



THE ANTARCTIC SOCIETY

905 NORTH JACKSONVILLE STREET
ARLINGTON, VIRGINIA 22205

HONORARY PRESIDENT — MRS. PAUL A. SIPLE

Vol. 89-90

January

No. 3

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ANTARCTIC LADY WHOSE OLD BEDROOM IS AN HISTORIC SITE

HIGH HEELS TO MUKLUKS

by

Jackie Ronne

Ronne Antarctic Research Expedition, 1947-48
Stonington Island, Antarctica

Currently Woman-At-Large Bethesda, Maryland and
Boca Raton, Florida

on

Thursday evening, 8 March 1990 8 PM

National Science Foundation
18th and G Streets N. W.

Room 540

Light refreshments—strong coffee—lively conversation

Jackie Ronne, a distinguished alumna of Columbian College, George Washington University, is famous for holding or co-holding with Jennie Darlington many Antarctic firsts by dint of being the first women to winter over in Antarctica. Jackie got a preview of coming attractions when Finn took her on a skiing honeymoon. Three years later she found herself sending out expedition news release* three times a week to the North American Newspaper Alliance; taking tidal measurements; and running the seismic equipment, all the while living with Finn in a 12'x12' "ballroom." But Finn never promised her a rose garden. The station was officially declared an historic site at the Paris meetings in October, so will be preserved into antiquity.

Jackie has been to Antarctica three times, the last in 1971, when she and Finn were at the South Pole on the 60th anniversary of Amundsen's arrival, the first married couple at the South Pole. Ronne Ice Shelf was named for Jackie (see "Geographic Names of the Antarctic"). A past president of the Society of Women Geographers, 1978-1981, Jackie is an international traveler who has lectured in Europe, Asia, South America, and North America The film she will show us is the official movie of the Ronne Antarctic Research Expedition. *Come and see and hear Jackie!*

BRASH ICE: We goofed on numbering pages, so there is no introductory page, per usual, what you read may not be all that it seems to be. But close!

TERRA NOVA RETURNS AGAIN. Like the swallows at Capistrano, TERRA NOVA seems to come to the Washington area every winter, and it appears to be on schedule, as the Washington Stage Guild will put it on between 24 January and 25 February in Carroll Hall at 924 G Street N.W. This is opposite the Martin Luther King Library, and there is a Metro stop, Gallery Place, within half a block of the Hall. Performance will be Wednesday through Sunday at 8 PM, with a matinee every Sunday at 2:30 PM. Tickets are \$12 per person on Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays; \$15 per person on Fridays and Saturdays. If you are a student or a senior citizen, tickets are one-third off. If you can get a group of ten or more together, tickets will be half price. Call 529-2084 for reservations, and pay at the door.

As TERRA NOVA has played in both Washington and Baltimore, we can't imagine that there are many of you who haven't already seen it, but if you happen to be one, it's well worth the price. The play has been performed in just about every major city in the U.S. and in New Zealand. As it's the story of Scott and Amundsen going to the South Pole, there are very few characters and hardly any stage changes, so you can concentrate on the spoken words. The last time I saw TERRA NOVA Amundsen beat Scott to the South Pole, but we won't tell you about the tragic ending.

POLAR RESEARCH BOARD MEETING (by Shere Abbott, West Falmouth). The PRB met on 2-4 October 1989 at the Academy's Arnold and Mabel Beckman Center in Irvine, California. The focus of this "working" meeting was on the elements of and the need for, a bi-polar research plan. At its previous meeting in Washington, Peter Wilk-niss (NSF) had asked the Board to consider development of such a plan to follow on a recommendation of the "Colwell" report to the National Science Board on the role of NSF in the polar regions, and to establish targets for U.S. polar science for the 1990s. The plan will likely focus on the polar regions and global change. The Board also spent part of a day discussing the need for an environmental research agenda for detection and measurement of environmental change in the polar regions, as the basis for the Board's contribution of an intellectual framework to address concerns about possible degradation of polar environments.

Although moans and groans were voiced before the meeting about the meeting site, particularly from PRB staff, participants agreed that the relaxed California atmosphere (some Board members were particularly fond of the Jacuzzis) provided an appropriate venue for creative developments! The Academy complex, a modern version of the eastern marble house on the mall, was the meeting equivalent of a desert spa. The next PRB meeting will focus on Antarctic and SCAR issues, and will be held on 2-3 April 1990 in Washington, D.C.

A POOR MAN'S ANTARCTIC GAZETTEER. Back in 1981 the U.S. Government Printing Office published "Geographic Names of Antarctica", a 959-page book listing 11,604 approved geographic names, and each feature had a short description about where it was and who it was named after. Everything was in alphabetical order so you could find any feature almost instantly. It is a great publication. Now comes along a companion piece. The forthcoming volume, due out almost any day, will list 12,362 approved names, plus 2,546 unapproved variant names (which aren't supposed to be used). So 758 new names have been approved and will be shown in the new gazetteer. Now the kicker is this, only the names and coordinates will be shown - there will be no description, no information telling which Smith or Jones or Brown the feature may be named after. We don't think a price has been set, but we should know by the next Newsletter.

