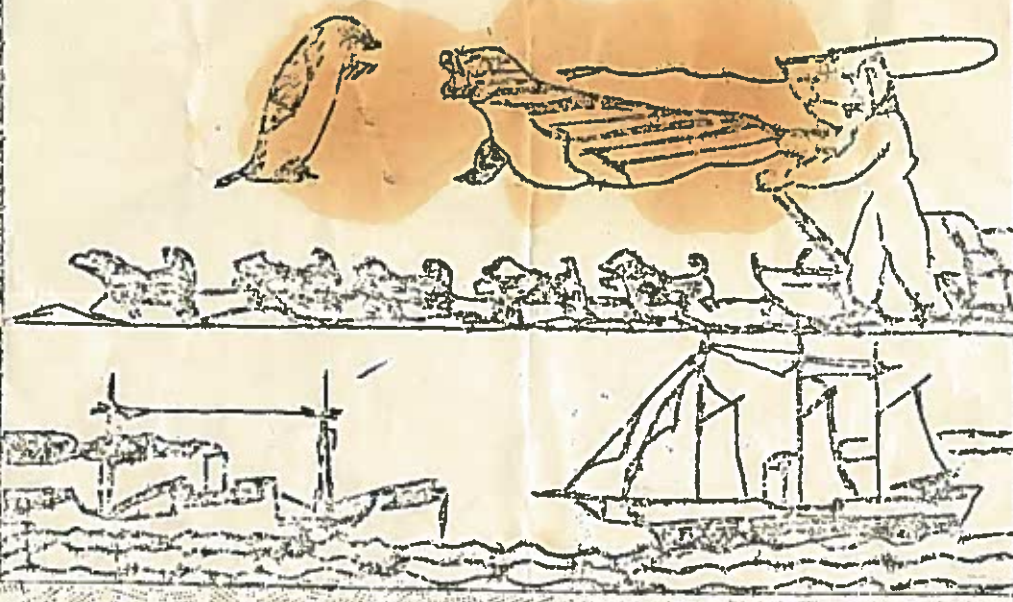


WARD ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION



THE SNOWSHOVEL

Lat. 67°21'S, Long. 124°29'W

Saturday, January 6, 1934

FARTHEST SOUTH

S.S. Jacob Ruppert in the Ice

Heralding the advent of the New Year, the Antarctic played one of its many tricks by presenting us with a barrier that was not a barrier. It was first discovered by an alert SNOWSHOVELL newsman.

Doubt was cast on first conclusions after ex-cook Hump Creagh climbed to the truck of the forward mast and reported water beyond what must be a giant barrier-berg.

Finding ice conditions prohibitive to further advance, Commodore Gjertsen ordered a retreat and we proceeded northward to open water where the Condor was made ready for an immediate take-off to the South.

An unnoticed hole in the motor sailer and subsequent parting of a temporary bridle as she was being brought aboard for repairs delayed the flight until Wednesday when the sky cleared sufficiently to allow for a take-off.

Admiral Byrd, Chief Pilot June, Pilot Bowlin, Radio Operator Petersen, and Aerial Photographer Pelter flew 170 miles South where they found very heavy ice and no indications of land. The Admiral stated that the two recent flights have pushed back the boundaries of the Unknown over an area of 200,000 square miles.

SEALING OPERATIONS

Decks Bloody

The first Crab-eater seal was shot last Saturday by Chief Scientist Poulter and brought aboard to furnish a welcome change in diet for the dogs and to begin the collection of skins and skulls for the Biology Dep't. Biologist Siple enthusiastically sought

more Crab-eaters and this week 8 more have been obtained. The sealers come in dripping with blood and reeking of the pungent oil, but this does not deter the men from relishing the delectable patties which Cook Carbone mysteriously blends in his sanctum gastronomicum.

Siple urges that we lay up a store of the meat which is much better than that of the Weddell seal found at Little America.

TWO EMPELORS ABOARD RUPPERT

Two Emperor penguins and an Adelic were brought aboard alive to furnish a few hours amusement to the men and a bit of discomfort to themselves. They were photographed by nearly every camera on the ship and finally put back over the side where they swam to the nearest ice vigorously beginning the cleaning process so necessary after their sojourn on the Ruppert.

