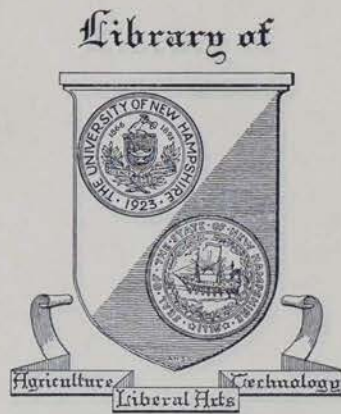


V
919.9
B27

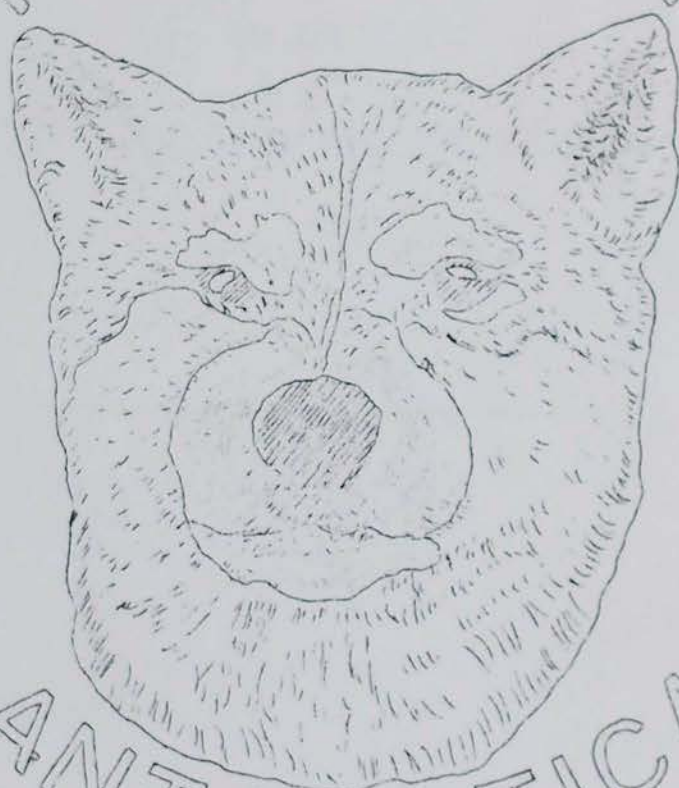


The University
of
New Hampshire

GIFT OF
Stuart D. L. Paine

THE BARRIER BULL

LITTLE AMERICA



ANTARCTICA

v. 1, no. 1

May 13, 1924

T H E B A R R I E R B U L L

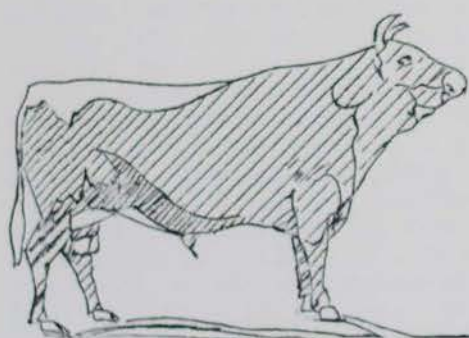
(13)

VOL. I

May 19, 1934

NO. I

LITTLE AMERICA, ANTARCTICA



LITTLE
AMERICA
ANTARCTICA
VOLT
NO



CHARLES J. V. MURPHY

1.

Admiral Byrd has been invited to reopen the World's Fair at Chicago May 26. If communication is successful, he will transmit from Bolling Advance Weather Base a message that will set off a remarkable fireworks display reading "Greetings from Little America" - even if Admiral Byrd doesn't spell it quite that way. The affair will be part of the regular Saturday broadcast. The Little America studio will receive its cue from New York and, shortly after going on the air, will attempt the switch-over to Advance Base. Preliminary arrangements have already been made. General Dawes and the Governor of Illinois will speak at Chicago.

2.

Thursday, May 17, Admiral Byrd began his second month of darkness at Bolling Advance Weather Base. He reported all's well. He now has two weekly radio contacts with KPZ. A message from President Roosevelt was read to him. The message said, "I hope all goes well with you and all the other members of the Expedition. We are thinking of all of you and hoping that the drifts are not too high, nor winds too strong, for an occasional promenade in the dark. Good luck." As a matter of record, Admiral Byrd happened to report earlier in the week that he still manages to walk an hour or so every day, as a rule during the late afternoon. He reported temperatures fluctuating between 20° and 50° below zero.

3.

Social Notes from Little America . . . The hard riding, hard drinking, fast set in the Administration Building has opened the fall social season . . . Dr. Morgan has invited a large number of guests to the first duck shoot . . . Mr. Grimminger entertained an orphan from across the railroad tracks, Thursday. It was just another day in the week for the high flying balloon runner, but it nearly killed the orphan. "I can't travel that pace", moaned the orphan, as Mr. Grimminger flung him across the saddle of his high spirited hunter. "You rich have lived too close to the cache." . . . The lower classes in the Old Mess Hall are now clamoring for bread. "Let 'em eat cake and like it", shouted the Bourbon, Mr. Haines. . . Mr. June has invited fifty guests to the June levee. Twenty covers will be set in the cache. . . Our Norwegian colleagues, Messrs. Eilefson, Ronne and Peterson celebrated Norwegian Independence Day in bitter isolation. Senor Eilefson, when approached for a statement on the peculiar significance of the day, rapped out: "no good - no good - this Norwegian holiday - no whiskey for Norwegians - Americans all celebrating . . . no good." He burst into tears, poor thing.

AN INTERVIEW WITH COMMANDER SCHLOSSBACK

Commander Schlossback, Ike, to his friends, czar of Antarctic railroads, intrepid explorer, capitalist, and friend of the poor, granted the following interview to a Barrier Bull reporter. He explicitly stated that he did not wish to be quoted, but later he capitulated and approved of the following:-

"Tromso! Ah, that lovely town in the north of Norway. Years ago I put through a railroad from Tromso to the Greenland Ice Cap. Quite a fair size undertaking. We had to bridge all way to Greenland. It cost me a lot of money. But that isn't why I love it so. Its because its unique. Everybody here has been to the Arctic Circle. Everybody is an explorer. Its a town of explorers. And they all take it seriously. People ordinarily do not go up to the Arctic Circle every day. But here they do. In fact they go to every continent, the Antarctic, the Greenland Ice Cap, the Arctic. There isn't any place where they

don't go every day. It's a regular well or spring of Arctic and Antarctic curios. They are born to be explorers. It's a peculiar fact that the knowledge of exploring is inherited from generation to generation. That's why their technical men are so good. Likewise this is easily seen because it is the jumping off place for Arctic and Antarctic expeditions. This is due to the Gulf Stream, not that I can make this entirely plain. I won't try to. But it's a remarkable town. You can't realize it until you have been there.

Almost everybody you meet on the street is an ice pilot, a ski expert, a polar bear hunter, or an Antarctic archaeologist. They are all in the game.

I used to know a radio man on the Greenland Ice Cap. A splendid chap. He came from Tromso. I remember he used to hail me every time I sledged by, inviting me in to have a chat. And the peculiar part about it was that he would nine times out of ten talk about Tromso. I came to love that town just as much as he did, though I hadn't seen it at the time. It was only when ^{we} put through the railroad between Tromso and the Greenland Ice Cap that I came to know it as it is. Good harbor, pretty houses, beautiful rocks and reefs, pretty girls. All this only a stone's throw from civilization, as you might say. Reindeer, dogs, caribou, muskoxen and Tromso. All this within those cold dreary icy wastes. Last link with civilization. But to the Gulf Stream, of course."

Commander Schlossback's eyes took on a distant and far away look. His face seemed to light up at the memory of Tromso and the Gulf Stream. He reached for his pocket handkerchief and sneezed.

"That's all right," he said, and sneezed again.

WILLIAM S. McCORMACK

The Autogiro is not an airplane.

The Pep Boys, Inc., is an automobile accessory concern with forty stores in Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Maryland, and seven on the West Coast.

The first Autogiro was flown in Europe in 1921. In 1926 the Autogiro made its first appearance in the United States. Since then the Gyro has been flown and improved extensively, but not to a point yet where it can compete with the airplane for speed or load carrying.

The largest gyro built is a five place cabin job with a top speed of 130 miles per hour. Like all American gyros it has four flexible blades, each of which is attached to the rotor head by a vertical and a horizontal articulating pin which gives it free vertical and horizontal movement. They are started by means of a friction clutch which is attached to the back of the motor. This, however, is one of the newer improvements; for convenience in starting the rotor. It can spin freely and is not driven by the motor while taking off, in landing or in flight. Due to the curve of the blades, they rotate by themselves at a constant speed of 140 revolution per minute.

As for the future of the Autogiro, there is no limit to the inventor's theory; that is as to size. At present the Kellett Autogiro Corp., is building a wingless, direct control, three bladed gyro. This is of considerably less horsepower, and will no doubt perform as well if not better than the present ship.

ON THIN ICE

To Clay Bailey goes the rubber sponge - four months without a bath --Murphy washes every Thursday except this last week when it was Friday as the radio department had a little visitor Thursday night. In an exclusive interview G. Grimmerger stated to our reporter, "I have been sober for two weeks and intend to remain so". What is Boyd going to make out of the five cans of cookies he has, or had, in his machine cache. Paul Swan is continuing his master criminal course. We think he plans a raid on the chocolate supply. Dr. Palooka never closes a door behind him. Maybe he expects a bundle of kindling wood to follow him in. He has returned once more to his midnight chopping and already has succeeded in driving a nail into the wall beside June's head. Carbone and Herrmann have returned to their rattles, the chalk having been taken away. Corey is weakening. The tractor department was made a present of one of the red boxes filled with tools. What about it Fleming? Mac says that if Bill trumps his ace once more he won't rescue him next year.

SLEDGER'S LAMENT

The sun is rolling southward along the Barrier edge,
The sky is streaked from end to end with rose;
I ski along in silence at the gee-pole of my sledge,
And Lazy wisps of drift rise off the snows.

Three figures loom gigantic in trace of sunset cloud,
The storm-heads of the journeys of the past;
Three names, which stand for daring deeds, which won the
praises loud
Of a world in which their fame will always last.

I speak of Scott and Shackleton of British blood and true,
Who carried south the ensign of their land;
And of Amundsen the Norseman, who, with gallant viking crew,
Placed the Southern Pole beneath his hand.

They all have travelled down the Trail into the Western Seas,
And their trails across the ice are covered o'er,
But I'm proud to be with sledge and dogs against the southern
breeze,
And skiing where their ski tracks ran before.

The time has passed when men and dogs went first into the
waste,
And the pioneering's done with man and plane,
But the sledgers are the infantry whose steady course is
traced
To make sure the pioneers come home again.

The plane goes zooming overhead, to pierce the icy haze
To the cold plateau and Weddell Sea afar;
While in the name of those great names we plod along for days
To form retreat for that bold shooting star.

But we who know the hardship and the struggle of the way
Would never trade our skis to those who fly;
While they carry out their missions in an hour or a day;
We have the joy of months beneath the sky.

And through the months of "Carry On" and "Yake along the trail
We learn to feel the vastness of the land;
The sweep of ice, the swirl of storm, the mountains where
they sail -
(It takes all hands to do the job that's planned!)

Richard B. Black
On the Trail
March 1934

THE BARRIER BULL

Published Every Week in Little America, Antarctica

EDITORS

Stuart D. Paine - Richard S. Russell

EDITORIALS

In the world of journalism the launching of a magazine, large or small as the case may be, is undoubtedly an anxious moment for its editors. Will it be accepted by the public? Will it be profitable? Will it be accepted by the critics, if the periodical happens to be a literary one? Will it gain sufficient circulation to insure a good price for its paid advertising? Last but not least, will it bring approbation or condemnation upon the aspiring editors?

Such are the questions to be faced by those who foster the usually dizzy career of a magazine in this gullible world. The percentage of failure for newly founded magazines is disastrously high. This, it seems, is the only thing that keeps the total number of monthlies, weeklies, dailies within reasonable limits.

Fortunately here the editors do not have to deal with the problems ordinarily faced by the great majority of editors. We have a public to be sure, but quite small enough to be classed not as a public but as a circle of friends. We know exactly how many readers we have - at least we optimistically claim to - and we likewise know, quite positively, the limits of our circulation. We have no desire for profit. In fact, had we the desire, we could scarcely gratify it. And Mirabile Dictu, we have no critics, the critical critics, we mean, who never say anything nice about anything, but who vie with each other to heap undignified insults upon those so unfortunate as to consider themselves successful. That we do not worry about paid advertisements goes without saying. Of course, we will accept such advertising, but we do not solicit it. Rates will be found elsewhere.

As to what the editors may gain or lose from their undertaking, the answer is very simple. Amusement. We launch the BARRIER BULL purely for fun. It is to be both serious and humorous. Contributions of any sort are cordially invited and earnestly desired. We publish each number once a week or oftener if our material and imagination permits.

Owing to our limited publishing facilities, we are only bringing out six or eight copies at each issue. One will be placed in each of the living quarters and one in the library. There may be several for the editors. Leroy Clark has been kind enough to type these issues. To him the Barrier Bull gives thanks.

The BARRIER BULL is noncontroversial, nonpolitical and nonsensical. Such is the protege of the Editors.

The Antarctic University inaugurated its first winter semester this week. Courses in various subjects are offered. These are being conducted by men experienced in their various fields. We who have no specialized knowledge, particularly in the fields of science, should consider ourselves singularly fortunate in being able to take these courses. Those who are skilled in some branch can profitably look into other branches. Here as in no other sphere of activity are the sciences intimately associated with our lives. We have and will undergo considerable hardships to further the cause of science. Such, in the last analysis, is the reason we are here. It behooves all of us to find out more about what we are here for, and the goal to which we are striving. Though we all have not the same

appreciation of scientific effort, we are all here to further that effort. GO TO SCHOOL. We all joined this expedition of our own free will, very few realizing what was in store for us here at Little America. Every man has and always will give his very best to the Expedition. And now we are given a chance to get even more than we expected in return. We do not advise taking every course in the school. Specialize in two or three subjects and you will be surprised what four months work will show.

The BARRIER BULL congratulates the faculty of the most southern University upon its efforts.

RATES FOR ADVERTISING

One 2-ounce bar of chocolate for each insertion of not over five lines.

Additional lines at the rate of one suit of underwear washed per line. Underwear must be those of the editors.

ADVERTISEMENT

NOTICE:- A generous reward is forthcoming to anyone finding and turning over to me an American Practical Navigator, Bowditch, 1929, having my name on the fly-leaf.

Quin A. Blackburn.

F. ALTON WADE

The only circus lot on this five million square miles of ice known as the Antarctic Continent took on a new aspect on Monday, May 14. Overnight the atmosphere of a five ring, three stage variety of a stupendous spectacle vanished and in its place came that of an eastern university. Clowns, trapeze performers, and ring-masters were miraculously transformed into serious, begowned, and bespectacled professors who immediately proceeded to belch forth words of wisdom into the listening ears of their students who had but lately been laborers, acrobats and bandmasters.

A great thirst for knowledge on the part of these fifty five marooned men who, heretofore, had believed that a strong back and a weak mind were the only prerequisites to a polar exploring was aggravated by a wide spread rumor to the effect that they were not really down here to set a new record for cubic yards of snow shovelled in any given time. Once this spark of a question had been ignited it was soon fanned into flame and from all sides rose the cry, "Why are we here?". The pedagogues who had been lurking in the background awaiting just such an opportunity immediately formed a university and offered courses in all subjects to the poor and unsuspecting, whether they were pertinent to the question or not.

The messhall that has heretofore been reserved as a place where appetite might be satiated now rings with flowery phrases describing the private life of a poor plankton, the life history of a mountain, and the dit dah dit of a radio receiver. Across the way Herr Dr. Rawson expounds on the art of knowing when you are lost and guarantees to teach you in twelve painless lessons all there is to know about navigating a sledge, be it dog or tractor drawn. Down in the old messhall the bald headed maestro

of the trail tells of dogs, tents, food, furs, mittens to a crowd composed of mechanics, carpenters, insurance salesmen and tree doctors. Art is not completely neglected for the sciences, for once weekly the master of brush and palette holds the floor.

One week of intensive study is behind these eager students and not even a hint as to why they are here has been dropped by the cautious sages. But Dean Perkins has assured them all that if they are still in ignorance when commencement day rolls around he will personally take the task of informing them unto himself and will make it the subject of a series of lectures to be delivered aboard the RUPPERT during the homeward voyage.

J. H. Von der Woll

We left New York early in 1917 on one of Paul Drexel's yachts, the ALCEDO, which the Navy Department had taken over and converted into a submarine destroyer. We joined a number of other yachts that the rich men of the U.S.A. so loyal patriots had given to the Government. These were known as the Suicide Fleet. It was a sure bet that they would either never get across or else be German U-Boat bait.

The latter was what befell us of the ALCEDO. Having passed through two terrible storms before and after leaving the Azores Islands, we soon entered the war zone. We were equipped with two 3-inch guns on the bow and two aft, with ten depth charges, or ash cans, used to destroy submarines. We passed through the submarine zone without a mishap, and reached Brest, France, in due time after almost three weeks. Our first duty then and many times after was coaling ship, the most dreaded task of a sailor.

I, at the time, had reenlisted in the Navy for war service, having had four years previous naval service. My rate was that of 2nd class gunner's mate, a petty officer. It was my duty on a ship of this size to take care of the two guns forward, and machine guns and small arms; also to train and drill my own gun crew and take charge of a sea watch, which we were standing four on and four off. My duty on sea watch was to post a lookout at each gun and inspect the ship below decks for leaks and fire.

Well, after a stay of a few days in Brest, France, we were assigned to convoy duty out of Brest. It meant we would pick up a convoy of either empty troop ships on their way back to the States, or cargo ships running from St. Nazaire to Brest or Plymouth, England. So our duty went for six days until we picked up another convoy coming in. For at least six months nothing exciting really happened.

Then in the early morning hours of Sept. 10, 1917, as we steamed in formation abreast our convoy it happened. There was a heavy thud heard below decks as if we had rubbed our sides against something. Then a long drawn out wail of the siren coming from one of the transports, the S. S. ANTILLES. I happened to have the 4 to 8 watch on deck. As I turned to face the ANTILLES I saw her list badly to starboard. A geyser of sea water shot high above her mast top forward of the bridge. She tried to right herself but in seven minutes she was in sinking condition. Her boats were being lowered over filled with her crew.

We steamed about looking for the sub. Some of the other boats had fired several shots at what they thought might have been the enemy sub, and amidst the gunfire we could hear the heavy muffled sound of depth charges exploding beneath the surface. At least we were letting the enemy know we were prepared to give her a run for her money.

Inside of ten minutes the ANTILLES was standing on beams ends, her propellers stopped. We took a last look and she headed for Davy Jones's locker. The boatswain's mate aboard was hastily lowering a boat to pick up survivors. My gun's crew was standing by, their guns waiting for me to get the signal from the Captain to commence firing at the sub if the depth charges

would only bring her up. But nothing doing-, she was either on the bottom a total wreck or on her way for more easy prey.

Our boat was returning filled with survivors. Sitting on a small raft, that kind hastily made up of six empty 5-gallon tins with a few slats to hold them together, was a fellow, one hand gripping the small raft and the other holding a sailor by the collar of his jumper. He was in a dazed condition and from where we were standing on the bow we could easily see that the sailor was dead. His head was half submerged in the water, but in his dazed condition this fellow never recognized it. He himself had a nasty cut running the length of his forehead with blood streaming all over his face. We called to our Captain on the bridge to have another of our boats pick them up. The sailor had been dead for hours. He broke his neck when jumping into the water, having struck the overturned boat.

This was our first taste of submarine warfare, and nasty nervous business it turned out to be.

From then on we were continually on edge. We slept below decks with all our clothes on, and a troubled sleep it was. At any unusual sound below all hands were awake and ready for the first tingle of the General Alarm calling us to our gun station or to abandon ship. So it went day and night and the early morning hours were the most dreaded as this was an ideal hour for the enemy to strike.

A week later we got too close in our convoy maneuvers and were rammed by a freighter carrying dynamite and T.N.T. and gasoline for the Allies. She tore the shrouds from our mast, stove in our bulwarks above decks and knocked a crossbeam loose in the forward compartment. But outside of putting the whole crew in a nervous state, we were able to continue.

The following week out from St. Nazare, with the troop ships HENDERSON, FINLAND and several others, we got another taste of the fine shooting of the torpedo marksmanship of the German Navy. At 4.30 A.M. the FINLAND'S sirens gave a screech that brought all hands from below decks just in time to see her take a heavy list to starboard. Her boats were already being lowered. Our lookout reported seeing the sub. The skipper trained his glasses on a spot on our starboard bow. It looked like a wake alright. The word was given to me to fire both guns, range about 7000 yards. Two shots were fired from both guns as we plowed ahead as fast as our engines would send us through the choppy seas, but no sight of a hit on the enemy. We held our fire on all guns and turned about heading for the disabled FINLAND. A black smudge of smoke could be seen on the horizon left by the rest of the troop ships. If they could keep up their speed no sub could catch them.

We lowered our life boats and the same procedure of picking up survivors began. The rafts contained some of the men survivors of the ill fated ANTILLES. They were on their way home once more only to be stopped again by a German torpedo.

But we were soon to realize just what it felt like to be on a ship when a torpedo struck. A few weeks later we left the harbor of Brest at night. Ill fortune was on our deck. First our steering gear went haywire. Then we rammed the net stretched across the harbor and as we had heard it was mined we all waited to be blown into the next world. Nothing happened outside of getting hell balled out of us by the Frenchman in charge. We had an uneventful run down the coast to St. Nazare, picked up our convoy and headed for sea.

Things didn't seem right on board. The men talked of home. One youngster told me he had lied about his age. He was only 15 and felt a bit homesick. Something was in the air. Something was about to happen.

I warned my lookouts to be on the job. I had made it my business to inspect the bilges 15 minutes before the hour as I made my reports on the hour. This night, November 5, 1917, I felt different. I kept reminding myself to be extra careful. I felt too that something was about to happen. So instead of going down at 15 minutes to 2 A.M., I went below at 1.30. I

inspected forward and found everything OK. I next went below in the compartment where I bunked. As I stood between the bunks it seemed to me that the men were sleeping quieter than usual. Again going up on deck, I next discovered the trunk close to the mast leading into the lower hold where the storerooms were. One of them was open. I was about to enter to secure a few cans of fruit for my watch when something warned me to go on deck as fast as I could climb the ladder. This I did. I had no more than got on deck when looking over the side I saw we were alone. I wondered what had happened to the convoy. Why were we alone?

(To be continued)

*

NOTICE:- If any of those who are taking the various courses of study wish to have their lecture notes typewritten in the smooth so that they can be permanently bound, I will be glad to do this typewriting as I have spare time, if the notes are passed in to me.

Clark

S K O O K U M

Back home baths are more or less of an everyday affair for most of us. It consists of completely disrobing, and either stepping into a closet sort of gadget where the water drips down onto you from a spigot, or gingerly leaping into a rectangular tub filled with water. In either case, soap, which may float or sink, depending evidently upon its purity, is grasped firmly in the hand and the face, neck, torso, abdomen, etc., are lathered and rinsed. A rubbing with a towel, perhaps a deliciously scented powder sprinkled here and there, and you are back where you started from. The operation has been completed. There is absolutely nothing more to do. Of course, you might take another bath, but that would be quite silly, for you just finished one. And if your first bath was thoroughly and conscientiously performed you would not be the least mite cleaner than when you started. So that is out of the question to the sensible person. Get dressed. That is what most people do.

Now what is so compellingly attractive about taking a bath? Is it the warm, tingling feeling you get when you first dip into the water? This does not seem to be the answer, for people say they love to take cold baths, showers or plunges into lages before breakfast. No one really likes to do this though he swears by all that is holy and sacred that he would rather do it than eat, drink or love. Perhaps it is something that we are taught in childhood; that cleanliness is next to godliness, and as we all like to get close to the Saviour as we can without being godly, we submit to cleanliness. If we were very sane and thinking when we grow up we would say "Pooh! Pooh!" How has taking a bath anything to do with climbing the stairs to heaven? Or to put it in another way, how has jumping into a tub of cold water, a most unpleasant experience even to the most hardboiled virgin, anything to do with saying my prayers? For surely cleanliness, being next to godliness, the two must be very close brothers. But why don't we say "Pooh! Pooh!" as we should? I don't think we have grown up. But suppose we have, and don't say "Pooh! Pooh!" It's really serious because it means we are curtailed from natural self-expression by childish inhibitions. We are 'obies of some kind and a case for the Freudians.

The cold tub enthusiasts enlist no support from me. No matter how virtuous or energetic I feel I cannot enjoy a cold bath. Scent it with the most exotic of rare bath salts and I still would shudder before testing it with my big toe. The very thought even now causes my big toe to contract.

However, the hot water advocates have my entire sympathy. I like to be hot as well as anyone else. To feel the warm caressing flow of hot water as well as anyone else, not too hot but just right, you know, slipping over my shoulders and down the middle of my back, is truly a sublime experience. Those who take hot baths are no fools, unlike the cold tubbers. They are not imbued with such stuff as cleanliness, virtue and godliness. Their motive is honest and sincere. Just to feel the warm water running down onto my tummy or to be in a rectangular tubful of hot water and sort of float, suspended as it were, with only my head resting on the sloping end of the tub, is nearer being god-like than scrubbing yourself with a vulgar scrubbing brush in a cold shower. I have floated thus many times. So have you. I have never entirely enjoyed it because I could never get out of my mind the fact that it is not supposed to be good for you, because it saps your strength. The queens of Ptolemaic Egypt were supposed to have lain for hours, even days, in hot tubfuls of fragrantly scented waters, eating, sleeping and sporting. But they all died. Still I like it, but I wish those beautiful queens had not died as they say they did. Then, my hot baths would be completely blissful. Baths in the Antarctic are of a hybrid variety. They are both hot and cold. A paradox perhaps. The pleasant with the bad. Sitting on the edge of a cold iron tub in a temperature sometimes above freezing is the unpleasant. Your feet are in hot water. That's the pleasant. But that is all you can get in - your feet. You positively cannot get all pleasant. But to get all unpleasant is the easiest thing in the Antarctic. I'm not defending those who do not bathe here. But knowing how I feel about cold baths, cold even though the water is hot, you certainly will not condemn me when I say to you who have not taken a bath since you have been here, "I don't blame you".

Anyone interested in starting a
 fraternity at the University
 apply to Duke Dane, the original
 Psi U and Bowdoin football star.

Beware! Walter has finished reading
 "The Life of Napoleon, A Man
 of Daring."

600,000,000,000 possible hands at
 bridge and only 2,500,000 at poker.
 They call poker a gambler's game.

you she goat of a she goat
 you caterpillar's rhyme
 i know you have forgotten me -
 a typical type of crime

* * *

i wrote you from the ruppert
 i wrote you from the canal
 i thought i'd be answered
 so you're that kind of a gal!

* * *

the whole thing seems mysterious
 the whole thing seems inane
 i dined you and i wined you
 have you even forgotten my name***

* * *

blame it on your sister -
 blame it on your aunt -
 they were supposed to mail it -
 i would have - but i cant**

* * *

life is just an equation -
 divided into equal parts
 we solve it irrationally
 and forget about the hearts*

* * *

i've read all about tragedy -
 it's written in every line
 why have you forgotten me?
 but why on earth do i pine***

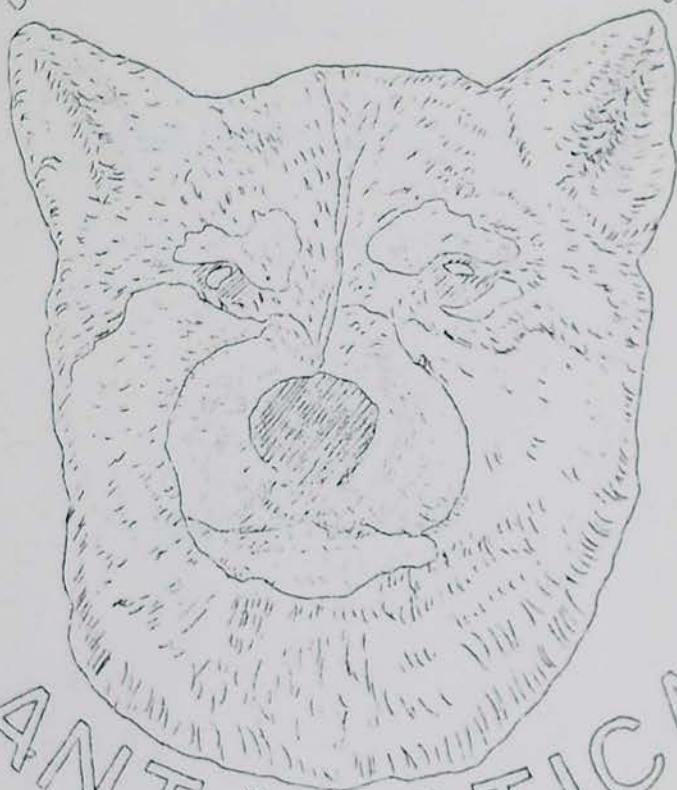
* * *

-- thoughts of home --

* * *

THE BARRIER BULL

LITTLE AMERICA



ANTARCTICA

v. 1, no. 2

May 26, 1924

T H E B A R R I E R B U L L

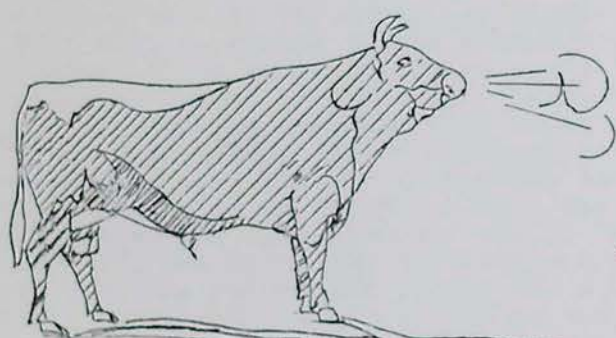
VOL. I

May 26, 1934

NO. 2

LITTLE AMERICA, ANTARCTICA

LITTLE AMERICA NUMBER



LITTLE
AMERICA
ANTARCTICA
VOLI
NO



CHARLES J. V. MURPHY

Two radio schedules were held this week with Admiral Byrd at the Advance Base. The Leader reported a minimum temperature of 72.5 below zero, Sunday May 20th. This surpasses the record low of 72.4 of the first Expedition. The lowest temperature thus far on the Antarctic Continent is 76 below zero. The coldest period is yet to come, and in the opinion of Mr. Haines, Admiral Byrd will probably not only surpass this latter temperature but may even record temperature as low as 80 or 90 below. He likewise reported a terrific temperature swing early in the week that followed in the wake of strong northerly winds. Here at Little America the temperature rose 79 degrees in a period of 42 hours. On the Ross Barrier the swing was 82 degrees over approximately the same period. Admiral Byrd reported "all's well". He has been obliged to change his ventilation system in his shack to get a freer circulation of air. Tuesday's blizzard apparently carried away his antenna and he was obliged to make a hurried splice. In the course of a conversation with the Base he reported that he was losing weight, having already taken two notches in his belt, which might be due, he explained, to the increased exercise, or "my bum cooking". He is much interested in affairs at Little America, and asked to be informed if we were having any trouble with the diet.

