

**With Admiral Byrd's
Second Antarctic Expedition:
H.R.(Bob)Young's
Narrative Account of His
Experiences Down South &
Returning to Civilization**

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CONTENTS

1. INTRODUCTION.....	3
2. ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS.....	9
3. BOB YOUNG’S NARRATIVE ACCOUNT.....	11
4. POSTSCRIPT	69

APPENDICES

1. Bob’s July 3, 1933, letter to Admiral Byrd	89
2. Bob Recalls The Battle of Jutland.....	91
3. Bob’s 1935 Autobiographical Note.....	96
4. Bob’s Composition “Out of divers suit to the...”....	99
5. 1985 Appeal for Information re Bob’s Diary.....	103
6. Mrs Bolling Byrd Clarke’s letter to the Editor.....	104
7. Editor’s January 8, 2007, letter to Mrs Clarke.....	105
8. ‘Personal Accounts’: Research at the SPRI.....	107

** I would not argue with readers who feel, at this early stage, that Sections of this paper can be skipped – to be read later, or perhaps never!. If ‘Introductions’ generally don’t spark your interest or prove profitable, and you can’t abide reading ‘Acknowledgements’, go directly to Bob Young’s own words in **Section 3**. And if my inserted notes in Sections 3 distract or weary you, ignore them. And should you be curious only about Bob’s life post-BAE2, then **Section 4** beckons, with notes you also can ignore. Reading my **Appendices** before anything else is **not** recommended - but it is not forbidden! (If you do choose to go straight to them, hopefully they won’t put you off returning to the earlier pages).*

1. INTRODUCTION

Bob Young's **participation in BAE2** (the second Byrd Antarctic Expedition, 1933-35) is mentioned several times in *Discovery* (G.P.Putnam's Sons, New York, 1935), Admiral Richard E. Byrd's detailed "story" of the expedition. And readers of the *New York Times* (*NYT*) on May 5, 1935, and of *The National Geographic Magazine* (*NG*) in October, 1935, were treated to a glimpse of Bob Young in a wash tub during the expedition (*NG*, Volume LXV111, Number Four, p. 426).

Other **directly relevant items** are to be found in the polar regions archival collections of the U.S. National Archives (*USNA*) at College Park, Maryland, USA, and of the Canterbury Museum (*CMNZ*) in Christchurch, New Zealand, and **many more** in the polar archives of the Byrd Polar Research Center (*BPRC*) at The Ohio State University (*OSU*) in Columbus, Ohio, USA – specifically in the folder labeled 'H.R Young' and scattered in other folders in more than a few of the hundreds of boxes containing "The Papers of Admiral Richard E. Byrd", acquired by *OSU* in 1985 and since then.

Contemporary newspapers also contain references to Bob Young and BAE2 – most notably the *NYT* and *The Times* of London (*TT*), the former exclusively receiving almost daily reports on BAE2 from the Antarctic, compiled by Charles J.V. Murphy at Little America. Both the *NYT* and *TT* – the archival resources of which can now be accessed online, so that one no longer has to page laboriously through the fading original papers or work with microfilms - seldom add, however, anything to what Byrd and Murphy integrated into *Discovery* in 1935. More informative, on Bob Young, are the occasional **post-expedition items** focusing on Bob and BAE2 in certain UK and New Zealand newspapers (and there are very likely additional reports mentioning Bob in New Zealand papers that I have not seen).

Though we also have the recollections of Bob of some BAE2 explorers and of one or two family members who spoke to Bob, and a few letters he wrote that mention BAE2, it's clear that there is little in the way of **primary** source material about Bob Young and BAE2. Bob's own account of Byrd's 1933-35 expedition is thus especially valuable and interesting. (And an example of a personal account by a 'lower rank' participant; see my **Appendix 8**).

The **original handwritten manuscript** of Bob's narrative account is expected to be offered to the Scott Polar Research Institute (*SPRI*) in Cambridge, England, by John M. Barnes a nephew of Bob. As far back as January, 1967, John wrote and told me of the existence of the manuscript, and it was not so long afterwards that John had allowed me – also a nephew of Bob - to have the holograph manuscript in Canada and had encouraged me to prepare an edited version of it. One reason I took more than twenty-five years to do so was that **I hoped the diary** which Bob Young says (in his entry for January 18, 1934) that he has "*in front of*" him as he is composing this account **would come to light**.

Despite enquiries over more than two decades during visits to New Zealand, the UK and the USA, (and my 1985 appeal, see **Appendix 5**), **Bob's diary has not surfaced**. And we regret to say that it seems unlikely that it will. Both John and I had ample opportunity to ask our uncle about a diary before Bob's death in New Zealand in 1966, but failed to do so (or perhaps we did, and he chose not to enlighten us). We hope that this **edited version of Bob Young's**

penciled account of BAE2 (which I have chosen to call a “**narrative account**”) will not only add to the material on BAE2 but also be an interesting footnote to the history of polar exploration.

Bob Young’s association with Admiral Richard Byrd did not begin with BAE2 – he had, in fact, been involved with **BAE1**. (And an edited letter to his brother, my father, in England about his adventure on the *City of New York* in 1930 was published in *FRAM: the Journal of Polar Studies*, Volume Two, 1985, pp.160-174). But Bob was chosen to ‘**winter over**’ with **BAE2**; and the ‘Ice Party’ experience cemented his great respect for the admiral, with whose family he was to stay briefly after the return of the explorers to America, and led to his life-long friendship (and periodic correspondence) with a number of his BAE2 shipmates.

Bob’s **original manuscript** is over 13,500 words in length. Written on BAE2 letterhead (“Little America, Antarctica”), it covers 33 pages. It is untitled, unsigned, and undated (but it was probably written in 1936 or 1937). It is clear that Bob Young inserted a few dates and phrases after writing his account: most are in a darker pencil and squeezed in between his closely-spaced lines. After his initial four paragraphs, and beginning with his entry for December 12, 1933, the narrative is written as one very long continuous paragraph!

Readers must accept my word that I have **lightly edited Bob’s holograph manuscript** – except with regard to punctuation, spelling, the separation of one daily entry from the next (by double spacing) and occasionally some other paragraphing. I have expanded “AB” to “Admiral Byrd”, and “LA” to “Little America”, and all the ampersands in his original manuscript have, I think, been replaced by “and”. In only a very few instances, however, have I altered the tense of a verb or changed an adjective into an adverb, and nowhere have I deleted what might appear to be repetitious or redundant. And only rarely have I changed a beginning capital letter (in Sun; Zero; South; Bay; etc) to the lower case. It is after all Bob Young’s account!

Regarding formatting: as the reader will soon become aware, I have opted to place my editorial notes (annotations, if you will) within the main text, in **Section 3**. The notes are signaled by asterisks in Bob’s text (* ** ***...), and the related note/s follow very soon after the asterisk/s, printed in *italics* and indented, and one font size smaller than Bob’s own words, which are printed in the **bold font style**. The occasional inserted paragraph (normally mentioning some event/s on days not included in Bob’s narrative) is also in the smaller font size and *italicized*, but is enclosed in parentheses (...) and is not indented.

I believe the reader will be comfortable with this formatting system, and easily able to distinguish Bob’s words from my *italicized notes* and *inserted paragraphs* – and will not be distracted should he/she wish to skip the notes and read only Bob Young’s **narrative account!**

Where I have been **completely baffled** by a word or phrase in Bob’s handwritten original, I have resorted to inserting a question mark (?) after my ‘best guess’. But I have not indicated in a handful of other places in the transcription, where I have had some difficulty grasping the point Bob was making.

Concerning the notes (*italicized* and indented) **and my few inserted paragraphs** (*italicized* and in parentheses but not indented): a few are trivial, and one-liners; a handful are lengthy,

and even rambling, and may test the reader's patience; most are relevant and informative; and all, I hope, are interesting. Only occasionally have I drawn attention to discrepancies between what Bob Young writes and, for example, what Richard Byrd reported (in *Discovery* or *NG*); and in any case, I cannot explain any discrepancies. I should also emphasize that while I have attempted in some to indicate what was going on in BAE2 that Bob does not mention in his account, I have not attempted, even in the longer notes and inserted paragraphs, to name all 56 BAE2 explorers on the ice or all the interesting events and activities and noteworthy achievements of BAE2! Rather, I have thought to give a few signposts (some bibliographic), to where some topics, events and issues can be explored in more detail – and to indicate my particular interest, past and present, in some aspects of BAE2 and in the lives and contributions of two or three other members of BAE2.

Where I have drawn on **archival** items in my notes, I have, where necessary, indicated the **source** - with, for example, the letters 'BP' (for the 'Byrd Papers', at the BPRC) and 'USNA' (for the U.S. National Archives); 'NYT' (for the *New York Times*) and 'TT' (for *The Times* of London).

The main text of my extended **POSTSCRIPT (Section 4)** is also printed in **bold font style** – with (as in Section 3) my notes inserted, indented and in *italics*. It takes Bob Young's story past the formal wrap up of BAE2 in June, 1935. It's my best shot at composing a **post-BAE2 biographical sketch** of Bob Young, and at tying up some loose ends. Though we have no photographs of his 1935 stay with the Byrd family in Maine, Admiral Byrd's daughter Mrs Bolling Byrd Clarke (who passed away aged 85 in November, 2007) remembered Bob clearly. And there are several letters in Ohio concerning his desire to visit the UK in late 1935. However, the available information for the next thirty years of his life is decidedly fragmentary. But, again, the BPRC archives have been invaluable; as have the few original letters to family members (two or three to my mother, and one to my brother Donald, for instance), and to friends and other BAE2 participants given to me over the years. (I suspect there are more letters written by Bob Young 'out there', including letters to his siblings, that would illuminate Bob's life from 1936-1966). Four of the items included as **Appendices** are entirely in Bob's own words – and capture, I think, something of the "Old English Sailor" (to quote Olin Stancliff) and his feelings about going South and his BAE2 experience, etc.

To return to Bob Young's central narrative account - it is evident that here and there **Bob is incorporating information gleaned from other sources**, notably from Byrd's *Discovery* and from casual conversations with, or the oral or the written reports of, his fellow explorers; but for the most part he writes about matters he has personally experienced. It's not a scientist's report, or the story a literate journalist might weave, **but the account of a plain, tough Londoner** – who as a small boy had, during school holidays, gone from the family home in Stoke Newington in North London to London Bridge and gazed at ships on the River Thames and in the nearby docks, had "run away from home" to join the navy but "his father had got him out because he was only 15 years old" (to quote my late mother), and who had subsequently eagerly joined the Royal Navy (with his father's consent) at age 16 as a "Boy" in 1908, qualifying as a diver in 1916 and serving during the 1914-1918 war (rising to the rank of Petty Officer – as his Admiralty record indicates). He had then farmed in England for a while (in East Grinstead, Sussex, as a tenant, and then in Norfolk), been brother George's best man at his wedding to my mother in 1924, went to the US and Canada and then to Australia (where he

worked on the Sydney Harbour Bridge for a short period in 1925), and had then migrated to New Zealand.

For whom did Bob prepare his long penciled account? (with his diary alongside to prompt his memory). We are not sure, since it is not addressed to any specific person. My guess is that he wrote it for family members in England: his mother and father had died several years earlier (Matilda Stratton in 1922 and John Charles in 1915), but his five siblings and their families would have been interested in his adventures with BAE2. Was he hoping the British Broadcasting Corporation (BBC) in London would think it worth broadcasting? While visiting England in 1963, he had been with John Barnes to the BBC (as John recalls), and I do have a copy of a letter, addressed to Bob Young (c/o John Barnes in Bush Hill Park, Enfield, and dated September 12, 1963), from the BBC acknowledging receipt of three “original manuscripts”; but this narrative account is far longer than any of the items listed. If it was one of the three, it was evidently returned to Bob; and then it was either left in England by him in 1963, or sent to John’s mother (Bob’s eldest sister) in England after Bob’s death in New Zealand in January, 1966. In any event, on October 12, 1966, John Barnes sent the long holograph manuscript to New Zealand, in response to a request, dated August 8, from Antarctic historian and author L.B. Quartermain for information about Bob. Subsequently, it was returned to England; and it was among John’s mother’s papers when she died in 1978.

One of the notable things about Bob’s account, I think, is that **he hardly ever refers to his fellow BAE2 explorers by their names**. “Two men” did this; “three of us” went there; “the pilot” landed the plane, etc. Other than Byrd (frequently mentioned) and Dr Thomas Poulter (the second-in-command, named once) and biologist Alton Lindsey (mentioned in a clause clearly inserted in to the manuscript at a later time), no individual is identified. Not even the man who was operated on for appendicitis; not even the zoologist Bob went exploring with... not even the expedition’s cook. And very seldom Dr Louis Potaka, a fellow Kiwi. Does this suggest Bob was not a friendly, sociable chap, or just that he thought names would mean nothing to the reader/s of his account? Probably, I would say, the latter. Sixteen years or so older than the average age of the 56 men on the ice, he might, however, have been a bit of a ‘loner’, and he was certainly not a ‘party animal’ – but a rather serious-minded fellow. And used to physical labour, and mechanically-minded, Bob volunteered to do whatever needed doing – and if it had to do with the sea and ships, he probably knew **how** it should be done. In any event, a few of my notes include the names of those he writes about, but does not name.

What did Bob Young choose to omit (other than names) from his narrative account?

Since we don’t have his diary, we can only speculate. But he was not in the ‘managerial loop’, and thus not fully informed about the decisions made by Byrd and the senior staff, so we would not expect in his diary to find informed comments about staff meetings and major decisions. And he was not one of the disgruntled or the “opposition”, so there would be little about the divisive arguments during the Winter Night - but he doubtless heard rumours and gossip. If he recorded scuttlebutt in his diary, he did not include any of it in this account.

Neither is he judgmental about his fellow explorers – though he early on gives the stowaways an excellent grade (December 12, 1933), and we know that he thought the cook lazy (see my **Appendix 4**). If in his missing diary he bluntly lambasted in a few salty phrases those he felt were not pulling their weight, I would not be surprised. But I doubt that Bob

Young was moved to comment critically on the competence (or incompetence) and the levels of intelligence of his fellow explorers. But that, alas, we may never know. Nor whether in his diary he is also totally silent for the many days he omits entirely from his narrative account (no less than 22 days in the month of February, 1934; and in August, 1934, even the 10th of the month, - his 42nd birthday, Bob having been born in 1892).

Until last year (2007), to the best of my knowledge, **no diaries of BAE2 participants had been published** (though material from the unpublished diaries and journals of many BAE2 individuals had certainly been incorporated into books – notably Byrd’s *Discovery*; and the Admiral’s own diary contributed substantially to the text of his 1938 book *Alone*). And, in fact, I can recall only two published diaries of Antarctic explorers who were **not** leaders or senior members of the expeditions: *Under Scott’s Command: Lashly’s Antarctic Diaries* (edited by A.R.Ellis, published by Gollanz, London, in 1969); and *The Norwegian With Scott: Tryggve Grans’s Antarctic Diary 1910-1913* (National Maritime Museum, H.M.S.O., 1984). If Gran’s entries are occasionally brief – “January 25: The situation is unchanged. We have slept more or less day and night”- the Norwegian seldom misses a day.

Then *Footsteps on the Ice* appeared (University of Missouri Press, Columbia, Missouri). And we can appreciate what an alert and articulate lesser light on an expedition can contribute to our understanding of that expedition – even though Stewart D. Paine, dog-sled driver, also has nothing to say about several of the days spent in the Antarctic. In his many long daily entries, we have what must be factual pearls not previously revealed; and the young man was not shy about commenting on those exploring with him - he evidently wrote what was on his mind! And few of the other 54 men with him on BAE2 are not roundly criticized at one time or another, including the leader and senior members of the expedition - and the two medical doctors. While Bob Young is noted by Paine as one of the fourteen men who were accommodated in the Old Mess Hall and who made life very tolerable – and the photograph, from the “Paine Antarctic Collection”, of Bob in his upper bunk above Bill Bowlin (*SPD*, p.128) is one I have not seen before – Bob is bluntly dismissed elsewhere (p.139), along with the “majority” of the Ice Party, by the young Yale graduate Paine as immature/intellectually inferior (my phrase). No wonder those who write private diaries in challenging environments and crowded living quarters are not inclined to have all their comments about others revealed to a wider audience! (And we note that there’s nary a harsh word about members of the Ice Party in Byrd’s 1935 *Discovery*). What would I have done had I been editing Bob Young’s missing diary of BAE2 if he had been equally outspoken in his daily entries? Very probably left it just as Bob wrote it. Be that as it may, my edited version of Bob Young’s narrative account of BAE2 is not, of course, in the same league as the 368-page book *Footsteps on the Ice*, which is based as on detailed diaries, letters, memorandums, sketch maps, etc. Readers may note that I refer to Stewart Paine’s published diaries more than once in my notes, and when I do, that I use ‘*SPD*’ to indicate the source of the quotation or information. (They may also like to know that I ventured to review *Footsteps* in *The Canadian Geographer*, early in 2008).

Then, in March, 2008, a **substantial biography of Byrd** was published (by the publisher of *Footsteps*) with many quotations from Paine’s diaries in its two chapters on BAE2. While *Explorer: The Life of Richard E Byrd* (University of Missouri Press, Columbia, Missouri) makes no mention of Bob Young, the black-bearded, smiling Bob is in the centre of the

photograph on page 203. Doubtless Bob would be amazed to read the material that author Lisle A. Rose has painstakingly mined from the BPRC archives and *Footsteps* (not to mention from many other sources) and has adroitly woven into his compelling biography of Byrd; but he also might have something to add – as might all the lesser lights (or ‘lower ranks’) with BAE2 down South..

Finally, a comment or two on **information about the Antarctic**. *Encyclopedias*: the 1990 two-volume encyclopedia compiled by John Stewart is currently being revised and enlarged; and amongst other recently-published Antarctica encyclopedias there is the 2002 work edited by Bernard Stonehouse, and the 2006 two-volume encyclopedia edited by Beau Riffenbaugh – with excellent entries on weather phenomena, ice conditions, animal and bird life, polar explorations etc, etc. Then, on the *Internet*, via “Google” (for instance), one can track down hundreds of relevant *books, articles, reports and speeches* – and *visual material*: documentary films and videos on polar expeditions and explorers (Richard Byrd included) and penguins, and so forth – as well as information about the thirty-odd research stations now in Antarctica and research activities during the current International Polar Year (www.ipy.org). One can even check the current weather “down South” and view real-time photographs (and read the daily journals of journalists and others currently experiencing life on Antarctica). And if one is interested in certain polar expeditions, the Royal Geographical Society (RGS) has a fine collection of photographs (in its online “Picture Library”) – though not for Admiral Byrd’s expeditions. Remarkably, however, the full text of Byrd’s *Alone* (1938) is now online. And there are the online historical archives/data bases of a number of major newspapers (for many years, including the three years of BAE2). Imagine what original source materials may be accessible to us in our homes or offices in the years ahead!

As the digital age proceeds (and “digital/virtual collections” proliferate), we can expect to access directly and scrutinize original polar archival materials - letters, diaries, reports, documents, photographs, movies etc. How long will it be before we can read all of Shackleton’s handwritten 1915 diary, and not just the pages currently displayed under “Virtual Shackleton” on the SPRI’s website? When shall we be able to see on our own computer screens the handwritten “final letters home of Captain Scott” (exhibited at the SPRI in early 2007)? If all goes well with project “Freeze Frame” at the SPRI, we should be able, I’m told by the Librarian at SPRI, to fully access 20,000 images (“fully captioned and with contextual information”) on the web from April, 2009. They would then be “truly accessible”. But what about the Byrd Papers?

How long before we can see on our own computers the individual items in the innumerable folders in the **495 boxes (and seven drawers)** that occupy 523 cubic feet at OSU? In the **final reorganized inventory** (completed **since** our first enquiries in 1985, and our visits to the BPRC in the early 1990s when we recorded box and file numbers in the “Preliminary Inventory” of items we copied/took notes from), the H.R. Young’s folder is now **# 6751 in Box # 186**, as the BPRC website informs us. But there is no list of the specific items in that folder, and certainly we cannot “click” and **see the originals** in front of us. Neither can we “search” online all the boxes and folders for items that may refer to ‘Bob Young’, and then simply “click” and view them. **The task of comprehensively indexing and digitizing (etcetera), would, of course, be daunting, to say the least!**

2. ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

I am, of course, primarily indebted to my late uncle, **Bob Young**: he wrote the account, carefully preserved it, and eventually ensured that it stayed in the family. Although he visited the BBC to see whether they were interested in using it in some way, and actually gave a talk on a radio station in Brisbane, Bob almost certainly never envisaged that his words would be presented to a wide readership via OSU's Knowledge Bank and the world-wide Internet. He especially would be surprised, though hopefully not unhappy, to see the extracts from several of his own letters that I have integrated into my **POSTSCRIPT** as well as the letter and three compositions I have appended to this edited version of his narrative account of BAE2. But I am also much indebted to the authors/writers (and where applicable to their publishers) quoted in my notes in **Section 3** and in the **POSTSCRIPT**: their words add "context" to Bob's account, and afford the reader a sense of what else was going on during the time Bob was with BAE2, and beyond - and in the case of published material, indicate where much more can be found.

Then, I am happy to acknowledge generally the many **individuals** and several **institutions** in half a dozen different countries who have supported, encouraged and facilitated my research interest, one way or another over the years, into BAE2 generally and several BAE2 participants in particular – especially Harry Richard ('Bob') Young. I mention some names in my notes, but a number of individuals and institutions deserve special mention and my sincere thanks:

In the early 1980s (when the Byrd Papers were still under the control of the administrator of the estate of the Admiral's widow), I received from the USNA (then in Washington, D.C.) a detailed listing of Polar Regions items ("papers and historical materials") donated by individuals to the USNA and assembled in "Record Group 410". I am certainly grateful to the Chief of the Civil Archives Division of the USNA (**Franklin W. Burch**) for responding to my initial enquiry; and those five pages prompted more than one visit to Washington. And after consultations with the appropriate staff member (**Alison Wilson**) at the National Archives, I was able to consult and have copies made of material donated by several BAE2 explorers (and I quote from some in my notes). Bob Young, however, had not donated any personal items to the USNA. **John M. Barnes** led me to, and then loaned me, Bob Young's original manuscript (as I mention earlier); and provided copies of many relevant letters. Also earlier on, the Assistant Director of OSU's Institute of Polar Studies-BPRC in the 1970/90s (**Peter J. Anderson**) discussed with me, in Columbus in June, 1985, my interest in BAE2, and in July, 1985, encouraged me to delve into the recently acquired 'Byrd Papers' as soon as they became "available to users". In July, 1988, he sent to me in Waterloo a microfiche copy of the "Preliminary Inventory to the Byrd Papers", advising me that the Papers are "now open at your convenience" (and commenting that: "As you will see from the inventory they are not in the best of organizational shape, but they are usable"). Subsequently, the Curator of Collections and Manuscripts at OSU (**Robert A. Tibbetts**) kindly provided desk space in the Collections Room of the main library and facilitated our first week-long rummage in 1990 through some sixty of the large cartons of documents (etc) that we had identified (from the microfiche) as potentially containing items of interest to us. **Wilfrid Laurier University** in Waterloo, Ontario, Canada, supported my trips to Washington D.C. and both my research trips to Ohio (in 1990 and 1993) and one to Indiana and Ohio (in June, 1985), and subsequently indirectly to places far and wide, over many years. The 1993 trip to the BPRC followed receipt, in April,

from Ohio of a copy of the new “inventory to the Byrd papers”; we were asked to note that “the processing team is still working” on some series and sub-series...but we will do our best to accommodate you” – and they subsequently provided space and copying facilities during our examination of the contents of some forty or so boxes and folders concerning BAE2. And it is appropriate that I express my gratitude to the persons principally involved: the University Archivist and Director of the BPRC’s Archival Program (**Dr Raimund Goerler**); the Polar Curator (**Laura J. Kissel**); and the Librarian of the Goldthwait Polar Library (**Lynn Lay**) at **The Ohio State University** in Columbus, Ohio, USA. They have continued to be most helpful in the period since 1993 - by e-mail, on the telephone, and by regular mail (the Polar Curator sending copies of items/folders that I have requested, even as recently as May, 2008) - and they deserve my very special thanks. Then there are the several BAE2 members (**surviving ‘Byrdmen’**) we met and corresponded with (all of whom are mentioned in my notes, most more than once); and most especially the late **Emeritus Professor Alton A. Lindsey** of Purdue University in Indiana: AAL was kind enough not only to talk about BAE2 and Bob Young for three long days in June, 1985, but also to loan me his “last remaining” typed copy of his own detailed BAE2 diary - the “scarcely-legible original” is in the USNA – so that I could “have it copied”. I am deeply grateful that, at his home in West Lafayette, Al agreed to sign my copy of his new book on John James Audubon, and that he then added: *“To our new Antarctic friend Bruce Young - with happy recollections of my polar pal Bob Young”*.

Finally, I happily acknowledge the encouragement and assistance of JD, who has been with me almost every step of the way of this long journey. Especially, heartfelt thanks for her patience when I have been neglectful and obsessively absorbed in Bob Young’s polar adventures and his life after BAE2 – and for her tolerance when I have chosen not to follow her advice when composing (and revising) this paper! I should stress, however, that I was the typist (using ‘Microsoft Word’, and learning something new each day) and that JD is in no way responsible for any errors and inconsistencies or acts of commission or omission in the final product.

3. BOB YOUNG'S NARRATIVE ACCOUNT

It was while engaged on the construction of the Arapuni Dam hydro-electric scheme * in New Zealand in August 1933 that I received a letter from Admiral Byrd. He wrote me from Boston asking whether I was prepared to go South with him again – I was with him on his first expedition South. I wrote straightaway, and said I would be pleased to join him on arrival in New Zealand. **

** Bob was employed as a rigger and diver. In some notes he wrote: “In a five-knot current I surveyed the whole headrace bottom and sides and cemented huge cracks up on the bottom...A diving pump and gear we borrowed from the Napier Harbour Board was very old; the pump stopped delivering air to me, piston was choked. I just got to the surface in time” (BP: see my **Appendix 3**). He also gave further details of his diving experiences during an interview with the Wellington Evening Post, December 8, 1938. I would also note that one of the three or four photographs that include Bob in the “collection” of well over 5,000 low-resolution images on the CD recently made available by the BPRC Archival Program, is of Bob in a diver’s suit (Box 216; Folder 7489.2). Taken in New Zealand or Australia in 1932, copies of the original informal snapshot were sent by Bob to family members in England in June, 1933, and I now have my late mother’s copy. (I estimate that 15- 20% of the images on the Byrd CD relate specifically to BAE2 – and that there is about the same proportion in the 3,500 or so images in the five “**Byrd Expedition Photo Albums**”).*

*** Bob wrote a two-page letter to Admiral Byrd in September, 1931, when he read that Byrd was going South again, saying he’d like to have the “honour and privilege...in any capacity you may wish to put me”. Byrd responded (October, 1931) “...I shall be glad to keep your application on file and I thank you very much for offering your services”. Bob wrote at length again on July 10, 1932...”If you decide to include me in your happy family I will deem it a RED LETTER DAY...I am holding myself in readiness...”. And again on July 21, 1932: “Hope you won’t be offended but I am taking the bull by the horns by enclosing ten shillings to cover expense of cablegram...In readiness to go anywhere with you...”. Byrd returned the money, noting that the expedition had been postponed; and Bob responded: “When you start getting your ice party together...you can bank on me coming... whatever you say goes with me”. In July, 1933 he writes again: “...I am still mad to go as a volunteer with you to the Antarctic again...” (see my **Appendix 1**). Bob’s persistence paid off: in early August, a letter arrived from H.L. Tapley & Co, the Dunedin agents of BAE2, stating that: “Admiral Byrd has written asking whether you are prepared to volunteer to go South with his expedition leaving here about the end of the year” (BP).*

There were two ships in the expedition: the *Jacob Ruppert*, a large strong iron * lumber ship of 8,000 tons; and the *Bear of Oakland*, an old wooden sailing ship of 300 tons, which had done several years in the Arctic sealing and revenue cutter work. Byrd bought the *Bear of Oakland* for \$1,000, it was due for breaking up; and the *Jacob Ruppert*, a government ship out of commission, he paid five dollars for the loan of.

** Lindsey refers to the Ruppert as a “tramp freighter with an ordinary*

hull having iron plates only 7/8 inch thick” and suggests that could be the reason why one British polar authority considered taking it to the Antarctic an “extraordinary risk” (Naturalist on Watch, Goshen College, Goshen, 1983, p. 156). Admiral Byrd (in Discovery, p.48) described the Ruppert as having “no intricate system of inner skins. She was a tramp lumber ship, with a shell of 7/8 inch steel”. When the Ruppert was unloading in difficult conditions in the Antarctic in early 1934, the report from the expedition down south published in the NYT referred to her as “this iron ship” (NYT, January 22, 1934). Much later in the adventure, mention is made of the Ruppert’s “flimsy plating” (Discovery, p.380); while the correspondent of the London Times in Wellington wrote of a “steel ship” (TT, January 4, 1935 p.11). Iron or steel, the Ruppert (named by Byrd after a sponsor – the Brewer and owner of the New York Yankees), proved to be a sturdy Antarctic survivor.

After a tremendous amount of work getting the expedition together, only \$150,000 was raised in cash donations – Edsel Ford was the biggest donor with \$32,500 – the rest of the equipment and stores and fuel was donated, lent or bought. Over 30,000 letters were written for this alone – there were over 14,000 different items; and 14 separate departments and 20 different branches of science were being served. *

** I do not know where Bob got the dollar value of Ford’s donation. Or the number 14,000. BAE2 Supply Officer Stevenson Corey, who spent months in Boston organizing the packing of the supplies told us, with a smile, that he ensured that he would be included in the ‘Ice Party’ by marking all the crates with different colours and signs and keeping the key to the system to himself! Be that as it may, Byrd later commented that Corey “turned out to be a wizard at finding things” (NG. 1935, p.410). Corey’s careful control over the supplies earned him, we were told, the nickname of “Little Caesar” – the title of a gangster movie that came out in the early thirties, starring Edward G. Robinson (and still often shown on television).*

The *Jacob Ruppert* arrived in New Zealand on December 8, 1933 * – with the *Bear of Oakland* several days behind. The Governor-General, Lord Bledisloe, looked over the ship. In which were 150 Eskimo dogs (several of them were direct descendants from Shackleton’s dogs); two Citroen snow tractors; two Ford snowmobiles; one heavy six-ton Cletrac snow tractor; and four planes (a Fokker monoplane with a single Curtis Cyclone engine of 575 horsepower, a wing span of 54 feet and eight inches, cruising speed of 110, weighs about 13,000 pounds and can lift about 6,000 pounds; an auto-gyro of 225 of horsepower, with extra fuel tanks; and a Curtis-Wright Condor biplane with two Wright Cyclone engines, each rated at 710 horsepower, with three-bladed propellers of special design, cruising speed of 120, could fly from Little America to New Zealand, 2,500 miles, has a ceiling of 19,000 feet, wings 82 feet, body 50 feet, a carrying capacity of 16 passengers and weighs 18,000 pounds empty; it carries 1,100 gallons of gasoline and can lift and fly with 8,500 pounds); two tons of T.N.T. and dynamite, and tons of stores, etc; also three cows. *****

** Land was sighted by the lookout on the morning of December 5 (Discovery, p.25) and the Ruppert anchored in Wellington Harbour later that day. Lindsey saw a “beautiful view of the red-roofed city of Wellington unwrapped like a Christmas package” as they tied up to a dock the next morning (AAL Diary). Perhaps Bob*

was viewing the ship from onshore as she berthed at Pipatea Wharf. The Evening Post reported on December 6 that: "Mr H.R. Young ...joined the expedition at Wellington today...He is a Royal Navy Diver of 16 years' standing".

*** One of the legacies of the popular Bledisloe's term as Governor-General – from 1930-1935 – is the Bledisloe Cup (as all rugby union fans and players will know).*

****I cannot confirm the accuracy of every detail in this paragraph. But there were certainly dogs, tractors, planes - and three cows (which, as a farmer's son, and for some five years a farmer himself in England, must have pleased Bob).*

(Admiral Byrd, according to the report of the London Times' "Own Correspondent" dated December 12, at a civic reception before the departure of the Jacob Ruppert from New Zealand, had announced that if he made further discoveries he intended to name some part of the territory "Little New Zealand" – which may have pleased his audience. He also stated that he had readily given the Ellsworth expedition – whose ship, the Wyatt Earp, had sailed from Dunedin on December 5 - permission to operate from Little America, Byrd's base during BAE1, and call upon the stores and equipment there if needed).

December 12, 1933. We left New Zealand. And during fire and collision drill the next day three stowaways were found. Byrd gave them a severe talking to and asked them if they wanted to get off or stay for the trip. They said "Stay"; and they certainly proved 100 percent good. * The next day it was very rough.

** Byrd acknowledged that they "worked like dogs" (Discovery, p.30). But I have found no evidence of the "severe talking to". What I did discover (in a file in the The Alexander Turnbull Library in Wellington) were two or three interesting letters: one from BAE2 Executive Officer G.O. Noville to G.B. Wray (one of the three stowaways) expressing his "deep appreciation for your loyalty and your application to the various duties assigned you. You have earned the respect of the entire expedition" (dated February 24, 1934; MS Papers 3309); and another, dated 25 February, 1934, from Byrd to Wray: "My dear Wray, Before you return to New Zealand from Little America, I wish to thank you for the fine work you have done in helping the Expedition get settled at Little America. I understand and appreciate the spirit that actuates your desire to continue with the Expedition through the coming months. Were it not for the fact that the membership of the ice party has been practically determined for some months. I should be happy to include you." However, a letter from Wray in October, 1934, to the officer in charge of the ships during the winter in New Zealand requesting a job on the ship returning to collect the BAE2 explorers, did not result in another trip to the Bay of Whales for Mr Wray.*

On December 19 we saw our first icebergs * – and incidentally one of the cows gave birth to a calf, which was promptly named "Iceberg". We are now in 65 degrees South Latitude and 163 degrees East Longitude ** – unexplored waters, as Captain Cook only came to 62 degree South Latitude in this longitude. We passed close to a big iceberg. It looked anchored, so we steamed around it and took soundings – but got no bottom. Byrd thought he might discover some islands or land in the Pacific Quadrant we were now in.

** In his diary, Lindsey describes "seeing on the horizon the dim outline of my first iceberg, a beautiful tall spire crowning its massive cathedral-like form" and*

that “soon they were very numerous...the ship had to weave about to avoid the ice-cakes...the products of the breaking up of ice bergs, and in melting they assume varied and fantastic shapes. Bobbing up and down in the waves they seem like the funny creatures of a huge merry-go-round...The admiral said he saw more icebergs today than all those seen on the last expedition put together” (AAL, December 19). Paine comments: “We ran into ice at 1:30 this morning...The icebergs have been magnificent and truly one of the scenic wonders of the world” (SPD, p.46).

*** Since Wellington lies on the 130 th meridian East (of Greenwich) and they had not yet crossed the 180 E-180 W meridian, they probably were at 163 East Longitude; but why does Byrd in Discovery (p. 37) mention West Longitude?*

December 20. We reached the pack ice which encircles the Antarctic continent. It was too thick to penetrate, so we cruised along the edge to a sheltered bay. We had now got the Midnight Sun, and the big motor boat was launched – also the big Condor seaplane, which went for a 4-hour flight. But it first adjusted its compass with the ship’s compass by flying over the ship twice whose compass it knew. * Byrd said there was over 300 miles of open water to the south. Before we hoisted the plane and motor boat inboard, a few of us went in the boat amongst the loose ice and shot three or four seals for the dogs.