WHATEVER HAPPENED TO THAT BIG OLD ICEBERG, B-9? Remember that berg that broke off the Ross Ice Shelf about twenty-seven months ago, that was approximately 98

nautical miles long and 25 nautical miles wide? Well, that old berg, B-9 on the charts, broke up in August when it ran aground at Cape Adare. There are three sizable bergs surviving. As of late December 1989, B-9A is about 30 nautical miles long and 19 nautical miles wide, and it's at 69°18'S, 160°30'E; B-9B is the biggest remnant, being 55 nautical miles long, 19 nautical miles wide, and it's at 69°30'S, 161°00'E; B-9C is the smallest of the three, being only 17 nautical miles long, 7 nautical miles wide, and it's at 69°55'S, 161°40'E. All of these are off the Gates Coast, in the vicinity of the Soviet station, Leningradskaya, and will probably continue to drift westward.

These large bergs are really the environmentalists' best friends, as what oil company is going to waste untold millions of dollars putting in oil drilling platforms in Antarctic waters when one of those large bergs can come along and completely wipe them out? Bergs are like gorillas, they are going to go just where they want to go.

ADMIRAL MIKE BENKERT IS DEAD, BUT HE'LL NEVER BE FORGOTTEN. Mike Benkert is not a household Antarctic name, but this former Antarctic icebreaker captain was truly one of the most unique characters that ever went to the ice. In spite of himself, he made admiral in the Coast Guard; he did it on sheer ability, not for being a quiet conformist. Mike was a man's man, and I have long said that if I ever got myself into a bad predicament, it would be Mike whom I would want by my side, as I just knew he would get me home safely, come hell or high water. What a fighter, but he finally met his match. Big C struck him down in mid-December.

I met Mike back in 1952 when, in a desperate move to replenish an empty school wallet, I joined the Weather Bureau's Atlantic Weather Project on the North Atlantic. My first patrol was on the COOS BAY, and its young, brash, crew-cut executive officer was William M. Benkert. Nothing was dull on the whole patrol, as we followed Iceberg Dorothy (named after Mike's wife) in the Davis Straits. Releasing a 500-gram weather balloon in bad weather was always an ordeal, as often you would lose them into the sea. But if you timed the pitch or roll of the cutter just right, you could usually get it airborne before it got caught in a downdraft, that is, if Mike didn't shoot it down first. He took great delight in laying atop the inflation shack with a BB gun and shooting them down just as they got airborne!

Some men are fighters, some are lovers, but Mike was both. Mike never was a diplomat; diplomacy with him started with a left jab and ended up with a punishing right uppercut. Back in the fifties the Coast Guard used to visit Argentina on the way back from station duty so they could bootleg some good but cheap Canadian whiskey back home. We would stay overnight, giving everyone an opportunity to go ashore and get a good meal at one of the clubs. One evening Mike went to the Officers' Club, met up with this woman and was having a good time. Late in the evening this man came along and tried to cut in on him on the dance floor. This didn't set well with Mike, and to settle the matter expeditiously and convincingly, if not judiciously, he cold cocked the guy. When the guy came to, Mike not only found out that he was the Marine Corps Commandant at the base, but that he also happened to be married to the woman. Shortly thereafter an edict came down that no Coast Guard cutter with Benkert aboard would be allowed into the harbor.

However, Mike found other ports just as inviting. If Mike had a motto in those days, it had to be that in-port periods were golden privileges which should never be wasted, but enjoyed to their utmost. Once in Bermuda he ran into some opposition at the Coral Beach Surf Club, as they turned him down from entering the bar because he was in uniform. He demanded to see the manager; he came, and Mike explained that he was just out for a quiet evening, wanted to have one or two drinks, then move on, and resented not being served. Rather than make a scene, the manager reluctantly agreed

to let Mike come in, but did ask him to leave after he had had two drinks. Well, Mike had actually lied when he said he was just out for a quiet evening, as Mike never had a quiet evening back in those days. Within ten minutes, Mike found himself right in the middle of a barroom brawl, and they had to call the police and take Mike away. Now the in-port period was becoming something worthwhile for Mike, and the next day he recruited the best men he had on the cutter; they got dressed in civies, revisited the Surf Club, and Mike's Revenge was, shall we say, invoked. This was Vintage Benkert. It just did not get any better for him - the hunt, the pursuit, the kill, the thrill of victory - it was all there in one form or another.

Be had a run-in with the Russians when he tried to circumnavigate the Arctic back in 1967. As I recall, he was skipper of the EASTWTND, and was denied permission by the Russians to take a particular course through the Kara Sea. But Mike had a bad hearing problem when someone told him he couldn't do something, and he proceeded to get the icebreaker caught in ice, and had to be rescued by the Russians! But Mike told me afterwards that in spite of everything, he came out of it all with a rather complete map of the submarine topography of the entire Kara Sea!

