



THE ANTARCTIC SOCIETY

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HONORARY PRESIDENT - MRS. PAUL A. SIPLE

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ANTARCTIC SOCIETY CHANGES

We have good news and we have bad news. First, the bad news, Ruth Johannesmeyer Siple is aging. Now the good news, she is still alive at age 90. But she has macular degeneration of the eyes, and cannot see to perform all the editing and typing of the newsletters which she has done at no cost to the Society for the past twenty-three years. And you know what, even though she is not a typist, she could type a ten-page newsletter in one day, without a single typo error. The Society had a gold mine in Ruth, but the time has come for us to put her out to pasture, and for us to stand on our own two feet as a Society. Damn, double damn.

So we are in a transition period. Most of you know John Spletstoesser, who has been on the Antarctic scene as a scientist, as an administrator, as a lecturer, as an editor for over forty years. Right now he is sort of an experiment for this orthopedic surgeon here in Maine who is trying to put his ankle back into one piece. He broke it some sixteen months ago when he was aboard a helicopter, on a Russian cruise ship, which crashed near Novaya Zemlya, on a return flight to the icebreaker. Recently he had to have the ankle rebroken, which means that this excellent editor is nearby and can fill Ruth's editing shoe for at least two newsletters. So we are putting this together on midcoastal Maine, which looks sort of like the Antarctic with snow and ice.

But a nearby neighbor is in the computer business only for money, so we have to reimburse her for services rendered. For so many years, our Society has kept its dues at a ridiculously low figure, as we had franking mail privileges, which meant we were getting the newsletters out for mere pennies. Then the Postal Services had to find a way to finance Lance Armstrong's bicycling and the Olympics, and we had to go first class mailing. But we kept the same old dues for some stupid reasoning. And we compounded that by putting colored pictures in our last two newsletters. We never should have done it, as you liked it. So we have created a new monster. Now you are going to have to pay for it, or at least part of it, as we are going to raise our dues. It is only going to be a couple of dollars right now, but we could take a lesson from the Postal Service and put it up every two years! Our billing period is now going to be by calendar year, so you are getting six months gratis. Look for your bill in the next month, and please note that they are to be returned to this address in Maine (*P. O. Box 325, Port Clyde, ME 04855*). Ruth will officially still be our treasurer, but her eyesight is such that she can no longer see well enough to handle your checks.

*' Whirly Bird' McCormick, autogyro pilot on the 2nd Byrd Antarctic Expedition, died at age 88 on October 23rd.
Probably last surviving member of the expedition. Obituary will follow - See Page 7.*

BRASH ICE. There has been a proliferation of Antarctic books during the last six months, and this issue of the newsletter is reporting on three of them. But there are others which we could have covered except we ran out of space. Simon and Schuster has come out with **SOUTH WITH ENDURANCE**, Shackleton's Antarctic Expedition 1914-1917, The Photographs of Frank Hurley. If you have an acute case of Shackleton Mania, buy this one, especially if you love Frank Hurley, only \$50.00. Then there is **DISCOVERY ILLUSTRATED**, Pictures from Captain Scott's First Antarctic Expedition by J. V. Skelton and D. F. Wilson. If these names ring a familiar bell, they are descendants of their famous Antarctic uncles. Published by Reardon Publishing, it sells for \$75.00. There is also a luxurious special edition. Add another \$100 for that one.

We would like to mention again **THE COLDEST MARCH** by Susan Solomon, published last September by the Yale University Press, \$29.95. **CBS'S SUNDAY MORNING** gave it priceless publicity, devoting over ten minutes to the book and to Susan's career. In this newsletter I fell in love with **CHERRY**, a great book by Sara Wheeler about Apsley Cherry-Garrard. Then you will find a review of an excellent profusely illustrated encyclopedia type book on Antarctica which everyone should own. \$60.00. And the piece de resistance is a \$2,500.00 work of photographic artistry reviewed by Charles Swithinbank. PLEASE read the newsletter, as there are a couple of news articles which we accidentally slipped in.