** The captain headed his ship due south, using its gyro compass (Discovery, p.41).*

December 23. In 67 degrees South Latitude. We were pushing our way in and out of the pack, heading east as much as possible, when we saw a solitary black iceberg; so a small boat was lowered and two scientists and a movie picture man went over to it. * And the black we could see was pebbles and small rocks which the iceberg some time or other had scrapped up from the bottom, and as it decayed – perhaps over years - it had turned bottom up. We took a sounding and got 9,000 feet. **

** Bob was one of the three “mariners” who rowed the boat (AAL Diary).*

*** Poulter reported: “no bottom at 9,000 feet” (Discovery, p.47).*

A dog which had got loose jumped overboard – we soon lowered a boat and rescued it; but he was so cold we had to force its teeth apart with a stick to give it something warm, * before putting it down in the warm fireroom. It recovered.

** According to Discovery, “a liberal shot of excellent whiskey” (p.47).*

December 25. Xmas. * This day we had a heavy blizzard and had to shovel the snow from the decks. ** The dogs thought nothing of it

** Did Bob record (in his diary) what cook Al Carbone prepared for Christmas dinner? Lindsey did in his...commenting that Carbone “achieved the ultimate in Christmas dinners as far as quantity and variety was concerned” – Roast Vermont Turkey, Lobster Salad, Fruit Cake, punch (“wow”) Beer and Fresh Guernsey Milk...(Diary, December 25). Paine wrote about “the jolly Christmas aboard...everyone shook hands all around this morning...for dinner we had a feast which was a credit to any cook” (SPD , p.49).*

*** In a cable to his son, Richard E. Byrd Jr., Byrd wrote: “We are spending Christmas among the biggest ice bergs in the world and though it is mid-summer down here it is colder than it is in Boston...Daddy” (BP).*

(In a letter, dated December 25, 1933, to a friend in New Zealand, Bob writes: “Was at the wheel today and Byrd told me himself that we were now further South in this Longitude than Captain Cook came or any other vessel...the pack ice is too thick, we keep on trying to push through, but have to come out again...if our cows get back to New York alive they will be worth 20,000 dollars; they are quite contented and I’m sure don’t realize where they are, and don’t we all make a fuss of them: they love apples. These stamps may be worth something to you presently so watch your step, they cost 2 shillings at present to the public” CMNZ – MS 345).

December 26. It came on very rough, and the main engines failed: water was found to be in the oil fuel. After three hours the engines functioned again. Byrd said this is a stormy area but a sea anchor was made in case the engines should fail again. *

** The events of this day in the “Devil’s Graveyard” are, not surprisingly, described in vivid detail by Byrd (and/or his ghostwriter and BAE2 Communications Officer Charles Murphy, in Discovery). I have, however, not noticed that they mentioned that the engine problem lasted “three hours” or the making of a “sea anchor”. Paine apparently was unaware that the ship had lost her ability to be steered (SPD, p.50).*

We got a radio from Lincoln Ellsworth on the Wyatt Earp – he is held fast in the ice further south of us. This is another independent expedition. Lincoln Ellsworth with his plane on board hopes to fly from the Bay of Whales to the Weddell Sea across the Antarctic. *

** Ellsworth’s extensive exploring activities and publications (etc) can be found via “Google”. His adventures are also reported in the NYT and TT. His papers are in the archives at Dartmouth College Library, New Hampshire.*

January 1, 1934. We are in 70 degrees South Latitude. In a little open smooth water we got the big seaplane over into the water for another flight; but heavy snow came on and icebergs were closing in on us; so by midnight we had to get the plane back in a hurry, throwing overboard 130 * gallons of gas to make the plane lighter (the hoisting derrick was not too strong).

** Byrd wrote 150 gallons (Discovery, p. 56).*

The next day (January 2) was fine again; so the motor boat was lowered and a few of us went away and shot some more seals amongst the ice for the dogs. The *Jacob Ruppert* was lying off eight or nine miles away.

January 3. In 69 degrees South Latitude, 116 degrees East Longitude. * Got the plane out again, also the motor boat. Weather was fair. ** The plane this time took two of our stronger dogs in case of landing on the ice or at Little America – all the planes carry a man-hauling sledge – but as soon as the Condor plane taxied for an open stretch of water these two dogs nearly went crazy; so they brought them back and then took off. ***

** Lindsey writes: “West Longitude”; as does Paine (SPD, p.53). Who is correct? The map in Discovery (opposite p.41) suggests that they were, indeed, now east of the 180E-180W meridian, in West-longitude territory . The Ross Ice Shelf is approximately bisected by the 180th meridian, with Little America and the Bay of Whales to the east at 165 degrees West Longitude, and the Rockefeller Mountains further to the east, at 165 West longitude, while Scott’s old base and McMurdo Sound are on the western side of the Ross Sea and Ross Ice Shelf (and thus far west of Little America) at about 165 degrees East Longitude. (However, the concerned reader might wish do to **check me** on these coordinates! Even Discovery confuses us with coordinates stated as Lat. 69 S and Long.152 S., p. 63).*

*** It was the day AAL skinned his first penguins.*

**** Discovery reports the crazy dog incident happening before the flight on January 11 (p. 64). Paine notes, for January 10: “The plane taxied back to the ship. The dogs had gone nuts and were taken off” (SPD, p.58)*

Again they flew over the ship to line up the compass, because with no sign of any Sun their magnetic compass was solely depended on, as owing to our proximity to the South Magnetic Pole, it obviously has a large error; and to find out the exact amount the ship headed north by her gyro compass. Now the plane flying over the ship had a definite true direction to check upon. *

** The compass error was 55 degrees (Discovery, p.56). And knowing this, aviators relying on magnetic compasses could determine the direction of true north.*

A few of us took away the motor boat and shot a few seals for the dogs. A whitish, almost tame seal (a crab-eater) kept swimming under and all around our boat; so we couldn’t shoot that one. I ran and caught a fine Emperor penguin – it weighed 73 pounds, but we let it go later. Three blue whales blew quite close to us...we didn’t interfere with them. *

** Bob Young knew something of the extensive whaling industry in the Antarctic, from his 1929 -30 experience on the City of New York in BAEI days. And the giant blue whale was a prized target in the Southern Seas. However, in the early 1960s an international convention limited the annual catch of blue whales to 15,000. And then, in 1973, some 37 countries signed a moratorium banning the commercial hunting of all whales. Perhaps Bob saw the whaling factory on the Bluff in Durban, South Africa, in 1962, with whales tied up alongside the ‘catchers’, awaiting transfer to the factory. It was not a pretty sight. Perhaps today the land factory, or what remains of it, is visited by tourists; and certainly whale-watching thrives around the south-west coast of South Africa - as it does elsewhere. Voices, however, are periodically heard protesting the International Whaling Commission’s edicts on the hunting of whales – and whale meat is for sale on the stalls in the fish market in Bergen, Norway; while the Japanese catch whales for “scientific purposes”. At its 2006 meeting, the IWC narrowly defeated a motion by Japan to abolish the “Southern Ocean Sanctuary” (proclaimed in 1994), and elected a Japanese scientist as its Vice-Chairman. By one vote, however, the meeting adopted a declaration that envisaged the eventual return of commercial whaling. And in the 2006-7 season there were confrontations between the Japanese whaling fleet (hunting 850 minke and 10 fin whales) and vessels belonging to conservation groups. In March, 2008, violent clashes at*

sea between Japanese whalers and protesting conservationists were condemned by several delegates at the end of an IWC meeting in London. The debate about hunting whales (etc) is likely to continue at future IWC meetings – with perhaps in due course a compromise being reached. Today, only about 1000 blue whales remain in Antarctic waters (IWC website).

At 3.20 p.m. we saw the plane returning. It had been away nearly four hours. When it settled on the water, we steamed over to it and took it in tow back to the ship a couple of miles away. They had run into foggy weather with snow, but averaged 112 miles per hour and had to fly just under 1000 feet to see anything. They also went and had a look at the huge iceberg we saw last Monday thought to be anchored. It roughly measured 25 miles long and 4 miles wide. Miles of open water to the south was seen.

Later in the evening we got a radio from Mr. Lincoln Ellsworth on his ship the *Wyatt Earp*, saying that they were through the ice pack and headed for the Bay of Whales. We had no sooner got the plane inboard and lashed when a roaring blizzard howled all through the night; so for safety we steamed north to get clear of the thick dangerous ice pack we were in. Byrd gave a chat on what we were doing and hoping to do. *

** And many polar historians would wish to see a report on that “chat”! Presumably Byrd discussed the geographical objectives behind undertaking long flights to the South, following certain meridians (150 and 152 degrees West Longitude). Neither Lindsey nor Paine mention in their diaries a “chat” by Byrd on this day.*

January 7. Ellsworth radioed he had arrived in the Bay of Whales and walked up to Little America * (Admiral Byrd’s headquarters on the first expedition). The tall radio towers were still standing, and everything is OK.

** To which Bob had been in February, 1930, when on the *City of New York*.*

January 10. We reached 70 degrees South Latitude, 150 degrees East Longitude* and working our way south. Came over rough with very strong wind, which helped break up the ice pack. Icebergs were closing in all around us; but we made for a long tongue of pack ice which gave us shelter and open water, so we got the plane over for the third flight. It took off at 10.30 p.m. for short flight only, and reported plenty of open water leads; so all through the night we pumped gasoline into her. The Midnight Sun was gorgeous.

** Probably West Longitude.*

January 11. At 4.00 a.m. the plane took off. It might fly to Little America only about 500 miles away. * After a three-hour flight it returned – visibility was very bad at Little America; so we pumped out most of the gasoline and hoisted her inboard. She had returned with 800 gallons left.

** Byrd has the straight line distance as “about 600 statute miles” (Discovery, p.63).*

The sun was getting quite warm. We now turned west with the intention of finding the weakest part of the pack ice and pushing through South. We soon found it and got through the remaining pack ice and into the Ross Sea.

January 13. We received a radio from Mr. Lincoln Ellsworth – he'd smashed his plane up landing it on the ice * in the Bay of Whales, had got it back on board again and was returning to America. He had very bad luck considering he is financing himself. **

** His plane had, in fact, been severely damaged because it was moored on Bay ice which "broke out suddenly" (Discovery. p. 66). Lindsey is more accurate: "Hear Ellsworth damaged plane beyond repair on the Bay ice when it broke up" (AAL Diary). Perhaps Bob's "landing" version was the rumour of the day.*

*** Bob Young was a man of very modest means - and a frugal person. Despite Ellsworth's very considerable wealth – he could name his ship after a western US marshal he admired rather than an affluent contributor - Bob is sympathetic! Admiral Byrd, though not wealthy enough to fund his Antarctic expeditions, was by no means poor – and he certainly was not lacking in generosity toward his fellow explorers. On this occasion, his message to Ellsworth read: "Distressed to hear about your rotten luck. You are welcome to use my Fokker plane for your flight....If you accept this offer, I'll also lend you personnel to help get the plane ready" (BP).*

Monday, January 15. Snowed heavy all day. Started fixing skis on all the planes for landing on the ice. Every department is packing up ready for landing. Only a few icebergs around, but much colder. A few schools of whales were peacefully feeding, amongst plenty.

Wednesday, January 17, 1934. At 7 a.m. Ross Ice Barrier in sight. * What a gigantic magnificent piece of nature. At 10 a.m. we steamed into the Bay of Whales – about 40 miles deep and 10 across the entrance. We steamed all round about twice very slowly. We could see a huge crack in the bay ice running for miles towards Little America.**

** The Barrier is the seaward face or edge of the Ross Ice Shelf. Nansen had cruised along this 100-feet high "gigantic work of Nature" looking for, and finding, the Bay of Whales - in Roald Amundsen's words, the "opening to the unknown realm beyond it (The South Pole, London, John Murray, 1912, p.167). Bob Young had first seen the Barrier and Bay of Whales in February, 1930, when on the City of New York – after which visit he was to create, probably in 1931 or 1932, a coloured wool picture on canvass of the City in the Bay area "to show happy memories" (letter to Byrd, dated 3 July, 1933 - see **Appendix 1**).*

*** "Marbled cliffs under a cloudless blue", wrote Byrd (Discovery, p.69). And Paul Siple called the Barrier edge "awesome" ("Ninety Degrees South", p.40). Finn Ronne wrote perhaps the most appealing description of the Barrier: "Surely the most spectacular of nature's wonders, the barrier cliff was a mighty presence, its sheer face rising from the water line as though sheared off by a giant's saw...It was a massive flat-topped wall of ice, a ribbon of glistening cliff reflecting its prodigious length in the darkness of the dull, cobalt sea" (Antarctica, My Destiny, Hastings House, New York, 1979, p.11). However, Olin Stancliff, in his home in Erie, Pennsylvania, told us in April, 1993, that BAE2's Dr Guy Shirey was "immediately*

unenthusiastic". For an elegant discussion of how the Ice and the Southern Skies impacted on early Antarctic explorers (and poets who had never actually been to the Antarctic) see "Antarctica: Exploration, Perception and Metaphor" by Paul Simpson-Housley, Routledge, London, 1992. Paine has no entries for several days in mid-January, including the day of arrival at the Barrier, and the first few in the Bay of Whales, but he remarks that: "It has all been so new and strange and interesting" (SPD, p.4). Interviewed for The Explorers Club in New York in 2003, Norman Vaughan of BAE1, in his late nineties, recollected that he had thought the Barrier "very overpowering", when they "got up to it, and underneath it".

At 2 p.m. the motor boat was lowered; and it took a dog team, survey and camp party and Byrd himself ashore. They first went and inspected the big crack we could see from the ship. It was about a mile from the edge. Also dangerous pressure ice was all jumbled up in a mess for many miles.

At 3 p.m. I took a party in a boat ashore with ice anchors to dig in and prepare, but we could not climb the straight ice face about 12 feet high; so we went back to the ship which then came close and pushed her bows up tight against it. Then we slid down a rope on to the ice. After a lot of trouble we dug in five anchors, and the ship tied up safely. Several Killer Whales were prowling round the ship all the time – they will attack anything in the water. *

** Orcinus orca. "Moves into Antarctic waters in November and stays till April...Is renowned as the sea's supreme predator...but it is not a sea-going homicidal maniac...and shows no inclination to attack people in the water"...or so I read in a book by Richard Ellis (Dolphins and Porpoises, Knoph, New York, 1982).*

January 18. We worked all through last night, right into today. The sun, weather and sea were very kind. We started unloading gear and one airplane to fly to Little America which was 10 miles off by dog team but only three by air. We soon got the plane away full up with stores; but when it was about to land at Little America, the skis instead of being horizontal were hanging down – the rubber support had broken. So the pilot circled again thinking about the best thing to do. So he decided to flop and land on his tail, and he did a fine landing * and there was no accident.

** "a fine landing"...the words Byrd uses in Discovery (p. 76).*

At 8 a.m. we dug out all five ice anchors again and steamed round again to look for a better anchorage – the ice pressure ridge had weakened the surface where we intended unloading our tons of gear. We steamed around for two hours and were about to close in on a place the first surveying party had pegged out for us, when all of a sudden the whole ice face for about half a mile or so broke off. Thousands of tons must have crashed into the sea. We went full speed astern out of the foaming water, and went back to our first anchorage; it took us six hours to come alongside and tie up.

Byrd and his party were now in Little America inspecting everything – just as it was left five years ago. There were certainly uncanny feelings. They pressed the telephone buzzer, and they heard it ringing in the next building. They struck a match and lit a lamp –

kerosene was still in it. They wound the big kitchen clock up, and it ticked away merrily (although covered in ice crystals). For another expedition of 15 months nothing was done to it. I brought this clock home with me. * Actually switched a telephone light on, and it burnt. Numerous uncanny things happened – I can't begin to enumerate them as my diary in front of me shows something for every day throughout the expedition of fifteen months. **

**An ex post facto sentence – that is, not an entry from any diary that Bob was keeping during BAE2.*

*** Not the only entry in his narrative account that prompted our search for Bob's **diary** (see, for instance, February 26, 1934). None of the survivors we interviewed or corresponded with – Murphy, McCormick, Hill, Lindsey, Stancliff and Joe Hill – could confirm that Bob was keeping a diary during BAE2; but more than one had seen him busy woodworking and pursuing other hobbies. Hill, for instance, replied: "I have no knowledge of Bob having kept a diary, He did construct some model sledges" (letter to me, October 5, 1990).*

It's still Thursday 18 January, 1934. We are unloading rapidly. Many Emperor and Adelie penguins (the only two residents in the Antarctic all the year round) strolled up and watched us working. I caught an Adelie penguin because it seemed to defy me and when I put it down, it ran between my legs and gave me a hard slap with its powerful wings or flippers and stood in front of me as much as to say "How do you like that?".

A few seals also came over close and watched us. A bad day for them: they were killed for dog food. Skua gulls also flew round very tamely. I was driving a dog team when I passed a Skua gull pecking the eye out of a dead seal – I flicked my dog whip at it and knocked a few feathers out. He sure wondered what it was all about.

Friday, January 19. We've got nine dog teams ashore * and four snow tractors (the engines are running). One caught fire – only the body was burnt off; we made another one. When we were hoisting the spare wing ashore for the Fokker monoplane, in mid air a big wind sprung up and this wing flew around like a kite. I was on the steam winch, so I hoisted it right up just in time from smashing against the ship's side. Then I lowered it quickly at the first chance. Byrd came running over and said: "This wind means rough weather is coming. Will everybody work all night?" YES. Lumps of the Bay ice started to break off between the ship, so we put out 60-foot telegraph poles ** against the ship's side to keep the ship off dangerous hard ice just below the water. The ship was rolling and this hard projecting ice below the water might start a ship's plate leaking.

** Lindsey drives a dog team for the first time...and in his diary entry for the day – and many subsequent days – he records which dogs were good leaders and which were troublesome, etc. AAL also regularly records his work with seals and penguins and the names of birds that have been sighted – and his opinions of the movies that are shown; and something of the discussions he has with his fellow scientists, especially with his good friend biologist Paul Siple. Together, Siple and Lindsey were to contribute a short paper entitled "Ornithology of the Second Byrd Antarctic Expedition" to *The Polar Times* (March, 1938). Bob Young was no expert, but he was certainly interested in birds, seals and penguins, and learned*

much from all the scientists on the expedition.

*** 45-foot telephone poles, according to Discovery (p.83). Byrd's "hard fight" to quickly unload the supply ship began about this time, with "disaster being averted many times each day" (NYT, January 22, 1934). It engaged the attention of Bob and almost every other man on the expedition.*

January 20. We got another plane ashore, and a lot of stores and put two extra ice anchors in. We have now got six eight-inch ropes out holding the ship to the ice – rope is better than wire: it gives. There are now 12 dog teams freighting the stuff away a couple of miles to a big cache. The snow tractors take it from them towards Little America, and so forth. There's still a few dogs left on board with sore feet or something wrong. One dog in my team was already nearly snowblind – its eyes looked like balls of green fire; can't do anything for it.

Monday, January 22. At midnight had to put to sea quick: rough weather; returned again three hours after and tied up; but still using our sixty-foot poles up against motor tyres to keep the ship off.

Wednesday, January 24. Had to put to sea in a hurry – Bay ice breaking off all along nearby. Nearly lost the gangway. Eight of us, including the Captain, were marooned ashore; * so we walked to the nearest food cache – four miles – and gave the freighting party a hand. But the walk wasn't as simple as that, for most of us fell into small, unseen crevasses up to our hips or shoulders, and by the time we arrived there tired and hungry our boots felt like weighing 50 lbs each every time we pulled them out and put them down again to walk.

** Geoffrey Wray, one of the three stowaways from New Zealand, was quoted in a report sent to New York after the Bear of Oakland returned to New Zealand in March, as saying: "I was one of eight men, including Captain Verleger marooned on an ice floe when the fringe of the ice pack broke..." (NYT, March 27, 1934). This is very likely the incident Bob is alluding to. However, the NYT of January 24, 1934, carried a report of 20 men marooned ashore when the Ruppert was forced to leave its berth along the low shelf of the bay ice on the night of January 22/23. And on January 27 the NYT reported that 47 of Byrd's men were marooned as a result of the break up of the ice driving the Ruppert away on the 25th; with details of losing the gangway and Verleger ducking under a spinning telegraph pole and having to "beat it for the ice", etc. - , and this appears to tie in with the details on pages 88-89 in Discovery. Lindsey has no entries in his diary for the days between January 23 and 31, and Paine notes the marooning of 40 men on January 24 and that Captain Vergeler hiked to Little America the next day (SPD p.64, 65). Perhaps the Captain himself wrote about the incident, and when it happened, etcetera? In any event, we can be sure that over several days unloading the supply vessel was delayed repeatedly by the weather and ice conditions! And we can add that Captain Verleger fell ill with pneumonia after his marooning. And that after his ship had finally off-loaded the supplies for BAE2, he returned with it to Dunedin (substantially recovering from his illness en route, according to a message sent to Byrd by fellow passenger Dr Shirey); but, Byrd later wrote, William Verleger subsequently resigned because of ill health and returned to the States (Discovery, p.102 and p.112). There is, however, more to the story. When the Ruppert returned to the Antarctic the following year – in January, 1935 – its captain was Gjertsen "who had replaced the disgraced Verleger" (Lisle Rose, p.381).*

Dr Poulter's hand-written diary entry for May 12, 1934 (when was in charge at Little America while Byrd was alone at Advance Base) sheds light on how Verleger came to be replaced: "Situation on the Ruppert in N.Z. intolerable. It was put under customs seal, and seals were broken. Verleger if not a party to the action doesn't try to help situation any. Duncan said if situation is not remedied they resign as N.Z. representative". Apparently crew members and others were looting items from the Ruppert; and Poulter's entry goes on to record that he called a meeting to discuss the situation and the five persons present "unanimously decided to ask Verleger for his resignation" (USNA, p.131). Perhaps the Captain's response to being fired is archived somewhere.

We slept in a cold draughty tent that night. I crawled into my sleeping bag, clothes and all – from past experience. None of the others in this party had ever seen ice before, including the Captain. The tent was almost facing the prevailing wind, the direction of which we had to find out. The Midnight Sun does not give off the heat that the day sun does, for then (?) I have seen my clothes steaming in the morning.

January 25. After a cold breakfast, we filled in a dangerous crevasse alongside the trail. Then another one suddenly appeared alongside a heap of food boxes. We had to move the food quick. Then we bridged over another dangerous crevasse that we could not see the bottom of with three 60-foot telegraph poles; put batons (?) across – this allowed the heavy snow tractors to pass this way instead of going right round. Dog sledges can go where tractors can't.

One big fine Weddell seal came right into our little camp – kind of gave itself up for dog food. Several schools of seals were lying away off. Several penguins were shrewdly watching us. A large portion of the bay ice suddenly broke off and drifted to sea with a lot of hay (cow food) and a few bags of coal and gasoline drums on it. A good job the ship was standing out to sea.

Friday, January 26. About noon the ship came alongside at a fresh place and started unloading again; but at 1 a.m. (?) it had to put to sea again quick – a very large area broke away, this time two miles long. A few of us put in fresh strong ice anchors ready for the ship's return.

Sunday, January 28. Early today nearly the whole of the face edge of the bay ice broke away. A good job the ship was not tied up to it – it might have capsized. Of course, a big school of Killer Whales was cruising round when this happened – I must have seen twenty. We took soundings in the fresh opening of water, and we got 350 fathoms. This opening seemed to divide the Bay of Whales for many miles back. Pancake ice started forming on the water all round through change in temperature. Barometer shows 29.30.

Monday, January 29. At 3 p.m. the ship alongside and tied up, and we started getting some stores out. We had no sooner started than a great mass of loose pressure ice broke off about half a mile ahead of us, and it looked like drifting down on us; so we quickly cast the ship off. When it passed out to sea, we came and tied up alongside again.

About 7 p.m. we got the 225 horsepower auto-gyro plane out. At 9 p.m. she flew round for the first time.

Tuesday, January 30. At 4 a.m. had to let the ship go again: more Bay ice broke off. The entrance to the Bay of Whales now looks quite blocked by all the huge pieces of ice and icebergs collecting there, because of the wind and current.

At 1 p.m. the ship came alongside again and tied up, and we started loading as quickly as we could. And about midnight the *Bear of Oakland* arrived and tied up to the *Jacob Ruppert*. She's been very slow and expensive. She was originally a sealer in the 1870s; soon after she was acquired for the U.S Revenue Cutter Service, now called the Coast Guard. * One of her notable rescues was of the whaler James Allen off the Aleutian Islands in 1894. She was known as the "White Angel of the Frozen North". She brought down one Citroen snow tractor and a few stores, which we soon got off; then we filled her up with some more coal (she could take about 400 tons) that will take her back to New Zealand. The *Jacob Ruppert*, an oil burner, had over 2,000 tons of coal, partly as ballast.

** Since 1915, when the Cutter Service and another agency were combined.*

(On January 15, the NYT had reported that a birthday ball for President Roosevelt would be staged by Admiral Byrd's expedition at Little America on January 30. "Naturally it will be in the nature of a stag affair". The arrival of the Bear and the race to unload supplies from both ships on to the Ross Ice Shelf were, however, receiving the full attention of the explorers – and the ball, if there was ever actually going to be one down South, did not take place).

February 5. We finished unloading on this day, and the *Jacob Ruppert* left for New Zealand to winter there. It was soon sixteen below Zero and the wind was freshening all round; but we had got over 400 tons of stores and food, 16,000 gallons of gasoline, and 12,500 gallons of crude oil safely on the ice in three weeks. Three cows had walked in three stages to Little America. The monoplane Pilgrim made 26 flights to Little America, full up each time, - which was a great boon. All kinds of freighting was going on night and day between different caches into Little America – by dog teams, snow tractors and by air.

Tuesday, February 6. Byrd went aboard the *Bear of Oakland* for a short exploration of unknown waters to the east off Marie Byrd Land * (which he mapped and discovered during his first expedition, five years previously), but the ice was too thick to penetrate through. He got soundings of over 3,000 fathoms.

** Bob makes no comment in his narrative account about Byrd's departure; but young Paine in his diary vents his displeasure that the leader would leave "even before the base was established...I have about reached the conclusion that he is a publicity seeker and nothing else" (p.73).*

February 15. Byrd returned. *

** And on Friday, February 16, he "declared a holiday for all hands. We can't easily spare it – so many things undone! – but the men deserve it. More than that, they absolutely need it" (Discovery, p.115). Lindsey writes: "Holiday for all hands...by Admiral Byrd's order" (AAL). But neither Bob Young nor Paine make*

mention of the holiday.

February 19. The *Bear of Oakland* left to meet the British Scientific Research ship *Discovery II* somewhere in the Ross Sea. She was cruising all round the polar ice belt. Byrd had radioed her sometime ago to bring out another doctor and 3,000 gallons of gasoline from New Zealand. * Our expedition doctor went back home sick on the *Jacob Ruppert*. ** The *Bear of Oakland* eventually picked up *Discovery II* with the new doctor and the 3,000 of gasoline – and new potatoes.

** Byrd outlines in *Discovery* (pp. 101-104) the steps he took to arrange for the British ship to “bring out another doctor”. Many radiograms in the BP at the BPRC provide some of the detail, as do reports in TT.*

*** Dr Guy Shirey’s involvement in BAE2 has yet to be fully examined and revealed. A person of considerable experience, he had spent many months working in a senior management position on behalf of BAE2 before it left America; and then, rather suddenly, on arrival in Antarctica he had decided that high blood pressure would not permit him to remain in the Antarctic during the winter, and “become in all probability a burden upon the Ice Party” (*Discovery*, p.101). And he left for New Zealand on the *Jacob Ruppert* on February 5. His file in the BP seems to raise more questions than it answers; and our interviews and correspondence with BAE2 explorers suggest that his health may have been adversely affected by his unenthusiastic reaction to the bleak Antarctic environment and the prospect of enduring a lengthy stay “down South”. Olin Stancliff wrote to me that “During the unloading, I was instructed to go the ship and pick up Dr Shirey and his gear. He was not waiting when I arrived so I went aboard the *Jacob Ruppert*. Dr Shirey was in his quarters. When I explained that I was to help him move his gear, he made the remark “I’ll never go on that ice!” and that was that” (letter dated June 9, 1990). Bill McCormick wrote in a letter to me that Shirey “never did get off the vessel all the time she was in the Bay of Whales” (letter dated June 13, 1990). (If put off by reality, Shirey would not have been the first person to have perceived Antarctica as a landscape of desolation, despair and great danger!). In an interview with the press in 1974, Dr Poulter revealed that Shirey “left behind his supply of whiskey, 30 cases hidden in the ship’s hold...the stock became the property of the expedition’s chief aviator (Harold June) and his crew” (*Palo Alto Times*, May 1, 1974, p. 21). I have seen no evidence that Bob Young was aware of the said stock, or of how, eventually, Poulter disposed of it.*

February 25. Midnight Sun. I remember two sunsets were clearly visible.

February 26. The *Bear of Oakland* left for New Zealand to winter there. I let go her forward line, and within five minutes she was lost in the sea smoke – but the ten of us left on the ice were still exchanging our farewell cheers to the crew. When they all ceased, I must admit, I had a funny feeling: I realised I was here for at least a year. *

** Together with, of course, the other 55 men who comprised the Ice Party.*

We loaded up our three dog teams and trotted back to the nearest temporary camp – two miles. Amidst a great heap of boxes here we found the snow tractors and other dog teams still freighting by relays to Little America. Two dogs died.

I see I must skip several of the minor events down in my diary or I shall never get finished. *

** Did Bob Young “skip” including his first impressions of Dr Louis H. Potaka, who had arrived at the Bay of Whales on the Bear? Possibly. **And there might well be much more in Bob’s missing diary that I would have included in my biographical essay of Louis Potaka (which is also in “The Knowledge Bank”, OSU’s digital repository).** And perhaps this is the appropriate moment for me to say that I would certainly have made some reference in my essay on Potaka to the doctor’s sense of humour had I been aware that “Uncle Peter”, who had contributed to “The Barrier Bull” (May 26, 1934, Issue #2) a “story” entitled “Bedtime Stories”, was the nom de plume of Dr Potaka. Not until preparing in 2007 a review of *Footsteps on the Ice* for *The Canadian Geographer* (Vol.52, Spring, 2008) did I make the connection. And I was surprised, since while researching for my essay, I had come across little if anything that suggested that Louis Potaka had much of a sense of humour; but his “Bedtime Stories” convinces me that he certainly did, even though some might think it rather sharp, even cynical. M.L.Paine, editor of *Footsteps*, includes Potaka’s “story” in her Appendix 4 (“Barrier Bull Selections”). For her late father’s view of the “story”, in May 1934, one should refer to SPD, p.134. I wonder if Bob Young chuckled when he read “Bedtime Stories”.*

All during the last eight or nine days a party of men had rebuilt and repaired a strong bridge made of 60-foot telegraph poles which the tractors were using over a tidal crack where the Bay ice joins the stationary Barrier ice. This crack was a foot to a yard clear water in places. This Bay ice was moving out to sea a foot or so every day, so we had to skid the end of the bridge this much everyday to keep it plumb with the other end on the solid ice Barrier which had not moved. Here a lot of young Weddell seals and their mothers would bask in the sun all day. When I saw young seal, I ran and caught one and got in its back. It gave me quite a thrill for about fifteen yards, then I slipped off. As I got up somebody else was on a fresh young seal. I scrambled on behind, and we both rode for about ten yards. This one’s mother was trailing up behind too close, so we got off. To think that young seals three or four months old could carry two men averaging 180 pounds each – I think it’s a wonderful performance.

On extra clear days one of the planes flew all round the Bay of Whales and Little America and took photographs. At night you could hear the two faces of the Bay ice and Barrier ice at the tidal scrunching and chaffing each other. No.1 camp and food cache (nearest the sea) was now cleared and empty; so we freighted from No. 2 camp right into Little America. But this day we all had a 24 four-hour holiday, therefore all the snow tractors engines stopped – first time for a month. Had no sun all day and no wind; 20 below zero.

February 27. Three men went out and started killing seals for human and dog consumption for the winter. One big Weddell seal I towed in measured nine feet long and six feet six inches girth – about 600 pounds. The Skua gulls and penguins are beginning to leave us for the long dark winter is approaching. Tonight we had the first Expedition movie picture film; * and Byrd explained everything; and then afterwards our coming future arrangements.

** WITH BYRD AT THE SOUTH POLE, 1930, a Paramount Pictures documentary. The Motion Picture, Sound and Video Branch (NWDNM) of the USNA in Maryland has at least four Byrd items of interest: the 1930 film (WITH BYRD...); Antarctic Expedition, 1928-1930; Unedited footage: Antarctic Expedition, 1933-35; and the film DISCOVERY, 1935. WITH BYRD..., however, was issued as a DVD in 2000; and on "Amazon.com" one can read several recent reviews; the 1930/31 published reviews in the USA were full of superlatives – saying it was a “ marvelous example of the progress made in motion picture photography” ...and the film won an Oscar in 1930 for Best Cinematography; in the UK most newspaper reviews were more critical: the TT pronounced that: “It is hard to believe the south pole can be vulgarized but it has now been done and done thoroughly...they found it snow and left it slush” (BP). The NYT on July 27, 1935, quoted the Times and also the Morning Post - which thought the film version “turned the whole affair into something of a circus”. I am not sure what the BAE2 explorers – other than the admiral himself - thought of WITH BYRD....*

March 1. Five dog teams left to flag the first Southern trail up to 300 miles, and to lay food caches on the way. *

** The Southern Party was to establish “rations depots at 25-mile intervals for the support of the major scientific parties which would take the field in the spring; and, secondly, to explore a safe passage south for the tractors which were to leave...with stores and equipment for Advance Base...” (Discovery, p.132). A couple of days before its scheduled departure, the navigator for the Party was taken ill, and Byrd agreed that Stewart Paine should be the navigator (SPD, p.81).*

It’s a fine clear day; so Byrd went up in the auto-gyro and flew ten or twelve miles for inspection. He saw several schools of seals, which direction was told to the seal hunters – so out they went. * He landed twice to investigate the nature of the surface.

** And Lindsey records: “We killed and cleaned 15 young Crab-eaters and 2 Weddells in one place. On our return, we are just in time to see the trail party leave, going up the Barrier slope and over the horizon”.*

March 3. Another man and I were about six or seven miles south of Little America in a tractor flagging out a safe trail through a bad crevassed area when we looked up and there was the auto-gyro hovering over our heads and the next minute it landed not 50 yards away and out stepped Byrd. He walked over to us, had a chat on what he had seen and what we should do. Then got into his plane again and away he went. In the evening I held the lifeline and went with Byrd to the nearest crevassed area by Ver-Sur-Mer Inlet about a mile away. We could hear it scrunching and see the whole surface moving. Byrd traced the worst crack – it went right by Little America and linked up with several smaller cracks the other side. So at the movie pictures later in the evening in the big mess hall, when all hands had assembled, Byrd told us cracks were opening up all round Little America he didn’t like the look of. There is a rough sea outside which might open up the cracks a bit more, and Little America might float out to sea; in the morning every available man will help freight and stock an emergency cache about two miles to the south on more firmer ground; and then if the worse does happen we will we will evacuate Little America and take up our abode in the emergency camp. Well, this new rush camp

(“Retreat Camp”) was soon completed, and we all felt safer. It was six degrees above Zero last night – a bad sign, as we want colder weather to cement and hold these bad cracks. *

** Unfortunately, Bob has no report on the two-hour open discussion on March 4 that Byrd held for “all hands” concerning “the wisdom of evacuating Little America” (Discovery, p. 138). This day, incidentally, was Lindsey’s first turn as “galley slave” – “washing dishes and scouring pots and pans”: he clearly preferred locating, hauling, skinning and cleaning seals, etc. Presumably Bob Young took his turn with the pots and pans, but he does not say so in his penciled narrative account. This was also the day that the NYT reported that Byrd, in his weekly radio broadcast, had reminded listeners that, the supply ship Ruppert having left to winter in Dunedin, “All civilization could now no more reach us than it could reach the moon”.*

March 5. We hadn’t long to wait – today it was thirty below Zero. Three men now left in a snow tractor to flag a special snow tractor trail for 100 miles south. Trail rations were also being weighed and bagged up in the kitchen, such as Quaker Oats, tea, chocolate, Waxvistas, bacon, butter and pemmican. The radio staff are putting up extra poles and aerials and rearranging different beams to Buenos Aires, New York and Frisco.

