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WZK
FORMERLY, COORDINATOR
US ARMY SIGNAL CORPS
ARTIC/ANTARCTIC RESEARCH TEAMS.
1946-1964

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Ms. Elizabeth Kastor
The Washington Post
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Dear Betty,

I've been married to a Betty now for 47 years so guess I'm old enough to call a young gal like you "Betty".... Anyway, forgive! So, first, remembering that I'm almost 82 and my eyes are not very good so I'll probably miss a lot of keys but that my writing is worse, please bear with me....

This concerns your excellent article relative to our recent 50th year reunion of the B.A.E. II at the monument and Anderson House on October 22nd just three days before the late Admiral's 95th birthday.

I enclose a check made out to Washington Post but with the amount left blank so you can send me two 8 x 10 glossies of the Gerald Martineau pix used in your article. You fill in the amount and thanks for the help.

I'm very sorry I missed you at the dinner, even though I was at the next table with the Radio Group, but I had just completed three months of radiation treatments for major surgery in June and was still so weak I had to stay at the home of relatives in Alexandria and be carted back and forth by them to the monument AND the dinner. The result was, with the rain, they came early and snatched me out of the dinner (with my Betty) before many of the boys had had a chance to talk, and I missed Charlie Murphy's talk on Byrd completely. When they called me up first and presented me with the beautiful picture of the Admiral signed by Senator Byrd and his other nephews and niece, it came out of clear sky, arranged by Dr. Dalrymple who is now Secretary of our Antartican Society there in Washington, and I was not only taken completely by surprise, but got up there crying like a baby.... So-o-o I forgot to say many of the things I had planned to say and made a fool out of myself.... I've given over 3400 lectures across the world at the late Admiral's suggestion but recent ear problems have completely curtailed that kind of activity so now I satisfy myself with my amateur radio station, which gets me around the world every day, and use only tapes for any programs that I am asked for nowadays. My pictures cover all of the 10 Antarctic and 12 Arctic Expeditions I have made in the years since B.A.E. II and WW II, during which many of the people there the other day were granted Naval Commissions, whereas the late famous Dr. Paul A Siple (his wife Ruth was there and still very busy with things Antaractic.... She's even been to the Pole herself) worked on world wide environmental things with the Army and I spent 25 years with the Army Signal Corps carrying on radio and electronic research in both the Northern and Southern high latitudes over the years. Nine nations are now using a technique

I perfected (originated) way back in 1958 for measuring the thickness of continental ice, and planes now fly as fast as they can measuring through up to three miles of ice with the gear I conceived and the famous Dyer (who was also there the other day) built for me in his great company, Airborne Instruments in Long Island, where he was President so many years before retirement.

Now, before I go any further I'm enclosing a copy of the plaque they presented me the other night to my great joy, missing as I was all members of the very dear Byrd family, and a copy of a recent article in a US Power Squadron Magazine called "Ensign" which you can quote to your hearts delight. There are many errors that would be embarrassing, but I have corrected the worst ones for your pleasure. Remember the existent 6,000,000 sq miles of ice are the last large fresh water supplies still left in the world. That's why we must know depth.

Then, cogitating over this set-up the other day and your article it struck me that perhaps you should attempt an article that focussed on the wonderful advances in pay, education and will to attain higher culture and better things in life brought about by our association with Admiral Byrd during our 19 months away from home with the Second B.A.E., most of us as volunteers without pay except three dollars a week while in port. The Admiral's influence on all of us was profound.... Our association with him and his great leadership---- few know he was listed as the 12th leading American philosopher in 1933-35.....and all the furore over his NOT flying the North Pole, which of course he did, that

has now been adequately proven, etc etc etc ad infinitum.... and so on, had tremendous effect on all of our future lives and should be recorded.....