RUTH J. SIPLE, AN ENIGMA. How do you write about a person ninety years old and make it sound like she was still living? And how do you write about a person who never exposes herself, who keeps her own thoughts to herself as if they were classified TOP SECRET.

I have probably known Ruth Siple closer than any member of our Society, as we have worked as a twosome running the Antarctic Society business end since 1978. But I don't really know Ruth Siple, and Ruth Siple does not really know me. When I became Ruth's close friend, Ken Moulton uttered the truest words ever spoken. "What is Ruth Siple doing with you?" But we had a common denominator, the Antarctic, and through it and the Society we both grew to enjoy working with one another. I knew her late husband Paul as we both worked for the Army, and he was responsible for giving me the opportunity to take my program, micrometeorology, from Little America V in 1957 to the South Pole in 1958. But I never met Ruth until the mid 1970's.

A lot of you people just see Ruth at our functions, and you treat

her Queenly befitting her personality. And you probably think Ruth has a multitude of close friends. Negative. She is so inward that she hardly even knew her own neighbors in Arlington. The Antarctic Society became her life after the National Geographic retired her prematurely on account of her age. She was our treasurer, she deposited your checks, she was our editor, she was our typist, she was our mailer of everything from calendars to newsletters, she handled our correspondence, and other unassigned duties which she took upon herself.

Now is the time for you guys and dolls to write her a short note of appreciation. If you have not sent her a Happy Birthday card, do so now. She's counting, has 41 as of today! She isn't exactly a happy camper, can no longer drive, has difficulty with her mobility, occasionally falls, needs a walker to get around, and is more or less confined to her second floor apartment which is attached to her granddaughter's home outside of the Beltway in Washington. She is not aging gracefully, wishing to be in her sixties, not her nineties. As the oldest of seven children, she finds herself as one of two survivors. Even if you don't know her, make her day, write her and say "Thanks" for her Society efforts. (**Ruth J. Siple, 7338 Wayfarer Drive, Fairfax Station, VA 22039**)

PRELUDE TO CHERRY. To us one of the most interesting characters to have ever gone to the ice was a man with the unlikely name of Apsley Cherry-Garrard. It wasn't that he was over qualified to go and brought some unusual expertise to the ice. To the contrary, he had no basic skills at all. His forte, if anything, was hunting. But he cut quite a circle when he got to the ice, and was a select member of the first mid-winter party to visit Cape Crozier, which eventually resulted in the best known and appreciated book on the Antarctic. Cherry also led a two-man party which went out to meet Captain Scott's party returning from the South Pole, and Cherry became infamous for returning to Cape Evans as his supplies started to run out, not knowing that the last three living members of the South Pole party were in deep, deep trouble a scant twelve miles away.

So nearly everyone who knows anything about the history of the Antarctic is well aware of the name of Cherry-Garrard. But no biography had ever been written on Cherry. The well-known British polar biographer, Roland Huntford, admitted that he had no interest at all in doing one on Cherry, and he told Sara Wheeler, another Brit, another Antarctic, who was the author of a very popular book, **TERRA INCOGNITA**, that Cherry's

bio should be done by a woman. Now read this opinionated Antarctic review of the biography that Sara very recently did on Cherry, which has received excellent reviews in the U.K. The book will not be available in the USA until this coming spring.

CHERRY. A LIFE OF APSLEY CHERRY-GARRARD by Sara Wheeler, published by Jonathan Cape, London, 2001. 354 pages. (Reviewed by Paul C. Dalrymple.) This fine book is exceedingly readable, written plainly and simply, about a simple man who had the fortune to be highly selective of a father who inherited wealth and prestige, extensive land and house holdings and whose ancestral tree revealed a cousin, Reggie Smith, who had the proper connections to put young Cherry into contacts with the proper people. One of the doors which Reggie opened for Cherry found the famed Antarctic naturalist, Dr. Edward "Bill" Wilson waiting to meet and guide Cherry. An adjacent side door found the leader of the DISCOVERY Expedition, Robert Falcon Scott. And Cherry himself could not have hand picked a better neighbor for his future life than an accredited writer with the initials GBS. Yes, George Bernard Shaw lived next door!