March 8. A fierce blizzard blew all last night, * and this morning I had to dig myself out of my dugout – a good half-hours’ digging...over ten feet thick. I went with Byrd to inspect those bad cracks we looked at previously. They were sealing up good. A thin sheet of ice was now all over the Bay of Whales, which made us more safe. The Sun is setting earlier each night, and it’s keeping a low temperature.

** Lindsey’s diary entry began: “Blizzard No 1, as Paul called it. Man, what a storm!”, and ended with: “Evening movie: Edward G. Robinson in The Hatchet Man”.*

(The NYT on March 8 carried a report from the Bear northward bound from Little America to New Zealand, and 800 miles from Dunedin: the ship had won the race to get north through rough seas before being caught in the ice as winter descended. And they had seen the Aurora australis for the first time, brilliantly lighting the Antarctic sky, pale green dominating.)

March 10. The tractor arrived back after pegging and flagging a tractor trail to 100 miles south. They left five days ago. *

** The tractor had caught up with the dog party at the 50-mile Depot, and had then continued with supplies to the 100-mile mark, despite blizzards and deep snow (Discovery, pp.142 - 143).*

Six men started digging out tunnels to put the dogs and their kennels in for the winter. Three dogs ran away, and never came back again. *

** Bob and AAL spent part of this day shoveling snow from around the back ends of the skis of the Pilgrim and Condor planes... “after all this work, the planes were*

not flown, as they could not start them” (AAL Diary).

March 11. The Pilgrim plane went for a flight over the Bay of Whales and pressure ice and took movie pictures. The pilot said the ice is all gone again and water is showing. Two dog teams arrived home after laying caches along the Southern Trail.

I started putting a platform round the top of a sixty-foot radio tower, to assemble later a wind electric generator. Could only stay up there ten minutes at a time – my fingers got frozen. A heavy blizzard is coming, so a few of us helped the aviation unit to dig in permanent ice anchors to hold them down.

March 13. This was my lucky day. The Fokker (single Hornet engine, 525 horsepower, 125 m.p.h.) monoplane was about to take her first test flight, and three of us jumped in for a ride. We circled over Little America and was going east. For some reason she would not climb, and then she would not fly; so the pilot had to land her as best he could; but she crashed and turned over. * A complete wreck; ** and nobody was seriously hurt *. They were watching us from Little America, and dashed over after it happened. One man fell down a crevasse but got out.**

** The photograph of “Blue Blade” in Discovery (opposite p. 136) does not indicate it “turned over”.*

*** Byrd describes the plane as “a complete washout” (Discovery, p.146). Cameraman John Hermann “shot the scene” (AAL Diary). And the authentic scene (“a plane takes off and crashes”, Reel #4) is in the 1935 motion picture about BAE2 – DISCOVERY.. NWDNM, USNA). “We were lucky” is a comment I recall, ten years later – perhaps made by Byrd. But we are sure that Byrd sent a message “deeply regretting to inform” Alfred Sloan of General Motors, who had loaned the plane to BAE2, of the badly damaged plane, which had “done splendid work in our preliminary work”, adding “We of course will bring lane back to States” (14 March, 1934, BP); and that Sloane’s radiogram to Byrd said: “Do not concern yourself with any damage to Plane. Am glad to have been helpful in furnishing (furthering?) the objective that you have” (April 7, 1934, BP). The 96 minutes of “Unedited Footage” of BAE2 includes, in Reel #6, that “The Fokker plane is dug out of the snow”, but I have found no evidence that the plane that crashed was taken back to the States – but perhaps it was, in one or more crates. Or with the “several aeroplanes stowed aft” on the Ruppert, according to the correspondent of the London Times in Wellington (TT, “Admiral Byrd’s Return from the Antarctic”, February 19, 1935, p.12).*

**** Bob told a newspaper reporter in England that he “had a stiff neck for a week” (The Ilford Recorder, Nov.21, 1935). I don’t know how many pieces of the Fokker Bob rescued from the wreck, but one wooden piece several inches square was given to my mother in late 1935, and is now in my possession. Bob had written on it: “piece of Fokker plane wrecked at Little America Byrd Antarctic Expedition 1934”.*

Earlier in the day the Pilgrim plane took two loads of general cargo seventy miles along the Southern Trail. It was a fine clear day; little wind but bitter cold. *

** And the last Skua of the autumn was seen at the Bay of Whales.*

March 14. The Pilgrim plane took another general load to the 75-mile cache. I made two new hauling sets for towing four sledges behind snow tractors.

March 15. One man was operated on for appendicitis – everything OK.

(Discovery reported on the operation on aerial mapper Pelter - pp.147-150. Poulter, who “assisted generally” , recorded in his diary that after the patient had been under for 10 minutes or so he roused and mumbled “What are my chances, Doc?” (p. 74, USNA) . The report from Little America in the NYT noted “White-Clad Explorers Huddle About Rude Table to Aid Doctor in Appendectomy” NYT, March 19, 1934). In DISCOVERY, Reel # 5, there is “a doctor operating”; the scene shown last about 3 seconds; the assistants are, as I recollect (from our viewing at the archives in Maryland in June,1998), wearing green gowns; and my guess is that this is not an authentic scene – if the real Dr Potaka is shown in the scene, then I am wrong; if not, the explanation might be that since he did not travel to the States, and California, after the expedition in 1935, he could not be).

March 16. Four snow tractors loaded and towing sledges with food, oil, gasoline (etc) and the Advance Bolling House (10 x 14 in sections) which Byrd was going to live in through the winter left for the 100-mile peg south. *

(On this day, Harry Young (Bob) made the New York Times in Murphy’s piece, sent by Mackay Radio on March 14, under the heading “Antarctic Crash Ruins Byrd Plane”. Arthur Zuhn, and Fred Dustin, who had also “jumped in for a ride”, and the pilot, Ike Schlossbach, were also named).

** Bob very likely witnessed the departure of the tractors and sledges on this day – and recorded it in his “diary”, and subsequently copied it into this narrative account; but the second part of this sentence would not have been written in his “diary” on March 16 since nobody knew on March 16 exactly where Advance Base would be established: in Alone (Putnam’s Sons, 1938) Byrd wrote that he decided on March 21 that “123 miles by trail from Little America...was far enough...the Base should be planted...at Latitude 80 degrees 8 minutes South” – and that it would be occupied “by one man...and that one myself” (p.31). When Byrd’s solo adventure at Advance Base became a reality (as from March 28) and then something of a nightmare, in July and August, Charles Murphy was at his journalistic best - as he was to be in the chapters he contributed to Discovery, and had been in the writing he had done earlier for Byrd’s Little America, 1930: he told us himself, in 1985 that he had long ago “returned all the notes about BAEI to Byrd”). Which prompts one to note the considerable interest in recent years in the way Admiral Byrd (using Murphy) exploited the press and vice versa – and in Byrd’s interest in undertaking ventures that would result in newsworthy stories for the press (and specifically for the New York Times). My own view is that if he did so it was not so much for personal glory but rather to improve the chances that his expeditions would not bankrupt him. But others are more critical, and write of “deliberate stunts” and “self-promotion” (Margaret Sherwood reviewing the 1998 PBS video “Alone on the Ice” in The Journal of American History, Volume 86, Number 3, December, 1998) and Byrd’s preoccupation with stunts “whose primary aim was to generate drama and perpetuate the fame and celebrity he had become accustomed to enjoying as a status member in the elite international club of adventurous explorers” (see Robert Matuozzi in The Virginia Magazine of History & Biography, 110 (2202) 2, and/or his 1994 OSU thesis entitled “Troubled Icon: Richard Byrd and Polar Exploration as Media Event”). How would Bob have responded to such criticism? Readers who*

*reach the end of my **POSTSCRIPT** may feel they know the answer to that question.*

March 17. Pilgrim plane while on a survey flight came down in dense fog about 15 miles out. He kept his engine just idling over, thinking the fog would lift. Next he knew the gasoline was run out.

So, two days after (March 19) - they had plenty of food for 30 days - a dog team set out to find them; also the auto-gyro with Byrd, in nice clear weather. Byrd soon spotted them * and came down beside them; but as he landed a rocker arm on his engine broke. The Pilgrim's crew were OK. The dog team had followed the gyro, so Byrd got on the dog sledge and rode back to Little America. A new rocker arm and more gasoline was then taken out to both planes; and both planes came back to Little America the next day (March 20).

** Byrd credits Bill McCormick, the young pilot, with spotting the Pilgrim (Discovery, p. 158).*

March 21. Another man and myself got the wind electric generator nicely housed and fixed on top of the Radio tower. It weighed about four cwt.. It developed 140 volts. 1000 Watts and 120-260 revolutions. It works its own brakes if there's too much wind. It also has an automatic cut-out when the batteries are charged from it. It was 42 below, and we both got our share of frostbite. We couldn't use our hands at all climbing down – had to put our arms through the meshes in the Radio tower.

Three dogs died from the cold. We are still digging the dog tunnels as fast as we can, and putting the weakest dogs down. There are over 1000 feet to dig and cover. Some of the dogs on the trail are flopping down from exhaustion and cold: two have already died pulling in harness. No dog can stand much below 45 and it was 42 last night. Beautiful day and setting suns are occurring every day as hallows, sundogs and pillar effect.

March 22. Byrd left in Pilgrim plane at 11 a.m. for his long winter's night vigil * 100 miles south of Little America in his 10 x 14 hut. ** We all shook hands with him. He left a fine farewell letter with the Second-in-Command and quoted the gallant Captain Scott of 1911 *.**

** In a memo to Dr Poulter, dated 18 March, Byrd envisaged that it would be "around the first part of November" before it would be safe enough for a party to come out to bring him back to Little America, concluding with the comment that "Since I have deliberately taken this chance, it would be entirely wrong for me to cause others to take unnecessary risks coming out for me" (USNA).*

*** Bob makes no mention in his account of Byrd's decision to stay alone at Advance Base. Byrd succinctly explained it thus: "The observatory was planned for three men...because of the terrific job we had of unloading, the winter night and cold were close upon us... we could not take supplies for three men...the chances were very small that two men could achieve temperamental harmony...I wanted to*

go, and welcomed the opportunity to go alone” (NG, p.431). In *Alone* (1938), Byrd notes also that the March 13 crash of the Fokker ruled out using airplanes to freight supplies to Advance Base (p.22).

*** Bob is presumably referring to Byrd’s last minute “order” (Discovery, pp.162-163). I am not sure that he quotes Scott; perhaps Byrd added a verbal quote.

The two physicists are still busy digging their own non-magnetic tunnel under the ice. It runs nearly an eight of a mile north and south. These two are excused all other duties. They have been collecting data almost from the first day.

March 23. I am helping dig dog tunnels again. Today there’s a heavy blizzard blowing outs, but two of us went up top to find another empty kennel – and we both nearly got lost. And we couldn’t have got more than twenty paces away but we could only just luckily retrace our imprints in the snow - another five minutes they would have been covered up. It was 53 below Zero. When this blizzard stopped, I (?) linked a lifeline with all the entrances in Little America. But the next heavy blizzard covered up the lifelines in places. So we just had to keep to the lower traffic tunnels for safety when a heavy blizzard was blowing.

March 28. All hands now working in dog tunnels. I saw a fine healthy litter of seven pups. About five weeks old. They were born in a hole in the snow – the mother (TAKU) pulled out the straw, preferring the snow to lie on.

March 29. All the snow tractors and dog teams came in today from their southern trips, except the Cletrac – it had minor trouble and was left till next spring. Three dogs froze to death, and one dog is recovering from frozen hind quarters – now in the cow barn with the cows.

Byrd is now all alone 100 mile south for the winter. * All long trail operations and flying now finished till next spring: weather is so dangerous and changeable – it was actually zero last night, but 54 below two or three nights before.

** A very practical man, Bob Young must have wondered whether Byrd could manage on his own. Perhaps his missing diary included such a thought. On March 26, the day after leaving Advance Base, which he and a dozen or so others had helped to establish, Paine certainly wondered...Byrd “hasn’t the faintest idea of how to use his hands...it was the first bit of cooking he had ever done...the radio he doesn’t know a thing about...suppose something gets out of adjustment or breaks...” (SPD, p.100).*

April 1. A general holiday. * Put the clocks ahead two hours – we are now on New Zealand time. **

** Easter Sunday, and a blizzard all day. Lindsey “Stayed in bed all day reading...frivolity reined at supper with strong punch and false faces. Some of the gaiety as false as the faces. Not my idea of celebrating Easter, but everyone to his taste, as the old lady said as she kissed the pig” (AAL). Paine’s entry for the day notes a lengthy discussion with the sick man he replaced on the trail, and his disappointment about the 30-day trip just completed... “We were merely tools for the Admiral’s ambition...” (SPD, p.109).*

*** About this time, teetotaler Dr Tom Poulter, left in command at Little America, begins to record his anguish over the drinking problem amongst some men (Diary, p.92. USNA). It was to lead, amongst other things, to Poulter posting a notice to the effect that: “Nothing has caused more inefficiency nor done more to cut down the physique of those who may have indulged than liquor”, with a warning that those unfit for trail work in the spring would be staying at Little America (BP). But that was three months later – on June 30, one of the days Bob skips over. (In a letter to me, years later, Lindsey referred to Poulter’s notice, saying that it prompted Dick Black to post a small sign near Poulter’s, printed on the top of a breakfast food box, confirming that with “LIPS THAT TOUCH HOOTCH SHALL NEVER TOUCH HOOSH”...Pemmican Hoosh was the nutritional mainstay of the trail trips” Letter dated October 30, 1985).*

April 2. It came on to blow all night, but in the morning at 10 a.m. the wind had died right so we shoveled away the snow from the entrances, and two tractors with big sledges in tow starting collecting dead seals from outlying caches. But the dog tunnel party are still going strong at it.

(On April 4, Dr Poulter’s diary entry noted that there had been many messages from the States about Byrd “returning from the mountain camp at once”. On this day, he had been asked to see that the messages got “through to the admiral”; but he confided to his diary that: “I am still thoroughly convinced that he would not return under any circumstances so do not intend to cause him any concerns” Diary, p.96, USNA. One of the radiograms on the subject, received in Little America on April 5, came from brother Harry, in Washington DC: “All of your friends are much disturbed about your plan to live by yourself for the next few months The National Geographic specially believes this to be a great mistake if anything should happen at Little America you would be criticized mother is very much worried about it as are all of us think should tell you frankly how we all feel we hope very much you will reconsider and not stay long...Harry” BP).

April 5. Too risky for tractors to go out today, but OK for a balloon run. All the planes are nearly covered over with snow. Dr Poulter started training a class for his meteor winter data. *

** In addition to such sessions, there were lectures by the specialists. Lindsey, for example, gave a botanical lecture. I don’t think Bob was called upon to lecture at what Lindsey called the “Winter College of the Antarctic” (though I’m sure he attended many lectures, and learned a great deal); but he did contribute an account of the 1916 Battle of Jutland for the weekly “The Barrier Bull” (see my **Appendix 2**).*

April 8. Two of us went to pressure ridge all day and dug out twenty-two flagged seals shot four or five weeks ago. Their blubber was still quite soft. There are no seals or life whatever now – they all seem to disappear before April Fools Day. Shots as if from a gun and cracking noise go on day and night amongst the pressure ice. The seals we dug out from the dangerous places we put on a dog sledge and carried them to the top of a solid ridge; then the heavy snow tractor came along and took them back to Little America. I could hear hollow sounds all day long which (?) a heavy snow tractor might have broke through and disappeared. Four dogs were shot as no good. One dog wandered away like

a black sheep - but came back later. We have hauled in about 220 seals to last the dogs for the winter. One seal a day cut up feeds all the dogs. A few more seals are left outside for spring, if required. Hydrogen balloons are let up when the weather is right, and followed by theodolite.

(Lindsey's final sentence for this day is: "Had big talk with Paul about L.A. Politics". They may have talked about Paul Siple being chosen to lead the forthcoming Eastern party, and the reactions of those not chosen to go, which Paine notes at some length (SPD, p.115-116).

April 12. A gang of us with two snow tractors went out and brought back the two homemade bridges and also a few more seals. We must have in camp now about 266; so the dogs are OK for the winter. It's 48 below. The setting sun at 3 p.m. was over the Barrier edge, and it looked like a huge long bar of molten metal several miles long.

April 13. A fierce blizzard raged all day long; so we kept to cover.

April 17. Two biologists went to Bay ice where the ships came in and found over three feet of ice had formed all over the water; so they put a tent up. For fishing through a hole in the winter (perhaps). *

** Lindsey records half a dozen persons going down there, including movie cameraman John Hermann, who photographed the activity around the hole. Zoologist Dr Earle Perkins, with whom Bob was to work later, made a plankton haul from the bottom at 330 fathoms.*

April 18. We all saw our first Aurora Australis * or Southern Lights, to the sky in the northeast. It's 50 below, and the next day (April 19) the sun disappeared till next August. It's 53 below, but the next day (April 20), the temperature rose to 15 below and quite mild, trying to snow. For the last three weeks a big, red star like a lighted lantern has appeared to the southeast – it's one of our planets.

** I think it was Captain Scott who wrote that auroras were "something wholly spiritual"*

April 30. Heavy blizzard all last night, but a big gang of us made a final effort and got the three planes down under the snow snugly for the winter. The big Condor plane weighed about six tons. It took us all day till 6 p.m., and as we knocked off the Aurora overhead was just like a huge tail of comet floating and wavering in the air. No bottom or top to it, but changing colours in the Southern sky...another different Aurora to the east, and general bursts of glows to the northeast. *

** "The most spectacular aurora I have ever seen..." (Poulter Diary, p.119. USNA).*

Our balloons are now sent up with a lighted lantern for following their course. Three more dogs died, but we have 127 left.

May 1. The three cows gave 35 lbs of milk at this morning's milking. * There's not much flavour or cream to it, but they seem quite contented and happy. We have plenty of hay and concentrated meal for them.

* CJV Murphy noted (in *Discovery*, p. 183) how the yield diminished over time.

There's not much essential work to do now the fitters' shop and garage are nearly completed. A few lectures in different branches have started each day, for a few months perhaps. It's 57 below.

(The nearly three week's gap in Bob's account means there is no indication what Bob was doing on May 9, the 7th anniversary of Byrd's north polar flight in 1926. During BAE1 it was celebrated in style; and the drinking and partying went on till 4 am (Beyond The Barrier: The Story of Byrd's First Expedition to Antarctica, by Eugene Rodgers, Naval Institute Press, Annapolis, 1990, p.131). The first author to delve deeply into the Byrd Papers at OSU, Rodgers wrote a splendid account of BAE1, during which Byrd, I suspect, learned a thing or two about leadership and liquor and partying. Stuart Paine does note that May 9 "was a holiday here for all hands" (SPD, p.130). And Alton Lindsey describes the initiation rites held that evening for new members of the "78 Club" (for those who had served on a Byrd expedition, beyond the 78th parallel north or south). Byrd himself was at Advance Base, penning a long entry in his diary with many reflections on his state of mind, and worrying about the adequacy of his diet (Alone, pp.137-140). It's unlikely that he was thinking about the controversies surrounding his polar flight, which continue to this day).

Sunday May 20. First real holiday Sunday. And from now on in the evening there was a display of meteors with an occasional Aurora. Thermometer touched 60 below.

The next four days (May 21-May 24) a fierce blizzard raged outdoors. I thought my little wind electric generator would tear itself off the top of that radio tower. Nearly everybody kept to the lower tunnels. I nearly got lost going over to dinner, but I retraced my steps and went through the tunnel. It's been very dark the last sixteen days while the moon has been away. It varies from twelve to sixteen days away; then the moon returns and goes through its four phases as usual. Its orbit is the same as the Sun against the clock. The Zoologist brought into the lab some plankton from his little hole on the bay ice, now four to five feet thick.

(On May 17, Poulter recorded that the three Norwegians in the group "all wanted to celebrate their national Independence Day with a drink...so I gave them a pint of rum as I knew they would not make a scene...and drink it quietly." Diary, p.136. USNA).

May 25. It's actually 20 above Zero; little snow; calm - but boisterous wind aloft (a balloon went up).

Taku's seven pups were injected with anti-distemper serum; now about three month's old. We have now got 125 dogs out of 150 – feeding only once every two days.

May 30. It's 10 below Zero, with a 20-mile an hour wind blowing. The usual radio broadcast, and also two-way to America (every Wednesday). A balloon with light went up – within three minutes it was drifting southwest – at right angles to our surface wind. A beautiful clear moon, and stars shining all day. *

** Paine notes for this day that “Bob Young has scheme of a 78 Club Certificate along the lines of a Neptune Certificate. Came to me and we have Black working on it” (SPD, p.137).*

(On June 10, Lindsey records in his diary: “Made a bet with Jim Sterritt that “The Face on the Bar Room Floor” was not written by Robert Service. He was equally sure that it was. I won so he has to get me a date in Dunedin, and I do not have to get him a penguin skin; each according to his special field of study”. Service used to recite this poem by Hugh D’Arcy in the days before he began writing. Tourists to Central City, Colorado, I read, flock to see the ‘face’).

Sunday June 10. The usual holiday – also the usual messages are broadcast from America to individual members. * A dangerous crevasse opened up four feet wide and 200 or 300 yards long about 100 yards from the planes, but its direction leaves no anxiety. To date 1,370 meteors have been registered.

** And personal messages were sent over the radio to America, though whether Bob spoke on the radio from Little America I do not know. He certainly sent a message or two – one to Waikato Hospital in Hamilton, New Zealand (“Hope you received letter I sent from Little America with our special stamp. We are in the grip of winter’s long dark night. I still trust my things are safe with you. You can send me a message free per Little America ‘Bear of Oakland’, Dunedin.... Cheerio, Young”). He also sent radiograms to New York trying to find the address of his brother in law, Archibald John Brown. On 28 November, 1934, Miss McKerchner’s cable to “Young - Little America” read; “Marine Corps advises no records of Archibald John Brown having served in Marine Corps either as an officer or Enlisted man” (BP). Joe Hill, the youngest member of the BAE2 winter party, wrote that he gave the commencement address over the radio to a graduating class at the college in Texas where he had been a student. It was the shortest ever, and the longest – from 10,000 miles away (In Little America with Byrd, Ginn and Company, 1937, p. 134)*

June 14. We listened in to Primo Carnera and Max Baer boxing for the title.* We also heard Lady Scott, widow of Captain Scott (South Pole explorer), with a cheery message to all. **

** Won by Californian Max Baer, the referee stopping the fight in the 11th round.*

*** Lady Scott had, in fact, remarried in 1922. I have yet to find any other reference to her “cheery message”.*

(Poulter recorded on June 14, a Thursday: “...Talked to R.E.B. this morning and gave him a report on the products of combustion that he asked for on Sunday. He asked for additional information on how to prevent fumes in his shack, and asked if moisture had any effect. I am to report next Sunday on that” Diary, p.164, USNA).

June 17. Moon came in – been away ten days. A beautiful shifting and waving and trembling Auora display – gorgeous colours. And the Southern Cross is dead over Little America. Have been in daily radio touch with Admiral Byrd, except a few days when he was ill and we were anxious. *

** CJV Murphy states that radio contact was “frequent”. Three times a week, Little*

America spoke to Byrd on the “telephone and the Admiral responded in code” (Discovery, p. 225). Although Byrd was ill and “dizzy” in June – having experienced on one occasion carbon monoxide poisoning from the fumes of his generator engine - I’m not sure that the explorers at Little America were aware of that event and his situation as early as June 17. (In July, every body who read the NYT was informed on an almost daily basis about the plight of Byrd and his state of mind at Advance Base)

June 22. The Sun is as far north as it can get away from us: 23 minutes north of the Equator. It will now start for its most southern declination: 23 degrees 27 minutes south of the Equator. Being an extra clear day, we can just see a faint glow in the sky from the sun.

I skied over for some exercise to the Physicist by his magnetic tunnel, where he is busy with the cosmic ray and magnetometer dip needles, which give a check on the variation daily of the magnetic South Pole, which fluctuates about 50 miles. One of the dogs got loose and ran away – a week before it returned.

July 4. Holiday - Independence Day. Had a fine chicken dinner, * and punch ** and movie pictures in the evening. We have pictures twice a week *. It’s 61 below tonight. Two more dogs have got puppies and doing well.**

** More likely “Turkey dinner, with cranberry sauce, corn potatoes” (AAL Diary).*

*** Paine writes: “A grand supper...we had a tumbler of brandy which satisfied everyone and no one was drunk” (SPD, p.151).*

**** Smiling, black-bearded Bob Young is a little above the centre-point (seated between Al Lindsey seated to his right and Dick Black – later Professor Lindsey and Admiral Black) in the **group photograph** taken when the explorers were watching “Forty Second Street” on Midwinter Night, June 22 (NG, p.417); and Bob is sitting on the extreme right on **Image # 7882.1** on the BPRC CD . Lindsey records that on July 1 the movie was *The Warrior’s Husband*, with Elissa Landi (his favourite actress). He does not mention a movie being shown on July 4. Olin Stancliff, in June, 1990, responded to my letter asking whether he recalled Bob: “As a matter of fact, you’ve hit the jackpot. I do indeed remember your uncle Bob, the guy with the full black beard. He was in bunk house #1 which was assigned to the transportation dept. and a few others, including the sail maker. I was one of the dog drivers. There were 17 men in the bunk house and at the end of the day 17 pairs of socks hung from a line above the heating pipe of the coal stove. The picture of Bob taking a bath in the wash tub with the pilots looking on was staged, of course...I had an upper bunk near Bob’s lower one. He was always busy with some canvass handiwork , knot tying skill, and produced some very nice articles...it seemed that everyone was keeping a diary...I never actually saw him writing...anyway Bob was a nice guy, proven by his living...I always remember Bob as a true salt (salt water sailor)...”. Both Bill McCormick and Joe Hill remembered Bob making model dog sledges during the winter night (letters to me, dated June 30 and October 5, 1990).*

(Bob skips a whole week here in his narrative account; and one wonders whether his missing diary would reveal that he was aware of the almost daily reports being sent from Little America to the NYT, in particular the July 9 report that headlined in the NYT “Byrd lays plans to quit isolation”, in which

Byrd is quoted as saying: "I came out here with the notion that only in absolute isolation would a man achieve true tranquility, and I'm getting enough to last me for the rest of my life. Anyhow, I doubt it I'll be tempted again to take it in such a strenuous dose").

July 12. From 7 p.m. to 5 a.m. 1,300 meteors were recorded, * and in the last two years in New Zealand they only recorded 2,000. Saw another fine glow from the sun at 11 a.m., which has always been the best hour.

** CJVM in Discovery (p.219) writes: "On July 11-12th the meteors were appearing so rapidly that it was impossible for one recorder to remain abreast of a single observer. The sky was virtually alive with swarms of ruddy travelers exploding earthward...". In his notes sent to Byrd-Murphy, G.O. Noville, responding to a request for 'funny stories' that might be included in Discovery, wrote: "One night while Poulter and his crew were observing meteors...in his hut, Cox went up on the surface and squatted down near where the cupola came up through the snow. He lit a bundle of papers and kept blowing sparks across the observation windows – Poulter came out much excited about ten minutes later and said: 'I never saw so many flaming meteors in my life – the heavens are full of them' " (BP).*

July 13. I started to help the other dog drivers down in the tunnels break up pemmican (a concentrated dog food). We are boiling down two tons of seal blubber to mix with ten tons of this broken-up pemmican. We think this extra 20% of fat in their food will give them more warmth. We have lost a lot of dogs, and several now look thin and miserable.

July 19. Last night it was 48 below, and by noon today it went up to 17 below. Four of us were out 500 or 600 yards hauling a sledge in with a big drum of gas for the dynamo engine. A blizzard sprang up. We all thought we knew the way. I think we hauled that sledge about a mile before we got in. We all got frostbite. When my fingers thawed out, my fingerprints were wonderfully clear and distinct – I have never seen them so prominent before. The Maori Chiefs base their face and body tattooing from (?) finger prints – the lines are so even, constant and symmetrical.

July 20. A snow tractor went along the Southern trail for inspection. They got to about 50 miles. Nearly all the trail flags were snowed under. They got back three days later; in radio touch all the time. The same night we got our lowest temperature - 72 below. With these lowing (?) temperatures and water freezing with 138 tons pressure per square foot expanding until a certain temperature is reached; it then contracts, and expands causing these ridges and pressure ice to be pushed up in huge masses and queer shapes.

July 23. Got feeble radio from Admiral Byrd for tractor to try and fight their way on to him. * This was the first message in four days. Supposed to keep a daily schedule.

** It's most unlikely that Bob was aware of all the discussions and events concerning Byrd's problems at Advance Base and his "rescue". Many years later, Dr Poulter compiled an 85-page account of the days immediately before and during the rescue, incorporating many relevant documents and memos: "The Winter Night Trip to Advance Base". Thomas C. Poulter, 1973 (Polar Library, BPRC). Incidentally, the most authentic account of how Poulter handled the liquor problem on BAE2 is given in the first several pages of this account, the author quoting frequently*

from his own “calendar notebook”(which I describe as his “Diary”).

(July 24: “Started photographing skull of each seal, those cleaned by Bob Young” (AAL).
Paine records his assessment of his colleagues in the dog department (SPD, p.160).

July 25. Eleven below Zero. A seal was seen, the first one since they all left four or five months ago. It was shot and brought in for examination. Her blubber was four inches thick. We found a few pebbles inside her stomach, also an embryo. Her length was 10 feet 4 inches, and girth 6 feet 8 inches – the record. * A partial eclipse of the moon was seen at midnight.

** Lindsey notes that it was a Weddell, “since all Crab-eaters had gone north long since...the embryo weighed 45 lbs”; and he goes into detail about pickling it.*

July 27. It was actually 22 above Zero; it was very close and hazy – no wind all day. So nine of us skied and hauled two sledges with movie camera gear on – took a dozen flares as well – over to some pressure ice about two miles away. We took some fine still pictures as well. One of our party disappeared down a crack, but got out later on. We knew he was OK.

The surface snow was so soft one sunk in over the tops of one’s boots. We were all wet through when we got home. I for one was wearing 20 lbs of clothes (the same all winter) having been caught before taking too many clothes off by it suddenly getting colder. I decided to leave my clothes on, but it didn’t get colder this time. We carried a lighted lantern all the time, it was so dark. In the evening a rainy sleet was falling. *

** In one of his three chapters in Discovery, Murphy wrote: “On July 27th, after more than a month of cold climaxing in a temperature of minus 71 degrees, the miracle occurred – rain! Men who had scarcely seen the sky since the sun went down rushed to the hatches for a look. It was anything but a downpour – just a darker misting in the night, which wet the cheeks and the palm of an upraised hand” (“The Lunatic Fringe”, p.200).*

We also got a feeble message from Admiral Byrd in his hut 100 miles away – first message for a week. There must be something wrong with his generating gear or himself. He gave us his longitude position he took by the stars and said he would put a lantern on top of his hut every day, also put up two kites, so the rescue tractor party would have something to steer for. But the next day (July 28) * the temperature dropped to 52 below, but a relief snow tractor was being got ready. A fine glow of the Sun showed in the sky at 11 a.m., and faded away to darkness shortly after.

** Paine records events of note, including: “Took bath tonight...Cut Young’s hair, Moody’s and Wade’s...I got better as I went along ...”. And is nostalgic about Home...“another world from which I came...” (SPD, p.161).*

August 4. The relief snow tractor left to try and get to Admiral Byrd, but returned again on August 7 – had trouble with the engine all the time. And only yesterday we picked up

another message from Admiral Byrd asking the tractor to push on at all costs – but don't endanger any lives. A blizzard was raging all night.

August 8. It's 58 below; but a fresh snow tractor got away for the relief of Admiral Byrd. *

** Is Bob blissfully unaware of the acrimonious discussions that have been going on about rescuing Byrd? Possibly. In any event, he makes no reference to them. Paine, on the other hand, notes on this day, that "So much hatred and friction has been aroused about the trip that it is well the thing will be over as a source of political intrigue" (SPD, p.163).*

Two of us skied over to some new pressure ice, just formed, but only in a different shape because of these recent varying temperatures. Neither of us got frostbite because there was no wind. It's the wind that causes 99% of all the trouble, because it seems to drive the cold into one and you think the thermometer is reading wrong. But it's no colder really. At 70 below kerosene freezes, and one's breath too – in fact, you can hear it crackle.

August 9. Got another weak radio from Admiral Byrd: "Come as quick as you can with safety". * Another snow tractor was ready in case; in case of emergency the Pilgrim plane was also ready for digging out. She would have flown up if it came to the worst. It's getting much lighter now in general; the sun will soon be showing now.

** Probably Bob is paraphrasing what the men at Little America were told. Lindsey's version is: "The Admiral calls for help. Message radioed by the Admiral pleading 'Come at once'. He gives the impression of being in dire straits, getting weaker, can't crank the generator for more than a word or two at a time, in the contacts" (AAL).*

August 11. The relief tractor arrived at Advance Base. Admiral Byrd very weak * but pleased to see them. ** He has been by himself since March 22, nearly five months.

** Dr Poulter was later quoted in Dunedin as saying: "When we reached him...on August 10...he was emaciated, hollow-cheeked, weak and haggard" (The Evening Star, January 2, 1935), a description Poulter had just used in the story he "consented to write for the NYT" (January, 1935), which was entered, much later, in full in the Congressional Record of the US Senate Proceedings on May 7(p.7071) at the time the Congress was considering a joint resolution to "extend the gratitude of the Nation to Admiral Byrd and the members of his expedition" (p.7077) and were appointing persons to a "special joint committee to greet Admiral Byrd upon his arrival at the Navy Yard on May 10, 1935" (pp.7114 and 7271). Poulter's published January story (if he actually wrote it!) was entitled "Admiral Byrd's Solitary Vigil: A dramatic test of courage". In his substantial 1973 "Winter Night Trip to Advance Base..." compilation, Dr Poulter explains what they found to be the source of the carbon monoxide poisoning that afflicted Byrd while Alone at Advance Base: "The Admiral's practice was to bring the little gasoline engine driven generator into the shack and start it up and let it run until it was well warmed up. This in itself was bad enough, but after it had filled his shack with fumes he then removed it to about a two foot cube niche cut out of the snow high on the wall of the tunnel about twenty feet from the door of his shack. Instead of having a tight fitting exhaust pipe extending up above the snow surface the fellows who prepared this place*

for the gasoline engine driven generators merely made about a six inch diameter opening in the snow up to the surface. When the engine was in place the exhaust pipe pointed straight up toward this opening which was more than a foot above the end of the exhaust pipe. At 60 or 70 degrees below zero very little of the exhaust fumes ever got out of the tunnel. With three radio schedules per week this was, of course, the source of his carbon monoxide poisoning...four of us lived in his shack for the next 59 days with no ill effects from the stove. It was my opinion that the little engine breaking down had saved his life” (pp.82, 83). (Some may think it a little ironic that on April 7, 1929, during BAE!, Byrd had sent the following radiogram, via New York, to his wife in Brimmer Street, Boston: “This summer if automobile is kept in small garage be very careful not to run engine with doors closed on account fumes from monoxide gas stop. It is very dangerous stop. Dickie should not be permitted to start the engine alone. When you back out of garage be careful about exhaust gases forming. Love, Dick” (BP).

