



# THE ANTARCTICAN SOCIETY

ARCTIC INSTITUTE OF NORTH AMERICA  
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THE ANTARCTICAN SOCIETY  
HAS  
A TIGER BY ITS TAIL

RADM William "Mike" Benkert, USCG (Ret.)  
who officially is  
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- Dr. Laurence McKinley Gould, 1979

will speak to us on

ANTARCTICA: A SAILOR'S POINT OF VIEW

Board Room, Room 540  
National Science Foundation  
18th and G Streets, N.W.

Eight bells, 2000 hours, or plain 8 p.m.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 29, 1980

Don't miss the Ancient Mariner who served with the Coast Guard for 38 glorious years

\* \* \* \* \*

1980 Antarctic Calendars

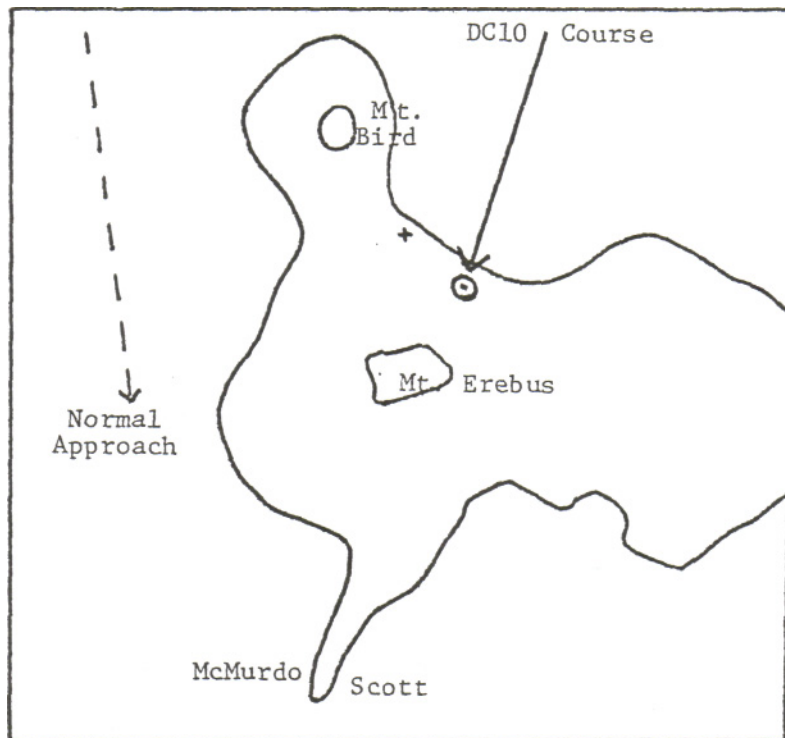
50th Anniversary Flight Cachets

ON SALE

This column does NOT in any way present any official position or thinking of the Antarctic Society on any of the subjects covered in this column. Bergy Bits is strictly the prejudiced voice of the candid president, with topics selected by himself. Much of this issue will present material relevant to the tragic air crash of the Air New Zealand tourist flight on 28 November 1979. We wish you to bear in mind throughout your reading that the final report resulting from ongoing investigations will not be completed for another three months, and then the OFFICIAL report will be submitted to the New Zealand Minister of Civil Aviation. However, we feel that our members would like to be updated as much as possible on the information which has been released to the media, and consequently we have devoted a large part of this issue to happenings on Black Wednesday.

How does one start a tale so sad as the one about the crash of the Air New Zealand DC10 tourist flight of 28 November 1979, the blackest day in the whole history of the white continent? I was one of the many Antarcticans who called Peter Mulgrew a personal friend (see Newsletter of September 1979). On board were the former director of the Atmospheric Science Laboratory at the White Sands Missile Range, Dr. Henry Thompson, and his wife. A polar climatologist from an American university, J. G. Houghton, who was spending his sabbatical at the University of Otago, was also among the unfortunates. I'm going to devote a lot of this issue to Peter Mulgrew. If your life was not enriched by knowing him personally, you should know something about this remarkable man who lived with so much gusto.

First of all, where was it? Well, the media refers to the crash scene as being on Mt. Erebus. I would prefer to say that it happened on the coast of Ross Island, on the lowermost slopes of Mt. Erebus. I have traced a sketch map which appeared in the Christchurch Press of December 13th, and I think this will give you as good an idea as any as to where it happened:



The aircraft was descending about 60 kilometers east of the normal track into McMurdo, which is shown above as a dotted line. Forty minutes behind the DC10 was a USAF Starlifter carrying the VIPs who were also bound for McMurdo prior to taking the Little America-South Pole Memorial Flight on the 29th. The late Admiral Byrd's grandson, Robert Breyer, was aboard that VIP flight and he was later quoted in a New Zealand newspaper to the effect that their pilot overheard the pilot of the DC10 saying that he was descending to 600 meters. The newspaper said the airline's minimum altitude was supposed to be above 1800 meters. The plane was supposed to be bound by V.F.R. (Visual Flight Rules) restrictions when descending over the region. Civil Aviation regulations require pilots flying under VFR to maintain specified horizontal and vertical distances from all clouds. Standard set for aircraft flying less than 3000 meters above sea level is a visibility of 5000 meters through an area "clear of cloud and in sight of water". The DC10 was travelling at about 650 kms/hour, which meant that barely .10 seconds had elapsed from the time the aircraft passed over the coast of Ross Island until it slammed onto the snow surface at an elevation of only 450 meters. There was a short warning to the pilot, as the last few seconds of the tape revealed that the automatic alert "Whoop! Whoop! Pull Up! Pull Up!" was activated by the ground proximity warning system. The alert 'was heard four times, and it is estimated to have lasted about six seconds. The crash occurred less than 2 kms from the coastline, on a slope of 20 degrees. There was a solid definition of the DC10 imprint on the snow, with both wings and the fuselage clearly depicted, showing the tremendous force of the impact. As the imprint included virtually the entire underside of the plane, it indicated that the aircraft was in a slightly nose-up situation as it struck the mountain slope. There was a 500 meter long trail (upslope) of debris from the accident, and the width extended 200 meters. The tail piece was catapulted to the far end of the trail, and was the biggest single piece of the plane. Another section which was recognizable was a wing tip, and a set of wheels was nearby. There is no way that any passengers could have humanly lived through the tremendous concussion experienced upon slamming into the snow.

