



THE ANTARCTICAN SOCIETY

NEWSLETTER

HONORARY PRESIDENT - RUTH J. SIPLE

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BRASH ICE. This is a special edition of the newsletter, one that has no current news, but one that more or less celebrates Ruth Siple and myself, Paul Dalrymple, being intimately connected with the Society for the past twenty-five years, as well as this edition, our 150th. I wanted to take time out and put on paper some of the things that have happened to us, the Society, and to the newsletters during this time, most of which have been FINE, FINE, FINE, thanks to many of you. I can't help but hark back many years, however, to a Society summer picnic at Stronghold when Bert and Mildred Crary presented a toy trophy to Ruth and me for our work with the Society. As they gave it to us Bert said, "You know you have created a monster?" Bert was always right, but in this case I hope it will not turn out that way.

To make this newsletter readable, we are including thumbnail sketches of some of the lighter sides of many famous, well-known Antarcticans who have contributed substantially to making our newsletters worthy. In some cases they have written in our pages about their years on the ice; in other cases we have quoted them extensively. Regardless, they have been a big part of our history. All are now dead, none is forgotten, or will they ever be. However space does not allow us to include all, so we have more or less limited this special edition to Byrd men.

Several OAEs have passed along, and we must mention them, with tributes to follow in a subsequent newsletter. First, Charlie Passel of West Base, Antarctic Service Expedition; second and third, Brig General Chuck Adams and Pete Peterson of the Ronne Antarctic Expedition; fourth, George Llano who wore many hats, including those from the Smithsonian, National Academy of Sciences, National Science Foundation, and the International Association of Antarctica Tour Operators; and fifth, Bob Hickerson, a veteran of the ice during the post -IGY era.

We want to thank those who have renewed, especially the 80% who renewed for multiple years. Karen Harrower and Ron McGregor renewed for ten years; Michele Raney and George Doumani each sent checks for \$100. Wonderful. Merci beaucoup.

MILESTONE - BACKGROUND. This issue of the newsletter is No. 150 of the so-called regime of Ruth Siple and Paul Dalrymple. Some people have referred to it as the Dalrymple Dictatorship, and we won't protest that calling, as there is/has been a segment of truth in that calling. But whatever the calling, some 1337 pages of "taradiddle" have been produced in the past twenty-five years, and been foisted upon a membership that has ranged from about 150 to 650 at a most nominal fee. The Antarctic Society actually got its start as a Good Old Boys Club, a fallout of the Antarcticans in the Greater Washington Area who were involved in the International Geophysical Year, about the time of the enactment of the Antarctic Treaty. Camaraderie ruled the day, with liquid libation loosening the tongues at evening conclaves. The Society was a most fitting outgrowth of the life style of its first president, the fun-loving skua bird, Carl Eklund. Whatever fun has happened in the past twenty-five years of the Society has been an outgrowth of messages being sent back down to earth by the spirits of Carl. The Society, hopefully, has been FOR and BY Antarcticans, and this umbilical cord to real Antarcticans has been what has separated us from some of the other polar organizations that number in the teens, if not more.

Twenty-five years seems like a long, long time to be involved in a non-paying avocation, but compared to the tenure of August Horowitz/August Howard, of the American Polar Society, this is only a yellow hole in a snow bank. He survived a much larger membership than ours for over fifty years (52), and his one-person dynasty produced over a hundred issues (101), including those of the Little America Times. How many Antarctic Society newsletters and bulletins have been produced altogether? About 173, starting with occasional annual bulletins in 1967. The well-known Antarctic historian, Ken Bertrand, started putting out regular newsletters in November 1975, and he produced ten in the next two years. He was Society president when he retired, and Ruth and I started out in the fall of 1978.

Harry Dater, another historian, had been more or less the kingpin of the Society, and it is said his Board Meetings always started with his unlocking his liquor cabinet. But, unfortunately, he died, and the Society was pretty much in control by the large segment of Antarcticans at the US Geological Survey in Reston. They were a bunch of fun-loving guys, led by Charlie Morrison, who is still active in our Society. I told Ruth that if we were going to get involved in an organization we had better well know who were paid up and who weren't, as records at that time were in a terrible state. Using our official polar ice axes, our membership was reduced from more than 400 to less than 200 bona fide members. We were ruthless, even showed the door to the likes of Roger Tory

Peterson. There were no tree lunches, everyone paid. And so the ship was steered.

