the back carriage so I had a very long walk from the station exit. The place is much bigger than I thought - about 80,000 strong. I caught a taxi outside the entrance and toddled off to the Scott Polar Research Institute where the sherry party was to be held. The place was lighted up when I arrived - the taxi driver was intrigued. I knocked long (but not loudly) on the massive front doors but though I could see people inside, they couldn't see me or hear me. Then I noticed a car driving into a side entrance so round I went and there was Dr Bertram just moving from his car. In we went and dumped my gear - I was introduced to Dr Brian Roberts, Sq. Lr. Walford and many other females, names slipping by unheard. Brian Roberts seems to be a wonderful fellow - full of life!

Later I met Mrs Debenham (but not the prof), Miss Debenham, Mr Wordie (my host) Mrs Wordie, and others. The party finished about 7.15 and Walford, Roberts, Bertram and I had dinner in Hall - baked Halibut with shrimp sauce green peas and potato followed by cold apple pie with mack cream and a savoury. There was a choice of beer or cider - I had cider! Later we had coffee in a long room, candle lit and very cheery with large radiators. We then returned to the institute where Walford was giving a lecture on the expedition. The lecture room was choco-bloc when we arrived but we had seats reserved. Walford's photographs aren't nearly as good as R.G. Laws - they are anaemically (sp?) coloured - overexposure or underexposure! - and not artistically produced. Shots taken off the deck when it is a gale show terrible rolling and pitching. Maudheim was very very small in a very flat desolate plain of birding ice.

I met a young chap from the South Orkney expedition & he is going to South Georgia next year - a zoologist; I didn't catch his name. (Dick?)

Dr Fuchs, the leader of the FIDS party invited me to his home for drinks after afternoon tea. The programme today is thus

- 9 a.m. free
- 12.30 p.m. lunch with Prof. Debenham & the Wordies
- about 3 afternoon tea with the Debenhams
- 6 drinks with the Fuchs
- 7 dinner with Dr Bertram.

I go back to London on Tuesday - so is Brian Roberts.

later

again I'm sitting on the bed but I'm not so tired tonight. Before lunch I walked around Cambridge for an hour. I left St Johns College, walked over the "river" and along the banks for half a mile or so. The scenery was very English - just what one expects. The growth seemed to be tropically luxuriant, a little too lush. Mrs Wordie greeted me at 63 Grange Road at about 12.30. Mr Wordie came back from college later and we had dinner. Two sons and their two male friends were present. The meal was very well cooked indeed. They asked to be remembered to the other expeditioners. I went on to the Debenhams next. The prof. was sleeping but he soon came down and kept the conversation going magnificently. He is a nice chap indeed. I asked where Cherry Gannard was living and mentioned I read his book on the ship. Debenham told me he was living in London and that he was not ill but not in good health either. Then he said something to this effect: that Cherry Gannard had an independent income and had not had to work after the expedition, that he was still living in the past fifty years ago, spoke of nothing but the expedition - My God I thought that pathetic. What a waste of a time he must have had.

Prof Debenham drove me to Fuchs place. It was a very large house in large grounds. There were several FIDS chaps there but beyond the christian names of Dick, Colin, Geoff I didn't know who they were. We had sherry and then Dr Fuchs drove me back to St Johns. Dr Bertram called me to dinner in hall again. I was introduced to very many people but I never catch their names. I can only type I'm not too dominant for my age. Damn it all - it is very awkward to be thrust into an intensely academic life when you aren't academically minded. I just been speaking to the Prof of Eng<sup>2</sup> from Sydney!

The "Combinator Room" is very interesting. After dinner (starts 7.45) finishes, all the high table move in to this room, a candle lit, long and low. On week nights there is coffee. On Sunday night there is Madeira & Port served by the "juvies" fellow. Every one is seated in a large rectangle about a coke fire. When the wine is finished, cigarettes are served and we sit and talk - there was sherry and back for dinner too.

To bed

Monday 6<sup>th</sup>

Breakfast was brought to the rooms again this morning - scrambled eggs today! and porridge. Dr Bertram arrived about 9. I left for the Institute then, walking along St Johns St to Lancelotti Road. Took about 25 minutes. I bought a roll (5s 6d) of Dufay Colour film for 5/9. They seem to have a lot of film. At the institute I read a few papers including No 8 v 1 of the journal of Glaciology. I had a long talk to Dick Laws on FIDS. For lunch Bertram and Roberts took me to a pub for a pint of bitter; then back to the institute for mince meat pies (stodgy) and a doughnut. I asked Brian Roberts about filters for the Leica. Apparently it helps but nothing seems critical in photography!

Read during the afternoon - there is a book on hydrology that interests me - Physics of the earth's series. The chaplain took me to dinner tonight. Introduced again to many people - too damn many. Rather a nerve wracking couple of days. I haven't enjoyed a meal since Friday. No peace for the wicked or travelling. It was cool but not cold today. They believe in fresh air at the institute!!

Tuesday 7<sup>th</sup>

Breakfast in rooms again - the most appalling sausages were brought - just mashed brown paper, tasteless and swallowed with an effort. I packed my stuff after. It was a hell of a squeeze again. Then off to the Institute for a bit of reading - though I didn't accomplish much. Brian Roberts was in a hell of a whirl, been working until 4.30 a.m. and up again early. The train left for London about 12.10. At 12.4 we jumped into the waiting taxi and made the train with a couple of minutes to spare. We sat in a buffet car the whole way, had a light meal for a couple of bob - I had mince pie & veg (hot) & a small bottle of beer. The train pulled in at Kings Cross about 1.45. Roberts went off to a meeting, I went to the Cumberland where my rooming was booked under the British Govt Hospitality. A Commissionaire waited outside the palatial entrance - I gave him a penny by mistake! Took it back and gave him a couple of bob. My bags were whisked away and I was given a slip of paper in their place. I got my room alright - 6XN, 6th floor, 2/- per day inc breakfast only. It's a good room, bathroom attached, all mod. cons.

About 3 I toddled off to see Keith Douglas Scott at the Australia House. Walked from the Hotel (Marble arch), along Park Lane to Picadilly, Picadilly to the strand and after getting lost, successfully found the place. There was a letter from Beth Sparkman with a cheque for £4 that I had learned to her; and a letter from Clive Scott took my passport for a Norwegian visa. Then I went back to the Hotel and had a shower - not a shower, a bath. They have no shower West of it. There wasn't one in St Johns either. You can have the wireless turned on in your room for about 6d per day. So I did. The music eventually was sublime - chamber music, symphonies etc. Then about 7 I rang up room service to have dinner in my room - extra 1/- so I ordered Hors d'oeuvre, sole, duck, a half bottle of white wine. But it will cost about equal I bet! Such luxury! The waiter doubts if I can eat it. It should arrive soon.

I rang up Kirwan before 5.30 and I shall go to the R.G.S tomorrow to see about money, baggage and signing on the expedition. Absolutely stumped!!!

Wednesday 8<sup>th</sup>

I had breakfast in the "peppermill" - quick self-service section of the Cumberland's fiddler trough. Had a harrow then walked to the R.G.S (Next Albert Hall) where I met Mr Kirwan, the pres.. He gave me a bit of information about the exp. I sent off a telegram asking for 150 ampoules (for snow sampling) from Sweden and 5 litres of Ethylene dichloride (for polyvinyl chloride formal). Then I toddled off to the bank (in Australia House) to cash Beth Sparkman's cheque and cash a Flo Crauellers cheque. I nearly got lost looking for Oxford St. Finally found Murdoch where I bought 5 long playing records for Othol & Friends. Also I found the Austin Export place where they were showing the new super sports A.40 and got some pamphlets for Clive - wrote to Othol & Clive. Dinner in my rooms again. Last night I had Pouilly 1945 - tonight I had claret. It cost 23/- for dinner last night.

Wednesday 15<sup>th</sup> Sailed from Oslo!

I'm ashamed to see one week gone without an entry. Dinner cost me about 18/- last night and more the next night (Thursday) but it really was worth it. On Thursday I went to the R.G.S where I was supposed to attend a meeting of the Antarctic committee. Lloyd Foster (R.N. Lieut) was there. He was supposed to attend too. In fact he had come all the way from Portsmouth specially for the purpose. The meeting began at 3.30. Wordie was chairman. He didn't ask either Foster or myself into the meeting so we stayed in Kirwan's rooms for an hour or so until Foster was fed up and went into the meeting to find out if we were wanted. We were allowed to enter but by that time all of interest had been discussed. Foster and I were asked to blab-blah a little about our jobs (which I did anyway - utter blab)



I then went to a Glaciological Society meeting on the floor below. Seligman gave the annual presidential address which was long, sesquipedalian (and quite Seligmanian) and uninteresting. Then a young lass gave a lecture on researches on cirque glaciers in the Jostheim massif of Norway. I suppose it will appear in No 9. It was rather weak. I didn't join the society because I couldn't see Seligman after the lecture. I got a taxi back to the Cumberland and had a good dinner in my rooms again. Douglas-Scott had given me a letter from law. So I replied that night, telling what I had been doing etc. Friday came and went. It was very wet indeed. I had another (Wed, Thurs) look for a home filter. Found one for a summer lens - also a fx orange filter and steel lens ~~and~~ Hood. But on recovering the camera from Keith's flat I found it to be a summer lens. So I had to change them on Saturday morning.

On Friday night Keith Douglas Scott, his friend Barry Drexler (?) and I went to dinner and a show. First we had a few beers. Then we went to a half sophisticated dump for a cocktail and dinner. We had dry martinis (my first) 3/- per and not very smooth. For dinner we had an Italian white wine - very good.

The show was a play by Terrence Rattigan - I forget the name.

On Saturday I was invited for a drive in the country (by K.D-S) in an ancient Hillman. I turned up Saturday morning as requested to find one K.D-S and one BB Hillman. We cranked the thing for half an hour but nothing coughed. Barry then arrived and gave a hand. Eventually a municipal councilor truck gave the car a tow for half a mile or so - and the damn thing started. We went about NW from the centre, finished at St Albans where we inspected the street stalls, had lunch and then looked over the church (cathedral) which goes back to 350 A.D and is the weirdest mixture of Saxon, Norman and early and late Gothic styles. "Here lies the body of X, 1764-1840 etc. The Saxon part was quite intriguing - if a little crude.

K.D-S and I went to the Kirwans flat a little later for a cocktail party. We had dinner about 10 p.m. and then at a restaurant and then went back to Kirwans flat. We left about 12.30. K.D-S and I went back by Taxi.

I then had to pack my gear. I had a bath first and got to bed about 11.30. As requested the night porter rang me to say my taxi at 6.30 and at 7.30 my hire car arrived.

So off I went to the airport. (This was about 7.45 Sunday morning). The bus took us to the aerodrome and off we (Brian Roberts, Lloyd Foster and I) flew to Oslo.

There was about an hour's delay at the Oslo airport while our baggage was inspected by the customs officers. Then we were cleared and Professor Sverdrup took us to lunch (3.45 p.m.). Then we went to the ship and left our baggage there before going to Sverdrup's for dinner. We had wild reindeer pie! Jolly good! and goats milk cheese! a little rich - and an interview by the press too!

We slept on the Narsel. In the morning I had a cold shower! No hot water in the pipes at all. I am sleeping in the cooks cabin, Roberts and Foster in the Engineers cabin. Mine is rather near the bows. It should be fun later on.

Friday 17<sup>th</sup> Nov Cont. above.

On Monday we had a look around Oslo and were invited by Ahlmann, the Swedish Ambassador to Oslo, to a cocktail party at the embassy. I had a bit of stomach trouble and had to lie down most of the time. Tuesday Robert, Foster and I went to Oslo again and looked around, had meals, sat in restaurants drinking beer. We saw the Viking ships dug from the burial mounds of blue clay - apparently big chiefs of about A.D. 800 were buried in the Viking ships and covered with a great mound of earth - hence the preservation of the wood. (I also bought a pair of ski boots on Monday - 60 Kroner, about £3 sterling size 47).

The press turned up at the ship about 3.30 on Wednesday, took several photographs. I wasn't very interested at all. We sailed for Gtbeborg (Sweden) about 4 p.m. - to pick up another 11 tons of cargo. That night about 11 the ship began to lurch about. It was rather violent at times. Brian Roberts says its nothing compared with that to come. I am suffering from indigestion! The food isn't very rich. We have a lot of boiled fish and potatoes with smör (butter).

So we arrived in Gtbeborg yesterday, about 8 a.m. - didn't have breakfast because I wanted to catch up on sleep I missed during the night. But I had to get out and dress at 9.15 a.m. because.