His Antarctic operations were rather mundane. However, the people in Valparaiso, Chile liked him so much that they made him Honorary Mayor for a day. When Mike spoke to our Society several years ago the title of his presentation was "A Sailor's Viewpoint of Antarctica", and as you can well imagine, he just loved Wellington. Mike drew the ire of the State Department on an Antarctic inspection cruise, when, after being delayed by weather from setting the inspection party ashore at a particular base which they wanted to see, he suddenly ordered the ship underway to the next station. One of our members, Col. Ernest Dukes, said that all was forgiven because they all liked Mike so much.

Mike had one job which I thought was the perfect job - the right man in the right position, that of being in charge of the waterfront in New York. A great place for butt kicking! But then he got sent to Washington, and like all admirals who lose their ships, was put into miscellaneous titled positions. His were concerned with merchant vessel inspection, merchant marine safety, marine environment and systems, et cetera. He ended up in the Coast Guard as Chief, Office of Merchant Marine Safety. Someone told us once that if he had stayed in, he stood a good chance of becoming Commandant. That would have been something horrible, as his kind of Coast Guard had long since disappeared. He then became president of the American Institute of Merchant Shipping and served in this exalted position until 1984, when he became president of Petroferm Marine Inc. chemicals. He was vice chairman of the International Chamber of Shipping, and headed several U.S. delegations to the International Maritime Organization.

One could never really get the better of old Mike, but I came close several years ago. We were having lunch on his piece of plastic at Duke Ziebert's when we got to talking about Antarctic features, and he said there was a mountain named after him. He had not seen it, but expressed an interest in seeing a picture of it. I told him I would try and see if one was available, and, if so, would try to get him a copy. It turned out that not only was one available, but I was able to get a very large print. But, and here was the kicker, Mt. Benkert looked about the size of a pimple on a snowfield, which sort of left Mike speechless, although outwardly he appeared most appreciative.

There is going to be a Memorial Service for Mike at the Ft. Myer Chapel at 3:30 PM on Wednesday, 7 February, when Admiral Wallace, another admiral, and the Coast Guard chaplain will speak. Mike won't be able to make it, as he has been cremated and his ashes strewn at sea. Following the service, there will be a reception at some nearby place (which had not been determined as we go to print). It's kind of too bad that they have two admirals speaking at his memorial service, as Mike was

such a common person that it seems only proper that one of the speakers should be some old hardened chief petty officer who served with him. Let's hope the reception will be pure Benkert, but without a brawl breaking out!

ARCTIC AND ANTARCTIC REGIONS (AAR) DATABASE. The National Information Services Corporation (Attn: Fred Durr, 335 Paint Branch Drive, College Park, Maryland 20742) has published an Arctic and Antarctic Regions Database on CD-ROM. The database contains over 147,000 citations compiled by the Science and Technology Division of the Library of Congress. All forty years of this database are on one compact disc. It includes abstracts of articles from thousands of different journals, monographs, reports, case studies and more. It covers aspects of the life, physical, and social sciences; and related engineering, biology, ozone, navigation, legal, conservation, military use, and management of the polar caps and surrounding areas. In other words, it has anything and everything you'd ever want to know about the coldest parts of the world EXCEPT who reached the North Pole first.

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Software: NISC customized Dataware CD-Answer software
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ARCHIVES II. As many of you know, the National Archives has a major paper problem. They reached their records' storage capacity of approximately 900,000 cubic feet in the late 1960s when many of you OAEs were submitting your journals, letters, and manuscripts to them. A study was done on the present and future space needs, and after an exhaustive search they have selected the University of Maryland in College Park as the site for Archives II. Criteria used for selection included cost (zero dollars for use of the land), size (to accommodate 1.7 million square foot structure with room for expansion), accessibility (spaces for parking, access to subway), and suitability (no environmental impacts).

President Reagan signed Public Law 100-440 in September 1988 which authorized the National Archives to construct and finance Archives II. The National Archives in Washington will continue to serve as the central focus for programs for the public. All special media records and all textual records not remaining in Washington will be transferred to the College Park facility, including all of their polar holdings. Construction of Archives II is scheduled to begin in 1990, and will be completed in late fall of 1993 (in time for the Maryland Homecoming football game). It will have an idyllic setting on 33 acres with tree buffers on all sides. The building will be six stories high, and will provide spaces for offices, a theatre, conference rooms, a cafeteria, and a day-care center. And, believe it or not, an urban forester - must be a concrete specialist - "has been hired to conduct a tree preservation project to ensure that significant specimen trees are preserved as part of the site design." Wonder what a "significant specimen tree" is in the Washington area? The last one we heard about was a cherry tree which some young whippersnapper cut down on his old man's lot, didn't cover his tracks, got caught, and had to tell the truth.