** “Hello, fellows. Come on below. I have a bowl of hot soup for you”. These words, according to ‘Bud’ Waite, were how Byrd greeted his three rescuers. Later, in *Alone* (1938), Byrd’s comment was; “If that is really so, then I can only plead that no theatricalism was intended. The truth is that I could find no words to transport outward what was really in my heart” (p.293).

August 13. Light wind from southwest. It’s 41 below, but the lightest day I’ve seen this winter. The Sun Glow was a glorious * crimson rose colour, reaching higher into the sky – hence the longer and lighter twilight. I could not see a single star during midday, but later in the afternoon they came out slowly as the Sun Glow went down.

** Is it a simple coincidence that both Young and Paine use the adjective “glorious” to describe natural phenomena in mid-August? Paine on the 14th (SPD, p.165).*

August 20. It’s 60 below, and very little wind. Seven of us hauled over a spare tent (a half mile) to the Ford and Fairchild planes left here from the last expedition five years ago. This Ford flew over the South Pole with Admiral Byrd. We set the tent up. I sewed up a long rip, and when I wet the end of the string to thread it through the eye of the big needle, it froze stiff before I got it through. We all then raced home on our skis, and we got frostbite too. This temperature would freeze our dogs’ lungs if they were out in it – as it was, two of the younger energetic members spat up blood – and their noses bled when we got home in the warm. There was an extra fine Spiral Aurora display, with gorgeous coloured flickering curtains hanging down from it. *

** And Lindsey observes “gorgeous coloring”, on August 21 (AAL Diary).*

August 21. It’s 66 below; light two-mile an hour wind, but cold. Nobody could work outside. *

** Paul Siple (who devised the ‘wind-chill index’) wrote that -60 degrees F was considered the deadline of detailed labour at Little America... “at that temperature a man automatically had the right to say whether he would volunteer to join any of the parties outside digging out supplies drifted over with snow” (Adaptations of the Explorers to the Climate of Antarctica. Ph.D thesis, Clark University, 1939, p.159).*

The Sun just showed its upper limb about northeast. I climbed to the top of our 60-foot radio tower with the cameraman to see it at about a quarter to twelve – we are back on local time now (Longitude 163 degrees West). For or five others skied to a top ridge to get a better view, but it was soon gone. But it left a beautiful crimson purple coloured sky; and by 6 p.m. the western sky was skirted from the horizon by brilliant rainbow horizontal clouds with a peculiar strip of green, and a strip of black added as straight as it could be. The stars were twinkling many rapid colours, especially Sirius, the brightest star in all the heavens – like a big lantern. * But the other bright star like a big red lantern that we saw the first few days in June was Venus, a planet. And being closer to the Sun, its reflected light made it even more brighter than Sirius. At a quarter to 10 p.m., the temperature dropped to 70.5 below. The full moon had a distinct double halo, completely round.

** Sirius, in the constellation Canis Major (Big Dog); and since those days, a smaller Sirius has been discovered very close to 'big' Sirius. Old Sailor BobYoung was clearly given to star-gazing.*

The next day – August 22 - was an official holiday to mark the return of the Sun. * The temperature was 56 below. ** A dog's tail (JACK'S) got froze – had to cut it off, left just the stump. * Another dog got fighting so bad, we had to shoot him. Any dog wounds seemed to heal up better of its own accord, and even the dog with the tail cut off - we couldn't keep its bandages on – it ran round without any attention and got better.**

** “A dinner of turkey and hot mince pie, & sherry for all hands who want it” (AAL). Lindsey leaves Bob standing, when it comes to reporting on meals - the cook called Lindsey and Siple the “milk and cocoa boys” - and commenting on the consumption of alcohol and the rowdy parties and noisy, informal discussions that often followed.*

*** Paine writes that it was 71 below that morning. “It was rather a pitiable day with some people drunk” (SPD, p.167)*

**** Paine reported on June 30th that Jack's tail was frozen and was cut off with a knife by Innes-Taylor (SPD, p. 148). Bob is evidently recalling the earlier event for readers of his narrative account - which is confirmed by Bob's comment that it subsequently “got better”. Jack later performs wonderfully out on the trail (SPD, p.208), does not become “surplus” (and thus food for the his fellow canines and the explorers... SPD, p.211), becomes immortalized in *The Long Whip: The Story of a Great Husky* by Jan Walden and Stuart Paine (G.P.Putnam's Sons, 1936), dies at the age of ten and is buried in New Hampshire (SPD, p.280).*

August 24. The Sun's upper and lower limbs were visible one and a half hours; and I could actually see what we call heat waves under the Sun, drifting down with the wind along the ground. It was 62 below Zero.

August 27. It's 68 below; wind in all directions. A balloon went up to the east, and our smoke went northwest. The Sun itself was in view four hours today. * We shall soon have it all the 24 hours. Our barometer dropped to 27.93; but Admiral Byrd and his

rescuers in his hut 100 miles south of us radioed in their barometer – showed 27.73, the lowest on record.

** Paine wrote: “Today the sun remained up for about two hours” (SPD, p.167).*

August 29. Sun got up like a ball of fire and reflected a distinct pillar ray into the sky, the apparent diameter of the Sun. The barometer is back to normal again – 29.17. All hands pulled out the auto-gyro. An aurora is flickering all round the horizon. It’s 68 below Zero. * One’s breath goes out in big clouds of vapour. The crevasses which opened near the planes during winter had their thin roofs of snow knocked away to let out the vapour or sea smoke; so pilots could follow its direction for safe landing.

** Lindsey has 42 below for the temperature, with the “sun well up... Everyone feeling frisky. Spring is here, Sky beautifully tinted” (AAL)*

September 1. A nine-mile wind and 60 below Zero. The auto-gyro with special instruments to collect upper air data took off for a flight – after a test, it flew around about one hour at 7,000 feet. The Zoologist when getting water samples said the temperature was 28 above. During the afternoon six of us skied over to the Ford and Fairchild planes fifteen under (?) and started digging them out; coming back in this little wind we all got frostbite: it felt like 90 below.

September 3. The auto-gyro made another scientific flight to 10,400 feet. A few dogs this day were let loose for the first time, for some exercise. And the white-coloured dogs were all rusty looking colour, but the sun soon fetched it back white again.

September 4. The auto-gyro went up again, to 1,200 feet, but came down – too cloudy and windy. Five of us * are going up to dig the two last-expedition planes out – if we get a chance these are going back to U.S.A. Started working the dogs in the sledges.

** Including Lindsey. Bob makes no mention in his account of the sky of “unprecedented beauty” that AAL notes for the “afternoon from 3 on”.*

September 12. Nearly all hands dug out and got Pilgrim plane on the surface.* Also the snow tractors were gradually got out, so they could be got at easier. All the buildings are beginning to creak and scrunch when we turn in at night through the movement of the ice. Another balloon was let up and followed for 35,000 feet.

** “We accomplished the job in about six hours of digging...yesterday we dug out the ramp for the garage. Between the two I am fed up with snow shoveling for a few days”, wrote Paine (SPD, p.171). I fancy Bob Young would have been happy to shovel day after day – it helped to keep him fit Lindsey was on Mess Duty on 11 and 12 September – “A Galley Slave Again” (AAL).*

September 14. It’s 67 below Zero – too cold to work outside,* with a 15 mile-an-hour wind blowing. There was very fierce brilliant blizzard at sunset and an aurora display of high mare’s tails and streamers all quivering. The next day (September 15) a fierce

blizzard raged all day, which nearly covered up the two planes and tractors we had recently dug out.

** The very words Lindsey uses about September 13, 14 and 15; and that Paine notes for September 8 (SPD, p.169). Perhaps they were used in announcements on the Bulletin Board. Paine also notes that: "In Canada it is forbidden to drive a horse when it is below forty below" (SPD, p.169)*

September 16. It's 59 below Zero, fine and clear. At 9 a.m. a balloon went up it proved that up to 700 feet the wind was 20 miles an hour and above 700 feet no wind at all; so all hands started to dig out the Condor plane. The auto-gyro went up for another flight to 10,000 feet with the aerial photographer. I could see the Barrier ice at the back of pressure ridge about ten miles away - first time since the Sun left, and what a great change had taken place during the winter.

(On September 19th, the young Paine noted that "A new happiness has come over all of us. The outdoor work and new interests outside has brightened our outlook considerably...Healthy exercise has done a lot, the sun a great deal and the approaching trips has spurred us to greater efforts and we are happier because of this" SPD, pp.172-173).

September 20. All hands and two snow tractors got the big Condor plane out on the surface, and we anchored her down – a blizzard was expected. This weather looked too good to be true. It blew alright, but not for long. Another balloon was sent up. Every one of these balloon runs gives valuable information – in 80 minutes it rose 50,000 feet.

Wednesday, September 26. Had our usual broadcast. I heard Big Ben strike distinctly in London

September 27. The first snow tractor left for the east and Mt McKinley (about 250 miles). They will flag the trail and make caches of man-food and 900 lbs of dog food. This was all unexplored territory where they went. In the evening a gorgeous sunset to the west - with a long, thin streak of brilliant red and gold and green in a black cloud. And a little further south all by itself in a natural setting was a huge golden streak jus like Fork lightning. Of course, there's no rain, thunder or lightning in the Antarctic in reality.

September 28. The auto-gyro took off for a scientific flight. She went to circle, but crashed from about 50 feet. * The pilot broke his arm . ** He was only 20 years old. A few days after (October 6) his mother spoke to him and he to her over the radio. ***

** Apparently, the tail had collected heavy drift snow, which caused the "ship" to be out of trim (Discovery, p.243).*

*** Murphy sent his mother a message: "Bill had a slight crack-up this afternoon" (BP) And he forwarded a cordial one from Byrd at Advance Base on September 29 (BP). Bill's brother – also an experienced flyer – had recently been killed in a flying accident.*

**** At the end of Reel 5 of the motion picture DISCOVERY, the injured pilot is shown talking to his mother in New York via CBS radio (NWDNM at USNA).*

This radio has been one huge success – all the tractors, dog drivers, radioed in every day. Admiral Byrd and his three companions also radioed in every day from the Mountain House, 100 miles south. They are also keeping meteor and weather data.

October 3. A few more seals were beginning to show up. * The dogs are gradually being left outside their warm tunnel as the weather permits. It was 20 below zero last night.

** Siple and Lindsey saw the first seal “thru binoculars” on September 30.*

October 4. It was 16 above Zero, and four of the dog teams were chained out all night. One dog team coming in from freighting snow blocks to the kitchen for cooking purposes disappeared 20 feet down a crevasse just outside Little America. I went over and pulled the seven dogs up as the driver tied them on – none were hurt. All these Eskimo dogs were always fighting, and they always kill if they can; one dog COAL killed four others. *

** Cole (sic) – along with several other dogs – met his fate far from Little America, on November 23 (SPD, p.209)*

October 6. A snow tractor left with 3,000 lbs of dog food for distribution at the Mountain House where several dog teams will later pass. Today I saw the return of the first bird – the Arctic Tern – which migrates between the north and south polar regions, about 11,000 miles each way. It thus dwells in constant daylight. As big as a dove. *

** CJVM reports that Lindsey remarked that the “brownish bird, very fast of flight would be an Antarctic Petrel” (Discovery, p. 246).*

October 8. A roaring blizzard blew all day, with a 62-mile-an-hour wind, and you couldn’t stand up against it – I tried it coming over to breakfast but had to resort to the tunnel below. Four dog teams were out in this – they were covered in snow when fed – but quite OK: it was only 12 below Zero.

October 11. Radio from Mountain House that tractor arrived OK – it left Little America six days ago, returning tomorrow morning. They had a lot of engine trouble and 11 eleven belts broke.

October 12. Was 35 below Zero. A balloon was sent up – showing good steady wind and weather; so the Pilgrim plane was got ready and about 10.30 it took off for the Mountain House to bring Admiral Byrd home again. He arrived Little America about 3 p.m He shook hands with us all and was pleased to see us, but with his long hair he certainly looked and was a weak wreck. * We had movie pictures in the evening. ** An appropriate welcome home speech was read to him * and he replied in a very few words – but he was glad to be with us again. ******

** Paine’s diary entry included the remark: “He does not look so bad – perhaps this is the first time he has been sober” (SPD, p.178). Lindsey thought Byrd looked “older and grayer...The “Old Man” seems to be in bad shape physically” (AAL). Finne Ronne (not the greatest admirer of Byrd) wrote, in his 1979 “personal history”,*

that Byrd “looked pale and thin”, adding “His stay was cut short, it was reported, because a faulty kerosene stove almost did him in. But another view was that Byrd, a Virginia gentleman, was simply unable to cope with the demands of living alone in an isolated environment. He was unaccustomed to doing things for himself. Quipped one observer: ‘He would starve to death camped in the middle of a grocery store’ ”(p.48). (More than likely the scene in DISCOVERY “men gather around as Byrd deplanes” was authentic - and would afford the viewer a chance to form his/her own opinion).

** “Forty Second Street for the 6th time (literally)”, wrote Lindsey, in his diary.

*** The report in the NYT (October 14, 1934) makes no mention of a **speech**. Neither does Byrd in Discovery, nor Paine in Footsteps; and I haven’t found a speech in any archives – including during my two June, 2007, sorties to the USNA in Maryland (in the hopes that I could, amongst other things, check through the papers that Dr E.B. Perkins is listed as having long ago donated to the USNA. I had been warned that the Perkins papers could not be located: Alan Walker’s e-mail of January 8, 2007 had notified me that he could find no Perkins materials in the Polar Collection of Donated Materials, the former Record Group 401; and that was still the situation in June, 2007). According to the report from Little America, most men simply said: “Glad you’re back”.

**** Murphy’s piece in the New York Times noted that Byrd said: “I want you fellows to know that I deeply appreciate the way you carried on during my absence. I knew I could trust you when I left, and it has pleased me beyond expression that you did not fall down on the job” (NYT, October 14,1934). In Discovery (p.250), Byrd writes: “Returning to Little America was like returning to life again”. I might also add that I would like to have seen the journals of the three men who spent some sixty days with Byrd at Advance Base while he was regaining some strength. Some of what Byrd himself wrote in his diary during those days he included in Alone(1938). In 1936, E.J. Demas, remembered those “67 days spent in Advance Base as the happiest days I have ever spent” (Letter to Admiral Byrd, June 28, 1936. BP). ‘Bud’ Waite, however, recalled some squabbling – “Whatever you may remember about my squabblings with Pete Demas and Doc Poulter on that fateful day at Advance Base”, he wrote to Byrd, “don’t lose sight of the fact that I have lived that down” (Letter to Admiral Byrd, July 29, 1938 BP). Waite, Peter Anderson told us (in May, 1990), did not, in fact, keep a diary during the several weeks at Advance Base; and we did not find one in our search at the USNA in June, 2007. As for Poulter, we can say that his little diary (“calendar note book”) ends on July 4, 1934; with the sentence: “I have about decided to take charge of the trip myself for several reasons” (p.185, USNA), referring, of course, to the trip to rescue Byrd. And that he revealed little of the time spent with Byrd, Demas and Waite at Advance Base in his 1973 account of The Winter Night Trip to Advance Base – other than they started out by getting Byrd “on a good diet...and giving him a rub down and massage twice a day...and after the first day I got him out for short walks at first and then gradually increased them as time went on” (p. 83).

The tractor arrived late in the evening – a record trip from Mountain House. It’s pretty light now - the sun set at 9 p.m. and was up again at 2 a.m.

October 13. Got radio from snow tractor on the eastern Mt McKinley trip (130 miles east): they are returning to Little America. They left here on September 27. And the first snow tractor that went to Admiral Byrd's relief is also returning to Little America today.

October 14. Three dog teams left for Marie Byrd Land and Edsel Ford Mountains and Rockefeller Mts. about 150 miles northeast.

October 16. It's 19 degrees below Zero. Four dog teams left for the Polar Plateau, and three dog teams left for the Queen Maud Range and Leverett Glacier. * Admiral Byrd shook hands with them all, and gave them a sealed letter to open on Christmas Day. Nearly all the dog teams (nine in a team) got entangled up in their excitement. **

** Far to the south - at 86 degree South Latitude. And amongst the many BAE-related names on topographic maps of those parts, I notice Zanuck and McKercher and the names of two BAE2 explorers: Rawson, and Innes-Taylor (the Canadian who was in charge of the dogs, whose name marks a mountain peak at 87 degrees South latitude).*

*** Paine's lead dog is Jack (SPD, p.184).*

We also received a radio from Mr. L. Ellsworth on his exploration ship *Wyatt Earp* that he was at Deception Island, Weddell Sea; and that he hopes to fly across the Antarctic to Little America – it's just over 2,000 miles. This was his second trip down South. The first time he smashed his plane up at the Bay of Whales trying to land it.

October 18. The snow tractor arrived home from Mt. McKinley: their meter showed 437 miles. They had bad weather and several deep crevasses to negotiate, but surveyed the whole area. The Sun had a beautiful double halo round it – what is called a 22 degrees and 46 degrees. With a rich green sky belt on the horizon just above it.

October 20. Had a heavy blizzard but warm; it dropped quite suddenly. The Sun shone brightly all the time. The next day (October 21) another blizzard sprung up, with a 30 mile-an-hour wind, but colder – it was 35 below Zero.

October 22. The Sun never set; so we had Midnight Sun back again for two or three months.

October 23. It's 39 below Zero; about a ten-mile an hour wind; a fine spring sunny day. I skied down to the Bay ice. I counted 25 seals and 11 with baby seals. I could also see East and West Capes at the entrance to the Bay of Whales, and the Bay ice left off about five miles inside the entrance. Big pieces were occasionally breaking off and floating out to sea. We have now started sending Mr. Ellsworth at Deception Island two daily weather reports, and he sends us two.

October 25. Two tractors towing two loaded sledges behind them left for the Mountain. They will meet the other Southern parties that left earlier this month. But an hour after, one tractor came back – smashed his sledge going downhill - it crashed into the rear. But we were soon busy and repaired it; so it left shortly after.

October 26. All hands helped dig out the big Condor plane: the recent heavy falls of snow had nearly buried it. She then went up for a test flight and afterwards resurveyed Little America. When she came down, it went to a fresh landing and anchoring ground we had prepared the other side of Ver-Sur-Mer Inlet. The crevasse which recently opened up near this side had made it too dangerous. Shortly after, the Pilgrim plane taxied over and anchored alongside the Condor. It was 33 below, and the Sun so warm and the air invigorating that I stripped to the waist whilst working. *

** Byrd mentions that Bob Young was one of the men “stripped and complaining about the heat...the breath freezing on their whiskers, forming miniature ice falls” (Discovery, p.273).*

October 27. A howling cold blizzard and from the east, and 42 below Zero; blew all day and night, so I went all round the entrances to buildings and dug them out again.

(Roughly two weeks after the admiral’s return to Little America from Advance Base, Charles Murphy was able to tell readers of the NYT the story of Byrd’s four months alone at Advance Base. Based on his conversations with Byrd, Murphy’s account was published under the caption “Epic of Solitude”; and Murphy began with the thought that: “It is now a complete story, but before the telling is finished it will become one of the epics of the polar regions” (NYT, October 28 and October 29, 1934). Was journalist and ghost writer/collaborator Murphy even then thinking he might have a hand in telling the story in book form?).

November 1. We got a radio from Mr.Ellsworth: his ship the Wyatt Earp had returned to South America for spare parts for his plane; had a small mishap and broke something. I helped the young biologist * when I could on the Bay ice weighing baby seals, writing down remarks and tagging or branding them. I started today as he was ready to go. The heaviest and lightest seal on the day’s work was 180 lbs and 63 lbs. Some mothers were very vicious while others docile – but we took no chances: the one writing the data kept the mother away with his ski pole. ** The worst job was reading the mouth: they bite so hard.

** Lindsey was then 27; Bob was 42. Lindsey noted: “Spent all day weighing my seals, helped by Bob Young of New Zealand, who offered to help me in the work. It is a two-man job alright. He made it a lot easier and faster, recording my observations” . Later, Lindsey in one of his published scientific papers thanked “Robert Young of New Zealand for faithful assistance in the labor of weighing live seals” (Journal of Mammology, Vol.18, No.2, 1937, p. 128).*

*** Bob Young and Lindsey are shown at work in the photograph in Discovery (opposite p.361); and Bob appears to be brandishing a ski pole in the photograph in the National Geographic (NG. October, 1935, p.472). Incidentally, Lindsey suggested to me in 1985 that it was Young and not the always clean-shaven Bowlin who was standing with Byrd in the NG photograph on p. 447; and probably Young on the right in the photograph on p. 467. He warned me that the legends are “notoriously confused and inaccurate, in many instances”). In the 99- minute motion picture DISCOVERY Young and Lindsey are shown weighing seals – for about ten seconds (MWDNM at USNA, Maryland).*

November 2. The big Condor plane with Admiral Byrd went for a flight about an hour away. They tried out a new cover fitted round the boss of the propeller shaft - it increased the speed 12 miles per hour. The Pilgrim plane also was up for an oil test.

November 5. It's eight above Zero. No wind; fine but sultry all day, with one of those queer lights it made my eyes smart all day, yet the evening light never affected my eyes. I never wore glasses – they always fogged up. But others who wore glasses it affected them the same.

This day and the next (November 6) I went down on the Bay ice about three miles weighing young seals again. I took down a net I made. We rolled the baby seal in this and lifted it up quickly onto the hook of the spring scales; and it worked good. We watched out first baby seal in the water of a blowhole. These baby seals cannot swim. Its mother underneath kept heaving it up and half supporting it. This baby we found was fifteen days old by its tag, or some other mark we used, such as the red dope they use on aeroplanes, as sometimes the tags pulled out, and we didn't like branding them. But we branded all the mothers we could, and it was some job. One mother had only one eye; others had terrible gashes and wounds on the bodies; either from Killer whales of fighting amongst themselves. The ice surface was always changing. We counted 19 seals around a fresh small opening of water.

Sunday November 11. A nice, clear crisp spring day; 31 below. I skied down to Bay ice; and I heard the first trumpet call of an Emperor penguin. We both searched amongst the pressure ridges – and there was our first penguin since they left last February. We shot it for a specimen; * and it weighed 55 lbs. I have seen them weigh 78 lbs. It had worms and pebbles inside its crop. We also shot a big seal – 600 lbs. On cleaning it out, it had a lot of worms and actually a good handful of small pebbles in its stomach.

** Byrd in Discovery writes: "Young brought her down with a flying tackle" (p.286).*

There at once I thought Nature has told us a lot: first, we can we can find the history of those pebbles; second for that seal to have picked up those stones land must have been very close and only a few feet from the surface because our local depth soundings by lead line have been from 300 fathoms up. We also know by scientific process the depth of water and thickness of ice under Little America.

But I am getting away from my diary and I am cutting a lot of that out too in case this is boring. *

** As previously noted, we do not know what Bob Young was leaving out from his diary as he composed his "narrative account"; neither do we know who he thought he might be boring.*

The heaviest baby seal for this day was 220 lbs, 18 days old; it puts on about 14 lb a day. I also saw our first Skua gull * - they left us about March. We found a new-born baby seal, it weighed 57 lbs – its mother was very vicious - she came at us with her mouth open,

snapping her jaws together. We branded her with a number, and put a numbered disc with fishing line through the skin of the back of the baby – also a dab of aeroplane red dope on its tail. Another baby seal (15 days old) was just able to swim by itself. The mothers did not leave their babies till they were at least two weeks – just seemed to bask in the sun and careen/trill all day long. It sounded just like a linnet to me. The baby would bleat just like a calf. We came across two isolated bay seals crying for their mother – been there three days perhaps. Their mothers were cut off temporarily by the slowly moving pressure ice while feeding, and one baby we actually pulled out dead: it had got jammed or wedged in the pressure ice – a fine specimen (about a month old). We kept the skin. Another big baby seal all by itself – no mother – we shot for food; about six weeks old, it weighed 300 lbs. Inside it had a good pint of thick creamy milk – it lives on this until it can fish for itself. There's plenty of small fish about.

** Byrd notes for November 9: "Lindsey has sighted the first skua gulls of the season – three of them in flight ..." (Discovery, p.284).*

November 12. The Zoologist * asked me if I would join him and two others for a few days on a little exploring trip. So we packed all our equipment and away we went with two dog teams. We camped that night about ten miles away in our old sealing camp, where we killed nearly 200 seals before the winter.

** Dr Earle B. Perkins. The other two on the four-day trip were Jim Sterrett and Duke Dane (Discovery, pp. 294-296). Dr Perkins had taken leave from Rutgers University to go South with Byrd to "bring back data which would be a credit to the Expedition and to my own professional standing" (letter to Byrd, dated September 28, 1935). He, and other scientists on BAE2, were not always happy with being denied opportunities to do scientific work; and one instance he notes in his post-expedition letter seems to relate to the November trip: "On your promise to do so", he writes, "I looked forward to dredging operations from the Bear to complete the work on the invertebrates. This work was curtailed because the penguins which were being brought back for show purposes and exploitation, had escaped and more must be gotten at Discovery Inlet. Consequently the dredging operations along the bank from the Bay of Whales to Cape Colbeck as well as important hydrographic work needed by Roos to complete his survey of the Ross Sea were cancelled in order to collect penguins. You know what happened to the penguins; the scientific results of the dredging and hydrographic work would have gone into scientific journals and books as a record for all time. The few specimens and data obtained in the four days allowed for this work in the Bay of Whales, justify my making this statement". However, en route to Dunedin and then at 50-mile intervals all the way across the Pacific, Dr Perkins had merrily hauled in phytoplankton (etc), as well as composing a paper for The Scientific Monthly ("Plankton and Invertebrates of the Antarctic", Vol. 43, No. 6, December, 1936). The "motion pictures" he took while with BAE2 he used to illustrate a lecture in 1940 at a Symposium on Polar Exploration ('Animal Life in the Antarctic', Proceedings of the American Philosophical Society, Vol. 82, No5, June, 1940) And a 19-minute 16mm black and white film Perkins produced is apparently at the University of West Virginia.*

The next morning (November 13), we took samples of water. I counted 42 seals, some with the biggest babies I've seen; and I actually came across one big seal (number 98) we branded in the Bay of Whales Bay ice – that's ten miles off – a month ago. It was near a

tidal crack, not quite big enough to lower our special net down; so we rounded on 98 and forced her down; now we could let our net 200 feet and procure our sample of plankton.

November 14. We packed up camp and steered west about 16 miles. The dogs nearly smashed up my sledge tearing down a steep pressure ridge. We pitched camp for the night on new ground. Very cold and foggy. Of course, we kept in touch with Little America by radio every night. In the morning we all went exploring, and we saw the first live fish on the expedition in a seal hole almost four inches long – we tried over an hour to catch it with a big tin lowered under it on a string, but it got too cold – my boots and leather gloves were frozen stiff. * Huge overhanging Barrier ice cliffs 200 feet high rose all around us. We camped here for the night.

** After building a fish trap back at Little America, Bob returned with two or three others and a fish was subsequently caught, creating great excitement in Little America for a while, “ and a new genus identified” (Discovery, p. 296).*

The next day (November 15) was an extra fine day. Getting breakfast, we looked up and there was the Pilgrim, 12,500 feet up on a magnetic and navigation flight. We packed camp and steered east, and we picked up the Southern trail flags. Late that night and whilst pitching tent, we saw the big Condor plane returning to Little America , after her first long eastern flight.

In the morning (November 16 *) we packed up camp and got into Little America late that night - with all our kerosene and most of the (?) gone. And I was snow blind ** for the next four days, but it was a nice little trip. One of our dogs – his name was Monday – was actually blind in both eyes, but a great worker.

** The Times of London reported on this day that Mr Baldwin, the Prime Minister, would officially open the new building for the Scott Polar Research Institute in Cambridge, England (TT). John McNeil in Byrd’s office in New York, on November 15, had relayed his cabled message to the Director of the SPRI... “The half hundred Americans at this base send you greetings and best wishes for the opening... We are greatly interested due to our profound admiration for Scott and his comrades and for the scientific work accomplished... We find that part of the land we have named after Scott is a plateau but we do not yet know how far to the southward it extends” (BP). I do not know whether Bob Young would have been aware of the SPRI (which had been inaugurated as far back as 1926) – or ever visited the SPRI. Or, indeed, whether Admiral Byrd ever visited the SPRI in Cambridge..*

*** Several sources (including survivors we interviewed) indicate that not all the BAE2 explorers were diligent about wearing their sunglasses (including Dr Louis Potaka); and snowblindness afflicted many. Normally, however, the condition cleared up within three or four days. While it lasts it can be very painful – as I can attest to, after skiing all day in bright sunshine at Copper Mountain, Colorado, without sunglasses!*

November 18. The big Condor plane took off at 2.45 p.m. for a big southeast flight in ideal weather; it returned at 11 p.m.

(November 20. On this day, a cablegram was sent to Byrd's BAE2 office in New York from Little America requesting the mailing of "Xmas Greetings from 'Bob'" to: Mr Young... Croydon, England; Mr G. Young, Grove Service Garage... London; and Mrs Barnes... Seven Kings, England (BP). The recipients were Bob's Uncle Humphrey; George, one of his two brothers; and Hilda Barnes, the eldest of his three sisters).

November 21. The Condor took off again about midnight for another easterly flight; arrived back about 11 a.m. next morning. They covered over 1,000 miles. They took 900 gallons of gasoline and had 200 left when they got back. *

** Bob's travels from the BAE2 base of Little America did not match those who flew about or were out on the trail. On this day Paine and his colleagues were more than 350 miles south of Little America, thrilled by the mountain peaks of the Queen Maud Range – "They jut from the flat surface of the Ross Shelf ice and rise sharply to 14,000 feet - what a sight and what a grand location for a summer hotel" (SPD, p.207).*

November 23. The Condor took off on a general flight at 4 p.m. with 900 gallons of gasoline and five men, but ten minutes after they left, Admiral Byrd decided he would go. * He recalled them by radio. Before they could land, the pilot dumped about 100 gallons of gasoline to lighten the load. When they landed one man jumped out and Admiral Byrd jumped in and off they flew. . What a wonderful part a plane with radio can play! The Condor landed about 250

** Byrd says he neglected to tell "the flight crew I was going". He also remarks that "the decision to go... wasn't exactly what the doctor ordered" (Discovery, p.315). In fact, Dr Potaka had, in a memorandum to Byrd, made it clear that he would not be responsible for the consequences if Byrd were to fly (BP).*

miles south near the Geological Party – gave them a new bearing for the one seized up on the snow tractor – told the leader to jump in, and they flew off in a wide circle so that the leader could see better the best direction to dodge a lot of the bad crevasses he had been encountering the last few days. Then the Condor landed, the leader now with valuable information, and flew off. Landed back in Little America soon after midnight, when four men got out and another man and myself got in. We taxied over to refuel three miles off. We put in 650 gallons – she had about 200 gallons left – and taxied back again to Little America. It came on to snow heavy, but the plane was home safe. * There are more crevasses opening up all round Little America.

** And from what they had observed, Byrd concluded that "Antarctica, almost beyond a shadow of a doubt, is one continent. There is almost certainly no Strait between the Ross and Weddell Seas" (Discovery, p.317). The flight was clearly more than a "general" one: it was "to close the gap" (Discovery, p.315).*

The next day (November 24) was 22 above Zero. A heavy warm blizzard blew all day - a thirty mile an hour wind. The little Fairchild plane that was moored alongside the big Ford plane (both monoplanes) on last expedition is now in Little America being overhauled; and the Ford plane will be ready to come out of her hole in a few week's time.

One of the scientists is still busy taking depths of the water and thickness of the ice for about ten miles round Little America. A few small T.N.T. charges were fired off, and the vibrations are so (?) collected by the delicate geophones or seismograph and printed on long charts, which are then plotted and worked out. I watched the seismograph record the vibrations of somebody walking about 4 or 500 yards away, but the circuit is only closed as the T.N.T. charge is detonated. *

** An account of the equipment and seismic methods Dr Tom Poulter and colleagues used on BAE2 noted that in thirty-three days, 463 records were made at 122 stations, involving nearly 3,000 miles of travel, 2,000 of which was on skis and with dog teams (The Polar Times, October, 1938. BP).*

November 27. I skied down to Bay ice. I only counted eleven seals; one baby weighed 256 lbs. A month old but they are now too big and strong – it means a regular wrestling match. We had to lately put our ski pole across the mouth to read the teeth, and all the time they are snapping at you. We are not going to weigh any more – only just stand off in future and take data. While carrying the bamboo tripods and scales back to the tent about half a mile off for the last time, I stepped into a blind crack and down I went – but I held on to the bamboo, which stuck across the top, and my young partner, the biologist, helped me out. I had helped him out of some icy water he fell into just a few hours earlier. *

** Lindsey records that he and artist Dave Paige had been camping out and branding seals for five or six days, returning to Little America this day. He does not mention Bob or himself falling into icy water. One wonders, incidentally, what Bob made of Paige, who was, by all accounts, not one to volunteer for work around the camp – and had been known to fail to appear for early morning galley duty (Isaac Schlossbach to Byrd, 21 August, 1935. BP/USNA). Byrd had included him in the Ice Party because he thought “his paintings would be worth-while” (Discovery, p.126); and he certainly sketched a great deal outside, and even, Murphy ventured to write, worked up his sketches at Little America “when the Muse had defrosted itself” (Discovery, p.188). Paige claimed, in fact, to have completed many colour pastels, and later wrote Byrd that: “You can safely say that your American Expedition had the first and only living American artist to winter in that continent and bring back graphical records of color and various phenomena to America...I believe that these color records which I have will long be remembered by the future generations...” (Paige to Byrd, February 17, 1937. BP). And he successfully urged Byrd to argue that the collection of a hundred pastels should be given a permanent home in a special room in the Smithsonian Institute (Byrd to Senator Joseph Clarkson, March 4, 1937. BP). This, however, did not happen. And in 1985 when The Ohio State University purchased the Byrd Papers from the Byrd family, they acquired sixty pastels. They have been exhibited in Germany and at OSU; and one can view a “digital exhibit” of a handful of their pastels on the BPRC web site under the title “The Magic of Antarctic Colors”.*

Ellsworth radioed us he is pushing further south so that his plane will have a better take-off if he gets a chance to fly.

November 29. My partner and I both skied down to Bay ice. The surface had changed again – a new small lake had opened up, with 27 fresh seals lying round the edge. We checked up on all our branded or metal-disced seals, and we only found thirty out of seventy. The other forty must have left for new grounds. All the baby seals can swim now; so we went across the bay and dug our tent out from the heavy drift snow that's mounted up the last few weeks and repegged it out. *

** Lindsey does confirm that Bob was with him on this (Thanksgiving) day – and describes Bob's "great idea" for keeping the tent "tight and ship-shape". And, of course, back at the base, "Big steak, ice-cream dinner...and double feature movie – WITH BYRD TO THE SOUTH POLE again" (AAL).*

When I got back that night to Little America, I had a great game of hockey on skis – four a side. There was a fair ground wind all day. The evening sky to the west was one mass of gorgeous colours. You could only see them through sunglasses. That peculiar light was in evidence again, and quite a few got partially snow blind.

December 1. It was 24 above Zero; and the top of the oil drums had actually water where the snow had melted. The surface snow was very sticky too, but I skied down to the Bay ice and we checked up on all our numbered seals – widely scattered – and we counted 28 big seals by themselves with no young.

December 3. A snow tractor with spare parts for the Cletrac, which broke down along the trail and was abandoned some time ago, left about 9 a.m. bound for the Mountain House (Admiral Byrd's winter hut) – they were to bring it back in sections, also the powerful six-ton Cletrac. Well, they got about six miles out, and the driving shaft and general underneath works fell off. The crew had to ski home and what a laughing stock they made!

The chief scientist still taking soundings all round. He got such fine readings: underneath the Fokker plane wreck he found the ice 283 feet thick and the water was 1,800 feet deep, but shelves in places to less feet.