I had to get my "transit" card stamped by the customs officials. No trouble there. Brian Roberts opened a case of gin (our gin salvaged from the depths of the hold) and we had a couple of nips before lunch. I was quite happy. Afternoon found us in the city looking for nice thin drinking glasses and a matt (6) for Brian & Lloyd's cabin. We saw a show (pictures) and then had dinner at a restaurant (9 p.m.) sporting a fantastic male who played a violin and sang to a silly piano accompaniment. We don't sail today because the sailors are superstitious about a Friday. So tomorrow morning at 5.00 we are off to Cape town at last.

It's 2.30 p.m. now. Haven't left the ship yet today. I believe the press will be here at 3. Blast. Letters to Kirwan, Bertram, Home, Betty Sparkman, Des Hall, Alan Villiers.

I believe a case of clothes are coming on board for me here! (What are they? Kirwan tells me that clothes are to be provided at Maudheim)

Monday 20<sup>th</sup> Nov

At sea and definitely! We left Gtbeborg as per schedule on Saturday morning. I didn't get up but I was woken by Jacobsen asking for the transit cards & passports - they had to be stamped before we left. And I couldn't go back to sleep again because of the winches rattling. Saturday was a beautiful day, not a cloud, barely a ripple; everybody sat down for breakfast, lunch, afternoon tea, dinner. We could see the Danish coast most of the day. Brian Roberts told me there had been a gale warning over the wireless! and the wireless was b. right. About 10 p.m. on Saturday the ship began to roll. I had indigestion again. I don't know if it was the whiskey (scotch & neat) before dinner or the "tooth" berry jam for afternoon tea. Anyway, it didn't mix with the pitch and roll for supper. I got up for breakfast the next morning - the accelerations were terrific ( $\pm 3/4 g$ ?) - and was introduced to a cold, greasy, fried egg and two bunks of ditto bilious bacon. I chewed the bacon very well in the hope it would digest quickly while it was down. I was the first in the "officers" mess, Brian Roberts came later. Spent the morning on the bridge - until 10.45 when Brian gave me half a tablet of "Dramamine" (histamine type drug) supposed to fix up sea sickness in ten minutes. I worked for a while and then went to my bunk. At 11.15 I lost my breakfast but it. So I stayed in the bunk until this morning. B

Tuesday 21<sup>st</sup>

Read and talked to Brian Roberts most of the time yesterday. He told me some very interesting stories about various old type expeditions and expeditions e.g. Scott's poor organization and Shackleton's lack of interest in science! I don't think I ought to say anything about it here. Apparently last night there was a storm, the ship had to slow down to three knots. I was fairly tired but the movement woke me up quite often. The breakfast was eggs & bacon - and I don't like the bacon much. It tastes almost bad. So far we have alternated between porridge & (eggs & bacon). Cliffs of Dover this morning, shining in a rare beam of sunshine. The weather is lousy, gales from Scotland down to Biscay so we should have a rough few days ahead.

I ought to mention that I have given up smoking again - for the fourth time. My last cigarette was at Kirwans flat about 10 days ago.

We met another nor food for lunch - "fix grip", the porridge with lokiaberry sauce that law mentioned. The food is awfully un-English (and unappetizing). Favourites seem to be tasteful stews of potato and meat or fish. And the soup follows the stews! Hell's bells. My cabin mate, Kjillberg, the large air photographer hardly leaves his bunk. It was calmer this morning so he got up for breakfast, his first meal for three days I think. Lloyd Foster also lined up at the trough. He certainly is a bad sailor. I think Navy life has made him a little narrow in outlook. He never is his whole life. I mentioned to Brian Roberts my opinion of the "old women" of St John's College Cambridge. He agreed that the life was a poor one.

Saturday 25<sup>th</sup>

What a bastard this ship is. Just rolls & rolls. We are getting near Gibraltar - passed Lisbon this morning. The sea has been fairly rough since Sunday. I have found my sea legs long ago, in a fashion anyway - I feel sick or rather off colour every now and then. But today I have felt fine even though the Narsel is rolling constantly. We haven't had bacon & eggs for breakfast for a few days now; porridge is offered. Thank God. It really goes down easily.



The bread is slightly mouldy to the taste so I would like it or prefer it to be toasted but the Norwegians from Tromsø (Norse's home) don't seem to have heard of it. Anyway it would be hard to have a stove heated by oil. Lloyd and Brian and I think we will buy a toaster (electric 220V) in Cape Town.

For lunch today we had the best so far - I think so, not B.R. or L.F. - it was rillmops, salted cod, onions and leestroot. That was the salad part. With the exception of the leestroot everything was raw though the pickled fish is nice. There were potatoes and split peas as well. Stewed fruit, very thin, followed. But tea was the biggest surprise. We had a beaut omelette. Even the bacon was good. I really enjoyed it though there wasn't enough. Von Essen the Swedish photographer again produced his Swedish Schnapps with blackcurrant juice. It goes down like fire - about 70% I think. He (Von Essen) tells us that Schnapps and vodka are much the same, about pure alcohol, to be swallowed quickly and shared down with food.

Last night (Friday) it was fairly calm and we sat up for a few hours drinking Scotch whisky in the mess. In the officers mess there are three British, Jim Eiden and the photographer (Swede). We got along very well indeed. Kjilberg joined in later but he can't speak much English. Brian Roberts makes efforts to learn Swedish but it is rather a waste of time. So inefficient when you can't concentrate.

We three Brits sit here (in the mess) talking of various delicacies we crave. The food is unappealing as generally. In this rough sea you don't feel like greasy steaks of anonymous fish. Suggest this ship - well, well well. I'm all for a nice crispy baked chicken leg (or legs) and piles of green vegetables. Hell I hardly eat at all. And I'm constipated as an owl. In Cape Town we intend to buy cases of fruit, tins of ham, vegetables - gorge at the cafes. I drool at the thought of a steak and chips. And I want some hot tea made with boiling water. It's served for "supper" here, and far too cold and weak. Law certainly was right about the food. B.R. tells me that Sverdrup was offended about the complaints re food on the Norse!

If they would only give me more omelettes! I took two photos today. Both in B.R.'s and L.F.'s cabin. f/2 and 1/2 second. I hope they are alright. The first on the film was of a drifter in the North sea (off Essex?).

The "Smithmore" passed us yesterday going at about 18 knots towards Australia. I feel very attracted by the good food on board. We are bouncing around and she was only pitching a degree or so every ten seconds.

Wednesday 29<sup>th</sup> Nov

The important thing is - my appetite is back! Last Sunday we had good food again. I can't remember what it was - eggs & bacon for breakfast and I enjoyed the bacon. Oh yes, I remember. We had minced meat balls rolled up in cabbage leaves and stewed. It was lovely I thought. The sea was fairly calm but the swell was on the beam - she was rolling badly. Next came stewed dried fruits. Absolute nectar - I had two helpings. Tea was a rehash of lunch but quite good.

I ought to dissertate on LARSKOS (pronounced lapskois as in goat). This was the lumpin the throat for the first week. For one meal you have boiled potatoes in their skins and fish or meat. These are kept separate and served with a "source" of melted butter (separate also). This isn't too bad. However there are always potatoes left over and these are mashed with the meat and butter and again stewed into a porridgey mess. My stomach said "Well, no." and very definitely too. But I could push down a few spoonfuls. The worst type contains bacon. The ship's bacon is what Brian Roberts calls "home cured" and has a fairly rancid taste. Boiled it is revolting. Even now when I feel hungry on hour after a meal I still can't eat it boiled. We haven't had a lapskos since last Friday. Now the weather is calm the meals may improve.

Another difficult meal is the dried stock fish. B.R. can't stomach it at the moment. He hopes to lower his standards sufficiently to push it down. Not yet! The fish (according to B.R.) is prepared thus: - cod or haddock is cut in half lengthwise and laid on the cobbles (in whatever Norwegian fishing village it is) to dry. When it rains the children pile it up and cover it with a tarpaulin. As soon as it is fine it is spread out again. Fox Dogs visit both the stock and the individual pieces when they need a piss. Two or three months later it is dry and placed in warehouses where mice and rats nest in it. Finally it is boiled and eaten. It tastes like smoked fish but a little bad.

Food is quite a large slice of Norse life!

An anecdote of B.R. - <sup>white sealing</sup> He once joined a sealing ship going to South Georgia (I'm not sure when: I think he was doing some seal population research). The crew consisted of about 13 fly specks from the South American rubbish dumps. There were 9 different nationalities. The first mate was a Portuguese and was "the most uncouth man" B.R. had ever met. He was called Christ. One of his favourite meals was to take a large fish, ball it, dip it in any fat available and then push it tail first down his neck, scales, fins, ~~back~~ back bone, guts, head and all apparently without chewing. But the most revolting part was the "grease" flowing down his chin and neck and disappearing into his roll neck sweater - streams of it.

I think ~~that~~ <sup>it was</sup> white sealing at South Georgia that B.R. would eat raw blubber while skinning a seal. He tells me they only had the one big meal at night and he did get used to the diet! (The evening meal was cooked of course.)

The standard of the food is much higher now I'm sure. I know my standards are altering, but not very much. Yesterday we had fresh raisin bread for afternoon tea and omelettes for tea (supper?). They gave us a return too!

Our latitude is about 29°N. We passed the Canary island yesterday. We went between Gran Canarias and Tenerife. Not Tenerife. The peak on Gran Canarias is about 6000' and 12,000' (snow capped) on Tenerife. But we didn't see the latter - about 90 miles away. Las Palmas is the big town on Gran Canarias. B.R. tells me they called in there when returning from Graham Land - and fighting broke out in the streets soon after - that was the beginning of the Spanish Civil War. The islands are volcanic, quite rugged with tropical vegetation. A Paradise? The people are "wonderful", slow and lazy - why not go there? How about it?

A Portuguese cargo ship cum loiter of about 2000 tons appeared yesterday. It came slowly up on the stern and passed us about 5.30 p.m. - though I believe we caught up to it earlier in the day. I don't know because I had a sleep from 2 till 3.30. Later in the evening we caught up to it again (Jacobsen: "cleaning her fires probably") and then it forged ahead. This morning it was a long way astern; and it hasn't made up any ground so far (11 a.m.). The ship was the Legula of Lisbon. There is very little contact between us three British and the Norwegians. They don't speak very good English at all - and of course we barely try to speak Norwegian.

I had a shower last night - the 1st in a fortnight and one day. I was filthy. I ought to wash more often. My hair is very difficult today, floats off in all directions. That reminds me. B.R. suggests I have a Neanderthal type of Profile. Except for the heavy brow ridge but my fringe conceals that lack.

I suppose I should add that I have been reading a bit of *Navigation - Part II of the Admiralty Navigation Manual*: that's astronomical - and the main difficulty seems to be the queer mixture of anticlockwise & clockwise angles (qualified by E, W, N, S) and also time units, distance units and angular units. E.g. the longitude is equatorial miles ~~travelling~~ in minutes or hours etc. Hell it's a mess. The theory of Navigation is quite simple except for that.

I must remember some time to do down my ideas on international "Exhibitions". It will be useful and interesting to see my ideas develop on the trip.

I began "The Brothers Karamazov" about 10 days ago and I'm still reading and enjoying it. Hell it must have taken a lot to write. ~~No game with the kind rubbish.~~

Saturday 2<sup>nd</sup> Dec

We are about 10°N, rounding the behind of Africa. The weather is still jolly good though a long swell is moving the ship - pitching only. Shorts are the thing - shorts, sandals and T shirt are quite sufficient. I find it hard to sleep in the bunk because of the heat. I appreciate the ship's tea now - and coffee. Thirsty weather. Last night we had a bit of a ding in the saloon, B.R. and I in the lead. Lloyd was making Gyro observations until about 3 a.m. I had a shower (No.3) and bobbed (wobbled!) off about 1.30. This morning wasn't too good. My gut was quite disturbed but my head was clear - last night I had two more No.9's from Von Essen. Constipated most of the time; lack of exercise probably or the lack of fresh fruit & veg.

Lapskos today - hard friske Lapskos. We saw it being prepared last. The cook was removing the skin from slabs of faintly decayed dried fish. B.R. was disgusted!



There is no sign of a change to tropical food. Porridge for breakfast.

I unpacked the case from Sweden today - 5 kg of ethylene dichloride in a tin, and 150 ampoules (5 cc).

B.R. suggests that Van Essen may take our remarks too seriously - concerning international politics etc. Of course there is a tendency for me to take up any side of an argument just for the hell of it. So I must try and be careful about what I say. Hell, as if my opinion matters.

It is interesting to compare the attitudes of the educated and uneducated. Just look for the dogma - usual or unusual. e.g. "every decent man will agree" etc.. There is a lot to write down - but how frank to be? This is much different from Heard. I feel very much more on my own; but I don't care so much, which worries me a bit. In this sense: where am I going to draw the line? I can't be antisocial always, especially back home. I still have to face the problem of whence. It's very unclear about it. China entered the war a couple of days ago. She complained of American intervention in Korea. Anyway a couple of hundred thousand troops entered Korea and gave the Japs a shock.