Anyway I thought as a start it might be fun for you to hear the earlier and later factors of the people whose lives you touched on last week, and since I have had track of things Antarctic for a long time even though retired now since 1965 I may be able to do it as well as most.... You'll undoubtedly hear from others of the 12 who were there Saturday.....To do this we'll use your photo and work from left to right..... Slight boo-boo.... started on Number One before some needed generalization.... In a small nutshell...to get you abreast of the general set-up....Shortly after Byrd's return from the 1928-30 B.A.E. I... when he flew the South Pole for the first time on 29 Nov 1929.... He immediately started gathering specialists around him for a second trip which this time would give "many young scientists in various colleges a chance to study the Antarctic at first hand with the Expedition supporting such studies that otherwise might have cost individual schools more money than they had available" and soon over twenty different scientific disciplines were represented when we finally sailed.... The Flagship would be the former "Pacific Fir" now to be called the "Jacob Ruppert" because of the great amounts of fuel and other items that gentleman had provided.... The 150,000 dollars worth of other needed supplies of all kinds were mostly donated. The "Jake" thus would carry the Headquarters Group.... Byrd, his Exec., Chief Scientist etc and others with a ship's crew of over fifty.... The second ship, the SS "Bear of Oakland" would also go south with some

cargo and a crew of 37 of which I was one of two radio operators, taken on at the last minute because of certain earlier electrical experience on ships and a recent diploma from Lowell Institute at M.I.T. Class of 1926 etc etc..... The Bear's major function was explained as that of being a buffer between the steel ship "Jake" and the heavy ice since her tired old wooden sides would spring a little and thus save the steel tin-can from puncturing etc..... The "Bear", as you heard Admiral Dick Black recite the other night had been built in Greenock and was already over seventy years old.. She was 198 feet long with a beam of 34 feet, a draft of about 13 fully loaded, and a speed of 9 knots max with sail and her old steam engine.....She was a barkentine; One square sail mast forward and two fore-n'-aft sails aft of that, and so loose that you could watch the rail amidships open up an inch as she bent her back over each wave during the almost four months across the Pacific. We almost foundered during a storm near Wilmington, Delaware on the way to Panama, but a small tug came out at the last minute with water already 6 feet deep in the holds and pulled us in... The skipper, the late Vice Admiral, USN Chief of Staff Med Fleet during World War II, Robert A.J. English, would not let me send an SOS..... God rest him!!!!.....The bucket took about a ton of water an hour as we went south, but lived to serve well as a "Q" ship in World War II and sunk (foundered with dry open seams no doubt) off Newfoundland long after the war when she was being towed to Philly to make a "night club"..... Thank God she sank! What a ship, but we were lucky to survive one spell of several days when heavy pressure ice was ten feet above our rails somewhere eastward of Little America

in late 1933. The deck beams moved up six inches permanently but the ice eased off and we got back alive....

Thus, the two ships would carry crews of a hundred, plus the 56 man "Ice Party" which would rebuild the 1928-30 base camp of Little America I forming Little America II just above the drift that already covered the first camp. This was located about nine miles south of the entrance to the Bay of Whales, where Amundsen had made his base, "Framheim" in 1909, when he successfully beat Captain Robert Falcon Scott of England (who based 380 miles westward at McMurdo Sound where all American Bases are headquartered nowadays) to the South Pole. Our camp was set up on about 400 feet of floating ice, and Little Americas Three and Four set up later in 1939 and then in 1946, six and ten miles north of the original base, have long since drifted out to sea as the great continental ice sheet, there, four hundred by four hundred miles in area (generally) flows slowly northward like soft wax and breaks off in ten mile wide and 40 mile long chunks, every few years..... The motion at LA II is about a mile every five years.... I last saw the almost buried towers of LA II in 1962, one foot above the snow though originally (1928) 75 feet tall. Anyway, the flow of this great generally thousand foot thick cake made it necessary for us to watch motion constantly because at any moment the cake we were on might break loose and sail out to sea as Little America IV (built 1946) and Little America III, (built 1939-41) and rebuilt a little in 1946, have already done.