THERE ARE OTHERS. Before we unceremoniously take false credit for all the newsletters, let us say that they only developed through the cooperation of a few real sweethearts who generously contribute many jewels to us. Several newsletters were done exclusive of the household of Siple and Dalrymple. A volunteer by the name of Elle Tracey from Seattle, who had wintered over in Antarctica, surfaced ten years ago as a possible replacement. She did one newsletter. Kristin Larson, a very comely, well developed Antarctic veteran with a decade of experience, put together at least one, maybe two, newsletters, and contributed to many, but she went astray and became a full-time lawyer. Even though a close friend of Ruth's, she actually did not have the time required to run the Society as some of us wanted it run.

RUTH IS IT. Let's get one thing straight, though, before we continue, the Society exists only because of the dedication of one person, Ruth Siple. Whatever the Society is today, it is because of Ruth, who took it into her home, where its Nerve Center existed until a few years ago when Ruth's family decided that she was aging and should be farmed out to a Granny Apartment in suburban Washington. Ruth was and is sort of an unpolished diamond who sheds the limelight and the glory. She did all the legwork, typed all the newsletters (although Ruth is not a typist, she could type ten pages a day without a single typo), handled the treasury, mailed out all the calendars, and kept the operations running smoothly and efficiently.

SOCIETY HEYDAY. That would have been in the late 1970's and early 1980's. The National Science Foundation was a block from the White House, and the National Academy of Sciences' Polar Research Board headquarters were several blocks away. The old All-American football player, Lou DeGoes, was the Executive Secretary of the Board, and he got their members active in the Society. So, at the time of one of their twice-annual Washington meetings, we had a banquet followed by our annual Memorial Lecture in the big hall at the National Academy of Sciences. We even got Phil "Crevasse" Smith to show up when Larry Gould spoke. That night we ate in the fantastic foyer in the National Academy of Sciences! What CLASS! The next year Charlie Bentley wowed the audience with humor that no one suspected rested within Charlie. All of our regular meetings were held in the 18th Street building that housed NSF, and we had Board meetings before each lecture. People came to the meetings, perhaps in part because parking was safe in that area. Ruth made the coffee, although it was

always too strong, and we had light refreshments. However, it all was a ball.

Then things started to go bad (term modified for PG audiences). Tim Hushen, who replaced Lou as the Executive Secretary, left town and we never again had the great relationship that we had with Lou and Tim. Finally, the Polar Research Board left Foggy Bottom and moved out onto Connecticut Avenue. We did, though, maintain a great relationship with Peter Wilkniss when he was director of the Office of Polar Programs. He encouraged all of his managers to support us, and they did. We could always walk into Peter's office, and he would give us an honest answer to any question. But in a politically motivated move, Congressmen from Virginia got the National Science Foundation transferred into their Commonwealth, moving them to Ballston. It never was the same again, as it just was not a popular place for our members to go for meetings. Now we are reduced to noon-time bag lunch meetings, with an occasional joint meeting with the Polar Research Board, plus an annual mid-winter conclave with the Washington Area Explorers Club and the Society of Woman Geographers.

NEWSLETTERS. The most interesting newsletter ever produced was on the ill-fated Air New Zealand DC-10 crash on Mt. Erebus on 28 November 1979, probably Antarctica's blackest day ever. We had established a good relationship with Jim Caffin in Christchurch, and this newspaper man forwarded copies of everything printed in their papers that related to the crash. It was particularly meaningful to many of us who got to know Peter Mulgrew when he was at the South Pole. This was followed by a special edition about the fantastic surgery performed on Jerry Huffman following his burn accident at a race track. We got permission from the Washington paper that published a detailed account of the accident and the surgery to put it into our newsletter. (See Society Newsletter of September, 1981, entitled "*The Jerry Huffman Story*")

Jerry, who once wintered over at Eights Station, had been with the Office of Polar Programs for many years, been to the ice regularly for many seasons, and I thought there would be a terrific response. I was terribly disappointed that we aroused little or no interest, and I began to wonder just how many people were actually reading our newsletters. Then I got a piece of very good advice from Mike Kuhn in Innsbruck—"Scroungy, for Heavens sake stop writing such long newsletters, limit them to ten pages, as that is all anyone will read." And this we did until franked stamping became almost as costly as first class, and we switched over. Now we limit each newsletter to eight pages, as that is all we can mail without a surcharge being added.