Sara's book is very interesting, it is very exciting, and it is fast moving. Many of the key players in Cherry's life are household names to most Antarcticans, so you are reading about the Kathleen Scotts and the Sir Clement Markhams, a cast of players already well known to us. Cherry was a sailboat without a rudder in early life, but he was interested in adventure, and through his cousin, Reggie, applied for the TERRA NOVA Antarctic expedition. Reggie suggested that he might enclose a check for a thousand pounds, as it was no secret that the expedition needed money, and it was no secret that another man, Gates, had bought himself onto the expedition. Cherry still got turned down, but he did something which visibly impressed Capt. Scott, he left his check for a thousand pounds on the table. Cherry was ACCEPTED.

Cherry had what amounted to a free ticket, but he was such a willing and diligent guy, with a cheery disposition, that he found his time over-subscribed. But through it all Bill Wilson remained his faithful mentor, and was Cherry's Southern Cross. Wilson selected Cherry and everyone's All-Antarctic, Birdie Bowers, to be his assistants on a mid-winter journey to study the emperors of Cape Crozier. It was a bastardly trip weatherwise, but it bonded Wilson, Bowers, and Cherry forever. It wasn't an all natural bonding, as both Wilson and Bowers were deeply religious persons, and Cherry avoided the church (except his checks always found their way to the pulpit). This trip became the main story in a book which Cherry

later published, **THE WORST JOURNEY IN THE WORLD.**

But the trip made Cherry. Everyone held him in such high regard that he was always near the top of the list for anything hazardous. He went with Scott onto the South Polar Plateau but lost out to Oates for the South Pole on a seniority judgment call. Cherry had traveled 575 miles, pulled his sledge beyond 85 degrees South, and had risen about 7000 feet. At the end of the expedition he had sledged 3,059 miles, more than any other man. He had clocked thirty-three weeks and four days on the Barrier (Ross Ice Shelf) and been away from base camp at Cape Evans for forty-eight weeks and four days.

But in spite of all the great things that Cherry did, one thing haunted him for the rest of his life, that he never made an attempt to go beyond One Ton Depot searching for his two closest friends, plus The Owner (as Scott was called). One must read the book to get the details of what happened, what did not happen, but it pretty well exonerates Cherry of any failures on his part. He wasn't a great skier, and he could not navigate, so perhaps he wasn't the best choice to go to One Ton Depot. However, one must remember with many people out in the field, there wasn't much choice. But the press was not kind to Cherry. And he carried his burden of not making an attempt to his grave, and it wore very heavily on his shoulders. He was not a happy man, nor was he a healthy man, in later life. But on The Best Journey of the World, a cruise, he, at age 53, finally met and married the right woman, Angela Turner, thirty years his junior. Cherry had dated a voluminous number of ladies along the way, but had never met one with whom he wished to share his life until Angela came along. He died twenty years later, not from trying to satisfy a young woman, but from many illnesses that plagued his late years.

Cherry's best years were on the ice, and what really made him famous was his book, **THE WORST JOURNEY IN THE WORLD.** It is hard to tell how much influence Shaw had in the writing of this book. Originally Cherry had picked out its title as NEVER AGAIN, SCOTT, SOME PENGUINS AND THE POLE, but Shaw convinced him that it should be called **THE WORST JOURNEY IN THE WORLD.** In Shaw's later life he claimed that the whole book had been his wife Charlotte's idea. Sara wrote "But without the Shaw's encouragement, **THE WORST JOURNEY** may have remained an official document; and perhaps the dullest story in

die world." Be that as it may, it was the bottom line for Cherry's one claim for fame. He was universally respected and loved by most members of the expedition, and he deserved a better fate than what life dealt him in his late years.