Archives II is being financed through the sale of National Archives Facility certi-

ificates of participation. It seems that the National Archives has acquired the equivalent of a home mortgage at a fixed rate of 8.53 percent interest which will be paid off in thirty years. The cost per square foot is \$17.04, a bargain in today's Washington scene. The actual value of the sold certificates was \$301,702,000, the amount authorized by Congress to construct Archives II.

As most of you know, Alison Wilson has been on the polar scene since prior to the IGY, which in itself makes her a bit of archival material/history. We have referred to her as the last polar link in the National Archives, and questioned what would happen should Alison ever decide to retire. She has reassured us that she is in good health and of sound mind, and that the polar holdings were never in better shape than they are today. At Alison's request, she has been assigned to the Records Relocation Branch which is responsible for describing and preparing records for the move to Archives II. She is particularly concerned that the polar records in RG 401 and the federal record groups should be adequately described before she retires.

The records and papers which many of you people put in the National Archives' Center for Polar Archives are now, as a result of the October 1988 reorganization, part of the Civil Reference Branch of the National Archives. And there is an archivist in charge of the polar and scientific reference, Dr. Marjorie Ciarlante. Her doctorate is in History of Science, and, according to Alison, she is well qualified polarwise and scientifically.

So there is good news at the old corral on Pennsylvania Avenue, things are in good hands, there is no need to panic. Over half of the material in RG 401 has been described, and Alison writes, "My hope is that the descriptions, which will eventually be used in the Archives computer description program, will assist both archivist and searcher." One good thing about the move is that, if you go all the way out there, you should be ready for an ice cream, and there is a campus ice-cream bar associated with their Agriculture School which dishes out great ice cream.

NATIONAL SCIENCE FOUNDATION RELOCATION NEWS. What is "stark, ugly concrete and glass box, low drab ceilings, bleak lobbies, dull paint, dingy spaces, shabby carpet, mismatched institutional furniture, glare on computer screens, inadequate ventilation, overheated and overcooled offices, poor conference areas, 1950 telephones, elevators that need to be coaxed?" Well, if you answered the NSF facility at 1800 G Street NW, you are in complete agreement with Gifford H. Albright, Professor of Architectural Engineering at Penn State University. If he describes the NSF facility in those terms, Heaven knows how he would portray the Pentagon! But NSF won't have to put up with this much longer, because in the spring of this year they will announce the site for their new building. They have hopes that the building of some 350,000 square feet can be ready for occupancy by the end of September 1992. The new building will be designed as an "intelligent" building, and will be flexible enough to accommodate future changes in both technological and organizational requirements.

One can't help but wonder where they are going to find a suitable location, as they want locational amenities, access to government and scientific organizations, and access to transportation. That sounds like the Ellipse in front of the White House.

THE ED THIEL EARTH SCIENCE LABORATORY TO BECOME HIGH-CLASS RESTAURANT. After talking about Archives II and the relocation of NSF, we have a somewhat lesser building plan, the conversion of the Thiel Laboratory into some sort of a private, ritzy restaurant at McMurdo. We don't quite fathom just what is going to happen, but it seems that McMurdoites are, or have been, clamoring for a more sophisticated, private type restaurant, and this will be it. They are even going to have pizza!

Perhaps they should contact Tom Monaghan of the Detroit Tigers and Domino's Pizza, as he could no doubt give them a little car/snowmobile or whatever to make deliveries in downtown metropolitan McMurdo. NSF refers to the creation of this restaurant as "humanizing McMurdo Station." Lord knows McMurdo needs all the humanizing it can get, but at the expense of old Ed?

THE FAT LADY HASN'T SUNG YET. We are pretty certain that most of you who saw the cover of TIME magazine for 15 January 1990 couldn't resist digging deep into your pockets for \$2.50 to read all about Antarctica, especially when the last Antarctic cover on TIME was over thirty-three years ago (31 December 1956)! The bottom line of the current TIME article on Antarctica generally supports the United States' position relative to mineral regulation. (We understand that the European edition of TIME at the time of the Paris meetings in October was not so favorable.)

It was real unfortunate that the many fine accomplishments at the Paris meetings were masked by the onslaught of publicity which Cousteau was able to generate for his side. Cousteau must be more of a curmudgeon than a nice guy. The Dayton Daily News for 9 October 1989 had a headline "Cousteau Scuttles Guest on 'TODAY'." Cousteau had agreed to leave after his interview so that R. Tucker Scully of our State Department could talk about the U.S. position on the Antarctic, but according to NBC spokeswoman Peggy Hubble, Cousteau refused to leave. That beautiful doll back in the studio in New York, Deborah Norville, told viewers, "We're having a little difficulty getting Mr. Scully hooked up there in Paris", and they took a station break. Then Deborah came back and spoke of "how strong the feelings run on this Antarctic issue. Capt. Cousteau refused to move over so that we could talk to Mr. Scully." They needed a guy like Mike Benkert to lay a couple on the side of his head. Then they could have carried him away!