The sketch map has a small "x" to the west of the crash site. Twelve minutes after the DC10 crash, a U.S. Navy helicopter, returning from a routine mission, was forced down there by bad weather. They landed within seven kms of the smoldering DC10 but never realized that the wrecked plane was nearby. The helicopter remained on the snow surface for 50 minutes waiting for a low cloud to clear. At the time of their takeoff, the crash site was still concealed beneath a cloud veil. There was a 10-hour delay in finding the wreckage as none of the DC10 five emergency locators was transmitting. There was good reason why four were not transmitting, as they have to be manually activated. The cockpit voice recorder contained two words said by the crew after the ground proximity warning system sounded seconds before the impact. The cockpit recorder and the flight data recorder are being analyzed by U.S. experts. The full transcript of the voice recorder will NOT be made public, as recorders are accepted by crews only as a flight safety aid. Occasionally extracts are published in final reports, but only when publication will make some contribution to flight safety. The accident investigation is now focusing on the aircraft navigational system. Studies so far have cleared the DC10 of any major problem.

The Christchurch Star of December 13th quoted a lawyer specializing in aviation crash damages claims as saying "potentially this will be the most complicated litigation in the last 10 years." Among the problems cited were 1) sovereignty of the crash area, 2) New Zealand no-fault accident compensation law which apparently rules out payments on behalf of victims, and 3) indication that New

Zealanders can't sue for damages, and U.S. law which allows actions to seek just compensation. Legally, as well as physically, the crash could scarcely have occurred in a worse place. Passengers were not covered by accident compensation after the plane was 12 nautical miles off the New Zealand coast. The crew was covered, Mulgrew was covered, as well as all journalists and photographers. American Express insures all card purchasers with \$75,000 under its own travel accident insurance scheme, and they have indicated that the dependents of the nine passengers who used their American Express Company cards will receive the stated amount. In a "believe it or not", when next-of-kin went to the parking lot at Auckland Airport to removed the deceased's cars, they had to pay \$2.00 a day for each day the car was in their lot. This computer age has no heart.

Let's flash back to October 15th's Christchurch Star. In bold headlines, at least an inch high, stood "Pole Overflight Airlines Likely to be Warned." The byline was from Washington, D.C. and the first sentence read "Air New Zealand and Qantas probably will be warned soon that an emergency landing in Antarctica would not get an adequate response." Eight days later, the same newspaper, the Christchurch Star, interviewed Bob Thomson, Superintendent of the Antarctic Division of the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research (and our October speaker) about Air New Zealand sightseeing day flights. Bob said, "There are no problems. The flight crews are in radio contact with the U.S. Navy at McMurdo and the nearby Williams Air Field. I think that people should have the chance to see something of the place. It's better for them to be in the air than walking about McMurdo. I think the chances of a mishap involving an aircraft are one in many millions." He probably wasn't the best person for the newspaper to ask as he was personally involved serving as one of the guides on Air New Zealand Antarctic tourist flights. Bob Miller was the guide on the first Air New Zealand flight this austral summer, followed by Ed Hillary on the November 14th flight, Bob Thomson on the November 21st flight, and then Peter Mulgrew on the ill-fated flight of November 28th.

This was Air New Zealand's 14th tourist flight to Antarctica. The first one was on February 15, 1977. They had one more that summer, and since have scheduled four a season. Fourteen hundred people have made the 12-hour journey which costs \$NZ359. The plane which crashed was one of Air New Zealand's newer DC10s, having been delivered on December 14, 1974. One thing which was hard for me to imagine was that the Antarctic flights were not equipped with special survival gear and that passengers all wore their own clothes from home. Qantas had an Antarctic tourist flight scheduled four days after the crash, and it was allowed to go. They did, however, outfit their passengers with polar gear. There was some un-happiness in New Zealand over this flight, particularly when the plane supposedly flew over the recovery site. The Qantas flight was a fund-raising venture by the Australian Boy Scout Association and was fully booked (over 300 passengers).

There are all kinds of sad stories connected with this crash. A 63 year-old manufacturer from Tauranga, Edward James Palmer, took his two sons and his son-in-law with him on the trip. Four wives waited in vain for their return. There was a 71 year-old hermit by the name of Watty Thompson, who mined gold in Central Otago and lived in a windowless, corrugated iron, kerosene-lit hut. The one thing in life which he always wanted to do was to visit the Antarctic, and a good friend paid his passage on a trip last year. He went but never saw anything as the continent was socked in with clouds and the pilot circled and came back. His good friend then bought him another ticket this year. He has yet to see Antarctica. Antarctica is certainly for all ages. The victims included an 85 year-old gentleman from Pakuranga, Alexander Plumber, and three young ladies of 82 (Myra Harty of Auckland), 78 (Mrs. Bryn Gibbs of Wellington) and 76 (Valgria Rawlins of Mount Hope).

The hostesses were all beauties, and one, Susan Marinovic, had spent most of the past year working diligently so that 230 disadvantaged children could fly to Disney World. A primary school teacher who was teaching a class on the Antarctic, Christine Margaret Nicholson, went on the trip just to get some additional knowledge about Antarctica. A former rugby wing great, David Balmer of Auckland, was aboard. Three people who thought they were lucky as a result of winning raffle tickets found out they were actually losers: Mr. and Mrs. Frank Kerr of Auckland and Constance Trevor Maskelyne of New Plymouth. The plane carried 180 New Zealanders, 24 Japanese, 22 Americans, six British, two Canadians, and one each from Switzerland, France, and Australia. Only 92 bodies were identifiable. It was the fourth worst air disaster in history, the very worst disaster in the whole history of New Zealand, which included a great earthquake disaster.