Social Notes

An unidentified maiden in the office of the RCA Corporation on Broad Street, New York City, had the doubtful honor of being the first woman to talk directly with this Continent. Immediately after last Saturday's broadcast, Steve Simpson, one of the RCA engineers, happened to remark that there was a "blue eyed maiden" in his office. In a moment her fair, dulcet tones, saying "hello" to the heroes of Little America, was heard. The Knights of the Grey Underwear stared first in astonishment, then reached hastily for their fur pants. The lean and lanky Texan, Gill Morgan, ambled to the microphone and in his capacity as leader of his sombre paladins said, "Ah reckon it's been so long since Ah talked to a gal Ah's plumb forgotten what to say, but BOY! OH BOY! OH BOY! you sho' sound good to me!" Well, from then on one thing led to another, with the Knights vying for her remote favors, but the mysterious lady of Broad Street more than held her own over 10,000 miles. The conversation ended tragically when the lady suddenly asked, "Are there no gentlemen down there?", and it seemed that she was right. She wanted to know if the temperature had risen. As a matter of record, it plunged next morning to 60 below, but it was no fault of hers.

ANTARCTIC DAZE

The farflung Antarctic vista was enthralling in its beauty - the southern trail wandered ahead dotted with its little flags. This was a panorama for the artist - for David Paige - a perfect #6 moon pressing a #11 sly - with a #9 aurora stabbing the universe. The small patch of mist ahead seemed to be changing shape - fascinated I gazed until with sudden and astonishing clarity it assumed human form. My blood chilled - I wanted to run - my knees however seemed to have developed universal joints - they bent in all directions. The figure approached - my terror increased until a courteous voice inquired, "Are you from Little America?" This was too much - I gasped - I choked and finally blurted out "Who - who - are you?"

"Captain Scott - sir - at your service."

"What can I do for you Captain - could I show you Little America." (I'm like that - I don't like to get rough with ghosts.)

We turned back --

"No - no Captain this is not a picket fence - those are trail flags marking the southern trail*** yes I know you used to navigate *** but this is so much easier. We entered the tunnel - "This is the quarters for Capt Innes-Taylor and myself - come in. We try to make ourselves comfortable - Captain will you please turn off the loud speaker while I answer the telephone *** some one wants to know what time we have motion pictures tonight *** Oh yes we have pictures three times a week *** excuse me Capt *** thank you Bailey *** m - m - m - no *** no - no nothing serious, just a radio from New Zealand, a couple of our men found something where it wasn't lost and the authorities have locked them up for safekeeping *** No - the huge structure in the corner is Capt Taylor's desk *** ha - ha - no - no that isn't the kitchen thats my desk *** underneath those cups plates and condensed milk tins you can see my typewriter. Would you like to see the old mess hall - fine - the men are just being called. Here we are - that isn't a football scrimmage - merely calling Paige for breakfast *** this is the Norwegian House *** no the roof isn't falling in - I think they built it like that. Did you know we had cows? You must see those *** This is the cowbarn *** why did we bring cows *** well you see, we had some kittens *** be careful don't step on them - Cox loves those kittens *** No that is not a permanent wave machine - that is a mechanical milker - Down here we have the mess hall - we keep it locked so the cook can't get out *** this is Carbone our chef *** will you have a doughnut *** yes we keep those shelves full of canned food *** sometimes the boys get hungry and its very handy *** yes, we leave out a quarter of beef every night so the boys can cut a steak and grill it *** its all very convenient and homelike. Across here is the Science Building and Library *** would you like to hear a good phonograph record *** you didn't like that *** no - no popular music in here - horrors no - this is the scientists building you know - that is, this side is - the other side is the artists studio. Shall we go to the Ad building *** be careful this shaft is deep *** this is the sick bay *** no, those are not surgical instruments - those are the tools Dr. Potaka uses in his daily carpenter work on June's bunk *** I'm afraid you must excuse me now Captain - I must go and rehearse with the quartette for next Saturdays broadcast *** out this way *** those figures in parkas and trail gear? *** no that isn't a trail party, that a searching party from the L. A. Country Club *** no - no one has been lost *** they are looking for the alcohol cache *** be careful you don't stumble over that wire mooring hawser *** what did we bring that for *** well - you see *** Captain I must go - wont you come and see me again?"

Rex Noville

BEDTIME STORIES

Tonight children I am going to tell you a story about the meeting of two ships, and what I am going to tell you happened long, long ago.

One of the ships was named the "BEAR OF SOAKLAND" and it was built of wood. The other ship was named "DISTILLERY II", and it was build of steel. From more than one thousand miles apart these two ships, in order to find each other, travelled as fast as they could. They met such a long way from land and such a long way from any other ship. Where they met there were tremendous pieces of ice floating upon the sea, there were huge fishes called whales swimming about in the water, and pretty little white birds flitted about the ships.

Very soon after the two ships met, you would have seen them being tied together side by side by great big ropes. Then all the men worked as hard as hard could be. They rolled hundreds

of barrels from DISTILLERY II and placed them upon BEAR OF SOAKLAND. Besides the barrels they took hundreds and hundreds of boxes in which there were bottles and put them upon the BEAR OF SOAKLAND. It was not until every barrel and every bottle had been taken from one ship and put upon the other ship that the two ships separated, each to go its own way.

Childred, you must be wondering what it was that was in all those barrels and in all those bottles.

The BEAR OF SOAKLAND had left more than one hundred strong men upon a great sheet of ice. This sheet of ice was floating upon the sea in some places, and in other places it rested upon the bottom of the sea.

All the men upon the ice were so brave that they were called heroes. It was their intention to battle against fierce things that were called the elements of nature. It promised to be a very even battle for the heroes were going to give the elements of nature a sporting chance.

Each hero was very busy writing a book about himself as well as separate books about each of his fellow heroes. Every day, besides writing up his diary, each one wrote radio messages to be sent to all of his relatives and friends to let them know that he was well. Each one wrote newspaper articles and poetry daily and hours and hours were spent practising signature writing.

Of course, you can see that there was lots and lots of writing to do.

There was plenty of paper to write upon, there were plenty of pens to write with, there was plenty of ink to put into the pens, but it was impossible to do any of the writing because the ink was frozen solid.

They had brought a great quantity of alcohol with them, and if they had put alcohol into the ink the ink would not have become frozen. However, all the alcohol had become mislaid and though many of the heroes kept on searching for it they could not find it.

Now children, can anyone of you tell me what was in all those barrels and in all those bottles that were put upon the BEAR OF SOAKLAND? That is right, Georgie, those barrels and those bottles had alcohol in them, and it was needed by the heroes to stop their ink from freezing.

Hush! Wally and Charlie have fallen asleep so Georgie do be a good little boy. I must turn your light off. It is 10 o'clock. So you must go to sleep.

UNCLE PETER

J. H. VON DER WOLL

(Continued from May 19, 1934)

Knowing I still had fifteen minutes before making my reports on the bridge, I sauntered back to the washroom where a fellow could steal a smoke behind closed doors. There I found the boatswain's mate. "Van, you're a bit early", he greeted me and that was all I heard, for the next minute he went sailing through the open door.

Some unknown force picked me up and flung me in the wash-trough. I was a bit stunned but heard a deep rumble like thunder. The whole ship danced and shook like a terrier shakes a rat. I had a faint idea what had happened, and making for the door pushed my way out on deck only to be struck on the head by falling debris.

I ran under the boat skis for protection. There was coal, wood, vegetables and all kind of wreckage raining down on deck. The ship had a bad list to port and was sinking fast by the bow. The deck was already awash. I looked over the side. We were slowing down, just having headway. Our engines were stopped.

The engineroom gang came up on deck. Some of them asked me what had happened. I told them not to be nervous or excited, but that my ammunition chest had blown up. All the while I was shaking like a leaf myself. I thought I could keep them calm by not telling them we were torpedoed. But the quartermaster put a crimp in that when he came from the bridge blubbering like a kid. "We're torpedoed, fellows; stand by to abandon ship", he shouted.

All hands but myself went for the boats on the deckhouse where three small fishing dories lay nested together. These they picked up and heaved over the side and then dove after them. This same stunt we had practiced many times.

I was cutting adrift a small raft secured to the bulwarks when the Doctor came on deck. I offered him the use of the raft, but he ran aft. The Skipper came down on deck next, tripped and fell. The decks were awash. I helped him to his feet. He asked me where the crew were. I reported they were all aft and going over the side.

I still thought of the gangway lashed to the side. I cut this adrift but did not wait to shove it over. I felt the ship going down by the nose. The water by this time was coming over the rail. I looked at my watch. It was 1.45 A.M. I dove over, clothes, shoes and all.

When I hit the cold water it took my breath away. November 5th in the Bay of Biscay is always cold. I had always heard of the suction a sinking ship created when going down, so I looked back and gave a few hard strokes.

As dark as it was the ship loomed up. Standing on her beam ends, she plunged to the bottom, a cloud of black smoke and sparks shooting from her stack. I thought I saw a few fellows jump aft. There was nothing for me to do but swim. But where to swim. We were miles and miles from land.

The first thing I grasped was a bag, which turned out to be spud peelings. I shoved this to one side. All this time I heard some poor devils in pain calling for help. The cries seemed far away, kept getting fainter and fainter and finally died away. Next I got hold of an oil barrel. This was terrible. My feet kept going up one side, pushing my head under water. I gave this up.

I had completely forgotten just how cold the water was by this time, or else the cold water kept me from being frightened. I did think about what my mother and Siss would say when they read the account in the papers back home.

I saw not far from me what looked like a small island. I made for it as fast as I could. It was then I found out how tired I was. I must have been in the water at least an hour, but it seemed to me as if I had been in there for weeks. I came up on this island sooner than I expected, but the island turned out to be one of the small fishing dories. It didn't take me long - I flopped in that boat like a fish to find it already occupied by many of my shipmates. My old friend Doc was also in the boat. Some of the men clinging to the small raft I had thrown over swam to the boat, got in and started bailing. We did likewise with a few hats.

We then counted the number of men and found out that there were fifteen in the boat I was in and thirteen in the other.

Both boats had a pair of oars and that was all. We had hopes of getting picked up by one of our ships. The radio operator, who was badly injured about the chest, lay in the bottom of the boat. We were sitting on top of each other. No one dared move for fear of capsizing the boat. We had three inches of free-board and that is nothing to brag about. If one had to pass water, he just let it go through his trousers if he were lucky to have any on. It helped warm the fellow underneath him.

Doc and I each had an oar. As we started to pull out of the wreckage, we heard a ship pushing through the water close by. There was a slight morning fog coming up, and a bit of a sea running. There before us all was the German sub. God! what a big fellow! Her engines slowed. Her gun crew stood about the gun on deck ready for action. The Captain from the conning tower called to us in broken English, "In die boat der. Come along side." We pulled over and went as close as we could.

"Vat ship vass dot?" the captain called.

We answered, "The ALCEDO."

"Vat is your nationality?"

"American. United States of America.", we answered.

"Vat vass your tonnage? Vere are your officers?", he continued.

We told him all the officers had gone down in the ship, and we fixed our tonnage to compare with some tramp steamer. We were afraid to let him know we were a naval ship for fear he'd do for us. He got under way, turned around and made us come alongside again, asked us all the same questions and shoved off, but not before he told us the course. We asked him how far it was to land. "Fifty miles", he said, "Northeast". And this proved to be true. He left us for good then, and there we were. If you want to find out how big the ocean really is, get out in a small boat with nothing in sight.

The Navigator and quartermaster both argued on what side of the North Star to steer our course until the Doc piped up and told them if they didn't settle the argument, he'd put a seaman in charge. We pulled and pulled, and then pulled some more, and 4.00 P.M. the next day found Doc and I still pulling. The boat was so crowded there was no way for us to get a relief. I tried my hand at whistling a tune, but it sounded so much like one of the tin whistles a kid gets in a prize bag I quit and felt ashamed until one of the deck hands in the other boat started to sing, "Oh, Mister Moon, Won't You Please Shine Down on Me." This seemed to cheer all hands up.

At about 5.00 P.M. we sighted a speck on the horizon, which two hours later proved to be a lighthouse. As we neared the shore, our strength seemed to fail us. The boat seemed to be standing still, and we were about to give up when we saw some small fishing boats coming out to meet us. They came alongside, and those of us who were able climbed aboard; the others had to be carried. We were a starved lot and thirsty, not having had a drink for almost twenty four hours.

It was Gulvenec, France where we landed - a small fishing village. The women brought us clothes as most of us were naked as a jay bird. They even removed their shawls and put them over our naked bodies. We stayed all night at their homes - two in each house. The following day we left on a train for Brest.

Two French planes had been sent out over the spot where the ship had gone down. They sighted the Captain and ten men in the life boat. A French destroyer from Brest picked them up and brought them in. One officer and twenty men were killed. The ship had gone down in four minutes.

Both boats had a pair of oars and that was all. We had hopes of getting picked up by one of our ships. The radio operator, who was badly injured about the chest, lay in the bottom of the boat. We were sitting on top of each other. No one dared move for fear of capsizing the boat. We had three inches of free-board and that is nothing to brag about. If one had to pass water, he just let it go through his trousers if he were lucky to have any on. It helped warm the fellow underneath him.

Doc and I each had an oar. As we started to pull out of the wreckage, we heard a ship pushing through the water close by. There was a slight morning fog coming up, and a bit of a sea running. There before us all was the German sub. God! what a big fellow! Her engines slowed. Her gun crew stood about the gun on deck ready for action. The Captain from the conning tower called to us in broken English, "In die boat der. Come along site." We pulled over and went as close as we could.

"Vat ship vass dot?" the captain called.

We answered, "The ALCEDO."

"Vat is your nationality?"

"American. United States of America.", we answered.

"Vat vass your tonnage? Vere are your officers?", he continued.

We told him all the officers had gone down in the ship, and we fixed our tonnage to compare with some tramp steamer. We were afraid to let him know we were a naval ship for fear he'd do for us. He got under way, turned around and made us come alongside again, asked us all the same questions and shoved off, but not before he told us the course. We asked him how far it was to land. "Fifty miles", he said, "Northeast". And this proved to be true. He left us for good then, and there we were. If you want to find out how big the ocean really is, get out in a small boat with nothing in sight.

The Navigator and quartermaster both argued on what side of the North Star to steer our course until the Doc piped up and told them if they didn't settle the argument, he'd put a seaman in charge. We pulled and pulled, and then pulled some more, and 4.00 P.M. the next day found Doc and I still pulling. The boat was so crowded there was no way for us to get a relief. I tried my hand at whistling a tune, but it sounded so much like one of the tin whistles a kid gets in a prize bag I quit and felt ashamed until one of the deck hands in the other boat started to sing, "Oh, Mister Moon, Won't You Please Shine Down on Me." This seemed to cheer all hands up.

At about 5.00 P.M. we sighted a speck on the horizon, which two hours later proved to be a lighthouse. As we neared the shore, our strength seemed to fail us. The boat seemed to be standing still, and we were about to give up when we saw some small fishing boats coming out to meet us. They came alongside, and those of us who were able climbed aboard; the others had to be carried. We were a starved lot and thirsty, not having had a drink for almost twenty four hours.

It was Gulvenec, France where we landed - a small fishing village. The women brought us clothes as most of us were naked as a jay bird. They even removed their shawls and put them over our naked bodies. We stayed all night at their homes - two in each house. The following day we left on a train for Brest.

Two French planes had been sent out over the spot where the ship had gone down. They sighted the Captain and ten men in the life boat. A French destroyer from Brest picked them up and brought them in. One officer and twenty men were killed. The ship had gone down in four minutes.

R U S T Y

I guess a few of you hardy explorers know who I am - the rust colored dog who made you so mad in Wellington when the ladies stroked my back instead of yours. Although some people call me a sledge dog, I'm really here to keep an eye on Captain Alan Immes-Taylor, former Royal Northwest Mounted Policeman, of White Horse, Black Horse, Johnnie Walker, Old Par and Pecos Valley. Short sent me down here, for knowing that Taylor rather fancied redheads, he felt I'd get closer to him than any of the other dogs. Unfortunately for me when we reached the ice, the driver of my team felt that redheads were made to be beaten so that my hide felt many a sharp lash and swift kick.

How well I remember the last trip I made this fall. Bowlin and Bailey had flown south one day, and on the return trip stopped to take a few days rest well off the beaten track. At least, that is their story. Mac, after twenty four hours of sleepless vigil, had set out in his death trap to bring back his boyhood hero dead or alive. After half an hour's flight he was forced to descend to give the mighty engine a major overhaul. Imagine Mac's surprise when he found the five cylinder vibrator was minus one cylinder. On investigation the missing part was found under criminologist Paul Swan's bunk filled with a clear, amber colored fluid -- no, you are wrong, dear reader, it was oil.

A third party, consisting of magicians and mechanics, was sent out to coax the mighty aircraft into the air once more. Duke, the dog driver, went along to sell Mac some insurance, Dr. Poulter to bolster up Mac's hopes by flying a kite or two.

Now comes the stirring climax to this great Antarctic drama. After hours, maybe two or three, of silence a fourth and final party was sent out to rescue the third party who were rescuing the second party who were rescuing the first who did not want to be rescued at all. The camp was completely bare of any trail equipment and it would be risky business travelling the eight long miles the gyro had flown. I gathered together my dog team and after convincing Olin Stancliffe that this would be a history making journey, he consented to accompany us. At the last moment, as we were leaving camp with the sledge empty, Olin threw on four cans of emergency ration. Standing atop of these on the sled he could see over the dogs' heads and so watch the trail.

It was a cold bitter trip, but we were all pulling our hearts out, realizing the importance of our mission. After two hours we reached the camp sight greatly disturbed at finding only a single tent and no whirligig in sight. However, imagine the relief when, on poking our heads in the tent, we found Mac, the magicians, the mechanics, Duke, Dr. Poulter and Pinuk all busily engaged in repairing the mighty plane. The tent was fairly crowded and seeing there was little we could do, we headed back for home. I was so disgusted at the whole performance that I didn't pull at all. As far as I'm concerned the whirligig no longer exists in this world.

That all seems very far away now. For weeks we have been changed in darkness, sleeping on bare boards. All God's chilluns get mukluks and we don't even get cocoa beans. Nome tells us - she is our spy about camp, you know - that only last week in the old messhall, Taylor was saying that dogs are the most important part of an expedition. If that's true, the common pot ought to be made a little larger so we could share too.

Several of my pals down here in the tunnels don't believe a word of that for they say Taylor is still in New Zealand. But that isn't true. Only last week he was down here trying to make us mean for the radio. Well, I know it was all a frame-up.

Charlie wanted to take a day off and they would substitute the record for his news highlights, so I passed the word around for everyone to do their worst. The rest is an old story now. They put the record on and the report came back from New York, "You did a fine job, Charlie, but what did you say?"

Excuse me, Weedy, pass the Grape Nuts.

*

*

*

*

*

*

CONCEIVE IT OR NOT

There are in the United States
547,394,721 telephone poles,
4,379,157 and a fraction for
every puppy, dog and bitch in
Dogtown.

Since Edgar Cox has been on
the ice he has consumed 1,127
pints of coffee to Clark's
993 pints.

Alan Innis-Taylor has seventeen
hairs on the top of his head.

George Noville has discussed
ladies from seventy one differ-
ent angles.

The Ontogeny of the individ-
ual is a short recapitulation
of the Phylogeny.

There are more airplanes per
capita in the Antarctic than
on any other continent in the
world.

THE BARRIER BULL

Published Every Week in Little America, Antarctica

EDITORS

Stuart D. Paine - Richard S. Russell

EDITORIALS

This Expedition is a self-contained unit. It is composed of fifty five men at Little America, and one man at the Bolling Advance Base. Most of us here have precious little in common outside similar motives for being here, and certain experiences shared together. Every man has a definite job to perform, and certain responsibilities to uphold; first to the Expedition as a whole, its work and its program; secondly, to the other members of the Expedition, his companions with whom he shall life for the next ten months; thirdly, to himself, his name and his family.

I believe every man here feels his responsibilities to the Expedition and to himself. But the second - responsibility to the other men here - seems to be lacking in certain individuals. Carelessness is perhaps a bad quality in most of us. But when that carelessness on the part of one or two persons causes discomfort and hardship to the other men here, it becomes not a bad quality, but a black evil. That man is selfish beyond any standard of the civilized world. Even though things go wrong and we are put to some inconveniences, that fact should be no excuse for letting ourselves take advantage of other men simply because it is the easiest course of action. I have in mind carelessness in the use of the toilet and the mishandling of Victrola records in the library. I need not say more about the toilet.

The large records in the library belong in the albums provided for that purpose. If they are not put back after they are played, they are certain to be broken. Four have been broken in the last two weeks because of their being left out on top instead of being replaced in the albums. Continued carelessness in this matter means more broken records and that much less enjoyment for all of us. Can't we all stop, when we are inclined to be careless, and think of the other fellow? It will do more to make the Expedition a success than all the ballyhoo in the world.

The BARRIER BULL has a birthday today - its second. The Editors consider it an anniversary. Therefore, this is the second anniversary number. Weeklies do not as a rule celebrate anniversaries when their second number comes out. But the BARRIER BULL, you see, is different. In fact it is different in many ways. We trust you may see Little America this different way from reading the Little America Number. Skool!

STATEMENT

by
COMMANDER SCHLOSSBACH

In reply to the accusation of the Antarctica Daily News that he was not the builder of the bridge between Tromso and the Greenland Ice Cap, Commander Schlossbach said:-

"The statement is absurd. I build it long before Pete was born. It was the year the Gulf Stream went down, one hundred and seventeen years ago. Terrible that was - dogs and cats all over the Greenland Ice Cap. Yes, sir, one hundred and seventeen years ago."

STEVENSON COREY

The Supply Department wishes to say that due to the fact that there was no direct solicitation of supplies or equipment by the BARRIER BULL, it makes the said publication unique and an unqualified success.

The chest of tools "so generously" given to the Tractor Department had no strings attached. But -- Fleming take notice -- a lock was not the straw that broke the camel's back. Our job is still to supply demands - within limits - so those desiring clothing, candy, liquor, work or sympathy, just ask the Supply Officer, and then - try and get 'em! -- Grimmer included.

CONCEIVE IT OR NOT

Commander Schlossbach built the bridge between Tromso and the Greenland Ice Cap. Here at the bottom of the world we are walking upon our heads.

If all the scientists in Little America were

l.....a.....i.....d e.....n.....d t.....o e.....n.....d
they would never get any where.

Walter Lewisohn states that all women are cows.

A paintbrush dipped in red paint was attached to the tail of an ass, and the ass backed up against a piece of canvas and tickled. The resulting design was exhibited all over Europe as a masterpiece of the Modern Cubists.

S K O O K U M

Dizzy from long hours of ceaseless dropping, the snowflakes settled catlike upon the already snow-satiated barrier. Feeble breezes struggled hopelessly to whirl them into a dance. From the distant Father of Oceans Old Sol sent only at mid-day its coldest rays to light the upper air over the Barrier. Cold and night reigned jointly, like double faced Janas of Ancient Rome.

Atop the Barrier, two thousand feet up from the bottom, lies the southermost community in the world. LITTLE AMERICA, it is called. Deep into the bowels of the glacier run its tunnels. Scarred is the surface of the snow where puny man has dared defy the twin gods of Night and Cold to rig his shacks. Once quite on top, these shacks are now smothered by the onslaught of wind and snow. But the Byrd Antarctic Expedition, habitant of these shacks, sneers at blizzards and night. It deems its purpose to pry from the death-ringed claws of icy devils its secrets of winds, temperatures, rock formations, protozoan life, cosmic radiations. Long kept from the inquisitive mind of man, this knowledge is craved to fill fatter the textbooks of meteorology, geology, biology, cosmic-ology. Such new facts as are gathered may do little to ease taxes, put bread into starving stomachs, place smiles on the face of the forgotten man. But science is like the stupid gullibility of the Amoeba. It swallows everything on sight, useful as well as useless. But, like the Amoeba, science never knows but it might light upon something useful. Hence its insatiability.

Far to the south, many dog-team days away, snuggles Richard Evelyn Byrd, scion of an old Virginia family, deep within the crusty drifts of the Ross Barrier. Conqueror of both North and South Poles, this rugged prototype of Marco Polo goes in search of new worlds. Like Marco Polo, Richard Evelyn Byrd will bring back tales of wonder and mystery. Never before has ambitious man sat so far south and for so long a time in the very maws of cold and ice. Nor would it have been possible save for the mechanical genius of M. Citroen. Scientifically curious, quick to sense the value of mechanical transport in the Antarctic, businessly alert, M. Citroen gave three caterpillar type tractors to the Byrd Antarctic Expedition. It was these machines that carried Richard Evelyn Byrd's advance base south over the Ross Barrier and plunked it down one hundred nautical miles south of Little America.

Sixty eight days after the gasoline guzzlers, one and one half miles to the gallon, turned their curtained rear ends upon the Advance Base, they were close huddled, half buried by the restless drifts of Little America. Several hundred feet from them opened a wide hole, like a poxmark on the smooth surface of the Barrier, big enough to swallow two of them at once. A heterogeneous roof, boxes, crates, plasterboard, iron pipes, burlap bags were being laboriously swung across the hole by busy expeditioners. The ominous clouds of a coming blizzard urged the men to work and make haste. Fly-like, lanterns threw grotesque shadows against the vertical snow walls and the slowly settling snowflakes rained white murkiness about the frosty faces of the working men.

Beneath the two tractors Epaminondas Demetrius Demopoulos, head tractor man, lit two stoves of one Van Praag, introduced into the United States by Bunk Director George Octavius Noville. The purpose was to heat the motor that combustion might take place; hence providing power to the caterpillar treads beneath the rear.

Slowly the motors warmed. The husky roar of the Van Praag meant the conversion of chilly, finger-freezing gasoline into hot, motor-warming gases. So many times had the engines been warmed by this method that little was thought could happen. One Citroen had burned up several months previous, but that had been

caused by the inexperience of the tractor man in handling the machines. Now they know their tractors like mothers of six year old children.

Suddenly an ugly yellow flame licked through the hood slits of one of the machines. It darted back to be followed by another tongue of yellow flame larger than the first. Head tractor man, Epaminondas Demetrius Demopoulos, had caught sight of the fire and yelled for assistance from his fellow workers. Rushing madly toward the blazing tractor, Epaminondas Demetrius Demopoulos barked orders to the others.

Like a mother at the side of a dying son, he sensed the impending loss in his life. Sacrificially he raced to the rear to save if possible the main tank from exploding by digging under the machine to turn off the main valve. One Joseph Hill shovelled with him. It was a race against those death giving flames eating up the forward end of the machine. Fervently did they pray as they shovelled that they would not be too late. Science would be short rationed should the machine blow up.

Bunk Director George Octavius Noville ran to muster all hands. Dr. Earl Bryant Perkins' expostulation on the polyphase emulsoid colloid was roughly interrupted by the quiet "A tractor is burning up" of George Octavius Noville. Armed with fire extinguishers of many kinds, fire smothering bombs, pump action pyrenes, frothy carbondioxide Foemites, the Expeditioners poured forth from holes in the snow like black bunnies. The music of the Pied Piper of Hamelin had no more charm for the children of Hamelin than the fire for the hardy explorers of the Byrd Expedition. Hurrying to the scene many fell flat on their faces. But by the time assistance was at flood tide, one Bernard Skinner is reputed to have saved the day and the machine by boldly reaching into the raging mass of flames and yanking off the main gas line leading to the main tank. Several bombs were thrown, the gases of which were harmlessly carried away by the rising wind. Snow piled on the motor seems to have been the more effective smotherer. For by the time the many stragglers stumbled to the scene, their arms wrapped about extinguishers, the fire was out. Those gasoline eating snow machines will go forth next season strong and great in their trials of fire and snow.

Dizzy from long hours of ceaseless dropping the snowflakes continued to settle catlike upon the already snow-satiated barrier. Men, weary and blinded by continuous fighting against cold and snow, returned to the holes. Night and Cold reigned supreme without, like twin headed Janas of Ancient Rome.

*

*

*

CONCEIVE IT OR NOT

Dr. Perkins is a piece of polyphase emulsoid colloid.

*

BEYOND THE BARRIER (WITHOUT BYRD)

AFTER SIXTEEN YEARS

Life goes on this side of the Barrier in spite of all the various "alarums and excursions". Every day we see Little America evolving before our eyes; new customs and institutions emerge, ideas wax and wane. But what of the greater world the other side of the Barrier? Only faint echoes of it reach here. Through radiograms we receive inklings as to an infinitely small fraction of its doings. We hear of the "eccentricities", shall we say, of some of our shipmates in New Zealand or of the activities of those most intimately associated with us at home. But of those larger movements which affect the destinies of nations and the course of civilization we are told but little. Spectacular events come to us over the radio press but we are left in ignorance of all that led up to them and follows from them. They come to us as isolated incidents like fitful flashes of summer lightning. By this unsteady light we must attempt to identify the landmarks in a terrain which becomes more and more confusing and unfamiliar from day to day.

The most significant events of the past few months seem to be a mighty ebbing in two great movements which were at high tide sixteen years ago. For it will be just sixteen years since the guns ceased firing and the "War to end Wars" with to "Make the World Safe for Democracy" was over.

But after sixteen years what has happened? Where are those noble sentiments now? For a long time now all but the blindest have been aware that something was happening. We have seen the gradual stifling of disarmament amid the procrastinations and technicalities of statesmen and generals. Somehow the ancient conflicts of interests between nations seem as insoluble without the sword as of old. The new democracies of Europe and Asia have shown less interest in co-operating to build a new world than in endeavoring to throttle their neighbors economically by tariffs and every other known and unknown device of economic warfare. In the last few years the devastation of the Peace has seemed little less disastrous than that of the War.

Recently the World Disarmament Conference adjourned sine die marking the official end of the world's greatest attempt to solve the question of living in trust, one nation with another. Also Bulgaria and Austria have swung into the procession of dictatorships led by Italy and Germany. Every nation scrambles for arms and advantages. The philosophy of force and that "Might is Right" seems in the ascendent.

A year from now we will return to take our places in the world beyond the Barrier. But unless there comes a dramatic reversal of trend, it will be a world over which looms ever more darkly the shadow of the Man on Horseback, and on the horizon the rumble of guns, muted now for sixteen years, will have a deeper note.