SACRED COW. One evening a bunch of us were sitting around Ruth Siple's living room shooting the breeze when some female said that I was picking on a certain female. The quiet, untalkative Ken Moulton, spoke up and said, "Wait one minute, you don't know Dalrymple if you think he said that just because she was a woman. He would have said the same thing if the person had been a man." Anyway, we only had one sacred cow, Admiral Richard E. Byrd. The reason that he was sacred was because I met a lot of Byrd people through Ruth Siple, and got to know several very well, namely Paul Siple, Larry Gould, Henry Harrison, Charlie Murphy, Bud Waite, Al Lindsay, Dick Black, and Howard Mason. In my own case, the Admiral pulled a long outdated letter from me out of his files, and said if I still had an Antarctic fever, these were the people I should contact for a position during the International Geophysical Year. The common thread seemed to me to be that he did a lot for man> people, especially AFTER they got back. It just happened that Ruth and I were at Henry Harrison's home in Asheville when this awful questionnaire came from a Virginian, a Byrd biographer-to-be, an ex-National Science Foundation employee, and Henry handed it over to me with "What do you think about this?" It was obvious the way the questions were slanted that all this guy wanted back was negative criticism of Byrd, which made me more determined than ever to protect Byrd should anything contrary come up.

JACKIE RONNE. Jackie and I have compromised on another noted polar explorer, her husband, Finn Ronne. I got a call one day from a woman who said, "This is Jackie Ronne." I gulped, fearing the worst. She started out by saying "I hear you have written about women in Antarctica in some newsletter, can I see a copy?" I replied that she could, but added "You must remember the context in which it was written. There were two articles side-by-side. I wrote about men in Antarctica, entitled '*The End of a (Great) Era*', and my friend Mildred Crary wrote a companion piece about women in hers, '*It's About Time*'." I thought I would never hear from Jackie again, but she called in two weeks and requested more copies of the newsletter. I knew then if I were not in trouble with the article about women, I would sure be in deep trouble for some of the things I had written about Finn. About a month passed before Jackie called again and she said "I recognize a stacked deck when I see one, and I am not going to join your Society". Naturally, I was more than a bit sheepish, as I would have said the same thing if I had been in Jackie's blouse. But I answered, "I'm sorry, Jackie, but your dear friend Pete Burrill is going to be our incoming president, and I promise you if you join, I will never again write anything bad about Finn." So the lady with the most beautiful penguin broach ever seen joined the

Society, as did their daughter, and we have all lived happily ever after,..... I think.

RECOGNIZING SOME OAEs. We thought that we should recognize some of the OAEs who helped get these newsletters off to a good start for Ruth and me. All of these people I knew personally, nearly all through Ruth. And I saw many up close and personal with Ruth at her home. What a wonderful way to get to know people. I regret that I only knew Paul Siple professionally, and the only time I had a chance to sit down and have a beer with him was in Stockholm when I joined Paul and Jack Tuck one afternoon in a lounge. Paul was long gone by the time Ruth and I got together on the newsletter. I also regret that I never met Bernt Balchen, although I got him to sign the program for *'Man Living in the Arctic!'* I know I have antagonized at least two of his widows, and for this I apologize. I know Bernt was outstanding and a fantastic pilot.

AMBASSADOR PAUL CLEMENT DANIELS, ANTARCTIC TREATY ARCHITECT. The Ambassador fitted in very well to the mold of the Society as established by Carl Eklund, as he himself never passed up too many cocktails. When they were hammering out the Antarctic Treaty, Walter Sullivan used to take him out to dinner with the hopes of getting some ideas about what they were discussing. But Walter told me that, even though he was a strong Yale man like the Ambassador, he never told him a thing! And, unfortunately, both died unpleasant deaths from cancer. The Ambassador had cancer of the tongue, and his widow, Teddy, once told me that whenever I talked about her husband, be sure to tell all pipe smokers to throw away their pipes. You are hereby told. I was the fortunate recipient of some of his monogrammed handkerchiefs as Teddy sent some to me where the Ambassador and I not only had the same initials, we were both Paul Clement. Teddy, incidentally, is still alive.