THROUGH 100 MILES OF ICE

This ship penetrated the pack 100 miles along the 116th meridian to within 8 miles of the record southing of any ship in this quadrant of the Antarctic. During the wait for good flying weather, northerly currents shortened our outward passage by 40 miles.

ONE HUNDRED BILLION TONS OF ICE

"I am now convinced that we have ventured into the greatest ice-producing area in the world. In a whole year the U.S. Ice Patrol rarely reports more than 1700 bergs. In a single day we raised more than 5000. One of them was 15 miles long and weighed about 100,000,000,000 tons. Divided among the human race it would yield 100,000 lbs. for every person in the world.--R.L.Byrd.

THE SNOWSHOVEL

Byrd Antarctic Expedition II
1933-1935

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THE SNOWSHOVEL is a non-political, non-sectional, and non-denominational newspaper published every Saturday by the Byrd Antarctic Expedition II. Its motive is to further the best interests of the Expedition, to bring the week's news and comment before the people of the Antarctic Continent, and to serve as a medium for the expression of public sentiment.

EDITORIAL COLUMN

LITTLE COGS

We met one of the oilers coming off watch the other day, and we inquired how he was coming along. "Fine," he replied, "I'm just a little cog but I'm doing my best to keep that cog going."

That is the spirit which makes Expeditions; that is the spirit which will bring success to this Expedition.

PRIVILEGES AND ABUSES

We have been given certain privileges aboard this ship since we sailed. They have been pleasurable ones. Unfortunately these privileges have been abused to the extent that one of them has been withdrawn.

There is a time and place for everything, but aboard ship where every man has a responsibility and a very definite job to perform, it is grossly unjust to the Expedition, and most unfair to all those who are playing the game, for a few to jeopardize the privileges we have been granted.

NLW WEEKLY TO BE PUBLISHED

Dane Rumor hath it (and speaking of rumors there seem to be plenty around) that there is to be an opposition newspaper to be published aboard. We are glad to hear that such a paper is to come out. We welcome competition realizing that there is no better way of stirring up literary effort. Success to this new venture.

WE SLEE ABOUT THE SHIP

Tingloff doing a great job on the tractor sleds..Doc Shirey making windproof clothing..Lewisohn working on sails "Head?..Dane washing cloth-es..Noville working down in #4 hold completing his ice berg home..O'Brien singing Irish songs..Dustin going over the side after a dog..Bill Bowlin in his huge boots..The Aviation group testing out the Condor's engines..The Engineers putting in a new piston ring..Siple skinning a seal..Dr.Poulter making soundings..Murphy scouting for News? Herrman taking a shot?/The dogs enjoying their first feed of seal meat..Morgan exhausted after a walk with the Admiral..The Manx kittens tearing up all of Clarkes Memos..Zuhn and Bramhall slinking thru the night in quest of the Cosmic Ray atop the wheel house..The Commodore scanning the horizon for water sky..June in fur pants..Rawson taking a sight..Abele pumping gas..Paige doing a sketch..Blackburn & Morgan sealing up bottles to be cast into

We See About The Ship...

the sea..Less boys reading..
The working on his agitated wind-
mill..Stancliff suddenly coming
around a corner..Cap't. Verleger
directing the unloading of the
Condor..Corey diving down a
hatch..Harvard, Yale, and Johns
Hopkins rowing peacefully in one
boat..Mitchell's underwear..
Byron Gay looking for a place to
put his collapsible organ..The
heavenly twins, Dusty and Mac..
The cheery New Zealanders..The
struggle for seats at the movies
..Paul Swan's first walk on deck
in the morning..Fred Voight pok-
ing around at night..and the
continued placid stare of our
three cows under all circumstan-
ces.

Someone rushed up to W. L.
the other day and said "Just
where are we and where are we
going?" W. replied "I haven't
been in the country long enough
to make a statement."

There should be no Schlitz
in Sails.

THE EDITOR'S MAIL BAG

We have crossed the thresh-
old into a New Year. What it
holds in store for us we do not
know, but we have high hopes.