Thursday 7<sup>th</sup> Dec

My birthday yesterday - my 24<sup>th</sup>. We also crossed the line early in the morning. There was no ceremony. I believe someone objected but I don't know who. I have been helping Brian Roberts with the stores lists and also the index to the Glaciological Journal.

I'm a bit sunbored today. Yesterday was cloudy at times but I managed to get a couple of hours of sunbathing in. The weather has been very cloudy for the last ~~week~~ 5 days.

Sunday 10<sup>th</sup>

This day will be remembered for the pork chops this evening and the roast pork for lunch. I know we shall have pork chops this evening because the galley ventilator is open and on the boat deck you can look down onto the stove itself. They smell good. My gut is still full from lunch.

Last night I felt goofy again. Not potty or anything like that. In fact it was stupid to say goofy. I was reading "Random Harvest" - James Hilton - and I wanted (desperately?) badly to hear some good music. Naturally, when Lloyd Foster turned on to some chamber music by accident I asked him to leave it on. ("That's lovely" I said - "Everyone having a scratch" he said scornfully) Stig Hallgren, the Swedish photographer (Artfilm) didn't understand I had asked to have it on and turned it off. Hell!

I think it is Beethoven's op 110 Sonata. A bit that has delighted me for days. It is played on a beautiful sonorous piano



I still have a few pieces of music I can "listen" to. The easiest is the emperor. I find a lot of trouble keeping octaves out of my head - fiddles and cellos drone the themes, one on one. I think I must pick out the octaves from engine room noises - that would be easier than trying to pick out harmonics required for diminished sevenths. The themes go wrong unexpectedly, generally dodging one particular note. That note must be really missing from the engine noises.

"They" think I'm crazy. They are B.B., L.F. and the Swedes. Because I act strangely and unconventionally. B. Roberts - conventionally keen on conventions (expedition life?). L.F. - the extended hand approaching the infinitely long and thin line of an university Don. (Hilton's metaphor more or less).

I wonder if I am keen on expeditions? It doesn't solve any problems - that's if I am running away. The immediate problem is the future after the Australian expedition (if I go). I don't think I want a particular job - except for a crust and even that may not be sufficient.

I certainly find it hard to work at a job of any kind.

Monday 11<sup>th</sup>

It cleared up late this afternoon - I hope permanently. It has been cloudy for about 10 days.

About 4 p.m. I climbed up to the crow's nest and took a few pictures. I dropped the new lens hood which I had bought in London. Fortunately it hit the deck - unfortunately it hit the deck very hard. It is more than somewhat bent.

The crew are busy painting the ship; ready for Capetown (?).

Thursday 14<sup>th</sup> Dec

This is B.N. Last night a wind sprang up and now there is a fair sea running. The wind is too odd to allow one to stand on deck. We were to have arrived in Capetown on Saturday evening but now it won't be until Sunday, dash it. There is nothing to do - except go to sleep and that makes the night too long. The Morsel cook is definitely staying at Maudheim and Starby will resume his original position. Hell. I don't like the cook.

Saturday 16<sup>th</sup> Dec

So! The first belly full for a couple of days. It was just stew, but the lumps were big enough to chew. That's poetry. We had clip fish for lunch. We suspect the cook has been pinching von Essen's beer. Anyway, a few days ago he suggested that as he hadn't tasted any English beer for 20 years and so forth... Well, no one coughed up: so we have had some rather foul meals since then - from an English point of view.

These letters have I written:-

Fred, Othol, Home, Olive, Ron J, A. Voyce, A. Eds, P.G. Law.

Quite a few thousand words in all - and every one is different. That is a boast.

The weather isn't so bad now.

Today I was just about as crazy as ever. Even rode at times. I climbed to the top of the starboard Samson mast and took a couple of snaps. Gosh, it was cold and windy.

Thursday 21<sup>st</sup> Dec

Left Capetown

We left Capetown at 10 this morning. About thirty people saw us off. We are out of their clutches at last (the merchants). Oh my gut! And I have a cold. Sore throat - too much smoking. I'll have to give it up again.

I sent another long letter home - and another film (the third).

The ship arrived on Sunday morning. We messed around waiting for customs & health clearances & then at about 1:30 one I got away. Alan Crawford (of Marion Island 1948) met Brian Roberts and took him away - I suppose to talk shop, and a friend came to meet Lloyd Foster and he went too.

The ship was docked alongside a wartime all purpose tanker of about 500 tons. Very dirty. I think we refuelled there. I made my way out of the docks fairly easily & wandered towards the city centre - as far as.

It was good to see & smell the gum trees. It made me feel happy. I intended to walk a fair bit because I needed shaking up - and I was on the lookout for a good café.

Strolled into the town, up to the top of Long St, down, up, around... And at last I had a steak - and a juke box. There are too many of them. Noisy, moronic;

I walked up hill then, not going anywhere in particular and finished at the



cable station below table mountain - about 4:30 by then.

I had had fruit, icecream, nuts and cold drinks on the way. It was a jolly good walk. Took a cable car to the top - disappointing because of the cloud and haze but well worth the 8/6. And I bought two post cards for home. Then down again in the last car and walked back to the city. My feet were sore especially the left one.

This is going to read like a travel book in the first person. I had another steak and then went back to the ship - to sleep I intended even though it was early. We had a top late night on Saturday - Stig's camera fellover - or was that Friday - fellover onto it's face. The big movie camera too. Stig was very upset but all was well. That's by the way. Lloyd was at the ship, just returned and asked me to keep him company at dinner. So I had to have another meal. Had to be not the real word. Gluttony lead me on. We had it at the "Stage Door" Cafe - rather greasy steaks. And then we met Brian and Rie von Essen - finished at sea point in a taxi at \$ 12 pm. Chicken at a road house.

Monday I shopped. Took backwards and forwards from the ship. Cashd my last two travellers cheques - for altogether and I started with £90 sterling in Australia. Shopping consisted of a 4lb tin of Ham, a tin of chicken in aspic, vegemite, tinned cream, tinned fruit, raisins etc, and lots of other food, a pair of swimming trunks - which I didn't use (32/6), beaut black silk, books (in the afternoon with Brian Roberts - a beaut time) and odds and ends. This took all day. Food was crammed at dinner (the Wellington Restaurant). We had lobster-Mayonnaise and a monstrous mixed grill. Then to a horrible picture show. God!

My trunks and kit bags arrived at the ship that afternoon - stowed at the rear of the forward hold. Next morning (Tuesday 19th) I spent in packing my clothes, removing the food & stowing stuff in my cabin. I was damn grumpy & tired. Lat-enights for a three preceding. Hell of a lot of junk - bought a toaster the day before too.

I should have remembered this: - Monday

Friday 22nd Dec 37'S about 18°E

Its still abit rough - two crossed swells at right angles, S and SW. But the wind died down tonight. We have been rolling a treat.

Lots of fruit have gone down my hatch today (again). Packed all my civvies away at last. Not pleasant crawling around the hold.

To continue the bit broken off: - Monday the ship changed to a new berth; a much better one without the disadvantages of double parking. And also without the fenders, floating baulks of timber which can collect remarkably odorous quantities of ships refuse. Not good to look upon. I had just arrived back on board from the combat city - meeting B-R at 2 on board - when the ship cast off. Went up to the bridge for a look see and the damp cook turned up. [He was in my cabin today asking for beer - or anything else alcoholic]. He was very drunk, onto me like a sticky fly. "would I teach him English?" No, I spoke Australian; I couldn't. And putting his arm around me, <sup>head</sup> laying his arm on one side and ogling up at me, unshaven and lecherous "we will be friends, yes?"

What an affliction. American cook. I made as graceful an exit as possible - Stig Hallgren saw it all.

Cape town must be remembered as an island of chicken and steak in a sea of watery tipsters. Lots of oranges in the cabin thanks X. I wrote another letter home.

Tomorrow I start my spell at Met obs. Stig Hallgren & I do ours together - alternate observations at 6 am, 9, 12, 3 etc for two days and then a rest for two days. I do the first at 6 a.m. Had a fair sleep last night. Might consider a shower now.

Saturday 23rd 41°N 174°E

We roll again. But I'm well. So well. My gut will be the death of me - ulcers or shall I swallow broken glass? Hunger is a wonderful thing. We had that aborted food, boiled fish for lunch - and hashed for tea. As appetizing as boiled bacon but not as tasty thank heavens. Limp and sloshy. Now that Scurdrip has joined the mess there has been considerably less comment on the food. I have a jar of vegemite - made in Australia: from the supermarket.

Rie von Essen and Stig Hallgren have settled down together. For a couple of days before Cape town things were rather strained. Von Essen had Scurdrip's cabin until Cape town; had to change back to bunk with Hallgren or take one of the lousy cabins aft. (They are flooded in wet weather). Stig Hallgren had to move his photographic gear - that was the trouble. Neither wanted to share a cabin. Don't understand the expedition - B-R. They seem happy now.

Yesterday I was down in the hold packing and repacking some gear. I had to find a few cold weather things. The air temp is falling and 30's the sea - both temp and height. We are in the furious porters.

Up at 8 this morning for the met obs., my first. I alternate every 3 hrs. Last one at 12 tonight.

Xmas in two days and I haven't got one present. Not a b. one. Economical. I can always give away blocks of chocolate. I must have a couple of dozen.

I'm reading Aldous Huxley's "Point Counter Point". We (L.F.) are helping Brian to make up his diary - he's just beginning now. And from London too. "When did we pass the Canaries" etc. He writes it out in concentrated form - "somewhat clipped" he has just remarked on his stenary style. Takes it all down on bits of paper and expands it later. <sup>has</sup> Habit due to being behind always.

There is a bit more about Cape town. I got up to Cape town with Brian on a Tuesday evening. That afternoon I had left the ship fairly late, about 2, went for a walk out at sea point. Took a bus there & had lunch first. Climbed down to some rocks and sunbathed. No one could see. But I wore the new black trunks. Then I met Brian back on the ship and we had a beer and before going to the Wellington for dinner. But we were too late for a decent dinner. They closed at 8:30 and we arrived at 9. So we could only have fried sole. Damn nuisance gastronomically. Then we slid off to the pub again: - the "Standard" Bar was the best we found, red plush seats (benches) and varnished tables. We had "Lion" brand lager and ale. While we drank we wrote letters - one home about 9 pages. Not big ones. Hope they appreciate it. In one corner an old man was sick. A fight almost broke out between an old guy and a scared young innocent. But it was quelled. Three small bottles we imbibed, drinking the last while the barman yelled thanks and the lights were switched out. Then we had eggs and chips & bacon followed by a toasted egg sandwich. And two coffees. I was quite abit off my day. Too much to eat and I was getting a cold. My stomach revolted at the fruit I suppose, or eggs or bananas splits etc. Didn't have anything for lunch (no breakfast as usual) because I had diahrea, gubs ache and the miseries in general.

Did a bit of shopping that morning - housewife stuff. Then Brian and I went to Muzenberg for a swim. But I was too off to swim, just sat behind a bathing box, red and horrible, and held my head in hands. Horrible people, a horrible cluttered convenient beach - I hated the first look at it. And I wasn't sorry when I went.

The last meal was the best: Brian and I and the two Swedes went to the Cafe Royal for a dinner that night - 8-15 we looked for. Hors d'oeuvres were delicious; then a great chicken Maryland. Finally a slightly miserable tour de place, mealing most of the ships are in a lowish cafe, prostitutes and all. Brian wouldn't leave; insisted there were dramas being acted. Rather old womanish in some ways.

Tuesday 26th 54°S, 18°30'E

Sea Temperature -0.2°C, air temperature 1.05°C. Scenery - two icebergs just before lunch. They were about 60 and 40 feet high, a couple of hundred feet long, the second with a moraine stain on top. Both had capsized or tilted. We passed through the convergence yesterday morning.

Xmas eve was celebrated in the crew's mess. We all dined there Sunday night, pork the main mast, aqua vite and beer the guys. Then sang we carols, Norwegian, out of time, out of tune. My soul wasn't touched - L.F.'s and B-R's were. Perhaps they aren't keen on music? I bet they gossip about my soullessness. Touchingly simple or musically incompetent - I see one, they see the other.

Stig and I are the mets today again. Stig did the 6 am (2), I do the 3 a.m. (2 = 4 local time) tomorrow morning. It should be daylight then.

Xmas, we had roast turkey, roasted prunes and sliced apple and then cloud berries in whipped condensed milk - almost like real cream. A superb lunch even though two dogs could have devoured the turkey more rationally - hacked to bits.