The famous "Ice Party" would live together 2500 miles from the nearest human for a minimum of 13 months before the ships could get

back (ships left in March 1934 and returned in Feb 1935, leaving for good for the return to Washington, D.C. the same month). They would carry on exploration in several distant mountain ranges the austral summer of October 1934 to Feb 1935, using dogs and tractors and aircraft for their transport. We had the big Curtis Condor, The monoplane Blue Blade, a Fokker which crashed early and is still there, and we dug out the three engine Fokker, the Josephine Ford, which had flown Byrd and his crew, McKinley, Noville, June and Balchen to the Pole in 1929 and been left under the snow at LA I because too big to put on the ships of LA I. We dug it out and brought it back in 1935. We also had a new-fangled gadget called an auto-giro... the first of the helicopters. See below.

Other expeditions had attempted travel by gasoline driven "snowmobiles" or "tractors" (treads/aft and wheels forward, but none had successfully returned to base, Scott's, Shackelton's or Byrd's.) It thus came about that Harold June (Dd WWII as CDR, USN) who had been Byrd's Rdo Op and Asst Pilot on the 1929 Pole flight chose me as his radio operator in late 1933, early 1934, to make the first successful tractor trips into the interior, and we took turns driving, repairing engines, setting up tents at night, and cooking over the little kerosene cook stoves in those freezing tents.... That was the first of many for me, but together with 3 other tractors and 7 dog teams we set up the advance base where Byrd would spend the winter at a point which was about a hundred miles by trail south of LA II,... Altogether I made all major tractor trips, but two until the big cats came down in 1956.

The 56 man party consisted of the Leader, Admiral R E Byrd, Second in Command Dr. Tom C. Poulter, late of Stanford Research Labs on the west coast survived by widow Helen and four sons, Exec. Lt/Cdr George O. Noville, USN now deceased but vet of the 1927 trans-Atlantic flight, and the 1929 South Pole Flight, the weather expert, William C. Haines, who acted as 4th in Cmd..... then Steve Corey, whom you met the other night, who was Supply Officer, and not only got together the 41,000 items needed for the expedition but fed 'em to us later with very few slip-ups.... a marvelous job... Then came the Chief Pilot Harold June, mentioned above, and his assistants... the well known Bill Bowlin, Navy in WW II, Paul Swan, Ralph Smith (still alive) Cdr I. Schlossbach, still alive, and young Billy McCormick, whom you met on the 22nd, who flew the auto-giro, and on one occasion crash-landed because of ice and broke his arm.... John Dyer, now of N.H., you met, headed the Radio Department with the famous broadcasts being put on by C.J.V. Murphy (you met Saturday) who wrote many of Byrd's works, and later was a world-renowned writer for Fortune Magazine, still working on another book, though well over 70. There were three radio operator assistants to Dyer, Guy Hutcheson, still alive but ill in Texas, Clay Bailey, the code specialist from the Navy, still alive in Arizona but could'nt make it to the reunion, and me. I went because I had just been divorced and still could'nt get used to it, but it turned out to be the best thing I ever did.

Then came Petie Demas, now gone, who headed the Tractor Department and slaved hundreds of hours keeping those things going.... three Citroen ton and a halves, and one six ton Cletrac. Pete had several helpers, Rip Skinner the parachutist, now deceased, Joe Hill, who was

the youngest man on the expedition, and sometimes others including me.

The dog and really the complete Transportation Department, which included all the dogteams (over 200 mutts altogether with 40 odd being born enroute) were under the control of Captain Alan Innes-Taylor, formerly of the Royal Northwest Mounted of Canada, who just passed away, (but you met his widow, Betty and son Alan) had many dog-drivers, some of whom were also scientific types, and that list included Stu Paine, gone, Duke Dane, gone, Ed Moody (you met) and many others. There were 22 scientists altogether under Dr. Poulter who was Chief Scientist, and some still survive. You met Al Lindsay and Ervin Bramhall both doctors, Bram even then.... Dick Black, my room-mate on the Bear, was a surveyor, and later co-leader of the 1939 Expedition's East Base, and a staunch Naval Officer in WW II, now retired as Rear Admiral.... who placed the wreath on the monument the other day, and helped most significantly in getting the reunion together. Many others took part.... Eilefson and Ronne from Norway, dog drivers, Dustin from Mass. another dog driver.... Vernon "Buck" Boyd the most valuable man as machinist of the Expedition, later a Marine Major and now gone, John Von Der Wall, deceased, a former Navy diver and machinist of great skill and value, and young Walter Lewisohn whom you saw the other night, son of the Lewisohn's.