Now, if you will please bear with me, I would like to tell you about Peter Mulgrew. Like nearly all of you, my first word about the crash came early on the morning of the 28th. Later at work, a man walked over to my cubicle and said that he had just heard over NBC news the guide's name and that it began with an "M". I got a sickening feeling in the pit of my stomach, as I knew it had to be Peter. I called up NBC in Washington to find out if it were so. They denied it, saying their release, was inaccurate. But the afternoon paper confirmed that Peter was the guide. I knew Peter well, as he stayed with us at the South Pole from the date he arrived with Ed Hillary, January 4, 1958, until the last plane left the Pole that summer on January 26, 1958. He was a very outgoing sort of a chap, and he drank tons of our coffee during those three and a half weeks. My journal is full of notations about Peter. I also should hasten to add that he volunteered for the worst job in camp, permanent KP on pots and pans for the duration of his stay. That tells you a lot about the man.

Peter thrived on action, and he turned to the Navy after graduating from Lower Hutt Memorial Technical College. Later he was also to graduate from the Royal Naval College in Greenwich. He became one of Ed Hillary's most trusted mountaineers and closest friends. These two swashbuckling comrades truly led lives of high adventure until fate cruelly struck both of them down in the 1960's. While both were in their active prime, they came to the Antarctic in 1957 and wintered over at Scott Base that year. While at Scott, prior to the onset of the winter season, Peter, Harry Ayres - a famed New Zealand mountaineer who taught Hillary how to climb mountains which seemed to be forever getting into his way of life, Murray Ellis - another fine Kiwi mountaineer and one hell of a nice guy, and Jim Bates took a trip to Cape Crozier. Imagine the fun these good friends must have had repeating the epic trip that Cherry-Garrard immortalized in his "The Worst Journey in the World". Later on Peter, Murray, and Jim were to go on a much longer oversnow trek, accompanying Ed Hillary to the Pole. While at the Pole, I taped Peter's feelings about being at Cape Crozier. They had found one of the sledges left by the earlier party, even found some of Dr. Wilson's drawing pencils. Peter said that the things left behind were in such fantastically good shape that it gave him an eerie feeling, and he turned to Murray and said, "Murray, I have this very strange feeling that Dr. Wilson, Cherry-Garrard, or Birdie Bowers might walk up this slope at any moment and tap me on my shoulder." And Murray answered, "You know, Peter, it would not surprise me either, as I have the very same feeling". For those of you who have been to the Antarctic Museum in Canterbury Museum in Christchurch, you may recall having seen some of the things which they brought back from Cape Crozier.

Peter was reunited with Ed Hillary shortly after the IGY when he went to the Himalayas with him in 1961 on the Anglo-New Zealand Mountain Expedition. Peter was climbing Mt. Makalu (a giant of a mountain at 27,824 feet which lies adjacent to

King Everest), and he started to suffer pulmonary edema at about 21,000 feet. He was climbing with an American when he finally collapsed within 120 meters of the summit, suffering severely from thrombosis and crippling frostbite. Both legs had to be amputated below the knees and he also lost several fingers. So goodbye to his beloved Himalayas. Hell no, just an interlude while he got used to his new legs. He was back with Ed Hillary in 1964 on the Himalayan Schoolroom Expedition to build school houses in the highest mountain village. Two years later he went back again with Ed on the Himalayan Hospital Expedition of 1966. He was voted one of the outstanding young men of New Zealand by the Jaycees in the early 1960's. He went into business, and occupied top executive positions with several New Zealand companies. At the time of his death, he was Managing Director for the large American company, W. R. Grace, Ltd. in Wellington, and he served on the Board of Directors of AHI Aluminum, L. J. Fisher and Company, Fisher Windows Ltd., and Hylock Company. Then there was yachting to be tried after he lost his legs, and he became one of the very best. He was the New Zealand representative in the World One Ton Yachting Championships off Sydney in 1972. The following year he went on a yachting expedition to Cape Horn. Peter has authored several books: NO PLACE FOR MEN, GENTLEMAN'S MAGELLAN, and I HOLD THE HEIGHTS. What a guy! He remained slim and in great shape throughout his life. We had hoped to have him as a Society speaker sometime this year as he wrote me last summer that he would be coming to New York City this winter and would be getting in touch with me. His last breath was almost spent in his best element - a snow mountain environment. The bad part was the timing, as he was only 52 and had just started to live, and the fact that Peter went on the lower slopes. He was no one for the lower slopes, he was a Summit Man. He had many dear friends in this country, and was a national hero in his homeland. I guess there is not much more to say, Peter. I feel honored for having known you for ever so short a time, you were truly a great bloke, a real achiever, and an inspiration to both the handicapped and the fittest. We are sure going to miss you, fella, but the good guys will be catching up with you later. But one thing, Peter, I don't think that you should tell Scott, Shackleton, Mawson, and Amundsen that you were in a big steel bird that held 257 people and that you all ran smack into Erebus at some godawful speed. Let them think of Erebus as tall, majestic, beautiful, pure, a welcoming beacon to all arriving in Antarctica. And when Scott asks about Siberian ponies, tell him that they now have learned how to survive on snow, that they are all over the Ross Ice Shelf, and that some even walk up a pony trail on the Beardmore to graze on the Polar Plateau. And if Amundsen asks whether people are still sledging with dogs tell him, "They sure are, Roald. They tried mechanized vehicles once, but they were an utter failure. And then just a few years ago the United Nations outlawed all vehicles on the ice." And when you see Sir Hubert, don't tell him that the place is overrun with women. You know Sir Hubert never got married until he was 40 when he tied the knot with that Ziegfield Follies queen, and that wasn't exactly his greatest polar connection. Tell them the good stuff, how there is an International Peace Treaty, how many nations pool their scientific talent to complete large studies, and for a lark, tell them that we still have oddballs who think the West Antarctic Ice Sheet may go surging towards the Ross Sea. You have a lot to tell them, Peter, but at least now you have time on your side.