Thursday 28<sup>th</sup> Dec; 60°50'S

Yesterday morning at 3:30 there were at least 8 icebergs in sight and generally at least one for the rest of the day. There were a few abies blowing in the evening. The 1st snow petrel appeared at about 9 pm yesterday. B.R. - pack or drift ice within 60 miles. A suspiciously hard horizon to the South and a falling thermometer! But we didn't see any floes. Early this morning the ship passed a lot of broken floes and also just before lunch. There were 10 snow petrels in sight at 10 a.m.

The birds visible at the moment are prions, antarctic petrels, cape pigeons, snow petrels and one lone wandering albatross. Since capetown we have seen one or two noddies, cape hans, sooty albatrosses (only one or two), light mottled sooty albatrosses, blue petrels, Schlegel's petrels, Wilson's petrels, black ~~bellied~~ petrels, white faced petrels and the four already mentioned.

On Tuesday evening there was a change of plans. Instead of heading due South to the back and then flying surveys inland, the ship will now go straight to Maudheim and the planes will fly from there. The course is now 220°. The NW wind has changed to a WSW, but only a few knots. The ship is pitching a little only. We have had a calm voyage.

Unpacked the skis and ice axe yesterday. Made a sheath for my "luchers" knife. Cut out the shape of the blade (in a piece of 1/4 pine) 1/16" deep - used a chisel from the chippy store. Bound a piece of webbing belt with elastoplast bandage. It is quite serviceable. Also made a balaclava from an old sock. Not a success.

Friday 29<sup>th</sup> Dec 64°S 3°E

ruddy

B.R. "you can't describe your sensations every time Clippische comes around" I agree; but it came today so I mention it here. For the last time. In future we have lost.

Hundreds of icebergs today. Up to 1/3 mile long and 70 feet high. One of these dimensions was quite normal, up to half its total height. We use a range finder and sextant.

Its quite light at 11 pm GMT. Is it blink on the horizon? I doubt it!

Feature: - One bottle of Indian ink in the captain's saloon - catastrophe for the light.

The sea is almost calm, barely a quantum of wind. Maudheim by telephone tonight. Rognstad said: All was okay okay.

I have learnt a little. The ice drill hasn't left the base yet. There is a ~~space~~ small hut on board. It will be erected 2.50 km SE towards the mountains and during the three winter months I (and probably someone else!) will record Met glaciological and aurora observations.

Sunday 31<sup>st</sup> Dec 1950 about 65°S 1°W

Chronologically: - yesterday morning about 3 am we ran into some pack ice. Sackesen & Sverdrup must have decided it was too tough and we proceeded NW out of the ice. We went through small clumps of close pack all day - bits of brash in tongues and so forth. The barometer was dropping rather steeply, wetish snow very now and then, a low sky and hazy in the day a fog. We finished in a bit of close pack - rotten and not thick - about 6 o'clock pm. And there we stayed all night - not enough visibility to pick up the leads. Jolly good to settle down in a quiet ship and read without discomfort.

There was one lone emperor penguin, about half a mile away, making its feathers in a streak of white waste. Ork, antarctic petrels and snow petrels to indicate life. A seals head thrust from the water near the ship and then vanished. The wind was not a chicken, one or two knots - or none at all, visibility about 1/2 mile, human voices and loud footsteps, peanut shells on the white, the rusty stains from the ships side; oil streaks and orange peel.

I hear one cylinder is missing - so we stop most of today and go sealing. Its rather misty still even though the barometer is rising. The wind remains in the north, just a zephyr. They have shot about 6 seals, all crabeaters including one fairly young one. It should be good eating. The busur stands at the bow of shoots them with a high velocity .26 or .25. He averaged about two shots to the kill. Most of the seals were badly scarred B.F. heard sea leopards. Skinning takes about 3 or 4 minutes - a bloody job done on the fore deck and afterwards hosed down. The prof. had a shot at a couple of seals, shot one, the other escaped wounded. I wonder when we will have seal meat - 170 skins, skinned up? - and where do the skins go? I must find my spits. I've taken half a dozen photos of the process this morning.

Eisen shot a sea leopard after lunch - 126" long. B.R. opened it up. A female, sans embryo. The stomach was rather full, the bladder and skin of a crabeater, half digested. It oozed over the deck in a grey slimy mass, mixed with blood.

Seal meat and tongues have been kept. The crew aren't in favour of liver, tongue or other delicacies only the meat.

Monday 1<sup>st</sup> Jan 1950/1951 65°40'S 4°20'W

Roast beef for lunch yesterday. Sprang up windy from the SW later. Barometer still rising. Sealing was discontinued after about 3. Made off NW for about a couple of hours then halted for uncertain reasons - lack of haste or New Years celebrations? The prof said there is no hurry. The arrived at Maudheim about Feb 8<sup>th</sup> last year - I had a look in the rough log today.

There was a big meal last night - in the crews mess - of Xmas eve only no carols this time, just Norwegian folk songs etc. After the steak, toasts & speeches with beer and acquit which hardly ran like water. Odd bids gave solos, Brian & I sang Waltzing Matilda; I had to write out the words (more or less correctly) for B.R.'s benefit. Chanted staccato, plus rapier. That wasn't too bad, a bit of beer kept us going. Before dinner we had opened a box of expedition whisky, packed with sawdust: some went into my left eye, blindingly painful as usual - I turned my head away from the pain! Barsted, the Norwegian senior pilot and B.R. had a look, turned back the eyelid with matches, applied eye baths, suggested licking it out - old "Spiso" had calmed me in the passage, grabbed my head in two hands and with mouth agape and tongue projecting was just about to give me a salivary lick when I realised the game and protesting "Nye! Nye!", managed to escape. During the dinner, the air was exceedingly foul with smoke, my eyes watered and I kept on blinking. Relief came unexpectedly with the cessation of pain during the thickest smoke - tobacco does some good. (I still smoke 2 or 3 a day)

Lloyd Foster managed to escape during the evening (letting down the British rojas) and wandered off into the pack with Anders Jacobsen (Norwegian pilot), both finally dropping in up to the crutch. Seeing them through the port hole I was full of envy. The sun was shining too.

I expected a ceremony at midnight. Meanwhile the cook put on an act. Dressed as Neptune with flowing rony beard and hair, blood stained fingers and arms and face he crawled around the mess chasing the coon. Photographer's paradise, four or five of 'em using the one flash. As I don't like the cook I found it hard to laugh at a ham fisted act. I did. So hard. Out to the deck for some photographs. Went to bed for a snooze but B.R. reeled me out - I was letting down the British rojas - came back to the mess. More singing, we wailed and roared British classics, they Norwegian. There wasn't enough grog.

At 12 there was a frenzied shaking of hands and that was the new year horn; without a wetted head.

We tried our strength for an hour, mainly the crew; then bed. So tired today, Stig and I were done, met. Stig had the first at 6, wasn't coiled at all. Lloyd was in the galley pecking up the fried eggs. In the last few days he has given Sverdrup a précis of our thoughts on Norwegian food. Lloyd is embarrassingly frank. He is on the way up I suppose. The navy breeds them differently. Best said, whatever the "international" friction involved. Food is too important too often. ~~to be~~

About a 30 knot S.W. wind, close pack with a few "lokes" (but not leads). We slowly proceeded NW (from 9 a.m. on) at about 2 knots. Temperature about -2°C, but the wind was keen. No sun all morning, no sun since many days: there were a couple of seals on the ice earlier; we saw none after 10.

Lunch was superb; roast turkey again. I love turkey, especially in the antarctic. Big gooey cakes for afternoon tea. The cook has a flound mind. The Sun came out brilliantly at 4:30. I took half a dozen photos of some hummocky pack.

Tuesday 2<sup>nd</sup> Jan

We have been moving west at about 9 knots. The idea is to find an easier track down to Maudheim, perhaps where the ice opens up near the Weddell sea.

The small plane has been put together now, the engine running this morning after breakfast. It is on floats, about the equivalent of an "Auster". (Used last year by the British).

We are still in meeting areas of close pack. The weather is off again.

Wednesday 3<sup>rd</sup> 66°S, 11°W

We moved west and later SW today. Halted a couple of times because of the weather. Poor stuff, wet snow.

Yesterday evening the ship finished up in some tough hummocky pack, bad visibility so we closed



down for the night. There was a small lake a hundred yards astern. This morning we backed round and returned to the lake; the smaller plane was busted overboard and went for a short flight, testing and looking for leads. After lunch (crabeater seal! beautiful though too strongly seasoned) we moved N.W. and W. and finally S to SW. The pack is more open here but visibility is poor so we stop (9:30 pm). Had radio telephone contact with Maudheim last night - for about an hour. Could I drive a Weasel? I was in bed and missed it all. Early night, about 9 pm. Killberge was developing films while I went to sleep. The cabin is a bit more crowded; boxes, instruments, dangling films. Radio telephone contact with Maudheim again tonight.

Put a plastic coating on my skis yesterday and today. Did the brush work on the boat deck beside the saloon. Too cold for the plastic to set so I have put them in the mess for the night.

we passed another particularly dome shaped berg yesterday

Thursday  
Wednesday 4<sup>th</sup> Jan 1951 66°48'S 11°28' W

The barometer was rising last night. I stayed up until two watching for a change in the weather. we were in close pack, rather hummocky but plenty of extensive leads for navigation. All looked like plane sailing this when I went to bed and also at 6 a.m. when I was called to do the met.

Breakfast went without me. I slept till about 12 when the met called again. Surprised to find the ship in some thick pack, all hands and tourists working at the ice with poles and dynamite. They had let off a couple of blasts without waking me.

The ship had stuck after breakfast. There was open water just astern, some more a couple of hundred yards ahead. The captain was alternately putting the ship astern, to port and starboard. We didn't budge at all. Another change was explained on the starboard about 9' from the ship's side but it hardly did any good.

we advanced for lunch then back to the back. There wasn't much we could do except watch. About 1.30 the pressure came on from the starboard. The ice slowly closed in all around, blocks slowly lifted out, suddenly jerked, slid with a coarse hiss, cracks imperceptibly widened, closed up, the ship slowly listed, the lead astern closed up to about 150 yards back, pressure hummocks formed between the two flows ahead and all around the ship.

Brian & I went out to take photographs from the ice. I took about 10, a couple with the lens in!

By 4 the pressure had stopped but Jacobsen said the ice under the ship would cause trouble. We might be here for a week?

The cabin is overflowing with photographic gear. Not much room for my clothes and none for my boots. It would be nice to open the scuttles but the Killberge has films drying. The place is alternately freezing and uncomfortably muggy.

about a dozen adolie penguins have been stalked by amateur and professional photographers

Friday  
Thursday 5<sup>th</sup> 66°57'S 11°50' W

The son came out for a short time last night so I finished that roll of film and on the ship and some Adolies. There was another emperor penguin, alone, half a mile away, quite still.

Yesterday a killer whale came up near in ahead about 50 yards from us. we were standing on the ice about 100 yards astern from the ship. I felt quite safe - thought of pumping!

The plane flew again this morning. The air staff seem to be rather independent of ship and air. Both pilots went away together this morning, didn't give their plans, flew off without oral notice. The plane was put overboard about 8:30. I was up early today, about 7:45 !!! Did the prof.

The ship was freed about 3 this morning - "screamed" out by pressure.

We shot a Ross seal today. Before Brian could get to the scene the back - a - pike was diving into its skull several times. I took B.R.'s robes while he measured and dissected the seal. The lower intestine was infested with tape worms, and round worms and several cysts.

Saturday 6<sup>th</sup> 71°1'S 11°W Maudheim.

yesterday  
yesterday was an average day. The ice was still close pack but the leads and lakes were much larger. In the afternoon the ice was just a thin, rather prickly layer, hardly impeding the ship at all. Must have averaged 8 or 9 knots. Last night was quite eventful. we kept moving S or S-SE thru 1% cover of ice. Practically an ice free sea.

This morning was rather miserable, an wet snow and a ~~light~~ S-E wind. we were about 10 miles from Maudheim. There was a small sea running. The ship rolled a bit, not enough to be uncomfortable, but we had the fiddles on the table. There was about 20 miles of open water between the barrier and the pack!

We estimated our arrival as 8 o'clock in the evening.

In the morning we helped unroll the big aircraft. A hard job for we three British as the orders are delivered in Norwegian. I believe we obstruct more than help. That lasted until 11 o'clock. Cliffiske fry lunch! After lunch I slept and didn't get out of bed until 5. I was preparing for tonight really. Anyway I didn't get to bed until 1 o'clock last night.

we had drinks in the saloon with the aircrew, Sverdrup and Essen. That has been regularly attended since awake out of Capatown, Aquevike and "Mountain Dew" Scotch whisky. Mostly conducted in Norwegian with the prof. leading the choir.