LARRY GOULD, SUPERSTAR. This is the man I referred to as the Antarctic Superstar. *'My 50 Years of Antarctic Exploration and Research'* was our Memorial Lecture on April 19, 1979. His way with words were nonpareil, such eloquence that I never heard from another penguin. Ed Todd said that Larry's book, *COLD*, has the best description ever written of a blizzard.

My initial entrance into Antarctica was made in his company, as he was aboard the USS CURTISS as we entered McMurdo Sound in January 1957. He was still there when I departed McMurdo some 23 months later, although I believe in his case that in between he may have actually gone home to Northfield, MN. Being from the dog sledge era, Larry was a good old boy, and male chauvinism ran deeply in his blood. Toward that end,

I once wrote something with tongue-in-cheek about how God created Antarctica just for men, and Larry loved it, repeating it often from the stage to my embarrassment. He also sent it to friends, and one, Charles Swithinbank, asked me if he could use it in one of his books. You don't say no to Charles who does so much for so many of us, so if you want to read some tomfoolery see page 123 of his *ALIEN* book.

I had one total failure with Larry, and that was when I tried to re-create a fabulous interview that the eminent Canadian polar geographer, Trevor Lloyd, did with Vilhjalmur Stefansson a couple of weeks before Stef died. I got Walter Sullivan, the Science Editor of the *NEW YORK TIMES*, to do the interview, and Larry said to me, "There is no one finer in the whole world for me to talk to about myself than Walter Sullivan," and I was congratulating myself for such a splendid choice. It was all set up at the National Science Foundation for a Saturday morning, and we had the proper props with the right maps and choice of books. They went down to the Head to prepare themselves, and the handsome Sullivan came back looking like a matinee idol; Larry came back still looking like a geologist. Ah well, roll the camera. Walter starts out saying, "Larry, I have been reading Byrd's book on your expedition just to refresh my memories before we sat down this morning, and I note that you are often referred to as Chips. This must mean that you were very adept at wood working." And Larry came back with, "I wish it were so, Walter, but there were two Goulds on that expedition, and one was the carpenter - he was the one called Chips." So much for Walter as the erudite interviewer!

Larry and I exchanged a lot of letters, some of which would shock some people at NSF who he did not champion. He was not one to hold back much. But let's fast forward to one of the last times I saw Larry, when he came east for an Academy's Polar Research Board meeting. Larry had chaired that Board for a long time, but now he had surrendered the chair to Gentleman Jim Zumberge, another All-American in so many different ways. The Board sat around the conference table, and Larry sat next to me in one of the chairs around the periphery of the room. Half way through the meeting, Larry leaned over toward me and whispered rather loudly, "Do you have Judy's telephone number?" He chose an inopportune time, as nothing was being said at the conference table, and everyone heard Larry. And everyone there knew this Judy, a beautiful, gorgeous damsel who once had been a partner-in-arms with the executive secretary of the Board. We won't complete the whole story, but I chaperoned Larry and Judy that night at dinner at the Cosmos Club, which had just made Larry their 18th Annual Cosmos Club Award Winner. It was a hell of an

evening as Pete Burrill had interviewed Larry over cocktails that afternoon for the Cosmos Club paper. Then Larry and Judy had cocktails in the lounge before I arrived for dinner. And then there were more liquid refreshments with the dinner, and no holds were barred. Larry got back home and wrote me, "Get in touch with Judy, and let's do it all over again on my next trip to Washington!" He was something else.

NORMAN VAUGHAN, METHUSELAH OF THE ICE. I hesitate to write about Norman, as he is in practically every newsletter and everyone thinks he is my father. Well, we will tell you a few things that you may not know. One is that Norman, in spite of his deviltry, is a very religious man. I have never heard him utter a swear word or an off-color word. He is a pretty straight arrow. I was once at a luncheon for Norman at the Myopia Hunt Club on the North Shore of Boston. I came in my standard rig, straight out of L.L. Bean, and was embarrassed to find myself in high society. The blonde next to me excused herself before dessert, saying she had to go to a meeting. I then asked someone, "Who's she?" Turned out she was the CEO of the Suffolk Down Race Track! Eventually all the dowagers left, and I was there with Norman and his daughter, and I looked at her and said in typical Dalrymplese, "You are one fine looking woman." She thanked me and said "Good looks run in our family". And how right she was, as old Norman will still be good looking if he ever decides it's time to die, which is highly unlikely.