K. L. Rawson

*

Are you walking around in a daze? Do you need fourteen hours sleep? Can you conquer your inferiority complex? What makes people laugh when you sit down? For answers to these questions apply to David Paige, address Bunk.

o little fowlet
 or powlet sur le rill
 i often think of you
 and the poached eggs on the hill***

i've met your frozen sister
 the one Armour's sent down south
 she's tougher than an hombre
 if you chew her in your mouth*

her figure looks quite tempting-
 her white breasts look divine-
 but when one tries them out
 they taste of alligator rine*

perhaps I am a connoisseur
 i like my necks quite soft
 where - o where is the attraction-
 of them's what're all sawed-off***

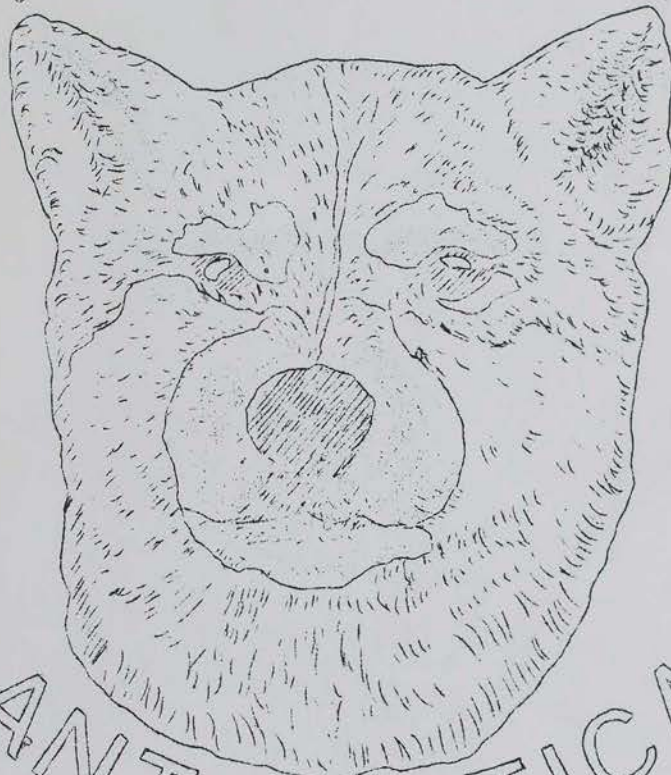
the creature's unesthetic
 with knees and legs so short
 you try and get a grip
 but she doesn't know her sport**

once the old gal did have something-
 before the tractor's took her for a ride
 they bumped her when they jumped her
 then, they stood her on her side**

one can't treat a girl that way-
 never get her fried-
 and should you wedge her in the roof
 be sure she has no child*****

THE BARRIER BULL

LITTLE AMERICA



ANTARCTICA

v. 1, no. 3

June 2, 1934

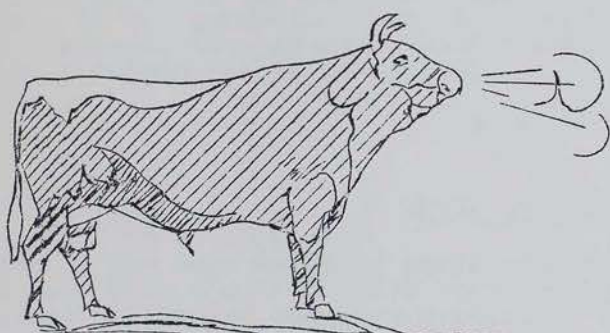
T H E B A R R I E R B U L L

Vol. I

June 2, 1934

No. 3

Little America, Antarctica



LITTLE
AMERICA
ANTARCTICA
VOLI 
NO

CHARLES J. V. MURPHY

There was but one radio contact this week with Admiral Byrd, the usual Sunday schedule having been cancelled because of the special schedule in connection with the reopening of the World's Fair, May 26. Admiral Byrd is carefully guarding his fuel supply. Thursday's contact was in the main a review of spring plans. Admiral Byrd asked Dr. Poulter to present an outline of the programme drafted by the officers of the camp. This for the most part followed specifications laid down by the Leader. Admiral Byrd said he was pleased by the way in which the camp was pointing for spring operations. He made the following recommendations:

1. Owing to the difficulties of finding Advance Base, he recommended that a tractor, rather than an airplane, be sent to relieve him in the spring.
2. The first exploratory flight shall carry between the Edsel Ford Range and the Queen Maude Range. A base shall be put down in the vicinity of Grace McKinley Mountain.
3. He does not believe it feasible to attempt to navigate Thorne Glacier with a tractor. The plateau party should plan to make the ascent by dog team, and shape its plans accordingly.
4. Radio equipment is of the greatest importance, and must be made efficient. An expert radio operator should be dispatched with every field party.
5. "We must be absolutely certain that the expedition does not attempt more than it is humanly possible to accomplish."

Admiral Byrd reported that the warm spell holding at Little America pervaded the Barrier. Unfortunately, the failing gasoline supply in his generator made it impossible for him to broadcast the temperatures. Admiral Byrd cheerfully signed off - "so long" - and returned to his isolation.

*

WHIRL IS KING

One of the most baffling manifestations of Antarctic life is the ease with which it gives root to argument. To be sure, argument is one of the most ancient of human afflictions. Quite likely it had its origin in the pourparlers of elderly Neanderthals, huddled over a bed of glowing embers, with the day's work done and nothing else to occupy their minds. A warm fire does that to men. A pleasant glow coats along toasted shins, rising up through the veins, stimulating the spleen. The ensuing mental activity is as varied as the nomenclature. It is called "gassing", "shooting the breeze", "picking bones of contention"; it is almost never logical; being so much venom from contented rattlesnakes.

The Antarctic argument, or at any rate the Little America species, exists in all the finer grades of venom. There are the mild, gentlemanly dialectics of Doctors Perkins and Bramhall; the hair-splitting sophistries of Mr. Sterrett and Commander Schlossback; the Launcelot-like disputations of Mr. Lindsey; the pertinacious, unyielding empiricism of Ensign Rawson; the wandering anecdotal contentions of Messrs. Bailey and Pelter, an unusually mellow sample of which was permanently recorded by Mr. Dyer: the proletarian unrest whose massed contentions seek the sympathetic intervention of Mr. June; and, finally, the homicidal controversies in which Messrs. Fleming and Paige are usually to be found defending a crumbling bastion. This latter form of argument is especially peculiar to Little America. These two gentlemen are two against the Gods, anyway, and the particular controversies in which they engage, while very lively and full of fine clean fun, follow a certain monotonous pattern, with the former usually explaining why he did it, and the latter why he didn't do it.

It has been recalled that the Leader, on the eve of his departure for Advance Base, solemnly assured us, with a frank and open countenance, that the winter night would be a period of tranquillity and repose. Only the other day Commander Schlossback asked where this tranquillity was, and wasn't it time we had an issue? It can't be that we are running short of that, too. There is far more reason to suspect that the supply officer is saving it for the trail parties in the spring. There's nothing like a good shot of tranquillity to dispel the gloom of the winter night - just a ration per man per week, that's all. There is no reason why the Mercitan and Mapleine addicts should have all the tranquillity: nor the trail parties, either.

It is the opinion of certain gentlemen in the camp, who have given deep thought to the matter, that a certain measure of tranquillity can be achieved by directing arguments along more scientific lines. The present policy of "laissez-faire" is all but ruinous. There is no true argument here. What we have is only a conflict of unyielding assertions. Mr. Rawson, for example, coldly insisting that, contrary to the dead appearance of the ashes in Commander Noville's stove, the fire is still alive, is apt to find himself tangling with Capt. Innes-Taylor, who is heatedly discussing the failings of the pemmican formula. Under such conditions, no agreement is possible, and both men retire to their bunks with a feeling of frustration, and a pathetic opinion of his adversary's intelligence.

It has therefore been suggested that, in order to give the hair-splitters a real workout, that regular details be made according to the reserve of man-power in the camp; with one man assigned to deal with Pete Demas in the morning, instead of having everybody try to do it; another to act as "straight" man for Commander Schlossback's homeric epics; a third (he must be a man of great industry) to fabricate straw men for Rawson; a fourth to set up windmills for Lindsey's quixotic forays; and still another to provide Paige with misinformation from the highest authorities for incorporation into the theory of relativision. In this manner the major disputants of the camp will not only be properly accommodated; the rest of us can also go our way in ignorance and peace.

A LIGHT IN THE DARK

* * *

In the frigid depths of the Bay of Whales, under five feet of new ice, and in the darkness of the winter night, there live vast numbers of organisms defying what seems to us the most inhospitable climate in the world. Actually, however, except for the nearly complete absence of light in the upper regions of the water, their environment has not changed since summer when the blazing sun drove millions of tons of ice out of the bay. The water temperature is very close to the freezing point throughout the years, the oxygen content is likewise fairly constant, the salinity and acidity remain practically the same. Only the amount of light penetrating the depths has undergone any great change.

Making up a major part of the plankton in the period of sunlight are the algae, plants which are carrying out in their single cells and in their multicellular masses all the vital activities usually associated with much higher types of life. To them light is the chief factor in carrying out their life cycle. Every free-living plant requires light to produce the food necessary for its existence. Some algae need more, others less; but without light no vegetables can exist. Animals can and do exist without light because they are dependant upon plants for their ultimate source of food, and this is likewise true of the fungi which live upon other plants.

The depth to which light penetrates the sea is the depth to which algae life is limited. This is probably not much more than 100 fathoms, although the amount of sediment in the water

alters the degree of penetration as does the angle at which the sun's rays strike the surface of the water. Light is known to penetrate to at least 500 fathoms, but the amount present at that depth is not enough to enable plants to exist. Even when the sun is dazzling at the surface, there is only a dim twilight at the lower limit of plant life, and in the abyssal regions there is an inky blackness pierced only by the occasional flash from a luminescent fish. Even in these cold and silent depths there is life - bizarre and grotesque animals perfectly adapted to their environment.

During the height of the Antarctic summer algae reign supreme in the upper regions of the water. In the Bay of Whales a single vertical haul of a hundred feet with a plankton net will bring up to us thousands of individuals representing a dozen or more species. They move about, they manufacture food with the aid of the life-giving sun, they reproduce their kind in uncounted millions, and they serve as food for hosts of animals; bivalve molluscs, crustaceans, and jellyfishes - all feast magnificently upon these primary food producers. The fish eat the crustaceans and molluscs, the seals eat all; we and the dogs eat the seals. And sometimes we eat the dogs.

But above all it is light we are eating - light which is carrying us through the winter night when there is no light.

* * * * *

A man goes down to the bay at midnight. It is nearly June - the sun is about as far away from us here on the Antarctic continent as it can get before it begins its long swing back, to reappear the latter part of August. The man chops a hole in the thick ice, lowers a net and brings up - what? Only animal life.

The algae have disappeared. There is insufficient light for them now. The crustaceans are feeding on stored food reserves and on bits of organic material suspended in the water. The temperature is so low that decomposition is reduced to a minimum and this kind of food is abundant. Yet it is an expensive diet. The supply is limited because no more is being produced. The invertebrates are living on others of their kind, the fishes are eating crustaceans, the seals, as long as they can find a place to breathe, are still living on all. And the dogs are still living on the seals.

The man packs away his frozen net, places the small crustaceans in their bottle of sea water within the relative warmth of his parka, and skis back to camp.

In the comfortable shacks the men are sleeping peacefully, or munching chocolate as they read of other things and places. The crustaceans under the microscope swim about and emit flashes of light just as they do in the sea, until their rapidly changing environment under the lens prohibits their further existence. The clock ticks on; the earth progresses the slightest bit on its orbit. The men sleep on, the dogs move restlessly, the seals come up for another breath of air, the crustaceans swim about.

The candle burns. Will it last the night?

Earl B. Perkins

*

* * *

The classes at the University seem to be dwindling fast. Maybe a few lectures on "How to Hold an Audience" should be included in the curriculum.

*

Why doesn't Charles J. V. Murphy claim the bullthrowing championship of the Antarctic?

*

Paul Swan will soon give an exhibition of how they ski on the Kansas planes. (Dr. Potaka please note.)

*

There is nothing more ridiculous than a male virgin.

* * * * *
* * * * *
* *

PARAMOUNT ON PARADE

The returning expeditionist will have to be a cautious creature, or else he will be called an awful liar. His presence on the expedition may even be doubted. Our noble friends, the cinematographers of the Royal House of Paramount, know their public and necessarily must cater to it. The real scenes they shoot and the ones that they fake will surely bring the exclamatory aahs and oohs from the audiences that will pronounce the picture a success. But the true picture of the Expedition will never be shown. The relative values of the incidents and events that take place here will be greatly distorted. The footage given, for example, to the extraction of Steve Corey's tooth may be greater than that given to that heart-breaking nightmare, the unloading operations. The feet of film depicting a perfectly useless and life-endangering parachute jump may be more than those showing the activities of one of the major field parties. Incidents that many of us know nothing about have been shot and may even be featured in the film.

activities will proceed us home, and the feature will probably be released before our arrival. Consequently the public will know just how we spent our time much better than we will. Any statement that we might make will be open to question. It will be to our advantage to have Paramount give us a detailed account of the forthcoming picture, so we may know what we can safely relate to our adoring public.

I have previously referred to the Expedition as a circus. I apologize to all circuses. The performers in those great extravaganzas expect to be and are on exhibition before the public during their operations season. But, once they go into winter quarters, they are free from prying eyes and camera men. Their little domestic scenes, such as the pulling of big Jumbo's tooth, or the rehearsing of a triple flop, are for them alone. Sad to relate, however, privacy is not for us here on the loneliest of continents. Our most intimate domestic scenes, as well as our summer's operations, will be paraded before the eyes of the gullible millions. Alas, our snowhouses are turned to glass!

The many reels of pictures depicting the expedition and its

F. A. Wade

.....

An expert is just an ordinary man away from home.

*

A starfish digests its food by inserting its stomach into the shell of its victim.

*

There were 54,180 Smiths in the AEF.

*

A bat spends nine tenths of its life hanging upside down.

* * * * *
* *

THE CADAVER OF MORLEY BONES

I was passing along Chisana Creek
 An innocent bystander on the spot-
 The sun was shining briskly,
 Or may be it was not?
 It makes no difference-
 (What the hell)
 You see, Morley'd done his stuff;
 He'd been prospectin' - I guess -
 Or perhaps his gal got tough.

The flowers were beautiful
 The flowers - you know what I mean -
 The crimsons and the golds
 Yet his lily bones were white -
 "White", I said
 And white I mean
 I'll swear to that by Gad!
 Just as sure as he was dead
 And I was scarlet clad!

Gosh, it was a gruesome sight
 I said "Gruesome",
 And gruesome's what I mean
 He was lying there so flat
 But his wreckage -
 Sure - it was serene.
 And there he was -
 Just Morley Bones
 "Morley", to his friends
 "Ah Morley, is it you?" I said.
 All rumpled up in twos and threes
 Ol' Boy your not yourself
 I never thought you'd come to this
 It should have been myself.

"Morley" - I spoke again.
 Are y'h cold Ol' Boy?
 Ly'n there so still -
 Why don't y'h shiver some
 Pretend you're only ill-----"
 (Damn it man)
 Awh - what's the use:
 Morley Bones was dead
 Died is what I mean,
 No sight for tender eyes
 The sight I'd seen
 No sight for young or old
 No sight at all
 Poor Morley Bones
 Had met his fall.

I heard folks talk,-
 "Them bones was all like that
 Sort of ancestral in their strain
 Bones t'h their finger tips
 Bones jest the same -
 Mariah - she was Bones
 All thin
 Emaciated like
 Never thought she'd live ah day.
 An' Morley
 Always thought he'd die -
 Squirmin' all the time
 An' grinnin'
 Grinnin' like a Chesher Cat
 Why-why all them Boneses was like
 that!"

(With apologies to Alan Innes-Taylor)

EPEE TENAISSANCE

Night has come down from over the eastern land and with it the sound of a western wind from over the sea. Here they meet upon my hearth, the night and the wind; and the dusk of the room is dancing with the flickering fire light; dancing to the song of the gust in the chimney.

My book is laid aside, a tale of romance in the days of lace and steel. I am in that mood which needs but a key to send the thought-stream into any channel of fancy.

The wind shrills in even higher frenzy, the first drops of rain rattle on the leaded pane, the fire leaps anew, and a glint of steel above the oaken mantelpiece arrests my eye. The key is found.

Hanging in lengths of small iron chain against the stones is a long rapier. Faintly I can discern the tapering blade and the intricate curves of its wrought iron hilt. It is a thing of exquisite beauty; it is mine, and my pride in its possession approaches the joy which its creator must have felt as he weighed the burnished length in his hands. I recall the thrilling exultation in the voice of the armorer as he sings in "Robin Hood":

"The sword is a weapon to conquer fields;
I honor the man who shakes it.
But nought is the lad who a broadsword wields,
Compared to the lad who makes it!"

I do not know the story of my blade. Years ago I purchased it from an obscure old armorer, a mender of swords for French army officers. I found his shingle at the foot of a long flight of stone steps in an alleyway not far from the Louvre. He answered my knock, blinking through thick spectacles at the sudden light, and welcomed me into the half darkness of the tiny attic shop.

Below a pair of small windows stood a workbench with an array of tools. Ranged about the walls were racks of bright blades and polished scabbards, each with a work tag attached. The badges of proud officers of France.

In a corner darker than the rest I made out a tall glass cabinet. To this my host led me.

"These ancient ones," he said, "One of these you have come to buy from me, yes?"

We took out the six swords and examined them. One was a massive stiff Italian of the "Sword and Dagger" period. Another was a short, whip-like needle of finest steel, the gentleman's epee.

My eye was at once taken by the one I finally carried away with me. Long and slender, but with a ruggedness in its every line which placed it in the class of weapon probably furnished to a company of musketeers or the Cardinal's Guard.

The old man wrote, "Epee Tenaissance" on a tag and tied it to the hilt while I counted out the price he asked; and with words of thanks, for it was a rare bargain, I was away with my treasure.

Across the seas it has journeyed with me, and always, whether in city apartment or mountain construction camp, it has found its place above my hearth.

(Continued on next page)

I do not know its story. Some day I shall take it to a museum (or to Adventure's expert on edged weapons) in an attempt to learn something of its maker whose name "Saebastien" is stamped into the blade below the hilt, and perhaps find the date and place of its fashioning.

Tonight it whispers strange tales of stranger deeds that are long forgotten. The chains which hold it against the chimney-pieave are transformed, and become the wide shoulder belt of some musketeer or searover. I can hear the clang as it sharply strikes a corner in a dark street of some old city. I can hear the slither of steel on steel as it engages another good blade for a lady's kerchief dropped from some latticed casement, or over a chest of loot on some silver strand beside palm fringed surf.

It is not a good story teller. It has forgotten names and dates, but the dents on the double edge are elequent. They are the facts, and they make the skeletons of plots. I can place the hilt in what hands I will, and let the point carve out the deeds of many a fantasy.

Richard B. Black

* * *

* * * * *

* * *

If the tails of ninety one dogs were tied together, it would be the first time it had ever been done.

*

If every expeditioner in Little America were stood on his head, the dogs would probably be extremely puzzled.

*

EDITORIAL PAGET H E B A R R I E R B U L LPublished every week in Little America, AntarcticaEditorsStuart S. Paine - Richard S. RussellJoe Pelter - Staff Photographer. Leroy Clark, Publisher

EDITORIALS

There are only five copies of the BARRIER BULL for general reading by the men of the Camp. One is placed in the Old Messhall, one in the Administration Building, one in the Radio Shack, one in the Library, and one in Dogheim.

It is only fair that these copies be left where they can be found by anyone desiring to read them. If they are taken the day they are issued, obviously someone is going to miss out. What becomes of the copies after they are issued is no concern of the editors. But it seems fair that each copy should be left out at least four days after the date of issue, and the copy in the Library should stay there permanently!

We ask your cooperation in this.

The field program for next year, as outlined at the present, is extensive and ambitious. The various projects must and will be concluded successfully only if there is the closest cooperation of all departments. We all have certain duties to perform and though some may feel theirs to be of little consequence, they all count in the final summing up. This expedition is known as a scientific one, the most completely equipped to have ever landed on the Antarctic continent. To be successful the results must be far-reaching and conclusive. We should bear this in mind and realize we are all working toward the same end - not personal recognition and glory.

This applies mainly to the members of the surface transport who will be on the trail next spring. Both the dog and tractor departments will be serving science. It may be difficult for a dog-driver to console himself to transporting tractor equipment or vice versa, when he would like to be striking into the unknown with only his own needs. Since the time in the field will be limited and there is so much to be accomplished, equipment will have to be abandoned, many dogs, and perhaps even a tractor, sacrificed. This will detract little from the success, for the scientific results are the real goal.

It must be emphasized that only the closest cooperation on the part of all groups of surface transport will enable the expedition to successfully carry out its scientific program.

*

* * * * *

*

DANE'S OWN STORY OF THE BULL FIGHT

I don't usually talk about bull-fights. I've never seen one anyway - that is - watched one, and I only took part in one last week. I did not know anybody knew anything about it except Russell, but now everybody knows about it. Blurp. Well, it happened like this. Blurp.

I came out of Taylor's shack sort of thinking about what the dog drivers had said about women, kind of thinking, you know. I didn't see Russell. He came out after me. I was going towards the Science Building to take in some lectures, when all of a sudden I heard a tremendous roar. I didn't know what it was at first. I thought that it might be that a bale of hay had fallen on one of the cows. So I went in, Russell behind me. Blurp.

Boy! Oh, Boy! did I see something. The bull had gotten loose and was up in front of the stalls. Cox was backed into a corner, and the bull was going for him. Already he had a big gash along one side of his face, and his ear was kind of floppy. Something had to be done and done quickly. I yelled at the bull, but he stomped his feet and started to make for Cox again. Cox was swearing and telling the bull what he was going to do to him later. Well, I thought Cox would be a goner if I didn't do something, and I knew the folks would be proud of me even I did get killed fighting the bull. So I grabbed his tail and pulled. Blurp. The bull tried to kick me. He did. Look - he tore this in my leg. Here - See -. That made me mad. So I kicked him in the back. All the time I was pulling like the Old Harry. I thought of those good old Lexington Minute Men. They had a tough job, too. Anyway, my hold on his tail saved Cox, but that didn't help get the bull tied up again. So I yelled to Russell to grab his tail and I would jump on his head. He did, and I gave a tremendous leap and landed on its head. Gee whiz, was he surprised! He didn't know how strong I was either. I slipped off his head and under his neck. Blurp. Bracing myself I began to push against his chest. All the time the bull was getting angry and pawing the ground and snorting at Cox. I used to play football at Bowdoin and I am sure glad I did. For now I pretended I was bucking the line for my dear old Alma Mater. Russell was pulling on his tail while I pushed. The bull couldn't get at either of us. He was now trying to get at Cox, who was pretty weak.

No one came to help us, and I had to do most of it. Everytime the bull switched his tail Russell would kind of go along with it, and he was getting pretty much battered up anyway. Blurp. I pushed and Russell pulled and we finally got the bull back where he belonged. I put his collar back on and gave him a terrible kick just to let him know what I thought of him. I did not do anything I would not have done had I not have had the opportunity to do it. Well, I guess I am kind of a hero, but I wouldn't be if the bull hadn't gotten loose. B-L-U*U*U-R-P.

 *

BEYOND THE BARRIER (WITHOUT BYRD)Nature Takes a Hand in Farm Relief

From all reports the greatest drought in recent years has struck the United States. Nearly all the wheat raising states report that irreparable damage has been done to the new crop. If these reports are true it will mean that the United States will suddenly find herself with a deficiency of half a billion or so bushels instead of the usual surplus of that amount. The huge carryover of grain from the previous year will obviate any danger of domestic shortage, but, nevertheless, there will be a tremendous change in the economic situation. The United States will temporarily drop out of the ranks of the wheat exporting nations of the world, giving Australia, Argentina, Canada and the Danubian countries a clear field. The world consumption and supply should be brought into equilibrium, and the devastating carryover which, according to the principle of marginal utility, determines the price of all the rest will be eliminated. There should be, and unless some new wave of economic collapse sweeps the world, there will be great firming in wheat prices on the world market.

The economic and social consequences of this world rise in the price of grain cannot help but be far reaching. Billions of dollars of additional purchasing power should be in the hands of the farmers in the above nations and of those in the United States out of the drought areas. This increased buying power in the great agricultural nations should be reflected in increased demand for the products of the industrial nations, including the United States, and also a heightened ability of great groups of farmers to meet past obligations such as mortgages and loans. These two factors cannot but shore up the tottering economic structure. Perhaps they will be just the stimulus needed to arrest the vicious spiral of deflation against which we have been struggling, and to render unnecessary the dangerous inflationary measures being urged on many governments.

For the United States, the ruin of thousands of farmers cannot be considered other than a calamity. But fortunately we have unequaled facilities for the relief of disasters, and if the unfortunates can be carried through the next growing season, there is no reason to think that nature will again prove so niggardly, and the increased price which future crops will command should soon recoup them.

The great menace to our farmers is not the perversity of nature. It is that the Government will allow the favorable price to stimulate overproduction in the next crop season which will again invoke inexorable economic law and plunge the farmers back into the slough of despond in which they have been struggling ever since the War's overstimulation of agriculture. Amid all the blarings of publicity, the government has set up a vast machine to curtail overproduction. With one ruthless stroke nature has effected this curtailment. Next year, when normal growing conditions are restored and the ruined farmers are back in production, will the government keep the faith and, in the face of higher prices for farm products and the usual clamorous resentment against restrictions on immediate profits, exert vigorously the great powers granted it for the control of production? The other grain raising nations have already signified their willingness to follow the lead of the United States during the past year. A great challenge to statesmanship and political integrity is offered here, and in how bravely it is met lies the key to the farmers immediate future.

Kennett L. Rawson.

S K O O K U M

Far into the Ross Sea protrudes the Ross Barrier, symbol of the cold and overwhelming natural forces of the Antarctic. Oozing down from the almost impenetrable Antarctic Plateau, ten thousand feet above the restless ice floes of the sea, the Ross Barrier is a great glacial tongue, four hundred and fifty miles long, almost as wide. Geologists hasten to state the Barrier is not a glacial tongue. But like most edicts of experts, that of the geologists has little effect on the public conscience. In all respects, however, the Ross Barrier is a tongue - that of many glaciers creeping downward from the tabletopped roof of the continent.

At Little America, five hundred and fifty miles from the birth-place of the ice on which it squats, mystery and death stalked hand in hand. Death strikes often here, the most isolated of communities, but never before has Mystery walked by his side.

Little America has stood, castle-like, above the melancholy bleakness of the Antarctic wastes. The gods, Mystery and Death, had camped, impotent, before the walls of man's faith in science. Only had death broken through to snatch the life of some poor husky trapped in the tunnels of Dogtown.

But the twenty first of May proved favorable for a joint foray. Creeping stealthily over the sleeping huskies, past the seal cutting house, past the meat cache, past the private residence of Captain Alan Innes-Taylor and one George Obbille Noville, they turned sharply, and slipped through into the cowbarn. Here resides typist Leroy Clark, cowman Edgar Cox, the cows Deerfoot, Klondike and Southern Girl, the bull, Iceberg, furthest southborn bull, Jimmy, a mongrel husky, and two bobtailed Manx kittens, Babe and Girl.

Sacred writings tell us the sixth Aga Kahn had as a wife the most beautiful woman in India. She is said to have committed adultery, as a result of which she gave birth to six kittens, three males and three females, each with only a stump for a tail. Thus do the sages account for the stubtails of the Manx cats.

Babe and Girl came to Little America small, like Parisian teddy bears. Bred to receive the coo's of bored widows, they could hardly be expected to withstand the rigors of an Ice Age. Hence they were kept indoors, warmed by the huge bodies of the cows and a coal stove.

Leroy Clark, devoted fosterparent to the kittens, left this day to take dictation from Second-in-Command Thomas C. Poulter. Babe and Girl remained playfully chewing Edgar Cox's blanket. For several hours did Second-in-Command Thomas C. Poulter dictate. Much was there to record of the busy life of Little America. And only after he had finished did Leroy Clark return to the cowbarn, Deerfoot, Klondike, Southern Girl, Jimmy, Edgar Cox, Babe and Girl. But Girl was not there. Babe was mournfully playing mouse in one corner. Girl had disappeared.

Since then the moon has encircled the camp nine times, round and round, growing fatter each time. The disappearance and apparent end of Girl seems only to make him beam more brightly.

It is said the authorities hold three possible explanations. One - Iceberg ate the kitten. Such a thing might happen. Two - Jimmy ate it. Such a thing is more likely. Three - Cowman Cox ate it. The last seems to be the most plausible. The authorities state only in the third case is the motive apparent. To date the guilty one has not been ascertained.

Over all a hush falls. The soft snow is flurried into whirling eddies. The huskies moan a solemn dirge to the hidden moon. A cat has passed on.

Paul Swan's hair -- and beard.

* *

Ike's boots.

* *

Al Taylor's "been".

* *

Paige's bunk - plus Paige.

* *

Fleming's bunk - minus tools.

* *

Mac's bird - minus feathers.

* *

C. J. V's hair - without violin.

* *

Dusty's hair - without ribbon.

* *

George Noville and garlic.

* *

Walter's headgear.

* *

Jim Sterrett's speed.

* *

parables of sledging deeds
all brave beyond a doubt
shall guide men from day to day
while I am farthest south.

*

* *

*

and when my feet grow colder
and the blizzard 'gins to bite
i'll grit my teeth the harder
and think of elaine, the white.

*

* *

*

the girl whose golden locks
flew high amongst the rest
she never disobeyed
but merely swelled her breast.

*

* *

*

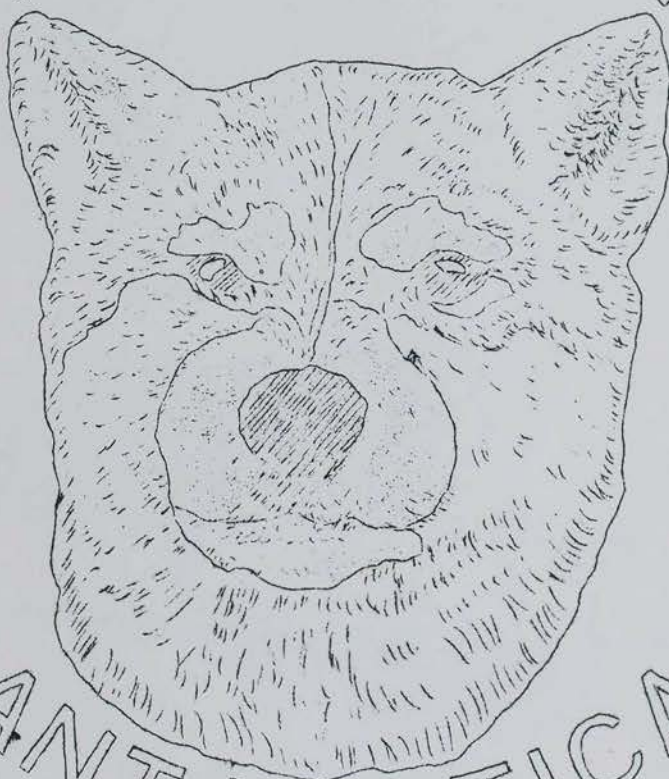
so her character was formed
 while yet a babe unborn
 and now it is as sturdy
 as a shock of unhulled corn.

*
 * *
 *

hurray, hurray - hurrah, hurrah*
 the best is yet to come
 and when it does --
 i'll have conquered
 and she-
 oh well*
 she'll be the one.