There were others, but my memory, 50 years later, fails me..... The artist was Davey Paige, one dog-driver was named Richard Russell, but he suffered massive brain damage some years ago and could not come. We had a couple of volunteers picked up in New Zealand, and

both now dead. One was Fleming, and the other was Dr. Potoka ~~our~~ ^{our} Medical Officer; You met, a third N. Zedder, young Russ Robinson who was on the Bear, as was young Fountain who was also there Saturday, originally from the Bear's crew.

This list cannot be completed without naming the doctors who have now left us, Dr. Paul A. Siple, who later became "Mr. Antarctica" after the Admiral's decease on 11 March 1957. His widow Ruth was there Saturday and now runs most of the Antarctic Society literary work as you know. Then Dr. Charles "Gil" Morgan the Seismologist, co-leader of the Eastern Plateau party with Dr. Bramhall (the first man to ever measure cosmic rays in the Antarctic). Dr. Alton Wade, the geologist, who made further expeditions, and whose widow Jane Wade was there Saturday (resides in Texas).... Still alive another doctor who made a name for himself that trip was Dr. Earle B. Perkins of Maine, a biologist who is famous for making the first slow-motion movies that show flowers opening etc etc etc. Thats as many as I can remember off hand..... The officers and famous ice experts of the two ships who kept us safe down and back in some pretty heavy weather are another story and should be dealt with elsewhere as they already have been in Byrd's books Alone, Discovery, Little America and Skyward and others by Siple, Ronne, etc..... We had two carpenters, Cox and Tinglof both now gone, and a young medical assistant was named Jim Sterrett, now gone somewhere in Minnesota.... The Expedition Naval Photog was Joe Pelter, who became famous as the first to have his appendix out at forty below in the shack... fire out to keep the ether from exploding.... now deceased, and the well known John Herrmann

the Paramount man..... Lastly, George Grimminger was a famous weather man later who died some years ago but in B.A.E. II was a vitally strong assistant to Bill Haines the Weather Department specialist who guided all flights that incidentally explored over 500,000 square miles of hitherto unknown territory.... ad infinitum...

1. In the photo....left to right..... Wm McCormick famous to us as the first Auto-giro pilot in Antarctic history. Now married to Mimi, a former airlines stewardess, and living in Arizona with their own aircraft. Bill became a hero when he ferried over a thousand planes across the Atlantic in WW II in the "Ferry Command", and then became a Captain of American Airlines super aircraft, so that he is now retired as one of the famous "Grey Eagles", a highly distinguished group.

2. Next comes Olin Stancliff, who was part of the Eastern Dog Journey in 1934-35, and then originated and introduced many technical devices for better living in later years; have only seen him once since 1935.

3. Third is John Dyer, now leader of state-wide music groups in New Hampshire, led his class at MIT, and after running the Radio Station for the late famous Col. Greene on Cape Cod, became Chief Radio Engineer of the Expedition, 1933, charged with the safe conduct of the weekly CBS broadcasts that half supported the whole undertaking, announced by Harry Von Zell, with Murphy writing the program material at LA II..... More about him later.... John returned to the US, spent years running overseas broadcasts from points all over the world and in WW II was the head of American radio activities at Supreme Allied HQ in London. After that he associated with Airborne Instruments of

Long Island, a gang that makes all kinds of electronic gear for aircraft, and soon became its President. This job held many years while he married Priscilla (you met) had two children, and eventually retired a very famous citizen. He is responsible for many of the good things that have come to me over the years.