This book would make a most fantastic movie, as it is full of high drama, and is melodramatic throughout. There is not much in the book to laugh about, but then Cherry's life was never a barrel of laughs. One thing which Americans who went to the ice via Christchurch in early Deep Freeze can equate to was when the TERRA NOVA docked in Capetown en route to the Antarctic, and Birdie Bowers and Cherry picked up two sisters. Cherry admitted to "making hay" with one, so he was human after all. The only other funny thing in the whole book was when Bill Wilson once asked Cherry if he had cold feet, and Cherry answered that they were "very cold." To which Bill replied, "That's all right, so are mine!"

The book is GREAT. Buy it and enjoy it.

CAPE CROZIER PENGUINS, WHERE ART THOU? What is going on with the penguin colonies on Ross Island? The numbers are just not there this summer. When Jerry Kooyman and other researchers arrived at Cape Crozier in early November, "We found a few abandoned eggs and a few dead birds. It was a sad scene. Emperors have very little mobility when they are incubating eggs. They seek a stable, quiet place, and that has all changed. The bottom line is that the colony did not fledge any chicks." Winds and currents moved the large icebergs off Ross Island (see the December 2001 issue of the **NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC**) during the Antarctic winter, crumpling the smooth sea ice and disrupting the males with their chicks. The McMurdo sea ice was slow to break up this season because two large icebergs kept ocean swells out of the sound.

The icebergs and sea ice are threatening one of the continent's largest collections of Adelie penguins. Numbers of Adelie penguins at Cape Crozier, about 130,000 breeding pairs in most years, are at the low side of the normal range according to David Ainley. The small Adelie colony at Cape Royds will "fail totally" this year, he says.

Must be the first setbacks that Shackleton has had in years!

GLOBAL WARMING WITH AN ASTERISK. The UN Intergovernmental Panel on Climate Change has concluded that there has been a net rise of 0.1 degree Fahrenheit per decade in the 20* century, a calculation which includes Antarctica. BUT, scientists working in the Dry Valleys of East Antarctica have found that

temperatures have been dropping there at a rate of 1.2 degrees Fahrenheit. This at a time when huge bergs have been breaking off the Ross Ice Shelf, and where temperatures have been rising significantly on the Antarctic Peninsula with mass disintegration of the Larsen Ice Shelf. Peter Doran of one of NSF's Long-term Research projects said that the temperatures get warmer when the wind blows and when there are clouds in the sky. He said as the air rolls down off the Antarctic Plateau into the Dry Valleys, it compresses and heats up, very similar to Chinook winds here in our western states. But Michael Oppenheimer, chief scientist for Environmental Defense Fund, warns about jumping at any conclusion, saying "there's simply not enough data to make a broad statement about all of Antarctica."

HEAT WAVE MELTS ICE, FLOODS VALLEYS (THE ANTARCTIC SUN, Melanie Conner)

On December 30, 2001, the temperature at McMurdo reached 5 IF (10.5C), an all-time high for the station. The previous record was 49F (9.4C) during the mid-70's. The warm streak did not end there. In the first week of January the temperature reached 50F (10C). "It often reaches temperatures in the 40's in the summer, but it doesn't usually stay in the 40's for a long time," said Jim Frodge, meteorology manager at McMurdo Station.

Meanwhile, resident-workers at Amundsen-Scott South Pole Station are experiencing a similar heat wave this month. Last week, the temperatures climbed to plus 5.4F (-14.8C). "The last time it was above OF was in January 1985," said John Gallagher of the South Pole meteorology department. "It's quite rare to be on the plus side of zero here." In November, five daily high temperature records were broken at the Pole and the temperature hovered about 5 degrees above normal throughout the month, bringing the average up to minus 32F (-36C) for the month. "But the real warm weather has been in January," said Gallagher. "The average temperature so far for this month is minus 8.7F (-23C), which is warmer than it ever got during the past two summers."