Nothing is really settled yet, and probably won't be for some time. When you get right down to dotting the i's and crossing the t's, no one really wants to disturb the environment; they are nowhere near so far apart as the Paris media made them out to be. No one has found any minerals down there yet which justify mining, and we can't possibly imagine attempting to put oil rigs where icebergs assume their natural right-of-way. This writer recalls a very fine lecture which Geoffrey Larminie gave our Society on 21 April 1983 about oil drilling off the coast of Alaska, and even in relatively shallow water near shore where they had known quantities of oil, it was still a losing financial deal for the companies.

EVERYTHING ISN'T ALWAYS AS IT SEEMS TO BE. If you bothered to read the press releases on the 8-million-dollar crossing of Antarctica by the six-man international team, you might have noticed that the Russians made the continuation beyond the South Pole a reality by giving them fuel from their depot at the South Pole. That fuel came from good old Uncle Sam, although presumably we have some Russian redeemable credit slips, should any of our ships or planes find themselves at a Soviet base where there is fuel. It seems that the Russians came to us and said that they were committed to support the crossing, as one of their men was on the trek, and wanted to fly fuel to the South Pole. It was decided that it would be best for everyone if the U.S. just let them have the fuel, and then get it back later from the Russians. But you would never know it was that way from what you read in the paper, but as Walter Cronkite used to sign off, "And that's the way it was ... "

STORIES ABOUT THE EARTHQUAKE. When the earthquake so unceremoniously disrupted the World Series, my first thoughts were that Tom Poulter's former home built in the Los Altos Hills, overhanging a precipitous drop-off, would end up a bunch of

rubble far below. Tom was the senior scientist on BAE II, and his widow passed away just a year ago last June. But we have heard from young Tom - who really is not so young anymore - that the house survived. I now believe in miracles, because when we visited Helen Poulter several years ago I dared not breathe too deeply as there were so many cracks in the walls. Tom, who works for BTI, was flying his own plane from Tulsa to Nashville when he heard about the quake from air controllers, so he turned around and headed home. Descending through 8,000 feet into Grand Island for refueling, either a bird struck the plane or the plane struck the bird. Either way the creature didn't have flight clearance for that height, nor was it carrying navigational lights. Whether the bird was scared up there by the earthquake is not known, but Tom is going to put a bird decal on the nose of his plane signifying one kill.

Rob Flint, the only person I know who has wintered over in the interior of West Antarctica (Byrd), East Antarctica (Vostok), and in the middle (South Pole), was sitting at home writing a computer check to reregister his car. Everyone in his family of four picked out a doorway away from windows, except bride Susan whose feminine instinct prevailed and who headed for the dining room to catch falling china. When Rob saw tidal waves of gigantic proportions in his swimming pool, his immediate reaction was that this should be recorded on film, so he ran to get one of his video cameras. Batteries in both were dead, so he stood there helplessly for 20 to 30 minutes, watching the sloshing, recording the images biochemically in his brain. Rob said that the shock waves that devastated the Marina District had to go directly under them. The general noise of objects rattling and the house frame groaning masked the noise of falling objects. The banging of objects in the house was just like some giant had picked up the whole house and was shaking it. Rob described it as a tangible sensation, being able to feel the giant but not being able to see him. The above was gleaned from Earthquake News, October 1989, Published Irregularly by the Flint Family, with inputs from all members of the family, although Susan's horse refused to write anything or be interviewed, evidently thinking it was much ado about nothing.

Art Ford enjoys earthquakes since he took out earthquake insurance several years ago, although he thought a 7.1 was overdoing his enjoyment a bit. He ran outside to see the old homestead being twisted about, and his beloved Model A bouncing up and down the driveway. He said that it gave him a keener appreciation for a wood framed house. One of his friends walking home fell down and thought he had a stroke or a heart attack and lost his balance. Then he saw cars bouncing around. You know, hearing Art tell about cars bouncing all over the place, Rob writing about water sloshing back and forth in a swimming pool, that guy falling over, losing his balance, wonder what would happen to someone like Dolly Parton if those things were unbridled and set in motion? Couldn't they become dangerous flying objects?

Ms. Antarctic Fiction, Fauno Cordes, escaped unscathed, although the building in which she works in the Mt. Zion Hospital and Medical Center cracked like a hard-boiled egg. She was in the garage of a brand new building across the street when it struck, so was in the right place at the right time. When she was allowed back in her building two days later, she found that a 25-pound lead brick used as a book-end to support some binders on the back part of the top of her filing cabinets ended up against the right front leg of her desk. Fauno wrote, "I have great respect for a building that can throw lead bricks."