What happened to the VIP flight? They got into McMurdo all right that afternoon, and waited with all other hands for word about the overdue, unheard-from plane. Finally, early on the 29th the plane had been found, and it had been determined that there could not have been any survivors. They all went to bed, and when

A MOMENTO OF HISTORIC EVENT - BUY A CACHET

they awoke Larry Gould said something to the effect that this was no place for them to be when so much important recovery work had to be done. He proposed returning to New Zealand to allow the camp personnel to get on with their work. However, a Congressman overruled Larry and said he thought it best, since they were already at McMurdo, to complete their mission by having a quick flight to the Pole and then return to New Zealand. Larry never went on the flight as he "had not left anything at the Pole." The rest flew to the Pole on the 30th but they did not re-fly the old flight path from the Bay of Whales; instead they went via the Beardmore Glacier International Highway. They were only at the station for a short cup of coffee, but in the few minutes they were there, Senator Harry Byrd endeared himself to camp personnel by his warmth and friendliness. It was a return for the late Admiral's grandson, Bob Breyer, as he had been in charge of the construction party which helped to build the current South Pole station. I have no idea how Norman Vaughan enjoyed the trip. Every interview with Norman in the New Zealand papers was about his current dog sledging activities in Alaska, and his Antarctic involvement was masked. The plane flew back to McMurdo, picked up Larry, and returned to New Zealand. I thought about getting Larry to give us his impressions of it all, but then I thought this gentleman deserved to be left alone with his family over the holiday season.

I imagine most of you saw Larry on Uncle Walter's evening CBS news broadcast that fateful week. CBS sent a three-man crew to the Antarctic, and they captured Ed Todd and Larry Gould at the museum in Christchurch (if my information source is correct). I thought Dr. Todd had blown it for sure when he was telling the taxpayers how they were spending some fifty million dollars a year at the end of the world, telling the people in Peoria that what they were getting for this kind of money was information on what the surface of the ground looked like beneath some of those glaciers. But then they interviewed Larry and asked him if it were important to find out those kinds of things. I thought Larry was going to leap right out of his parka and go for that guy's jugular vein, right there in front of millions of evening news watchers. But he restrained himself at the last second, bristled back smartly with something out of Cherry-Garrard to the effect "when men lose their scientific curiosity for finding out the kind of information being learned in the Antarctic, he ceases to be man." At that time I was in the Executive Office Headquarters of the Antarctic Society (another name for Ruth Siple's dining room table) and we gave you a rousing S.O. for that, Larry. How do you ever get so smart so young? And let me tell you, Larry, you looked your true age that night, a youthful 28 years. Larry Gould is going to have to live eternally, as there is just no voice like his who will tell it as it is. I like guys who don't cop out, and we have a lot of "copper-outers" in the Antarctic. You can easily recognize them as they will tell you that women are the greatest thing to ever happen to the Antarctic! But from Larry you will get the truth. I like a statement that he gave the New Zealand press to the effect that he hopes "they never find any resources in the Antarctic which are worth a nickel" as he wants the continent preserved as it is. Sir Hubert actually carried this theme one step further in a much saltier farewell statement to the departing IGY scientists at Davisville, Rhode Island, in mid-October 1956, when he pleaded with the men to preserve the purity of crevasses!

There were some fine ceremonies commemorating the 50th anniversary of Byrd's flight over the South Pole. Peter Anderson of the Institute of Polar Studies was our Commemorative Lecturer, and he did an outstanding job. He presented a most scholarly professional discourse on Admiral Byrd. We taped it for posterity, and I am sure

CACHET OF 50th ANNIVERSARY OF FIRST POLE FLIGHT (see page 15)

that other historians of the Antarctic will find it of great interest. It was ironical that at the same time the Washingtonians were filing into the commemorative meeting, the plane was crashing on Ross Island. We had several out-of-town members, including Constance Swan from Boston who comes down for quite a few of our meetings. She even stopped off in New York two nights later to attend the American Polar Society meeting commemorating the historic flight. Our heartiest congratulations to Dick Black on becoming the most recent honorary member of the American Polar Society. He was formally inducted at the New York meeting. Ruth Siple went along just to be sure that it was all done with the proper aplomb.

An excellent meeting was arranged by the Winchester-Frederick County (Virginia) Historical Society on November 15, 1979. A formal dinner at the local country club preceded the large program at Handley High School. Larry Gould was the Star of the Show, and he did not disappoint anyone. Like the true superstar that he is, he can always reach down into his rich repertoire of proper things to say at the proper time, and this was no exception. After being the glamour boy/honored guest during a long cocktail hour, sitting through a lengthy dinner in which he was sandwiched between two dowagers from the landed gentry of Virginia horse country, listening to several speeches from others on the platform, Larry hopped up to the podium like a six year-old coming out of a cold shower and said, "It certainly gives me a nice warm feeling to be here tonight in the company of such a lovely flock of Byrds." If he didn't own the house before, he did then. I thought he was great last spring as our Memorial Lecturer, and he was, but he even outdid himself on this night. It was all about Little America and Admiral Byrd, and the night ended much too early. Wouldn't you love to take the clock away from Larry and just turn him loose? Dick Black gave a very touching talk on his last visit to Admiral Byrd - (Dick was one of fourteen selected to visit the Admiral a month before he died, and he vividly recalled this intimate visit. Admiral Arleigh Burke led the group to Boston, knowing this would no doubt be the last time any of them would ever see Admiral Byrd alive. At the time he was down to some 80 pounds. It would be good to have Dick put all of this onto paper.) Both Byrd daughters were there, as well as one of the grandsons and a granddaughter. Senator Byrd was a late arrival, but he still had time for a speech. The Senator said he hated the cold, but it was obvious that he would not be giving up his seat on the VIP flight to the Antarctic which left a week later! After the meeting, the Senator pressed skin while Larry signed autographs. The U.S. Navy Band was there for pre-meeting listening and enjoyment. It was taped for local televising and we hope to get a copy of the tape. Coming back to town, I had my beautiful 1962 Ford under full control at 50 mph when the Senator and his Cadillac went by in overdrive. I often wondered how fast senators drove at night in their home territory. I still don't know!