Scientists in remote field camps at the Dry Valleys, 60 miles northwest of McMurdo, are experiencing their own transportation woes as glacial runoff has saturated much of the area by turning pathways into impassable rivers, streams and lakes. "Last year the streams didn't always make it all the way

to the lakes," said grantee Chris Jaros of the University of Colorado - Boulder. "This year, you have to wear gaiters to get around."

According to Jaros, the excess runoff forces them to travel around the water to collect the data from the streams. To navigate the area, many scientists are resorting to using precious helicopter time to fly around the once-walkable lakes of the Dry Valleys. "Instead of walking for eight hours a day around the water, we have to helo from place to place," said Jaros. Despite the difficulty getting around, scientists are puzzled and fascinated by this year's warm temperatures, as they consider the rarity of the flash-flood-like waters in the Dry Valleys. For example, one small stream that flows into Lake Fryxell was reported by scientists to flow at a rate of 38 cubic feet per second (CFS). Last year the same stream had a maximum flow of 5 CFS.

ANTARCTICA AND THE ARCTIC by David McGonigal and Lynn Woodworth, published by Firefly Books of Toronto, 608 pages, 2001. (Published in Australia and New Zealand as **ANTARCTICA - THE COMPLETE STORY**, The Five Miles Press.) This is a FANTASTIC BOOK at a FANTASTIC PRICE, packaged in a FANTASTIC BOX. Anyone who calls themselves a Pole Cat, especially an Antarctic, should have this in their library as over 90 percent of the book is devoted to the Seventh Continent.

The boilerplate for this book had to be another Australian production, the Readers Digest's **ANTARCTICA**, published in 1985. If you liked that great book, you are going to love this one, as it has been choreographed to near perfection. Plus a feature which we believe has never been done for a polar book, a CD-ROM! So you can pop the CD into your computer, and it will all become very much alive in breathless color reproduction right on your monitor. Keep your book, but loan the CD to your mother-in-law in Peoria.

The book is a team production resulting from the collaborative efforts of thirty experts on the polar regions, most of whom are Australians. However, they were kind enough to allow our own Art Ford to write the chapters on such things as rocks, ice sheets, glaciers, and to hypothesize on what will happen when those things which melt do melt. A couple of other Americans show up as contributors, Gary Miller and Rob Stephenson, plus the Canadian icebreaker extraordinaire, Pat Toomey. It is always reassuring to see that the most highly respected Antarctic historian from the U.K., Bob Headland, had his hand in this production. And we must not forget Bernard Stonehouse, an expert on everything Antarctic. But I must question why they asked Peter Hillary to write the chapter on global warming, although the good news is that it is limited to one page. We were disappointed that Paul Lehmann, atmospheric physicist, did not

find room in his chapter on ozone to mention our own Susan Solomon.

There are five main parts in the book: Ends of the Earth, Polar Regions, Polar Wildlife, Polar Exploration, and Life at the Poles. The wildlife section is especially good, with ten pages on the albatrosses, another fourteen on the fulmars. Whales, dolphins and porpoises occupy twenty-nine pages. The part of the various Antarctic regions was quite good, although the parts on the various explorers, divided into early, heroic, and modern, did not compare with the Readers Digest's coverage. For example, Admiral Byrd only merited two pages, the same as devoted to Sir Hubert Wilkins and to Mawson's pilot, John King Davis! But Byrd was NOT born in Australia!

But what makes this tome so outstanding is that it marries some of the most beautiful pictures you ever saw of Antarctica with legible maps, all interwoven into the text consisting of 159 chapters. I am a visual man, as well as a geographer, and took great personal delight in the seven full-page maps, including one on, believe it or not, "non-existent Antarctic islands." That just goes to show you the completeness of the book! There is one double page map of Antarctica, as well as eighty thematic maps of Antarctica showing wildlife distributions and explorer's routes. There are individual special notes on more than 100 animals.