THE BARRIER BULL

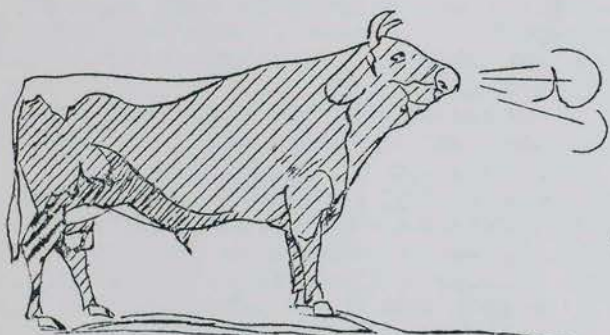
LITTLE AMERICA



ANTARCTICA

v. 1, no. 4

June 3, 1939



LITTLE
AMERICA
ANTARCTICA
VOLI
NO



CHARLES J. V. MURPHY

There were two radio contacts this week with Admiral Byrd at Bolling Advance Weather Base - June 2 and June 7. On the first schedule Admiral Byrd reported the following temperature recordings on the Barrier:

<u>March 25 - April 30</u>					<u>May - May 31</u>				
60	deg.	or	colder	- 6 days	70	deg.	or	colder	- 2 days
50	"	"	"	- 10 "	60	"	or	"	- 3 "
40	"	"	"	- 7 "	50	"	"	"	- 6 "
30	"	"	"	- 7 "	40	"	"	"	- 7 "
20	"	"	"	- 2 "	30	"	"	"	- 2 "
10	"	"	"	- 10 "	20	"	"	"	- 3 "
0	"	"	"	- 1 "	10	"	"	"	- 4 "
					0	"	"	"	- 4 "

In the course of the first conversation, the writer read him the outline of the proposed preparations for the southern advance of the Geological and Plateau party. This outline was based upon the plan drafted by Mr. June and Captain Innes-Taylor to fit the specifications laid down by Dr. Poulter. The plan in the main met with the Leader's approval. He was at first disinclined to accept the feasibility of sending tractors in advance of the dogteams, chiefly because of the danger of blind crevasses. However, Mr. June and Captain Innes-Taylor met his objections. Admiral Byrd advised, however, that Tractor No. 1 - the through tractor - should halt at a reasonably safe distance north of the crevasses at the foot of the mountains, and await the arrival of the dog teams before proceeding. "Most operations in the unknown fail because of the taking of unnecessary chances," Admiral Byrd said.

The June 7 contact was brief. Admiral Byrd reported that the warm spell had broken the day before, and the temperature had fallen to 35 degrees below zero. He said "all's well".

2.

The fabulous heat wave which had all but prostrated this polar community ended Wednesday, June 6. Thousands of miles of warm upper air wind currents wafted it in upon us, and a stout blow from the south put an end to it. For fifteen consecutive days the maximum temperature every day rose above zero. A record winter maximum of 25 degrees above was set, through the industry of the meteorological staff. The significance of the heat wave was mostly pathological. As Walter Lewisohn remarked, Little America went manana. Men on house detail crumpled, like housewives felled by heat in June. Mercutian addicts went about with trembling limbs and bloodshot eyes, prowling after stronger stuff - vanilla extract, for instance. Even Klondike got eccentric - got the stupid idea into her head that if she stood up all the time her flanks would be cooler. The bunk diredtors, on the other hand, preferred to keep their flanks at tropical temperatures. The words son of a bitch took on deep reverence. The gentlemanly calmness with which this gay company has accepted the ready-bodied expressions of the frontier is a constant satisfaction to your correspondent. If, as some philologists maintain, the test of a word is its fitness, aptness and common usage, the mother tongue of Little America will never lack a primitive answer.

THE LAST TIME BOX

Twenty-five miles below Whitehorse, which is at the head of navigation on the Yukon, lies Lake LeBarge. Here live a tribe of Indians whose chief is known as Jim Boss. Many strange tales have been told about him. Now, in the early days during the feverish stampede of gold seekers he had been wont to charge them for camping on the shore of "his lake", as he called it, and it has been said that he even charged a couple of prospectors two dollars for taking a bath in the lake. They had fallen in through the ice while trekking supplies across in the spring of the year.

In the winter of ~~1922~~ 1923 we find Jim Boss at the age of 75 still collecting tribute from the Indians and living in a cabin which they had built for him at the foot of the lake. He carries his 75 years lightly; standing six feet with erect shoulders and the face of a man 30 years younger. He had been thinking lately that his years were numbered and finally decided that he would purchase a coffin.

One cold morning he hooked up his dogs and journeyed to Whitehorse. Arriving there he went immediately to the Hudson Bay trading post to see his old friend Bill Taylor. Bill Taylor was an old trader in the country and had known Jim Boss some 25 years. He welcomed him, and they fell to discussing the winter's fur catch and the usual weather gossip. Finally there was a pause in the conversation and Jim Boss said:

"Bill Taylor, you know me 25 years. You still cheechako. I like you. Anyhow want you get me last time box."

"Last time box", said Taylor, "What do you mean?"

"You know; last time box. Pretty soon Jim Boss he die. Must have last time box ready."

"Oh", said Taylor, "You mean a coffin".

"Yes, Last time box for put in people who die."

"Well", Taylor replied, "We have some coffins out in the storeroom. We will go out and have a look at them."

They went out and inspected the coffins but none of them suited Jim Boss.

"We want very fine last time box. Inside all covered white silk. Big shiny handles and in top box we want looking glass so we can see Jim Boss."

"All right, Jim, but we will have to send to Seattle for such a fine coffin and it will be some time probably before it arrives."

Some three months later Jim Boss' last time box arrived at the trading post and word was sent down to him that he could come up and get it any time he wished. Upon receiving the message he sent out word to all the Indians in the surrounding country to foregather at Lake LeBarge. They journeyed to Whitehorse some 300 strong, camping about a mile below the village on the river.

Jim Boss then donned his white man's clothes which consisted of a very ancient frock coat, long turned green, and an old plug hat with a very narrow brim. The balance of his clothes consisted of the usual moosehide pants and moccasins. They arrived in front of the trading post where Jim delivered an oration and then leaving everyone outside he went into the trading post.

Bill Taylor, understanding a good deal of the Indian psychology, had placed the last time box on a couple of saw horses in his fur grading room. He had draped several polar bear skins around and the whole effect, while very far from cheery to a white man's eyes, he hoped would appeal to Jim Boss. Jim Boss entered the room, gave a couple of grunts and proceeded to inspect his last time box. It had been constructed out of solid oak with chromium handles and was lined throughout with pleated white satin. The lid which was standing against the wall had a full length looking glass built into it. After some five minutes of inspection Jim Boss turned to Bill Taylor and said:

"Me try."

"Well," said Taylor, "It would be all right except for your moccasins which would dirty the white satin."

"Me take off moccasins."

Wherewith he proceeded to divest himself of them, and laying his plug hat on the floor, climbed into the last time box. He lay there looking very comfortable and emitting grunts of satisfaction.

"You very fine Cheechako Bill Taylor. You build me very fine last time box. Put top on so can see Jim Boss."

Taylor lifted the top from against the wall and put it on top of the coffin which excluded all the light from the inside and Jim Boss could not see himself. There were immediately grunts of rage whereat Taylor lifted the top off and Jim Boss, for all his 75 years, was out on the floor cursing in broken English and Indian and calling Taylor "a no good cheechako".

"You keep last time box. Jim Boss no want."

Taylor was pretty well non-plussed but thinking quickly he said:

"You go back to your camp, Jim, and come up here tomorrow and I will have last time box fixed so that you can see yourself in the looking glass when the top is on."

Jim, Boss, still muttering and cursing, went out the door of the grading post and without saying a word to the other Indians proceeded to walk down the road to the camp, the other Indians following.

Taylor went down to the village and got hold of Simmy Simpson, the local carpenter, who came up and drilling a square hole in the lid of the coffin, let in a pane of plate glass.

The following morning Jim and the Indians again arrived at the trading post. After addressing the Indians outside, he entered the trading post and walked back to the fur grading room where Bill Taylor was awaiting him.

Hi, Cheechako; you fix last time box?"

"Yes", said Taylor, "and I am quite sure you will like it."

Jim Boss took off his moccasins and crawled into the coffin.

"Now put lid on."

There was a silence of several minutes and finally Taylor lifted the lid off the last time box and Jim Boss, all wreathed in smiles, crawled out. He shook hands with Bill Taylor saying:

"You fine cheechako. Jim Boss like last time box. How much you charge Jim Boss for last time box?"

"Well, Jim, how much do you think its worth?"

"Me give you ten beaver skins, 5 silver fox and 10 mink."

"Yes," said Taylor, "that will be all right."

Jim Boss turned abruptly away and walked out to the waiting Indians, coming back with six bucks who shouldered the coffin and departed for ~~the Indian encampment~~ the Indian encampment followed by all the other Indians

For three days and nights they had great celebrations before leaving for their various villages. Jim Boss journeyed to his cabin at the foot of Lake LeBarge where he stored his last time box in a small shed at the back of his cabin.

Years passed; Jim Boss still hale and hearty. In the winter of 1927 Bill Taylor started down river on his annual fur buying trip; crossed Lake LeBarge and decided to visit Jim Boss as he was rather curious to know just what had become of the last time box. Jim Boss greeted him and invited him to inspect his furs he had for sale. Taylor didn't see the last time box anywhere around, and as he was anxious to know where it was he asked Jim Boss if he might not inspect his very fine cabin. He was shown the bedroom where his squaw and several children slept and there on the floor lay the last time box, looking much the worse for wear. The pleated white satin, long turned gray and some weird Indian signs carved on the outside.

"You see last time box? I sleep in him every night so when die no have to move Jim Boss. He also have snowshoes and three days foot for journey after die. You very fine cheechako build Jim Boss good last time box. Good-bye. You come see Jim Boss sometime."

Jim Boss in this year of 1933 is still alive and it seems probable that if he lives many more years the last time box will be worn out and he will have to get another. Bill Taylor the keen trader would be very glad to sell Jim Boss another last time box; and then it is possible the ageless Indian may outlive the trader and see his last time box fall to pieces.

. . . .
. . . .
.
. . . .
. . . .

REDTILE STORIES

The heroes had named the place where they were living "Little Geneva" after the city in Switzerland where the League of Nations used to meet. They thought it was a very suitable name because the men had been picked from nearly every nation.

The Bear of Sockland landed her precious cargo and very soon afterwards the whole of the cargo was safe at Little Geneva. Then she sailed away to a warm land. She was going to return after three years to collect the books and the diaries and any of the heroes who were still alive.

A very anxious time had been spent waiting for the ship to return from Distillery II. You can imagine the joy when the ink once more flowed quite freely.

The alcohol was divided into equal shares. Each man was given his share, more than one hundred gallons, to take care of. There was then little chance of the whole quantity being mislaid at the same time. A search for the large quantity that had been mislaid, instead of being a grim business would be merely a pleasant pastime.

In that part of the world the sun used to rise and stay up for six months. During all that time it was as light as day. When the sun did go down, it stayed away for six months and during all that time there was darkness except for the light of the moon. Just fancy -- only one day and one night in a whole year.

There were aeroplanes, motorcars, sledges and dogs to drag them, in Little Geneva. They had been brought mainly for the purpose of rescuing any one who might wander so far from his home so as to become lost. It was very annoying for the heroes when they were rescued before they had a chance to get lost which happened very often. However, every rescue meant another chapter for a book as well as newspaper articles with startling headlines.

You could never guess what else they had in Little Geneva. Well, they had four cows. Some people had thought that the cows had been taken with them so as to provide fresh milk but that was not the main reason by any means.

Men had never been able to understand two things. One was a cow and the other was a woman. During the six months of darkness they hoped to clear up the mystery of the cow.

Many of the men would have much sooner had four women with them. They considered that they would have been able to show very interesting results even before the six months of darkness were over. It was the toss of a coin that had decided in favor of the cows.

Now, Wally, there is a very distinct difference between women and cows.....No, you cannot make a clay model of Charlie while he sleeps.....Now go to sleep like good children. It is ten o'clock and I am going to turn your light out. Good night.

. . .
.

Uncle Peter.

THE SAILOR'S LARK

I'M A BIG AND BRUTAL BRUISER, FROM A POOR BOOTLEG CRUISER,
I'M A SAILOR FROM A WHALER OF THE SEA;
AND I THOUGHT I KNEW MY BLUBBER, BUT I GUESS I'M JUST A LUBBER
FOR THE GIRLS HAVE MADE AN OILCAN OUT OF ME.

I'M A WILD AND RECKLESS HE-SPORT, I'VE BEEN WRECKED IN MANY
A SLAPORT,
AND I SURE HAVE HAD MY SHARE OF SHORT TIME GLEN;
I'M SICK OF SPEEDY STRIPPERS AND OF SPEEDY, GREEDY GYPPERS.
OH! THOSE GOILS HAVE MADE AN OILCAN OUT OF ME.

I'VE BEEN GYPPED BY JAPANESES, AND BY PIE-EYED SIAMESES,
NOT TO SPEAK OF GREASY TURKS WHO SNEAKED
MY SHIRT;
AND THAT TRICKY FINN IN KANDY, SHE WHO MICKY-FLINNED
MY BRANDY:-
YES! THOSE FLIRTY LITTLE SKIRTS HAVE DONE ME DIRT.

I'VE STOOD A LOT OF TRILKIN' FROM A LOT OF CROOKED WOMEN!
I'VE BEEN STUNG AND FLUNG AWAY UPON
THE SHIELF;
BUT I'VE GOT ONE CONSOLATION IN ALL MY DESOLATION -
FOR - I SURE HAVE WRECKED A FEW OF THEM MYSELF!

Amory H. White, Jr.

.
. . .
.

F A L L S

Three beings took great falls here in Little America this week. Two were dogs - the third a man. Phil, rambunctious and energetic, plopped unexpectedly into the magnetic tunnel. He could not understand it. Punka, stupid and lithless, tumbled into the Old Messhall tunnel. He was puzzled. Walter Lewisohn, homo sapiens, burst through the Old Messhall skylight. He was baffled. "Pardon me", he drawled

.
. . .
.

Morgan's -- muscles.

Well, I'll be go to hell!

I'm a gentleman of dignity and culture

Ten O'clock, gentlemen!

. . .

EDITORIAL PAGE

THE BARRIER BULL

Published every week in Littleton, Antarctica

Editors:

Stuart D. Paine

Richard S. Russell

Staff Photographer:

JOE Pelter

Publisher:

Leroy Clark

.

EDITORIALS

Through the kindness of Dr. Poulter, THE BARRIER BULL has been given enough mimeograph sheets to enable everyone in camp to have at least four numbers. There seems to be a desire on the part of everyone here to have one of each issue. For this the editors feel complimented. But owing to the scarcity of this special paper, we can only print four. However, upon our return to the land of plenty of mimeograph paper, those numbers which were not printed for everyone can be mimeographed then, thereby permitting all to have a complete set. This the editors hope to do before the good ship JACOB RUPPERT reaches New York

.

The men who are to take part in next year's field operations have been tentatively decided upon. Besides these men there are others who have been designated to take the place of anyone of the fieldmen should a substitution be necessary or expedient. There has been considerable discussion of the choices as announced. Many feel hurt that they were not included. Others feel favoritism was shown. But it is hoped that the selection was based upon sound qualifications. What these qualifications are, I quote from Sir Douglas Lawson's, "The Home of the Blizzard":-

"Age, and with it the whole question of physical fitness, must ever receive primary regard. Yet these alone in no sense fit a man for polar work. The qualifications of mental ability, acquaintance with the work, and sound moral quality have to be borne essentially in mind."

The men designated to go on the trail next year were supposedly chosen because they fulfilled the above qualifications. What, then, of the men left behind?

Fifty five men were picked to stay on the ice because it was felt there were fifty five positions to fill. Everyman had a part to play. Whether his job was in the science building, in the dog tunnels, or out shovelling snow, all were essential to the progress of the expedition. Whatever job we find ourselves assigned to now, it is to be remembered that your job is quite as important as the next follows. Most work may be of an entirely different nature. It is true there may seem to be men here who are more important to the expedition than others. Those that are going on the trail seem to be doing more for the expedition than those who stay at home. But this is not necessarily true. There is absolutely essential work to be done here. The men who maintain the camp during the absence of the trail-

men are doing a necessary though perhaps an unpleasant job.

Most everyone here wants to go on the trail. It is unfortunately impossible for all of them to do so. Those remaining are, of course, losing a great experience, but they are not failing in their work. If whatever they do next summer is done well, their work will materially contribute to the success of the expedition. They should feel that the importance of their function is not lessened because they are not going on the trail. The work here will always be of invaluable aid to the expedition as a whole.

The Editors

.
. . .
.

This bit of verse, written by Jean Kenyon MacKenzie, expresses in words the feeling which must have lain dormant in all of us who are here:-

"I never see a map but I'm away
On all the errands that I long to do;
Up all the rivers that are painted blue,
And all the ranges that are painted gray,-
And into those pale spaces where they say
'Unknown' - Oh, what they never knew
I would be knowing!"

Richard B. Black.

.
. . .
.

It seems that Joe Felter has taken a fatherly interest in the cows, and has appealed to "Civilization" for some advice on how to make KLONDIKE lie down. "Civilization" is busy solving its own troubles -- strikes, wars, kidnappings, disarmament, foreign debts, It is almost too much to put another great burden on its shoulder. Let THE BARRIER BULL take charge of KLONDIKE and we'll make her lie down - in fact, even more - we'll make of her fat juicy steaks, delicious roasts, prime ribs of beef, spare ribs, boiled tripe, fresh liver, sweetbreads, pot roasts, corned beef and broiled fresh kidney.

Why appeal to "Civilization" when THE BARRIER BULL has such a simple solution?

.
. . .
.

Carbone's inimitable "-----em!"

Dene's martyrdom in the cause of science.

"No goot."

Zhan and Boomhall

JINGLE SAIL'S DESTROYER WRACK OFF POINT MONDA

After a month of manoeuvres off San Francisco, a squadron of sleek looking destroyers weighed anchor and headed out to sea, passing through the Golden Gate in column formation with the squadron leader at its head. A signal was two-blocked at the yardarm and broke. "Turn Nine" read the signal. In one movement these sleek looking greyhounds of the sea made a left turn.

I was then doing duty aboard the *PERCIVAL* 292 as a torpedoman 1st class. I went up on the bridge to take my trick at the wheel, just as the maneuver was executed. I wasn't at the wheel but an hour when one of California's heavy fogs set down on us. The visibility was very poor. I could just see the ship ahead of us. We were fifth in line of a division of seven ships. Two divisions made up the squadron. The division ahead left us and steamed on another course. We soon lost sight of them as they picked up speed.

We stuck to a speed of twenty two knots. The sea was getting rough. We rolled and pitched quite a bit, but then this was nothing new for us. We were known as "Tin Cans" and "Spit Kits" throughout the fleet. Kenya battle wagon bob steered clear of us and greased the yeoman's hand to keep from getting transferred to these madhouses. They were not very pleasant to a fellow subject to sea-sickness, and being just that kind I was darned glad at the end of the four hours at the wheel on that heaving bridge to see my relief. The weather seemed thicker. I turned over the wheel, cautioning him that in case of breakdown of any ship in column we, being fifth, would turn out to the right, the ship ahead to the left, thus preventing a collision.

We continued down the coast. Night was setting in. All running masthead and stern lights were burning. As I went below and sat down to chow, the conversation about the table changed from shore leave in Frisco to home at San Diego. Most of our crew were "Native Sons". "Red", the gunner's mate, from Philadelphia, pipes up and says, "Yeah? Well you prune pickers better tell the old man to slow down them screws or we'll pile into that rat-trap, Fuller, ahead of us. She's always got steering gear trouble. And the guts of that man over there sending our Old Man a signal to keep in column when his ship's the one that's always out of line! It's not the skipper's fault we're not slowing down. We got our orders from the Commander of the Destroyer Squadron. He's the big shot in this line and he's up in front, clear of those larks the FULLER."

The conversation during a pinochle game that followed was in one channel. Everyone felt uneasy travelling at 22 knots in a pea-soup fog. But then, we had the assurance that if we did keep up this speed and nothing happened, we would be in San Diego in the morning.

Having the 8 to 12 wheel watch I did not turn in after supper, but sat around in the Guinea Pullman, the P.O. compartment of gunner's mates and torpedomen, called the "Guinea Pullman" on account of its cramped quarters for so many men. At 7.45 I strolled up on deck and went to the radio shack to shoot the breeze with Sparks. The weather was still heavy. We were rolling less, but the fog was still as heavy as ever. Then at five minutes to eight I was about to ascend the ladder to the bridge when it happened.

The ship rolled heavily to starboard and shook from stem to stern

as the alarm screamed its collision signal. Our engines were backing full speed. It seemed as if the old girl would shake herself apart. Everyone was on deck running to his collision station. Mine was left to batten down and close all watertight doors and hatches. The chief torpedoman and I met outside our workshop. As we hurried below he called all hands on deck. We were backing into the heavy sea so fast the seas were coming clear over the stern, and every other one came down the hatchway. The engineering force off duty scampered up the ladder like rats deserting a sinking ship. The chief and I both worked in silence until we finished our job and were back up on deck.

It was then we heard the crash of steel on rock. We had stopped by now and lay dead in the water. Our stop-lights on our masthead shone blood red. All lights were turned on about the decks. Our electrician was cursing loudly as he trained the searchlight around. Its long finger swept across the black waters, stopping for a minute on a hulk that showed red.

"That's the last of the YOUNG", said the chief, "She's bottom up."

The Captain was calling his orders through a megaphone: "Train right. See if you can pick up any men swimming in the water." But it was useless as the fog set in again.

I hurried up onto the bridge, making my report to the Captain that all watertight doors were secured, and there were no leaks. I then relieved the man at the wheel. I stood my watch of four hours just standing by. Every few minutes we backed and filled on the engines, just enough to keep us in one place. There was nothing we could do. We did not know just where we were. We guessed we were some place off Point Honda. How close to the beach we did not know. Our sounding lead told us we were in shallow water, so we dared not move. We got radio messages from the other ships as long as their power held out.

The YOUNG had turned over, and there was no knowing how many survived. The FULLER and the WOODBURY were both on the rocks, totally wrecked. The men had started to try to make the beach from the rocks by means of a life line. One officer swam through the dangerous surf with a line around his waist. The CHAUNCEY, which was steaming astern of us in column before the accident, was now high and dry on the beach. The NICHOLS was also high and dry, a total wreck. Not much word from the S. P. LEE, only fragmentary radio messages such as we could get. We seemed to be the only one still afloat. And even then we might have been surrounded by rocks for all we could tell in the pea-soup fog that hung over us.

The tension of the situation had us on edge all through the night. Hot coffee was served out, and it helped to warm our chilled bodies. The night dragged on. No one slept. The skipper was on the bridge all night in hopes of the fog lifting. There was quite a ground swell under us. We did not know when we would be lifted up and crashed upon the rocks.

When morning did come it made very little difference as the fog still hung over us. But at 9.30 it lifted for about fifteen minutes and what a sight lay before our eyes. What was once the pride of Uncle Sam's Navy was now a total wreck. The sleek greyhounds of the sea were now just a mass of twisted and torn steel. The FULLER and WOODBURY lay on a huge rock just ahead of us, each with a drunken list. We were in open water. A boatload of survivors came along-

side. They were all that remained of those who had clung to the rocks all through the night. As they climbed on board I saw many of my former shipmates, and from them I heard their harrowing night's experience.

They abandoned ship and hand over hand let themselves down over a line to the rocks. There they clung all night as the cold sprays swept their half naked bodies, and chilled them to the bone. The crews of the NICHOLS and CHAUNCEY were more fortunate. They were able to get to the beach to build a big fire and keep warm. The Southern Pacific R.R. supplied them with hot coffee and sandwiches. Those from the YOUNG bore the brunt of the disaster. Most of her fire and engine room crews were trapped as she turned over. The ~~oil~~ oil from her tanks hindered those striving to swim to safety.

The Portuguese fishermen played a big part in the rescue work, their small fishing craft saving those that had been clinging to the rocks all through the night. We took the survivors that the fishermen had brought on board, slowly backed out of our perilous position, and headed for San Diego.

Twenty three men lost their lives in this wreck for which the Squadron Commander was held to blame. He was a fine officer, a gentleman and liked by all hands; and his sorrow was felt by every one of us.

Some few days later, a party of torpedomen was sent down to Point Honda to salvage torpedoes and ordnance gear. In two weeks the heavy seas had smashed the destroyers to a broken mass.

It was said that if the signal "Nine Turn" had come five minutes before, the accident would have been avoided as the ships would have turned 90 degrees and by doing so would have cleared the rocks. But through some interference in getting radio bearings, a mistake in plotting the course was the result.

J. H. Von der Wall

.

ALL IN ONE BUNK

2 pairs scissors, 2 pairs ~~wristers~~ wristers, 3 pairs gloves, 1 steel clamp, 9 wet electric cells, 1 roll lamp wick, 1 glass of grease, 1 bottle Histol, 1 bottle Worcestershire sauce, 1 box machine screws, 2 boxes Neta, 6 packs cards, 73 boxes matches, 1 oil can full of canvas mukluks, 6 pairs miscellaneous boots, 1 bag sennegrass, 3 rolls cotton cloth, 1 snowshoe, 8 flashlight batteries, 1 chisel, 1 pair crampons, 2 rolls plaster, 2 large jars cold cream, 3 spools thread, 1 box gun, 1 foreign soap box, 4 B batteries, 1 tube carron oil, 1 box kodak plates, 1 magneto, 1 box deoderent powder, 2 lenses, 1 large spool safety wire, 8 copies Physical Culture, 5 library books, 63 pictures of women posted on wall, 1 large box BAE I pictures, 1 package Telephone Bond, 21 rubber bands, 1 roll old photo film, 1 sheet brass 6 x 12 inches, 1 electric booster, 15 feet strung wire, 3 blankets, 2 flashlights, 8 pairs holey socks, 1 pair fur liners, 8 feet Ford duraluminum, 1 tube ski wax, 1 electric magnetic light, 1 pair pliers, 1 bottle mouth wash, 2 envelopes 18 x 27 inches, 1 pair stocking boards, 1 piece bread and butter, 3 tubes toothpaste, 2 blotter pads, a book "Suspicious Characters", 750 sheets typewriter paper, 1 oily rag, 1 spark plug, 1 set pocket wrenches, 2 carboretor valves, 1 large Stillson wrench, 1 electric plug, 1 Yale key, 1 carpenter's square, 1 pce Garlock packing, 2 electric switches, 1 sneaker.

Jean sailed on the ILE DE FRANCE leaving her ex-husband weeping on the dock. She was terribly pretty and Dudley was terribly handsome. Yet that fact did not keep them out of the divorce court, and after it was over he married again. She went back to work. But sometime later they met at a theater only to fall in love again. He spent that night with her. But out of fairness to Sally, his wife, Jean escaped the following day via the ILE DE FRANCE. It was difficult because he came to see her off. And his wife was going to have a baby.

Her boss sailed with her. She called him Istable, not that that was his real name. But she thought it was cute and he liked it in a way. They were partners in a literary agency where she did most of the work. He unquestionably loved her. Loved her because she made money for him, and loved her for her tremendous attractiveness.

So when she went away he went too. To stay without her meant business failure anyway, and with her he might gain something. He was eccentric that way.

On the way over he slept most of the time, and she sat in a deck chair between two fat ladies and thought of Dudley, her ex-husband. She said over and over that love is the greatest thing in the world and that she had made the most awful mistake in divorcing Dudley. But then, it would not have been so bad if he had not gone and married again. Now it was hopeless and he was going to be a father by Sally. If she had only had that child a year ago she would have had Dudley now. He had wanted a child but she had not. He was forced to answer embarrassing questions as to why he was not raising a family and that made him angry with her. They quarreled and were divorced. I love him ye, she pined over and over to the sea breeze. But Dudley only heard the footsteps of Sally running up and down stairs.

The trip strengthened her love for Dudley and enabled Istable to catch up on his sleep. They got off at Havre and took a wagon-lits to Paris where they took separate rooms at the Hotel Maurice, not far from Place Vendome. They could not see a thing from their windows and could only see Paris by going out. So they toured the city through the help of Cook's and "I show you Deeg show" men. She seldom went out alone. If it was not Istable, it was one of the many young Americans living in Paris at the time. Istable, on the other hand, was known to sit for hours in Le Cafe de la Paix eyeing the passing ladies.

He did not look gullible, so he was answered only after several days of sitting at the same table eyeing the same ladies. One with red cheeks and a pouting mouth he liked. She seldom had company.

So one night after four Cognac et Siphons he invited her to sit down with him. She knew a little English and he had quite a conversation with her, though he did most of the talking. She drank too. He did not ask what she did, but he thought he knew. She probably could not have told him anyway. But it happened that after three evenings with her at the Cafe de la Paix she volunteered the information. It quite startled him to see the real thing. He thought at the time she was terribly nice, so they went off and spent the night together.

It did not cost him much either. The next day he sat down to write a novel on "Life".

Jean sat alone in cafes too. But she never let the yearning to know life in the raw inveigle her into strange men's arms. She often felt like parading up and down in front of a cafe with a lot of red rouge on her cheeks just to see what would happen. But in spite of many Martinis and more Hennessy highballs she could not get Dudley out of her mind. And then she really did not have the nerve.

It all ended quite suddenly. Istable found he knew enough about LIFE from reading other people's accounts of it, and she decided to accept Istabel's interpretation of it. She became bored after several months and he finished his book which she thought was vulgar. She wanted a man. She knew Istabel very well and really liked him immensely. So one night when he slipped out to the Cafe de la Paix she followed and caught him with his Parisian foundling. She not only felt so mad at the girl, but also at Istable, that she marched in, slapped the girl's red face and pushed the table over. Istable was extremely surprised and shamefaced. The foundling shrieked for a gendarme, but Istable quickly grabbed Jean and took her back to the hotel. Then he calmed her and asked her to marry him. She laughed and thought of Dudley.

Next day she accepted Istable's proposal and they were married the following week by a hatchet faced French minister. Two weeks later she found she was going to have a baby and she told Istable. He was extremely pleased until he remembered he had been married only two weeks. Still he thought it was rather nice in a way because it was LIFE. She thought it was, too, because it was Dudley's child. Yet he never scolded nor became angry. He thought it was all extraordinary and delightful. But then, he was eccentric that way.

.
.....
.

There are 209 bones, 30 feet of large and small intestines, 32 teeth in the human body. The heart beats only 8 hours a day and rests 16. The sex organs develop last in the embryo and are the first to wear out. Hydrochloric acid digests the food in the stomach. The nails are made of chiten and grow at the rate of one foot per foot per year. 60 gallons of water pass through the kidneys every day.

.
.....
.

Peanuts were first used by the squaws of the American Indians. They threw them at their braves to promote fertility.

.
.....
.

Hello, John. Try No. 6.

Corey's broadcast.

.

if i were but a jelly-fish
on a sunlit coral shore
i'd say, "yes" once and for always
i'd never say, "no" anymore.

but now i'm a hardy explorer
with no thought of temples or gold
only the right before me
and no fear of the gruesome or told.

i'm filched with a pioneer spirit
my soul is completely absorbed
my standards ever grew higher
except if its terribly cold.

the point is here quite clearly
should you care to risk a guess
life is such a danger
better make your answer, "yes".

for the sea is mostly continent
and the continent's mostly sea
one adds six square miles
then, subtracts three and three.

a plus is ever so simple
a minus is barrels of fun
one takes away five fingers
so long as one adds a thumb.

of course,
down here it is cold as blazes
not like a sunlit shore
it's too cold to be a jelly-fish
and too warm to be anywhere.