Senator Harry Byrd has a daughter who is a well known international photographer by the name of Beverley Byrd Greenhalgh, and she was in New Zealand "shooting" (she has a book of photographs coming out on the Dunedin area) at the time her father was going to the South Pole on the VIP flight. She was working at a beach location near Wellington when an elderly fisherman came along and told her about the plane crash in Antarctica. She identified herself, and told of her father being Admiral Byrd's nephew and that he was in Antarctica. The fisherman told her that he had been a member of the crew on two of the Admiral's ships, the CITY OF NEW YORK and the ELEANOR BOLLING. Then he helped her find out the details about the crash. Small world, isn't it? Ed Roos was on the CITY OF NEW YORK. Do you know who the fellow might have been, Ed?

ANTARCTICA IN COLOR - BUY A CALENDAR (see page 15)



One of the great young Antarcticans, Epaminondas James "Pete" Demas, a native-born of Allisos, Greece, passed away at age 74 on November 17, 1979 in Granada Hills, California. Without a doubt Pete was the most well-known and best loved Grecian Antarctic. He was a victim of hepatitis (and other complications). However, the serious nature of his illness was not known to his family until seventeen days before he died. So the short-on-stature, high-on-polar-achievement "Byrd man" did not suffer for long. And there was no one who wore the designation of "Byrd man" more proudly, as he was always a staunch loyalist of the late Admiral. He was only 11 when he came to the States, and was a graduate of McKinley Tech High School in Washington, D.C. As a high school student he had soloed in a Curtis Jenny, and was smitten by aviation. He accompanied Commander Byrd on his North Pole Expedition in 1926, and the next year was with Byrd as he prepared for his Trans-Atlantic flight in 1927. And, of course, he went south with him on both the 1928-30 and the 1933-35 expeditions. Somehow or other, between and around expeditions, he achieved a boyhood dream of going to college. He was a graduate of New York University and also attended M.I.T.

The news on Mary Alice McWhinnie is anything but good, and the family is prepared for the worst. Ruth talked to her sister, Vivina Ortner, on New Year's Day. Plans were to move Mary Alice on January 4th from the rehabilitation hospital into a convalescent hospital. Father John R. Cortelyou, C.M., president of DePaul University, goes to the hospital twice a day to see Mary Alice, and her sister goes every day to give her lunch. She said that Mary Alice has not really communicated with them since last September. It has been particularly hard on Father Cortelyou as she used to help him so much with university work. Vivina said that Mary Alice "needs medical help like you would not believe." It is going to take a near miracle to turn things around now. Please remember her in your prayers.

Richard Konter, who at age 97 was the oldest living member of any of the Byrd expeditions (he was a member of the crew of the CITY OF NEW YORK), passed away in August. You know, there is still one surviving member of Scott's 1910 expedition, Bill Burton of Richmond, New Zealand. He was a member of the crew on the TERRA NOVA. He was not a volunteer, as he joined the Navy at age 19 and later found himself assigned to the ship - much to his great pleasure. He lives alone with his dog, and is my kind of a man - still uses a hand pusher for a lawn mower, the only manly way to do it.

There was a short article in one of the Christchurch newspapers stating that the bodies of Scott's ill-fated party returning from the South Pole are about to be committed to the sea. They perished some 125 kms from the barrier edge, and some scientists (unnamed) have figured that it is about time the ice entombing them would have reached the stage of breaking off. If so, they were silent residents on the Ross Ice Shelf for 67 years.

I'm anxious to read the new book on Scott and Amundsen which has created such a storm in the U.K. I saw and read serializations from the book in a Christchurch newspaper and found it most interesting. I used to work alongside the late Sir Hubert Wilkins, and enjoyed listening to him talk about the old boys. The book evidently substantiates some of the things which Sir Hubert used to say about Scott's abilities. The serialization which I read quoted several times from letters from both Lawrence Oates and Apsley Cherry-Garrard. Both men were from the landed gentry and both paid a thousand pounds to Scott to go on the expedition. Both were well educated, Oates being a graduate of Eton, Cherry-Garrard from Oxford. Oates was an officer in the Inniskilling Dragoons, played polo, went shooting, rode point

ALL ENGLISH LEATHER MEN NEED SHOULDER PATCHES

to point, kept a yacht and a racehorse or two. He evidently had a miserable time as he wrote, "I dislike Scott intensely and would chuck the whole thing if it were not that we are the British Expedition and must beat the Norwegian." He said that Scott was the most absent-minded person he had ever met. I knew that Cherry-Garrard was a man of great means as I recall Sir Hubert saying he wanted to do one thing of significance in his life, and decided that it would be going to the ice with Scott. If he were a young man today, wonder what his choice would be - maybe a trip into space or, even better, a year-round residence on one of those beaches on the French Riviera. The book tells about Cherry-Garrard taking a team of dogs and going out to meet Scott returning from the Pole. Amazement was expressed that Cherry-Garrard actually ever got there, as it said that he was totally unfamiliar with dogs, that he himself was a fish-out-of-water in the Antarctic. Scott's son, Sir Peter, was trying to prevent the book from being published by Hodder and Stoughton. It was to sell at about \$NZ41.95. That is only about the price of two tankfuls of gas at your friendly corner service station.

An Antarctic-bound Russian ship, the 9243-ton OLENEK, came out second-best when it collided with a sister Russian ship, the 22,632-ton tanker GENERAL SHKODUNOVICH, on October 31, 1979. This happened in the Green Belt between Zealand and Fyn, Denmark's two largest islands, in the main passageway from the Baltic Sea to the North Sea. The Antarctic ship was off course, being to the port rather than the starboard side. It caught fire after the collision and was a total loss. First report showed one dead, four missing, two seriously burned, four others less seriously burned, with 94 rescued. However, I believe I read in a Portland, Maine paper that two had died in the fire.