This day I spliced in some small seven-strand steel wire to hold up the Fairchild skis which were not safe.

The dogs' food of dead seals – not many left now out of just on 300 last Autumn. They are all soft and flabby due to the heat of the Sun, and very awkward to chop up with an axe. During the winter they were just like chopping a lot of wood; and when one got more experienced I could split them down with the grain, and break off chunks that way for the dogs.

December 4. My young biologist partner and myself built a high, strong wire impounding fence to put in all the penguins we could catch so as to try and take them to America alive when we go. Our first two were put in, and we both had to force-feed each one with fish, once a day. In the afternoon a dog team with a radio broadcasting set went down to Bay ice, rigged up the microphone close to the seals and penguins and their voices were whipped across space to the U.S.A., with a short description by Lindsey.

Then the announcer the other end said he got it OK. And then we radioed Little America, only five miles off, to say we were coming home and everything was OK

The air was wonderful and clear; and fresh mirages kept looming up while a Sun Dog (or two Suns close together) was seen for two and a half hours. I also noticed the crystals of the surface snow seemed greatly magnified and glittered by the Sun, like big pearls.

December 8. At 2 a.m. we got the big Condor plane away for an easterly flight for photographs and movies, but they were recalled at 4.30 a.m. – the weather was getting very foggy at Little America. The pilot dumped a lot of gasoline before he would land. At 1.30 p.m. the weather cleared. They took off again and landed several gallons of gasoline at the 125 miles South beacon for the snow tractors to use on the homeward journey. The Condor set down in Little America again at 5.30 p.m..

The small Fairchild plane took off for its first test flight since we dug it out of the ice (it was with the first expedition down here five years ago). This flight was very successful, although we all held our breath watching it in the air- she had been buried under the snow for five years; and the weight of that snow had actually bent both struts which support the wings: they had to be doctored up. *

** Byrd records the attention and time pilot Ike Schlossbach, Bob and one other explorer had given to repairing the Fairchild. When it took off and then landed successfully, they were the “cocks of the walk” (Discovery, pp. 329-330). Incidentally, this is perhaps why in Footsteps (p. 285), Bob is listed as a “machinist”.*

December 11. A tractor went out and towed in the tractor that broke down five miles out on December 3 last. We got the Condor plane ready for another big easterly flight.

But the next day (December 12) we got bad weather reports from the trail parties in the South; so we siphoned out a lot of the gasoline and abandoned that flight. Two dog teams went out to the Fokker plane about 100 miles South (which the wind blew upside down from its moorings on the last expedition) to bring the engine back. *

** About this time, navigator, radio operator and dog-sled driver Stuart Paine and the other two members of the Southern Geological party (geologist Quin Blackburn and dog-driver Dick Russell) were loading their sledges with specimens over 720 miles south of Little America (at approximately 87 degrees South), and on the glaciers within a couple of hundred miles of the South Pole (Discovery, pp.360 -370).*

December 13. A nice, fine, clear warm day. That hot, I stripped to the waist again whilst helping to get the big Condor plane into the air for a photographic flight. Its two engines require fifty gallons of oil warmed up to 100 degrees each time before she can start. The Pilgrim plane also tried to take off and join the Condor: she taxied round for over an hour, but her skis would not lift off the sticky surface. I don't know how the Condor did it so easily – she weighed round about 18,000 pounds, and the Pilgrim weighed only 900 or 1,000 lbs.

Another penguin was caught and put in the wire cage. *

** The first live Emperor Penguin had been caught on December 3 and a recording of its cry was made for broadcasting to the USA on December 5 – which “was a flop”. The penguin caught on this day was the only one to survive – three had been put in straight jackets for the trip by dog-sledge to Little America, but there was a delay and “two penguins suffocate to death” (AAL Diary, December 3, 5 and 13).*

The little Fairchild single engine monoplane also went up today for her second flight – she had no trouble getting off the sticky surface. This warm weather has now started all the tunnels dripping in places, also the buildings are letting water through.

December 15. All three planes went for different flights. The big Condor left 7.30 pm for the east – at times she rose to 15,000 feet when visibility got bad. The Condor returned 3 a.m. the next morning. Today the Guernsey cow Klondike (the mother of the calf born coming down on the ship) had to be shot - she got down and could not get up on her feet. These Cows have been good; no trouble whatever, and actually no exercise for twelve months – tied up all the day. * One of the dogs froze its big toe, and chewed it off. **

** “Mr Young comes from an English farming family and among his other duties at Little America he helped with the care of the three cows...For this he was awarded a medal by the American Guernsey Cattle Club”. (The New Zealand Herald, November 23, 1938).*

*** Lindsey’s diary entry for this day reads: “Built a large penguin pen adjacent to the little one. Jim Sterrett and Bob Young work with me. Tomorrow Bob makes a wooden stile & and a swinging gate like the sheep runs he knows in his native New Zealand. Now have two penguins” (AAL).*

December 17. The temperature actually reached thirty seven degrees above Zero - our record. It’s very sultry, and no wind. My clothes were steaming all day.

December 18. All the trail parties are now homeward bound. Six of us skied up to the Ford plane, and did some more digging round it to get at the three engines. The wingspread was 67 feet. We had to use a pick to chip off the six or eight inches of solid ice. As we did so, I heard the wing creek and spring up an inch.

The next day (December 19) it snowed all day and actually melted on all the planes’ wings – and rain off as if it was raining. One dog team left with spare parts for a snow tractor, broken down 120 miles south. *

** In his diary, Byrd noted the plans put in place for the Bear and Ruppert to come South to collect the explorers. He prayed there would be “no repetition of the first expedition’s ordeal” (Discovery, p.336) – referring to the voyage South in 1930, when Bob was on the City of New York (FRAM, 1985).*

A heavy blizzard blew all the next day (December 20), but very warm wind . There are now fourteen penguins in our wire cage – both Emperor and Adelie penguins, and they were all moulting – all our dogs are too.

(On December 22, Bob sent a radiogram to Mr and Mrs P. Marks in Auranja, New Zealand: “All good wishes for Xmas and the New Year...Bob” BP).

December 23. A heavy, warm blizzard blew all the morning; 30 mile an hour wind, south westerly. Then it turned out to be a fine day. Special Christmas radio messages were received here verbally...the microphone. The wind soon started working all round the compass which was good for loosening up the broken Bay ice - to go out and let our relief ships come in next month.

The next few days we were digging round the Ford – practically ready for coming out.

(For Christmas Day Lindsey mentions, amongst other things a “swell Xmas dinner...and twenty reels of favorite movies”. Paine records the “For Xmas dinner had chicken which I had stolen and boned before coming. It was a rare old fowl, very tough” (SPD, p.239); but there’s no mention of the sealed letter Byrd had given them on their departure on October 16, according to Bob Young.)

December 27. About 11 a.m. the big Condor took to the air to take photos of Little America of a 25-mile radius; and landed 2.30 p.m.

She went up again next day (December 28) at 10 a.m. to complete the mapping; landed again at 1 p.m. I saw some Wilson and Snowy Petrels, the first today.

December 29. It was 24 degrees above Zero, with a 24-mile per hour wind. A grand day with a green sky to the east, a jet black sky to the north (which was a reflection of the open sea underneath it), and several cumulus clouds in echelon like huge Ostrich plumes rising out of the north west.

Several dog teams arrived home from Marie Byrd Land and the Rockefeller Mountains – they found several species of moss and lichen and a Snowy Petrel rookery. They were away about 61 days. *

** 77 days, according to Discovery (p.337), during which they covered 862 miles. F. Alton Wade, geologist on the four-man Marie Byrd Land Party, later described the glaciological and geographical results in the Geographical Review (Vol.27 No.4 October, 1937). And the leader, biologist Paul Siple, claimed 94 species of lichens (“90 degrees South”, G.P.Putnam’s Sons, 1959, p.60). We visited the two other men, both dog-sled drivers on this journey, in their homes; both Stevenson Corey and Olin Stancliff died in their nineties, Stancliff in November, 2003, at the age of 98. Larry Gould of BAE1 died at 99 in 1996, but BAE1 dog-driver Norman Vaughan made it to 100, dying a few days after his December birthday in 2005 (and we read online that he had his first drink of liquor on that birthday, “after promising his mother he wouldn’t drink until he was 100”). Vaughan was probably the last survivor of BAE1; and Olin, I think, was the last survivor of the BAE2 ice party. At his home, Alton Lindsey told us that he was saddened that his friend Paul Siple had returned on December 29 without any Snow or Antarctic Petrel skins or even egg- shells “to clinch the record”.*

One of Byrd's pet dogs got in the penguin cage – it was dragging the penguins round by their tails. Its face was covered in blood. I couldn't find where the dog got in, but when I chased him round with a stick and opened the door he couldn't see until I booted him through the door. He never got in that cage again. One big Emperor penguin died. Four useless dogs were shot: two were blind.

December 31. The Condor and Pilgrim flew to the Rockefeller and Edsel Ford Mountains to take photos; they were back again in three hours.

January 1, 1935. Still sending Mr Ellsworth (based in Weddell Sea) daily weather reports. He has been going to fly over to us the last two weeks. He said he was coming midnight last night, now it's this midnight. But it's always been foggy or something his end or our end. We let up balloons daily if we can.

January 2. Ellsworth did not attempt his flight – too milky. A snow tractor returned here today; they had been carrying out magnetic observations and seismic observations of the Ross Shelf Ice and ice gap of Marie Byrd Land.

I made a big wire net fish trap. We used it down on the Bay ice for about two weeks, and the pressure ice pinched it up one night. A keen cold wind (18) kept on all day. A balloon went up, and at 20,000 feet the wind was 108 miles per hour. The Pilgrim went up for aeronautical instrument flight - it flew the highest on the expedition: 16,000 feet. The big Condor also went up, but took the seismic apparatus, and landed seven times within a radius of 30-40 miles of Little America, and took soundings of water and thickness of ice. The little Fairchild plane also went up for navigation and radio test.

Two dog teams arrived back from Rockefeller Mountains with the engine from the wreck of the Fokker plane (last expedition). A snow tractor with two big empty sledges in tow left to bring back the Mountain House in sections, also to put right and bring back the powerful 6-ton Cletrac, that was abandoned last Fall, when the weather broke up.

January 6. The Condor plane left at 7 p.m. to land and take more soundings of water and ice near Discovery Inlet. The doctor also another dog driver snow blind. On this day was also seen the first Crab Eater seals; they are a little smaller than the big fat Weddell seals, and always fighting. They spend most of their lives in the pack ice at the north end of the Ross Sea. They also have a little split in the tip of their tongue like the Weddell seal.

January 8. Heavy cold wind from south and cloudy, no Sun. Can feel the touch of winter. I skied down to Bay ice; caught three more Adelie penguins; and put them in a sack – a dog team brought them home later, with our tent and the other gear we had been using on the seals

The next day (January 9) Condor plane to Mountain House with seismic sounding apparatus and took several local soundings; and brought back some spare food and gear out of the Mountain House - about 700 lbs of it. When three of us had unloaded this gear we went for a flight in the Condor. * Whilst flying over the Bay of Whales at 3,000 feet, I

could see the Bay Ice had cracked into several big pieces – they may float out if we get the right wind.

** Lindsey records that “all 56 men on the Ice were supposed to be privileged to have a flight in it”. He “hot-footed it (on skis) for Little America”, when he saw it in the air; and went on the third flight of the day (AAL).*

January 10. I spliced and got ready some special eight-strand steel wire for hauling the tri-motor Ford plane out of its hole. There are now in the wire cage 13 big Emperor Penguins; and only six out of twelve small Adelie Penguins – these keep getting out somewhere, and we can't find where. We caught four standing outside the cage yesterday – they didn't seem to know where to go. The eyes of these two species are quite different: the Emperor's pupil is a black shape, while the Adelie is round and black. We are feeding them on some two tons of frozen fish we brought down in the ship from New Zealand. The relief ships, which will soon be here, are bringing down more fresh fish.

The next day (January 11) three more dog teams arrived back from the Queen Maud Range and Leverett Glacier and Polar Plateau. They had been busy with geological and geographical discoveries. * They had to shoot some of their dogs coming back – worn out. Some of us started digging the dog kennels out of the dog tunnels, ready for crating the dogs going home.

** The Geological Party (Russell, Blackburn and Paine) had covered 1,410 miles – and been in the field almost three months (Discovery, p. 360). Lindsey records that geologist Quin Blackburn showed him “gold” that he had brought back from the mountains. “It turned out to be really a huge gold filling which at one of the Queen Maud Mountain camps, had popped out of one of Quin's molars” (AAL, January 12). Lindsey himself suffered severe toothache on one occasion, and many of his fillings were “lost” during the expedition.*

January 12. Radio from Mr. Ellsworth on the Wyatt Earp in the Weddell Sea – he has given up trying to fly to Little America and is now trying to get his ship out of the ice, making for America. He certainly had some bad luck all along.

January 13. A dog team left for Discovery Inlet, about 78 miles west. With seismic sounding apparatus. They will take soundings wherever they can; and the Bear of Oakland (two or three days off) will call in and pick them up, and then come on to the Bay of Whales.

The Skua gulls are quite thick – they are having a great feast over the choppings of dead seals round the dog kennels.

January 15. The Snow tractor arrived with the Mountain House in sections in tow, also a small Fordson snowmobile abandoned last expedition. * Also the Cletrac came in under its own power - it was ignition trouble. Every Department has now started packing up its own gear to be put on board the ships when they arrive.

** “Ice-encrusted...resurrected from the glazierization of five years” (Discovery, p.371).*

There were plenty of mirages. One group of clouds looked like a mountain range and pressure ridge towering up from the snow, and another black storm cloud looked as if rain was pouring down.

The 6-ton Cletrac coming into Little America collapsed through a tunnel: this warm weather has weakened the roofs. We had to dig it out.

January 19. The *Bear of Oakland* arrived and tied up on the east side of the Bay of Whales. Being small, she was easy to handle. She brought the sounding party from Discovery Inlet – and also a Postmaster from New York to cancel the special stamps on the special letters posted in Little America. * There were also several bags of mail and other gear. . Everybody happy and smiling. I got eight letters ** - and one radio Xmasgram actually returned NOT KNOWN. Some men got two sacks full. Four or five men skied down to the *Bear of Oakland* – couldn't wait and were very sorry after.

** The American Society of Polar Philatelists includes members who collect not only BAE2 stamps and covers but also anything to do with the issue and sale of them; and a detailed account of the story of the BAE2 “south-pole” stamps can be found online.*

*** In 2008, John Barnes kindly set a copy of an envelope he'd located amongst his papers: bearing a US 3-cent stamp, it had been mailed in 'Grand Cent Annex' in New York on October 11 1934. With the logo of “Little America: Aviation and Exploration Club” on the right-hand side, in pencil in Bob's handwriting, are the words: “Received 19 Jan 1935 at Little America – the ship “Jacob Ruppert” brought it down which came to take us home”.*

The next day (January 20) we loaded up two big sledges – 3 or 4,000 lbs each – hooked them on to the big powerful 6-ton Cletrac, and away it went to as near the *Bear* as it could get. Dog teams loaded also went; they could get right alongside the *Bear*.

We kept up this loading and unloading day after day; every tractor and dog team was pressed into service.

(And on the 20th, Byrd sent two messages to 9, Brimmer Street, Boston: one to his wife - “This twentieth is a red letter day for we start for home...”; and one to his son - “Happy birthday to you Dickie. Today our dog teams are carrying our things across the ice to the waters edge to wait for our ship. Sorry can't be with you for your birthday...”(BP). And on the same day, Byrd's “First Complete Account of the 1933-35 Expedition” appeared in the NYT (which suggest he and Charles Murphy had been busy compiling it earlier in January).

*(On January 22, the NYT report mentioned that the *Bear* during the last stages of its return journey from Little America had surveyed much of the whole “winding length of the front of the Barrier” and had established that it was 12 miles north of the its location when surveyed by the Terra Nova in 1911 – in other words, the Ross Ice Shelf had been expanding north at a rate of between half a mile and one mile per year).*

January 23. Snowing a little all day, but several of us made a big effort to get the South Pole Ford plane out. The powerful Cletrac was waiting until I had fastened the wire around the ski pedestals. The pilots had actually got the centre motor running (after five

years under the ice). Now the wire rope was hooked on to the Cletrac; the centre engine roared and belched out clouds of smoke; and then slowly the Ford came up the steep incline on to the surface. It being too sticky to tow her home, we left her till the next day. I counted 32 penguins in the cage.

January 24. Snowing all day. We had fresh vegetables, fish and potatoes for dinner – what a feed! *

** Every explorer craves fresh food, fruit and especially green vegetables”, wrote Siple in his 1939 Clark University thesis (p.189).*

The Postmaster hasn’t stopped since he’s been here- the electric canceling machine has been going night and day. He told me he brought with him over 70,000 letters to get the expedition’s special stamp cancelled in Little America. The stamps cost half a dollar each.

The *Bear of Oakland* had to cast off quickly today and layoff, as the Bay ice was breaking up.

The doctor is quite worried about his eyes: they are not getting well. Whilst he was almost delirious in his first stage of snowblindness, he asked different ones to put one or two drops of cocaine in, to stop the pain. Now, he thinks he has ruined his eyes with too much cocaine.* We all tell him they will get better in time (they certainly did look bulgy and milky). **

** In his Clark thesis, Paul Siple wrote: “The pain is successfully relieved by inserting under the lids pellets or salve of cocaine and zinc ointment” (p. 225). And it’s likely some men on BAE2 benefited from this treatment – as had some polar explorers in earlier days. On the Internet, thanks to “Project Gutenberg”, one can access Douglas Mawson’s *The Home of the Blizzard (1915)*, in Appendix 5 of which, zinc and cocaine tablets are noted as quickly relieving snow-blindness. **Doubtless, today the recommended treatment to relieve the pain of radiation keratitis has changed – but I am not sure that we can speak of a cure.***

*** This whole paragraph was of **critical importance** when I was writing my biographical essay on BAE2’s Dr Louis H. Potaka: it seems more than likely that in the days and weeks following January 5/6 the doctor’s eyes had suffered very significant corneal damage.*

January 26. The big iron ship *Jacob Ruppert* arrived, but is lying off till the weather moderates. The wooden ship *Bear of Oakland* has been lying off now five days. A balloon was sent up. The Postmaster has now finished stamping and canceling letters. He also brought down 7,000 special stamps to put on envelopes for different people and cancel in Little America.

January 29. The *Bear* came alongside again and loading is going on full speed again; but Byrd is worried by the way the ice is cracking and preventing the ships from coming in. It snowed all day. Surface is very bad for transport. The *Bear* had to lay off again, after Tea, * on account of icebergs bearing down on her; so to save time she went over alongside the *Jacob Ruppert* and unloaded on to her.

** A nice English touch! Presumably, meaning much more than a cup of tea.*

One of the Citroen snow tractor's bearings seized, so the Cletrac towed it back to Little America – it was repaired. There's one thing about the radiators on all these six tractors – they never gave us any trouble as regards freezing-up. We mixed with water a patent liquid called Prestone, * one part to three or four of water; and it would take 60 to 70 below Zero to freeze; but neat Prestone freezes around 30 below Zero.

** First produced in 1927 as a coolant/antifreeze for automobiles – and still around. Tractor driver E.J.Demas noted that it “gave excellent results” (“Tractor Operations on BAE2”, Polar Record, January 1936, p.180).*

Dangerous icebergs and growlers were floating about aimlessly all day long; so when clear the *Bear* kept coming in alongside, and we quickly loaded more stuff on to her upper deck – then she would steam over to the *Jacob Ruppert* and discharge it.

February 2. The *Jacob Ruppert* came alongside for the first time. We quickly suspended two telegraph poles from her near-side to keep her from pounding against the projecting underwater ice tow (?); then we just poured everything we could on board her - the most difficult were the four planes.

February 4. A strong wind sprung up; and with the current coming from underneath the ice, Byrd deemed it wise to put to sea. Nearly all the gear was on board, so everybody went on board , except three or four men left on the ice. The *Bear* came back for one more load and took off the rest of the Ice Party; steamed over to the *Ruppert*, and discharged. *

** Byrd in Discovery briefly notes a few items left on the “Barrier” (p.383). Demas was to express his “deepest regret” that they sailed, leaving some machines on the edge of the barrier to be claimed by the Antarctic” (Polar Record, January 1936, p.184). Of course, those in the Ice Party, Bob Young included, made sure their diaries, notes, souvenirs and personal items were not left behind – including the items they had salvaged from the Little America of BAE1 days(in Bob's case, a large clock – see my Appendix 4).*

And on February 5 about 2.30 p.m. we all said goodbye to the Bay of Whales, and steamed slowly to Discovery Inlet, about 80 miles west, in very foggy, dangerous waters.

Next day (February 6) both ships arrived in Discovery Inlet about 3 p.m. The weather had cleared a little. All the rigging and upper structures of ships covered in a hoary rime frost, hanging like wadding – it looked very appropriate for the surroundings. The *Bear*, being the smaller and easier to maneuver, sneaked in close alongside to catch penguins and shoot as many seals as it could. So, a dog team was landed, and they soon came back with 24 penguins (all moulting) and 24 seals. *

** Bob had probably handled as many seals and seen as many penguins by the end of the expedition as any other man on BAE2 – except perhaps for Lindsey and his scientific colleagues, who worked on them during the winter night. The many references in his*

*narrative to dogs indicate that, although he did not go on any of the extended land trips/trails with the scientists (as Corey and Stancliff and Stuart Paine, for instance, did), Bob also had been much involved with the expedition's dogs – driving dog teams when hauling supplies to and fro, preparing their winter quarters, feeding them, separating them when they were at each other's throats and perhaps dispatching the weak and dying to the next world. And one assumes he was as fond of the animals and reluctant to lose them as the next man (though having been a farmer, he was very likely less sentimental than some of his fellow explorers might have been when dogs died or had to be put down). As far as I know, however, Bob did not keep any of the dogs after the expedition (as, for example, Dr Louis Potaka and the man who acted as the doctor's assistant, Jim Sterrett, did – Jim taking his back to America. BP). Some forty years after Bob referred to 'Eskimo' dogs (though Byrd does not use that label in *Discovery*, p.18), they were renamed 'Inuit' dogs (and there have been several papers dealing with the genetic origin and history of the Inuit dog, from the wild wolf, *lupus*). And fifty years after BAE2 – and after intensive use of dogs as draught animals by, for instance, the British in the Antarctic in the 1970s, a clause was added to the Antarctic Treaty banning the presence of dogs on Antarctica (from April, 1994). This was not because they did not thrive in the extreme environmental conditions down South – but because it was feared (or perhaps known) that dogs might transmit distemper to seals. Presumably, therefore, there is today no Byrd-figure with his pet dog at any of the bases and stations in Antarctica; and the transportational methods that Byrd pioneered in the 1930s reign supreme - with Amundsen and Shackleton and Scott (to a lesser degree) the last to rely on dogs (and skis, and Shanks's pony – poor 'Birdie' Bowers!) for lengthy periods on the ice and snow down South. (We will not mention the foolhardy attempts of Shackleton and Scott to employ Siberian ponies as draught animals down South). Those with a taste for fictionalized true dog stories may have seen and approved of the 2006 Disney movie "8 Below" – or even the earlier Japanese film version of the extraordinary tale of the survival of dogs left in the Antarctic by a Japanese expedition in 1958. One understands that, in fact, two of the 15 dogs left behind survived. All fifteen were Sakhalins – perhaps not to be confused with 'huskies' or 'Inuit' dogs. On the web ("Antarctica dogs"), many wonderful colour photographs may be found of 'huskies' down South – before the 1994 ban.*

At 2 a.m. on the morning of February 7, the Bear came alongside the Jacob Ruppert, and discharged everything she had on her upper deck. Then both ships turned round and steamed for real home – New Zealand.

We passed many huge icebergs for the next three days. We lost one day crossing the 180th Meridian from west to east. We met our first albatross right on the Antarctic Circle in 67 degree South Latitude. * It began to get quite dark at night-time.

** Paul Siple and Alton Lindsey noted that: "A Light-mantled Sooty albatross was patrolling our wake at 77 degrees 50 minutes S.. Three days later, five Black-browed Albatrosses joined us...and the stately Wandering Albatross appeared at 68 degrees 40 minutes S.". All three species were more southerly than normal because of the absence of pack ice (*The Polar Times*, March 1938, p.1). Bob Young's interest in birds – including penguins – not to mention seals, was clearly stimulated by his association with AAL and life down South. For great photographs of Skuas (one of them rousing Bob's ire in the early days of BAE2) and penguins (and the two species he sought to describe) and seals (including the species he fended off on the Bay ice when working with Lindsey) and Antarctic skies and much more, one should search the web – under "Antarctica dogs/birds", etc.*

February 14. In 59 degrees South Latitude it came over very rough – seas broke some of the Condor plane’s windows. A 40-mile an hour wind was blowing; it blew the kitchen funnel down. Several seasick. On approaching New Zealand a few days after, the water was nice and smooth.

All the 18 big Emperor penguins are in a long swimming pool in the refrigerator chamber specially built. The 30-odd Adelie penguins are penned up on the upper deck. Some of the penguins that have been in captivity longest will take fish out of your hand.

February 17. We changed round the birds: those in the swimming tank came outside for a day of sunlight; the others went into the swimming pool – and they did enjoy it; first swim they had since caught.*

** Lindsey remembered that the penguins were brought up on deck to exercise and dry their plumage...and during these promenades the stiff tail feathers were worn from friction with the deck-plates...hence the eight Emperors - who had died at the Brookfield Zoo after five months from a lung infection – “ mounted for the fine habitat group in Chicago’s Field Museum of Natural History are all facing the observer; only the painted birds on the backdrop have tails.” “Seeking Life: A Naturalist’s Odyssey”, 1982. Unpublished MS. p.100 (BP). We had seen the display more than once over the years; and in December, 2006, David Willard of the Field Museum’s staff confirmed in an e-mail to me that they “ still look great”; the taxidermist had done a “fine job”.*

On February 18 the *Jacob Ruppert* entered Dunedin in New Zealand, the beautiful civilized islands I left 433 days ago. *

** Lindsey said that he longed to be able to walk down a street without knowing every person on the street. Doubtless, every member of BAE2 was looking forward to something special, after their time on the Ice. Dr Poulter met up with his sons and fiancée in New Zealand and immediately got married. I have often wondered if Dr Louis Potaka was hoping to consult an ophthalmologist; I am inclined to think he did not intend to have his injured eyes examined..*

I have purposely cut short a lot of my daily diary for all these days, or I should still be writing.

The *Bear* arrived two days after (February 20), and needless to say, both ships had a tremendous welcome. *

** Paine recorded : “Our reception here cool as a cold ice box. Not over 6 people on the dock to welcome the Bear when she came in” (SPD, p.261). There were probably few complaints about a leader in The London Times a few days later: under the heading “Admiral Byrd’s Return”, it stated that: “In this country no less than in America the contribution made by Admiral Byrd’s second expedition will be welcomed cordially as is his safe return” March 2, 1935, p.13). On March 11, the NYT reported that “as the Jacob Ruppert edged to the dock at Dunedin Byrd and crew were hailed by an enthusiastic crowd”; it also published a photograph of*

the February 18 arrival of the Ruppert.

I was invited to continue the voyage to the U.S.A.; so I did. *

** The Dunedin Evening Star, presumably reporting what Bob had told them, wrote: "...his character impressed the ice party and he has already had several offers of work in the U.S. and he proposes to accompany them home to find out whether conditions in that country will suit him" (February 20, 1935 p.8).*

(On March 1, 1935, the NYT reported that 50-year old Captain Frederick Melville, under whom Bob Young had sailed to Little America on the City of New York to bring home Admiral Byrd and the rest of the BAE1 winter party, had died while at sea).

Admiral Byrd met his wife and they both went to Panama by passenger boat. * Taku's seven pups, the finest born on the ice, now nearly 12 months old, were injected with serum against Rabies (they were done against distemper on the ice). The young Bull born on the ship going down and now over a year old - never been on land yet - was offered some nice fresh sweet clover hay. It wouldn't look at it the first day, but the second day YES. We lent two of our tamest penguins to a local fish dealer to exhibit in his shop - he gave us all our fish, also enough to cross the Pacific with. There's only 19 penguins left alive now.

** Departing on the RANGITIKI on March 15, having previously been received by Lord Bledisloe on February 28 - who also left NZ on that boat (Otago Daily News).*

March 13. Both ships left for Panama, 6,490 miles off.

(On March 23 the NYT reported that 7 BAE2 participants - including David Paige, and the two Paramount cameramen with their films - plus the Postal Official with his franked letters, had arrived in Los Angeles. The NYT revealed a couple of weeks later - on April 7- that not all stamp collectors were happy with the date on their letters, attributed to "frozen ink" at Little America. And readers, interested in frozen ink, might, for a chuckle, read Dr Louis Potaka's "Bedtime Story" in the 'Barrier Bulletin', reprinted in Footsteps pp.303-304. Each time I read it, I wonder what Bob thought of his Kiwi colleague's cryptic sense of humour?).

But we stopped at Easter Island (23 days from New Zealand) on our way for three days (April 4 - 6), and on April 5 and 6 gave the *Bear* all the coal she wanted. The few natives are of a mixed breed, Chilean-Spanish. They traded hand-carved ornaments and fruit (etc) for old clothes. They don't use money.* Numerous huge images of rock and cattle and sheep were all over the island.

** Paine writes of bartering a shirt for an image, a shirt and pants for a good image etc, and of reactions to Poulter showing the natives one reel of a movie - "they were dumbstruck and gazed open-mouthed at the spectacle, particularly at the women" (SPD, p. 268).*

And on April 6, both ships left for Panama, but the *Jacob Ruppert* being the faster ship stopped at the Galapagos Islands ten days after, and slowly cruised up and down for two days.

April 16. On first entering the harbour of Albermarle Island * one of the biggest in the group on the Equator,

** Named by the British after a duke; subsequently renamed Isabela Island. And by far the largest in the Galapagos – in fact, bigger than all the other islands combined. I am not sure what Bob meant by the ‘harbour of Albermarle’. ‘Punta Albermarle’ at the remote northern tip of Isabela is well-known for rough seas and pounding surf; and in WW2 it was a US radar station.*

a long line of a big species of porpoises (about 100) kept ahead of us, leaping out of the water ten or twelve feet as if greeting us. Then a big group of pelicans showed us how they could dive and catch fish – likewise Helldivers, a big fast-flying bird; like a Gannet it dives into the water at a tremendous speed. There was also the Bosun or Frigate bird. There were only two small steep beaches to choose from for landing parties, and the biggest and most dangerous surf I have ever seen (?) was running all the time. However, we lowered our big motor boat and with a small rowing boat in tow, took a radio set and other fishing gear and steamed over closer to shore. The *Jacob Ruppert* kept eight or ten miles out to sea. We started fishing – they took bait line and all. Big sea Bass, quite a few; all gold colour, Soon the bait ran out; so I took a strip of red bunting and that – they took it as if it was the most choicest bait of all. Sea lions actually came round the boat and tried to snatch the fish off our lines – one did, and broke the line. Big turtles swam round, curious, but not too close. And last but not least, several big sharks were swimming up and down, quite close enough, with their big dorsal fins just lazily moving through the water. We shot at several, and they were very hard to hit with our .303 rifle.

The next thing to do was to try and land on this desolate, uninhabited volcanic rock. Not many humans have ever put foot on this Island before, The scientist Professor Beebe and his small expedition were the last to land on this island, two or three years before. *

** William Beebe had been in the islands in 1923 and 1925. The *Arcturus Adventure* (G.P.Putnam’s Sons), his account of the New York Zoological Society’s First Oceanographic Expedition, appeared in 1926. “The remarkable Life of William Beebe: Explorer and Naturalist” by Carol Gould was published in 2004 (Island Press). Bob would have been interested in Beebe’s deep sea diving activities – mostly in the Southern Seas - and it’s likely that Beebe’s books had been in the BAE2 library collection. (Charles Darwin, on the *Beagle*, was on Albermarle Island in September - October 1835, almost a century before Bob and the other BAE2 explorers).*

I was asked to take the boat in and try and land the first party. I got in and landed two of our scientists, with rifles and cameras, practically without getting wet – a surprise to me. What a big strong undertow there was, which shelved back into deep water. A poor chance if anybody fell in – yet a few sea lions a few yards along just rolled and played about in it. Then I went back to the major boat fishing about half a mile off, and got another boat load and landed them. I landed five loads; then I stayed ashore for a little stretch.

I only saw four or five different kinds of measly weeds or grass growing; and the proverbial prickly pear, which was fairly strong and tall in places; and four wild dogs, or goats they looked like in the distance; a few small green lizards and big iguanas; and several small volcanic craters about a mile off. The highest range in the distance would be about 2 or 300 feet high. A tropical downpour of rain drenched everybody, but it soon passed over.

The second day (April 17) was just a repetition of the first day. We left with 15 live iguanas and several different sea birds shot for specimens, and six penguins (two babies and four adults) indigenous only to these islands and also the most northerly penguins in the world.

We now have on board the most southerly and northerly penguins in the world alive. We also netted a young baby seal lion, but it struggled and got out of the boat. One vicious bite it took at me – missed and bit the boat instead, leaving three deep scratches and one broken tooth in the wood. We caught 175 fish in the two days, averaging 12 pounds each. All these fish had like knife saw edges in their gills. One was quite enough to pick up; my fingers were sore several days afterwards.

We left late April 17, and crossed the Equator next morning (April 18) bound for Panama (1,000 miles). One experienced old seaman with plenty of surfing to his credit told me he wouldn't have taken a boat in in a surf like that – if one had capsized, sharks would have been there in no time. It was only because I had two good oarsmen in the boat that I took the risk – also that I wanted to get ashore myself. I certainly had Providence on my side: one man when he jumped out of the boat tripped and fell; the undertow dragged him down a little way, but he held on to the rope I threw him – otherwise the next breakers coming in would have got him. I'm sure there weren't many in those little excursions aware of the risk they were taking. Hardly any of them has pulled an oar in a seaway (?), let alone been in a boat tossing about before.

Sunday April 21. If it wasn't for the sea breeze, it would be hot. Two big Blue whales quite unconcernedly passed by our bows. We haven't seen a single ship since we left New Zealand 39 days ago.

The next day (April 22) we saw our first ships and plenty, for we arrived at Balboa, at 6 p.m.

At 7 a.m. the next morning (April 23) we went through the Panama Canal – which was heavily guarded since they caught two Japanese spies * under the cloak of Philipinos - and arrived at Colon at the eastern end at 2.p.m.

**The Panama Canal had been operating for some 21 years in 1935. And the US controlled the "Panama Canal Zone", and there was a strong military presence in the PCZ. I am not sure whose "spies" would have been interested in it, in 1935. At the end of 1999, the US relinquished its control of the PCZ and the Panama Authority now runs the canal – and currently is seeking government approval for major developments. I doubt that Bob Young had been through the Canal before BAE2's return from the Antarctic. But he possibly made the transit in the opposite*

direction in early 1936. In any event, he does not have anything to say about the Canal, the creation of which was rated by historian David McCulloch as “one of the supreme human achievements of all time” (The Path Between the Seas, Simon and Schuster, New York, 1977, p.613)

The *Bear* arrived in the morning and took in 240 tons of coal. Aeroplanes were flying night and day. It was very hot and sultry.

April 26. I was asked to go on the *Bear* for the remainder of the voyage to Boston (2,000 miles).* We left 1 p.m. the same day for Washington. There were bunches of bananas hanging all round the upper deck – we just helped ourselves.