HENRY HARRISON - NO. 1. Henry was my alter ego, as we were more or less cut from the same piece of cloth. We both came from a not-so-pretty place called Worcester, Massachusetts; we both got into meteorology in one form or another; we both were self-acclaimed experts on the game of baseball; we both dabbled at contract bridge; and we both liked to write. Henry was the glue that held together the members of the 1st Byrd Antarctic Expedition, and put out an annual newsletter about them. He was also Commander Byrd's bridge partner at Little America. After the Antarctic, he became associated with an airline as one of its forecasters. When the American Meteorological Society began certifying meteorologists as consultants, number one was given to Henry. A good-looking guy who verged on being handsome, he was a real nice guy, on the quiet side. It was a privilege to have known this fine person.

AL LINDSAY, SEPLE'S COUNTERPART. Al was the last of the Byrd scientists to pass away, and like his boyhood friend, Paul Siple, he left his firm imprints on the scientific world. Fortunately for all of us, he wrote a detailed account of events on the 2nd Byrd Antarctic Expedition (see *'Inside Byrd's Second Antarctic Expedition,'* Antarctic Society Newsletter,

January 1998). Like Tom Poulter of BAEII, he was highly acclaimed for his research, and was probably the best naturalist that Byrd ever had on the ice. Preservation areas have been established in this country in Al's name, and he wrote many environmental poems.

When he and Elizabeth got married in Washington, D.C., the Admiral was testifying before the Appropriations Committee, and as soon as it was over hopped into a waiting cab and rushed to their wedding. He missed the wedding, performed by Al's father, a minister, but he got there in time for the reception! Where else but in our newsletters would you get such trivial information?!?! Al did not die an entirely happy camper, as a result of a film crew from the UK doing a documentary on REB. They spent half a day taping him, but even though he was a strong Byrd supporter, the final film excluded Lindsay's remarks. Too bad, as he was the most coherent member of that expedition who was alive at that time.

CHARLIE MURPHY, A JOLLY GOOD FELLOW WHO COULD WRITE. Here was a good ole boy, and without a doubt, the best-known author to ever winter over in Antarctica. He was a close personal friend of Commander Byrd when the first expedition was organized, and Byrd wanted him along. As Charlie was just getting established professionally as a writer, he declined. But he did agree to go on the 2nd Byrd Antarctic Expedition, and had a key role in the decision making as to whether they should go out to Boiling Advance Weather Station and retrieve the admiral. His speech to the Society, *"Some Vagrant Recollections of an Elderly Antarcticist,"* was published in our April 1982 newsletter, and is great reading. He and I exchanged a lot of letters about Byrd, and as eloquent as Larry was with words, Charlie was likewise in putting them onto paper.

Charlie helped Byrd with his books on Antarctica and had a "heavy hand" in the writing of ALONE. He spent most of his career with TIME, LIFE, and FORTUNE. He was a passenger on an Egyptian steamer (ZAMRAN) when it was sunk in the South Pacific by a German warship. He wrote a dramatic account of the incident (accident) and the rescue of all 323 passengers. A three-part series on Churchill in LIFE attracted the attention of the Duke of Windsor, and it ended up that he became a very well known biographer of the Windsors. His later writings were in defense- and intelligence-related coverage. His account of the 1961 Bay of Pigs invasion in Cuba was highly critical of President Kennedy and incurred his wrath!

His wife was in ill health late in her life, and he found a place in New Hampshire where they were especially attentive to the ill, and that is where they retired. After her death, he fought off hordes of widows who were charmed by this most likable guy.

I am not a funeral person, but his, at the closest Episcopal Church to the White House, was a winner, with outstanding classical music, void of words from the ministry, just those from two grandchildren. The audience was a Who's Who in Political Washington. The church service was just an appetizer; the real service was conducted afterward at the nearby Army-Navy Club, which was Charlie's favorite watering hole in Washington.