There are 46 full-paged photographs. I have never seen such illustrations/graphics, really beautiful. And they seem to be enhanced even further on the CD. The book contains over a thousand stunning photographs! But I would have loved to have seen some of Ed Stump's great photos taken in the Transantarctic Mountains, as well as some of the majestic pictures I've seen of the interior of the crater of Mt. Erebus. There is only one picture which does not belong in the book, one of a woman lying on the snow surface with a penguin. One of the beauties of this book is that the environment is front and center. Some of the photos are not identified, as they stand by themselves as works of art. It is fun to recognize places dear to you, such as the grandeur of the mountains and glaciers seen from Petermann Island. God, what pictures!!

If you only want one Antarctic book in your library, it should be this one, as it has everything in it that you will ever need to know about the continent. Tourists no longer must go to Antarctica, they don't have to endure the Dreaded Drake, all

they have to do is buy this book, read this book, and enjoy its photographs. This is a book for COMPLETE ENJOYMENT, COMPLETE FULFILLMENT.

If you want this book, you should contact **Firefly Books Ltd., 3680 Victoria Park Ave., Wfflowdale, Ontario M2H 3K1**. Attn: Lesley Anderson. If you wish to place your order by phone, call Lesley (416) 499-8412 (133). Her e-mail address is: lesley@fireflybooks.com. Oh yes, the price, \$60, US style. Lesley is handling and shipping all books at no charge to members of our Society, and they will be shipped in a handsome presentation box. I put my wallet in my mouth, bought six copies!!

ANTARCTICA by Pat & Rosemarie Keough (Nahanni Productions Inc., 2002). Reviewed by Charles Swithinbank.

This is the first Antarctic book that may require a Sherpa to bring it to your home, a lectern to display it, and a special bookcase to put it in. But make no mistake, it is something that you will treasure for life.

It is not the first large-format volume of superfine Antarctic photographs by professionals who have spent years traveling in the Antarctic. What distinguishes this is the unmatched quality in every aspect of its production. The book is published in a limited edition of 950 leather-bound volumes, each one signed by the authors and by Her Majesty Queen Noor of Jordan, Honorary President of BirdLife International. It was unveiled on January 14th, 2002 during a reception hosted by HRH Prince Charles of St. James's Palace, London. The authors have agreed to give the net proceeds from **Antarctica** to BirdLife International for their Save the Albatross campaign. An incidental consequence of current longline fishing practices is that 16 of the world's 18 species of albatross are now at risk of extinction. Attracted to the baited hooks, seabirds are hooked or entangled and then drowned as the trailing lines sink behind the fishing vessels.

Antarctica weighs 12.6 kg (27.8 lb.) in its linen-bound presentation case, and 8.6 kg (19 lb.) by itself. The book itself measures 44 x 34 x 6 cm (17 x 13 x 2.5 inches), contains 330 color images taken by the authors, a 15-page narrative, a map and a glossary of ice and snow terms.

The Keoughs have assembled a stunning and eclectic portfolio of such artistry that your reviewer was left speechless. It embraces wildlife, landscapes, abstract patterns in nature and touches of man from the heroic era through the heyday of whaling to the present. I was transported from the windswept interior plateau to the

mountainous coast, from off-lying islands to the icy seas and the stormy ocean. The volume is a stress-free way to experience the wonders of Antarctica with all its savagery and beauty. For connoisseurs of photographic art and for collectors of fine books, **Antarctica** will greatly please.

My own regret is that I was not able to rummage through the Keoughs trash bin on the morning after they made their selections for the book. I could have sold my redundant camera. But remembering Herbert Ponting and Frank Hurley before them, I expect they will have fueled their log fire in the backwoods of British Columbia with most of the rejects.

The authors traveled to the Ross Sea, the Weddell Sea, Ellsworth Land, the Antarctic Peninsula and South Georgia. The book includes a map of the continent with insets of the Ross Sea and the Antarctic Peninsula showing place names mentioned in the text. South Georgia, being peripheral to the main theme of the book, has no map of its own.