4. Me... "Bud" Waite, born Mass, married 1923 after 4 years Navy, and 3 daughters, two still survive, divorced before expedition and new wife and son and daughter after 1935. Son and two of his daughters wiped out in crash 1982 to our great sorrow.... Still have 3 daughters, 14 grandchildren and 13 great grandchildren. I was lucky to be chosen the "Tractor Radio Operator" as well as being in charge of the electric power generators at Little America when not on the trail, and also taught dog-drivers and others the radio code. In mid winter, when Byrd had been alone 5 months five of us started out for him, 100 miles in pitch darkness, but failed 50 miles out, after driving 81 hours out doors at 72 below zero. This was the first of the three coldest vehicular trips in history to save the Admiral, who was failing from the carbon-monoxide fumes from his kerosene stove... Two weeks later three of us, Poulter Leader, Demas Driver, and I radio operator, riding the rear sled with safety lines and emergency radio set in case the tractor went in a crevasse, started the second time and fell in a crevasse 6 miles out that took 8 hours to dig out of. We got to Mile 20 when our clutch let go and we had to drop the sled and crawl back home a second time, stuffing friction tape and rags into the clutch to make it hold. The fan belt that drove the generator broke and all spares were gone. It was 50 below and pitch

dark, but we wove a rope of manila and made it drive the generator by holding it tight with a screwdriver handle for over 20 hours. Anyway we got the machine home again... slept two days and started the third time. This time, again, Poulter Demas and Waite... All three were navigators, all three engine mechanics and drivers, and all three radio operators. If anyone fell in a crevasse the rest would continue. Sixty hours out we passed the point where we lost the flags the first trip, thus getting by dangerous crack areas, and by noon of the third day stopped to rest and eat for the first time. It was 60 below. Warming up the batteries on the cook-stove that was melting the water for our cocoa I got my little set operating and called Dyer, who had been sitting there all those hours and got him, only to be told they had just received from Byrd a whole page of disjointed letters from which only a few words could be read..... "get them here fast"..... So we packed up and started again and continuing at the usual $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles per hour finally got low enough on the southern slope of Roosevelt Island to see a flare in the distance... We saw one more an hour later and again it was forty degrees off our course..... We thought he was walking, but he wasn't. Our right front runner had been knocked out of kilter and was dragging us continually off to the right.... So, using a star above his last flare as a guide, Poulter and I sat on the roof using our searchlight as a guide to Demas down below in the warm cab (alone 3 days and nights), and for seven more hours, swinging the light 15 degrees to the right for every hour, to make up for earth rotation, we finally saw a dull red flame smoldering in what had been a gallon can of strawberry jam, hanging up on a kite string and he was sitting under it. We reached him about two p.m. 10 August 1934 and were unable to move

him back to base for over two months... Then Bowlin flew out and took him and Poulter back to LA II in an hour. Pete and I packed up everything, got the tractor going and with Ike Schlossbach who had come out with Bowlin to help us, we raced home in the tractor in the then almost daylight (sun gone 4 months, came back a little on 22 August at that latitude.....) So the rest is in the beautiful best seller, "Alone"..... Don't read Reader Digest version - errors!!!

I must report that this association with the Admiral (4 of us in a 9 x 13 foot floor during 35 below zero shack for two months) while we nursed him back to health changed my whole life because when we got back to Boston he sent me out lecturing to all the small clubs that wanted him but could'nt afford the large fee he had to charge to pay for movie operators etc. I used slides and gave 3400 lectures in forty years.... When WW II came along I immediately signed up with the Army Signal Corps Labs at Fort Monmouth, after trying for a commission because of 8 years of National Guard experience earlier, but bad veins scotched my try, so I went across France and Japan putting in over 100 special circuits as a civilian in combat right up to VJ day and on to Nov 1945. For this received many awards... not important here.... but the lecturing, and the radio learned from Dyer et al, brought me up to the point where I retired in 1965 with a Civilian Grade equivalent to full Colonel, and when you remember I was just a typical shipyard electrician when I started its a long way.