And then the good ship LOLLIPOP, pardon me, the Lindblad EXPLORER, ran aground on Anvers Island on Christmas Day. There were conflicting stories about how much or how little damage was done, depending on who was being quoted. They must have been singing Christmas carols too loud as it either "ran aground or hit an unknown object" according to my not-so-favorite Washington Post. The same paper published this, "...positioned 10 miles north of Paradise Bay in the Palmer Peninsula, Antarctica about 150 miles away from America's Palmer Coast Guard station in Grahamland, Antarctica." Where did that ever come from? Buckingham Palace? The cruise ship had been hired by a Japanese film crew to make a science fiction movie. The so-called actors who were aboard were Glen Ford, George Kennedy, and the former Boston Celtic basketballteer and Brooklyn Dodgers baseball hopeful, Chuck Connors. However, they had all left the ship before the accident. The Chilean Navy transport PILOTO PARDO took 108 people off the tourist ship which had not run aground since February 11, 1972. The crew of 54 waited on the slightly listing, five degrees, ship until the Russian ocean-going tug URAGAN came along and pulled it free and took it to nearby King George Island for temporary repairs on its hull. We expect to have the president of Lindblad Travel, Inc., Lars-Eric Lindblad, as our speaker on March 11th - or at least he was to be, prior to this paragraph - and he can tell us all about their navigational expertise in Antarctic waters! Our Society speakers seem to be jinxed, as Mary Alice was stricken ill within a year, Bob Thomson had to organize and direct the recovery operations on Ross Island within two months, and now Lars-Eric Lindblad will have to follow his ship's misadventure.

The United States is the Red Cross of the Antarctic. There was another mercy flight across the continent this austral summer, when a C-130 with a crew of nine flew non-stop from McMurdo to Molodezhnaya (3829 kilometers, 7½ hours) in early November to evacuate to New Zealand a Russian scientist who had cancer. The Rus-

sians had no aircraft capable of making the flight, so Uncle Sam did it again. Accompanying the stricken scientist, Vilally Khazarin of Leningrad, was a Russian doctor, a Russian nurse, and a Russian interpolator. On the way to Christchurch, they landed to refuel at the South Pole and McMurdo, completing the flight in Christchurch within a 24-hour elapsed period. Way to go, Navy! This is the second year in a row in which they had to make a mercy flight to Molodezhnaya. It was estimated that last year's flight cost \$23,000. But it is my understanding that once we figure up the bill, we tear it up and put it in the circular file. Our Ambassador to New Zealand has told the press there will be no charges involved in supporting the Ross Island rescue operation in connection with the DC10 tragedy. The operations were considerably speeded up by the fact that we have helicopters at McMurdo and there are none at Scott.

Bud Waite dropped us another long letter. Bud is an interesting old devil, claiming to be 78-years old, admitting to 16 grandchildren and 8 great-grandchildren. I don't think Bud has missed much in life, he has lived with gusto, and if he did miss anything it must have been when he was asleep. But he wants me to correct the printed record in some things which I wrote last year. So the floor is yours, Bud:

"The Fordson reached only 67 miles in the 1928-30 Expedition, not 100. When Harold June and I made the first successful tractor trip in Antarctic history, in January 1934, we found the Fordson, dug it out (buried five years). Ours, unlike Shackleton's and Scott's, or Byrd I, was the first tractor to RETURN to base under its own power. I then made every major tractor trip, but two, until 1956, when Bursey made the Byrd Station joke. They had to walk home! He was dog-driver!!!!

Bud had some comments on that Rockefeller Fokker:

"They had staked the plane down on 20 foot thick solid clear ice (transparent ice from meltwater run down off the western slopes of the Rocks, but no where any mountain) and that during the night the wind came up high enough to pick the plane up and fly it backwards with nobody in it about 100 yards. When I saw it five years later, it was still undrifted. Bramhall, Morgan, Demas, Joe Hill, and I photoed it and studied it carefully in January 1935 on our return from the longest exploratory tractor trip ever made (815 miles) and found the remains of the tie-down stakes etc but all three propellers blades were bent 180 degrees at their ends. That engine had been going full speed when it hit and at 50 below that engine wasn't about to turn that fast with the wind blowing on it. No! They had nosed over, when they landed!"

Bud also wrote about

"the three rescue trips that ended with Byrd's safety, staying there with him in a 9'x 13' shack for two months and four days with the temperature at 35 below on the floor alla time. Guy Hutcheson also made one tractor trip in 1934-35. Also for the record, the first rescue attempt was 81 hours at 72 below without eating or sleeping, with all but the driver outdoors walking or on the roof all that time, in pitch darkness, and one severe, long blizzard also. This is the coldest trip in history, barring even Cherry-Garrard. Winds to 70 mph in cotton tents, etc ... Someday I'll write the facts ... Got 'em started already."

The above is only a smattering of what Bud had to say or write. I would rather quote him than try and translate it, though. I certainly appreciate him keeping

HELP BAIL THE SOCIETY OUT - BUY A CACHET

me honest. I feel a little bit akin to old Bud, as his lecturing on the Antarctic in Thomas ton, Maine on a cold winter night back in 1935 helped flame my desires to visit the continent. Bud has volunteered to be a reviewer of Finn Ronne's new book. This will probably be one of the most interesting reviews ever written for mankind. I suppose we could have found a local reviewer, as Dick Black lives right here in the Washington area! Maybe we should have two or three reviews. If any of you other good old boys want to write your review, send them on in. We might even give the winner of the best review an honorary membership in the Society for the upcoming year! Promises, promises, promises!

A Christchurch newspaper had an article which said that there would be seventy, yes, 70, women from New Zealand and the United States at Scott and McMurdo stations this summer. I can't believe it. What ever happened to the good old days? They quoted an Ensign in our Navy, one Kris Chase, as saying, "Part of my work is to make the time fly this summer for people working in McMurdo. I'm involved in morale welfare and recreation." On top of that, she has a staff of three full-time military personnel. I thought people were still willing to give an arm or a leg, and work 20 hours a day, just for the opportunity of going to the ice. Now they have to be entertained, if not coddled. Ensign Chase has suggested that softball be played in the Antarctic. You mean that our government actually pays people to come up with such great ideas? I think I could come up with a better idea about how fewer women could make more men a whole lot happier, but I don't think I could get it by the Board of Chaplains.