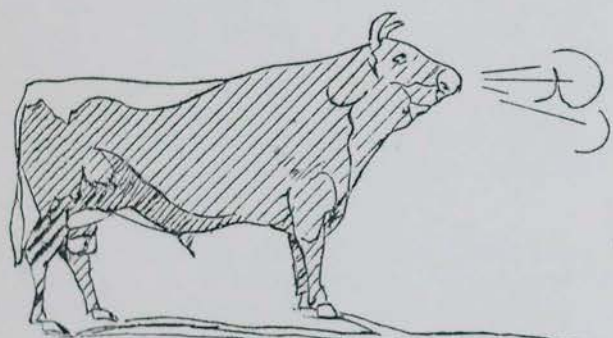
THE BARRIER BULL

LITTLE AMERICA



v. 1, no. 5

June 16, 1934



LITTLE
AMERICA
ANTARCTICA
VOLI
NO



On the basis of recent conversation with Admiral Byrd at Advance Base, it would now appear that his isolation will be celebrated less as a triumph of man over nature than as a glorification of the tin can. This humble metal structure, simple enough in conception and form, is apparently saving the Leader from starvation. Never a cook he has lately confessed he has resigned all hope of ever becoming one. It will be recalled that two weeks ago he reported he had already taken up two notices in his belt, and more slack was appearing. That was at the height of the flapjack crisis, when the full resources of our benefactor, General Foods, Inc., were being frantically mobilized to devise a satisfactory method of keeping his flapjacks from sticking to the griddle. How effective this research was Admiral Byrd has never disclosed; but it may be significant that in the course of Thursday's schedule he referred in awed accents to the merit of canned food, announcing that he no longer was losing weight.

MEN WITHOUT WOMEN

One of the interesting philosophical questions raised by the monkish aspect of our present existence is what effect, if any, the presence of a woman would have upon this community. The question has often occurred (in a very nice way, of course) to the writer; and in those few rare moments of peace when the heavily booted cavalry of the tractor division was not marching past his study, ripping up the deck with vertical spurs, he has attempted to pursue it to some conclusion. It had to be, of course, an excursion in pure reason, the whole subject being theoretical, no woman ever having trod this continent, and there being little chance of one doing so, unless future expeditions fall in with the Lewisohn theory that women are cows, and decide to bring two or three just to be interesting.

Indeed, some authorities hold that one of the charms of the Antarctic is that it is without women. Admiral Byrd remarked that at last there is no need of men to strut, there being no women about. The writer was inclined to dispute the logic on the ground the premise was false. The bright disputations of the local casanovas have revealed to him many charming things about what an imaginative man can do for a woman that up to now he never knew existed; but never was there any mention of strutting. Their tactics have always seemed much more direct - a friendly bit of grappling, followed by a headlock, for the simpler women; and love philters for the more difficult cases.

But the amorous side of the question, while very interesting, is only because it would reverse the traditional literary situation involving the handsome and innocent young gardener of the nunnery, is of minor concern. Much more interesting is the character of the effect a woman would have upon life and manners at Little America; whether or not she would tend to refine manners and language, ennoble thought, and lift the local mode of life from comparative barbarism to a state of civilization. And whether, if such achievement were possible, it could best be accomplished by some bright, fragile and virginal creature, like Abelard's Heloise, Aeneas's Dido, Boccaccio's Fiametta, or Dante's Beatrice; or through the agency of a well-tested battle-axe, say a Yankee spinster of fifty summers, lean and stiff-necked, with a voice carrying the crack of a horse-whip, a cast-iron heart pumping vitriol underneath three suits of Civil War underwear, and the hearty contempt for men of the college house mother.

Your correspondent regrets to report that at this point the publisher has come around to announce the Barrier-Bull is going to press immediately. It is therefore necessary for him to halt these reflections at this unsatisfactory point. It is his suggestion, however, that Mr. Russell, dean of Little America intellectuals, take up the discussion in the forthcoming issue.

N O B E D S

The long gray roadster drew up by the curb, two of its occupants alighted, crossed the short stone path to the house, and rang the doorbell. A moment later, Bill Phelps found himself being introduced by his companion and next door neighbor, Dick Williams, to Janet Wilson, his first "blind date". For Bill, those few moments were passed in confusion and some embarrassment. His experience with younger members of the opposite sex had been rather neglected; he was not quite certain of the proper things to say or do. Nor was the object before his eyes exactly conducive to straight thinking. Through a sort of golden haze he dimly perceived that she was beautiful, yes, beautiful! And she was smiling at him while extending her small white hand in greeting. With a great effort he pulled himself together, reluctantly withdrew his gaze from the golden curls bursting forth from under a smart little turban, perched cockily over one eye, and took the proffered hand. His next definite impression informed him that he was seated beside this charming creature in the rumble seat of the roadster, and that the soft balmy air of a June night in New England was being whipped across his burning face by the speeding car.

In the front seat, as the miles sped by, and the lights of the city faded out in the distance, the two occupants gradually drew closer ~~xxx~~ till they seemed as one. A slight frown appeared on Bill's brow as he disapprovingly murmured to himself, "Dick's at it again, the fast worker." Then aloud to the girl beside him, "Isn't it a marvelous night?" "Simply grand", she replied smiling, revealing a set of even, pearl-like teeth framed in a cupid's bow of crimson. Bill settled down contentedly in the corner of the rumble, and began to point out the various constellations to his companion.

Thirty minutes later they arrived at an open air dancehall situated at a junction of the turnpike and a branch going to Connecticut. Dick skillfully maneuvered the sleek roadster into a narrow opening among the numerous parked cars and in a moment was leading the way to the dance floor. The low moaning of saxophones, the muted wail of a trumpet, and the insistent shuffling of many feet greeted their ears. Overhead myriads of tiny pinpoints of light, interspersed occasionally by larger and brighter ones, flickered bravely, casting their faint glow upon the smoothly gliding couples. Around the sides of the dancefloor rows of fantastic Japanese lanterns dimly lighted the floor and served as a boundary between the light and the darkness without.

Bill stood in the doorway entranced. Soft lights, low music, the caressing touch of pure night air, thrilled his senses. What a night for romance, for beauty, for love! A gentle pressure on his arm awoke him from his reverie; he looked down into the soft smiling eyes of the girl at his side. A wave of emotion surged through him. Love was like that -- sweet, melodious, pure as air. He started, fearing to reveal his feelings before those enchanting eyes, and moved toward the dance floor. Gently his arm encircled the girl's shoulders and his feet picked up the rhythm of the music. The crowd closed about, swallowing in its midst the boy and girl, two hearts beating as one, crushed together in common ecstasy.

Three dances -- twenty minutes of blissful happiness -- then the intermission. Bill glanced up searching for his companions. They were not in sight. He led the way towards the refreshment counter, conscious of Janet's warm hand in his. After a while the music commenced again, couples floated out over the floor. Not so many this time. Three more dances. Again he glanced around inquiringly, but still no sign of Dick and his girl. His eyes roved out into the mass of parked cars. Janet saw his look and said, smiling, "Let's go out, shall we?"

He turned his steps toward the door and they passed out into the darkness, searching for the long grey roadster. Bill spied it where they had left it near the end of a long line at edge of the woods. As they approached closer, crunching the loose gravel underfoot, two heads suddenly appeared, two faces peered over the folded roof, and shown momentarily under the gleam of lights from a slowly turning car behind. Then scurried shuffling of bodies moving on the leather seat.

Bill's brow wrinkled into a frown for the second time that evening. "Why does a fellow have to spoil an evening like this", he thought, "with petting and yawning around? Well, I guess he wouldn't if his girl wouldn't let him." He looked at Dick's girl again, met those smug eyes, noted the hint of defiance in them. "Thank God, Janet's not like ~~xxxx~~ her - and I'm not like ~~xxxx~~ Dick," he concluded virtuously. Aloud he said, "We didn't see you, Dick; the music's been great. You're missing a swell time." "Are we?", Dick replied in a peculiar tone, and Bill almost thought his lips were going to say, "Are you?" The couple climbed out of the car, the girl pausing to glance in the mirror over the windshield and pat a few stray hairs into place. Bill turned towards the dance floor; Janet glanced quickly at him, then slowly made her way behind him in the narrow space between cars. Dick, waiting for his companion, took his eyes from Janet's slim curved figure to the girl beside him and deftly converted the suspicion of a sigh into an excellent cigarette cough.

An hour and a half later the long gray roadster drew slowly out from the mass of cars while the lingering strains of "Home Sweet Home" floated gently out from the rapidly emptying dancehall. The car gradually gathered speed down the wide concrete highway, while its driver relaxed in his seat and with his free arm encircled the yielding form beside him. Lights glared momentarily from behind them, ~~xxx~~ then shot ahead down the long white stretch into the blackness, and ~~xx~~ the single occupant of the passing car smiled at the fleeting glimpse of two distinct persons in the rumble, and one ~~xxx~~ hazy mass huddled in a corner of the roomy front seat.

The next morning Bill was in his friend's room idly discussing the various topics that will arise among college boys trying to kill time, and invariably the conversation finally turned to women. "You're an awful sap", said Dick scornfully, "sitting there like a dummy all the way back to town with your hands folded and talking about the weather, or was it Ibsen?" he added sarcastically.

Bill turned away from the window out of which he had been looking and approached his friend. A slight flush mounted his face. "You don't know what you're talking about", he retorted. "Janet's not that kind of a girl - like yours, and we weren't discussing Ibsen, although she has brains enough to do so if she wanted to - unlike yours. I'm glad she was not with you - she's not your type." The last was said almost heatedly.

Dick guffawed loudly. "Not my type!" he mocked. "Listen, Bill, I could go for her in a big way, and believe me she'd love it. You didn't see how mad she looked when you failed to take our place in the car during the dance. Well, I did, and also enough "come hither" looks to keep Mae West busy for ten weeks. Brains, bah! She has a one track brain with a double bed at the end of the line. Why, I wouldn't insult a friend of mine looking for some fun by getting him a date with a brainstorm. I---"

"Shut up!" Bill interrupted furiously. He glared at his friend for a full minute, then wheeled about and stalked angrily from the room, slamming the door behind him.

One evening early the next week, Bill set out into the gathering dusk, seated at the wheel of his roommate's new V-8 touring, cleverly borrowed through the simple expedient of expressing hope as fact. He hoped to have a date with Janet, but each approach to the phone was accompanied by so wild a thumping of his heart that he lost courage and finally decided to drop in unannounced. As he approached Janet's street, his heart gyrated wildly, seeming to battle for a place in his throat. He circled the block three times before halting with a desperate effort in front of Janet's house. One fleeting glance at the twinkling stars above, surrounding a pale new moon, then he alighted and strode up the path.

She was not at home. He was crestfallen. Somehow the possibility of other boy friends had not occurred to him. Dumbly he retraced his steps and soon was driving at random into the country. After a long while the dim lights of an open air dance hall appeared almost before him at a branch in the turnpike. On sudden impulse he

entered the gravel court and slowly steered by the long rows of parked cars. At a corner of the clearing, as he turned the wheel, a long gray roadster flashed before his eyes. Two heads peered over the side of the car, eyes blinking in the strong glare, tousled blond curls reflecting an aura of gold. Then they vanished again in the darkness. Bill recoiled as if struck. His foot jammed the accelerator and the car shot off around the bend.

A lone policeman, sauntering slowly down Columbus Avenue past shabby brick tenements, their gloom not yet dispelled by the heightening light of an eastern sky, wearily halted his steps, fumbled a bit in his pockets, then leaning over, tied a parking tag to the wheel of a new '28 touring.

C. A. Elele, Jr.

.
.
.

INSATIATE

We sailed from Boston Harbor and we set our course due South,
The salty breeze was in our lungs and salt horse in our mouth.

Our holds were overflowing with 'most every sort of goods,
And we were led by Admiral Byrd and backed by General Foods.

In Panama we made the rounds of glittering cafes;
The Dog-drivers discovered its the man who pays and pays.

The shell-backs kindly issued baths when crossing the Equator
(The only line on earth that's not distorted by Mercator).

We eagerly dropped anchor next at mystic Easter Isle
Where every prospect pleases and where man, Besides, is vile.

Our pilgrimage to worship the stone gods of Rapanui
Decidedly convinced us horse-back riding is the hui.

And all the boys returning to the ship without their shirts,
Swore this had no connection with the dusky native flirts.

The Grand Hotel at Wellington put up with lots of noise;
It knew the ancient Maori adage "Well, pois will be pois."

Little America at last! What glamour and romance!
To be here any man back home would give his Sunday pants.

A lad who sits in Science Hall and looks at distant scenes
By leafing through the National Geographic Magazines,
Exclaims, "These tales where far-off lands their sights and
sounds unravel,
Sure make me mighty envious of fellows who can travel!"

Vachel.

.
.
.

Those in the know report that the
wines in the liquor cache, with the
exception of the champagne, have frozen and burst
the bottles. The month of July is
due to be very cold and we suggest that
JULY ath be observed in the proper man-
ner. It is either a case of the chosen
few having too much, or everyone enjoy-
ing a delicious wine as it should be
enjoyed.

THE BARRIER BULL

Published every week in Little America, Antarctica.

EDITORS

Stuart D. Paine

Richard S. Russell

Publisher, Leroy Clark. Staff Photographer, Joe Pelter

VOL. I

June 16, 1934

No. 5

EDITORIALS

VIA MACKAY RADIO

PAINE AND RUSSELL EDITORS
THE BARRIER BULL
ANTARCTICA

THE BARRIER BULL CLAIMS TO BE SERIOUS COMIC STOP IT'S
YALE HARVARD COMEDIAN WOULD THINK THAT I CAN QUALIFY
AS A CONTRIBUTOR TO IT'S COLUMNS AS I AM SO SERIOUS
ABOUT THIS EXPEDITION THAT SOME OF MY FRIENDS THINK
MY ATTITUDE COMIC STOP I AM THRILLED BY THE SPIRIT THAT
THE MEMBERS OF THE EXPEDITION ARE SHOWING STOP MY BEST
WISHES ARE WITH YOU ALL FOR A COMFORTABLE LIFE AT LITTLE
AMERICA AND THE COMPLETE SUCCESS OF YOUR ENTERPRISE
UNDER THE DIRECTION OF YOUR ABLE AND GALLANT LEADER
ADMIRAL BYRD STOP I SHALL BE MOST HAPPY WHEN THE JACOB
RUPPERT BRINGS YOU ALL SAFELY HOME TO AMERICA.

COLONEL JACOB RUPPERT

. . . .

Five weeks ago, with the inauguration of the classes in Little America, we wished the sponsors the best of success, and suggested that everyone concentrate in one or two courses. It now seems that radio and navigation are the two courses chosen by the majority, and this is only right. Several new courses have been added so that now twenty three hours each week are consumed by the "university". The attendance at the classes has become haphazard, even among the instructors themselves. The classes have been moved from the messhall to the Science Building thereby greatly hindering the work of the scientists.

We have only two months before the outside work begins once more, and in that time everything must be prepared for next year's field activities. This work, which should now be half finished, has hardly been begun. Soon after the sun returns the work of digging out the planes will commence. The trail men will be busy exercising dogs and learning to ski. The scientific department will be wanting to do the work they could not do this winter on account of the classes held in their building, and the sick list will be as large as usual.

For the program in the field to be successful, the various parties must ~~xxxxx Little America~~ leave Little America with the personnel well rested. The start will probably be made in mid-October. So little is known about the weather here that it might be possible to make even an earlier start. This will mean that everyone in camp will have to do his share of the work. This fall there were far too many attempts made to avoid work by offering trivial excuses.

Everyone is now well rested from the work of "digging in". The "university" has had a fair test and it has been shown that work and extra study cannot be successfully combined in this camp. All classes, save radio and navigation, should be abandoned. An intensive work

• • • •

• • • • •

When Thetis dumped her son Achilles in the River Styx, little did she realize that her little stunt would become the favorite pastime the world over. Fifty million quick-lunch addicts in fifty different countries play at the game daily, even though its form has changed considerably.

The game has been brought to the very ends of the earth, and like all other games, being subject to styles and customs of various people, it has developed a great variety of species, the most notable of which are; - the Kansas Dunk, the Minuteman Dunk, and the Fifth Ave., Dunk.

To properly execute a Kansas Dunk, it is necessary to have the cup half full of freshly made coffee of your favorite brand. Set the cup directly in front of you in the center of your plate. Grasp the cup firmly with your left hand and jam the doughnut into the cup. If, in doing so, you squirt some coffee into the eye of a fellow Dunker, think nothing of it. For in dunking, as in war, all is fair. Before you finish you will probably be squirted back anyway.

When the doughnut has soaked up enough coffee to make it soggy, it is ready to eat. If too hot, it is in strict accordance with the rules to air cool it as it enters the mouth. If the ensuing noise effects the appetite of others at the table, be not concerned. You are right according to the rules on page 29, par. 63, of the F.Y.I.G.M system of Plain and Fancy Dunking.

As the doughnut diminishes in size, it reaches what is known as the plus and minus stage. It is impossible to squirt the other fellow in the eye, but at the same time it leaves a very good opportunity to bathe the finger tips.

The most expert of the Kansas Dunkers claims that in twenty eight years he has never had to dunk more than twice to obtain the desired effect.

Some dunkers use this system exclusively, while others prefer a variation.

The Minuteman Dunk is the fastest and hardest to execute. Unlike the Kansas Dunk, it is not necessary to have the cup in the center of your plate, or even in front of it. You may have the cup either half three quarters, or entirely full. As a matter of fact, if you can use someone else's cup you will gain two points toward your final score. Never start the Minuteman Dunk with less than five doughnuts, all of which may be piled either on or near your plate. If you are in good form you would not have room on your plate for even a part of another doughnut. When you have a lion's share of doughnuts, hold one in your left hand and another in your right. Now, as rapidly as possible dunk one with the left hand and another with the right hand. By alternating left and right it is possible to attain twice the speed without tiring. If, in eating them, you let out a terrible blurp, be not alarmed. You are probably in perfect Minuteman form.

Now in the Park Ave., Dunk everything is based upon form. Speed is out of the question. If you finish one doughnut during the meal you are doing well. The cup is usually placed in a saucer and held in the left hand. If no saucer is available, it is permissible to hold the cup between the thumb and forefinger. Now slowly and with a faraway look in your eyes, take a doughnut from the plate, holding it as you do the cup. Now before dunking, be sure your little finger has that certain curl, not only as a matter of form, but also for safety, for an overdunk is very bad.

At this time, tilt the head back until the correct angle of the nose is reached. This angle is not fixed. Satisfy yourself. It usually depends upon the size of the nose.

When doughnut is midway between cup and mouth, considerable care

should be given to the movement of the elbow. Not too low and not too high, nor too far out, nor too far in. It is considered quite proper to leave a doughnut partially eaten beside the plate. This adds that "I don't have 'em at all unless I want to" touch. This pose is said to have originated with the pioneer dunkers.

Now if you still wish to use your own style, but still wish to improve it, it is a matter concerning the cook and cook alone. Probably the use of a different can opener would change things considerably.

Olin D. Stancliffe

.
.
.
.
.

Paul Swan, swarthy Kansanite, made news last week. Trying to wriggle through the hole leading from the Condor pit to the surface, he got stuck. William Bowlin, Pacific hero, was behind him. Looking up, Bowlin perceived a huge bulk blocking the hole, and two enormous appendages waving helplessly in his face. Only great pushing on the part of Bowlin enabled sparsely haired Swan to wrest himself free.

.

Consternation reigned in Second-in-Command Poulter's shack last Saturday night. There was a ghost in Little America. In fact the walls of three could be distinguished, and they seemed to hover, complaining, about Dr. XXXX Poulter. They hummed, sang and danced on his roof until it jiggled. Experts of radio, biology, archeology, art were called in. No one could make the ghosts cease wailing; nor cease dancing on the roof. Dr. Poulter, learned and scholarly, ascribed it to the cosmic ray, and went to bed.

.

New life appeared unexpectedly in Little America. Short, a grey bitch of Dog Town, gave birth to four measly grey puppies. Father of these puppies is wolf-like Legaska, one of a team of the Full Southern Party. A quart of whiskey, bet by the editors, was won by editor Russell. Editor Paine lost. Short did pup.

.

.

.

.

FOOD DREAM

If there's anything worse
Than soup or nerts
Or the meals I ate back home
With onion and steak
A chocolate cake
And a cook with a will of her own.

The worst of it all
Are the ducks in the fall
With chestnuts roasted in ash
And chicken fricasse
Will digest for me
If its creamed right up in a mash.

I hate to be served
With chutney preserve
Or souffles steamed in an urn
While peach suppre
With puree of pea
I've never had mix quite firm.

But now on a crow
Of fifty who chew
I find nothing at all quite bad
With a bit of rope
And a slice of soap
You could never cook me a shad.

And I relish a seal
Before an eel
The change is a pleasure to see
I always eat blubber
Instead of rubber
And with penguins I go on a spree.

Where once I was sad
I'm now so glad!
Why, my appetite even thrives on a germ
And with a bit of rubber
And plenty of blubber
I'd eat the rear, hind-end of my stern.

.
. . .
.

JOSEPH HILL - OF TEXAS

The date was at seven o'clock. 'Twas Sunday. So we disposed of her folks in front of the church. Hoped to pick them up later. The evening was boring. She and I ~~xxxx~~ rode up and down, up and down the main drag. Suddenly I got courageous and turned off. Dropped anchor at edge of town. She was strange to me. Wonder whether she guessed my intentions. Anyway, she didn't protest. Talked of politics, the weather, a bit of astronomy. But the left rear tire was slowly relating. Such interference was not anticipated. Only thing to do was to get out and old man Goodrich's brain child. I did. Betty Co-ed, my date, got out. Proceeded to make herself "helpful". Suddenly she jumped. She jumped again and dashed to the car to turn on the lights. Ran into the headlight stream and began to shed her dress. She was yelling fearfully, like a Comanche Indian, "I've got ants in my pants. I stared and muttered, "What the hell?" Ever afterwards I called her "Anty", short for ~~XXXXXX~~ "ants in the pants." She liked it....I liked it....I liked her.....Oh, well....

.
. . .
. . .

S K O O K U M

Conventions are funny things, funny in that they are queer. They make us do this, do that, even though we are of another mind. They cannot let us do this or that because such things are not nice, not respectable, or are tabooed. We are not told why they are because there is no reason save that they are not done by nice people. They are the habits, customs, the mores which are handed down to us by an unappreciative older generation. So strong are they that we don't realize the strength of them. We are slaves to them, even more than the blacks of pre-civil war days were to their masters.

The sum total of these mores makes what we call civilization. A civilized man is one who has adopted the set of mores we happen to have. Nationalism is to a large extent built upon the solidarity of the mores. What form they take depends upon their history, of which only the sociologists have a good knowledge. Even they cannot trace some of them.

However, no matter how heavy nor how hallowed, there are some I do not like. For instance, I like to gnaw bones. Perhaps it is a throwback to one of my illustrious ancestors. But whether I am seated before a campfire, or seated before a solid silver dinner set, I have the same feeling of remorse and regret if I cannot chew off that last bit of goodness lying next to the bone. To let a good lamb chop go without first gnawing it is as bad as letting a filet mignon go half eaten. Both are decidedly wrong, though to polite people it shows you are not a beast with a beastly appetite.

In warm countries I like to go swimming naked. In fact I like to run around in the air quite naked. But so imbedded in our mores is the sense of shame in exposing the sex organs that I never feel quite comfortable for fear of what people will say. And besides, to be suddenly surprised while playing nudist by three or four girls out for a Sunday walk is possibly the most embarrassing thing in the world.

I would like to wear bright clothes. The somberness of the human male is contrary to natural laws. With few exceptions, the male of the species is more splendidly colored, gayer, the more attractive. As a matter of fact, the Elizabethan men did bedeck themselves in gay colors. But to appear nowadays in colors such as they customarily wore would be indeed extraordinary, and you would probably be followed by a crowd of children wherever you went.

I would like to use a nice smelling perfume, like Yardley's Lavendar but the only time the mores let me is after shaving. As it is, should I be inclined to use it other than as an after-shaving lotion, I have to do it when I am sure of not meeting anyone, or I have to sprinkle it on my pillow after I go to bed. Thus, no one finds out and I am not accused of femininity. There is usually a worse word applied to those who like perfume. Why?---because it is not done. It is unconventional and therefore taboo.

There are many other things I like to do and cannot. Likewise, there are many things you like to do and cannot. I like to pick my nose, but have to hide my actions behind a handkerchief so you will not know what I am doing. I like to kiss girls when I feel like it and not when you tell me I can. I am sure they feel the same way about it, not necessarily when I am tempted to kiss them, but perhaps when you are. I like to keep my hands in my pockets, and to tell people what I think of them. But I am not allowed for many reasons. It is not done. Perhaps it is a good thing.

I like to chew gum in public, particularly in the theater. I like to eat with my knife and to mix my mashed potatoes and peas on the same plate. I like to keep my spoon in my cup. When I am offered something I like a great deal, I would like to take all I want. I remember I was offered in New Zealand a couple of bottles of the most delicious brandy. The bottle was set down beside me. Though I never wanted anything more in my life than I did that brandy, I

did not dare to help myself in spite of the kindness of the hostess. Such an unsatiated desire is truly shameful when the means of satisfying it are at hand.

I like to drink. I think it is fun to throw bread at the fellow at the other end of the table when he asks for it. I like to scratch myself, to drink coffee from a saucer. I like to go bareheaded in the city and wear sneakers. I like to read newspapers when boring ~~xxx~~ people come to call. I like to spit on the floor, to swear, to pinch fat people, to put my feet on the table, etc., etc.

But I cannot, nor can you, because I tell you you cannot and you tell me I cannot. So neither of us enjoy ourselves. It does not do any good to run away because here we have run just about as far as we can run, and here it is the same story. Do - do not - can - cannot - taboo - queer - funny - shame, etc.

I'm tired of it. Do you suppose Admiral Byrd, out there by himself, can do what he wants, or is he still hidebound by what I think, and you think, and his friends think? I suppose he is. Conventions are very potent. We are slaves. Alas!

The stench of putrid ~~xxxxxxx~~ garbage stunk up Dogheim, residence of George Noville and Alan Innes-Taylor, one day last week. A large garbage pail chuck full of Carbone's refuse was intentionally placed within Dogheim and as intentionally left there. For two days and two nights it remained, filling even the outer tunnel with its sour odor. Taylor and Noville could not agree on who was to take it out. It is said Charles J. V. Murphy placed it there. When accused of it he merely grins. There are rumors of a trial.

• • • • •

Deep within the crooked tunnels of Dog-Town snuggled four shivering puppies, offspring of Short. Death snuggled there also, it wanted, thirsty, for its moment. Suddenly it struck and fled with the life of one small helpless pup. Short hopefully nuzzled its stiff little body, but no life came back. Of four, three remain.

①

Her voice was calm and collected
like the dribble of honey and dew
i glanced out of the window
i'd never knew what she knew.

"the important thing in life, she said-
was for man and woman to grow,
but they must grow together-
like the nail of an ingrown toe."

"humph!" i thought.

"yes, yes-" i said.
"what an interesting point of view
while i've heard that often before
never exactly from you."

"how strange you are tonight-"
that was part of her line
"you're so terribly different
why do you waste your time?"

"humph!" i thought,

"the world is so involved
like little sausages inside
one never knows quite which to eat
or which to turn aside."

"yes, yes-" i said

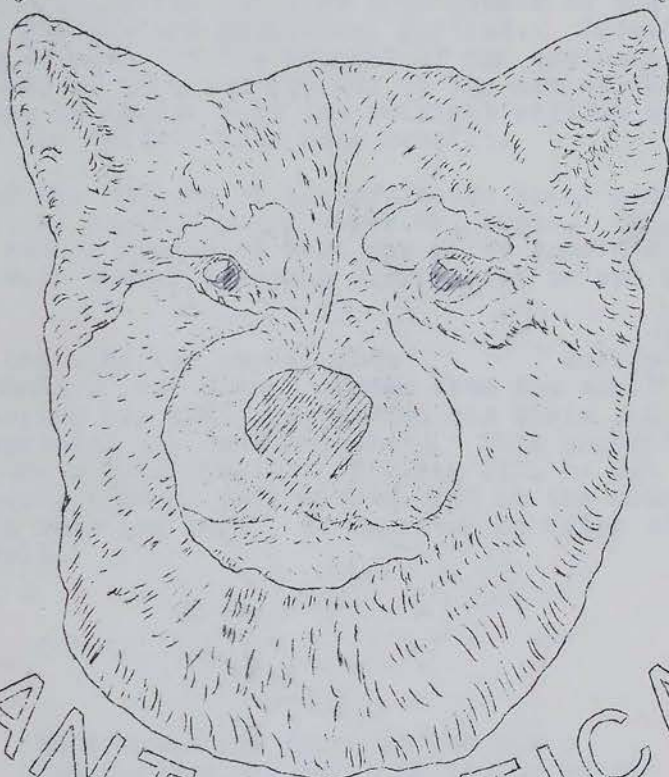
"you don't understand dear-"

what else could i say to stall?
"one plays life quite thoroughly
the other misses wicket and ball."

then she bit into my soul
she chewed it like leather and lace
she masticated it terribly
oh -- i'm a bitter disgrace!

THE BARRIER BULL

LITTLE AMERICA



ANTARCTICA

v. 1, no. 6

June 23, 1934

CHARLES J. V. MURPHY

It now appears that Admiral Byrd will return to Little America much earlier than was expected. In the course of Thursday's radio schedule he ordered Dr. Poulter to examine the possibility of sending a tractor out to the Advance Base as soon as there is sufficient light to enable the party to make the 123 mile journey without undue hazards and suffering on the part of the crew. The principal reasons persuading him to return are the straightened financial condition of the expedition and his desire to get field operations underway as rapidly as possible. He remarked, in the course of the schedule, that if the present weather continues it may be possible to start the field parties at a much earlier date than has heretofore been considered practicable..

Naturally, no date has as yet been fixed for the start of the tractor party, nor have the details of the journey been decided upon. Dr. Poulter plans to make a test journey in the ~~test~~ tractor at the end of the week, and very likely the results of this test trip will have a large effect upon the planning of the journey. When informed of this trial trip, Admiral Byrd immediately suggested that Dr. Poulter and the crew make a determined effort, if it were possible, to pick up the trail flags in the darkness. It is also expected that the trip to the Advance Base will serve the function originally planned --- that is, carry out some 3000 pounds of dog pemmican for the use of the plateau and geological parties. Indeed, even a greater load may be carried for the benefit of the southern party. It is Dr. Poulter's belief that the journey to the Advance Base will be attempted sometime in August when the twilight will be sufficiently prolonged to give the tractor crew some benefit.

Admiral Byrd was advised of the projected trial journey across the bay ice by the eastern party under Mr. Siple. The plan met with his approval, but he suggested that the party remain within the Bay of Whales to avoid danger of being carried out to sea by breaking ice.

The Leader had a narrow escape from carbon monoxide poisoning on Sunday, June 17th. Fumes from the small gasoline generator set powering his radio penetrated his cabin and made him feel, as he expressed it, "quite rocky". This generator is mounted on a shelf in one of his tunnels. Feeling ill, he cut short the June 17th schedule without explanation, and in the course of Thursday's schedule revealed why. He reported no after effects and said all was well.

.
.
.