My origination of the radio ice depth technique is now being

written up in Russia, and other nations and I have five Islands and one Cape named for me so it was all very much worthwhile..... My copy of Russian book arrived 8 Nov dedicated to me by author!!!!!! How about that?

5. On my left is WW II Commander Ed Moody, who has had a hand in all kinds of projects since 1935, but was a well-known dog-driver in those days, and one of the radio ops I taught in the winter of 1934-35.

6. Walter Lewisohn, showed the movies the other night so you have already learned much about him. Walter was then very young, lived in the "Radio" bunkhouse with Murphy, Dyer, Hutch, Bailey and me, and did everything he was asked to do. I believe his special project was anthropology but I was away on other matters so much I didn't get very close to him except when we were back in the "shack"... I'm glad he has passed his recent illness and had nice talk with his wife.... Florence. Walter's family is world famous.

7. Dick Black, in 1933, fresh from a mining safety and survey curricula at the U. of North Dakota, with a degree, Dick left a young wife who died while we were enroute to LA II, and a son, now a Naval Officer, and was my room-mate going south on the Bear. Then he became a dog-driver, making some of the longer trips, and then studying radio with me in the winter got pretty good at the code, and was soon out with Dr. Poulter running seismic teams all over the place. Dick was soon with the Department of the Interior and had the great job of reclaiming a whole stack of islands in the Pacific before WW II... Canton, Johnston, etc, in charge of the reclamation teams.... He married Aviza soon after and in WW II became a Naval Officer, leading combat troops ashore in several places.... I met him in Tokyo when

he was a Captain, and he retired as Rear Admiral and then spent many years in the Navy Department on Antarctic and other projects, and actually returned to the Antarctic for at least three more trips after BAE II. In the 1939-41 United States Department of the Interior Expedition, Dick was co-commander of the East Base on Snow Hill Island and has written some beautiful things to perpetuate the Antarctic legend, which are greatly appreciated. I could write pages.

8. Next is Joe Hill of Texas who started south on the Bear in 1933 and then transferred to the Jacob Ruppert at Norfolk, and later became one of the reliable tractor drivers at LA II making among others the long Eastern Plateau party trip, 815 miles over unknown territory and breaking through over 700 crevasses in 2 months and 18 days, with Morgan/Bramhall, Demas and me.

Joe wrote a famous book, and graduated from college after he got back, and then in Texas, where his father was Prexy of the West Tex State Teacher's Collg and in California, later, he worked in the Aerospace group of Lockheed for many years. His beautiful wife is Wilma-Jo and we have known about her for half a century. Wonderful... Joe hasn't changed a bit.... Great to see him.

9. Dr. Ervin H. Bramhall, now retired in Arizona, was a Rhodes scholar, when he went to LA II to study magnetism and the first cosmic rays ever measured in the Antarctic. Bram was co-leader and Navigator of the Eastern Plateau Party and I usually helped with his time signals needed in the Navigation so learned a few things that helped me later. After the Expedition returned Bram held several important jobs in the nation's capitol and was President of Fairbanks University

in Alaska for several years, being instrumental in teaching at various Professor level organizations.....He is now married and you met his charming wife....Marion. Remember none of us had seen any of the wives before... not even those married when we left in 1933.....

Bram's present title should probably now be Professor Emeritus etc etc etc. He has more education than anyone else I ever knew. A great scientist.

10. I'm sure you don't need an introduction to the next one to the right. Stevenson Corey of Winchester, Mass, (right near my young cousin) and a few miles from where I started in Wollaston, Mass when we left, was with Byrd a long time before I ever met him. Steve was the Supply Officer of the Expedition, and had the terribly complicated job of not only chasing down every one of over 40,000 separate items like ships, fuel, food, coal, radio gear etc etc etc, but then had to get it into the ships, off the ships at LA II after we reached the ice, and properly stored on the ice so one could walk down the well-organized supply tunnels under the snow and find the only box of number six carpet tacks on the supply list in Box Number 2300, etc..... 200 dogs and 40 pups and dog-food, and rations, rations, rations, clothes, pants, furs, hoods, gloves, and parkas from windproofs to blankets ad infinitum.... Then he had to make sure important items got back to the States and could not rest till every item was safely off the ships after we got home when everyone else rushed for home and mother..... I had the job of unloading the Bear so I know a little of what he went through. Steve worked in various capacities