There is a new record for the South Pole. It isn't exactly a station record, being more of a personal achievement. But as you all know, there was a female doctor at the station during the past year. That alone was history-making, as she became the first female pole sitter to winter over at either Pole. But she also became the first and only bona fide female member of the 300 Club. As I understand it, one has to undergo in the altogethger a temperature difference of 300 Fahrenheit degrees, with one of the temperatures being at least -100°F. To make it official one has to tiptoe through the sastrugi patch and remain outside in the buff for at least one full minute, and it has to be authenticated by a photograph. What Paul Siple used to do in the interest of science, determining when stouthearted men froze their extremities in the interest of refining the windchill monogram, is now not only done by men but also by a woman as a routine lark. And who says nothing ever changes?

And how about this, from the Australian Bulletin, No. 79, d/December 17, 1979? There is this 35 year-old adventurer by the name of Hans Tholstrup who is planning on crossing Antarctica next year ON WHEELS. He is going to lead a team of volunteers - Bud Waite, you must have one more trip left in your bones - driving three four-wheel-drive vehicles across the continent. They will be using "a new range of diesel, petrol and liquid petroleum gas-powered Datsun light commercial vehicles", and they think they are going to make the trip in a week.

One of the joys of Christmas is receiving another beautiful color photo card of some beautiful glacier from Bill Field. I was thinking the other day that if there were such a society as the Friends of Glaciers and if they ever held an election, Bill would win in a landslide -?- the title of King of the Good Guys. I could never figure out what such a nice guy as Bill was doing in New York City!

We had a real nice letter from Ron Thoreson, currently with the Department of Interior, National Park Service. It must have been typed by his secretary, as there

ANTARCTIC CALENDARS - GREAT GIFTS

are full sentences, even paragraphs, and no misspellings. Bud Waite, please take note! Ron managed the Bio-Lab at McMurdo during Operation Deepfreeze '70, and like all the rest of us is looking for that secret potion which will deliver us back onto the ice. He loved the winter, and even wrote glowingly of the summer when a labyrinthodont fossil was found near Coal Sack Bluff (different people, different strokes, eh what?) and how a group of guys looking like they were from space showed up in tennis shoes wearing baseball caps and claimed they were from NASA. One said his name was David Scott, and they immediately wrote his name off as a non-achiever! Now Ron is a park ranger naturalist at Yellowstone, but let him tell you in his own inimitable way where his heart lies. "My memory is often jogged back to those earlier 'Mickey Mouse boot' days, even here in an environment influenced by the forces of heat and steam rather than cold. This is particularly true when the sun is low and glinting mica-like off a white expanse of geysers in one of the thermal basins. Hissing steam and fantastic sculpted mounds of mineral that form vents and hot springs add to the otherworldly feeling. It's a common impression with one that I've had before and I can almost imagine myself standing on the sea ice again, looking across the frozen Sound towards peaks covered by the orange glow of midnight." Man, you should be in here writing the Newsletters rather than out there running around in a Landrover and having a ball in the National Park Service. Want to switch?? Sorry we left your name off the wintering-over men and women of McMurdo.

There is a REAL newsletter being published, the Biomass Newsletter. Our old friend of yore, Sayed El-Sayed, is evidently Mr. Big with this newsletter. He sent me a copy of Volume 1, Number 2, dated 20 September 1979, and it comes resplendent with a beautiful logo up in the corner. It is ten pages long, and one thing is immediately discernible, it pays to be into biomass. They meet in such exotic places as Buenos Aires, Horten (Norway), Hamburg, Krakow, Pretoria, Kiel, Cambridge (UK), and Woods Hole. I learned too late in the educational chain that oceanographers do it best. They cruise in the Mediterranean in the summer, in the Caribbean during the winter. Ever see the cruise trail of a WHOI ship in the arctic in winter? They know better. What do climatologists do, they go to Geneva in February. They never learn.

We are late in offering our congratulations to J. Murray Mitchell of our Society (and 1978 Memorial Lecturer) on his receiving the second highest honor given by the American Meteorological Organization, the Second Half Century Award, "for his broad fundamental contributions to the study of climate and climate change, ranging in scope from ice ages to the effects of urbanization." This evidently means that what he has accomplished in the first two-thirds of the second half of this century is so outstanding that it cannot be eclipsed, and that now he can rest on his laurels. That's great, Murray. He also has some precious medals at home, as the Department of Commerce awarded him their Silver Medal in 1964 and upgraded it with the presentation of their Gold Medal in 1973. But this soft-spoken choir boy from McLean's most valued possessions are a lovely wife and a beautiful family. There is also a large friendly dog who has no great achievements to date although he may be keeping them to himself.

Here's a name out of the past - John Annexstad. He did not know we existed and we had forgotten all about him. He spent 1958 with Charlie Bentley at Byrd, and ran the geomagnetic program for the good old Coast and Idiotic Survey (as it was affectionately called in those halcyon days). Then he got mixed up with those sourdoughs in Alaska, such as Troy Pewe, Bucky Wilson, John Dawson, Bob Benson, and others. John is now in Texas at the Johnson Space Center in Houston where he

SHOULDER PATCHES - THEY ARE GREAT

is Associate Curator of lunar samples. He vehemently disclaims that he has lost any of the moon rocks. But his new love is meteorites, and this has taken him back to the ice this summer where he will spend 60-80 days completing a survey of the Allan Hills. He will also be taking a recon traverse north along the mountains to explore a new site for future meteorite hunts. Isn't it remarkable what Uncle Sam will fund? All you have to do is to establish your own little bailiwick, work quietly along, not create any waves, and get those interim reports in on time!

Helen Gerasimou retired? How will DPP ever survive? When Helen came aboard all the telephone numbers - they were two digit numbers back in those days - for the National Science Foundation were listed on one sheet of paper. The total contract grant program for NSF was \$40,000. This must have been back in the Garfield administration. Her career actually started in the Pentagon, where her annual salary was less than a thousand dollars - and she banked twenty greenbacks a month. She was polarized some nineteen years ago. The only men who have survived her are grey beards Mort Turner and Ken Moulton. They gave her a great party at NSF. I never saw such a crowd. Either Helen has a hell of a lot of friends, people in NFS love a party, or they wanted to be sure that Helen did actually retire! A portfolio of cartoons depicting some of the more outstanding highlights in her career brought the house down. They even composed three different songs dedicated to Helen, and had a strong vocal group from the hallowed halls to lead the singing. She is heading off to the tall cactus country, leaving here the first of March and her first landing will be a bend in the road north of Phoenix in some such place as Wickenburg. It is not considered a USARP stronghold, and Helen thinks it will be a great place to live.