BUD WAITE, HUMANIZED ECHO SOUNDER. Bud, as Amory was called by one and all, lectured on his expertise to our Society on January 6, 1969, presenting *'The History and Development of Radio Sea Depth Measurements'*. Here was a man, a real character, who had been in my life for years, and who continued to play a part until his death in 1985. I first met him in 1936 when he gave a lecture on the 2nd Byrd Antarctic Expedition in Thomaston, Maine. Fast forward then to Little America V at Kainan Bay, January 1957. As I arrived for the year, I found old Bud in sickbay, recovering from an accident. He had fallen off a sledge and it had been dragged across his chest, injuring some ribs.

When we both worked for the Army, I saw him off and on at meetings for the next fifteen years. I rode in a car with him from Hanover, NH to Boston, and I think he was the only person in the car who spoke, as he regaled us with hilarious stories about his family, which apparently did not have any normal people. He was quite famous for his research on echo sounding through snow, and I saw him quite often in Washington, DC. He wrote voluminously, but unfortunately, always in long hand. His penmanship could only be described as Early Penguinese.

He wrote often, and invariably always fortuitously predicting his pending demise. I always replied by assuring him that he had a long life in front of him, as "only the good die young." Then, finally, a real long letter of about ten pages arrived, and across the top of it read "FINAL LETTER." That convinced me that he might possibly die, and I sat right down and wrote him a special letter, this time telling him what he had meant to my life, thanking him for his influence and his friendship. But, unfortunately, he died several hours before the letter was delivered. However, I was able to do one thing that brought him to tears. As the last surviving member of the tractor party who rescued Admiral Byrd from his outpost, I contacted Senator Harry Byrd of Virginia about a special gift for Bud (to be presented to him at the 50th anniversary of BAE II). He had

a very nice picture of REB enlarged, framed, and signed with "thank yous" from the living members of the Byrd family. Bud was something else, and Ruth was always "dearie" to him.

DICK BLACK, MR. DISTINGUISHED. Here was the epitome of class among Antarcticans, and if he did not come from aristocracy, he sure portrayed it. He was the Shakespearian among us, and was very active in the Folger Theatre, immediately behind the Library of Congress on Capitol Hill.

Misfortune struck Dick on his first trip to Antarctica, as his wife died en route. His roommate on the ship was Bud Waite, and he took the message while working as the radio operator. However, Bud said he could not deliver the bad news, and told the admiral that he had to do it. Later Dick married this artist, Aviza, and they made a great couple. But what I really wanted to say about Dick was that he was, in my mind, the Poet Laureate of the Antarctic, writing a lot of poems about the Antarctic. The one on the demise of the BEAR was printed a couple of times in our newsletter, and is just great. There is another on the early explorers, such as Scott, Shackleton, and Amundsen. Another is in the form of a poem to his wife on the beauty of the colors he was seeing in the Antarctic when at East Base. There was another about being on the trail with dogs. These were all presented by Dick in his *'A Memorial Tribute to Men of the U.S. Antarctic Service Expedition of 40 Years Ago'* Memorial Lecture of May 13, 1981. He was a handsome devil, with mustache, carried himself well, dressed elegantly, and looked like an admiral, which indeed he became as he was retired. He hosted our first of several Antarctic Society summer picnics at his out-of-town estate in Woodbridge, Rippon Lodge. The event was very popular, but ended when Dick did not like the way members did not police the area afterward. He also hosted the 50th Anniversary of BAE II at the affluent Cincinnati Club in the District. Quite a guy.

BOB NICHOLS - LET'S MANHAUL TODAY! Bob Nichols was probably the man that Captain Scott wished he had been. As it was, Bob was Captain Scott's most devoted representative in this country, and he firmly believed that nothing of any merit was ever accomplished in the Antarctic unless it involved men sledge hauling. Just ask Bob Rutford or George Denton, both of whom sledged many miles with Bob. On May 13, 1981, Bob gave our Annual Memorial Lecture, *'Captain Robert Falcon Scott and His Last Expedition'*.