through the intervening years, some time at the famous store in Boston called Jordan Marshes, etc. He is best represented by the marvelous efficiency in which every facet of our wonderful reunion was organized and run off, with a lot of help from Dick Black and others, of course, but Stevie topped it off by acting as MC and doing a bang-up job..... Well done, small comrade! Steve actually got to go on one long sledge trip to the Eastern Mountains too, whence came the rock specimens passed out the other night, so he got out of camp with the rest of us wanderers of the wastelands.

11. Next to Steve is the former rugged, tall and plump Al Lindsay who even in 1933-34-35 spent the long winter studying seals and birds and scraping the blubber off seal-skins for the various museums until he smelled like one. Later, and he still follows his bird studies retired in Florida, he became a PHD and taught long years at Purdue in Indiana, until now he is a retired Professor Emeritus with many important papers in his craw. His tres belle wife is Elizabeth like you and mine etc etc etc..... They have visited us lately so we have seen him as he looks now. The dignified Scholastician.

12. Is Seaman Russ Robinson whom you have already met. He was a graduate of MIT when he sailed on the Bear in 1933 and I was on her as Chief Radio Op but saw him very little..... I don't know what he does now in Arizona.

I haven't seen Russell since I left the Bear in 1933 to join the ice party and have no inkling of what he has done all these years.

13. The last but far from least is Charles J.V. Murphy, a most famous and excellent writer, who studied at Harvard before he met Byrd, but was closely associated with him as far back as the late twenties. Charles had the task of writing all the publicity for the Expedition which ran many thousand words per month (all sent out by we four radio ops, mostly Bailey on Code to Frisco and New York, sometimes relaying through Buenos Aires) and this became a task in addition to handling at least two messages per person per week, all via the Mackay Radio Corp. and its ops who are well known still in groups like the Society of Wireless Pioneers of which Dyer and I are members etc.

Charlie also wrote a book there in his little cubicle in our radio bunk-room during the long months, and many a time we got chased out so he could have quiet, but the results were well worth it and one of my most prized possessions, and I have them in three museums across the country, are some sheets of rough notes he threw away back in the dim distant days of LA II.

Some of us from the Advanced Base deal tendered our thoughts to him for his notes on the beautiful book, "Alone" that later became a best-seller, but all the wonderful phraseology was Charlie's.

Charlie became a full Colonel on Airforce Staff in WW II handling various matters of great importance, and later worked with the editors of Fortune Magazine and the various Life Time groups for many years. He is now retired to New Hampshire and Washington, D.C. where he is still writing, with some eye problems, after losing his

beloved wife. He was certainly a strong hand at the helm while Byrd was away from April 22nd to October at the Bolling Advanced Base, acting as Third in Command most of the time..... Byrd owed an everlasting dept to CJVM, as do we all.....

In closing this small glance, my young dear, the letter "g" just stuck on this Coronmatic and I had to dig it out with a club... but hope you can read it..... If any questions on any phase I can fill in as you wish.... Hundreds of pix are available and if you suggest what you want, can do!!!!!!

All that I am or ever hope to I owe to my darling angel mother, her Summa Gum Laude, R.E. Byrd, Hollis Baird who was my Boss in New England's first TV station in 1930-33, before I went with the Admiral, and John Dyer and CJVM while on the Expedition.... I learned some English during my various lecture tours with almost constant suggestions from hundreds of teachers across the country way back when I was young..... Nuff sed..... Hope u like.... If you need a contact with me other than fone call John Kingman in Fairfax who has a Ham radio station on which with mine we can talk free for ages.....

Best and thanks for listening..... 73 & 88

"Bud" Waite.....