After a rebash of Cliffiske (we had toast instead), we moved out of the mess, were damned surprised to see the icy walls of Hørsel bay around us. It HAD to be Hørsel bay. We were moving between two walls of ice, a mile apart and 60 or so feet high. It just had to be Maudheim.

Brian wanted help to find the British part of the Maudheim mail - boxes 8004, 8005. What a dope amongst a stack of potatoes & orange crates. We dived after a few minutes. On deck again there was the wharf. Hell! The camera!

we messed around for a quarter of an hour. Backing and shuffling. The edge was a bit awkward. A bit had dropped off. I think the edge is higher than last year. Not sure. Took several shots of the bay - rotten light, driving snow, no contrast - and then when we came along side I jumped ashore and helped fix the 1st line to a bar in the firm (most primitive!). It was good to walk. The snow was lumpy, rather wind packed with a light crust. More shots of the Hørsel and one of Brian standing about 50 yards from the ship. Cameras were everywhere.

I was wearing the flying boots and Heard Island anorak. I went back on board to change into the ventila anorak and ski boots. My skis weren't adjusted to the ski boots blast it. I left my camera in the cabin when I changed - I just went out to see what was happening - but when I emerged one figure was sliding up the slope towards the 1st snow pole, another was putting on skis and so one else was visible. So I went off after the figure in front. Was he just going up the rise for a photograph or was he speaking to Maudheim?

It wasn't pleasant walking. My ski boots had a flat leather sole, slipped on the snow and I was in a hurry too.

The figure in front was obviously going to the base. Off I went lickety split. Slowly I caught up. In front of him I saw two more figures. One was quite dark (Brian in his black timber jacket). So I guessed who they were, Lloyd & Brian. And the figure between us was Rim Essen. I ran and walked alternately, puffing and grunting, nose running and ice eyes rather bleary from the light and wind (I hadn't brought snow goggles). I outstripped the skier behind. But my back ached a lot. Reminded me of the sledging to Hotham in 1947. It must be the leaning forward to enable your boots to grip in the snow. I caught them before we reached the base. Brian isn't in very good form physically. He had to take it fairly slowly. I wonder how badly he feels it?

Prof Sverdrup was just in front of us then. He was on skis. lucky fellow. Perhaps his traps will be sore tomorrow. Thank God I walked a lot in Cape Town. When we were near the camp we could see the three weasels in a line, an enormous collection of sters, stocks, poles, flags, anemometers, wireless masts. It was fantastic. What were they all for? There was one dried hut, small and lonely, a drifted over rubbish dump, one loose dog and half a dozen chained ones. Where were the main huts? It was drifting then, not much but the place looked so dreary. Rye, Brian, Lloyd and I searched for the entrance. We found the top of the chimney, the ridge pole of a hut, a collection of sters belonging to a couple of the aircrew, Sverdrup and some of the crew.



There was a smallish hole, half filled with powder snow, much misused recently. "After you" I said to Brian. He went down - obviously on his behind, I followed also on my back side (It was steep and the half filled with rubble snow) and Lloyd coming behind kicked snow down my back.

It was almost pitch black. There was a door slightly opened a few yards to our right. Prof Sandrup was just inside the door - and John Graeber. We were all introduced then earnestly requested to repair to the other room - the prep room. We had come to the met and radio hut. It was just another black, box lined, slippery floored passage way to us. After seemingly complicated wanderings we came to the cook house, library, eating house and general recreation room. There were little cabins all along the two long walls (except near the library corner). Just inside the door (near the boarded back of the stove, a place for coats etc) then in the centre of the room was the heating stove and further on the mess table with the library shelves to the left and beyond.

Anders Jacobsen, the prof, the blond young sailor, the amorous eyed sailor and Jensen (aircrew mechanic) had beaten us there. I met Schumacher, Lilquist (he seems a jolly nice chap), to begin with later Reostack (dark and brooding?) Quar (Corporal Quar, cheerful, quite English). Ekstrom; I can't remember if I met him or not. Snarby, the cook, was surprisingly young, looked competent, quiet, efficient. Short bread cakes, well baked, crisp, were laid on the table. Coffee and Punsch followed.

It was quiet. I heard later that they hadn't been sleeping well lately - seven only were at the base. Was it the confinement? the wind? (blowing steadily for three weeks), anticipation of the ship? They did seem lethargic. Was it natural? Hard to tell yet.

The talk with Graeber and the prof was mainly in Norwegian. The English parts were obvious concessions. Graeber hadn't slept for 48 hours. He looked washed out. He said they were excited, waiting for our arrival. They had <sup>hoped to see</sup> expected us as early as <sup>Monday</sup> Heavens eye.

Possible if there had been no ice at all. Though they know that wasn't likely. The had wireless contact with us a couple of nights ago, couldn't hear us last night. The dogs had been loose yesterday, walked on the roof, made them think it was one someone from the Narsel. They even thought they heard voices calling down the chimney.

Tonight they did hear someone calling down the chimney, only realized who it was when the sailor called down - rapped at the window (which window? if they are all covered in snow) Schumacher met the sailor at the entrance. "Is the Narsel" he cried (?). Not seen.

I'm not sure the surprise is 100% welcomed. It's a complicated life obviously. I learnt that my bunk, my cabin would be built near the library and alongside the mess table. No wire has been strung yet. I wonder if I shall do it?

We watched a Rayward being released (the anerometer was torn off); we waited round until about 11-15 while the prof & Graeber talked. Outset had gone back in the meantime. When we left I borrowed a pair of sticks from the base. I want to use my skis soon. We walked (or skied) back to the ship. It was twelve before we arrived (a line of snow poles to guide us; it was drifting a lot by then, visibility a couple of hundred yards). The weasel was getting ready to go. The thing was hard to start! (Can I drive a weasel?)

Back at the ship we had a couple of gins and nearly finished off the 4lb tin of ham I opened a couple of nights ago. Good. Brian was sorting the British mail. Better late than never. I mean the Cape town mail. He was worried because corporal Quar had one official looking letter only. The rest are below somewhere, in the British mail. He will feel out of it for a couple of days.

So will I at Maudheim.

I came up here (in the saloon) to write this. Captain Jacobsen came in said goodnight, asked me to remind me law about the photographs & Coates gave him his regards. Had I told him I had been up to the base. He said snarby was a good chap. "We really missed him". I thoroughly agreed. He admitted the new cook wasn't the same calibre but suggested he would be alright. I hope so. Must have too much drink though. Should last the year alright. I suppose our cook is feeling left out of things. Its a bad start for him. I should take more trouble. But hell! The man out my line at all. Saw a little runt (B.R. suggested the little runt part.)

There was a letter from Gordon Hobbs. He had a lousy job with that letter. Who are you? he's saying all the same. What if I am an utter bastard? I like the hand writing. Perhaps he's like Fred Jacko. I hope so. To 3-30 now. To letters, then bed.

Sunday 7th Jan 1951

I wrote letters until 4-30 this morning. Up for breakfast; spent the morning messing around with skis. Tried to make ropes. Not very successful. The damn sailors have been trying out my skis. Chipped bits a little. A nerve!

Tuesday 9th

I leave the ship today - when a if the weasels come! Sunday was a dismal day. It was drifting more than Saturday. The ship just hung around, doing S.F.A. The weather wasn't that bad. It would have been uncomfortable in the drift. Sandrup seems to want to take things easy. I suppose he wants the Maudheim chaps to have a spell and enjoy the new company.

Yesterday the weather cleared. In the morning we studded. Can't remember doing anything. The larger plane (the C-5 polar built by Wickersham company, designed by H. G. Hinningsstad) was "landed" on the ice before lunch. I believe I was writing letters then.

The ice edge isn't the same as last year. There is a bit of fast ice added, quite a squaking & steaming at the joint. About 30 feet wide, 200 yards long. B.R. doesn't like calling it fast ice, says it is hemmer. Yesterday afternoon I took a few photographs, without the sun. Later the sun came out beautifully, 3 penguins appeared and they gave the antarctic money for my photos.

The wings were being added to the larger plane - and skis too. It was quite close to the edge, on the fast ice. A few feet suddenly crumbled away! And I had walked on it! No one fell in. I brought out my skis - fortunate I have some, there don't seem to be many at Maudheim. B.R. can only borrow them for around the camp during the day. He didn't bring any. Lloyd had a few abortive attempts to ski. He fell over of course.

Sandrup came. Before supper two weasels came down from Maudheim. Lloyd and I helped work the derrick, the mate working the wind. Spuds off first. They only took a couple of loads. Then supper, very late. Sandrup came back from Maudheim about 9 pm. He told me I was going up to Maudheim the next day (that is today). So I spent the next three hours packing my gear, getting it over the hatch in the hold. About 12 I called on Brian and Lloyd, found them entertaining Skip & Anders Jacobsen. We had tins of shrimp & crawfish, they drank whiskey, I drank orange and water. I turned in at about 130 after doing a bit more packing.

Finished this morning about 10, cabin more or less free of my junk. The tractors didn't appear until after lunch - Quar & Ekstrom, the two drivers, had called on Brian & Lloyd after I left, stayed until 4-30. They must have been tired. I went to Maudheim with my gear on the 1st load. About five of us crowded on the weasel; I was at the rear, was covered in drift from the tracks. Bumpy over the sastrugi!

At Maudheim I helped unload the sledge, stowed my gear just down the entrance (The sailors had cut steps) I had a job straight away. I did dig up a couple petrol drums for the weasels? I went off with Rye as a aide. He left soon to help with the weasels. The snow was soft and crumbly, hard to balance on the shovel.

I lifted the 1st out myself - about a 7 foot lift, 35 gallons? Rye helped with the second. My hands were wet; without gloves they stuck to the drums. I wore the old blue Navy polo sweater, quite thin, a shirt and a shirt singlet, battle dress trousers, ski boots & gaiters, snow goggles but no cap. I had lunch after that or did I? Perhaps I moved my gear into the "odd room" 1st. That's right. Park chaps. Beautiful. Graeber suggested I help the cook after meals until the ship leaves - there is a roster normally, duty for one week. Includes getting snow in a tub, emptying staps, helping with the dishes. I like Snarby. Its a pity he is leaving. Black currant juice, fairly cold.

After I cut up seal meat for the dogs, about 10lb for each of the 6. What a yapping and yodling when they saw me with the axe and meat. Carried it on a sledge, use one. More helping with the unloading, afternoon tea, dumping boxes (I had to dig up an English sled to cart them on). More unloading, sometimes two of us sometimes one, either me or the mate. Ekstrom isn't strong enough now. The mate took over Quar's weasel. The weasels stopped for a while about 7-30, so I had my supper. More unloading again, getting in snow, emptying staps. Brian & Stig came up about 8, had supper (another one). I had a bit of a blow; they left about 9 - giving the Maudheimites time for sleep; wasted thought - the mate & sub chief Engineer, the tall German, are still here at 2-0-15.

Another weasel to unload and then some really hard work. Graeber asked me to dig up a couple of staps, the other two big ones for the weasels. They were in the snow about 150 yards from the camp. That took me until 11-45 pm. Then I remembered the bottles of ale & stout had been left outside (about -10°C). So I brought those in - one box at a time, carefully down the steps, dump it, up again; must have been 20 boxes. My ski boots had been soaked during the day, froze stiff when the sun got low. My feet weren't cold, just damp.

It was about one when I finished (my boots squeaked as I trod on the snow; or did the snow crack?) I am in Reece's cabin until mine is built. God knows when, after the ship leaves I suppose. A waterproof had been spread over Reece's bedding, a piece of window, a drawing board & curling positives. Graeber told me to get a sleeping bag or something - o.k. because mine was quite handy. A short talk with Lilquist; the engineer (German) is now next door bashing his car. Lilquist has to be up about 5-40. Poor fellow.

Quite a good day sunshine all the time and quite hot sun too. What a pair of eyes I'll have tomorrow! And I bet I'm stiff all over. Graeber said how sorry he was to ask me to do all the "shit" work (his words). They were too tired, mentally upset. He felt had a guilty conscience in one way, none in another. He felt it was a poor introduction to Maudheim.



Wednesday 10<sup>th</sup> Jan 1951

lathish for breakfast, about 7.45. Not a good start, but no one was surprised. Graeber didn't get up until midday anyway. Not that that is an excuse.

Last night wasn't so pleasant. I slept in the sleeping bag. It's too small for me, the bunk is too short. I woke up twice at least, feeling as though I was choking, suffocating. I wanted to call out - I was only half-awake. The air isn't too good. I opened the curtain, & put my head out and had a few deep breaths. I wonder if the air ~~is~~ really has too much CO and CO<sub>2</sub>.