There has been a certain problem in writing up material on our next speaker. The real good stuff could not be put into this family publication. But I did not want to let him get away completely unscathed, so I wrote something and sent a copy to his office. I got a call two days later from Mike and he asked me if I ever got his bio. I had to admit I did. What I didn't have the nerve to tell him was that his bio was just as deadly as all the rest of them. Mike merits a few considerations, so we will quote from his colorless bio! He headed the U.S. Delegation to the Inter-Governmental Maritime Consultative Organization (IMCO) conferences resulting in the 1973 International Convention for the Prevention of Pollution from Ships, the 1974 Safety of Life at Sea (SOLAS) Convention, the 1978 Convention on Standards of Training, Certification and Watchkeeping for Seafarers. He also led the U.S. Delegation to the IMCO Maritime Safety Committee. He currently serves on the National Academy of Sciences Maritime Transportation Research Board. He is president of the American Institute of Merchant Shipping (AIMS), which represents 28 companies, which own and operate over 200 American-flag tank, bulk, chemical and liquefied gas carriers. Now let me tell you the real good stuff about this fellow who spent several years as captain of the ice breaker EASTWIND, both in the Arctic and in the Antarctic, where he circumnavigated the continent. I knew him when we both were considerably younger, when he was the Exec on the USCG COOS BAY. At that time he had the quickest left hook and right upper cross in the services, and he could usually find enough occasions when the cutter went into port to keep both tuned to a fine edge. When Mike went down that gangplank, he had only one thing in mind - to have a good time. He considered time precious, something not to be wasted. If there was any action around, he was bound to find it; if there was no action, he was sure to create it. He was dearly loved by his men, was always a champion of the enlisted man. Probably no admiral in history ever had more seaman blood in his veins; his topic selection, "Antarctica: A Sailor's Point of View" is ever so characteristic of the man. Don't miss the Ancient Mariner who served with the Coast Guard for thirty-eight glorious years.

Order form for following Antarctic items:

- |                                  |                  |             |          |
|----------------------------------|------------------|-------------|----------|
| #1. 1980 Calendars               | _____            | \$4.00 each | \$ _____ |
|                                  | No.              |             |          |
| #2. Byrd 1929 Flight Anniversary | _____            | \$1.00 each | \$ _____ |
| Note Paper                       | No.              |             |          |
|                                  | (Set of 6) _____ | \$5.00 set  | \$ _____ |
|                                  | Sets             |             |          |
| #3. Antarctic Cachets            |                  |             |          |
| (Cancelled at South Pole         |                  |             |          |
| November 29, 1979)               |                  | \$2.00 each | \$ _____ |
|                                  | No.              |             |          |
| #4. Shoulder Patches             |                  |             |          |
| (First flight over S. Pole       |                  |             |          |
| November 29, 1929)               |                  | \$2.25 each | \$ _____ |

Total of enclosed check: \$ \_\_\_\_\_

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NAME \_\_\_\_\_ (Please print)

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MAILING ADDRESS

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Our sales program is sputtering, but you people have been most-tolerant and haven't bugged us. Ruth and I run sort of a Ma and Pa shop here, we both have regular jobs there was something called Christmas followed by a New Year which interrupted thing: Then calendars were late coming off the press in New Zealand, we under-ordered on shoulder patches, we over-estimated on cachets, and we have almost been driven to drink. Here is where we are today:

Note Paper. We had 200 and are down to 47. We limited orders in our last Newsletter, but now will sell out - first come, first served.

Cachets. We had 481 good ones, and have 366 left. However, we have not yet sold to local members at a meeting. But presumably we have plenty for any member of the Society. No restrictions. They are a collector item, and how often does one commemorate the 50th anniversary of the first flight over the South Pole?

Calendars. They are here now, and we expect mailing tubes momentarily. We have about 75 which are not spoken for, so if you want one for your in-laws, your butcher, your gasoline dealer, or someone who might possibly help you in 1980, send us an order. They are quite nice, good color, with interesting tidbits about happenings on special Antarctic days.

Shoulder Patches. We have had to reorder as we got only 100 initially. These patches are beautiful and of fine quality. We had to pay a whole lot more for the reorder, so our price is up a trifle - \$2.25. They should be in our hands by the end of February.

Membership Dues

Some members are slow in paying their dues, so thought I would list those who haven't, as of early January, sent in dues for the current year. If there is a number behind your name, it shows the number of years you owe. We have axed quite a few delinquents, and those with multiple years can expect it to fall on them unless they ante up. We may be non-profit, but that doesn't mean we have to be charitable, too.

Abbot	Chappell	Hahn (3)	Paige
Alberts	Clark, Robert		Pomerantz (3)
Allen, Kerry	Cooke	Hoop (2)	
Anderson,	Court	Humphrey	Radspinner
Dwayne	Dale	Kennedy	Rinehart
Bab in	DeGoes	Kuhn	Rofen
Bennett, Hugh	Deroche	Kuivinen	Salazar
Benson	Dodd	Lettau	Schirmacher
Blanchard	Drummond	Llano	Shapley
Boyd (3)	Edwards	Lyddan	Southard
Britten	Ege	Miller, Richard	Sparkman
Brown, Jane	Everett	Muldoon	Tuck
Brown, Kenneth	Frantz	Murphy	Zohn
Bubier	Goodman	Nickens	
Busky	Green	Nottage	
Chapman			

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ANTARCTICAN SOCIETY, c/o AINA, 3426 N. Washington Blvd., Arlington, VA 22201

New Members - Initiation Fee - \$2.00 + Dues  
 1979-80 Dues - Greater Washington (50 miles) - \$5.00 Others - \$4.00

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NAME (Please Print)

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ADDRESS

1976-77      1977-78      1978-79  
 1979-80

Amount enclosed

(Last year you paid is circled)

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My Antarctic interests/background are

Wintered-over and years

Summer trips and years

Comments on how to improve the Society and/or its Newsletters

Signature