One year Dave Bresnahan got Bob to be the keynote speaker at what used to be an annual event, Antarctic Orientation. This was the season before Michele Raney was going to be the first woman to ever winter over at the South Pole, and she was red hot news. There used to be an evening paper in Washington then by the name of the WASHINGTON STAR, and they did a big spread that day on Michele going to the Pole. Bob flew down from Boston that afternoon, and had not had an opportunity to read the evening paper. Well, Bob was up there on the stage, this former Athletic Department Chairman, all six feet three inches, walking back and forth, wearing bright red suspenders, and he finished his presentation by bellowing out so he could be heard all the way to Foggy Bottom, "And what I love about Antarctica is its MASCULINITY!" I rushed up to Bob afterwards and quietly told him, "We have to rush you out of town before you get scalped!" Unfortunately, the scalping came later when his wife took this bona fide New Englander to retirement in Florida.

CONRAD FIELD, NICE GUY. Society member Conrad Field of Homer, Alaska, married to the lovely person answering to Carmen, has been chosen as the national recipient of a NOAA Excellence Award for Coastal and Ocean Resources Management - Volunteer of the Year. Award ceremony on Capitol Hill on March 19th if Conrad can scrounge a suit from a friend and borrow a necktie from another friend. Both items are somewhat foreign to his wardrobe. How to go Conrad, you are most deserving!!!

ANTARCTICAN SOCIETY BAPTISM (Anonymous)
Future historians, in attempting to trace the origins of the Antarctic Society, will find the record silent as to just when and by whom it was founded. Rumors as to the existence of such an organization were in circulation during the early fall of 1959, and presently an anonymous notice was received by persons interested in the Antarctic, announcing that a meeting would be held at the Cosmos Club on the late afternoon of 8 October. Intrigued, some by the clause in the notice that membership in the Society involved no payment of dues, others by hints of liquid refreshment, a large number of the recipients converged on the Cosmos Club at the appointed time. Here arose another source of the confusion that troubles researchers in this matter, as it developed that a meeting of The Explorers Club was being held at the same time and place. Membership in The Explorers Club has long been held by its members to be a great honor, and the sudden invasion of their meeting by a whole lot of non-members, and the bafflement of the latter at the dirty looks which they were getting from the former, added further to the uncertainty as to what it was all about. The law of natural selection now manifested itself, through The Explorers Club members withdrawing from the presence of the

non-members, who thus found themselves milling about in an outer chamber, somewhat removed from the bar. A measure of order was presently restored by the circumstance that some members of The Explorers Club had received the Antarctic Society notice, and through their good offices, the non-Explorers were permitted to approach the bar, one or two at a time, though subjected to the withering stares of assorted rhinoceros hunters, world travelers, and similar notables.

Mr. Wayne Fisher of the State Department now began to whip some semblance of discipline into this leaderless mob, and under his sure guidance, a meeting was presently called to order. Everyone had meanwhile become increasingly aware of the presence of Ambassador Daniels, and it was apparent that whatever the Antarctic Society was, he was a large part of it. Not much further light was cast on this obscure topic by the meeting that followed, but everyone agreed that it was a great success, and thus the recorded history of the Antarctic Society began.

The next meeting of the Society was a more orderly affair. The Antarctic Treaty Conference [Consultative Meeting?], which began shortly after the occasion recorded above, involved long and weighty discussions on all aspects of Antarctic affairs, conducted by diplomats of great stature who were only slightly handicapped by the fact that hardly any of them had ever been to the Antarctic. It was felt that this handicap, negligible as it was, could be rectified by viewing an Antarctic film, and the infant Antarctic Society rose to the occasion. The auditorium of the National Academy of Sciences was procured for the evening of 19 November; invitations to the delegates to the Conference and to the members of the Society (construed to mean all those who had attended the opening meeting) were sent out, and the film "U.S. Navy Supports the IGY in Antarctica" was duly shown. The delegates who attended professed themselves greatly pleased. This event established a milestone in the Society's history, as certain expenses were incurred in mailing the invitations and meeting the NAS fee for janitor services, and it was borne in upon the membership that since it collected no dues, it had no funds and had better find some.

The mysterious forces that, from the smoke-filled room had been guiding the destinies of the Society, now sent out another notice, announcing a business meeting, to be held at the home of Dr. Carl Eklund on the evening of 8 January [1960]. The announced purpose of the meeting was to elect officers and a Board of Directors, and to adopt by-laws. It was duly called to order by the Chairman pro-tem, Dr.