What would you think if you saw a red checker cab drive up to the door of the radio shack, and its driver yell, "Grapenuts, goddam it, Grapenuts."

. . .

THE BARRIER BULL sadly records the death of Ouloff, the death of another of Short's puppies, and the complete rectal disintegration of Luzz.

.
.
.

Max faced Francois was a big Indian chief. He had many, many wives over the Yukon territory, one here, three there, two some other place. He had a great many more children. Most of whom he did not grow of. But he was bored. "He beeg chief", he said to himself; "I'm no happy with many, many wives. I get white woman. I be true to one."

So he travelled many moons to find a white woman to whom he could be true. Finally he found one he liked.

"I takes her. She worth many, many wives", he said. "Maybe she make white papoose for me, yes?"

She was homely as a cow, and as lonesome as a jellyfish out of water. She had no breasts, but could walk fast and fish with a pole. Francois liked that and proposed to make her his squaw.

So he said, "You nice. I big chief. You be queen squaw of tribe. I get white papoose, maybe."

She liked that, and they were married by counting off forty Indian beads together. She thought it was all right.

Many, many moons after, Francois' white squaw had no papoose. He was very mad and ate nothing but bear meat for many moons. He'd go on long canoe trips often, ten to twenty sleeps away. His white squaw became jealous, and said:-

"Francois, big Indian chief, I love you and I keel you." Saying this, she poked him through the heart with her pole. She fed his body to the fishes.

After many moons, white squaws belly grew very large, and at length a white papoose was born.

"I call him Francois", she said. "He be beeg chief one day like his fadder."

Little white papoose cried and cried and cried, and ate and ate, and grew and grew and grew. Finally he was bigger than the white squaw.

"I go prove me a man", he said one day, and stumbled into the forest. He came back with a young Indian squaw.

"I have papoose, maybe, yes?"

Many, many moons passed and no papoose. Little Francois got mad and went out again. He returned with three squaws.

"I have papoose now, maybe."

Many, many moons later he go on long journey. Fifty sleeps away. But when he came back, no papoose. "I keel you all", he yelled at squaws, and smothered them all with a wash cloth.

Francois was very mad. "Get white squaw and try". So he got white squaw. But many moons went by and no papoose. "Hell", he said, "I'm sick, I no goot", and he cut off the head of his new squaw. Hollowing out a tree trunk, he filled it full of water. He put his head in and took it out. "Evil spirits I no like", he said, and put his head in again. "They no like me", he said, putting his head in again. "I'm", he yelled, pulling his head out, and putting it in for the last time.

That's all.

.. .. .

THE BATTERY EXPLOSION ABOARD THE "S-49"

The morning at the Submarine Base at New London, Conn., was no different than any other. We of the torpedo department stood about in the shed waiting for the signal to go to morning quarters and muster before starting the day's work. It was almost 8.00 A.M. Some men could be seen on the decks of the S-group of submarines tied up to the docks. They too were getting ready to fall in for morning's muster. Among these submarines was the S-49. Below her decks the crew was just finishing its breakfast. A dozen or more of the crew still sat about the messstable in the battery compartment. The boat's electrician had been busy most of the night charging the 24 large storage batteries stowed below in the battery well underneath the very deck upon which the messstable stood. One or two men who had had the night watch were in their bunks. Some of those who had returned aboard from shore leave had stopped in the battery compartment long enough to grab themselves a hot cup of java and to shoot the breeze before shifting into work clothes.

Back in the torpedo shed I glanced up at the large clock on the brick wall. It was five minutes to eight. Just then the whistle in the power house groaned its warning signal. All hands jumped down from their sitting positions on the work benches. Someone remarked that the quarters whistle was ahead of time. Then a second whistle sounded - the "fire" signal. All hands were alert and on their toes. Hurried orders were shouted as we counted the following ~~xxxxxx~~ whistles to learn the location of the fire.

The big heavy steel doors of the shed were hastily opened, and we man-hauled the two small chemical wagons and hose reel out to the river front. As we scanned the subs lying at their docks, a cloud of brownish green smoke was coming from the forward hatch of the S-49. Men were running towards her and to their fire stations. Sirens were screaming as the Base trucks and ambulance hurried to the scene. As we came up alongside the dock, men were hastily but carefully being hauled up by their shipmates from other subs close by from the escape hatch of the S-49. There was a pungent odor of chlorine gas in the air that stung the nose and eyes. It made me sneeze, cough and choke as I moved closer.

When I climbed aboard to help, I saw one of my shipmates, a torpedoman, being hauled from the hatch. He still wore his uniform. Evidently he had not had time to shift into work clothes before the batteries let go. He recognized me, saying, "Hi, Van; take my shoes off will you? My feet are hurting like hell." I glanced down at his torn and frayed trousers. The shin bone of one leg was protruding through the torn flesh. The sight almost sickened me. As the fresh air struck the wounded, as well as the rescuers, it caused vomiting spells. Some of the rescuers staggered about in a semi-conscious manner, sick to their stomachs. They had not stopped to put on their gas masks before entering the battery compartment, their first thought being to rescue their shipmates lying about with torn bodies in that gas filled battery compartment. The injured and dead were about seven. These were rushed to the Base hospital a short ways away.

After everyone had been removed from the boat and "secure" sounded on the whistle, we returned to our respective stations with our fire apparatus. I returned aboard the S-49 the next day. The battery compartment had been sealed up all the previous day, but today it was open and being cleaned and vented of its wreckage. And wreckage it was.

How anyone got out of that hell hole is more than I could see. From the intense heat caused by the exploding batteries, the paint-work on the overhead and sides of the boat hung down in long drooping curtains like heavy cob-webs. The messstables above were blown into a mass of kindling wood. The aluminum messgear - turines and such - were fused and twisted into untinkable masses, or should I say messes. The well that once held the twenty four five-foot high batteries looked like the black pit of Calcutta on reads about in books. Bunks were twisted into a crazy mess. Two bunks were

pointed out to me by a shipmate of mine aboard, saying, "Van, can you beat that for luck. Our belly robber (ship's cook) was sleeping in that middle bunk. When the explosion happened, he was jammed between the upper and lower bunk and never received more than a sick headache from chlorine gas." Ward Dewey Kile, one of the only three men saved when the S-51 was sunk off Block Island a month ago was knocked through the battery door passage into the torpedo room and never got a scratch."

They traced the accident to overcharging of the batteries. What a catastrophe it would have been had the explosion held off for at least a half hour. The S-49 would then have been running submerged off Block Island. It would have meant the death of all hands aboard.

But it's just another of those things Uncle Sam's sailors have to contend with besides the elements at sea. No wonder the subs are known as "pig boats", with their cramped quarters, ill smelling living quarters caused by battery gas and fuel oil from the Diesel engines, and a mixed odor of sulphuric acid and smokeless powder seeping from the small magazine. The torpederoom up forward is about the only livable place aboard. And to think the "W" and "O" boats were still smaller! No wonder the new, large, cruising type "V" boats are called homes by former pig boat men. A two weeks cruise in rough weather aboard an S-boat is punishment.

But for all this, the men take their small pay, ~~xxx~~ growl a bit, and hope for better days. It's just like the Expedition. It's in your ~~xxxx~~ blood.

J. H. Van der Woll

.
: : : : :
.

Ther've been ships and shes
Since th'h tide begun t'h run
But she was me upper top'sle
No matter how the helm did spun
In th'h breezes what tacked us outward
She would belly fore and aft
All th'h while I knowed her
I quivers at her craft.
We was mates from stem to starboard
Close as th'h marlin in th'h sail
We might have sworn between us
We ain't never had uh gale.
She knew me mannerisms
Youse can call it remote control
Damn, I wished we was together
And t'h hell wid' t'h old South Pole.

The following are the final results of the BARRIER BULL question-
 aire. After each question are listed the first and second choice:-

Who has the greatest affection for dogs?	Potaka; Moody.
Who is the greatest lover?	Noville; Siple.
" " " expedition clown?	Murphy; Dane.
" " " worst radio man?	Waite, Corey, Dane.
" " " dogman?	Herrman; Taylor.
" " " scientist?	Wade; Rawson.
" " " tractorman?	Morgan; Swan.
" " " airplane pilot?	McCormick; Bowlin
" " " greatest bullthrower?	Murphy; Carbone.
" " " your favorite cow?	Southern Girl; Iceberg
" " " dog?	Don; Pinock.
Who do you think most representative of BAE II?	Hump; Morgan.
Who is the most likely to end in a penitentiary?	Fleming; Dyer
Who knows the most about women?	June; Lindsey.
Who is the boss in L.A?	Paige; Byrd.
Who is the most intelligent?	Poulter; Perkins.
Who is the most helpful?	Paige; Rawson
What do you expect to do on returning to civilization?	Drink; drink.
What do you miss most?	Food; elevators.
Who is the worst skier?	Ronne; Cox
Who expresses himself the most fluently?	Bailey; Carbone.
If L.A. adopted human sacrifice, who would be the first sacrificed?	Noville; Grimmer
Who is the greatest sit-by-the fire?	Taylor; Miller.
Who is the neatest?	Albert; Young.
" " " sloppiest?	Ike; Waite
" " " handsomest?	Hutch; Corey
" " " most polite?	Perkins; Bramhall
" " " biggest grouch?	Miller; Taylor
" " " biggest crabber?	Taylor; Smith
Who has the best set of whiskers?	Dane; Miller
Who is the best dressed? Corey; Lewisohn. Worst?	Rawson; Wade
Who bathes most frequently?	Fleming; Stancliffe
Who has the greatest appetite?	Grimmer; Dane
Who is the champion bunk director?	Noville; Paige
Who is the greatest wire puller?	Clark; Swan.
" " " most popular professor?	Rawson; Perkins
" " " best parachute jumper? Fleming. Worst?	Skinner
" " " most temperamental?	Lewisohn; Taylor
" " " most likely to succeed?	Paige; Haines
" " " camp goat?	Young; Dustin
Who has the rosiest cheeks?	Albert; Hill
Who is the greatest singer?	Carbone; Ike
Who has done the most for the University?	Ike; Dane
Who has the best chance to succeed in marriage?	McCormick; Bowlin
Who is the most athletic?	Dennis; Abele
Who is the camp sport?	Zuhn; Bramhall

.

Bill McCormick, gyrating pilot, dramati-
 cally shouted he was no longer going to
 breakfast. Dane immediately began to
 worry. Albert was even more excited.

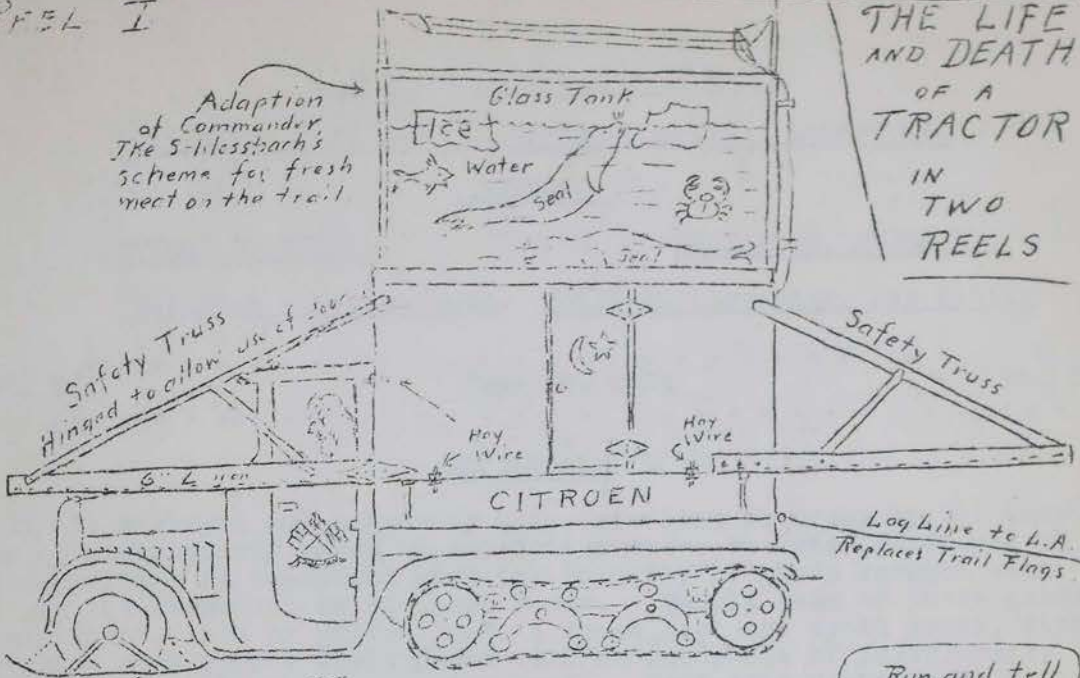
"You eat breakfast, you," pointing a stubby
 finger at him, "so when you go back you be
 bees for your girl "

Wade went "haw, haw, haw", like The Shadow.
 The autogyro, it is said, groaned and turned
 around twice when it heard.

REEL I

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF A TRACTOR IN TWO REELS

Adaption of Commander The S-Blessbach's schema for fresh meat on the trail



The Safety Trusses Demonstrate Their "Raison d'être"

Run and tell Charlie they are 57 miles out and have stopped.



To Tractor

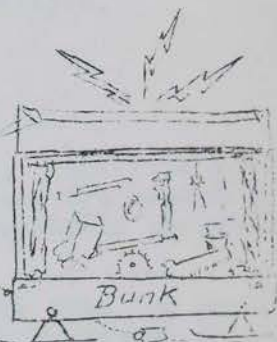
CHÉPASSE

This Seat for the use of passing dog parties

REEL II

Aoh Ky! Raicht Aoh! Oim Coming!

Fleining



Spare Parts Department -- To Follow Tractors at distance of five miles.

THE PARRIER BULL

Published every week in Little America, Antarctica

EDITORS

STUART D. PALME

RICHARD S. RUSSELL

Publisher - Leroy Clark. Staff Photographer, Joe Pelter

VOL. I.

June 23, 1934

No. 6

EDITORIALS

Of all disloyal and niggardly acts, stealing is probably the worst. This is particularly so on an expedition where the very existence of the expedition is dependent upon the quantity of goods brought with it, and the conservation of these goods. Should some of these goods be misplaced, lost or stolen, and if those lost are trail goods, without which next year's field plans will be incapable of fulfillment, then it is a serious and damaging fact. Just this has ~~happened~~ happened here.

Some one, or ones, have broken into boxes in the food and clothing caches and removed eight pairs of heavy woolen socks, four pairs of mittens, two heavy grey shirts, a quantity of innersoles and thirty pounds of chocolate. All these items are trail items. They have been deliberately taken without the consent of Corey.

On an American naval vessel, theft is provided for by a general courtmartial, and sentence to a penitentiary, besides dishonorable discharge from the service. But the conditions on a naval ship and our condition here is quite different from the point of value of the goods taken. Something lost on a ship can be replaced in a short time. Here it is quite impossible. And though the objects taken are themselves not worth a great deal in money value, they are immensely valuable from the point of worth to the expedition. The theft of expedition goods, vital to the success of the expedition, is the most traitorous deed that can be done. Such deeds tend to make us look with suspicion upon the other fellow. You will not trust me, and I will not trust you. If such an atmosphere is created, an atmosphere of hostility and suspicion, God help the expedition.

It is time to stop and think

...

The Aviation Department wishes to make a request. All five gallon tins which come from the galley, or other sources, are needed for the laying of gasoline depots next year. It is absolutely essential that these be saved if these depots are to be laid.

In all about two hundred will be needed. And the tops are quite as necessary as the tins ~~themselves~~ themselves. Therefore, please do not make the empty tins. They are needed by the aviation gang.

.....
.....
.....
.....

BARRIER BULL SCIENTIFIC DEPARTMENT

Technical Report No. 1

(EDITORS' NOTE: We feel that some explanation should be made for our entry into the field of journalism already covered by "Morgan's For'em". This is the first in a series of scientific papers to be written in an attempt to clear up the ever prevalent question in our minds, "Why did the old man bring this?")

The exploration of the icy wastes of the Antarctic Continent has been largely a problem in transportation methods. Of the number of animal and machine transport schemes which have been exploited, each has been found to have tremendous disadvantages which, directly or indirectly, account for the appearance upon the polar map of those vast blank areas marked "Unexplored".

It is therefore with deep interest that we look forward to an entirely new and unique enterprise which we have learned from authoritative sources is now in its final stage of preparation.

Mr. William McCormick, formerly of Lansdowne and Philadelphia, has been for some weeks working feverishly toward completion of preparations for an extended flight of exploration in his animated eggbeater. Although Mr. McCormick is extremely reticent as to future plans, some extremely new ideas were hinted at.

When approached on the subject of fuel necessary for the first long flight, which will be to the vicinity of West Cape, the dauntless aviator disclosed a novel scheme which will be tried out. At the first crack of spring a trail party will leave Little America consisting of two dog teams. This party will carry eighty gallons of gasoline in one gallon cans, ten four-ounce bottles of lubricating oil, ten cylinders for the mighty Kinner, as well as other spare parts for engine, aircraft (?) and articles to make for the comfort of the aviator and his passenger, Mr. John Herrmann. A base, or, as Mr. McCormick vaguely expressed it, a sub-base, will be laid down every quarter mile. The cylinders and other items will be distributed uniformly along the projected course of the flight; this to include dry mitten liners and socks at every eighth sub-base, or every two miles. The cans used for fuel will be unpainted and highly polished so that they may be used as trail markers, eliminating the use of flags and beacons. This novel idea alone suggests the thoroughness and ingenuity with which this new crusader to the Antarctic is gifted.

It is pointed out that with favorable winds the powerful whirligig could easily cover the distance between three sub-bases without alighting, but Mr. McCormick stated that he adhered strictly to the old adage "There is safety in numbers", and that he would strive to establish a veritable highway to the Cape.

During the first long flight, crews will be held in readiness for the small supporting Fairchild plane and Curtiss Condor to be used for a dash to the rescue in the event of any mishap. As an added precaution, dog teams, tractors and all available men at Little America will be held in readiness to go on the trail at a moment's notice.

However, as Mr. McCormick reluctantly explained, there is much to be done before the final start; as, for instance, the necessary equipment to be carried on his undertaking would include a man-hauling sled, sleeping bags for both men, tent cooker, skis, motor cover, stove for heating engine, some three hundred pounds of food, the ~~xxxx~~ rather portly Mr. Herrmann with attendant cameras, flood lights and Waddinghouse generator, as well as numerous other items both small and large, which would suggest rather the use of a moving van than the frail contraption he lovingly calls his whirligig.

At the conclusion of the hurried interview which was so graciously granted, your correspondent by the noted flier, I can but say that

I was so impressed by his industrious attitude and profound sincerity that I have the firm belief that all obstacles, however formidable, will be eventually overcome and a new page will be written in the records of polar exploration.

H. C.

As further details of the forthcoming expedition become known, they will be published in the BARRIER BULL.

.
.
.

A mild sensation was created recently when Mr. William McCormick, driver of the "Shivering Lizzie", was charged with Nazi tendencies. It seems that someone had noted a similarity between the paddle wheel atop McCormick's contraption and the Nazi Swastika.

When approached on the subject, the young flier assured our representative that there was no grounds for such an accusation. Furthermore, he stated, those paddle wheel appendages derive their particular shape and form from definite aerodynamical facts. When pressed for an explanation by our technical representative on Aeronautics, he became extremely non-committal. So we are forced to accept the theory after all that it just happened that way.

H. C.

.

Swarthy Paul Swan, Kansaside, cannot keep out of THE BULL. Last week a hatch cover was needed to cover the hole leading to the Conder pit. Enlisting the aid of the unsuspecting McCormick, he gathered boards, nails, a hammer, and constructed the hatch in the old messhall. Trying to get it to the surface, they found it to be two feet too large to go through the entrance hatch. Not daunted, they carried it out through the tunnel leading to the mess hall, science building, etc. Arriving at the foot of the ladder, they found the shaft too small. Retracing their steps, they carried it back to the old messhall, dug the shaft larger, carried it through the tunnel again, and so got it to the mess hall. From there it was easy, but McCormick's opinion of Kansas plainsmen was drastically changed.

.

Kennett Longley Rawson, Yale-ite, ponderous and wise, became agitated. He was sick of acting as side kick to the Great Carbone. For every good dinner served he got no credit, and for every bad one he was blamed. When interviewed by your correspondent he stated,

"When I return, by heck, I'll have the great Carbone prosecuted for impersonating a cook."

The Great Carbone, radio idol of the American public, does not care. "I can't help it if I'm great", he mutters over and over to himself.

.

MY DISAPPOINTMENTS AS A FIREMAN

Some years ago, while living in Tarrytown, N.Y., I happened to be staying near a fire station. It seemed that this particular station responded to more than the usual number of calls. Being interested in the action and tricks of firefighting, I used to dash out of the house and watch the engine tearing out of the fire station.

I noticed that as it tore down the street quite a few men from various parts of town either hooked a ride on the truck, or followed it in their own cars. I later learned that this was the crack volunteer fire outfit of the State of New York.

As time went on, I became acquainted with different members of the crew, and eventually I was invited to go along to the next fire. Needless to say, I slept with part of my clothes on so that I would be ready to go at the next alarm.

Finally it sounded. God! I was so excited I nearly went out without my pants on. As it was, I left minus my socks. I made a dash for the stairs, reaching them before I expected. I fell down the whole flight. This must have given me a good lead on the other fellows for I was one of the first to reach the truck.

What a thrill! From all corners men came dashing out in all stages of dress and undress. Very shortly we reached the fire and had it out. Within an hour we were on our way back to the station. This experience was all I had hoped for. I resolved to attend each and every fire. Luck was against me, I found, for within a week I had moved out of town.

I'll not mention the name of the town in northwestern Pennsylvania, but for its size it had quite a fine outfit. Here I found I was soon to learn to love the smell of smoke and fire. What a beautiful new American La France engine with all modern improvements, and a small Ford for fighting field fires. Needless to say, I was soon in line for an invitation into their volunteer department. I even paid to join, so I was hooked both ways.

After being initiated I was allowed, according to the by-laws, to attend a fire, to wear the equipment, and to hook rides on the truck.

Night after night I laid awake waiting for the fire alarm. None came. Week after week I waited and still no fire. Finally one morning mother asked me why I hadn't gone to the fire the night before. Being a very sound sleeper, I had slept through the howling fire siren; and only a block from the house. I passed it off and resolved not to sleep through the next alarm.

Two days later I was fooling around the engine, shining the nickle and all. Suddenly the alarm sounded so that all I had to do was to start the engine and wait for the driver. There were three drivers, all oldtimers. There being only twenty complete fireman outfits in the engine house, it was usually a case of first there the best dressed fireman. I decided to be all ready for the fire so I climbed into an outfit - hat, rubber coat and a pair of rubber boots.

Donning the boots first, they proved to be size tens, not quite befitting my size. They followed about one step behind everywhere I went. The coat hung to the ground and I had a terrible time trying to keep from walking on it. Then I put on the hat. Was I proud! Unlike the rest of the equipment it was my size, but the stream guard came so far down my back that I could not sit down, if I tried. The guard hit the seat about the same time I did, automatically raising the hat. As we went over the bumps, my hat kept jumping up and down on my head. On the crown of the hat was an eagle with his head sticking out and wings spread as in flight. As we raced into the wind, the wings had a tendency to lift the hat causing it to bob up and down even more.

so between the two I was forced to hold the hat on with one hand and hang on to an axe with the other. My legs were wound around a ladder in an effort to keep me from flying off with the hat.

Before long we reached the scene of the fire. When I say "fire" I mean "fire". Two blocks away we could see the reflection in the sky. Already I was trying to untangle myself from the ladder and axe. I wanted to be ready to go into action. Action! That's what I wanted.

Rounding the corner, we came into full view of the fire. I was ready. With axe in hand I was ready to break all the windows in the building. (I've always had a secret desire to break windows.) Coming to a stop we all jumped to the ground. Then my heart stopped. So fire me was my first fire. The one and only time I had ever had on a fireman's outfit! The one time that I was on time!

My fire was in an old outdoor toilet!

Slowly I returned to the truck, dropped my axe, threw off my helmet and rubber coat, kicked off my boots, then with a heavy heart turned and walked away.

From the first, I find, I was never meant to be a fireman. Even the crack Tarrytown crew, I learned later, were all thrown into jail. All their fires seem to have been prearranged. So in the future, if I do not get all steamed up about a fire, please forgive me.

The thrill is gone.

Olin B. Stanciliffe

.
.
.

THE IGNOBLE COOK

George Obille Noville, executive officer for better or for worse, is, among other things, a cook. He cooks once a week on Carbone's day off. Here's how he cooks dinner.

The night before, he collars Dr. Potaka to bring him a can of dried beans and a can of dried potatoes. It's going to be a good dinner. These must soak over night. That takes two pots. Filling them two-thirds full of dried vegetables, he adds water. In the morning there are vegetables all over the place. They have more than quadrupled their size. Cheerfully shouting for more pots, he starts preparing the meat. It's to be a special dinner, so he selects pork. ~~That~~ It takes four hours and six of the largest pans to successfully do this. Garlic is used everywhere and in everything.

Now the desert. He enlists the enthusiasm of a messboy to make a rice pudding. Three pots more. But then, the desert is easily taken care of. Two hours until dinner, and it's time to take a nap. The messboys are left in charge.

At five, a half hour before dinner, he dashes back, tweeking the small ends of his moustache. He finds the vegetables have not stopped swelling and there is need for more pots. Three more messboys take care of the surplus. So far so good.

Dinner is served, and George walks up and down waiting for comments on his dinner. They are favorable. Puffing up a little with pride, he strides to the stove, satisfies himself that the fire is dead and the hot water gone, turns to the miserable messboys and jubilantly cries, "It's all yours, boys", and strides back to his bunk.

Therefore:

Beware, O messboys, of cooks who give special dinners and tweek the small ends of their moustache.

SKOOLIN

Having a tooth out is ordinarily an affair to be thoroughly considered from many angles. You are losing an integral portion of your body, and once lost it cannot be put back again. It is quite impossible to change your mind afterwards and say, "Oh, I guess I was wrong. Stick it back, Doc. I think I'll keep it, if you don't mind." You can't do that.

Then there is something sentimental about losing a tooth. It signifies the beginning of your physical disintegration - if you are losing your first tooth. The more you have out, the more depressed you become about your declining powers.. Still no one gives you the right kind of sympathy. They usually laugh when you state "I've had a tooth out."

That is what they did to me. I had ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ to lose a tooth because it is not possible to repair a broken tooth in the Antarctic. So after dinner I breezed down to consult Dr. Potaka about it.

"I haven't had dinner yet, but if you will sit here I shall be back in fifteen minutes", he said.

I sat down while he went out. A minute later he dashed back and said, "You sit here, in the light. I have five minutes before second mess."

I thought he might look at it, poke it, inquire whether it hurt, etc but he did not. He merely grunted and told me to open my mouth. "Wider", he exclaimed, grabbing my jaws with his hands and lifting his knee. Seizing a "hoosis", he jabbed my gums, injecting cocaine. "Did I get the right tooth?" he asked. I assured him I thought so, though I could not be sure because now I could not feel anything there anyway.

"A little wider, please", he said, turning me around so as to get a better footing. I attempted to explain that I really could not do much better. "Hold it, please", he said, lifting his knee again. I tried to see what he was going to do. I still had hopes of his asking me some question, perhaps comment on the weather, or tell me a funny story. But no. He threw one arm around my neck, picked up a pair of forceps with the other, grinned, and pulled the tooth out. I did not have time to even sigh or say, "Begone, lovely tooth, you have served me well." I had only time to be amazed.

"Here", he said, triumphantly thrusting the tooth into my hand. "I've got to eat". And he dashed off. Only myself, the tooth and George Griminger remained. Since then I have tried to re-enact the scene in my mind, putting in the sentiment which should have been there when the act took place. But it's no use. Dr. Potaka took the tooth, and with it all my sentiments about having a tooth out.

I nominate for oblivion, Dr. Potaka, for deliberately destroying so tender an emotion.

.....

Iceberg, pet of Cowman Cox, went calling last week. Inspired by a desire to investigate the activities of his fellow expeditioners, he was able to enlist the support of Cox. Wearing a nice, new halter, he and Cox first visited the Library. Great tears came to his eyes as he saw the comforts of his fellow explorers - the victrola, the games, the books which he did not understand, and the luxurious laboratory of the scientists. "Take me back", he pleaded to Cox, "I can't stand it". Cox took him back. "Never take me away again", he shouted to Cox as Cox tied him up.

.....

Wahh, you follow bilch;--

o my dear, dear sister
and my dear dear wife
- how I miss you
and the best years of my life.'

both of you get on my nerves
before i left back home
i never thought i'd return
what i wanted to do was roam

so i joined the jolly expedition
i left home and a career
wanted to be away forever
now, damn it, i wish you were here

o my dear, dear sister
and my dear, dear aunt
say "hello" to Joe for me
by the way, better kiss the infant.

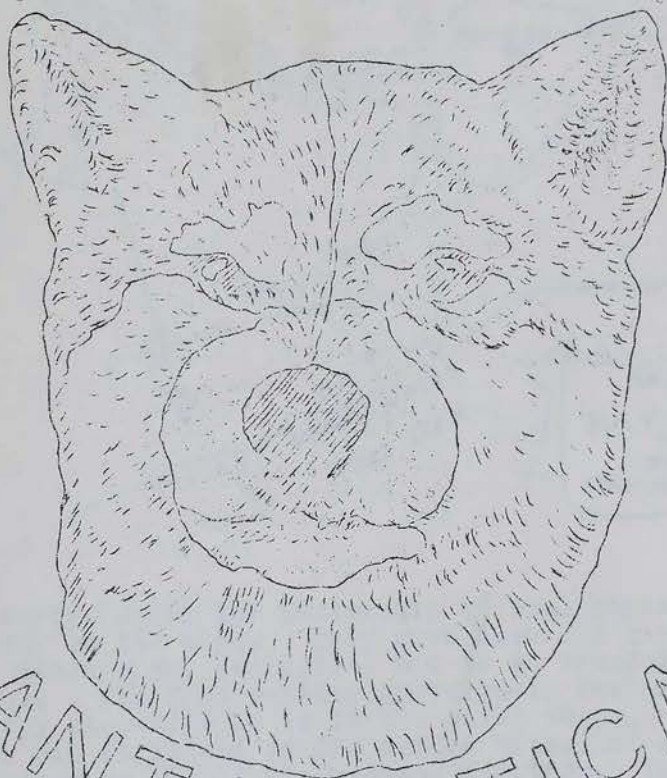
i suppose Tim is well
just say "hello" for me to the boys,
it won't be long now
before we'll share our joys.

.

why the heck did i say that?
i can't get along with my wife
she bores me and adores me
guess she's the sex part of my life.