There was little to do all morning; only one sledge load came up. I think the weasels were making a run away for the big plane - it took off late this afternoon. Brian ~~came~~ & Lloyd came fairly early, stayed for lunch. Lloyd was making sun observations. Brian helped in general.

after lunch the weasels came rarely. We stowed a lot of personal gear for the absentees in the drill hut. Boxes are burnt here: at the drift.

Graeber & Brian had a long talk - then Brian told me a bit more about my future boss - Schyllt. This is a delicate matter. Apparently the others have refused to work with him. I fill the gap. It's nice to know the reason, so late in the piece. A lot hasn't been told yet. I guess I'll be the odd bod around the camp until the field parties return. Then what?

About 10 I walked down to the small plane to pick up some of Les Quar's gear he'd left behind this afternoon. Continued down to the ship to catch the weasel back. I found the large plane had taken off on a "test" flight about 8 pm and continued on some direction, I think SW, found a couple of ranges, possibly the two extreme ones on the German map. Had a couple of gigs with Brian & missed the taxi back. Had to walk. It's 11.20 now. The plane is due back 12 or after, certainly before 2.30. It has 1/2 hours fuel on board.

Thursday 11<sup>th</sup>

Bloody hard work today. After breakfast I cleaned away the pile of snow around the entrance. That took a few hours, until lunch (2.00). Spaded the snow into boxes on one of the English sledges - not much good for anything else (Graeber). Unloading sledges as well of course. Dipping up a piece of but in the afternoon, unloading oil drums and jerry cans of oil & petrol, stacking beer down below (hell of a job) and finally, before supper, a drive in drifting snow picking up jerry cans dropped on the track last night. Oil drum technique à la Heard - thank God I've had a bit of experience.

The day began fine again with a slight S.E. wind. It increased during the day, finished up blowing rottdrift. Graeber asked me to fix up something over the entrance about 10 tonight. It took me about an hour & a half. Hell of a job, using a spade in a steep runner, back aching, arms tired! I'm damn tired. It's 12.15 now. The male & bosun are here, being entertained by Graeber. Not much chance of sleep until the party is over.

Brian was up again today slogging up the broken English sledges - made of bondwood. Just a bit too high now. They'll have to add a bit more wood.

Saturday 13<sup>th</sup>

Thursday  
The larger plane was flying Saturday night. I don't know where it went. It was out of radio contact after the 1st half hour, returned about 10.45 when visibility was becoming poor. They seem a little haphazard. Came back on the beam I believe. I didn't get to my cot until 3.30 on Friday morning. It was blowing a small gale outside. The tarpaulin over the entrance had snowed up; it was quarter ten minutes working getting out. I made a track for the chaps from the ship - the two plane mechanics, Anders Jacobsen, the male & the bosun. Outside it was too risky travelling so they slept here. Yesterday morning I didn't get up until 10.45. Breakfast was halfway through. Then I helped with the dishes and chipped ice in the tunnels until lunch. It was almost impossible to go outside. It took me nearly half an hour to get the first bucket of slaps outside. After that Lilequist told me to empty it down the passage where the bitches were kept when in wheel.

Fixing up the entrance is one big job to be done. Fixing up the latrines is the next. They are primitive indeed. Today the weather is worse. A cyclone in the Weddell sea, another

one coming from Graham land.

The bosun is staying at Maudheim. That makes 17 chaps to be here. The chaps at the base now are Quar, Graeber, EKstrom, Rojstadt, Schumacher, Lilequist and Snarby who will go back to the ship.

Th Jacobsen has offered to take me for a flight along the barrier. In fact he has offered to take everybody. Sverdrup has to be asked before photographs can be taken from the air. Why?

Sunday 14<sup>th</sup>

The visitors have gone back to the ship thank God. They went about 10 this morning. The wind had died down from 10 to 7 Beaufort. Les Quar and I dug out the entrance after breakfast. It was hard work: we had only one snowshovel. The rest are broken? I used an ordinary spade most of the time. The temperature (thermometer) was rising and the snow stuck to the spade. The ordinary windproof let the water through. The temp was about -1 or -2 °C. Then I fed the dogs, gave them a few pounds of meat each. Les Quar suggested they should be given blubber too. No one had told me before. They are only pups; the smallest of the lot. The others are much bigger but are away sledging.

Snow was drifting over the top of some of the boxes dumps. We put stakes up. Later we made a new law. The old one is full. The new one is a 35 gallon drum set in the old entrance, beyond the door. It's clean and comfortable.

The visitors drank a lot of expedition beer. They haven't got any conscience. Anders Jacobsen gives me the horrors. He's too glib. He is intelligent too in a sly sort of way.

Monday 15<sup>th</sup>

It's still blowing force 6 or 7. It's not so wet now, but still unpleasant. The wind continues from the N.E. The boxes are drifting over slowly. I dug up one, about 300 lbs, put it on the sledge, hauled it up. It's got the noise suppressors for the generator - 4 to 28 meg. A noise is had at the moment, has been most of the time according to Les.

Today Les & I dumped the beer in the workshop. The Norwegian boxes were too heavy. Moving them down the tunnel was hard going. A sledge load had to be brought in too. We put a 60 x 60 x 60 cm box in the entrance. It has a hinged lid, opens against the wind - or it did. I think the wind is veering now, to the south. We also cleared out the workshop. There were seal & penguin meat in a box and hanging on a rope. It's dog meat now.

Tonight I went over to the raywind hut to watch Les work. He let me work the bearing wheel. It was cold. I was wearing rubber boots, damp and uncomfortable. My mitts were supping wet. Coming back was unpleasant.

Sverdrup and Essen will sleep here tonight. They came up before supper.

Tuesday 16<sup>th</sup>

I bet I smell of dog sh. It's 11.30 pm. I've just finished work - bloody hard work. The dogs cable was burnt & their chains were getting too short. This afternoon about 4 I began to dig it up. I stopped at 7.20 for supper, then carried on after helping with the raysonde release (9 pm). Then on again until now. We still have about 8 feet to go. Les helped after the ray wind had finished. There's a couple of feet of ice to dig through - no, 18". The mitts trigger finger are picking up. I've mislaid my working gloves. We filled 7 jerry cans with kerosene after lunch. The drums had to be dug out of the snow in the tunnel <sup>between</sup> near this hut & the boring hut.

Lloyd & Brian came up before afternoon tea (coffee - and cakes for Sverdrup & Essen). L. & B. left quickly, Sverdrup & Essen about 9.30.

Essen is still on this business of slaps for his floats in case he has to land & they take off on floats next year. He thinks it will be easy. He doesn't know what a rotten job it will be with the tools & material available. The crew call him "fant bag", the air chappies "second in command". B tells me he has been putting over his flying ideas to Sverdrup, getting Sverdrup to tell the Norwegian what they should do. No fact. Sverdrup is "RVP" now.



Wednesday 17<sup>th</sup> Jan 51

up labrish again, about 10: 3<sup>rd</sup> to breakfast. I was too jiggered to do much today. Yesterday was a bit tough.

I have been saying the wind has been S.E. It has been N.E. all the time & hasn't veered at all. Finished ~~to~~ digging up the dogs cable this afternoon. This morning I found a FIDS type wind proof suit. I looked for the boxes of mitts in the new dump. I didn't find them until tonight. So the new cook came up after dinner, prodded off later to the N.E. I had to run after him & show him the right direction. He hadn't put on his snow goggles either.

Gösta Lilquist thinks tomorrow will be fine. About time!

It appears that Schift, Swarth and I will spend the winter at the secondary base.

a beauty :- Graever told me I was to bring all my clothes with me! Explain that one Sverdrup! Why did you tell Kirwan there was everything except underwear here? What a mess

Friday 19<sup>th</sup>

Yesterday was cloudy but calm. The small plane flew for a while. Both were rather snowed up. I messed around, helped build an entrance of boxes & tarps, Graever's idea. I think it will drift up. In the evening I helped Les Quar with the Ray wind. Later we'll do it evening on, evening off. It takes a bit of getting used to.

Today was a beautiful fine day, SW wind if any. The crew came up in the morning and we began to dig out the Jerry cans & drums of oil. This went on all day. We dumped them a few hundred yards N.E. in piles high & narrow.

Brian & Lloyd were here. Brian helped with the digging. Lloyd did sun obs. Stig is leaving at the camp getting film material.

Helped with the rays and again - ray wind I mean. Messed up the first few minutes.

Finished the evening drinking "eau de vie" - there was Les, Stig, Brian, Lloyd, Gösta, Canalla, Graever for a while.

My face is sunburnt badly again. The radiation is strong.

Valter Schift or one of the Swedes on sledging has sent a telegram to Sverdrup. Something about "No dog pemmanic jeopardizes the next summer's sledging programme". It was requested (the pemmanic) from Maudheim but these have't been ordered by Sverdrup. Graever is annoyed about the lack of pemmanic. I believe (B.R.) he has sent Sverdrup a rather pointed letter. What will happen? B.R. may have to go to advance base (all eight are there now). He wants to badly.

I also hear R. von Essen is annoyed - he has found out the crew's nickname for him - "farib bag" is the translation! Sverdrup is RUP because he doesn't use the full heronated name Freis-Baastad - Prof Rup! The ship is a hell of a bit of a pool of piss.

I'm settled in now.

Brian & Lloyd have sent me up a case of Gilbey's whiskey. My bill is about £5-10. The leader wipes that the debt a lot.

The larger plane flew out to advance base today. There was a bit of a wavy. It was supposed to be running out of petrol. I don't think Essen is popular anywhere. I'm tired

Saturday Sunday 21<sup>st</sup>

We finished off the packing case digging at yesterday. I was absolutely browned off. The crew didn't make very good clumps - too lumpy. They are a bit careless. After all, they don't have to dig them out again! Stig took a few photographs of us digging snow - snow, ugh! I did the Ray wind for the 1<sup>st</sup> time last night: then drank & sang until 2.

Wake up with a headache this morning - Graever says there is methyl alcohol in Acquavite then I dug out the entrance, put wooden corners on the steps. They seem to be good. Found the second crowbar I used to hold down the tarp ten days ago.

The new built a diesel hut from the aeroplane crates. Brian tells me they aren't keen because they got so little cash reward last year. Hell, what a crew.

The new cook started tonight. He looks lost. He doesn't use a clean water douse after the soapy water.

Freis-Baastad came up today with Jacobsen. Les Quar had a go at fixing up the small plane so they get. The prof. has been at them to fly even if they don't do any good. The plane was icing up so they didn't go far. They are annoyed with the prof. I hear that the prof. said there wouldn't be a Swedish air team next year unless he came too - and he wasn't coming.

He has been messing round with a current meter. Obs every half hour, Brian & Lloyd helping - Essen too.

Tuesday 23<sup>rd</sup> Jan 51

Yesterday was fine. Made a tally list of the new dumps in the morning while Brian & Essen dug up the broken British sledges again. The crew were up again digging out the balloon entrance this time. I had a go at opening up the snow outside the mess hut window. I carted away the snow to beyond the ray wind hut - as usual now. Later Brian & Essen piled the dump of snow outside the entrance (stuff I removed a couple of days ago) to around the tarp.

This morning, the crew dug out a few boxes lost by Schumacher in the snow near the cold lab. La.

Les Quar, Brian & I went down the track and put pegs on either side of the crevasse beyond the "igloo", about 1/2 mile from the base. I was towed back (on skis) by the weasel. Good fun. Then Gösta Lilquist showed me the sun of the met. obs. It will take a time to get hold of it all. I believe the big plane flew out to advance base today. It's supposed to go tonight too. I helped Les with the ray wind so he could work out the winds for the plane flight.

This afternoon (after 3; it takes an hour to have lunch, wipe ~~the~~ empty slops & get snow) & about 5 in fact (the 'chief' turned up for afternoon tea - coffee & punch), I began digging out the old entrance. Brian, Stig and Lloyd turned up to help. First I sank a shaft where I reckoned the tunnel was. (I pushed a tube up from inside, near the door) until it was about 6' deep - Brian & Stig carted the snow away - then I found I was dead right on the original tunnel so I dug down a couple more feet then began opening out the hole tunnel. By 7:30 I had dug out most of the tunnel. We had another hour of work after supper, finished up almost there except for a step a couple of feet high in the shaft - that was too hard to remove - it was almost impossible to throw the snow up 10 feet.

The new cook was drunk tonight. Brian tells me he saw him finishing off 1/2 empty glasses on the table!

Saturday 27<sup>th</sup>

Wednesday, we dug out a big stack of timber. It was about four feet down. Most of it is still there. Half anyway. It was mainly 3 1/2 x 1. But there was a lot of 2 1/2 x 3/4 tongue & groove still buried. It was hard work as usual.