While we are talking about quakes, may I put in one of my own quake stories? One peaceful midsummer day at the South Pole in 1957 the late Herfried Hoinkes of the University of Innsbruck and I were out for a stroll, probably about three quarters of a mile from camp, when we heard what we thought was an explosion. We looked back towards camp where all looked peaceful and serene, but we decided that it

might be best for us to head back, just on general principles. When we got back in camp, nothing had happened, no one had heard anything. It was quite evident that we had been directly above a snow quake - or were we above Amundsen's tent and the Snow Gods were warning us to move on? How common are snow quakes in the Antarctic? I know I never heard another at the South Pole, and I was outside at least twice a day every day of the year to attend to my instrumentation 500 feet from camp. They must be most infrequent.

ANTARCTICANS. Norman Vaughan, 83 years young, and his bride Carolyn are getting ready for yet another Iditarod race. He has written a book, "With Byrd at the Bottom of the World," which is being published by Stackpole Press in November 1990. A famous Alaskan artist, Jan Van Zyle is doing the cover illustration.

We inadvertently left Doc Abbot's 14th Non-Christmas card back on the coast of Maine, but to show you that we actually read it, his big news was that a tornado came along and lifted the whole roof off his house last spring when they were at home. It must have been a hair-raising experience, even for a retired Deep Freeze admiral.

Meanwhile, another living retired Deep Freeze admiral, Kelly Welch, loaded his CMC motor home, the Gold Bug, and headed for Alaska in late May. He and Mary did the whole ball of wax - from Banff/Lake Louise and Jasper to Pepe's North of the Border Mexican restaurant in Barrow. They were "mini-charged" by a female elk while IDing a strange bird; heard a real pro recite poems at Robert Service's house; had a bald eagle cross their bow 100 feet up and ahead; and then experienced a sickening stomach sensation when the Gold Bug's transmission screamed in pain, but fortunately they were right next to a phone booth. Kelly rides Sam several times a week. We must point out that Sam is a horse. There is an Antarctic friend of ours who calls his wife Sam, so it is essential that you know the Sam which Kelly is mounting is his faithful horse. Kelly is a docent at the Arizona-Sonora Desert Museum (ASDM), a living museum which is regional in scope (Arizona, Sonora, a bit of southern California and a bit of Baja California). Leading a group of tourists on a recent Sunday, Kelly noticed that one guy not only looked something like a penguin but walked like one. He took a closer look, and, lo and behold, if it wasn't Richard L. Penny whom he hadn't seen since McMurdo in 1971 when he was the resident "penguinologist." Incidentally, the Aussies have asked Rich to go back to Casey which will enable him to do some 30-years' follow-up research. Kelly and Rich were members of a pacifying party of OAEs who were sent to Tonga to stroke the king. It seems that His Highness, or Rotundness, actually - he weighs 400 pounds - had asked to go to 90°S, and the State Department evidently sent some guys over with films to show him that it was only a bleak, endless snowfield, a good place to live, but a lousy place to visit. After he saw their film and listened to their tales, Tonga looked better to him, and he decided to drop his request to visit. Where's Tonga????

And speaking of our friend with wife Sam, Tom Frostman, former meteorologist at Plateau Station, resigned as Director of a very prestigious summer camp in Durango, Colorado, and is now Director of Field Services for Prevention Research Institute (PRI) in Lexington, Kentucky. Their mission is alcohol abuse prevention, and they develop and deliver educational programs to help anyone reduce their risk of developing alcohol-related health and impairment problems - at any point in life. Tom, whom I have known personally for over twenty years, is an outstanding person, and it is good to hear that he is excited and proud to be in this program, which he says "I am confident that ten years from now the entire country will understand and begin to adopt PRI guidelines." Maybe the program should be tried out in Antarctica. I'm serious.

Charlie Bevilacqua, the old Seabee Chief Petty Officer who was in charge of the construction of the original McMurdo station and the South Pole station, doesn't have

a drinking problem, but he seems to have a bad addiction to skiing. Although he is actually a good old boy from Ken Moulton's hometown, Meredith, New Hampshire, Charlie has gone ape over skiing in Colorado. He spent fifty-three days in 1989 skiing at Copper Mountain, Keystone, Vail, Winter Park, Breckenridge, Loveland and Arapahoe Basin. But the highlight of his year was going to Pensacola where he had the opportunity to once again sit in QUE SERA SERA, the first plane to land at the South Pole. He flew to the Pole in that old crate back on 22 November 1956. As most of you know, the plane is permanently enshrined in the Naval Air Museum in Pensacola. If old Charlie doesn't start acting his age, he might become permanently enshrined in some avalanche, or at the bottom of some lake, as he also does other crazy things, such as water skiing and scuba diving.

Speaking of the ancient and honorable, Larry Gould is enjoying some degree of notoriety as he matures out of adolescence. On the 60th anniversary of Larry discovering sandstone on the slopes of 15,000-foot Mount Nansen (7 December 1929), Larry was interviewed by the Arizona Republic in Tucson. As he recounted his experiences on BAE I when he was senior scientist and second-in-command, Larry told the reporter, "I have earned the right not to remember anything." The article said that Larry was "a founding father of the School of Renewable Resources" at the University of Arizona. It seems to me that he should be hung (his portrait, that is) in the foyer as a prime (or primeval) exhibit of a choice renewable resource. Even if he isn't hung there, he certainly will remain a cherished Antarctic fossil. Maybe not as important as a marsupial, but nevertheless a most important one in Antarctic history.

