

Scott Base - M^cMurdo Base.

Thursday, 19th. October.

Fairly sunny & calm in the morning but becoming high overcast and misty later in the day. The wind, coming from a northerly quarter, gradually increased to 20 knots before changing to a stronger southerly which spoiled visibility over the sea ice. Still relatively warm with temperatures of only -15°C at Scott Base.

Harold Lowe & myself spent the day over at M^cMurdo. Here we sat in on lectures by an American climber-airman on survival techniques. We were there to help & in the afternoon Harold & I demonstrated ordinary prussic, double rope prussicing & the pulley method. There were 16 instructees were all airmen involved in fixed wing flights. Glad lunch at M^cMurdo. Boy do the Yanks live in style. However the much more simple Scott Base menu has more body & appeal to me. We were about to walk the two miles back to Scott when we were offered a lift in a chopper. I somehow got the feeling that some bods thought that we were N.I.P.'s when we touched down beside the base.

Monday, 23rd. October.

10-15 knot NNE wind and -25°C until near a calm & higher temperatures came late in the afternoon. Thick fog & low cloud also persisted until late afternoon.

Dave Greenwood & I left in the little 3 wheeled Snat & drove across the sea ice to Suttle Rock. Conditions were very cold & miserable on the Snat & for times there were almost whiteout conditions. One would warm up quite rapidly when walking around after the drive. However when driving there was a chill factor of c. -45° to -50°C especially on your face. Your beard & moustache would be thick & hurting with ice that would stick to your hood. She really uncomfortable bit was the stinging wind on your face, especially your cheeks. On getting back to Scott Base my cheeks were feeling bruised & swollen. Another uncomfortable feature was the freezing of the run in your nose.

As Dave was unable to tag even the first Weddell because of his hands freezing we had to contend ourselves with a census of the pups & adult seals at the ice cracks around Suttle Rock. We then returned to base early in the afternoon.

In the evening I practiced driving the Snat in the vicinity of Scott Base.

Scott Base.

Saturday, 28th. Oct..

A stinking hot day with temps. of -3°C . maximum. However it just happened to be snowing at the same time. At 10.30 am. exactly the wind suddenly rose to 48 knots & a blizzard was in progress. Gusts were up to 66 knots. Visibility was only a few yards at times. In the afternoon Dave & I set out to check the seals in front of the base but soon gave up. Dave poked a leg into a snow-covered melt hole & he both dangled legs into a number of cracks in the sea ice. We knew where the seals were but could not see a darn thing in the driving snow. In the evening we had a little party & everybody had a great time. The band consisted of a piano, guitar, saxophone, trumpet & a genuine tea chest base.

Cape Evans Base.

South side Erebus Glacier
Sangue - Little Ranzoback S.

Suesday, 7th. November.

A next to cloudless day with a cool northerly breeze for a short time. Late in the evening a 30 knot southerly started flinging the snow around but died out by the next morning. Average temp. $c. -10^{\circ}\text{C}$.

First of all we worked the crack beside the end few miles of the Erebus Glacier Sangue. There were quite a number of untagged juveniles here. We tagged all these as well as pups & untagged mums. Some of the mums put up quite a struggle. One mum shifted herself rather badly & then started thrashing about in it. Dave & I were liberally splattered in (d) shit from foot to chest level. Many animals have thick, pale green snot around their nostrils. They can snort this for a considerable distance & I'm sure they take deliberate aim. On two occasions I copped snot across my face & glasses. This was at the time intermingled with drops of blood from the tagging & the usual strongly yellow urine. No wonder we sponged.

Had a number of good rides on the backs of most of the adults but on the shorter juveniles the relatively long bay cords had me bumping along on their tails on a few occasions. After riding one animal across a wide crack I slipped too far forward and was neatly thrown over the animal's head by its heaving shoulder region. All the same the rides were exciting & enjoyable.