The day before and today I grazed my <sup>wed</sup> hands (right) while shovelling snow - on the back swing my hand rubbed against rough ice occasionally. On Thursday it became swollen & the sores were pussy. So Jon Graever whipped it up with Sulphathiazol. On Thursday I was jiggered so I rested a while. I think the cork might have been tight that day. He was tight the next day yesterday. He had slops & rubbish everywhere. Stig and I were putting up bookshelves & taking down the ones above our cabins were to go - Stig is staying at Maudheim for the winter. After lunch he went to sleep without washing up. I woke him up once but the water was cold - stupid old B. He went back to sleep again so Brian, Anders Jacobsen and I cleaned the place up. The cook appeared but Brian told him to go back & sleep so that he could do his job properly. He woke up late for supper the previous night. When he's tight he pours liquids in all directions.

Today was a messy day. In the morning I got kerosene, fed the dogs, cleaned up rubbish from various places. I found a lot of the cliffiske on the passage floor, tools, boxes etc. Les & I began digging out a new pisshouse late this afternoon.

The aeroplanes etc. The C-5, the big plane, was supposed to do air survey work. So far it hasn't done any & the Nurse leaves in a day or so. The air programme has been a bit of a flop to say the least. The planes have been buzzing round knocking up flying hours for the last few days. What a lot I should write.

Onders Jacobsen took me for a flight today we went west for a few miles against a stiff wind

Tuesday 30<sup>th</sup>  
Wednesday 31<sup>st</sup> The ship leaves

I have lost count. For 3 days I have been digging a new piss house: today I finished it. It is



7 feet deep, 5 foot square at the bottom, about 4' x 3' at the top. I dug a small hole 2' x 1' at the bottom & put caustic soda in it. It will take a long time to fill up. I hope I don't have to dig another one. Les & Brian have helped dig it. Stig & Brian dug up the rest of the timber yesterday! That is one bad job finished.

The big plane crashed yesterday. Gösta Liljequist was the only passenger & Cura Preis - boosted the pilot. I fear that Boostad was starting at the time. Liljequist was furious. He said Boostad was trying to frighten him. "You don't know what flying is yet," said Boostad, did a few flips & then crashed. Liljequist thinks he was crazy at the time. Perhaps the prof's insistence on flying to save the Norwegians face? drove him off his rocker. He had been in a bad car accident about a year ago & was had a temporary medical certificate only.

It looks as though the plane stalled, side slipped and hit the deck on one wing & tail plane. Les Quar was beginning the ray wind when we heard about it. I kept on digging the piss house. Later about 11, we all went down to the wreck to see if we could help. Eventually the plane was loaded onto a couple of sledges. Then we (Stig, Brian, Les & I) went back to the camp, to bed about 2. Liljequist & Boostad had been given drinks by the prof & Essen. Liljequist was awfully tight when he got back about 10:45. I understand that the prof. took down a sworn statement while he was under the influence!

Today Gösta is quite stinky. He has had a big shock. Bed for him for a while. This afternoon, about 4:30 we went to the ship (in the one unworkable weasel). We had a few ginis (Les & I) in Brian & Lloyd's cabin, then trooped out for Stig's "fake" leaving, which was sent back to Sweden later (about 9:30 p.m.). Then we had supper on the ship - Stig

Friday 2<sup>nd</sup> Feb 1951

Norsel is about 62°S today. There can't be much ice. On wed I finished off the piss house and installed the bogrus at the end of the passage. Now we can lift the drums overhead.

Gösta is still too nervous to work. I have finished slushering now. Stig does it. For the last two days I have been building a rough weather entrance and improving the skylight in the radio hut. The entrance is outside the door of the radio hut. I built a frame in which a 60 cube box can be slid up or down. When it drifts over it is lifted a few inches. A ladder goes all the way up.

We had lapshois today. I don't like lapshois, on or off the ship. Blood pudding tonight. Why is it so sweet. Stig has been shovelling rubbish out of the tunnels.

Last night we had a few whiskeys. I didn't go to bed until 1:30. It was too cold to sleep very well. I had two blankets on top. Not enough. We will start on the cabins soon.

I have been at it so hard that I don't think about music. It would be good to hear some. I can't even think of any. I must be tired.

Brian gave me a cigarette lighter before he left. Norsel swept away at 10 knots. I don't miss her.

I believe Lloyd was disgusted with base life. He told me it made him sick to eat here! The weather is deteriorating. It was -10°c last night. There was a force 4 wind this morning but there isn't any now.

My hands are rather backed about - nails, hammers, saws, splinters etc.

Letters home were:-  
Law, Mrs J, Tam Wilson, Athol, Ron Hurley, Ron Jelbart, A. Ede, Fred Jacka.

Sunday 4<sup>th</sup> Feb

Norsel was out of the ice, 58°S midday yesterday. The weather has been rough for the last two days. I'm in my new bunk tonight.

Tuesday 6<sup>th</sup>

Items - I've finished the cabin now. It took a couple of days. Yesterday was fine again - and today. It was calm & cold tonight, about -10°c. I was outside until eleven, working at the fire escape and ventilator & skylight outside this hut's window. I was wearing the usual light clothes. But one of my hands was cold very quickly.

There was a bit of a party last night. About 11 p.m. we began on some whisky in the radio hut, went on until 2. Jon Graeber was quite bright. I felt alright this morning. The ventilation is good now that I have opened up all the exits again.

I have polished oak veneer panell for a table! It was a floor section that we dug out while Norsel was here. <sup>an extra</sup>

The storm entrance worked very well. It is still as far above the surface as ever. New drifts are forming around the base. Perhaps the roofs will disappear altogether. Only the aluminium cable and the chimney is showing on this but. The stores are still out of the snow but big drifts have formed behind them (the blow was a N-Easter).

Jon Graeber told me last night that Stig wants to do some more drilling when he returns - to put down thermometers?

Wednesday 7<sup>th</sup>

Continuing:- If he returns in mid March then they won't finishing drilling as dig out the roof and machine until mid May. Then everything has to be taken up to the chosen site, wherever that is and be put erected in the minus twenties! Hell. The sledging teams will need to start at October next year if they are to be back by January for Norsel. If it wasn't for the fact that there was more drilling to do we could have the drill dug out and ready to go. If we knew where the hut was to be built we could do that as soon as the weasels were ready.

It was blowing this morning. Stig and I had to clear the camp up. The weasel was too near the huts again!

I am afraid it is clip free today. These chops do deep a lot. 12 till 12. That is too much.

I would like to build an ice jacket. Today there is about a 20 knot wind. On the hard crust I could stand on the sleds and sail along easily.

A couple of nights ago Jon Graeber told us there were 10 dozen small bottles of beer and about two bottles per month of spirits. That is plenty. There are few sweets. Why not? They are cheap compared with Alcohol. Meat balls, fish balls, clip-free, potatoes, bacon, salt mutton & beef - konist! There are about twenty screws waiting to be eaten. They are living on our seal meat. I must catch some. Will the cook cook them? We had seal steaks yesterday. Good!

I must think up an idea for a bathroom. I feel foul.

Monday 12<sup>th</sup>

The one working weasel is near enough to out of commission. It is a very hard to start. It took almost one morning to get it going after the last blow. It is in the shed now. I think Knolla Ekström is going to put a new engine in.

Today Les and I began erecting the wind generator mast. The first one cracked the cane casting. In a couple of hours of work it will be finished. But it may blow tonight so I expect our work to be hurried. I did the Raywind tonight. I do it about every fourth night at the moment. Les fills the batteries.

I have built the fire escape outside the mess window. I finished it a few nights ago. There is a large trapdoor next to the skylight. On the trapdoor is a 60x60x30 cm box and on its lid is a caustic drum with a venturi bashed & hacked at the top. It hasn't had a test yet. A fire escape ladder goes to the top. It is a neat job. Les said it was the most carefully built job at Maudheim! Kudos.

Gösta Liljequist has asked me to take over a few glaciology jobs. They are going around the snow stakes every three weeks - a trip of 20 miles - making snow evaporation measurements and photographing snow crystals. Also I have to dig a pit and note down the firm structure, temperature to last of summer's level - about one metre down.

I cleaned out the cold lab yesterday a few days before. It was rather heavy. Tonight, Stig found an <sup>iced up</sup> micro film pack holder for an expensive camera in the lab. He was very upset. The photo camera was bare not left very well protected.

on the 10<sup>th</sup> and yesterday I went round the snow poles. On the tenth I did about 10 miles and a third of the stakes, on this. I got two big blisters, one on each heel. So I decided to try the motor cycle. It's chain was broken. The joining link spring clip had been knocked off by the exhaust pipe when Stig and I had a ride the day before. Probably the clip had been put on back the front in assembly. Saturday night (11<sup>th</sup>) I decided to fix it and ride round the stakes while the snow surface was hard (after midnight). It was a damn cold job getting the chain off and a colder one



getting it back on. Knalle helped me in the end. There was a big drinking party going on here. I could hear the noise in the weasel shed.

About 12 I started off, big seal skin gloves, wind breaks, woolly hat, goggles. It took me a while to get used to the bike. I was afraid to open the throttle all the time. Every fifty yards the bike would stop in heavy soft drift and then I would have to get off and using the engine, run alongside until I found a hard patch to start on. I mainly used third gear (bottom) but very occasionally second (when the bike slowed down & then stepped). At times I would leap ahead at about 15 mph, bumping and bouncing. At first I made the mistake of turning the throttle down as soon as I picked up speed but conquering a natural timidity, I finally gave the bike the gun and crashed through the stuff. Sometimes the bike wouldn't do it even then - off and push. I did three stokes & then turned round and came back in exhaustion & disgust. Near the base it was a bit softer so I kicked up the LHS ski and ran for a while until the bike picked up speed and then jumped on side saddle - very tiring. At the base I went for a short run without skis but the bike was liable to skid. It was very hard to steer. I got back about 2.45. The party was still going. The cook had recently joined the "Maudheim spying gang" and looked rather washed out. He wouldn't go to bed. "Go to bed Shag" said Les.

Nils Schumacher indignantly asked me if I had heard the story of Dick Whittington & his cat. The next morning it was rather cold, about  $-8^{\circ}$ , so I decided to have another go. But I didn't even get to the first stake. Came back onerated. In the afternoon (this is yesterday now) I went out on skis again. It was painful at first. My heels were raw. 1.4 kilometres took me about 16 1/2 to 17 1/2 mins, 3 kilometres 36 mins and 1 kilometre 11 mins. It was a fine day with a cold southerly breeze. So I didn't get hot. But I only wore a string singlet, long upants, shirt, working coat, army trousers and ski cap. I left at 2.45, got back at 7.25, just in time for supper of cold ham & bully beef. I did about 20 kilometres altogether in a skiing time of about 4 hours. Les lent me a prismatic compass. I found the stakes fairly easily then. It is a rotten job on foot skis.

Tonight about 11.30 I tidied up the camp and closed the ventilators and sealed the main entrance. I am going to have a ton of sledges now.

Tuesday 13<sup>th</sup> Feb '51

It is blowing about 40 knots now. From the South west I think. My venturi ventilator is only working so far. A bit of snow is drifting in. The stormhance is allowing a fair bit of snow in. We have a definite beer problem now. There is a list pinned up to this but when you take a bottle you put up a mark. There are about 120 bottles each - small bottles.

Thursday 15<sup>th</sup>

The wind is blowing from the N.E (not the S.W) - it was about 50 knots yesterday but only 30 or twenty five now.

I had a big wash tonight - in a couple of pints of tepid water! Clean shirt, upants, string singlet. The first wash & major change for about two months. I'll have clean pyjamas too. Strangely enough, I don't feel any different. I am having a glass of Guinness now. Bully strong stuff.

Today I took a few photographs with the micro camera & developed them. Sig helped me. It may be snowing now but the drift is so thick that it is hard to find any flakes. I am using wax paper.

I look rather queer. A couple of weeks ago while having a few whiskeys, Les generously backed my prolock, left it on for inch long. It's out of my eyes now. I like it!

At present the generator is started at 3 p.m. and turned off at 11 p.m. Not very satisfactory when you have to work indoors. As soon as the weather clears up I'll begin the glaciology pit & evaporation tests. Les & I had a game of chess last night - the night before perhaps. Les won.

Looking through Mawson's "Home of the Blizzard" I found that perhaps this wasn't by any means the best equipped expedition. It is too hard to find the stuff here anyway. One feels like giving up before starting - "Ask Knalle if you want anything."

Les painted the snook tub black today. Yesterday Sig painted his cabin - white ceiling with blue walls. It looks neat but intense. Today I painted my ceiling white, left it at that - too tired to do any more. I find it very easy now to slip into a bit of a nothing rut.