THE BARRIER BULL

LITTLE AMERICA



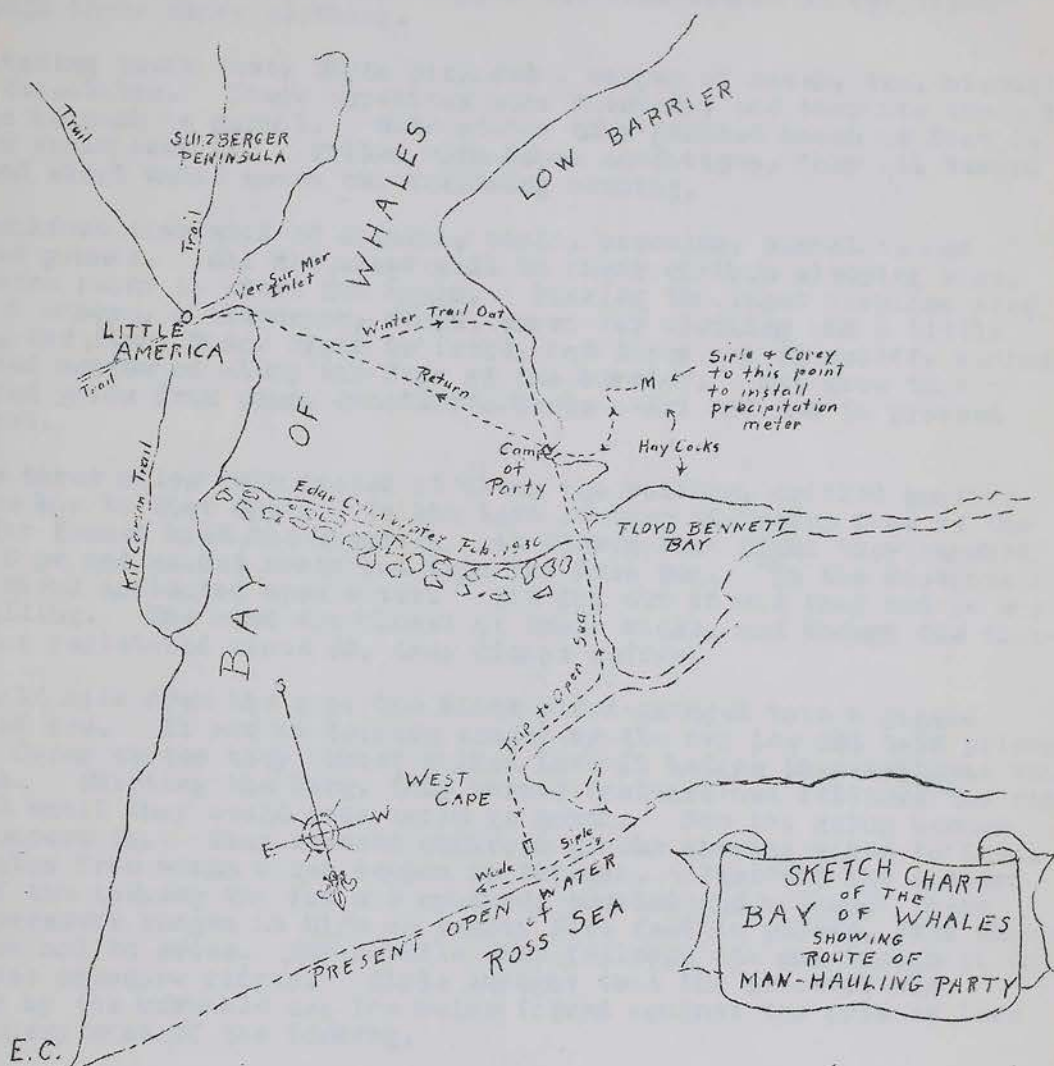
ANTARCTICA

vol. 1, no. 7 =

June 30, 1934

EXTRA-EXTRA-EXTRA

Eastern Party Returns From West



The Eastern Party, under the leadership of Paul Siple, boy scout, returned yesterday to the base. They have been out since last Tuesday. One man, Alton Wade, geologist, had to be towed in on the sled by his companions. His face swollen grotesquely from frost bite, one eye completely closed, Wade is in the worst shape. Dr. Potaka immediately gave him first aid on his return here, and stated he had never seen a worse case in all his medical practice. That his companions escaped as serious injury from the cold is a singular freak of good fortune. However, Corey and Stancliffe, the other two members of the party, both show frostbitten cheeks and blistered hands.

Leaving Little America at eleven thirty, Tuesday, the twenty sixth of June, the Eastern Party, under the leadership of Paul Siple, set out to the westward to observe whatever life there may be living in the Antarctic at this time, to determine, if possible, the currents of the waters under the floating ice, discover, if possible, how far out open water lay. In addition they hoped to take net hauls through the ice. With him were Olin Stancliffe, Stevenson Corey and F. Alton Wade. They used no dogs, preferring to manhaul their supplies to their camp on the west side of the Bay of Whales. When they left they were lugging 450 lbs. of trail gear on a dog trailer sled, and an airplane sled loaded with 400 lbs. of additional gear was picked up at the foot of Ver-sur-Mer inlet. It had been hauled there the day before.

With the two sleds in tow, they struck off across the frozen bay. The surface was of snow and quite hard, Stancliffe said. Half ~~xx~~ way across they decided to relay their loads, as the four men found it difficult to haul the two sleds at once. Leaving one sled, they made for West Cape, their camp site, with the other. It was four and a half miles out.

The temperature was dropping into the minus forties and the men found it difficult to work. As long as they were moving, they didn't feel the cold; but when they stopped the wind seemed to cut right through their heavy clothing.

Pitching their tent, Siple prepared a supper of hoosh, tea, biscuits and chocolates. Their appetites were ravenous, and they ate three ~~xx~~ times as much as normal. Wade states they gobbled hoosh as fast as Siple could cook it. Filled with hoosh and fatigue, they all turned in and slept until seven the following morning.

Breakfast consisted of oatmeal, cocoa, biscuits, chocolate and stewed prunes. All had slept well in their caribou sleeping bags, and were ready to start out again. Packing the light airplane sled with a camera, a tide meter, flags, extra fur clothing and a little food, the four, Wade, Siple in front, and Corey and Stancliffe behind, started northward along the foot of the barrier. Not more than a hundred yards from camp, Stancliffe broke a ski and had to proceed on foot.

For three miles they footed it along the rolling, cracked surface of the bay to West Cape. To the left of them the steep face of the barrier loomed high and massive. At eleven that night they reached West Cape and headed north out into the Ross Sea. In the distance a dark cloud indicated open water. How far out it was they had no way of telling. The wind was almost at their backs, and though the thermometer registered minus 42, they did not suffer.

A half mile from the cape the black cloud changed into a jagged wall of ice. It was an iceberg caught by the sea ice and held prisoner. Corey states they almost walked into it before they realized what it was. Skirting the berg, they turned eastward and followed the rim around until they could once again go north. Now the going became more uncertain. They crossed numerous cracks showing water in them, pot holes from which water seeped up through. Just off the eastern end of the iceberg the ice was smashed, cumbled and broken. There were pressure ridges as high as twenty five feet in places, over which the men had to cross. For a while they followed the ~~xxx~~ trough of one of these pressure ridges. Siple thought that the pressure was caused by the moveable sea ice being forced against the more or less stationery mass of the iceberg.

Further on the going became worse. The ice appeared as though the Gods had tossed countless tons of ice blocks, the size of small boulders, into this one spot. The sled which they were pulling capsized repeatedly. The camera slipped off, among other things, dislodging ~~xx~~ the cartridge. That destroyed any chance of taking photographs. They finally reached a point where further progress with the sled was impossible so they abandoned it, and made a dash to more pressure evident in the distance.

Stumbling, sometimes crawling, they approached the pressure. The full moon made it stand out dark and strange and exciting. Scrambling up its side, they looked beyond and saw the silvery reflection of the moon in the black waters of the Ross Sea. Someone shouted, "Lo Mer, Lo Mer." It was echoed by shouts from the other three men.

From where they stood the ice sloped to the water like the sand of a beach; high where they stood, and low where it merged with the water. Siple turned and made a short run on skis to the westward; Wade to the Eastward, in the hopes of sighting some seals on the edge of the ice. Stancliffe and Corey remained where they were their teeth chattering in the frigid wind, their eyes gazing at the dancing beauty of the full moon in the water. At one o'clock Wade and Siple returned and they started back.

As tracing their way over the broken ice, they picked up their sled and rode for the eastern end of the iceberg and West Cape. The wind blew ten miles an hour from the southwest, making it agony to face it. Time after time they stopped to adjust their harnesses, cover up some exposed portion of their faces, and to inspect each other for frost-bites. For lunch they stopped in the lee of the iceberg. Here they munched a biscuit and a small bar of chocolate. The full moon shone with its full radiance against the walls of the berg, and upon the huddled figures of the four men. The temperature hovered around minus fifty.

Back along the trail they had marked out by flags they trod. At six o'clock they reached camp and warmth and hot food. But now Wade's face and hands began to show evidence of freezing. Ten minutes after the got in, Siple said, Wade's face began to swell. A half hour later his left eye was completely closed. He felt weak and exhausted. He ate nothing then, nor did he eat until he arrived back at the base. Siple rubbed his frozen parts with camphorated alcohol, but the best remedy seemed to be warmth and rest. They all turned in.

Six o'clock next morning, the twenty ninth, Siple, Stancliffe and Corey emerged from their sleeping bags cold, tired and hungry. Stancliffe communicated by radio with the base, and he said he was so excited about getting his first message he could hardly write it down.

After breakfast, Corey and Siple went up on top of the barrier to set a precipitation meter and returned in an hour and a half. Picking up Wade, sleeping bag and all, they strapped him upon the airplane sled and left for the base. The three, Siple, Corey and Stancliffe, towed Wade as far as the pressure at the foot of Ver-sur-Mer Inlet. There they gave in to Wade's protests and permitted him to walk the rest of the way to the base.

At eleven yesterday morning, the Eastern Party walked into Little America. Wade's face was swollen beyond recognition. Pelter insisted upon taking a picture of him, as the contour of his face more nearly fitted the title of "The Shadow" than the blond, handsome youth he was before he left. Wade modestly waved him aside.

It is interesting to record that they saw dog tracks on the bay ice. No doubt these were made by the for-long lost Tobey, who returned unexpectedly several days ago after a week's absence.

The BARRIER BULL welcomes the Eastern Party back. We feel justified in saying they can take it.

.
.
.
.

Toby, big oversized huskie, more a small sized pony than a dog, disappeared one day last week. A search was made by three men of the camp without a trace being found. It was concluded he had wandered off and quietly passed away. Seven days later Toby reappeared, a little leaner, but radiating genial happiness. His long tail wagged at everyone. Perkins, Lindsey and Pierrette, when informed of Toby's safe return, were particularly pleased. Where ~~xxx~~ he has been and why is a question which will never be answered. It will be recalled that Scott had two dogs which wandered away, only to return at a later date, not much the worse for wear. Welcome home, Toby. We are powerfully glad to see you.

CHARLES J. V. MURPHY

1.

If everything goes according to schedule, the tractor journey that will lift Admiral Byrd's isolation will commence from Little America during the full moon period of July 23rd to July 29th. Weather conditions, of course, will determine the starting time. In the course of Thursday's radio schedule, Admiral Byrd dictated a message to the Second-in-Command covering the tractor operations. He is reluctant to expose any man in this camp to the hazards of such a journey unless all possible precautions for their safety are taken. The full moon period late in July is the most propitious time to undertake the journey. During this period the moon will be full in the south at midnight, and the light of the returning sun will be at its maximum at noon, and the party will have the benefit of conditions approaching twilight. The successful trial journey of Tractor No. 1 Monday night encouraged both Admiral Byrd and Dr. Poulter in the conviction that the journey is entirely feasible.

Quite likely two men will be stationed at Bolling Advance Base until the start of the spring operations to continue Admiral Byrd's meteorological and auroral records, and also to observe an important meteor shower early in August. A second observatory cooperating simultaneously with the station at Little America will greatly enhance the value of the meteor record, Dr. Poulter said. The intention ~~is~~ now is to despatch two tractors to Advance Base, one acting as reserve for the other. Tractor No. 3 is to be ready and stand by at Little America to proceed to the relief of the party in case of emergency.

2.

Siple's winter party is now camping on the Bay of Whales at the ~~fox~~ foot of the south ridge of Floyd Bennett's Harbor. Siple reported by radio Friday morning that they had investigated local conditions and found open water one mile out to sea. Wade's face is badly frostbitten.

On Tuesday night your correspondent, who was skiing with a number of other hardy explorers to the Bay of Whales, encountered Commander Schlossback and Vernon Boyd returning from a ski trip to the base of the winter party. Things were apparently in an appalling condition. According to Commander Schlossback, the indomitable manhaulers had all but collapsed the first day out. They had abandoned one sledge two miles ~~out~~ this side of camp, and when the visitors had arrived the four men were vainly trying to start a stove and all but the leader had surrendered to fate. The opinion around camp is that it was a gross breach of etiquette to call upon this party. It was like breaking in upon a bride and groom upon their wedding night. They should have been left alone with their joys.

CJVM.

Carl Peterson, industrious editor of the NEWS, sat one day last week recording news despatches coming in from San Francisco. Suddenly his eyes lit up. "Admiral Richard E. Byrd narrowly escaped carbon monoxide poisoning.....".

"Holy smokes!" he exclaimed, "I wonder whether anyone knows anything about this." He rushed off to inform others in the camp. Earl was a little upset. Wagging his tousled head of golden hair, he said, "One hundred million people know what's going on here before I do." And he went back to listen for more news about Little America.

MAJOR PREMISE

For centuries "Splicing the Main Brace" has been one of the most dearly beloved and touching of the many beautiful traditions of the sea.

MINOR PREMISE

Glaciologists and oceanographers of all Antarctic expeditions are unanimous in the opinion that the edge of the Ross Barrier is floating and hence that Little America is at sea.

CONCLUSION

Since it is fitting and of good omen (seamen are always superstitious) that men at sea shall follow the traditions of the sea, it is indicated that the Main Brace should be Spliced.

- - - - -

BESIDES

"Sunday School is over
And we are going home -
Hurrah-ah! Hurrah-ah!
Be always kind and true!"

AND

"We're coming, we're coming,
A brave little band!
On the right side of temperance
We now take our stand."

Anonymous.

.

THE AD-BUILDING DICTAPHONE

"It's getting late; pork chops for breakfast this morning."

"I found it in the trash pile!"

"Ten o'clock, gentlemen!"

"That's just like a female."

"Not knowing I cannot say for fear of telling a falsehood and incriminating myself toodle-o-o, toodle-oo-oodle-ooo."

"Toby or not Toby, that is the question."

"I filled your lantern yesterday."

"Whoa-o-oh, Boy howdy."

"We're saving 'em for the trail."

"The eyes of Texas are upon you."

"Mechanics are born, not made."

"All God's chillun got muk-luks."

"Yake, Dinty, you etc."

"In the Zuhn locker."

"That right, Arce?"

"We explorers lead a tough life; in the summer its snow-blindness, in the winter its Klieg eyes."

"O.K. Please repeat"

Vachel.

SKOONIE

You know, there is something mysterious, almost supernatural, about radio, electricity, wireless ~~things~~ telephony and other things electric. It seems that the impossible is done when you can step before a small round disc dangling from a stand and speak into it, knowing as you speak that ten thousand miles away there are persons listening to you and hearing you. Sometimes they do not, of course, but that does not decrease the wonder of it. It only increases your admiration for those busy-bodies who wander apparently quite unconcerned amongst the countless switches, tubes, transformers, wires and other strange paraphernalia. And they seem to understand it all. They confidently plug tubes in here, pull a switch there, connect two wires, and the place does not blow up. Looking at the switch board I am tempted - oh how much I am tempted - to pull them all just to see what would happen. Waite tells me nothing would happen, but he will not let me do it. So I do not believe him. Something would happen I am sure. I may sneak in there sometime when all the radio experts are asleep, or eating, or playing with the dogs, and deliberately close all the switches just to satisfy the awful craving.

Billy was fortunately snoring in his bunk when I went in. Waite was official host. Murphy was thumping the typewriter with determined vigor. Hutch was putting something together in the machine shop and Dyer was fooling with a crystal oven. The scene is set.

"What's that?" I said turning to Waite.

"Oh, that's a connector which leads through the transformer to the grid leak."

I looked at him, but he seemed to be quite serious, so I guess it was true. Pointing to a series of open boxes set on their side and holding all sorts of wires, square chunks of metal, tubes, etc., I asked what they were.

"Receivers, my good man", explained Amory.

"But why so many?" I asked.

"To receive many wave lengths, and also to receive many programs all at once." I said that ~~might be too many~~ one ought to be enough at one time, but he did not say anything further, so I guess that was true.

Turning to the switchboard, I peered under a switch to read what ~~xx~~ was written on the label. Crystal Oven. "What's that?" I asked. "Here, I'll show you", said Dyer, and he pointed out a square silvery box lying on the table. I stared at it. I had envisaged a large, ornate rectangular object, sparkling, brilliant, exotic, perhaps like a soothsayer's crystal sphere. But no. It was just an ordinary silvery box. I was terribly disappointed. "Isn't there something more to it than that?" I asked, trying to hide my disappointment.

"That's all", said Waite, and he took me behind one of the two big black stands which are the broadcasting apparatus.

"Here are some more", he said, pointing the ray of his flashlight through the protecting iron screen. Down on the floor, under masses of wires and black long things and glass bulbs, I saw a black box ~~xxxx~~ seemingly divided into six sections. My spirits rose at the sight of them. Here, I thought, was the real thing. Six of them all together and hidden under an array of imposing radio parts. Down there in the dark, half hidden, the Crystal Oven more nearly fulfilled the image of what they were. "Fascinating", I said. Amory laughed. He incidentally knew what they were. He said they were Crystal Ovens and I was only too eager to believe him. Thinking it over afterwards I am afraid he was only trying to please me. My disappointment at the

WHY THE OLD MAN BROUGHT THIS

In last week's issue of this paper there was an article written in all seriousness on the activities of the Giro this summer. The said article was short, concise and to the point, using just about one half page. Beginning on the next page, under the heading, "Barrier Bull Scientific Dept. - Technical Report No. 1", was an article written on the proposed gyro flights. This, it will be noticed, took up a page and a half. There was an ~~xxx~~ editor's note at the beginning -- "This is the first in a series of scientific papers to be written in an attempt to clear up the ever prevalent question in our minds - why did the old man bring this?"

After reading the article, it is very evident that "H.C.", whoever he, she, or it may be, knows nothing of science, or else got his ~~signals~~ signals crossed.

It might be interesting to know just why the old man did bring it. The Pop Boys, Inc., a Philadelphia automobile accessory concern, donated the Kellett along with spares which included a full set of rotor blades, ship and engine parts. The name "Snowman" is derived from the Snowman automobile glycerine, one of their products, which they gave for tractors and Kohler generating sets to use in their radiators in extreme cold weather.

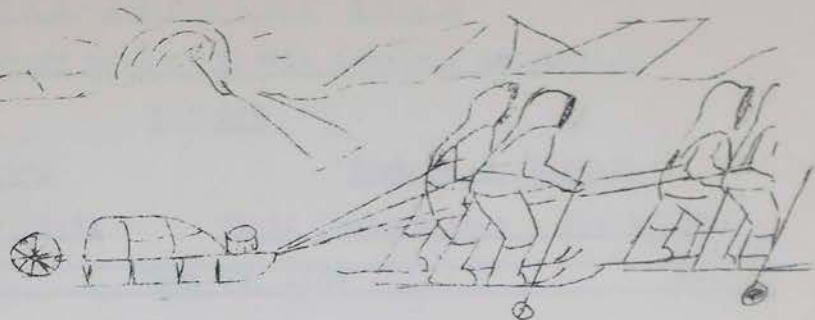
In the third paragraph there is this statement, "Mr. Wm. McCormick has been for some weeks working feverishly toward completion of preparations for an extended flight of exploration." The "feverish" work that I have been doing in the past several weeks is not toward completion of preparation, but trying to get started on preparations. This is being done on off hours. A small tent is needed, small enough to fit in the fuselage and be adequate in case of an emergency. A radio is also needed for communication. When consulting these departments, the greetings are the usual loud laughs and guffaws. After quite some time, the result is something like this, "Well, Mac, after everything else is done, we will see if there is sufficient material to build what you want." For communication one party suggested a pair of semaphore flags. Well, you know the old saying, "Just one big happy family." As for the giro, there are no preparations necessary. It is in A No. 1 shape and is all set to go.

In the next paragraph, H.C. mentions a base laying party of two dog teams carrying 80 gallons of gas in one gallon tins, ten 4-ounce bottles of lubricating oil, ten cylinders as well as other spare parts for the mighty Kinner, to be distributed along the bases every quarter of a mile. The present capacity of the giro is 75 gallons, or five hours flying time. At a cruising speed of 80 miles per hour, this would give a range of 400 miles. If necessary another tank can be installed, making the total gas capacity 90 gallons, which would add another hour of flight, making the range 480 miles. The oil capacity is 5-1/2 gallons, and as the consumption was comparatively small, this amount would be adequate. All of this is supposed to be quoting me. Let it be known that I have not been approached by any reporter.

All through the article the following terms or names have been used when referring to the Autogiro - "St. Vitus' Chariot", "Animated Egg-beater", "Whirligig", "Shivering lizzie", and "McCormick's Contraption". These all, of course, are out of the question and unnecessary. I don't think it necessary to take up space to counteract these names as any intelligent person can see "H.C.'s" main object is running the giro down.

Who is "H.C.", Why doesn't he sign his proper name? Is he afraid? Maybe he is a socialist or perhaps a radical. Maybe he is neither but his home life is so unhappy that he has to take revenge on something and picks on the unsuspecting Autogiro. I think everyone would like to have a statement from H.C. in the next issue. Who is H.C.?

Wm. McCormick.



THE BARRIER BULL

Published every week at Little America, Antarctica

EDITORS

Stuart D. Paine

Richard S. Russell

Publisher - Leroy Clark

Staff Photographer - Joe Pelter

VOL I.

June 30, 1934

No. 7

MACKAY RADIO

Racine, Wisc. June 30, 1934

Paine & Russell

Greetings to Admiral Byrd and all members of the Byrd Expedition at Little America we all enjoy the fine music your orchestra and chorus send from the Antarctic every Wednesday evening and are glad to hear your voices and the greetings of your huskies Captain Taylor introduced me to them on my visit to the Jacob Ruppert when in Boston and allowed me to christen Christopher Columbus I hope Chris is well and doing his duty he impressed me as being a fine dog and if he was one of the sick when crossing the equator I hope Horlicks tablets were of benefit to him also suggest you plan to have a few tablets on hand for the dogs when recrossing the equator trust the William Horlick will fully meet Admiral Byrds expectation and be able to assist to the fullest degree in his great undertaking when the time comes.

William Horlick.

.....

The Byrd Antarctic Expedition no. 2 is known the world over as the best equipped expedition to have ever set foot upon the Antarctic continent. Most of us realize this and are well satisfied with the share of the equipment we are allotted. It is quite evident that some are not. The continual crabbing and stealing demonstrates this. Last Sunday the Schumann-Heink paid Admiral Byrd and the members of this expedition a most glorious tribute. Some grasped the full meaning of her words, others merely laughed. Her thoughts were typical of those harbored by thousands of people at home. Daily little instances indicate that very few of us are worthy of such praise.

There is one group, here deserving of much praise, who live in no comfort, have the same food day after day, and who are always and who are always willing to work until they fall in their tracks. Then an unfriendly whip makes them struggle to their feet again with no chance to run for the mess hall and a warm cup of coffee.

We expect to do a great deal in the field this spring with the help of the dogs; in fact the success of the operations depends entirely on them, which means their health must be watched closely.

Contrary to opinion the slightest cut on a dog almost always becomes infected down here. Then, too, healing is a very slow process, especially on a dog who must remain in the cold. We have in Little America fourteen buildings for fifty five men, and in all these there is not the slightest space set aside for sick dogs. It has become necessary for a dog driver to give up his bunk as a sick dog may have a warm place to be treated. One can easily see that the dog is appreciative of what has been done to help him.

(Editorials continued next page)

When you break or lose your ski bindings, instead of taking the bindings off from the pair standing next to yours, you will see Finn Ronne or Albert. They will gladly ~~exchange~~ repair or replace your own faulty piece. It is hardly fair to take somebody else's.

Editors

.....

THE USE OF WORDS

Kipling made use of this title in a series of essays discussing the value of words in human expression. He would have found more than enough uses, misuses and abuses of words in Little America to provide subject matter for several volumes.

Seriously, many of us here have apparently lost our sense of balance in the use of words to express ourselves. The speech and topics of conversation we hear all day would be considered amazing, and to some degree disgusting, anywhere else in the world.

For the individual words themselves, some are indeed a bastard breed of vocal sounds and do not have a place in Kipling's text: Webster would say that they are not in good use in decent society. That, possibly lets us out, so to speak. And, after all, the objection is merely in the words themselves. We may, for the time, overlook the misuse of otherwise accepted words as simply an expression of ignorance or thoughtlessness.

The abuse of words and phrases constitutes the real evil to which any group is subject. And this particularly so in an isolated group such as this where the subject matter for conversation is limited and we abuse the gift of human expression for petty criticism, inconsequential trivialities, gossip, sarcasm and venomous insinuations.

Never was the old saying that "Silence is Golden" proven quite so clearly as it has here. Certainly many talk too much, and, having nothing to say, indulge in spreading rumors or attempting to promote their own distorted impressions. It is peculiar to some persons, usually school boys but occasionally others who have ostensibly reached manhood (or at least claim that status by reason of their years), to amuse themselves by making faces and uttering sounds which are sometimes defined in the dictionary.

Mentality expresses itself in words usually, and it is ordinarily a good policy to think about what we say, or it will be the consensus of opinion that there is nothing in the mind of the speaker to think with.

Charles Gill Morgan

.....

Strange as fiction was the condition of Jack's tail. Jack is a big black lead dog. His large dark eyes moved swiftly, perplexingly. Something was wrong. He could not move his tail. Only by grasping it with his teeth could he make it move. When he chased it, it wouldn't be chased. It remained straight and stiff. "It's frozen", exclaimed wide-eyed Edward Moody. "Thaw it out", exclaimed enthusiastic Duke Dane. "Cut it off", bawled Alan Innes-Taylor. Jack was placed upon the library table, and Dr. Fotska pretended to play mouse with his ear. Chop -- Jack lay on one side of the axe, the tail on the other.

.....
.....
.....

THE UNWELCOME GUEST

Edward Severance was slow in moving, dull in wit, but intently serious in his affections for Barbara. He called persistently, remaining until the chaperoning mother stated it was time to go to bed. This happened regularly, four times a week. He came at the same hour, and departed always at bedtime. But the mother and daughter were always scrupulously polite, and the relations between mother and daughter and the suitor were always dignified and in good taste. Barbara, as a matter of fact, never saw him alone, and what went on between them was naturally patterned after the ways of the mother. Barbara never knew any other.

Barbara had four brothers, but only two concern Edward. One was older than Barbara and given to plain speaking at the dinner table. The other was eight years younger than Barbara and looked to his older brother as his model of social behaviour. He was at that age in the life of a child when hero worship is at its full.

Edward Severance had for long been coming to see Barbara. If, in the evening they sat in the parlor surrounded by mother, at least three brothers, and occasionally father. If in the afternoon, they sat under the trees around which scampered two or more brothers and sometimes the maid. They were always properly chaperoned. Barbara did not really mind as much as Edward because she didn't know what to say to this stupid suitor anyway if she were left alone with him. And she was afraid of what he might say. She could not tell him not to come because Edward and her older brother were rather good friends. At least they were on the surface. Perhaps it was ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ ~~xxxxxx~~ the same polite tolerance with which the others of the family ~~xxxx~~ held Edward Severance. But they had gone camping together, had joined the same boys club and possibly shared adolescent secrets. Edward sometimes asked for Barbara, but usually for her older brother

Several months of constant attention from Edward finally got on everyone's nerves. But no one said anything until the older brother burst out in derisive comments one day at dinner.

"If he comes tonight", he said, "I'm going up to the top of the water tower. I simply can't stand another night trying to entertain that sap. Why doesn't someone tell him to stay away? He ought to know when he isn't wanted. Why don't you tell him, Barbara?"

"He comes to see you, not me", replied Barbara. "He only asks for me when you are out." She evidently did not wish to be held responsible.

"But he's your pal, not mine", retorted her brother.

"Now children, we can't help but be polite to him when he is our guest," put in mother.

"Being polite won't keep him away", said the brother.

"You act just the same as the rest of us," replied Barbara. "Tell him yourself, and go up to the top of the tower if you like. I don't care. Besides, I think it's nice to have company. It helps keep the family from quarrelling."

Dinner passed and all waited for Edward's knock. It came as usual at seven thirty. Edward beamed with delight at Barbara. Brother scowled and read the paper. Johnny, the younger brother, made him play horse with him. Mother played at the piano and sang. Everyone was bored, even Edward. For Little Johnny insisted on playing with him, and he did not like Johnny's tactics. Older brother finished his paper and stamped out the front door. Mother went upstairs, leaving Barbara sitting alone on the couch and Johnny swinging on the arms of Edward.

"Where's everyone gone?" asked Edward, looking up from the brat on his arm.

"Mother's gone upstairs, I think," replied Barbara, "and Sam's gone out. I think he has gone to work on one of the headlights on the car.

"Oh sis, you know where he went," said Johnny, letting go of Edward's arm, "he's gone up on top of the tower."

Edward smiled and asked Johnny why he should go up the tower at this time of night.

"He said he was going to go up the tower if you came tonight," said Johnny triumphantly.

"Johnny!", cried Barbara, "what are you talking about?"

"Well, he said he was didn't he?" replied Johnny.

"He was joking, Johnny". Glancing at Edward she added in a sweet tone, "we were talking about escapes and Sam said a good escape was on the water tower."

Edward smiled and turned to Johnny.

"But you know he wasn't", said Johnny more firmly, putting one foot on a chair. "He said you were boring and stupid, but he said he didn't like to tell you."

"Johnny!" stammered his sister, her cheeks going more and more scarlet. "Go to bed."

"But that's not all", continued Johnny feeling a little bit like a hero. "He said you come to see sis, and if she wanted you - well, he was going to get out."

Edward stared at Johnny and smiled weakly. His face was very red and he was slowly twirling his thumbs. He did not know whether to believe Johnny or not. He did not want to, anyway.

"He said you weren't wanted", continued Johnny, gaining more ~~xxx~~ confidence, "and that you ought to know it. But he nor anyone else wanted to tell you."

Edward looked at Barbara whose face was even redder than his. She was wiping a handkerchief between her palms.

"Really, Edward," stammered Barbara, "I don't know what he is talking about. Johnny, go to bed."

"But he said all those things, now didn't he, sis?" said Johnny, disregarding his sister's command. He never did anything she told him anyway.

Barbara looked as blank as Edward, and said nothing. Mother's footsteps sounded on the landing. Barbara sighed deeply at the thought of relief from this embarrassing moment. John looked a little scared, for he was not sure his mother would understand. Edward Severance did not hear mother coming, nor did he see her when she breezed in.

"Time for a snack, children," gushed mother pleasantly. "Johnny, it's your bedtime."

"I really think I must be going," said Edward simply, turning towards mother. "It's getting late."

Johnny scampered off to bed yelling a good night to Edward before he shut the door. Edward quickly put on his hat and coat and as quickly bid all a humble goodnight.

Edward never came again. Little Johnny was soundly spanked with a hair brush. But the next night he found five, new crisp, one dollar bills under his pillow. He never knew why he got them, nor from whom they came. He never asked.