Ed and Priscilla Grew continue to humble me with their fantastic Christmas letters, to say nothing of spectacular Antarctic scenes shot by Ed on their Christmas cards. They have lead a charmed life, although now I guess they are actually living together part of the year. Whoever does the composing in the Grew family is wasting time doing Christmas letters - he or she should be writing books. And speaking of Christmas cards with polar scenes, it's always great to get another "field shot" from Bill Field. First and foremost it means that old Bill is still alive; second, it means that he is still active out there in the polar regions, even if he is slumming in the Arctic; and third, they make a wonderful collection which someday I will sell to a collector and make a fortune.

This guy at Texas, by the name of Sayed El-Sayed, is trying to project himself as the second coming of John Newcombe. There was a closeup picture of him recently in a newspaper in Texas, showing him playing at the Royal Oaks Racquet Club, dressed fit to kill with a forehead sweatband and sweatbands on both wrists, and the caption underneath shrieks out "Tennis Anyone?" If that is a challenge, the Society will put its money on Boy Scout Dick Chappell of Little America V fame, as they are about the same age. Either Sayed doesn't have classic form - but what else can you hope for with a body like his? - or the photographer caught him in a terribly awkward position. It almost made me want to go up in the attic and break out my old Head Red

As we watch our membership grow, we sort of looked forward to who would be No. 400 (it was Tahoe Washburn"); who would be No. 500 (it was Lisa Fetterolf); who would be No. 600 (it was Peggy Dillon). Tahoe is the other half of the Washburn Geological Survey Team, and the other two women worked for the contractor in Antarctica. In fact, Lisa is still there. When she joined the Society she was just another beautiful young woman who dreamed of going to Antarctica, enjoying a very successful career as a writer for the Department of Defense in the Pentagon. But then one thing led to another, and she ended up as a summer employee at McMurdo. Then she went back to McMurdo for the next summer, and ended up wintering over. She just came back home to Springfield, Virginia, but only long enough to reintroduce herself to her parents and get resupplied, and is now on her way back for another winter at McMurdo! What is she doing? She's in supply at the Water and Power Plant, far,

far away from her old word processor. There is an Antarctic man in her life now, and we assume that this is what keeps Lisa going back to McMurdo. When we met this cameo-complexioned creature, we never dreamed that she would become a grizzly old McMurdo veteran. Antarctica does strange things to completely innocent human beings.

Debbie Enzenbacher had a great 1989 after wintering over at the South Pole in 1988. For nine months she bummed around New Zealand, Australia, New Caledonia, Bali, Java, Indonesia, Thailand, Cambodia, Hong Kong, China, Nepal, India, Taiwan, and Japan. Debbie is really something. She found Jakarta to be the exact opposite of the Antarctic - crowds, poverty, pollution, traffic jams, sweltering heat, exotic foods, etc. She found that hiking in the remote villages of Nepal brought relief from all the woes of travel, and she entered a dreamlike state surrounded by the Himalayas, which she thought was "Heaven on Earth." In China, Debbie took in the famed Beijing opera, Shanghai acrobatic circus, the Great Wall, the start of the silk road in Lanzhou, and more. Whatever money she may have had left from Antarctica, Japan sucked it up, being "the most expensive place I have ever travelled." We don't know how much weight Debbie put on, but she wrote glowingly and repeatedly of the food, such as "hot spicy food predominated, and overall Asia provided gastronomical delights." Let's hope this svelte German ancestry girl didn't come back looking like an Italian mother! Wonder why more Antarctic winter-overs don't do what Debbie did, as it sounds like a great way to decompress one's self back to stateside living. Debbie has hopes of continuing her education - she got her master's at the University of Chicago, doing her thesis on the Antarctic Treaty. We think very highly of Debbie, as she is a most unusual and unique person, and we wish her the very best, and hope she stays in touch with the Nerve Center.

Charlotte Evans, who writes occasionally for the New York Times and other publications, is sort of a free spirit like Debbie. Charlotte was in the Antarctic two austral summers ago, and has recently written an article in the Smithsonian's Air and Space Magazine on flying operations in Antarctica. Charlotte sort of goes with the wind, which is a nice carefree way to enjoy the world. We met her at a bus stop in Wellington when Antarctica was only a place on her Most Wanted List.