Each image has a brief but adequate caption. Most of the scenes would look fantastic on an IMAX screen. Having myself been to most of the places that the Keoughs visited - some in their company - many of their photographs brought a pang of nostalgia. But as I lack the eye of an artist, I had looked but seldom appreciated the stark beauty of what I was seeing. If tempted to tear out the pages to frame, Antarcticans will discover that with a properly bound book like this, it is almost impossible.

As I watched the Keoughs in the Antarctic, they almost always had their cameras on a tripod, surely a major factor in creating such pin-sharp images. The authors themselves inspected each page of every book (some 400,000 pages in all) before sending them to the bindery. To make the high quality binding, some 2000 goatskins from India were specially tanned in Scotland. To counter the squeamish, we are told that semi-wild goats are destroying plant diversity, and that fewer goats equate to a healthier natural environment.

The images are printed on custom-made acid-free and chlorine free heavy paper, hand-sewn with Irish linen thread using centuries-old techniques. Treated with care and kept in dry and pollution-free conditions, the book should last for 1000 years. It is the first photographic art book in the world to have been printed with 10-micron stochastic spots, a leading edge printing

technology with three times the resolution of traditional high-end lithography.

Pat and Rosemarie's company, Nahanni Productions Inc., have previously published six books featuring their images exclusively. Titles include *The Nahanni Portfolio* and *The Niagara Escarpment*.

Antarctica is the first of their Explorer series. The book can be yours for \$2,500 US and is obtainable from Nahanni Productions Inc., 400 Meyer Road, Salt Spring Island, British Columbia, Canada V8K 1X4. (Phone: 250-653-4993; e-mail: keough@saltspring.com) In buying the book you will help to ensure that your children may live to see the albatross still wheeling and soaring over the ocean - no longer threatened by the greed of man.

ANTARCTIC TOURISM, as told by the IAATO Secretariat, Denise Landau.

In 1991, the increase in number of operators and concern for the environment resulted in the formation of the International Association of Antarctica Tour Operators (IAATO) by seven companies, in order to act as a single voice in concerns of tourism and to advocate, promote and practice environmentally responsible private-sector travel to Antarctica.

Today IAATO has grown to 49 members representing 12 countries and one U.K. overseas territory. Members are mainly all business competitors of one another. This in itself is a unique situation and not found to such an extent anywhere else in the world. The members comprise ship operators, one land-based operator, one fly-cruise operator, travel companies who charter ships, one helicopter operator, adventure-type travel agencies, ship agencies and government tourism offices. Many of the operators also offer trips in the Arctic and the same guiding principles are applied in both Polar Regions.

IAATO comprises Full, Provisional, Probationary and Associate Member categories. Until June 2000, members of IAATO could not operate vessels to Antarctica WITH CAPACITIES OF MORE THAN 400 passengers. In June 2001 at IAATO's annual meeting in Washington, B.C., IAATO Full Members boldly agreed to lift the 400-passenger ship limit and develop new categories in order to encompass the changing nature of Antarctic Tourism.

The present seven categories of membership include: 1) Expedition Ships or Yachts that carry less than 200 passengers. The limit of 100 passengers ashore at one site at one time remains in

force; 2) Vessels carrying 200-500 passengers who are intending to land passengers. Stringent restrictions on landing activities of time and place could apply. The limit of 100 passengers on shore at one site at one time also applies; 3) Cruise ships making no landings (cruise only). Cruise ships carrying more than 500 passengers are not permitted to make any landings; 4) Land Based operations; 5) Air Operations with Over Flights only; 6) Air/Cruise Operations; 7) Associate Members (remains unchanged).

The increase in membership does not coincide with tourism numbers skyrocketing. What it does show is that companies are becoming increasingly aware of IAATO and want to be members of an environmentally sensitive organization that addresses environmental concerns.