Eklund, Mr. Fisher acting as Secretary pro-tern. At once it became apparent that a lot of thought had been put into the preparations for this meeting, and indeed a set of by-laws had been included with the notice. There was some debate about a few of these, in particular as to the definition of the word "person" in the clause defining eligibility for membership, but no conclusion was reached on this controversial topic. Other differences of opinion were ably arbitrated by Ambassador Daniels, but even his talents were unequal to resolving this problem. With minor revisions the by-laws were adopted as proposed. Next came the election of officers, which was carried out in a highly democratic way under the single-party system. One candidate for each office was proposed and elected unanimously, and these by coincidence included the two officers pro-tern. The successful candidates were as follows:

President - Dr. Eklund
Vice-President - Dr. Wexler
Secretary - Mr. Fisher
Treasurer - Captain Cadwalader

The need for the latter position is explained in by-law No. 7, which established annual dues of \$1.00 to forestall any further embarrassment such as was experienced at the second meeting. Also included with the notice of the meeting was a slate of directors, who were likewise unanimously elected, no further nominations or discordant notes having been introduced.

Business being concluded, the host, Dr. Eklund, and his charming wife served a repast consisting of the residue from some of Carl's biological collections, which proved delicious. There was also a well-stocked bar. Altogether the evening was a pronounced success, and it was felt by all that the Antarctic Society, having at last come out into the open and established such a fine precedent for future meetings, was off to a brilliant and profitable career.

GEORGE LLANO. (Modified from *Washington Post*) One of the most significant and influential members of the Antarctic science community, Dr. George Llano, died of a heart attack following influenza Feb. 9 aboard a ship en route from Argentina to the Falkland Islands. He was 91. George was doing what he loved to do since his retirement in 1977, travel on a tour vessel and disseminate his vast knowledge of Antarctic lore to the general public. He spoke to our Society on June 5, 1980 on '*Tourism in Antarctica with the World Discoverer.*' George was involved in many things during his extensive career, from development of a shark repellent, discovery of the lichen (*Cladonia perforata*), whale research (a family of prehistoric whales is named for him), and managing U.S. research in Antarctica from the inception of the program

at NSF. He retired as Acting Chief Scientist and Program Manager, but he was more than that. He was on the U.S. National Committee for the IGY, which led him to the NSF polar program office in 1961. He was instrumental in major decision-making for research in a part of the world that had just opened up to investigators, and George had the uncanny ability to focus on topics that resulted in information new to science in not only biology but other disciplines as well. He knew exactly how to spend Federal dollars to get the most "bang for the buck." Countless numbers of graduate students owe their careers to George, for he funded numerous academics who directed their students into new territory. (For examples, see recent issues of the Newsletter for George's own words about this part of his life. We were fortunate in the timing by documenting this aspect of George, in which he freely told it like it is.) George was born in Havana, became a U.S. citizen, and left his mark on more than Antarctica. George was buried in the cemetery overlooking the harbor at Stanley, Falkland Islands, on 21 February. Next time you're in Stanley, pay him his well-deserved respects.

GEORGE'S LETTER TO RUTH. In a letter dated February 2, 2002, George Llano wrote the following letter to Ruth Siple:

"Dear Ruth, Instead of your usual friendly note on my copy of the Antarctic Society [Newsletter] I got a note from your puckish By editor, Paul, needling me for my lack of respect for your 90 years and long service to the Society's newsletter. At 92 we are companions to the end and Paul, for once, lags far behind. But I am saddened to hear that you are troubled by macular degeneration; I am undergoing my second cataract operation this next week and am constantly alert to troublesome glaucoma. Old age is not th best of times, dear Ruth, despite Browning's proclamation in his poem, Rabbi Ben Ezra, but one has to do with what time and fortune leaves us.

Looking back I cannot recall when we first met but I early admired Paul Siple, the Eagle Scout with Admiral Byrd. I recall well when at the Missouri Botanical Garden, St. Louh in 19471 first viewed his lichen collections from Antarctica. I have always felt privileged that early in our acquaintance you accepted me as a friend, indeed as a colleague. I am most grateful for my relationship with the Siples which in a sense brought me into the brotherhood ofAntarcticans. I close with good wishes for all your days, Affectionately, George."