**As a “Boy” in the Royal Navy before 1914, Bob knew all about sailing ships, and he had sailed on the City of New York during BAE1, (see my Appendix 3). Doubtless he would have relished the opportunity to transfer from the Ruppert to the Bear.*

The *Jacob Ruppert* left the next day (April 27) – she soon overhauled us. We had headwinds most all the way. When we did set all sail the wind would change; then first the top sails would have to come off, and we would finish up by only leaving the two flying jibs. Whilst in the Caribbean Sea our engines broke down for four hours.

But both ships were at Quantico * up the Potomac River on May 10, when all expedition members transferred to one ship (the *Bear of Oakland*) ** and we steamed up to Washington – a few hours run. * The US airship *Enterprise* escorted us up and kept flying just over our masts and calling out to us. **** And at 4 p.m. we all landed with Admiral Byrd and were presented to President Roosevelt. ***** Later in the evening we all attended a banquet in the Great Willard Hotel, where one of our penguins was on show – and also two Emperor Penguins in a big block of ice with the centre scooped out.**

** Bob had his picture taken in Quantico, Virginia, with a sister whose American husband was in the Marines. The dog in the picture is the Marines’ mascot (BP).*

*** Dr Poulter and family, traveling on the liner Santa Monica, had arrived in New York from Bilbao on May 7, where he described as “romantic but untrue” the notion that because of its climate the Antarctic would be an excellent place for a health resort (NY, May 8, 1935). A month later, when Poulter and Byrd were both receiving honorary degrees from Wesleyan College in Iowa, Poulter heard the admiral repeat the “romantic” notion, and state that germs could not survive in the severe climate (NYT, June 4). Other than snowblindness, I have not read or heard that Bob Young was unwell during BAE2.,*

**** See the fine photograph on p.110. NG, Volume LXVIII, Number One, July, 1935.*

***** The guns boomed a “salute to the Explorer...” (NYT, May 10)*

****** It is a feast day for readers of the NYT!. Paine notes: “We filed off led by R.E.B. and shook hands with the President” (SPD, p.272). At his home in Winchester, Massachusetts, in June, 1996, Corey told us that while waiting in line behind him, Bob noticed that when shaking hands FDR was looking everywhere except at the person he was greeting; and just before Corey’s turn to receive a handshake, Bob loudly commented that he would make sure he’d give*

FDR a “real bloody good old sailor’s handshake”. I wonder if a movie camera caught Bob doing so! Incidentally, the information on the “scope and content” of the film DISCOVERY available at the USNA concludes with the note that: “Pres. Roosevelt and others greet Byrd as he disembarks in Boston; FDR and Byrd speak” (Reel 10).

May 12. Both ships left for Boston – arrived next day. This was the Admiral’s home port; and what a reception we all got! * We were all received by the Governor and Mayor at a banquet at the big Statler Hotel.

** Of course, the Admiral’s return was well covered by the local press, and the NYT. The Boston Herald trumpeted “Welcome Home, Sir! (on May 16). And there was a parade, windows and sidewalks crowded with Bostonians cheering wildly. On the Common in Boston there was a program that included music, fanfare salutes and speeches. And Joshua Jones penned a poem: “All hail intrepid hero bold/ Whom here today we greet! Home you are welcomed from the sea/Loved Boston’s honored son”. The NYT revealed that Byrd had arrived the day before the ships, and had worn a disguise (smoked spectacles and a floppy black mustache) to get incognito to the Ruppert for the procession up the harbour (May 17). One imagines that Byrd and his associates were already at work preparing for the extended lecture tour that would, they hoped, raise money to help pay off the debts incurred by BAE2 and compiling the manuscript for the October 1935 National Geographic article, and the “story” that would be published by Putnam’s Sons under the title ‘Discovery’ (Charles Murphy initialing three of the twenty-eight chapters, but almost certainly contributing much more to Byrd’s book than those three). And many members of the Ice Party would have already been planning to resume their pre-BAE2 lives – or wondering what to do now that it was ending. And one imagines that bachelor Bob Young was not in a great hurry to return to New Zealand.*

Out of the 19 penguins we had when we left New Zealand, only ten are alive now- they feed out of your hand and follow you round like children. But I’m afraid the hot weather is getting them down. They are shortly going to a Zoo. The dogs have stood the heat well. Some are going to the kennels in Canada; the rest will be sold or presented to members who want them.

(One of the interesting letters Byrd received on his return concerned the auto-gyro. Kellett Autogiro Corporation of Philadelphia wrote that: “You succeeded in carrying out operations with the Autogiro (which, as I advised you at the outset, was only in a comparatively crude state of development) which to those of us familiar with the difficulties of such operations with this type of aircraft are almost unbelievable ...I hope some time you can see our new wingless Autogiros...”. May 28, 1935, BP. For details concerning the development of the auto-gyro and the role played by Kellett Corporation etc, see the informative discussion by Hal Vogel in FRAM. “The Autogiro of the Second Byrd Antarctic Expedition”, FRAM: The Journal of Polar Studies. The 1984 Summer Issue, Vol.1, No.2, pp. 407-428).

June 14. The *Jacob Ruppert* steamed round to New York, unloaded and was tied up. The *Bear* was emptied and remained in Boston. The second Byrd Antarctic Expedition was now wound up and brought to a finish.

5. POSTSCRIPT

Bob Young had been admitted to the United States at Boston May 16 as “a seaman to reshipe foreign. * And for some time in the spring and summer of 1935 he was with the Byrd family in Florida . ** Thereafter, it appears, he was living on the *Bear of Oakland* and “acting as a kind of caretaker”. ***

** Letter from U.S. Department of Labor, November 7, 1935 (BP).*

*** Bob said “Florida”, on several occasions, BUT the late Mrs Bolling Byrd Clarke, one of the Admiral’s four children, recollected that in 1935 he was, in fact at the Byrd camp on Mt Desert Island off the coast of Maine; and she spoke of the many wonderful times when Bob would take them fishing , when we met her by chance on Dr Paul Dalrymple’s lawn in Port Clyde, Maine, in August, 1989. Her interesting letter to me a year later (dated August 16, 1990) I include as **Appendix 6** - Mrs Clarke having kindly **given me permission to do so: I first requested permission in a letter dated 8 January 2007 (see **Appendix 7**); and she found our telephone number in Ontario and called in February - “By all means, use or quote anything of mine”, was her response to my written request, during our telephone conversation on February 18, 2007. In a 1996 letter to me (dated February 2) Mrs Clarke recalled that Bob “at that time sported a big, black beard... I was age 12 and remember him as being quiet and caring and helpful... I am sorry that you have been unable to find Bob’s diary... I can relate to your disappointment as Dad’s, for the period of his stay at Advanced Base, is also still missing, at least to my knowledge”. Mrs Clarke remained keenly interested in the BPRC and Antarctica (she was a Director of the Cook Society); and those wishing to know how she remembered the day her father arrived in Washington DC in May, 1935, should check “Alone on the Ice” on “Google”. Her speech on the day a statue of her father was unveiled in Winchester, VA, can also be found online. In May, 2007, Mrs Clarke and members of her family were in San Diego when Mrs Clarke sponsored and christened the latest USNS ship to be named after her father. In June, 2007, JD and I visited her at Kennett Square, near Philadelphia, and she showed us the mementoes of her visit for the christening sent to her by the US Navy. She was happy to talk about Bob and her Dad, though we interrupted her “going through and sorting Byrd-Antarctic stuff” – some items to go to the BPRC, some to family, and she added: “I may even keep a few things myself!” (e-mail to me, dated 27 June, 2007). And she was gracious enough to allow me to photograph her holding a copy of *Alone* (1938). In that June e-mail she said she had read the draft I had sent previously of Bob’s account and reminded me that she “would love to have a copy of the final version.... Give each other a hug for me... Bolling.”***

**** The Ilford Recorder, November 21 1935. And there exists an exchange of letters concerning the *Bear* and bringing the Edsel Ford launch from Gloucester to Boston and a detailed claim by Bob Young for some expense money, in October, 1935. Miss Hazel McKercher wrote Byrd asking him to initial Bob’s “expense account for \$11.20 for the week of September 30 to October 7” (letter dated 7 October, 1935, BP). It is not clear whether that Bob is claiming 50 cents for the “Geographical Magazine with the Admiral’s Little America article in it”.*

However, Bob's brother George (my father) had unexpectedly died in England in mid-June, 1935; and when Bob was finally located in the USA by his UK relatives, he began to make plans to visit England. In October, Byrd's office wrote to the Secretary of Labor in Washington DC attempting to expedite the re-entry permit * that Bob had requested earlier in Boston; and eventually Bob (having been advised that the system required that he should apply for a visitor's visa when in London) sailed to England on the SS Georgia on November 2. **

** Stating that: "One of the members Admiral Byrd's Antarctic Expedition, H.R.Young, a British subject, is very anxious to get to England as soon as possible. His brother recently died in England and it is important that he go in order to take care of his brother's business affairs...anything you can do...Admiral Byrd will greatly appreciate..." October 29, 1935 (BP).*

*** A further letter having been sent by Byrd's office to the American Consul in London, England, asking for the issuing of a visitor's visa, since Bob "plans to return to New Zealand, but wishes to come back here for a short stay, and then go to New Zealand" October 31,1935 (BP).*

While in England, Bob Young's story was featured in "The Ilford Recorder". He was quoted as saying he was snow blind for a week - "it feels as though some-one is throwing pepper into your eyes". He showed the reporter the clock he had salvaged from BAE1's Little America - "the pendulum was set in motion and it has kept going ever since". The long winter was "very monotonous if you haven't got a hobby" - he was busy "keeping a diary and doing woodwork". *

** The Ilford Recorder, November 21,1935. He left with his recently widowed sister-in-law (my mother) the large clock from Little America - which I understood, was the clock that for many years hung in the Grove Service Garage that my mother ran, until she retired - and a small piece of the Fokker plane he had crashed in, and, probably also at that time, a wool-on- sailcloth/canvass depiction of the City of New York in the Bay of Whale (see **Appendix I**). Bob is also quoted in the STAR (Special Edition, December 11,1935)" as saying: "My job with BAE2 was to see that everything went smoothly during the long Antarctic winter...It was terribly monotonous. I spent my time keeping a diary. But one man got so fed up that he would not speak for two months...Another thing I brought home was a camera case. I found it, miles away from anywhere, in the snow. Inside was a visiting card, bearing the name of Captain A.L. Nelson, the commander of the British Admiralty ship Discovery 2, which had been there earlier. When I came home the other day I returned the case to Captain Nelson. As he made it himself out of a piece of tin, and had a sentimental attachment for it. He had lent it to someone else on his ship and he had lost it". He was, the report said, returning to America to " discuss the possibility of another expedition with Admiral Byrd".*

Bob left England before Christmas, 1935; and back in Boston, he was again "living on the Bear of Oakland". *

** Letter from Byrd to a Mr Gilbert Browne, 27 December, 1935 (BP). During BAE2, Bob had noted the messages received from Ellsworth; and one wonders if several months afterwards the Admiral and Bob spoke about Lincoln Ellsworth, who had “gone missing” in early December, 1935 while attempting to fly from Dundee Island, off the Antarctic Peninsula, to Little America (the final stage of his attempt to fly across Antarctica from the Weddell Sea to the Ross Sea). A letter kindly sent from Dartmouth College reveals that Byrd had chatted with a Harold T. Clark of Ohio, who, Subsequently, on December 8, wrote to Arthur Mee in England saying that: “Only a few days before Lincoln Ellsworth disappeared on his last flight, I happened to have breakfast with Admiral Byrd. He said that he felt this flight across the Antarctic continent a most dangerous undertaking; that in the event of a forced landing it is very difficult to distinguish the terrain so as to be sure of landing safely, and that if one had to land, the high winds and the cold make it a real problem to take off again or in any event would use up a very large quantity of gasoline. Admiral Byrd also said that to try and locate Little America, after a flight of two thousand one hundred miles, was a very difficult task of navigation, especially for men who had never seen it, because it is scarcely visible at a distance of five miles”. Lincoln Ellsworth Papers (Stef.Mss.-63(1):41, Dartmouth College Library). Happily, Ellsworth and his pilot were found, after some 53 days: their radio had broken down, and then the Polar Star had run out of fuel and they had made a forced landing about 16 miles short of Little America; and subsequently they had left their aircraft and trekked to Byrd’s base, and were patiently waiting at Little America for the Wyatt Earp, the base ship of the Ellsworth Expedition, to rendezvous with them, according to schedule. Once again, the British research ship Discovery 2 had been asked to go South from Dunedin to assist polar explorers; and it subsequently took Ellsworth to Melbourne – while his pilot went aboard the Wyatt Earp. The Wyatt Earp had arrived at the Bay of Whales at the “same time” as Discovery 2, according to Last Port to Antarctica by Ian Church (Otago Heritage Books, Dunedin, 1997, pp. 85- 88). The London Times, however, reported that Discovery 2 found Ellsworth and his pilot on January 16, 1935, when the Wyatt Earp “was still 400 miles away”, and that the Wyatt Earp arrived at the Bay of Whales four days later, with Sir Hubert Wilkins on board, on January 20. In his autobiography Ellsworth describes being spotted by a search plane from Discovery and going aboard the ship and “learning that the Wyatt Earp was near, slowly breaking her way through the pack-ice outside the Ross Sea”. Sir Hubert, on the Wyatt, had been “in daily touch with the Discovery 2, coming down from New Zealand. With him for a while it was a race, as for the honour of the expedition he tried to reach the Bay of Whales first and thus allow us to accomplish our own “salvation”. But when he found out that this meant over-working the engines through 1,000 miles of heavy pack, he desisted and allowed the British ship to get in ahead” (Beyond Horizons, Heinemann, 1938, p.339). Many messages in the Byrd Papers at the BPRC shed light on the relationship between Byrd and Ellsworth, and some are noted in Explorer, Lisle Rose’s biography of Byrd.*

He was soon anxious to continue on to New Zealand; and Byrd’s Secretary, Miss Hazel McKerchner, wrote to a Steamship Agents and Brokers in New York: ...Bob Young “now wants to return to New Zealand. Is there a chance of getting a workaway passage, or passage at reduced rates, on any of your ships to New Zealand. He would like to leave

here as soon as possible. Admiral Byrd would greatly appreciate it if you could give us some information on this.” * Their response was promising: “With regard to Mr Young, the S.S.Somerset will be sailing from New York about the 20th January for Australia , and immediately this steamer reaches here for loading we will take the matter up with the Captain to see if there something can be done to arrange for a work away passage or one at a nominal cost”. **

** Miss Hazel McKercher to Norton, Lilly & Co, NYC, 19 December (BP).*

*** Letter dated January 2, 1936.*

Shortly after Christmas, Byrd wrote to Mr Kermit Roosevelt (of American Pioneer Line) in New York City:

My dear Kermit:

One of my expedition members, Harry Richard Young, in anxious to return home. He came into the United States last spring when our expedition returned, entering as a seaman to reship foreign. He has remained here most of the time, but went to England early in November where he has relatives. The American Consul in London issued him a permit to reenter the United States for a sixty day period and it necessary for him to leave within a month in order to keep within the law. He has very little money and is willing to work his passage on a ship which will get him to New Zealand even if it is a roundabout trip. Young is a hard worker and can do any kind of work about the decks. He served with the British Navy as a deck hand for a number of years. Do you have any ships leaving for Australia or New Zealand on which it would be possible for Young to work his way? I shall greatly appreciate it if you can find a place for him...*

** Byrd to Kermit Roosevelt, One Broadway, NYC. 27 December (BP).*

I doubt that serving as a “deck hand” was exactly what Bob had for a “number of years” done in the Royal Navy. I suppose Byrd thought it might help Bob secure a working passage. Whether it did or not, I do not know.

One way or another, Bob returns to Australia-New Zealand in about February, 1936; and on June 2 he writes (c/o the address of a friend in Wellington, BP) to Byrd acknowledging the “fine credentials” the admiral has sent him, * and offering his services “to you again should you embark on another expedition North, South, East or West... I mean you can bank on me anytime”. And he continues: “Your last movie picture was on at Wellington when I arrived...and didn’t it get some cheering; well I quietly thought there was a lot missing. ** I am now waiting for your book to come to NZ or Aust.. I have made enquiries at the principal bookstores but no sign of it yet...I hope this finds you and Mrs B in the best of health and also the family... I remain Yours sincerely, H.R.Young (Bob)

** “To Whom it May Concern: This is to state that Robert Young, formerly of the Royal Navy, served with me on two of my Antarctic Expeditions. On the last expedition he spent the Winter night on the ice and was selected from thousands of*

men for this duty. I selected him because of the splendid work which he did on my first expedition. I am glad to be able to say that came up to my highest expectations. He is one of the hardest working, and most conscientious men that I have ever come in contact with. He is efficient and has that rare trait of absolute loyalty which so few men possess. He is strong physically and has great endurance. Anyone who could procure his services would in my opinion be fortunate" dated April 11, 1936 (BP).

** Bob must, of course, be referring to a movie about BAE2. In the USNA (NWDNM), it is entitled *DISCOVERY*. It's 90-odd minutes in length, and is strewn with quotes from Coleridge's "The Ancient Mariner" ("And it grew wondrous cold" and so on), Byrd opening with a map of Antarctica, and along the way (in Reel #6, according to the notes provided by the NWDNM) showing maps of areas explored and commenting that "they are Uncle Sam's by right of discovery". If this comment was cut from the original film shown to audiences in the States, one would not be surprised. And one is not surprised, to read that the movie was re-titled *AT THE BOTTOM OF THE WORLD* for Australian and New Zealand audiences, having previously been released by Paramount Pictures on October 4, 1935, under the title *LITTLE AMERICA, CAPITAL OF THE UNKNOWN*. (Jim Sterrett, incidentally, referring to the "film" he said Byrd "procured" for him from Paramount thought the film "splendid except for the fact that there is not one shot of Penguins or live seals"; and we assume Sterrett had not been provided with the full motion picture. Letter to Byrd, July 18, 1936, BP). Anyway, Paramount's two cameramen with BAE2 had returned, we read, with 130,000 feet of film, but Paramount did not think a "satisfactory picture" could be made from their work. Very concerned (for financial reasons), Byrd anxiously offered to cooperate in any way to make a "picture fit for release". Murphy worked with Paramount on the project... and nearly a third of the final movie was made behind locked doors on a Paramount stage. Furthermore, we are told, Byrd and twelve of his explorers comprised the cast, Byrd wearing a wig and made up to appear emasculated for the Advance Base scenes. The writer of the NYT article revealing these details noted that "the public and the critics accepted the offering as authentic" ("Gossip From the Film City: The Decline of the Expeditionary Picture", NYT, December 1, 1935). The Paramount cameramen certainly argued, in a July 28 memo to Poulter, that "moving pictures should be taken at Advance Base while the Admiral is still there" (Poulter, *The Winter Night Trip...* p. 69) but whether the scenes in the final movie are authentic or not, I'm not sure. (Lisle A. Rose apparently thinks they are: see Rose, p.368). In the NYT of October 15, 1935, *LITTLE AMERICA* is described as "fifty-two minutes of vivid, absorbing and frequently humorous film...there is no attempt to present any factual pictures of Admiral Byrd's five-month sojourn at the advance base, nor a visual account of his being overcome by fumes...with rare restraint...they have scorned "faking" or over dramatization of events". In the *London Times* the review of *AT THE BOTTOM OF THE WORLD* notes that "this record of Rear-Admiral Byrd's second expedition to the Antarctic is made with all the efficiency and showmanship which an ordinary film would give to a fictitious episode...there are some wonderful landscapes...seen from the air, and the domestic life of the expedition, in their underground warren during the long winter night, is fascinating to watch...the commentary is heavily pictureque, but not persistently facetious" (TT, "New Films in London", November 11, 1935, p.10). On the issue of "authenticity", in the many decades since 1935, several true and stirring Antarctic adventures, with professional actors playing the parts of actual historical figures and with sets and snowscapes created to resemble the real huts and icy southern landscapes, and with very little visual content that was "authentic", have been made into highly successful films and television offerings (e.g. "Scott of the Antarctic" – issued on DVD in 2006; and "The Last Place on Earth", on DVD since 2001; and "Endurance" the dramatization of Shackleton's 1914-15 saga). If we think of explorations into space and movies, the highly successful 1995 film of the true story of the aborted attempt of NASA's Apollo 13 to land astronauts on the moon comes to mind: how much of the Ron Howard film is authentic? It is said to be a strikingly realistic re-creation of the event: "You got it right", was one astronaut's comment. It is probably correctly labeled a "docudrama". In any event, watching "Apollo 13", for the umpteenth time, one thinks of the parallels between the gripping events of a few days in April, 1970 (relayed every

hour to the world by radio and television) and the Advance Base saga lasting several months in 1934, reported almost daily to the world, courtesy of CBS and the NYT.

Then, evidently in Australia, in early July, 1936, Bob gives “a most interesting talk” on a Brisbane radio station (4BK), which prompts the Courier-Mail Broadcasting Station’s Chief Announcer to write to Byrd requesting Byrd’s autograph for “one of the Junior members of the staff who had heard and met Mr Young”. *

** Letter dated July 24, 1936; and sent to “Admiral Byrd, c/o of National Geographic Society” in Washington D.C. (BP).*

And then in September, Bob writes to Byrd “with birthday wishes for October 25”; and telling him he is working as a rigger at Mount Isa, in North Central Queensland, a job he “fell into quite accidentally when in Brisbane”. He encloses a “few stamps for the children”; and in a PS adds “Now for a quiet smoke with the pipe you gave me for Christmas; and then turn in”. *

** Letter dated September 9, 1936: from c/o Wellington (BP).*

Back in New Zealand in 1937, after 12 months “in Aussie”, and, apparently, staying at the Sailors’ Home in Auckland, Bob writes to an old friend within a few days of his return.* He comments: “I was sorry to learn when I arrived here that Dr Potaka our medico on the ice for fifteen months committed suicide 3 or four months ago.” **

** Letter to “Dear Phil”, February 28, 1937 (CMNZ – MS 344).*

*** He died on October 2, 1936, in Nelson. (See my biographical essay on Dr Louis H. Potaka in The Ohio State University’s ‘Knowledge Bank’). Copies of two invaluable letters were sent to me in June, 1985, by David Harrowfield, Archivist at the Canterbury Museum in Christchurch, New Zealand. They had been presented to his Museum by a friend of the recipient just a few days before the publication in a local newspaper, The Press, of my notice requesting information about Bob Young! (See my Appendix 5)*

And he adds: “He went snowblind soon after I did, but he took a long time to get better. I remember now him telling me he might as well commit suicide as his eyes would be no more good to his profession...I told him to cut out talking like that. He never answered. I thought he would forget about it as he and I were decent cobbers ...”.

Bob also told Phil that he was awaiting a reply from “the leader of the British Antarctic Expedition leaving next month via New Zealand and Australia *...if I fail to get away with the British Expedition, I am still good with Byrd: he promised me a place in his next expedition next year”.

** Bob had previously written to Sir Douglas Mawson twice: in 1930 (when Douglas Mawson, Commanding the B.A.N.Z Antarctic Research Expedition, advised him, in September, from the University of Adelaide, that “unfortunately almost all appointments have already been made” but agreed to send his letter to the captain of the*

Discovery, which sailed out of Hobart, Tasmania on November 22, 1930), and again in August 1931 (when Bob asked to be “allowed the privilege of again volunteering my services as a seaman (or anything else going) on your ship Discovery to the South in your next expedition...I’ve done 12 years in the Royal Navy and I’m still on the Fleet Reserve as a Petty Officer and in the pink of condition”; Mawson replying in September from Adelaide that “our Antarctic expedition is now completed”). He had also tried to get work on a Norwegian whaler working down South (BP). BAE2 was, however, to be Bob’s next and last Antarctic adventure – and I would not be surprised to learn that he considered it the highlight of his life.

Two of his fellow explorers with BAE2 mention Bob Young in letters shortly after the termination of BAE2. Responding to an enquiry from Victor Czegka about the whereabouts of certain items, Stevenson Corey comments that: “Bob Young for instance refused to give up his eiderdown sleeping bag; in fact was greatly insulted; and after all I can’t go after them with a gun”. * And Al Lindsey writing to Paul Siple about some disappointment says: “As Bob Young would have said – “Damn my bloody luck!”. **

** Letter to Admiral Byrd, July 29, 1935 (USNA).*

*** Letter to Paul Siple, September 21, 1936 (USNA).*

In 1937, Bob buys a small farm north of Auckland. * And a letter sent from “Greenhithe, Upper Harbour”, to “Dear Dick” refers, amongst other things, to his time in the USA in Maine in mid-1935 and the “good old Edsel Ford” boat nearly “capsizing”, and to the penguins “we brought home” and that he would liked “to have had charge of”...he fed them when Siple and Lindsey were sea sick and he “had a great liking for those birds”. He also writes about “enjoying shoveling snow” in the Antarctic – “it kept me fit which was my chief concern”. **

** If I got this information from his obituary in Antarctic, September, 1966 (p. 159), it might not be entirely accurate. And I suspect that it might be more accurate to say that he bought a property that he intended to develop for farming or as a small holding. My guess is that much of the land in Greenhithe was at that time in natural bush, and probably relatively cheap.*

*** Bob enclosed a copy of the photograph taken at Quantico, Virginia, in May, 1935, noting that his sister and brother-in-law were “now in Peking, China,” guarding the American Embassy). This letter (dated 19, June, 1937 BP) is, of course, addressed to Byrd’s son, Dickie; and Bob encloses a “few pictures about dairying I thought might interest you”. I am not sure what to make of the sentence that ends the letter: “I suppose you are still in the wrecking business – or I should say resurrection of good old have beens”. (Perhaps I was hoping that Dickie’s sister, Mrs Clarke, would comment on it when I sent her a copy of Dick’s letter - see my **Appendix 6**). Bob signs off: “Kind Regards, Yours sincerely, Bob Young”.*

The following year, Bob writes to Byrd (“Dear Sir”) concluding with: “I hope Dick is now quite OK after his operation. He tells me he watched them do it with the aid of a looking glass. He’s sure got some nerve. My best regards to all, Yours Sincerely, Bob”. *

** Letter dated 27 October, 1938 (BP). The letter is mainly about a chart for a Southern Hemisphere “Star Clock” that a friend had made, asking Byrd to check it over and send it to*

the manufacturer of a Northern Hemisphere Star Clock” that Bob had bought, requesting them to make if possible two Southern Hemisphere “Star Clocks”. Bob would “meet the expense”.

On November 22, 1938, Bob writes again to Byrd (“Dear Sir”), thanking him for his letter and the “medal” – “I am in the office of the American Consul now, and this sure brings back happy memories. Although hard and cold, I loved it all. Again thanking you, Yours Sincerely, H.R.Young. *

** Bob had not been present in Wellington on October 19, 1938, when Congressional Medals for Distinguished Service to the United States were presented to Mrs Potaka (Dr Potaka’s mother) and two others associated with BAE2 (The Dominion, October 20, 1938). The New Zealand Herald reported the November 22 presentation to Bob in Auckland (and published a rather good photograph), and quoted from Admiral Byrd’s “covering letter”: “With this medal goes a reiteration of my enduring appreciation for your splendid contribution to the expedition and my heartiest congratulations for this honour (sic) that the nation has done you” (23.11.38). Presumably Bob also received the “covering letter”. On one side of the medal are the words “PRESENTED TO THE OFFICERS AND MEN OF THE SECOND BYRD EXPEDITION TO EXPRESS THE HIGH ADMIRATION WHICH THE CONGRESS AND THE AMERICAN PEOPLE HOLD THEIR HEROIC AND UNDAUNTED ACCOMPLISHMENTS FOR SCIENCE UNEQUALLED IN THE HISTORY OF POLAR EXPLORATION”. And “R. Young” is inscribed on the side of his medal. The front of the medal is shown in a photograph in M.L.Paine’s book *Footsteps on the Ice*, on p.281. (Byrd had not been present personally to accept The Patron’s Medal from the Royal Geographical Society London in 1931 for BAE1 and “his flights over both the North and South Poles”. It was accepted on his behalf by Captain Galbraith of the United States Embassy, who undertook to “transmit it to him through his department” - *The Geographical Journal*, Vol.78, 1931).*

In early 1939, Byrd’s Secretary reminds him about Bob’s letter of October 27; * and responding some months later, Byrd gives Bob (“My dear Bob”) the results of his enquiries about making a “Star Clock” - and in his last paragraph writes: “As you have perhaps heard, the United States Government is sending an expedition to the Antarctic this Fall and I have been appointed Commanding Officer. I hope to see you when we reach New Zealand”. **

** Memo from Hazel McKerchner to Byrd, dated 17 Feb, 1939 (BP)*

*** Letter dated 20 October, 1939 (BP).*

Whether Admiral Byrd and Bob Young met later that year in December (or, indeed, at any subsequent time), I do not know. * Presumably Bob knew that the old *Bear of Oakland* was now the *USS Bear*. **

** Neither do I know whether Bob had seen – or, indeed, ever saw - a copy of *Alone* (1938), which was enjoying best-seller status in the States. In the book, when discussing his decision to stay alone at Advance Base, Byrd writes that Bob Young was another veteran of his expeditions, as well as a retired British naval rating... “to these men I could entrust the winter destinies of Little America without fear” (p.34). Many have long suspected that *Alone* was not entirely the work of*

Byrd; and two recent papers have shown this to have been the case. Dr Raimund E. Goerler poses the question “Did Byrd write Alone?” as the final question in his 2002 paper and concludes that both Byrd and Murphy were involved in the writing of Alone, which was a “ collaborative effort that did, in fact, begin with Byrd and his diary, which has yet to be found” (“Alone’: Questions and Answers About a Classic of Polar Literature”. Poles Apart-Poles on Line, Proceedings of the 19th Polar Libraries Colloquy, 17-21 June, 2000, Copenhagen, Danish Polar Center, Copenhagen, 2002; 102-127); and Bruce Young asks “Did Byrd Write ALONE alone?” in an unpublished 2005 paper with that title, outlines Alone’s publication history, reviews the opinions of several BAE2 members, and of editors and book reviewers concerning the authorship issue and considers relevant letters in the archives in Ohio...and concludes that ALONE was an “example of collaborative creativity – without implying inauthenticity or fictionalizing” (byoung@wlu.ca). I surmise that if he did read ALONE, Bob Young would have been overwhelmed by the story and would very likely have been inclined to accord Admiral Byrd full credit as the book’s sole author. After Bob’s missing diary, the books of Bob’s I would most like to unearth are his copies of Discovery and Alone, whether they be autographed copies presented to him by the Admiral, or copies that Bob purchased!

*** Reconditioned by the US Navy, and commissioned as the USS Bear, she was back in the Bay of Whales on January 14, 1940 .Byrd had been urged in July, 1939, by President Roosevelt to proceed as early as possible with this Antarctic venture in order “to prevent extension of Germany’s claim to Antarctic areas into the Western Hemisphere”... and “to substantiate America’s claims to territory within the sphere of influence of the Monroe Doctrine” (NYT, July 8, 1939). Byrd did not stay in Antarctica this time but returned to the US with the Bear. Years later, in 1963, the Bear sank while under tow from Nova Scotia to Philadelphia (Frank Wead’s Gales, Ice and Men – published by Methuen - tells the story of the Bear up till 1938) .*

And it’s very likely that he followed closely the Admiral’s activities in the Antarctic in the early forties and later. *

** If so, he would doubtless have been outraged at the indignities the Admiral was allegedly subjected to by some of the younger generation of Antarctic explorers, including U.S. Naval officers, according to Edwin P. Hoyt: “The Adventures of Admiral Byrd: The Last Explorer”, The John Day Company, New York, 1968. See also Chapter 9 (“Deep Freeze 1 in Operation”) in Siple: “90 Degrees South”, 1959.*

Three letters from Bob to Alton Lindsey do survive, * reminiscing about the old days:

“Dear Al,... Thanks for your paper on the crab-eater seal...at Christmas I had a nice card from the Admiral and Young Dick...when you can find time I would like you to tell me why sea ice floats as plain as you can...what a job that branding was.

**Do you remember No.98 seal we chased down a hole?...
My Sincere Regards, Bob Young”;**

“ Dear Al, I have just received a letter from Dr Poulter...Do you remember when you fell down a crack and got wet on the Bay Ice?...Do you remember the landing on

Galapagos?...I think I was the only one without a camera. Do you remember the big fish trap I made and we lowered through a crack on bay ice?...Your old assistant seal tagger, Bob Young”;

**“Dear Al,...I received your letter safely...I’ve heard from Dr Poulter 4 or 5 times: he was a fine man for the job of 2nd C.O. – always calm, courteous and since. Thanks for the cuttings...they give me a different perspective on the coming expedition which I am following with interest...Do you remember shooting the first lonely Emperor Penguin?...what a fine majestic bird it was. I have been on my little farm since 1937...I milk a few Cows and have 200-300 poultry...I am very contented **...Kind regards to you and your family. Hope you are all well.
Yours Sincerely, Bob Young.**

** The three letters to AAL are dated respectively: 30 Jan,1939; 10 Dec,1949; and 22 July,1956 (AAL). Did Bob write to Lindsey shortly after Admiral Byrd’s death in March 1957, when in the words of Lisle Rose (Explorer, p. 462) Byrd “slipped away into that eternity of which the Antarctic winter night that he came to know so well is perhaps our best metaphor”. If Bob did write to him, AAL did not send me a copy of the letter with the three from which I quote.*

*** He sounds busy. In a letter to his sister-in-law in England, acknowledging receipt of photos of her “two boys” (and enclosing one of himself taken “while walking down the main street of Auckland, just passing the Bank of NZ”), Bob writes that: “I just finished painting the roof of this house today...My radio is now on with ‘Take it from Here’ ...I reckon those three deserve a knighthood. Hope you are well, cheerio Bob” (letter to Winnie Young, dated 5 April, 1955). And later in the year: “Dear Winnie, Thank you for wishes of my birthday, I seem to have forgotten everybody’s birthday except George’s 5 days after mine. My busy season has just started with the topdressing. I put on 2 tons a couple of weeks ago, a ton a day and I bought another 170 pedigree ducks extra a few months ago they are all in lay now with other ducks. I’ve got 3 calves so far to rear to maturity. The grass is growing fast now, hope you are well...cheerio, Yours Bob”. I wonder if Bob deliberately took the time to write this letter (dated October 11, 1955) to my mother on her birthday.*

Admiral Richard Byrd died on March 11, 1957, but I have found no letter of condolence from Bob in the Byrd Papers in Ohio. And a letter that was located and copied, written by Bob Young on the last day of December, 1961, suggests that about this time Bob was losing touch with the Byrd family and some of his BAE2 pals. In that 1961 letter, written to Byrd’s son, Bob complains and scolds Dick. He writes: “Dear Dick... My last two letters to you, you apparently thought were not worth answering so I thought I would write your mother 22 Oct. last to see if it would reach you”. And he adds that he had “not had a reply to this one either”. He had answered “every one of your letters or cards. I was brought up that way, and I reckon I have written you some decent interesting letters all addressed to No.9...”. He had also during the latter years written to “3 or 4 ex-members of the First and Second expeditions” he served with but had not received replies. “The 4 or 5 letters I wrote to your father and Dr Poulter were answered promptly and happily”. And obviously annoyed and unhappy, Bob Young concludes the letter abruptly with: “So now I shall NOT write to you again unless you explain. Your father asked me to take an interest in you which I have done. I thought a great deal of your father from so many

different angles personal and otherwise. I could go on but never mind. Yours sincerely.
H.R.Young” (BP).

However, during 2008, after requesting a search by the Polar Curator at the BPRC, I became aware that Dick had written to Bob twice at the end the 1950s – at Christmas time in December, 1958, and in early 1959. The envelope of the 1958 message was stamped ‘Unclaimed’, in Greenhithe, and ‘Returned to Sender, Auckland’ on March 4, 1959. The second item to surface at the BPRC was addressed to “Captain Robert Young, Greenhithe, Upper Harbour, Auckland, New Zealand” and post-dated February 18, 1959, in Boston, and its *unopened* envelope had also been stamped ‘Unclaimed’ and ‘Return to Sender’ (in Auckland on 27 May, 1959). And the finger, also stamped on the envelope, pointed to the return address in a top corner of the envelope – the Byrd family home at 9, Brimmer Street in Boston.