Rev. Bruce Lieske, a reformed Little America V meteorologist, who took up the cloth after spending a year with the likes of the late Bert Crary and Gene Harter, Muck-luck Milan, Wild Bill Cromie, the impossible Sam Wilson, and others, including me, celebrated the completion of his new church building in Lebanon, New Jersey in late October. The church sits on a hill with a spectacular view of the surrounding countryside. The chancel has a large clear glass window, and the whole right side of the worship area is glass patio doors. So it is a major challenge for the guy we called Mier Bruce to come up with good enough sermons so the parishioners won't long to get back outside in the pleasant countryside. Wonder how many winter-over types became ministers? It would be out of order to tell my old roomie "Give 'em Hell," but I guess it would be okay to wish that his coffers will be full, his parishioners non-bickerers, his wife's organ playing always in tune, and that the church will stand proudly as a living testimony to his ministry.

Gordon Fountain, crew member of the famed BEAR OF OAKLAND on the second Byrd Antarctic Expedition, never lost his love for the high seas. He has already made three trips with Capt. Heinz on the WORLD DISCOVERER to the Antarctic, and is signed up to go on the EXPLORER up the Orinoco River and through the Caribbean next May. He must be robbing banks Remember Harry and Jennie Darlington of "My Antarctic Honey moon" fame? Well, they found a way to produce a boy, and that kid, Skipper, has grown up, visited Antarctica with the Chileans, and now is a highly visible international scientist studying the global ozone problem. Incidentally, the Darlingtons are Mainiacs in the summer", spending time at their place in Northeast Harbor, which is about as prestigious as you can get in Maine. Susan "Ozone Hole" Solomon

spent some time in 1988 in Greenland, and some last year in Norway studying the ozone depletion. Somewhere in between we understand that she picked up a gold medal from her bosses at NOAA. If she wears it under the ozone hole, will it turn green? She was writing an Antarctic novel. Has anyone seen it?

Bill Sladen, our only Double Memorial Lecturer, wants you guys and dolls who shoot down swans to cease doing it - right now! Bill, who is head of the Swan Research Program at the plush Airlie Conference Center outside of Warrenton, Virginia is striving to shut down Virginia's experimental swan hunting season. He says that shooting a tundra swan is like throwing a brick through a stained glass window, except that you can put a stained glass window back together again. The Soviet Vice Chief of State, V.N. Senin wrote Bill, "We know that you are against the swan hunt. Of course, we are too. Swans are completely protected throughout the USSR." Bill cries, "In all the world, there is no place else where swans are hunted. Why here?" Bill has argued with federal and state officials until he turned blue in the face, but to no avail. In December he went to Oxford University to debate the issue publicly with a scientist from the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service. Bill says it's very difficult to oppose when you phone the Audubon Society and they say, "Well, we can't oppose it biologically. We're against it, but ..." Sladen said instead of exposing swans to hunters, Virginia should celebrate the great birds' arrival by taking children to see them, and establishing swans as "an emblem of our troubled wetlands." "But why hunt swans?", he asked. "I guess it's the influence of the big hunting lobby. But I really can't answer it."

Roy Cameron is bemoaning the fact that somehow his Antarctic life has gotten away from him, and he now goes to such places as Poland and Yugoslavia. He wrote, "I would rather be in a tent again in the Antarctic than in Poland." His work is taking him more and more into international environmental problems. As a member of the USDA's National Agricultural Research Advisory Board, he is involved in the global climate change controversy - economist vs environmentalist. One thing about old Roy that I appreciated, whenever he was in town on TDY and we had a meeting, he came to it, although he found us a rather unfriendly lot..... Peggy Dillon, our No. 600, was a cook at Beardmore Station in 1985-86, and once was a meteorological observer at the Mt. Washington, N.H. Observatory, is now dreaming of returning to Antarctica while covering the city hall beat for The Valley News in the Hanover, N.H. area.

The long-awaited book by Gil Dewart, "Antarctic Comrades: An American with the Russians in Antarctica," has been published by The Ohio State University Press, selling for \$20. Review in next Newsletter, as we just received it today..... In closing, Geza Thuronyi has dropped his membership. He is one of those quiet men, very quiet men, who works behind the scenes and is hardly ever seen. But his ballpark is the Library of Congress, and his game the preparation of the Antarctic Bibliography. He is retiring, he will be missed, and we wish him only the very best.

Division of Polar Programs, NSF will be glad when this austral summer season is over. as the weather has been bad; there has been poor radio communication because of increased solar activity; and maintenance problems have reduced flying hours of the Hercs considerably. And lastly, the POLAR DUKE, according to Capt. Lenie on the ILLIRIA, ran full speed ahead into an iceberg and stove in its bow, necessitating its going into a shipyard to have several plates welded on! The good news is that it occurred above the waterline. Could it be that Joseph Hazelwood has returned to the high seas and is now on the POLAR DUKE?

Our annual dinner meeting with the Polar Research Board will be Monday, 2 April 1990. in Washington, D.C. MARK YOUR CALENDAR NOW! All New Zealand Antarctic calendars have been sold -- THANK YOU! Ruth, Boiling and I are off to the Antarctic on WORLD DISCOVERER in three weeks. See you all later!