Friday 16<sup>th</sup>

The weather cleared up today. There is a new depression over Graham land so we can't expect fine weather for long - though G.L. says we needn't expect as big a blow as the last. Today Les & I put up the wind generator. Tonight I did the required while Les finished off most of

the remaining work.

A type written order has been put up by Graever. It deals with hours of lighting and regulations for afterbars (after 11 p.m.). The a.g. soft shoes to be worn, no noisy activities without special permission, light out except in cabins etc.

Tonight Jon Graever told me that Schumacher & he had decided that I should begin with the met as soon as I had finished helping Les. Taking obs only I hope.

This morning I shaved, so now I am 95% clean - except for beard & feet. I will have a short haircut soon.

One of the dogs was off colour this morning. I went over to feed them as soon as I went outside. He was the one that has got off his chain the last two times. He looked dejected, hump backed, still tail, bleeding from the stems and wouldn't touch food. They hadn't been fed for five days. He seemed to have intestinal trouble - his stomach region was convulsing later. Sig, Les & I took him into the tunnels near the entrance. During the day he became very lethargic - could hardly move his head, felt cold to the touch - but his nose was cold. A good sign. Les told me something like these symptoms had been seen before and that dog died. On appendix on the intestine is convulsed into the intestine - "inside out" - and then digested causing bleeding. Also obstructs the flow of food. The dog is slightly better tonight. It drank water this afternoon (Sig said).

Sunday 18<sup>th</sup> Feb

The dog is back on the line. Better now. Yesterday morning he began to move around and he was running late in the evening.

I began the weather obs yesterday. Nils Schumacher is easy going, tolerant - a good instructor. Gosta Lilquist is incoherent, fussy - not a good instructor. They discussed a drift meter formed from a photo cell. That's one job for me soon.

I did a ray wind check with the theodolite last night & tonight. Tonight it was  $-16.5^{\circ}$ C, last night about  $-18^{\circ}$ C. But tonight there was more wind. I wore duffle slippers & three pair of socks. Also the FIDS anorack. My body was quite warm but my hands weren't.

This afternoon I scraped the "plastilox" off my skis and went down to Morsal Bay with Les. There was a queer looking penguin with a thin white line over its forehead and eyes. Thus :-

I hadn't seen it before. It was with a young Adie. There are several new cracks in the ice near the wharf. How much will be left next year?

The plain wood skis were much faster than before. Hardly need wax. The surface was perfect for skiing today. I did some step skis! Out only to the left.

The sun sets at about 10 o'clock or 9.45 now!

Today I carried out some evaporation experiments on the snow surface.

Walking in plain bottomed boots is hard now. The snow is wind packed and slippery. Wind slab I suppose.

The weasel garage is 1/4 full of snow. The motor bike is turned (according to Sig) and a bit of the weasel.



Monday 19<sup>th</sup> Feb

Ski day today. Jon Graever shot about 16 skavs (They have been ransacking the dog feed). I skinned the lot of them. It took a couple of hours of bloody work. They were fat. Been feeding well for a couple of months. Don't know when we eat them. Depends on the cook.

The weasel garage was dug out today. The snow was blown to one side - new & bigger drifts.

Was it today that Jon Graever asked if I was to be leader of the Australian Expedition? "Who else will they have?" he said. I quickly changed the subject.

I made a general clearance of snow from around the entrances & windows - new blow soon is expected.

Wednesday 21<sup>st</sup>

over the page

- I spill some Dettol here



It was blowing yesterday. It takes a long time to do jobs. I wanted to make the micro camera workable with a battery as well as the 6 volt transformer. I had to find switches, wire, wood, taps, drills etc. What a hopeless job. It should have taken me two hours. It took me five or six actually.  
A few days ago Clegg had asked me if I would fix the two filters for his photo cell. The filters are 40 mm squares instead of 40 mm circles and after a lot of dithering he decided to have the corners ground off. He asks for help, then doesn't want any.

Last night and yesterday afternoon pictures were sent by radio to Hersey. The greatest distance over 800 says. What an achievement!! Meanwhile no one was allowed to have lights on or to have power. What a farce radio is.



ALEXANDER CLARENCE WILSON : 16 RAGLAN ST 5<sup>TH</sup> BALLARAT  
LONDON : ( P.G. LAW )

D<sup>R</sup> COLIN BERTRAM DIRECTOR SPRI

M<sup>R</sup> LARRY KIRWAN

D<sup>R</sup> BRIAN ROBERTS

BISHOP OF PORTS MOUTH LANCELOT FLEMING

DOUGLAS BLYTHE ASST ED POLAR RECORD SPRI

D<sup>R</sup> N.A. MCINTOSH (DISCOVERY COMMITTEE) OCEANOGRAPHIC INST<sup>E</sup>

RON

KIRK ROBERTSON ; STARRS ; ALAN VILLIERS ;

AUSTIN HOTEL 19/21 Lexham Gardens, London, W.8.

4<sup>th</sup> to 20<sup>th</sup> Nov '50

2<sup>nd</sup> ANTI TETANUS I.C.C Tuesday 31<sup>st</sup> Oct



FORMALDEHYDE 5 gm per litre borax per litre of CONC (40%)

4-10% formalin of 40%

1.6 - 4% of formalin 100%

PROC AM. DHIL. SOC. 89 No 1 Ap. 1945 p 382

Photographic Accompl<sup>ts</sup>

Technique

(1) For ice scapes, close up readings were taken in the shadows

(2) For photographing objects located on ice, close up readings were taken in the shadows such a manner as to exclude the intense light from the ice background.

When the sun was at its highest altitude, the average exposure on film of Weston speed 100 was found to be 1.2 sec at f.22 without any filter.

AUSTRALIAN EQUIPMENT

Suits:

working 1  
ventile 1  
Nylon 1  
Overall 3  
battle dress 1  
Pyjamas 2

snow coat 1

Head wear

SKI cap 1  
" " Khaki 1  
Beret 2  
Head band 1  
snow goggles 2

Mitts

Trigger 2  
SKI 4  
leather over 3

Gloves

silk 3  
surgical 2  
Rubber working 2  
leather " 3

Boots

flying 2  
army 1

Innersoles lambswool 3

Gaiters webbing 2

Bootlaces leather (pr) 4

Sweaters

V Neck Blue 2  
" " Khaki 2

Shirts

army 2  
check 1

Sox

SKI 6  
navy 6

singlets

athletic cotton 2  
w.c short sleeve 2  
Wool long " 2  
string 4

U Pants

cotton athl. 2  
wool long 2  
pyj. pants 2

Scarf 1

Braces 1

Belt 1

Blankets 6

Sheets 4

Pillow slips 3

Towels 3

House wife 1

Hold all 1

Tooth brushes 2

Sleeping bag 1

inner 1

outer 1

WATCH Hamilton 1

CAMERA Leica 1

METER Weston 1

Headlamp 1

(batteries)

Nobe books 6

Film 35



PACKING LISTS

BOX 2

- Brushes
- Paints
- Diary paper
- Sketch blocks
- Shake speare
- 4" glass filter
- Fishing tackle
- Instruments
- 5 note books
- 3 Plastilac
- Lenses
- 19 Kodochrome
- 9 Panatomic X
- 2 Super XX
- 5 batteries
- Headlamp
- arctic sl. bag )
- inner & outer )

BOX 3

- Food + Stove
- 2 khaki shorts
- shirt
- singlet
- anorac outer x
- string singlet
- webb belt
- 2 khaki jumpers
- short sl. pullover
- Navy polo sweater
- 1 silk gloves
- 1 outer leather mitt
- 1 air force mitt
- 3 super XX
- 1 Kodochrome
- 1 Panatomic X
- 1 plastilac
- 1 pr working gloves
- 1 pr ski mitts
- 1 pr trigger finger
- 1 pr webb gaiters
- 1 beret
- 2 pr ski sox
- 1 red scarf

From personal

- 2 del pr upants
- 1 navy polo sw.
- all handkerchiefs
- all sox
- 3 T shirts
- Books
- sw. trunks
- tooth brushes etc
- washers
- clock
- 1 sp rig out (grey)
- 1 dress gown
- sh. gear
- camera etc

BAG N° 1

- 1 towel
- 1 pillow slip
- 2 pr ski mitts
- 2 pr leath. ov. mitts
- 2 pr ski sox
- 1 pr working gloves
- 1 khaki ski cap
- 2 (3) sheets
- 1 navy pullover
- 1 khaki pullover
- 1 pr gaiters
- 2 string singlets
- 1 pr pyjamas
- 1 long sl singlet
- 1 short "
- 1 pr long upants
- 1 pr overalls
- 2 pr silk gloves
- 1 Nylon suit
- 1 ventile suit
- 1 old beret
- 1 dressing gown

BAG N° 2

- 1 khaki jumper
- 1 navy jumper
- 2 towels
- 2 pill slips
- 1 ski mitt
- 1 leath. ov. mit
- 1 shirt
- 2 pr ski sox
- 1 working gloves
- 1 mitt trig. fing.
- 2 sheets
- 1 pr rubb. gloves
- 2 string singlets
- 2 pr surgical gl
- 4 pr boot laces
- 1 beret
- 1 pr innersoles
- 1 pr pyj pants
- 1 pr short upants
- 1 ath singlet
- 1 pr silk gloves
- 1 overalls
- 1 pr flying boots
- 1 pr army boots

BAG N° 3

- snow coat
- braces
- belt
- work. gloves
- rubber "
- bottle dress
- overalls
- working suit
- 6 black sox
- 1 pyjamas
- 1 pyjama pants
- 2 army shirts
- 1 cotton shorts
- 1 long upants
- 1 long sl singlet
- 1 short sl singlet
- 1 athletic singlet
- 1 ski cap
- 2 pr snow goggles
- 1 pr flying boots
- 13 pr sox
- face washer
- sw. trunks
- hobbit
- tooth brushes
- tooth powder
- polo sweater

BAG N° 5

- 6 blankets

Blue Bag

- anorac
- inner
- sleeping bag



PERSONNEL

J. GIAEVEY CAPT IN COMMAND  
 G. JACOBSON SHIP'S CAPTAIN  
 NILS JORGEN SHUMACHER (N) CHIEF MET  
 GÖSTA LILJEQUIST (S) MET  
 E.F. ROOTS (CAN) CHIEF GEOL.  
 A. REECE (B) GEOL  
 VALTER SCHYTT (S) CHIEF GLAC.  
 CHAS SWITHINBANK (B) ASST GLAC  
 N. ROER (N) SURVEYOR  
 D<sup>r</sup> OVE WILSON (S) SURGEON  
 EEIGIL ROGSTAD (N) CHIEF RADIO  
 GORDON ROBIN (A) RADAR PHYSICS  
 B. EKSTROM (S) MECHANIK  
 P. MELLEBYE (N) DOGS & RADIO  
 J. SNARBY (N) COOK by BJARNE LORENTZEN  
 L. QUAR (B) RADIO + GENERAL

Film 3 PANX (1 PANX, 2 colour)

- (1) Drifter in North sea on starboard - off Essex
- 2 L. R. R. Foster on bunk in cabin 1/2 sec f2
- 3 Brian Roberts on bunk do. do
- 4 From Monkey Island looking aft f7 1/100 Frid. 1st dec 8 f8 1/100
- 5 Me looking at compass on Monkey Island " f8 1/100
- 6 Stigt. Swedish photographer do " f8 1/100
- 7 looking forward from Monkey Island - Swedish phot on bow f8 1/100
- 8 Swed. air observer on Helix cover f8 1/100
- 9 Br. Roberts on fore deck while looking for dolphins f8 1/100
- 10 Dolphins in water off bows f4 1/500
- 11 " " " " " " " " " " " "
- 12 From crow's nest 4x orange f8 1/100 filter f4.3 1/60 [f8 1/100]
- 13 " " " " R. von Essen on Monkey Island, member of crew painting bridge.
- 14 " " " " " " " " " " " "
- 15 Looking into crow's nest no filter f8 1/100 (out of focus?)
- 16 " up at do. " " " " " " " " " "
- 17 " " " " " " " " " " " "
- 18 " " " " " " " " " " " "
- 19 In saloon, Stig Hallgren, f2. 1 sec
- 20 in saloon by ~~4~~ Hallgren's Flood lamps, Brian Roberts f4 1/20  
Lloyd Foster " "
- 21 " " " " " " " " " " " "
- 22 Brian, boat deck starboard yellow orange x4 f5.6 1/60 } about 4 pm
- 23 Me " " " " " " " " " " " "
- 24 "spisa", the steward, starboard aft deck " " " " " "
- 25 Bows towards bridge (out of focus?) " " " " " "
- 26 From two Samson posts towards bridge " " " " " "
- 27 " " " " " " " " " " " "
- 28 } coming into Capetown
- 31 } " " " " " " " " " " " "
- 36 } at the docks