Our undertaking is no picnic,
and with every man having the
true spirit and loyalty so nec-
essary to our success, and with
implicit faith and confidence in
our leader, who can doubt the
results?

I wish to thank all the per-
sonnel of the Expedition for
their kind tolerance, especially
at times when it has not been
easy for them. Supplying the
needs of 95 men and 6 departments
is not an easy task, nor is it
conducive to good nature. No
one realizes his short comings
more than I do.

Let us go forward with a
deeper appreciation of the
other fellow's problems and we

shall be a unit working as such for
the success of this Expedition.
Cheerio! ---Stevenson Corey.

OUR BIRTHDAY STORY FOR THE KIDDIES

Once upon a time two bad giants
got out of their big ship and in
the teeth of a living gale they
clambered over dashing cakes of
ice a mile thick. With wide-eyed
wonder two tiny Adelie penguin
chicks watched these two ugly mon-
sters as they leaped from floe to
floe. At last the clumsy giants
mounted the very iceberg upon which
the tiny penguins were sunning
themselves under a blanket of fog.
The two dark villains surrounded
the little Babes of the Snow and
struck terror into their souls.

With greedy outstretched fingers
the giants approached the poor lit-
tle birds ready to spring down
upon them. With a saucy squawk the
Babes dropped down on their tummies
and slid between the legs of the
villains who grabbed vainly in the
air for them. Both of the Babes
would have escaped into the water
had not one of them glanced back
over its shoulder to give a razz-
berry squawk at his pursuers, and
in so doing bumped into a huge wall
of ice from which there was no es-
cape.

Both giants pounced down upon him
and one of them rushed back to the
ship clutching the struggling in-
fant in his greasy paws. The little
bird never once gave up his plucky
fight for freedom, and taking ad-
vantage for a moment when the mon-
sters ugly face came near to him
he seized its enormous nose in his
bill until it came out by the roots.

And that, dear children, is how
Pirate Morgan II lost his nose, and
not by the New Year's Eve duckbill
that hovered over his bunk for the
same opportunity.

Goodnight Kiddies!

THIS WEEK'S MYSTERY

Easter Island: Nine fowl of doubt-

This Week's Mystery---
ful origin arrive on board, amongst them a rooster.

Wellington: Four survivors left after the battle of Wellington.

The Antarctic Circle: One lone rooster pacing the frozen decks.

(Enter the Villain in the guise of a Hero, or The Wolf in Sheep's Clothing.)

Lat. 69° 30' S, Long. 116° W, Time:

7.04: Mitchell seen stealthily leaving galley with steaming pot.

Starboard Alley, 7.10 p.m.: Murphy, Mitchell, McCurrach, Lewisohn. Sounds of gluttonous satisfaction. Loud belches. Greasy chins. Bone-littered floor---

Editor's Note, A generous piece of Antarctic confection will be given away absolutely free to the person submitting the best solution to this mystery.

LATE FLASH!! Lincoln Ellsworth's ship THE WYATT EARP was in Discovery Inlet this morning, which recalls to old Expedition members the visit of the CITY OF NEW YORK to this spot in December, 1928.

THE WEATHER

According to Bill Haynes, our veteran meteorologist, the weather forecast for the next six months indicates falling temperatures.

We see the stormy petrel winging its way across the wastes of the Antarctic coasts. Would it not be a pity if the rhythm of your flight or the purity of your color were ever storied in a darker fashion.

THE DEVIL'S GRAVEYARD

"Here, one thousand miles north-east of Little America, we have found perhaps the most forbidding area on the face of the earth. To invade it means a primitive struggle against the elements at their worst.

We have explored twelve hundred miles of its borders. The area to the southeastward we have penetrated five times by ship and airplane. As a result our whole conception of this part of the world is changed.

Where we thought there was land there is no land. We think we have doubled the size of the Ross Sea, and have diminished by 200,000 sq. miles the size of the Antarctic Continent. Our work is done here. The season is getting late.

Little America Bound.

"We must head for Little America twenty-six hundred miles distant by the route we must follow around the pack ice."

---R. E. Byrd.