

January 17, 1933  
Little America

Dears Mother and Dad:

Since leaving the little old town I've come to realize just what effects one's childhood environments have on him in later years. Because I never drank I have switched my place on the ice party unless something drastic happens. My behavior in Washington impressed the Admiral very highly, and the day after leaving there he said, in a discussion of the crew's actions, "Son, I believe you have the stuff in you, and that's what the world needs is more men with just that." I was never more highly complimented. Also the other day after seeing your pictures he said, "The recommendation of those pictures is high enough for you. You should be some account by inheritance, altho, I don't think you are worth a darn as is."

Mother you cannot imagine the beauty of these surroundings, Shades of blue, brown, black, red and all in every tint known. Also the gigantic loneliness inspired by the stillness makes one feel as though someone unknown is guiding his foot steps, and maybe there is. Beauty, loveliness and quiet are the things which make a man return time after time to suffer the hardships of nature's merciless hand. Wind so strong they press the breath out, temperatures so low the breath freezes and crackes, and barometer pressures as low as 27.85. Only God could produce such unbearable conditions, combined with such bliss. We tie up tomorrow at Little America, and start the grind of unloading. It will last about three weeks



barring accidents, then the ship will be off for New Zealand.

We work in twelve hour shifts with only forty-five minutes to eat then the rest is sleep. After the ship leaves the camp is to be set up, and then the long winter night starts. It has been day light now for almost a month.

I must close and get busy so until March 1935, keep the home fires burning.

Love,

Son

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Aboard SS Jacob Ruppert  
October 29, 1933

Dear Mother:

I'm on duty in the Admiral's quarters, and every five minutes I have to run, and deliver a message, so don't be surprised if this is rather choppy. I've been working for the Admiral since he came aboard at Norfolk, and he is the ~~sw~~ swellest fellow I've ever met. Being directly associated with him each day as I am, I am exceedingly lucky, and I think I have made a lasting friend in him.

The ship is covered from stem to stern with dogs, and they are beautiful, but mean as the Devil. One bit my hand today, but only brought blood in two places. Most of them are my friends and I shall probably have plenty to do with them soon enough. ~~They~~ <sup>, ~~xxxx~~</sup>  
~~and all the time, and they are fighting among themselves~~ They howl all the time, and they are very bad about fighting among