Sea-borne Tourism for the last 10 years ranged from about 6,700 passengers in 1992-93 to 12,100 in 2000-01, with a peak season of 14,600 in 1999-2000. An additional 900+ in the latter season visited Antarctica on a ship that made no landings. Land-based tourism has been relatively consistent throughout the last 10 years, averaging 70-140 tourists per year. Projections of sea-borne tourism through the 2005-06 season indicate a gradual increase to about 20,000 visitors, but figures may fluctuate based on market conditions, declines as a result of the 9/11 terrorism incident, and factors such as large ships that visit Antarctica but make no landings. The current season shows estimates of about 13,000 sea-borne visitors on 20 tour vessels.

WHIRLY BIRD'S WINGS CLIPPED. William S. McCormick, autogyro pilot of the Second Byrd Antarctic Expedition, finally died at age 88 on October 23rd. He very well may have been the last survivor of that expedition, as efforts to locate Olin Stancliff and Guy Hutchinson have been futile. If so, that leaves Mr. Indestructible, Norman Vaughan, as the sole surviving Byrd Man. Whirly Bird was a nice guy, a very nice guy. He earned his pilot license at the age of 16, and was the youngest licensed pilot in the USA. When he was twenty, he accepted a position with Byrd as his autogyro pilot. After rooming with the likes of Bud Waite, he returned to California where he roomed with Glenn Ford and performed as an extra in a number of Hollywood films. Whirly Bird then became a commercial airline pilot for Western Air Express, then flew for American Airlines for thirty-three years.

The last four years of his career were spent flying servicemen and women as part of the Vietnam Airlift. Besides flying his favorite things were classical music, dancing to the big bands, playing the piano, and golf. But it is said that his greatest love was Mimi, who he looked at across the breakfast table for close to sixty years.

In the fall of 1988, there was a polar gathering at The Ohio State University, and quite a few Byrd men showed up to hear Peter Anderson give our annual Memorial Lecture, this one on Admiral Byrd. The late Al Lindsey also spoke on another evening about life on the 2nd Byrd Antarctic Expedition. There was a cocktail party reception on one of those evenings, and Whirly Bird walked in and was completely flabbergasted to see one of the wings from his plane which he had cracked up on the ice! He took it home with him, and is probably cutting quite a figure with it upstairs!

AN ANTARCTIC DEVOSAURIAN DEES. Edwin H. Colbert, an authority on paleontology who was formerly curator of the American Museum of Natural History in New York City, died on November 15th in Flagstaff, Arizona at age 96. In 1969 Ned was part of a field expedition to Antarctica that discovered and identified a 220 million-year-old fossil of a *Lystrosaurus*. Since *Lystrosaurus* was not a swimmer, the discovery lent evidence to the theory that the present-day continents must have been part of a large landmass or supercontinent that slowly separated over millions of years.

A NONAGENARIAN: PHIL LAW. Phil Law, Mr. Antarctic in Australia, had a banner year, one befitting a young man in his prime. To begin with, he still plays tennis thrice weekly, that is weekly, not weakly. And he fulfilled a life long dream and bought a sports car, a Toyota 2000 Celica coupe, in March he accepted the Clunies Ross National Award for lifetime contributions to science and technology. In October he saw himself unveiled at the Melbourne University Sports association. A well-known Australian sculptor by the name of Michael Meszaros had bronzed him, and this portrait will be hung in the foyer of the Sports Centre at the University. Sounds like Cooperstown's Hall of Fame. Then in November, the Victoria College of the Arts named a room in his honor. He had played a central role in the establishment of the College. In between showing up at these festivities and acting honorable, he was all over Australia; the highlight might have been a fortnight's tour of the six states of Australia in a 10-passenger Cessna. As the year ended, there was no confirmed sighting of him at his home.

CLOSURE. Our apologies to our president, Kristin Larson, whose popular column, PENGUIN PRATTLE, did not make this newsletter, as did several others of our own. Another newsletter will follow in two months, without book reviews!