Initials have a more remarkable bearing on our lives than we believe. Often our parents do not have the courage of their convictions to dub us with names we were destined to deserve. Often parents purposely callous their intuition because of euphony or desire to give their offspring a boost in life. They are not always successful in this cheating of nature, for even though they do change words they are so haunted by deceit that they are often forced to choose names beginning with the same initials or so nearly akin that the true names God intended them to bear can often be guessed at. For example, take Paul Swan's father and mother; they argued for months whether to call him Paul Isabod or Paul Irving; and finally compromised in an endeavor to hide one of his bad habits, by not giving him a middle name beginning with "I" but rather called him "C....." which was only a poor attempt to hush the matter.

No, initials seldom lie. I remember once when I was ten years old I came joyfully out of the school house waving my report card shouting to all about me that I had passed everything. "See", I poked my card into the faces of two high school girls who were looking sarcastically at me as though they did not really believe that I deserved to pass. "My initials are P.A.S. and that means I am supposed to pass everything - and I did." "Humph", one of the girls sneered back, "and see what your initials spell backwards." That lost me my faith in women and I took up the study of names and initials with the hope that after all there might not be anything in them.

But always I was forced to the realization that names and initials were ruling factors in a human's life. Sometimes they were very unjust to us. Teachers often are ruled entirely by their hypnotic effect. We have a beautiful example of this in our midst. When the teachers made out the reports for A. A. Lindsey, they found they wrote down another "A" mechanically in rhythm to the A's in his name without thinking, and being too lazy to erase the error they had to let it stand. Teachers made the error so often with Al that when he graduated from college he had enough evidence against them that they had to give him a Phi Beta key in order to hide their negligence. But then we come to the sad case of F. D. Dane even if ~~xxx~~ he was good the teachers wouldn't give him a chance.

Many of you already know that George O Noville got the "O" from it constantly proceeding his name whenever he was called, and in order not to be taken for an Irishman he tacked it on behind the "George". It was fate that hounded him with the "O" for his parents tried to leave it out, even though their intuition nearly forced them to call him "Odour". They did manage to change the "Garlic" to "George" but they never succeeded in fooling nature.

Many have tried to dope out the middle two initials of the quartet "C.J.V.M." I won't enumerate them even though they are all good shots in the dark. However, it was always clear to me after I read his first despatches that his family was fighting hard to keep from disclosing the lunacy in their family, or their distant relation to Jules Verne.

As the "Bull" is opposed to publishing long scientific articles, I will have to cut this treatise short if I hope to get it approved by "R.R." and "S.P." (Rankeriter and Screw Publisher). I could go on indefinitely explaining "Anerous Heart Waite", Harold "I" June, T. Cherub P. and I wouldn't dare tell the truth about Ralph "W..." Smith for the truth hurts him so much that he has threatened to kill the man who divulges his ~~xxx~~ middle name to the camp. The truth about the men without a middle name, such as Leroy Clark, etc., is that their family didn't just have the heart to label them with second names they were intended to have, nor did they have the courage to lie about it. I never did find out whether Al Carbone had a middle name or not, but I am sure that was intended to be an "F" like Edgar Fuman Con. Often men try to change their own names but the truth will out. One man in our midst has tried to indicate that the "C" in his name stands for "Cyclone" which came naturally with his gift to prophecy weather conditions, but it was because he could not pronounce his real name himself - W. StweHfiveOH H.....

Why even R.E.B. is clearly indicative of a long line of southern rebels and forecast of a man who rebels against traditional methods of exploration.

Paul A. Siple

SKOOKUM

You know, there is something mysterious, almost supernatural, about radio, electricity, wireless ~~telephony and other things~~ electric. It seems that the impossible is done when you can step before a small round disc dangling from a stand and speak into it, knowing as you speak that ten thousand miles away there are persons listening to you and hearing you. Sometimes they do not, of course, but that does not decrease the wonder of it. It only increases your admiration for those busy-bodies who wander apparently quite unconcerned amongst the countless switches, tubes, transformers, wires and other strange paraphernalia. And they seem to understand it all. They confidently plug tubes in here, pull a switch there, connect two wires, and the place does not blow up. Looking at the switch board I am tempted - oh how much I am tempted - to pull them all just to see what would happen. Waite tells me nothing would happen, but he will not let me do it. So I do not believe him. Something would happen I am sure. I may sneak in there sometime when all the radio experts are asleep, or eating, or playing with the dogs, and deliberately close all the switches just to satisfy the awful craving.

Baily was fortunately snoring in his bunk when I went in. Waite was official host. Murphy was thumping the typewriter with determined vigor. Hutch was putting something together in the machine shop and Dyer was fooling with a crystal oven. The scene is set.

"What's that?" I said turning to Waite.

"Oh, that's a connector which leads through the transformer to the grid leak."

I looked at him, but he seemed to be quite serious, so I guess it was true. Pointing to a series of open boxes set on their side and holding all sorts of wires, square chunks of metal, tubes, etc., I asked what they were.

"Receivers, my good man", explained Amory.

"But why so many?" I asked.

"To receive many wave lengths, and also to receive many programs all at once." I said that ~~might be too many~~ one ought to be enough at one time, but he did not say anything further, so I guess that was true.

Turning to the switchboard, I peered under a switch to read what ~~was~~ was written on the label. Crystal Oven. "What's that?" I asked. "Here, I'll show you", said Dyer, and he pointed out a square silvery box lying on the table. I stared at it. I had envisaged a large, ornate rectangular object, sparkling, brilliant, exotic, perhaps like a soothsayer's crystal sphere. But no. It was just an ordinary silvery box. I was terribly disappointed. "Isn't there something more to it than that?" I asked, trying to hide my disappointment.

"That's all", said Waite, and he took me behind one of the two big black stands which are the broadcasting apparatus.

"Here are some more", he said, pointing the ray of his flashlight through the protecting iron screen. Down on the floor, under masses of wires and black long things and glass bulbs, I saw a black box ~~XXXX~~ seemingly divided into six sections. My spirits rose at the sight of them. Here, I thought, was the real thing. Six of them all together and hidden under an array of imposing radio parts. Down there in the dark, half hidden, the Crystal Oven more nearly fulfilled the image of what they were. "Fascinating", I said. Amory laughed. He incidentally knew what they were. He said they were Crystal Ovens and I was only too eager to believe him. Thinking it over afterwards I am afraid he was only trying to please me. My disappointment at the

small shiny box on the table was probably written on my face and he, seeing it, was quick to erase it by showing me those dark hidden things. Whether it would be technically correct or not, I believe they should be called Crystal Ovens, and not the plain shiny boxes which John was working on.

It is really tremendously instructive to go into the radio headquarters. You will find there guides who are only too happy to show and explain what is there. But if you should, and the guides forget, ~~xxx~~ don't fail to ask to see the Crystal Ovens. Fascinating.

.

i'm just a bit of driftwood
in the antarctic afar
or maybe it's only hokey
but don't tell mama.

the world is full of grapes
the papers are full of bla
the elements maybe exploited
but don't tell mama.

for she knows me as a conquer
the likes of scott and byrd
it won't spoil any of those illusions
if all this remains unheard.

you can shoot me with a rifle
or bury me under the snow
you can do all this to me
but never let her know.

i'm not the voice of experience
nor the answer to a maiden's prayer
I want to be left quite spotless
stain not! a strand of yon gray hair!

THE BARRIER BULL

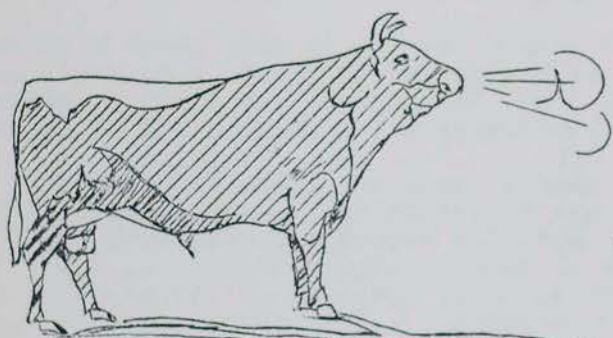
LITTLE AMERICA



ANTARCTICA

v. 1, no. 8

July 7, 1934



LITTLE
AMERICA
ANTARCTICA
VOLUME
NO



1.

For the first time since he went out to Advance Base, Admiral Byrd, on Thursday, July 5th, missed a radio contact. KFZ called Advance Base for an hour and twenty minutes that day without response. However, emergency schedules had been fixed in the event contact should be lost, and KFZ again went on the air the following day at a fixed time in an attempt to make contact. This fortunately was successful. Admiral Byrd reported that the gasoline engine powering his main set was out of commission -- from what cause he did not say -- and that he was therefore using his emergency set - a regular trail set. The contact was necessarily brief because of the great difficulty in using this set, and the necessity of conserving batteries. Admiral Byrd ~~xxjux~~ reported alls well. With Dr. Poulter he briefly discussed the proposed tractor journey to Advance Base, again repeating his dictum that above everything else the party must be surrounded with every possible safeguard. He expressed the hope that all hands here were well, and that he would be eager to rejoin the expedition.

2.

I understand that this will be the last issue of the BARRIER BULL. I am rather sorry to see it end. It was started with a fine purpose, and Russell and Paine have really worked very hard and with real ability to make it a success.

The reason it is now passing out of existence, I think, is due, in large part, to the same conditions that have made our winter existence more unhappy than we might have reason to expect. At various times I have tried to analyse what these conditions are. I must admit that I have not yet penetrated to the root of it. I do think, however, that in large part it is traceable to a strange, baffling lack of solidarity. One would think that the rigorous nature of our existence, the common objectives, the intimacy of our lives would tend to bring us close together; yet it has tended rather to drive us, or many of us, farther and farther apart; and this action has brought a certain amount of bitterness and misunderstanding which I think some of us will never forget. Unfortunate as it is, it is not altogether unusual.

William James, one of America's most distinguished philosophers, in an essay on a homely truth, got quite close to the human factors involved. The essay is entitled "On a Certain Blindness in Human Beings". Let me give a few quotations from that essay:-

"Now the blindness in human beings is a blindness with which we are all afflicted in regard to the feelings of creatures and people different from ourselves. We are practical beings, each of us with limited functions and duties to perform. Each is bound to feel intensely the importance of his own duties and the significance of the situations that call these forth. But this feeling is in each of us a vital secret, for sympathy in which we vainly look to others. The others are too much absorbed in their own vital secrets to take an interest in ours. Hence the stupidity and injustice of our opinions, so far as they deal with the significance of alien lives. Hence the falsity of our judgements, so far as they presume to decide the absolute value of other persons conditions and trials. The spectator's judgement is dured to miss the root of the matter and to possess no truth. The subject judged knows a part of the world of reality which the judging spectator fails to see, knows more while the spectator knows less; and wherever there is conflict of opinion and difference of vision, we are bound to believe that the truer side is the side that feels the more and not the side that feels the less."

Now James wrote that essay on the blindness of human beings as they acted in conditions of life far less rigorous and far less intimate

than ours, and here these feelings - these human feelings that things arouse in us are intensified because of necessity, and centered in things that are often trifling, and that are often rooted in petty prejudices and ambitions.

Very likely when trail operations are resumed, and we have larger and more important matters to claim our interest, a large part of the cause of this unhappiness will be removed. I hope so anyway. We have all had a certain blindness; and I hope, as I ~~like~~ think all of us do, that the time will come, and come soon, when we shall be able to see things more clearly and more steadily, not in the light of personal bias and personal hopes, but in the light of larger meaning and merit of this enterprise.

CJVM

.
.
.

The Expeditioner staggered,
Then he fell --
For nine long months
He'd been through hell!!

. . .
. . .
. . .

THE BATTLE OF JUTLAND AS I SAW IT

I have been asked to recount what I saw at 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 the 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 ~~XXXXXX~~ 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. This was the last combined sweep before the coming battle. 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 shape 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 stated to his chief, "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 east 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 'gallant mast but the radio branch soon gets 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 the "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 wreck 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 flagship, 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 there did the same, I believe. A murmur and a low sort of growl went around among the listeners. I think that every one must have felt, as I did, that here was a 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 the 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 up 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 loomed in the same formation. We were ~~parallel~~ paralleling their course at a distance of perhaps a half 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 ghostly roars of gunpowder shooting tons and tons of deadly steel at other ships, the shattering explosions of flying shells, the surging vibration of our engines, the struggle 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 darkness made it all the more visible. My eyes were glued to the Queen Mary. I suspected she had been hit, but I 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 spoke 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 younger 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 a flash, a distant roar, and then darkness. 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 suddenly 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 engines pounded and vibrated. We were altering 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 Jellicoe 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 then Beatty was to proceed so as to cut across the course of the Germans and cut their fleet in two. Jellicoe was to engage one half and Beatty the other. But before Jellicoe had a chance to reach Beatty, Beatty turned and went through. He was too soon. Jellicoe was still too far away to be effective in leading 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 away 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 ~~xxxx~~ 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 actual 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 ~~xxxxxx~~ insubordination, organization and discipline cannot function unless strong firm measures are taken in time. That is as I see it.

Robert Young.

.....

Swarthy Paul Swan, plainsman from Kansas, once again built a hatch. This was for the Condor pit. He explained that his oversized hatch of a previous week was for the Pilgrim pit. He fished long and hard for an accomplice. His previous experience discredited him as a hatch builder. Arthur Clarence Abele finally volunteered on one condition—that they build the hatch on the outside rather than inside the Old Marshall. This they did. Slightly they hauled it, the completed hatch, down through the Old Marshall entrance. "See", the plainsman said to the editors, "it isn't too big", and they promptly lugged it out again. The suspecting McCormick heartily congratulated them.

SIWASH

Tasis Canal is one of the ramifying arms of the maze of waterways comprising Nootka Sound, about half the distance along the west coast of Vancouver Island. The entire west coast of the Island is an example of a drowned coast:- its irregular pattern, the betruncked streams, detached islands, and precipitous shores. Here the annual precipitation is in excess of one hundred and twenty inches, and the percentage of cloudy days is high. Consequently these result in a region of mild climate, an unusually luxuriant flora, expressed most impressively by heavy stands of timber wherever the terrain is not too steep or rocky. Among species represented are Alaska Cedar (Lawson's cypress), Douglas Fir, Western Hemlock, Sitka Spruce and several species of true fir (Abies), and with an understory principally of vine maple, devil clubs, salmon berry and huckleberry bush.

During the autumn of 1920 several of us had for many weeks combated the interminable rain and fought the brush, windfalls, and the obstacles incidental to the topography - cliffs and ledges, box canyons steep mountain sides and swollen streams. The object of these endeavors was to ascertain the potential resources in merchantable timber of certain large tracts in these relatively isolated and inhospitable areas. But at the time when the incident occurred, to be hereinafter related, the task was nearing completion. However, there remained to be done several days appraisal of timber stands tributary to Quatsino Sound on up near the north end of the west coast. Accordingly George Allman and the writer were assigned the job of the more northerly region.

It was imperative that we make connections with the fortnightly Canadian Pacific coastwise ship, Princess Maquinna, as it was the only vessel on the winter run of the west coast. Accordingly we set out from camp about noon in the small gasboat, and soon arrived at a small Siwash settlement. Here had to be left the boat for the use of the remainder of the party. But to continue the journey for the rendezvous at the Nootka Cannery with the Princess Maquinna, we managed to persuade one of the Siwashes to take us the intervening eleven miles for the sum of five dollars. Having previous experience of the unreliable state in which most of the mechanical equipment of the natives was apt to be, we thought we were allowing plenty of time in view of our departure from the settlement at 2.00 PM, and the fact that the ship was not scheduled to arrive at Nootka till midnight.

A start was made in a drizzling rain in conjunction with fog which obscured all but the lower slopes of the mountains. But our hired craft - a canoe-type built of narrow longitudinal strips, but much larger and heavier than any canoe of our previous observations - moved steadily ahead through the dismal seascape impelled by a single cylinder Sterling motor. We sat in the wet cockpit and viewed the everpresent waterfowl in teeming multitudes. The native we tried to draw out into conversation, but our efforts were mostly rewarded with monosyllables. Now the rain increased to a steady downpour. But that was a small matter - we were bound for a change of scenery and the prospect of good meals on the ship. As long as the motor continued to ~~xxxxx~~ chug-chug, we continued in a merry mood.

All seemed to be well. We had come about four miles down the intricate channel and still progressed. But suddenly the motor, after a few warning coughs, quit. George, the Siwash, thereupon went methodically to work priming and cranking, priming and cranking. This he continued for what seemed hours, occasionally taking out the spark-plugs for cleaning. Our spirits began to droop. But just as we were becoming considerably impatient at the delay, the motor caught, and again we were under weigh. And so the course was resumed, only to be interrupted by another quitting of the motor about three miles further along.

Then followed one of the most striking demonstrations of persistence and patience one could imagine. The Siwash repeatedly cranked and primed, cleaned the spark plugs, renewed same, tinkered with the ignition, made minor adjustments, all to no avail except for an

occasional backfire. Allman, being experienced with gas engines, volunteered to take over the work. But the offer was declined.

Darkness was shutting down. But now the native had a suggestion. About two miles back toward our starting point he claimed to know of a dwelling where he probably could make repairs and at which we could get refreshment. On this suggestion we acted. One heavy oar served as a paddle; the others were readily formed by the splitting of a cedar shake. But our unwieldy craft made slow headway. Finally, though, we neared a sandy shore. The boat was punted up aground. Then we waded ashore, plunging through a shower bath under thick alders, and arrived at what an upheld lantern revealed as two walls of what had once been a habitation.

There was no reason for tarrying there. Hence back to the boat we went, and set the course again for Nootka. There seemed little purpose in attempting to intercept the Princess Inquinna. But doggedly we paddled away in the rain and darkness, the boatman, meanwhile, laboring again with the refractory motor. Ultimately he discovered that the porcelain of the sparkplug was broken. A new plug resulted in success to the extent that we were propelled back to the vicinity of where we had turned about to run for the alleged shelter. Here the power plant broke down again, and in spite of repeated efforts to make it function, was finally reluctantly abandoned. However, we were again given an exhibition of such forbearance and patience that it was outstanding. For what seemed a matter of hours the Siwash cranked and tinkered without a word except to decline any proffered assistance.

Meanwhile we had steadily been paddling toward our objective. But apparently the set of the tide, in conjunction with the sluggishness of our craft, combined to check our speed to one of exasperating slowness. The writer's shale paddle was soon broken and discarded. But the Siwash traded with him and continued with the splintered remnant. Except for the gentle patter of the rain and the swash of the sea, silence reigned - we had long since ceased any attempts at conversation.

But now a turning point was reached. We were finally rounding Rough Point, beyond which we were subjected bow-on to the sea and wind from the broad Pacific, but on the other hand the lights of Nootka were visible. With the encouragement of their friendly beams, we increased our efforts, but finally lapsed back into mere mechanical movements in which there secured no consciousness. Hours of this driving which we seemed to be detached from our surroundings, to be unconscious of our ~~xxxxxxxxxx~~ existence, ultimately brought the outfit in the lee of the cannery docks. Still it seemed long ere we finally made fast and hurried to the hotel for our city clothing and luggage.

Prior to this, though, there was the claim of our boatman to be ~~xxxxx~~ settled. No reduction was granted, though we both felt that we should have been paid several times the amount in consideration of the delay.

The not unhappy ending was due to the fact that, because of the Princess Inquinna being two hours late, we were not detained at Nootka for two weeks. But so close was the connection that we ~~xxxxxx~~ rely had time to change clothes and rush aboard.

Q. A. Blackburn

.....

Dogheim, residence of Alan Innes-Taylor and George Obille Noville, is now a scene of domestic tranquility. Taylor and Noville vie with each other for the infant affections of two measely grey puppies, cast off sons of Short. Happiness, it seems, has at last come to the childless couple. Every two hours one feeds these infants from a rubber nipples bottle. A cry in the middle of the night is a call to Taylor one night - Noville the next. What tender passions these babies have aroused in the couple is only evident by observing them at home. No longer do they squabble about whether the fire is out or not, who drank the coffee, who left the door open; but instead, "Are they warm enough? Are you sure his nose is wet? Do be careful, George, the babies are asleep." Dogheim, at the present time, is the only thoroughly happy home in Little America.

Editors

Stewart D. Payne

Richard S. Russell

Publisher - Leroy Clark

Staff Photographer - Joe Pelter

VOL. I.

Little America, Antarctica, July 7, 1934

No. 8

EDITORIALS

1.

With our Fourth of July dinner each of us was served with two ounces of brandy. Everyone got ~~xxx~~ the same amount and everyone thoroughly enjoyed it. There was no abuse of it, no criticism, and we were all satisfied. Its effects certainly were not harmful. It would be highly desirable if such a quantity of spirits were served out once a week, preferably on Sunday. It is our opinion that the liquor question would be settled, the general discontent in the camp about liquor would be quieted, no harmful effects would result, and it would solve a problem about which more trouble and mischief has been made than perhaps any other issue in the camp.

2.

Admiral Byrd left Little America last March with the fullest intentions of staying at the Advance Base until October. He left behind a message which was read to the assembled camp. In this he stated that absolutely no attempt should be made to reach him during the winter night, even if his radio schedules should ~~terminate~~ cease. It has been announced to the camp that the Admiral would return earlier than expected due to the pressure of business, and the warm weather which augured an early spring start. The trip has now been temporarily set for the end of this month, and will be made by one, or maybe two tractors.

We believe that taking into account the success of the Expedition and the safety of the men, this trip should be delayed at least until the August moon. This would bring the Admiral back to camp in plenty of time for spring operations. In spite of the warm June weather, the average temperature for the month was three degrees lower than during June 1929. This certainly gives no grounds for the assumption that we shall have an early spring. On reading the records of other Antarctic expeditions, one finds that many attempts have been made to commence operations in September, but each time the explorers were forced to retreat because of the cold with the final start not being made until late October or early November.

It has been announced to the world that a tractor trip is being seriously considered to observe the meteor shower during the early part of August; that it is expected this trip will carry the tractor to the Advance Base, and in this case the Admiral might return to Little America; that by observing the meteors from two points, it would be possible to determine the height of the meteors. This is strictly a scientific expedition, and this trip would be serving one branch of science, but we must consider very seriously what would happen if ~~the~~ this trip were not to be successful. By that we mean the loss of a tractor, or if two should make the trip, the loss of two tractors. For the field operations, to be successful and swiftly carried out, the use of three tractors is required. The loss of two tractors would mean the complete wiping out of this program and this would mean failure. The loss of one tractor would be serious and probably call for a curtailment of activities. As the spring program has already been announced, this would also call for a good deal of explanation. It does not seem right to serve one branch of science with the risk of curtailing, or even cancelling all field work this spring.

The trial trip made by the tractor last week was not wholly successful. It was practically impossible to pick up the trail flags with speed. As soon as the tractor crossed the last pressure ridge and gained the high barrier, leaving landmarks behind it, travel was

was very difficult. The trail to the Advance Base is by no means straight, and in spots there are flags leading in many directions which might cause considerable confusion. The slight twilight existing for a part of the day at the end of July will be of little or no assistance in spotting the trail.

We strongly advocate that the trip should not be made until the end of August. At that time the sun will be back and the light will be improving every day. This would seem to be the logical time to make the trip. And then it must be realized that only the highest degree of perfection in planning and preparing before departure and in executing in the field can give such an operation even a possibility of success. If a July trip is to be made, we feel that first it should be discussed and voted on by the staff. This brings to mind a similar case at the time of the ~~Kilgus~~ Pilgrim's landing on the Barrier. Before the rescue operations commenced, the Admiral called a meeting to obtain the opinion of the camp as to the best method of procedure. If he were in Little America now and the identical trip were being planned to the Advance Base, we feel he would do the very same thing.

3.

This is the last issue of the BARRIER BULL. Our supply of mimeograph paper has run out, and further issues would necessarily have to be typewritten as were our first three numbers. We feel that a large part of the interest in the BULL has been for its souvenir value. With only five copies a week, the interest would undoubtedly drop; and then the duties of the dog department are becoming increasingly heavy as the winter night advances. So the editors reluctantly say good-bye. We thank all those who have contributed to its success, for such do we consider the BULL. Our purpose throughout has been the general enjoyment of the camp, as well as our own. If we have brought laughs, fostered thought, provided entertainment no matter how mild, we feel the effort has been worthwhile. We reiterate our promise to mimeograph the first three numbers as soon as sufficient mimeograph paper becomes available, thus permitting everyone to have a complete set of eight numbers.

Goodby and many thanks for your co-operation.

.
.
.

SKOOKUM

"Stink" is an unpleasant word. It has nasty connotations about it. Its use is usually taboo among the gentle, still, it is applicable, decidedly so, to the odor of melting and burning blubber. Of all unpleasant, nauseating and overwhelming smells, blubber in the burning state is probably the worst. Those who have lived only in the sweet contentment of the radio shack, or the Administration Building, or the Cow Barn, can scarcely realize the overpowering pungence of the stink in the seal chopping house. There, seal blubber is being melted down, and likewise burned, to mix with the dog pemmican for the trail parties next summer. The pemmican in its present form is deficient in fat. Hence the necessity of further addition of fat.

In a stove made from a fifty five gallon gasoline drum and a smaller twenty gallon drum, you who have sufficient interest to take in the smell and incidentally see how it works, will see blubber burning in the bottom and blubber smoking in the top. Oil, you will observe, has spilled over and is slowly running down the sides of the barrel stove and down the stove pipe. You no doubt believe such an occurrence should be avoided at all costs, for the smoke and acrid odor from the slopped oil all but

drives your breath away. The unfortunate dog driver tending the stove at the time will laugh at your suggestion and tell you to throw some more blubber into the pot. Sure-- Groggerly lifting the lid, the lid smokes as smothered as is everything else with oil, you toss a piece in. A fantastic crackling and sputtering from the pot-- That's not hard, you say to yourself. Where is the catch?

The interested dogman sees you, eyes the pot and grins. That smile no doubt provokes you. But while the pot is becoming agitated, the piece of blubber you tossed in does not agree with it somehow. "She's going to vomit", says the dogman. Time enough. The seething pot of boiling oil rises higher and higher toward the top rim. You, no doubt want to do something. It's going to overflow. "Do something," you yell at the dogman. The dogman heard you but he's out chasing an inquisitive pup. The oil rises higher and higher. You seize a stick and stir. That does not help. The oil is now at a crucial level. Can't something be done? The oil cozes over the rim, down into the top of the stove and down the stovepipe. It's done. A putrid, smothering stick crawls up into your nose, into your eyes. You cough. Your eyes water and you duck for the door. The dogman returns and throws another piece in. You have probably had enough. Groping your way through the smoke and steam, falling perhaps over a couple of puppies, you reach the door. Looking back through the fog and steam the dogman is still there. He is throwing more blubber into the pot. Enough-- and you dash back to the radio shack, the Administration Building, or the Cowbarn.

.
.
.

BEYOND THE BARRIER (WITHOUT BYRD)

The German Situation

At present the situation in Germany seems very muddled. Both her internal affairs and her external relations appear to be drifting towards a crisis. But just which way the tide is setting, and what factors are exerting the decisive influence are very unclear.

A short time ago Germany announced a complete suspension of all payments on foreign debts. This default included both the Dawes and Young loans which were secured by the most solemn undertakings on the part of the German government, and were contracted under circumstances which allow no claim that they are unjust obligations. The effect this German default will have on international trade and finance is impossible to gauge on the basis of present reports, but it can scarcely avoid retarding the processes of world economic recovery.

In the political province there are growing indications that the more moderate elements in the nationalist movement are growing seriously alarmed at the Hitlerite excesses, and under the leadership of Vice Chancellor Franz von Papen, with the tacit support of President von Hindenburg, are coming out in open opposition. How serious the breach is remains to be seen, but from the quoted speeches of von Papen it must be serious. In the international sphere, it appears that German belligerence has given the coup de grace to the moribund disarmament conference and has frightened France and Great Britain into making large increase in their armed forces. Hitler has recently been making overtures for Mussolini's support, but, as is well known the economic and strategical position of Italy is such that under no circumstances can she afford to run the risk of a conflict with England. This has been a dominating factor in Italian foreign policy for half a century and was decisive in Italy's desertion of the triple alliance. As canny a statesman as Mussolini ascertain to avoid any absurd flying in the face of destiny, and the spectre of a Nazi-Fascist coalition with which Hitler has been trying to frighten Europe will remain in limbo. In view of the growing isolation of Germany, the policy of defiance which she persists in following seems only explicable in the light of her internal political situation.

The most likely explanation is that the monsters of hate and fanatical nationalism created by the mighty engine of Goebbels's propaganda have at last become Frankenstein's, and are devouring their master.

In spite of the likely desire of the leaders to soft pedal the campaign of hate and revenge for the time being, and to cultivate a stable international basis for German trade and political rehabilitation, the clamor of their followers is probably forcing them to wilder and wilder excesses. The debt defaults can be interpreted in this light, or as being necessitated by a general economic collapse brought on by these same excesses.

One fact seems to stand out clearer than ever - that the personality of old von Hindenberg is the one stabilizing factor in the situation. He is the only man now on the scene who can ride the whirlwind and keep the snarling factions from flying at each others throats, or through some desperate measure provoking French military intervention. But von Hindenberg is a very old man living on borrowed time, so to speak. At any moment he may die. His death at this juncture would almost certainly unleash civil war, and might result in a complete collapse or order. It seems almost inescapable that the strongest hope for future stability lies in some sort of monarchical restoration. For the great bulk of the German people, the Hohenzollern dynasty is still the embodiment of the most stirring traditions of German greatness. A return to the Weimar Republic is unthinkable. Born in the defeat of 1918, it never lived down the unhappy circumstances of its birth and its true lack of appeal to the German heart was very apparent in the alacrity with which the masses turned to Hitler.

If Hitler should manage to capture the supreme power after von Hindenberg is gone from the scene, the future of Germany is unpredictable although we can be sure that it will scarcely be a tranquil one. If the monarchy is restored there should be at least some measure of moderation and stability in store for her. The tide is running very fast now, and the issue cannot long be postponed. There are exciting days ahead for Germany in the next few months.

K. L. Rawson.

.

CUSTER'S LAST STAND

A man stood on the beacon
His eyes were flashing red
He thought of home and country
As his companions lay in bed.

To night have been another '87
With good old Custer on the hill
Not a soldier stirreth
They were either dead or ill

Still the Indians kept coming
Another redskin bit the dust
Old Custer stood alone
With no taint of earthly lust.

Then that night of horror
While they guzzled Critin oil
He moved the cases swiftly
A paragon of toil.

It was a one man job
Good Ol' Custer on the hill
Boys - you've got it --
But it ought to make you ill.

Through a tunnel passage
A figure loomed ahead
Old Custer worn and shaggy
His eyes were flashing red.

"We'll foil 'em this time,"
Spoke he to his faithful saw
"We'll foil 'em this time--
No man shall break Messiah's law

And yet when the day was over
Before the night was night
Custer looked about him,
"Were the redskins really tight?

Another night of orgy
With the redskins far in front
Not a soldier stirreth
Methinks that some were drunk.

Custer done his duty
He never flinched a mite
The redskins got him
But boy! it was a fight!

Walter Lewisohn

V

919.9

B27

DATE DUE

A fine of Two Cents will be charged for each day the book is kept overtime.