In the ‘Unclaimed’ letter of February, 1959, Dick had written:

Dear Bob:

Well it’s a year since I heard from you and I hope all is well.

Thank you for the fine things you said about Dad. We miss him like all get-out. Yet he is always among us. There is not a day someone does not come up to me and tell a story about him or mention him in some way or another.

I notice you mentioned Dufek. I guess you know he has been replaced...

Yes, Paul Siple was chosen out of 175,000 citizens to head the South Pole Station. I was here the day Dad confirmed it with Paul upstairs in the living-room. Paul has since received the Hubbard Medal, Royal Geographic Society Medal, and others.

Your cuttings were a most welcome addition to our scrapbook about the Antarctic. Many thanks. What can we send you?

With best wishes from us all,

Sincerely,

Dick

P.S. I thought you might like to see this story (“Santa Claus at the North Pole”) published in December.

One is pleased to know that Bob had not, in fact, been forgotten by the Byrd family, after the Admiral’s death. But one is disappointed that Bob’s letter saying “fine things” has not been located. *

** Bob, as far as I am aware, did not make or keep copies of the letters he wrote*

*(unlike Byrd, but perhaps not his son Dickie). My guess is that wherever it may be (if it has survived), the “fine things” letter would be one of the most interesting and illuminating letters of this whole saga! In the 1980s I wrote to Commander Richard Byrd Jr. asking about “any papers/documents mentioning Bob Young”, but my letter went unanswered. Peter Anderson later told us in Columbus that he was not surprised that Dick had not responded: the long dispute and litigation concerning what should be done with the ‘Byrd Papers’ (following the death of Admiral Byrd’s widow) were still on-going, at that time, and Dick Byrd was not known to look kindly upon (or trust) those who wanted to “get at his Dad’s papers”. A decade or so after OSU had acquired the ‘Byrd Papers’, Peter mentioned in an e-mail (in October, 1996) that, way back, when he (Peter) was hoping to write a biography of the Admiral, he had “discovered REB 111” and had flown up from Columbus to Boston to meet him and to “look at what he had rounded up from places where his dad” had put it. The late Commander Byrd (Dick), who, it is said, claimed that his father had told him “to look after” his papers, and who had access to the ‘Byrd Papers’ for several year was, I surmise, also intensely caring about his father’s reputation, and fired off at least one written epistle when he thought an author had been loose with the facts – including a long one about Paul Siple, whom he thought guilty of a “continuous sniping campaign” (BP). But that is another story. (Many photos of REB Jr., as a child and as an adult, naval officer and family man, are included in the CD collection, previously mentioned in the first note of **Section 3**).*

January, 1962, was a significant month in Bob’s life - but whether he was aware that on the 23 rd of that month the U.S. Board on Geographic Names approved naming a small peak after him I do not know. * In any event, it was not until the 1990s that an error was corrected: after I brought to the attention of the Advisory Committee on Antarctic Names that the ‘R’ was for ‘Richard’ and not ‘Robert’, and told them his full name. They replied that they had assumed the nickname “Bob” (used on BAE2 lists, they said) was for ‘Robert’; and they agreed to note “the proper expansion” in future publications. **

** “Mount Young , 84 degrees 27 minutes South, 179 degrees 48 minutes East. A small peak, 770 m., at the north end of a spur on the east side of Ramsey Glacier, just south of the Ross Ice Shelf...discovered and photographed on the flights of Feb. 16, 1947”. (“Geographic Names of the Antarctic”, Fred G. Alberts (ed), 1981, p.952).*

*** Letter from US Board on Geographic Names, June 25, 1990. However, I have to report that when I consulted the 1995 edition of “ Geographic Names of the Antarctic”, in 2007 in the public library in Denver, Colorado, Bob’s name was given as “Henry Richard Young” (p.829). Perhaps one day someone in that library will wonder who informally corrected the “Henry” to “Harry”, in pencil!*

March, 1962, might also have been a month when Bob remembered his Antarctic adventures, for on the 11th of that month the Byrd Memorial at the Mt Victoria lookout outside Wellington was dedicated. And the event undoubtedly was mentioned in the media. *

** Was 69-year old Bob Young invited to attend the dedication? It would have been appropriate. If Bob had attended the ceremony, he would have met one of the Admiral’s daughters who was an invited guest, and whom he had last seen in 1935 in Maine. When we were in Wellington in 1988, the Byrd Memorial was in bad shape; but in 1993 it was refurbished and rededicated, and the facilities at the popular lookout area were much enhanced. (I venture to add here that very recently I was told by Paul Dubery, the older son of my Uncle George - brother of my*

mother - that his father, my Uncle George, was invited, shortly before he died in England aged ninety-one, to attend an important Royal Navy event in England, along with another survivor of a ship he had served on for a few months at the end of WW1. To my surprise, I learned that George Dubery and Bob Young had never met: my Uncle George was probably in Bristol when my Uncle Bob visited London in 1963).

In an August 1962 letter to Donald Young, my younger brother, who was exchange teaching in New Zealand for a year and traveling around New Zealand in 1962 (returning to a snowy England in February, 1963) and who had sent Bob a card (and a pipe) on the occasion of his 70th birthday in 1962, Bob wrote: “You would be surprised as I am , the number of people who know and respect me as one of the 2 New Zealanders chosen to go with Byrd; they are like that out here (that’s with the 2nd Expedition – on the first there were several New Zealanders, but only for the trip down and back)”. Bob also told Donald that he’d just received a letter from his sister Hilda and nephew John Barnes asking when he was “coming home for a holiday”...and it had “got him thinking” he “might do that”, perhaps “round Cape Horn and across the Atlantic to England...freighters do this trip with about 12 passengers”. Donald stayed with Bob about three weeks when he first arrived in New Zealand (before taking up teaching appointments in the Auckland area, and in Wellington and Christchurch) and for another three weeks or so just before he sailed for home in February, 1963, and that may well have prompted Bob, having sold his “small farm” (for which, he had told Donald, it had been hard to get reliable workers), to decide to visit his native homeland. *

** Donald recalls that our Uncle Bob had recently undergone surgery, and suggests he probably thought a boat trip to England would “speed up his recuperation”. He also told me, quite recently, on the telephone, that Bob’s little house was quite “basic”, with the toilet outside at the very bottom of the garden. Bob had no transport or near neighbours and was pretty isolated (which was “his choice”). When he stayed with Bob, Bob discussed family members and matters in the UK (generally “in confidence”) in the evenings, and often told stories about Byrd, BAE1 and BAE2, “including penguin stories”. Donald does not remember seeing any books or papers at Bob’s house. But Bob had “bits of rope around the house and frequently demonstrated how to tie different knots”. Bob Young “often expressed great confidence in his doctor, and in his solicitors in Auckland”.*

In any event, Bob did make a trip to England, in 1963 (though not round the Horn on a freighter). But before he left he was sent three letters from Boston (and presumably he received them).

On March 6, 1963, Miss G.F.Wood (“Secretary”) wrote to tell him, in “Commander Byrd’s absence”, of a planned Testimonial Dinner on March 16 for Ike Schlossbach. The Jersey Aero Club were staging the event. “You may not receive this in time to send a message... but perhaps you would wish to get some word to Ike...I know the Commander would want to send best wishes, were he here and not away”. A second letter from Secretary Wood is dated April 5, 1963. It reads: “Dear Captain Young: Thanks for your letter. Dick has been away for many months. He travels so much that his mail has a hard time catching up to him Often it is lost in transit. Have any of his letters been returned to you after I forwarded them for want of a better address? ...When Dick returns, I’ll tell him you were asking about him. He is working very hard trying to carry

on certain aspects of his father's work...Sincerely yours...P.S. What do you think of the Memorial to Admiral Byrd in Wellington? (BP)

And then, on his return to Brimmer Street, Dick writes a letter, dated May 1, 1963.

Dear Bob:

I have been away for many months. There is much work to be done. For example, this country is the only one of the 13 nations living under the Antarctic Treaty in Antarctica that doesn't have a permanent unit of Antarctic activities!

I find a letter from you here on my return. It had been forwarded to me in St. Louis. There was no room on the front to forward it further!

You said if I didn't answer it, you wouldn't write me any more. That would be a catastrophe, as we always enjoy hearing from you. We all remember with pleasure your visit with us in Maine. I would answer your letter anyhow, of course, but sometimes I am away for long months at a time and I do not get back soon enough to answer for quite a while. Sometimes my mail gets lost following me around. I hope you will understand this and forgive the delays.

Miss Wood says you wrote Mother and you never received a reply. I checked with Mother and she has not received a letter from you. I wrote you half a dozen letters some time back and they were all returned. I still don't understand why....

I trust you received the photo of Father's four Byrd grandsons at Christmas. Well, Bob take care of yourself and don't work too hard.

Best wishes from us all ...P.S. Ike's dinner went off fine. He was completely taken by surprise. The chairman read aloud a passage from Father's book "Little America" about Ike (BP).

And soon Bob is off to the UK (in July/August, 1963). After staying in Winchmore Hill, London, with my mother (his sister-in-law; by then retired from, and having sold, the Grove Service Garage family business) for two or three days in August, he calls the Barnes. And then spends two or three weeks in September with Hilda (his sister) and her son John Barnes. John remembers he liked to eat raw eggs "quiet often" and accompanying his Uncle Bob hither and thither (including to the London Zoo, where Bob was very interested in all the animals – and "they ate ice cream"). Bob and John Barnes also visited New Zealand House and Sothebys and the BBC in central London and showed them some of Bob's writings. *

** Bob thought that some of his Antarctic writings etc (see my **Appendix 4**) would be of historical value, and interest the auction house and the BBC. But in a letter to me, John Barnes reported that "no interest was shown at all", adding "I now gather from your mother that your father had endeavoured (similarly) (in 1931?) to find some "interested person" - without success. The metal disc (record) on which was recorded the departure of the first expedition from Dunedin and included the barking of the dogs was left with the BBC. At a subsequent quality test at the BBC I was informed that the record was in a poor condition and could not be used for normal*

broadcasting; however, tapes had been made of the clearer parts, and they undertook to ask permission to use – if and when if and when a suitable programme was produced...” (letter to me, from John Barnes, dated 28 January, 1967). The BBC letter thanking John “for giving permission from your uncle to retain the tape” is dated November 9, 1963.

Bob also visited relatives not far away (his cousin Nellie Ford nee Young and her husband Harry in Horley, Sussex, for instance); and perhaps he also paid a few nostalgic visits to London Bridge and the Docks, and thought about the time when he “ran away to sea” and a year later joined the Royal Navy as a ‘Boy’. Whether he asked my mother (or Hilda) about the clock he had “salvaged” in Little America I do not know. Whether Bob and I spoke in September, 1963, about his experiences with Byrd I cannot recall - and whether there was any mention of a ‘diary’ written by Bob during BAE2, I have no idea. Indeed, I confess that I have no clear recollection of any conversation I had with him the afternoon we met at my mother’s apartment at 10, River Bank, Winchmore Hill. His sister (my Auntie Hilda) was a lively conversationalist, whereas Bob was generally shy and even reticent, and on that occasion he revealed nothing to us about his Antarctic days. Doubtless, however we must have spoken about Durban, South Africa - where his ship, the Shaw Savill round-the-world- passenger liner the SS Northern Star, with over 1000 passengers, had made a call in July on its way to England - and where I and my family were returning to in the next few days, after three years in Edmonton, Alberta.

It was the first time our paths had crossed since late 1935 (the year my father – George Alfred Young - died, and I was five years old). And all I recall of that earlier visit is Bob arriving at our front door in Stamford Hill, London, from the USA, bearing gifts – including a blanket or two, and a woolly sheepskin). * After our brief 1963 meeting in Winchmore Hill, London, they were not to cross again. And, alas, Bob and I never corresponded.

** And, my late mother said, his “City of New York wool-on-canvas picture”.*

I have seen no evidence that supports the idea that in 1963 Bob may have returned to New Zealand westwards through the Panama Canal – which, if he did, would have brought back memories of early 1935. Whatever his route, perhaps the long sea voyage home was beneficial, health-wise; and I feel sure he was as pleased to see New Zealand as he had been in early 1935 - and content to be living again in his humble home in Greenhithe. And I have to wonder whether it was during the ensuing months that he sold, or entrusted to one of his few friends, the diary that he had referred to in the narrative account (and in his composition included as Appendix 4). Then, I imagine him, in 1964 and 1965, spending much time alone (as he had lived for much of his life), puffing his pipe, listening to a favourite radio programme, and paging through *Discovery* and thinking about the men he had met at Little America decades earlier, including the many who had pre-deceased him. Did he also sort out his personal papers and letters at this time, and discard any? Did he receive or write any letters? **

** Tilbury Docks in Essex, 25 miles downstream from London Bridge. Tilbury became a major port for container and bulk-cargo ships from about the mid-1960s. The London Cruise Terminal there still operates; but a new*

floating terminal allows vessels up to a certain size to moor in Central London.

*** Including perhaps a letter or two from or to England, following his 1963 visit. I do not know the answers to the two questions I pose.*

I can say with certainty that in September, 1963, Bob, was not the robust man, physically, that he had been; but he also seemed to me to be rather older than seventy-one. And I surmise that he became increasingly frail and his health increasingly precarious in the following couple of years. And the end came on January 21, 1966. Aged 73, Bob Young died in his little house in Greenhithe, and the coroner said he had suffered a severe coronary thrombosis. And ANTARCTIC (the quarterly Journal of the New Zealand Antarctic Society) published an obituary of him in September 1966 (Vol.4, No.7. p. 359), wrongly, by my reckoning, giving his age as 72.

In his will, dated 19 September, 1958, Bob is described as a “Farmer and Seaman”. * In it he left instructions to his lawyers in Auckland to convert all his property and estate, both real and personal whatsoever, into money...and pay his debts etc. To a neighbour lady in Greenhithe, he left the sum of fifty pound “in consideration of the kindness shown me following my recent illness while staying at her home”. A major bequest, however, was 200 pounds to the Salvation Army in Auckland; and the balance of his estate he left to his sister, Winifred Hilda Barnes of Ilford, Essex, England. **

** In addition to his twelve years in the Royal Navy (from 1908 to late 1919), Bob signed on for a five-year spell with the Royal Fleet Reserve (RFR) in 1919; and then for a second five-year spell in 1924, his 7-day drills in 1927, 1928 and 1928 being taken in New Zealand. He subsequently enrolled again in the RFR, - his naval career finally ending in December, 1937 after two years in the Royal Australian Fleet Reserve, having done a couple of 7-day drills (in March 1936 and January 1937) in Brisbane. Meanwhile he had received a Royal Fleet Reserve Gratuity of 100 pounds in December 1932. (See also my **Appendix 3**). I would not be surprised to learn that Bob occasionally, albeit probably very occasionally, visited the Auckland waterfront, and chatted, over a meal, with the old salts at the “Sailors’ Home”. I would be very surprised if, however, he patronized the waterfront watering holes.*

*** Readers may, many pages earlier, have noticed that I have (a) **frequently mentioned Alton A. Lindsey (AAL), and (b) sometimes added personal information about Bob Young.** The reason for ‘b’ is that while I decided early on to abandon the idea of writing a full biography of my late uncle, I still wanted to communicate information I had found about him over the years that would likely interest members of the family (and, perhaps, a wider audience). The reason for ‘a’ is that Bob and Al came to know each other quite well during BAE2 (and, of course, I talked to Al about Bob and I have a copy of Al’s detailed diary). Nearing the end of this edited version of Bob’s account of BAE2, I would like to note **two** further points: (1). **Making Contact with Lindsey, in 1985.** I knew from *Discovery* (1935, p.272) that Bob had helped Alton Lindsey for a few days in Antarctica, and I wondered if I could make contact with him; and in 1985 I found Al had earlier published a paper in *THE AUK*, below the title of which he was noted as working at Purdue University. So I ventured writing a cautious letter of enquiry, not mentioning Bob, on 3 April, 1985, to the “Head of the Department of Biological*

Sciences” at Purdue; and that led to my first contact with Professor Emeritus Lindsey. My letter to his former department, he wrote, had reached him “yesterday”. He said his personal Antarctic (BAE2) diary was in the USNA; and he sent several documents, and remarked that I should buy his memoirs “Naturalist on Watch” (1985) - which I did – but warned me that it was mainly “non-polar” – which it is. He also told me that 14 of the survivors of BAE2 (and the widows and children of others) had gathered in Washington DC in October, 1983. (And I realized what a great opportunity to meet and quiz them I had missed!). Dr Lindsey’s April letter finished with; “Good luck in your project, whatever it is.” I now had his phone number; and on April 24, I called . He was astounded; but readily agreed that I should visit West Lafayette for three or four days. Subsequently, he approved the interview I wrote for FRAM...and it was my sad pleasure to remind the polar community of him (in the SPRI’s journal Polar Record) - and his addiction to versifying - when he died in 1999, aged 92 (For a major obituary, see the Bulletin of the Ecological Society of America, July, 2000).

*(2). Al and Bob: Contrasts and Similarities. Al the son of a Methodist minister, Bob a farmer- butcher’s son, raised as a Plymouth Brethren. Al, an Eagle Scout and life-long student -scholar- scientist and, above all, an academic. Bob, in the Royal Navy at the age of 16, a torpedo man--diver and veteran of WW1, who had had many different jobs, and then farmed for nearly thirty years. **During BAE2**, Al still in his twenties read the classics and philosophy (and discussed ideas with his buddies), and happily pursued seals and penguins and got on with whatever zoologists/biologists/taxidermists do; Bob in his early forties reveled in the outdoors and shoveling snow and handicrafts. Two men from worlds that were poles apart. The one more critical, for sure, in his evaluation of the leader of BAE2 than the other (from the ‘lower deck’). But both “Byrdmen” to the core. Both serious-minded persons. And both respecting each other, while on the Ice - and in the years beyond. On **Antarctic matters**, we have for Al Lindsey, his lengthy, meaty diary of BAE2 (with many ex-post-facto comments in parentheses added in 1985), his interview with me in FRAM (based largely on what we tape-recorded at his home) and a couple of reflective essays he wrote in the 1990s (and added to his folder in the Byrd Papers at the BPRC); but for Bob Young not much more than his letter about the trip on the City of New York (in FRAM), his 33-page narrative account of BAE2, and the shorter compositions included here as **Appendices**.*

When JD (who was then preparing a thesis on “Maori Tourism”) and I were in New Zealand in 1988, the retired, former owners of the village store in Greenhithe, north of Auckland, suggested that Mrs Thelma McKain, also still living in Greenhithe, might remember Bob. And Mrs McKain certainly did. She remembered “Bob with his pipe”. Bob Young and her Dad and her late husband “had got on well with Bob”, who she thought was “shy” and “generally kept to himself...busy with his calves and ducks, on 10 or so acres... until he sold them and bought a little house – Miss Duncan’s place”. Then, on a summer’s day in January, 1966, almost twenty-two years earlier, Mrs McKain had followed Bob’s instructions to “immediately call his solicitors in Auckland if he were to die suddenly in his house”. She “went down to the house with the lawyer”; saw “many personal papers and photographs – which the lawyer collected * - and perhaps a library book or two”...but did not, however, recall ever seeing or hearing about a “diary”. Before we left Greenhithe, Jackie and I saw the property Bob had farmed (which in 1988 was a “Pony Club” - in an area which had become a rather desirable North Shore suburban area (the fruit tree orchards having long gone). And then we went round and photographed Bob’s little house, in which he’d died. **

* *“We have collected from his home much in the way of photos and personal papers”*
lawyer T.C. Webster advised L.B. Quartermain (in a letter, dated 23 August, 1966 CMNZ).

** *And in which Donald had stayed in the early sixties. My brother Donald also met Mrs McKain when he was in New Zealand in December, 2001, while enquiring about Bob Young in the Greenhithe area. She remembered meeting JD and I in 1988, and telling us about Bob and her father and the day of his death, etc.. But I have not heard that she recalled Donald’s visiting Bob in 1962/63, or that she had anything new to say about Bob Young. Donald later sent us a photo he’d taken of Mrs McKain outside her house in 2001.*

In late 1966, several items collected from Bob’s house were sent to John Barnes in England, by Bob’s New Zealand solicitors, following instructions received in a letter to them from Mr J.M. Barnes dated 7 July, 1966. *

* *Letter to me, from Webster, Malcolm and Kirkpatrick of Auckland (dated 21 November, 1985). W.B. Malcolm was responding to my recent enquiry of November 5, 1985, about what they had sent and had not sent to John Barnes in England in 1966; he enclosed a copy of John’s 7 July, 1966, letter, and stated that they had dealt with the items referred to in that letter “as requested”. And he added that the “writer had read through their files “and “no other papers of the kind sought by you are held on it” – which information, while not surprising to me, was disappointing! Unfortunately, what I had not requested in my November 5 enquiry, and WBM did not also enclose in his November 21 response to me, was a copy of the initial letter to John Barnes from the lawyers listing, I would assume, exactly what “they” had collected from Bob’s house.*

In his 7 July letter, John (responding to a letter to him from Bob’s lawyers, dated 30th June 1966, which I have not seen) * had noted “that the musical bird will be packed and dispatched to my mother”, and that “after discussion with my mother and Mrs Ford, it was agreed that your suggestion that the fancy items (to which you referred) should be given to one of the Children’s Homes, should be acted upon”. More significantly, I think, were John’s instructions to the lawyers: to “dispose of all the jewelry items you list – by offering to dealers at best prices available”...“As regards the old letters, photographs, seamen’s discharge etc, please send ONLY the following to me – envelopes containing Royal Navy papers, coins, Obit notice of deceased’s father, Byrd Antarctic Medallion, and Byrd Antarctic Medal...”. John told us in an e-mail in December, 2006, that Bob had given him both his Congressional Polar medal and his American Guernsey Cattle Club medal “during the period when I was handling his UK affairs”. And they are safely in the care of John Barnes today. **

* *The 30th June letter gave “TCW/JM” as its reference, and they are in John’s response. These initials would indicate that Trentham C. Webster, a Principal at the law firm, wrote the missing June 30th letter. My guess is that TCW was the lawyer who went to Bob’s house in January, 1966, and collected “photos and papers” (as he advised “we” did, in his letter to LBQ in August, 1966). TCW died in 1968...and forty years later I am advised, in e-mails, that any papers etc from that time would have been disposed of long ago, although anything deemed of historical value might well have been given to a museum or archive. My enquiries suggest, however, that nothing from those days was passed along to the Auckland Museum or any other New Zealand museum/archive. Incidentally, Bob’s lawyer, TCW, also lived in Greenhithe, in a house on a ten-acre property he had purchased in 1947, until his death; and “his widow lived*

on there until 1972 when the house was demolished as part of the road work for the construction of a new bridge and motorway, opened in 1974". TCW's grandson, also a lawyer, much later (in 1986) bought several acres from his grandfather's estate, and lives in Greenhithe today. Donald B. Webster confirms that Greenhithe was very rural, and relatively isolated, when Bob Young and his grandparents lived there (he recalls spending time, as a youngster, with his grandfather "working in the bush", on land added to the original ten acres in 1964), and informs me that Greenhithe has today lost even more of its rural character/aspect than it had when we (JD and I) visited in 1988; with its accessibility to Auckland being greatly improved, again in 2007 with the opening of another new motorway through Greenhithe. The Pony Club is today a part of Wainoni Park in north Greenhithe – it's a Council-owned facility which is unlikely to re-locate (e-mails to me from Donald B. Webster, October, 2008). The average size of properties in Greenhithe has decreased substantially over time (I read online); and I doubt that there are many "small holdings" (like Bob owned) left there today.

***And we saw both medals for the first time, when we were visiting John and Eileen Barnes in England in April, 2007. When, incidentally, we returned Bob's original much-traveled handwritten manuscript to John – and he was considering whether to donate it to the SPRI. ***

But, of course, we wonder what letters and photographs (etc) of interest (to a biographer) may have been destroyed in New Zealand and not sent to England. As for a diary, presumably the lawyers had not seen, collected, listed or sent to England a 'diary' of BAE2 with daily entries, from which Bob could have composed his lengthy narrative account (as he mentions more than once that he is doing).

And if I close this POSTSCRIPT with the thought that perhaps one day the missing diary for the BAE2 years 1933-35, when Bob Young was in his early forties, will be found in a box in someone's attic or in a dusty archive, or amongst other Antarctica collectables in a shelf in a dealer's shop or perhaps in a private collector's home, I must also repeat that at the moment its fate remains a mystery!

As Alton Lindsey remarked to us several years ago – "Bob's diary: sunk without a trace, I guess. * But at least you have Bob's manuscript, which tells you what he was doing on many days on the ice, and something about the trip back to the States."**

*** A further word on the manuscript. As noted in my INTRODUCTION, the manuscript was loaned to a New Zealand author in 1966, and was later returned to John Barnes in England. The late L.B. Quartermain, Information Officer in the Antarctic Division of the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research in Wellington (and the CMNZ has some of the papers of LBQ), had asked John in August, 1966 whether there were "any documents such as letters or diaries covering the period of Bob's service with the Byrd expeditions that he might peruse" (letter to JMB, 8 August, 1966). The manuscript (written "in lead pencil – 17 pages, both sides") was one the several items sent to LBQ – the others included seven photographs, newspaper cuttings, and 13 pages from what John described as a "diary on which he had pasted cuttings greetings cards telegrams" etc (JMB to LBQ, October 12, 1966). Responding to a further letter from John (dated 7/12/66), LBQ writes that: "I am still reading and taking notes from the diary but I expect to dispatch it in a week" (dated 7 December, 1966). However, LBQ, it seems, used only the information in the very first sentence of Bob's narrative account – the other details he includes about Bob's participation*

in BAE2 in his book “New Zealand and the Antarctic” (1971, The Government Printer, Wellington) appear to have come from Byrd’s *Discovery* (1935). As for the “diary” mentioned in the correspondence between JMB and LBQ, John Barnes and I have long agreed that it is certainly **not** the diary with daily entries that Bob alludes to in his manuscript, and elsewhere (see my **Appendix 4**).

*** “Sunk without a trace” - a **phrase** AAL also used when I had to tell him that his 50-odd original photographs he had kindly provided to accompany my interview with him for FRAM had **not** been returned by the editor of FRAM (“Byrd2 and Other Polar Matters: An Interview with Alton A. Lindsey” FRAM, 1987, Vol 4. Parts I and 2). And AAL doubtless also used the phrase when the original Little America had floated out into the Ross Sea as part of an iceberg in 1962. When the entire Bay of Whales portion of the Ross Ice Shelf went north with the gigantic, 99-mile long, iceberg “B-9” in 1987, Dr Lindsey attached a clipping from the Lafayette Journal-Courier of November 6, 1987, to his November 14, 1987, letter to me. On the bottom of the clipping he had written: **“Little America – Gone but not forgotten. AAL”**. Finally, when I noticed in 2007 that a cruise line was advertising that during their forthcoming cruise to Antarctica their ship “ would enter the Bay of Whales”, I was moved to ask a well- informed person at the SPRI about **the present status of the Bay of Whales**. His response was: “The Bay of Whales remains a permanent feature of the Ross Ice Shelf, although it does change its exact configuration due to periodic calving. It is just north of Roosevelt Island, and the flow of the ice around that feature causes a situation where there will be regular, if not necessarily frequent, calving where the Bay of Whales is located, and therefore changes in the northern extent of the Ross Ice Shelf. Regardless of exact configuration, that area will keep the name Bay of Whales” (e-mail reply to me from B.R., 27 July, 2007).

Appendix I

Bob Young's letter of 3 July, 1933, to Admiral Byrd

Admiral R. Byrd
Boston

c/o Post Office
Arapuni,
Hamilton
New Zealand
3 July, 1933

Dear Sir,

I am writing you re my application you kindly put on your file. I'm still mad to go as a volunteer with you to the Antarctic again. Here I am still a diver, rigger & general waterside worker with the "Arapuni Hydro Electric Scheme" for the last two years – it's very tame. I am ready to join the "Bear of Oklahoma" in the U.S.A. at 24 hours notice. I will take the first boat leaving New Zealand. I was the first volunteer in New Zealand to join the "City of New York" in dry dock at Port Chalmers. Let me be the first again. I don't care what I do. You will never regret. Enclosed are a few cuttings to show how I am attracted to you & yours also a photo of a coloured wool picture I worked to show happy memories. I entered it in the Waikato Show & it's now in the Auckland Show. Also is my latest photo. Have just finished making a canvass working suit & rope slippers for working aloft on the bridges. I am greatly attached to dogs. I could go on writing sincerely like this but please read the letters again I wrote you in the past, they may help award me the honour I am humbly asking for. Here I am, single, free to the wild winds, in the pink of condition, earnest & sincere. Please include me in your selected ice party. A wireless or cable answer I pay this end will get me quicker & put me at rest either way. YES or NO. Hope it's YES.

I still remain Your obedient servant & always will

H.R.YOUNG. Bob.

P.S. Have just read in the newspaper I've got another 1st prize in the Auckland Show and it's now **yours** if you would like it for a keepsake. *

** The "wool picture" that took 1st prize may well have subsequently made its way to the USA: we saw a wool picture of a vessel in the Bay of Whales (I assume it was that Bay), at the BPRC in 1993, and it is Image 7849.11 in Box 216 on the Byrd CD. That artwork at OSU is about 10 by 7 inches, and is not to be confused with the larger 24 by 13 inch tapestry my mother passed on to me, which depicts the low sun further to the left and a vessel **with** a funnel/smoke stack - as well as a **different** set of icebergs and killer whales! The City of New York had, of course, a funnel, and photographs clearly show it was toward the stern (to quote a short piece in Shipmodeler Magazine, June 1930, p.115, "The monkey poop starts just abaft the mainmast. Through it comes the funnel with four ventilators, whistle etc". Whereas the funnel of the Bear of Oakland is shown in photographs as nearer the bow. My wool picture was included in my*

FRAM article; but any reader interested in receiving a photo by e-mail of Bob's work hanging in our house may e-mail me. Incidentally, we saw a fine model of the City of New York in Mystic Seaport Museum, Mystic, Connecticut; and photographs of her may be obtained from the Mariners Museum in Newport News, Virginia. An interesting piece of trivia about the City of New York is that when she was named the Samson and was in the seal trade, she was poaching seals ten nautical miles from the Titanic in April 1912. Her first mate gave evidence that "they saw lights and rockets, but thinking them signals of other sealers and scared of being caught, turned their ship about and slipped away" (Reader's letter in Members Forum in National Geographic, Vol.169, No.4 April 1986). I also recall reading in The Last Sail Down East (by Giles M .S .Tod, Barre Publishers, 1965) that the City of New York – considerably altered over the years - was en route to work in the Prince Edward Island potato trade on December 30th, 1956, when the tow-line to her tug parted and she was wrecked, outside of Yarmouth Harbour, Nova Scotia (p.74).

Appendix 2

The Battle of Jutland – As I Saw It

I have been asked to recount what I saw of the Battle of Jutland, the only real battle of the Grand Fleets of the opposing forces. I was a torpedoman in the British Navy, serving at that time on the Champion, a destroyer leader for the 13th Flotilla, comprising 34 destroyers. She was more of a light cruiser than a destroyer. I don't know whether you have them in the American Navy or not. But she was a beautiful fast boat, built for 30 knots, about 3000 tons with six six-inch guns, four four-inch anti-aircraft and two pom-poms on the bridge, twelve pounders. These last were automatic, and when they went off made a sound like this – pom-pom-pom. Hence their name. She also carried two 21-inch submerged torpedo tubes. But to go back a bit.

The British Grand Fleet went out often to sweep the North Sea from north to south and vice versa. These were both war tactics and maneuvers as well as practice cruises. Incidentally we were constantly on the lookout for enemy submarines and surface craft. A few less enemy ships, particularly submarines, meant a great deal to the allies who were dependent upon commercial intercourse with neutral countries as well as Britain's allies.

It was a beautiful day. The sea calm, brilliant sunshine, and the Grand Fleet plowing its ponderous way northward through the North Sea was a magnificent display of power and organization. Suddenly the shimmering bulk of a German Zeppelin was seen coming towards us through the scattered clouds. We were all in formation. As we watched it, she drew closer, seeming to drift lazily with the wind. Her bulk loomed like a giant silver cigar against the darker clouds and sky.

From one of the battle cruisers came a dull roar as she let go a 13.5 shell. It burst a long ways underneath the Zeppelin. Another was fired. Still too low. The dual motion of the fleet and the airship made it difficult to get the correct range. Another ship sent a 13.5 inch shell toward the enemy, but it burst like the others, too low to do any damage. The Germans took heed of our welcome and turned for home. That great silver ship pointed its nose upwards, swung around and disappeared towards the German coast. It had seen enough. The British Grand Fleet was out, and under no conditions should the German fleet attempt to venture forth at this time. No doubt the commander of the Zeppelin states to his chide, "Stay where you are. It is not time to come out just yet." Or words to that effect. As recently, with the aid of their Zeppelin, a fast German cruiser squadron had made two raids on the coast of England, bombarded the towns, killing several women and children, from a few miles off, and run back to Germany again three or four hundred miles off; BUT – during this last raid we, the 13th Flotilla happened to be patrolling in extended formation and ran into them, and immediately engaged them with our 6-inch guns, rather small compared with their 11-inch guns, in a running fight, both being small targets. We let go one torpedo – but missed. We lost our fore t gallant mast but the radio branch soon dot its dots and dashes working again. By now a dozen or more of our destroyers

from their extended positions were closing in on the enemy, but it was too late. They were close on the German coast and luring us into their secret mine fields, so we gave up the chase.

Shortly after this the CHAMPION was attached to Admiral Beatty's squadron, known as "Cat Squadron". It was made up of battle cruisers, fast powerful ships with high speed, heavy armor, and powerful guns of 13.5 caliber, averaging twelve of this caliber gun to each ship which carried about 16 to 18000 men. Though the CHAMPION was a light cruiser, you might say, still she was fast enough to operate with Beatty. And with her came the thirty four destroyers, without which a fleet can hardly operate. They are like so many hornets or bees buzzing all over the place, racing at high speeds to any point where a submarine is likely to be lurking; dashing back to take their place as scouts to the main force, or cruising placidly on either side of the battle cruisers, ready to intercept any torpedos or missiles likely to wreak injury upon the big ships. Beatty I used to see often. A fine man with great ability, but a bit too hasty in his decisions, I think. I shall never forget one talk he gave us on board the LION his flag ship, at the semi-final boxing contest of the Cat Squadron. We assembled, as was the custom, to listen to our officers, who explained to us the aims of the war, what the strength of the enemy was, our proposed plans, etc. Beatty got up and among other things he said "I will sacrifice two or three of my ships to gain my objective" Only two or three! I looked at the fellow next to me and he looked at me. Everyone else did the same, I believe. A murmur and a low sort of growl went around among the listeners. I think that everyone must have felt, as I did, that here was man who would not stop at anything, a man to whom the objectives were the only things that mattered. This, then, was my commander-in-chief.

Shortly after this, while the Cat Squadron, five ships steaming in formation northward, a wireless message came through saying that the German Grand Fleet was out. We turned immediately, and raced full speed, twenty eight to thirty knots, so as to intercept them. Beatty calculated upon gaining a favorable position before engaging them. So it was about four o'clock that afternoon we came upon the Germans, and the action started.

I was detailed to one of the forward torpedo tubes, and I took my battle station there. Beatty had sighted the German squadron. At this time they were fully five or six miles away. But the visibility being good, and the sea being very calm, they made a good target at that distance.

We commenced firing along with the other ships, slowly and deliberately. Down below I could not see the firing but I could surely hear it. The shots from our guns shook the decks, even up forward where I was; and the shells from the Germans, though they were not hitting us, struck the water near us, and the explosion and concussion sounded exactly as though every one hit. The explosion of one shell seemed to be immediately followed by another. Bong-, Crash! – explosion after explosion ...as the shells struck the water. It seemed as though the bulkheads could not possibly stand up.

From my station below decks I could not see what was taking place on the topsides. But the firing of our guns, and the awful explosion of the German shells was enough to tell me that the battle was being waged with great force on each side.

At seven I went up for tea. Grabbing a sandwich and a cup of coffee, I went to the upper deck to see what was going on. It was absolutely forbidden to venture onto the upper deck, but I

managed to remain there undetected by hiding behind a steel ventilator. From where I stood I could see the firing, all the more luminous since darkness was coming on. Between our destroyer flotilla and the German Fleet lay Beatty's battle cruisers, five in single line ahead formation. The enemy looked in the same formation. We were paralleling their course at a distance of perhaps half a mile. The Germans were firing at the cruisers, and the shells that went over the targets landed perilously near us. Some shells landed between us and the cruisers; others went sailing overhead. The sickening shrieks of the flying shells, the ghastly roars of gunpowder shooting tons of deadly steel at other ships, the shattering explosions of flying shells, the surging vibrations of our engines, the struggles of men and ships desperate in their will to survive, the calm, quiet settling of dusk over the scene – it all comes back like a wild dream. At the time I did not feel – only saw. I felt afterwards.

Turning my eyes by chance towards the QUEEN MARY, which was steaming third in the main battle line directly opposite our own ship, I saw a burst of flame. The coming dark made it all the more visible. My eyes were glued to the QUEEN MARY. I suspected she had been hit, but did not guess how badly. Suddenly there was a dazzling burst of flame and a thunderous explosion. Her ponderous hull seemed to split completely in two. I gasped something to the fellow beside me, but he did not hear. He, too, was gazing with horror at the death struggle of the once pride of His Majesty's ships. We shuddered at the thought of some 1600 men aboard her at the time. But there was nothing to be done. We were engaging the enemy and this loss of the QUEEN MARY was perhaps one of the losses Beatty about when he spoke to us shortly before. We continued as before. The ship immediately astern of the QUEEN MARY turned aside, making a semi-circle about the stricken ship, and resumed her place in line. The others behind did the same. But I dare say the last ship did not have to, for ten minutes after the explosion she had disappeared. Her powder magazines had been ignited, blowing her to bits. I learned afterwards that of her complement of 1600 men, eleven or fourteen men were picked up alive the next morning, clinging to a raft.

The range continued at six or seven miles. I was anxious of course to be topsides where I could see something, for after I had had my sandwich behind the ventilator I had to return to my battle station at the torpedo tubes. And I remembered I had a watch atop the forward mast by the 36-inch searchlight. There were two young fellows with me. I was in charge of the light.

It was pitch dark when I came up at eight. The blackness was intense. Occasionally there was flash, a distant roar, and then blackness. Of course, all lights were out. From where I was nothing disturbed the darkness save the occasional flash as guns were fired. Suddenly a tremendously powerful light was switched upon us. It dazzled us. The night seemed to be changed to day. We were startled I knew something was coming. I for some reason reached and pulled up my coat collar, yelling at the same time to the other two fellows to do the same. It was an impulse of the moment. I do not know to this day why I did it. But I suppose I thought our collars might protect us; at least they would hide from our sight that which I knew was coming. The light continued on us for two minutes. I felt the ship lurch and list to port. The engine pounded and vibrated. We were changing course. I had felt this same vibration and list during maneuvers. Then a blinding flash, a tremendous explosion, and the shriek of a shell rebounding from the water astern. The shell had landed where our ship was not three minutes before. The sudden change of course had saved ourselves and our ship. We had evidently come

against a German battle ship, for the shell they fired at us was a big one, probably 14-inch or more.

The action from then on was spasmodic and uncertain. Beatty had at the coming of darkness sent a call to Jellico who was in command of the British Grand Fleet, which included such warships as the NELSON and the HOOD class. He was maneuvering toward the enemy from a different angle in the distance. He had hoped to join Beatty's force, and the Beatty was to proceed so as to cut across the course of the Germans and cut their fleet in two. Jellico was to engage one half and Beatty the other. But before Jellico had a chance to reach Beatty, Beatty turned and went through. He was too soon. Jellico was too far away to be effective in dealing with his half of the German Fleet. The Germans realized this; took advantage of Beatty's hasty decision, and turned for home. The British pursued, but darkness made any organized fighting impossible. The Germans were as disorganized as the British, I think. We proceeded as near to the Jutland coast as we dared, and then turned back to Rosyth, our base on the river Forth.

On the way back, early in the morning, we passed two or three ships upside down. We also chanced upon a German submarine. Our signalman had spotted it not far from the ship, also a torpedo coming at us. We ran toward it full speed. We dropped two depth charges over the spot where we had last seen it. Oil came to the surface almost immediately. We circled and dropped two more. Still more oil, and we were satisfied. His torpedo went astern of us.

Later on we sighted a raft with men clinging to it. In fact we sighted several and stopped to pick up the men, some our own, some the enemy. It was dangerous to stop in the near vicinity of the raft for fear a German submarine might be lurking around to take a shot at any ship attempting just such a rescue. So we lowered a boat while still underway, cast off and picked up the men. The ship came alongside, still at a good rate of speed, took our painter aboard and towed us four or five miles from the scene before it stopped and took the men aboard.

I recall one German who was perhaps the most stubborn squarehead who ever lived. He absolutely refused to be picked up. Over patriotic, I suppose. Everytime we came close he would swim in the opposite direction. I batted him over the head with an oar, but that did not phase him in the least. I did it again, but he came to in time to escape from us. We left him. I might mention he had a knife between his teeth, and when we yelled to him, he would yell back that he "no want to be picked up. He hate English". As coxswain of the boat, a 27-foot whaler, I had 20 men in it now. A swell was running and we were only a few inches above the water line. They all seemed demoralized and frightened, but glad to be picked up. They would not sit down in the boat and give my crew a chance to pull the oars. I had to threaten one with a spare tiller, but then I saw he was injured otherwise. What a contrast to the British survivors I picked up. They gladly got hold of an oar and pulled like hell.

That is the Battle of Jutland as I saw it and in as few words as possible. Historians have written and rewritten its story. What I saw you have read. Who won the battle is hard to say, but this must be borne in mind. We engaged the German Grand Fleet fair and square, but they chose to run away, and never again during the war did their fleet emerge to engage the British Fleet. Several ships of the German Navy shortly after this battle mutinied collectively, which was, I think, the finish of their Navy, since where there is mutiny and insubordination, organization and discipline cannot function unless strong measures are taken in time. That is as I see it.

Robert Young *

** I have typed Bob's account of the battle exactly as it was typed in Little America and as it appeared in "The Barrier Bulletin", Volume 1 , Number 8; that is, without editing it. It is not unlikely that Murphy or Stewart Paine (editors of "The Barrier Bulletin") did a little editing on Robert Young' original script – but I would not like to say who might have typed the final version (probably correcting errors was not as easy then as it is today, using WORD!). I suspect that some of the numbers in the account are inaccurate – for instance, the crew of the QUEEN MARY numbered some 2000, and not "some1600" – and there were more tactical maneuvers during the battle and delayed messages/signals than Bob mentions. (He does not mention that he received in 1921-22 a share of the Prize Bounty for being at Jutland, Neither does he mention what the Wellington Evening Post reported (Friday , December 8, 1933): that "he took part in the salvage operations of the German Fleet at Scapa Flow. On one occasion, while working in the Flow in twenty-eight fathoms of water, Mr Young blew open a safe and brought to the surface valuable papers and instruments. For this he was awarded the Royal Albert Medal, 2nd class"). I also read that the CHAMPION had been launched on 29 May, 1915, almost exactly one year before the battle, on May 31-June 1, 1916. Maritime/Naval Historians, no doubt, many decades later, continue to debate the way that Jellicoe, Beatty and the German admirals performed, and which side won the battle - involving over 200 ships, the British losing 14 and the Germans 11.*

Appendix 3

Bob's 1935 Autobiographical Note

This is the first time I have written these facts and I feel prompted to do it and if anybody should think I am boasting or “skiting” I am sorry.

First I rate myself as a first class sailor in the true genuine sense both in the in the old school & the modern school. I can do anything from the upper deck to the truck of the mast in a sailing ship or a steam ship. I have been in 3 square riggers and & many steam ships. Seamanship has been my one main hobby & learning the reason& how to do it the right way as a side hobby. I could sit down right now, & make 50 different knots & tell you the name or where each one is used. I joined the British Navy between 15 & 16 years of age, 1908. Was on a 3 masted fullrigged ship for 12 months. I soon qualified and passed for able seaman (A.B.) & one had to know his work to pass. I was one of the 12 picked seaman detailed for repairing battle practice targets in the English Channel. Targets were 2 or 3 hundred feet long made of 12 x 12 timber. During a lull my ship a Battle Cruiser dropped our 12 oared cutter & we pulled over & started repairing. Other ships commenced firing at 5 or 6 mile range. During the excitement to get back in the boat & pull away I slipped between the rafters, went down and bobbed up other side; a seaman fished me out with a boat hook. First part of the war I was on 2 minelayers; nearly blew up 3 times with our own mines. We mined the mouth of the river Elbe & the river Wisser. I was on another ship patrolling, a signalman sighted a torpedo it went right under our ship. We gave chase. I was on depth charge duty aft; I released 3 on signal from the bridge and the 3rd one got the submarine. We stopped several ships to search them. I was one of a boarding party with cutlass; caught 2 or 3 fine cargos bound for Germany. I soon passed for the rating of leading seaman torpedo man, and soon after I passed for petty officer 1st class. I had been in charge of the rigging party for a year & teaching seamanship to boys and ordinary seaman. 1916 I qualified for diver at the diving school. My last Captain got me back on his ship again (you generally go to barracks after qualifying). At times we practiced running torpedos; we had 4 submerged 21 inch torpedo tubes, carried about 12 torpedos, cost about 2000 pounds each. Some instead of floating at the end of a run sunk, so the other diver & myself had to search when the water wasn't too deep. I remember searching for one & after getting out of a forest of kelp standing 10-12 ft high with stems as thick as my arm the officer called me up – I was in 28 fathoms of water & going deeper but I was on the track of that torpedo, I could see its trail. We had to abandon that search but we did find a few torpedos, I have cut and cleared many wires round a destroyer's propeller. I went down and brought up an unconscious diver from 17 fathoms. I went down & released a diver blown up and caught under the bilge keel of a battleship. I went down with and looked after a diver who had blown up from deep water & was sick in the boat. This is the only cure to save his life: go down to the same depth and pressure for several minutes then come to the surface slowly – this frees the nitrogen bubbles out of the blood. A minelayer loading mines next buoy to us blew up, we only found 1 survivor amongst the wreckage. When the “Vindictive” was storming and demolishing the mole at Zeebrugge, I was patrolling just a little north with other destroyers until the danger was over. I saw the battle cruiser “Queen Mary” just a short distance off blow up when in the Jutland Battle. 2 torpedos came right under my ship. When the German Fleet surrendered my ship was one that went out & escorted our class of ship of the Germans into the River Forth;

then Admiral Beatty received the German Admiral. When the war was over & settled I left the Navy, November 1919, but had to join the fleet reserve. I farmed for myself in England but in 1925 I left for New Zealand where I have worked at gardening, farming, lighthouse keeper on Moko-Hinon Rock 60 miles to sea out of Auckland, on a sheep station, a hospital attendant, splicing wire, & rigging & prospecting for quartz-gold, & diving on a dam contract – in a 5 knot current I surveyed the whole headrace bottom & sides & cemented huge cracks up on the bottom. Someone on the diving pontoon dropped an iron pipe & pinned my foot but I got clear. A diving pump we borrowed from Napier Harbour Board very old, the pump stopped delivering air to me, piston was choked; I just got to the surface in time. Whilst on “City of New York” going down in the Ross Sea, Johansen asked me to go out & get in the fly jib. It was very rough; as the bows went down a huge sea washed me right off the footrope but I landed on the footrope again. I thought my knee was broken when it hit the jib boom. I have the scar now that Dr Coman put right for me. Going down on “Jacob Ruppert” first time I was relieved from wheel & lookout to help the bosun on upper deck & when it came to making the sea anchor only 3 of us in the ship knew what it was. The bosun and I had to cut it out & I had to show them how to sew it with rope on the sides & they were all seamen (Sails Kennedy wouldn’t touch it). When unloading the ships I drove dogs for a week freighting to let the dog drivers get some sleep; and being a sort of Bosun on the ice I managed to do a bit of everything, and a lot of it came very natural to me, and I never suffered from any complaint all the time; but I often used to chip & rouse some of the so-called tough youngsters along who often used to try and show me or tell me how to do things which I was doing when they were going to school (I was going to say before they were born) – and I had been around the world 3 or 4 times. Coming home when we were stopped at Galapagos there wasn’t one who would risk taking the boat through the heavy surf to land to get specimens. Dr Poulter asked me & put me in charge of the boat. I landed 6 or 7 times, no accident; if there had of been, sharks would have got us, they were right close or else we would have been drowned by the huge strong undertow. I have been in surf boats in different parts of the world and have coxswained different boats under sail and steam.

This is about all the principal events I can remember off hand but they are something I can substantiate if you wish to use them.

H.R.Young *

** Bob evidently provided this biographical information at the request of Byrd and/ Murphy when they were writing Discovery in mid-1935. And his four pages of handwritten notes are in his file in the BPRC archive. Other than inserting a few commas, I have typed Bob’s note almost exactly as he wrote it. The lighthouse mentioned is “Mokohinau”, on Burgess Island, a 50-hectare island in the Mokohinau Islands group. Oil was used to power the illumination in the 1930s. Today, Burgess Island is still pretty isolated, and without facilities; but it can be visited by boat: the attractions are nature, scenery, and the remains of World War 2 military installations – and the lighthouse, now controlled remotely from mainland New Zealand. Admiralty records indicate that Bob advanced from Boy 1st Class to Ordinary Seaman on his 18th birthday in August, 1910; to Able Seaman in October, 1911; to Leading Seaman in April, 1916; and to Petty Officer (2nd Class) in September 1918, shortly before the Armistice in November, 1918, and a year or so before his “Free Discharge” in November, 1919. After his discharge, he continued his naval career in the reserves – from 1919 to August, 1932, in the Royal Fleet Reserve (RFR), and from March, 1936, until December, 1937, in the Royal Australian Fleet Reserve (RAFR), from which he was granted a Free*

Discharge. In 1921, he received the 1914-15 Star, the British War Medal and the Victory Medal. (There is no mention of Bob being presented the 6 x 3 feet White Ensign, stamped "Millwall, London. 1919", that my mother gave to me, many years ago, telling me that Bob had given it to her: perhaps Bob had "salvaged" it).

Appendix 4.

Bob's Composition "Out of divers suit to the bottom of the world"

It was whilst employed as a diver on the construction of Arapuni Dam New Zealand 1933 I received a letter from Admiral Byrd the hero of the flight over both Poles and the Atlantic asking me was I prepared to go south again with him on his second Antarctic Expedition the end of the year. I had been a diver over 16 years in different parts of the world I well remember 2 narrow escapes, I was salvaging a 50 feet launch off Tricomale Ceylon in about 40 feet of water I was fixing the wire slings the water was nice and clear with a nice sandy bottom when I saw a big octopus coming towards me I stood up and seized my knife the octopus stopped and squirmed in the sand I thought it too big and too close so I signaled to my attendant in the boat – am coming up, no more diving that day, but I got both wire slings under the next day with no octopus looking on. The other near accident was at Arapuni Dam we had borrowed a set of diving gear from Napier harbour board I was down in a 5 knot current in the concrete headrace just after the earthquake searching for any cracks we knew they were there somewhere, presently I found myself in a big depression with cracks from the concrete like a spider's web I felt my foot being sucked in, whilst crawling out of the depression my right hand was held in another crack but not so strong as my foot was held when all of a sudden the pump stopped delivering air I signaled "more air" no chance well I just managed to untie the sandbag and rope I was held to the bottom with and get to the surface there was only 28 feet of water, the pump was dismantled I found verdigrease (?) and old cheap mineral oil had been used instead of the best olive oil, and my diving gang were all new to the game which didn't make me too safe underwater. Well I thought a change would be good so I wrote Admiral Byrd, - will be pleased to join your expedition when it touches New Zealand.

The expedition arrived at Wellington 8 December took in fresh provisions & water and left 4 days later, on board steam ship "Jacob Ruppert" were 150 dogs, 3 cows, 5 snow tractors 4 planes and many other things including 3 stowaways who begged to do the trip. The big Condor plane with 32 feet floats attached was lashed on the upper deck and it did three flights in the vicinity of the Antarctic Circle but each time it first checked its compass by flying over the ship twice, the ship's course the pilot knew, but no islands were discovered one iceburgh they flew over they estimated was at least 200 miles long.

Whilst the ship was cruising through ice burghs over 800 were counted in 24 hours, one of the cows gave birth to a calf which was promptly named "Iceburgh". One of the dogs broke its chain and jumped overboard into the icy water. I was lowered down to the waters edge in a coal basket and rescued the dog just in time, we had to force its mouth open with a stick to pour something hot down it soon got well again down the engine room. I will keep referring to my personal diary I kept daily for 15 months for accuracy.

We received a radio from Linclon Ellsworth who just arrived at Little America Byrd's first expedition base, "Plane smashed trying to land am returning to America" Ellsworth was independent he hoped to fly from Little America to Weddel Sea over 2000 miles.

Some days we were hove to in the boisterous blizzards knowing huge iceburghs lurked in the vicinity but with careful manoeuvring sometimes 100 miles out of our way we regained the open sea and 18 January we steamed into Bay of Whales 37 days out from Wellington the Bay is about 40 miles deep 50 miles wide and about 10 across at the entrance, after steaming up & down the Ross Ice Barrier 3 times a place was decided upon as near Little America as possible about 4 miles off, but whilst we were manoeuvring against the strong undercurrent from under the ice barrier which was over 200 ft high, the whole face for about a mile broke off & crashed into the sea turning upside down causing a huge tidal wave which rocked our iron ship of over 10000 tons very dangerously – we had just witnessed the birth of an iceburgh, the ship immediately put to sea, the next day a new place was found although 10 miles from Little America but discretion was the safest, having landed 20 men on the ice by sliding down the ships bows 5 anchors were quickly dug in & the ship secured to them with 8 inch hawsers then unloading commenced at once, several killer whales were hovering round the ship all the time, these whale have teeth and will attack anything in the water.

Admiral Byrd with surveying party & dog sledge made for Little America Base built 5 years ago and where we hoped to live for the next 16 months everything was found as it was left the houses under the snow were crushed in 2 or 3 places & the entrances blocked but that was soon shoveled away, one man idly touched a switch and the telephone buzzed and another switch caused electric light which proved the dry cells were still functioning after 5 years, even the big chiming clock on the wall after the frost had been brushed off its face & wound up started ticking away & did so for the next year that clock is now in my home still doing its duty.

Unloading of the ship went on for 3 solid weeks we still had the midnight sun, over 400 tons of food and various stuff was landed there was \$100,000 of scientific gear alone, nine times the ship had to cast off & put to sea owing to the rough weather, twice the gangway made from telephone poles was crushed into the ice and ripped assunder our other supply ship the "Bear of Oakland" arrived 23 February with the new doctor from New Zealand and a few more stores the American doctor became ill and had to return with the ship hence Byrd radiod the "Bear" to pick up another doctor. The ice was breaking up badly in the boisterous seas that came pounding in through the entrance, winter was fast approaching so the ships were hurriedly discharged and by February 27 both had left to winter back in New Zealand I remember well letting go the ropes amid the parting farewells and with 10 minutes the ship was engulfed in sea smoke but the few of us left on the ice edge still exchanged our farewell cheers to the crew we could not see, in a few minutes silence reigned now I realized I was here for at least a year & no ships could get to us within that time. During the last week the sun had started setting and on this night I saw two sun sets due to refraction and ice crystals in the air, I got on my dog sledge & went back to the nearest food cache depot a good 2 miles off here other dog teams & tractors were hard at it freighting by relays of 2 miles to Little America, the idea was to get everything as far away from the ice edge as quickly as possible, huge chunks of ice were breaking off further along, one of these pieces half as big as Brisbane took with it a few bags of coal, hay & straw, something new was happening every day.

One of the planes which had made a few survey flights now gave us a hand it took 25 loads right into Little America about four tons each load the pilot said the entrance to the Bay of Whales was blocked with icebergs & freeing over inside what luck our 2 ships were outside racing back to New Zealand they would have been crushed inside.

Several young Weddel seals with there mothers were lying about in the sun all day when I say young seals I ran and caught one and got on its back I rode for about 20 yards then I slipped off as I got up somebody was on a fresh seal so I scrambled on behind & we both rode for about 12 yards this ones mother was trailing behind too close so we fell off, - these young seals were only 3 or 4 months old but to think they could carry 2 men about 200lbs each is a feat on its own. As the Fokker plane was taking off for its test flight 3 of us nearby jumped in the open door for a ride when it got to about 1000 feet it somehow couldn't stay up so it came down and crashed & turned over smashing the plane to pieces none of us were hurt I just had a stiff neck for 6 weeks after.

Three men were constantly shooting the biggest seals with no young for human and dog consumption through the long winter night, we cached about 300 piled them up at our own back door they lasted us easy 14 months we had now 135 dogs to feed the other dogs died or got killed in fights a wolf strain predominates I know one dog a Siberian husky that killed 4. The seals live in the sea under the ice all the winter with just a few blow holes they have to keep open to breathe by & they must work to do that job alone every few minutes I should think.

On March 1 five dog teams left to fly & provision the first southern trail for 150 miles, Byrd's winter house in section 10 x 14 x 14 followed behind drawn by snow tractors this was erected 100 mile further south and on March 22 Byrd was flown out to this hut to stay the long winter so he could study meteors Auroras & meteorology everybody else returned to the base all the dogs with there kennels & the 3 planes had to be dug under the snow with tunnels so they could be at, it takes a good dog to stand 40 below for many days & that was the temperature, sometimes blizzards would spring up over night & block up every entrance. The sun disappeared April 18 & was not seen till August 20 the moon regularly went away 12-15 days at a time but everything was dug under and cosy for the temperature was dropping all the time.

The Aurora Australis gave brilliant displays in all manner of ways & shapes sometimes a curtain then flickering with gorgeous colours then a huge wavering comet or mares tail it lit the the whole place up like the new and full moons did, very often the stars were not visible I saw the moon 4 times with 4 rings and hallows round it and quite often I saw a double sun but not for long.

During the long winters night everybody had to find his own interest, one "Yank" who slept under my bunk never spoke to anybody for 2 months the American Italian cook got very dirty & lazy had no interest in anything I burnt more than one of his aprons so he would put a clean one on.

We could only work about 4 hours a day such as weighing up trail rations, making & repairing 12 foot dog sledges overhauling tractor engines in the garage the aviation unit had there own specialized work & generally preparing for the coming spring events, I made a little sledge 9

inches long to scale also a coloured wool picture sewn on canvas depicting the “Bear of Oakland” under full sail leaving for home as I remembered it & 3 miniature seal harpoons and canvass macramé work I was well employed.

The coldest temperature recorded was 72 below on July 21 and as there was no wind we could walk about in the open for a short while, ones breath came out like a big column of smoke and you could actually hear it crack as it came in contact with the air.

Byrd had kept a regular radio schedule with the base every week but towards the middle of July he had been silent when we picked up a few faint signals which meant something was wrong, so a snow tractor was got ready & set out to rescue Byrd but only got 50 miles had to turn back owing to darkness and crevasses & no flags could be seen on the trail, so early in August another tractor set out to the rescue with second in command in charge a good twilight and New Moon made matters easier they arrived 11 August & found Byrd very weak and all in, the fumes from his kerosene stove had slowly poisoned him, but he soon got stronger now he was cared for and on October 12 a plane flew out & brought him home what a wreck he looked hair touching his shoulders and very weak nearly 6 months by himself.

One appendicitis operation was successfully performed several flights were made in the spring of 1934 and the ships arrived Feb 7/1935 to take us all home and within 11 days we were on our way back to New Zealand and the expedition was over.

H.R.Young .*

** I have typed Bob's composition exactly as he wrote it (though I was tempted to correct a few spellings and add some spaces – if not a few periods and semi-colons– and generally edit it!). I became aware of its existence during 2008 when I received a copy of the six-page original holograph from John Barnes. It is one of the three “original manuscripts” that Bob and John had taken to the BBC in 1963(acknowledge by them in a letter to John Barnes, dated 12 September, 1963) and subsequently returned to John. My understanding was that John would also offer to donate the original to the SPRI when he offered the original of Bob's long narrative account to them. I have no idea when Bob actually penned this “composition” (my word to describe it). Probably between 1936 and 1962. Does anything in it conflict with what Bob Young wrote in his narrative account, in **Section 3**? The reader may choose to check for him/ herself. Does it add anything to the information he included in his account? I think the reader may have noticed that it does, here and there.*

When I first read this composition, I was immediately struck by the sentence “I will keep referring to my personal diary I kept daily for 15 months for accuracy”. This echoes the several similar statements in his narrative account – but we are no nearer to knowing what happened to the missing diary!

Appendix 5

1985 Appeal for Information re Bob's Diary

A professor of geography in Canada is trying to trace the papers of his late uncle. Dr Bruce Young of Ontario believes that Bob Young formerly of Auckland wrote a day-by-day account of his experiences with Admiral Byrd's Antarctic Expedition in the 1930s – but the original diary is missing, and he would like to hear from anyone who can help trace the diary – in fact, he would be delighted to hear from anyone who knew Harry Richard (Bob) Young or who shared his Antarctic experiences.

After service in the Royal Navy, ex-Petty Officer Bob Young arrived in New Zealand in the 1920s. He was working at the Waikato Hospital, in Hamilton when he was given leave to sail South on the City of New York from Dunedin to embark Admiral Byrd's winter party in 1929. He was working on the Arapuni Dam in 1993 when he was asked to serve with the American's second Antarctic expedition. Bob Young joined that expedition in Wellington in December, 1933, and it was 433 days before he set foot in New Zealand again. He continued with the other expedition members to America in March, 1935, but returned later that year to New Zealand and settled at Greenhithe, Upper Harbour, Auckland. He died in 1966.

Professor Young thinks his uncle's diary of his experiences at Little America may still be in New Zealand, perhaps in a private home. Dr Young's search recently led hi, to Indiana, U.S.A., where he interviewed 78-year old Alton Lindsey who was a scientist with the 1933-35 expedition. Bob Young's nephew may be reached at Wilfrid Laurier University in Waterloo, Ontario, Canada. *

** When a colleague and friend in Waterloo – Dr Brent Hall, now Dean of the School of Surveying at Otago University in Dunedin – was about to visit his family in New Zealand in 1985, he kindly agreed to take copies of this appeal/statement and **mail it to newspapers in his home country**, suggesting they might like to publish it. It was sent to several newspapers and a couple of journals, but I don't know how many papers actually printed my statement (or some version of it). In any event, as far as I recall, it elicited only one response from a reader: the letter and two extremely useful enclosures sent from the Canterbury Museum in Christchurch by David Harrowfield, to which I refer in one of my notes.*

Dr Brent Hall subsequently returned to Canada with copies of several photographs from different archives as well as information about certain relevant publications. And to this day, Brent has continued to be interested in what we have found out about Bob Young and what we have been writing about Bob – and also what we learned about Dr Louis Potaka of BAE2 when I was doing research into Potaka's short life, and composing my biographical essay of the doctor. These days we communicate electronically – Kingston to Dunedin and in the reverse direction. And I am grateful for his interest and comments and assistance.

Appendix 6

Mrs Bolling Byrd Clarke's 1990 letter

August 16, 1990.

Dear Bruce Young,

Well, I'm finally getting around to answering your very nice and interesting letter of May 23. It seems incredible where time goes but that is no excuse and I really must apologize!

I appreciate receiving the copy of Bob's letter to Dick. I remember Glenn Whitham from the Charles Street Garage where we kept our 6-passenger Lincoln with the pull-out seats and window curtains. We had many an adventure in the Edsel Ford, a small motor boat with cabin. I don't know whether or not I told you the following reminiscence but here goes just in case.

First of all, I thought Bob was the absolute greatest – he, with great patience, would take me fishing in the Edsel Ford, off Desert Isle in Maine. One day after baiting the hook with just dug clams, I cast into the sea prepared to catch some mysterious monster from the deep and instead caught myself! Bob inspected my right index finger closely hoping to push out the deeply buried hook. But it wouldn't budge. The only thing left to do was to cut it out with a razor blade – which he proceeded to do with great ceremony – of course, I was not going to cry, feeling we females were just as brave and stalwart as males. (One of my life's ambitions was to prove it!) The offending hook flew out after a very quick cut – and Bob praised me for my braveness and even claimed that I was a hero! It was a very positive experience. Needless to say I shall never forget that sensitive, gentle man.

That is one reason why it was such a pleasure meeting you.

I'm glad you had a chance to view the Byrd papers. I wish I could help you on Bob's whereabouts between April '35 and early '36. I'm afraid my memory is very imprecise. He would have been with us at our camp off the coast of Mt Desert just before the 33-35 expedition or just after – but I think we spent our summers on the mainland starting in 1936.

Am leaving Monday for New England to see family and friends and will stop to see Paul Dalrymple and reminisce – Antarctica was fabulous! *

My congratulations to Jackie on her degree, and best wishes to you both,
Bolling.

** Mrs Clarke had been on an extended cruise to the Antarctic in 1989, traveling with Mrs Ruth Siple, the widow of Dr Paul Siple, veteran of BAE1, BAE2 and many other Antarctic ventures. I believe a special video of portions of the movie material of her father's expeditions was compiled for Mrs Clarke's talks while on the cruise. Mrs Siple had been to the South Pole in 1975 as a special guest when the new domed South Polar Station was dedicated; she served The Antarctic Society for many years, and died in 2004. (For photos of the South Pole Station, past and present, try www.southpolestation.com).*

Appendix 7

Editor's 10 January, 2007, letter to Mrs Bolling Byrd Clarke

Dear Mrs Clarke,

Greetings! I trust this letter finds you and your family well...

It is now a long time since Jackie and I met you and Dr Paul Dalrymple in Maine. Though we have corresponded...; and I enclose a **copy** of your earlier letter of August 16, 1990, to me – which is the reason I am now hoping to make contact with you, at your new address.

We have mentioned a number of times about our search for Bob Young's diary for 1933-35...; and I'm sorry to say it has not surfaced! It remains missing. So I continue to work with his 33-page handwritten "account", loaned to me by my cousin, John Maxwell Barnes, in England in the mid-1980s!

In fact, I have all but completed editing Bob Young's lengthy (about 14,000 words) narrative about BAE2, and his experiences afterwards in the USA (in 1935-36). And I am putting together a "Postscript", chronological in structure, which will include some mention some of the contacts he had with your Dad and his BAE2 shipmates after 1936, and continue his story with his periodic correspondence with your Father and your late brother Dick and his last visit to family in England, three years before his death in New Zealand in the mid-sixties... Whether it all gets finished this year or next...it will have been a 'work in progress' for many years; and like my Ph.D in South Africa should be inscribed "Dondakufika" - the Zulu word meaning "The long awaited one" (and often what Zulu parents name a child they have been waiting a long time for!)...

I would very much like to include in my edited version of Bob's account the story you wrote about in your August 16, 1990, letter to me. Specifically, the story of Bob cutting your finger with a razor blade to get out the fish hook, and your reactions at that time... In fact your letter would make a very interesting "appendix"....(I expect to have several appendices).

So, I shall be very grateful if you would give me permission to quote your words and the letter. And, of course, your agreement would be gratefully acknowledged.

Incidentally, in a note or two inserted in the main text, I shall inform readers that they can find more about you on the Internet - including: on the website where you talk about the day your father returned to Washington DC in 1935... and where the speech is given that you gave when your father's statue in Winchester was unveiled.

I anticipate that Bob's edited narrative account will go on The Ohio State University's digital repository (the "Knowledge Bank") joining there my biographical essay on Dr Louis Potaka –

(which has already led to a few unexpected messages from far afield). I have been encouraged to send the edited account to Columbus; and hopefully, its appearance will reflect or demnstate, in a small way, the importance and value of the Byrd Polar Research Center - and of the extensive 'Byrd Papers' in particular to those curious about your Dad's explorations and other activities..... Before it goes to OSU, however, I shall be happy to send you the latest draft of the edited narrative account – if you so wish - either as an e-mail attachment or through the regular mail, whichever is the more convenient for you....your comments, I'm sure, will be most insightful and very much appreciated....

We anticipate returning Bob's original manuscript to my cousin John Barnes in England in person, perhaps in the next year or two... and perhaps when we are in the UK. When we do, if he wasn't such a polite gentleman, he might say: "About time, Bruce!!"...

Hope to hear from you...

(And we hope we may have an opportunity to visit you in Kennett Square on our way home to Ontario from the American Library Association meeting in Washington DC in June. Incidentally, while Jackie is busy there with library matters, I shall make a further visit, or two, to the National Archives out in Maryland – in particular, to see whether there is anything of interest to me in Dr Poulter's and 'Bud' Waite's boxes, both of whom, you will recall were with your Dad at Advance Base for several weeks after they reached him...).

Jackie has moved to Queen's from Princeton University after five very happy years there... We have bought a house in Kingston...

Sincerely,

Bruce Young *

** As the reader may suspect, this is an edited and shortened version of my original, typed, letter of January, 2007 (... indicates where portions have been omitted). As mentioned elsewhere, I spoke to Mrs Byrd on the telephone not long after sending this letter. And, as I noted on about p.70, she sent an e-mail on June 27 shortly after our visit to Kennett Square earlier that month. In the e-mail she wrote:... "I found Bob's notes on trip etc and your edited paragraphs and inclusions. Very interesting. In fact I read it all over again several times. It must have taken a lot of your time. I know you are going over it again to straighten it out and possibly adding even more. If possible, and it's not too much trouble, I would love to have a copy..."*

I shall be happy to consider e-mailing as an attachment a photo or two of the late Mrs Clarke taken by me in June, 2007, when she was living in Kennett Square, to readers who contact me, explaining their interest in receiving one.

Appendix 8

‘Personal Accounts’: Research at the SPRI

The SPRI currently indicates (online) that “Possible research projects for the M. Phil. in Polar Studies in the Humanities and Social Sciences Strand in 2008-2009” include “The personal accounts of lower ranks on polar explorations in the 19th and early 20th centuries”. *

** Having laboured (albeit very happily) over Bob Young’s narrative account for so long, I would like to know more! But at this time I have no further details about the rationale, scope and objectives of the research noted, nor the resources (personal accounts...) that may be available for students at the SPRI. Nor whether the topic described has resulted in theses in past years, nor whether the topic will be suggested in future years. Nor who at Cambridge would be the advisor for such a project.*

Of course, one would especially like to know the definition of “lower ranks”. Bob Young for sure would fall into that category, as would Stewart Paine, and arguably scientist Al Lindsey. And also the two explorers I mention in my Introduction: Lashly and Gran. But I am not so sure about some other diarists, including A.L.A. Mackintosh (see Shackleton’s Lieutenant: The Nimrod Diary of A.L.Mackintosh British Antarctic Expedition 1907-09, edited by Stanley Newman and published by Polar Publications, Auckland in 1990).

It would certainly be interesting to know more about this approach to studying the diaries/personal accounts of “lower ranks” on polar explorations; and how many scholars are actively pursuing research of this kind – at Cambridge and elsewhere – and where they publish their findings.