



# THE ANTARCTICAN SOCIETY

## "M I D - W I N T E R P I C N I C"

SUNDAY, JUNE 17, 1979

3 p.m. - 9 p.m.

at

EVANS FARM INN

1696 Chain Bridge Road

MCLEAN, VIRGINIA

(other entrance on Dolley Madison Highway, Rt. 123)

Dinner will be served at 6 p.m.  
on the lawn outside the PLANTATION ROOM  
followed by a film  
in the Plantation Room

There will be a CASH BAR on the patio  
outside the Plantation Room

In case of rain, everything will be held in the Plantation Room.

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RESERVATION FORM on page 10!

August Howard Goes Honorary.

The Board of Directors of the Antarctic Society is highly pleased and most honored to announce that Mr. August Howard has been awarded and has accepted an Honorary Membership in the Antarctic Society. Although I have never had the pleasure of knowing him personally, I have long known of him and his works, and have heard so many good things about him and his wife Rose that I almost feel I know them both. He is the AMERICAN POLAR SOCIETY, it has never known any other father. He formed the Society 45 years ago, and it gave birth the following year to a beautiful child, THE POLAR TIMES. Since that time the family has increased by 86 new arrivals. August's offsprings go out to some 2300 homes scattered over the globe in over 32 different countries, and this avid stamp collector sends them out with beautiful commemorative stamps. What a nice touch! Rose must be an understanding wife, as after all those publications, it must seem to her at times as if he is married to a mailing list rather than to her. But like all Boy Scouts - he was their Public Relations Officer from 1928 through 1970, and came into polar activities through the Boy Scouts of America sending of Explorer Scout Paul Siple to the Antarctic in 1928 - he appears to be a kind, considerate, and generous man, and no doubt is a loving and devoted husband, particularly after the semi-annual mailings go out. If anyone in our Society is not a member of his Society, you just aren't with it. But you can be for a most nominal fee, \$2.00 a year, \$5.00 for three years, checks payable to the American Polar Society, whose address is August Howard, Secretary, 98-20 62nd Drive, Apt. 7H, Rego Park, New York 11374.

Our membership list reached my pre-season goal of 250 paid members prior to the Larry Gould Show. We were 253 strong that night, which was 153 more paid memberships than we had last year. We are now up to 267. We have 54 new members. Some like Bob Nichols actually felt that it was better to send in five dollars and join rather than to be harassed by my caustic comments on complimentary copies. I am particularly happy with the NEW members from the Byrd expeditions: Roos, Bubier, Harrison, Bursey, Bird, Morgan, Dyer, Mason and Rawson. We also picked up two corporation renewals, one from Holmes and Narver, one from Lindblad. They sure help.

Bergy Bits is NOT the Voice of the Antarctic Society, nor should it in any way be considered the position of the Antarctic Society on any issue. It is strictly thoughts and comments by the incumbent president, who is by birth an uninhibited soul who thinks in terms of superlatives, who believes that the good old days of the Antarctic were the golden days, who believes that good grammar should not necessarily get in the way of a good story, who confesses to male chauvinism at the same time that he sings the praises of a Mary Alice, and who believes that THE WASHINGTON POST is detrimental to the health of all Antarticans. Pending impeachment, there will be one more year of the same biased bergy bits, same tongue-in-cheek writing, same caustic comments.

We feel greatly indebted to the excellent speakers we have had this year. They were just fabulous. There was a great mix of the old and the new with Larry Gould and Admiral Black telling us about the Golden Years, and the fabulous Sweetheart of the Society telling us everything about krill, Jay Zwally giving us the very latest on how the big eye in the sky interprets sea ice, and then Chester Pierce giving us a physician's view of those crazy Antarticans. Let's hear it for them all, they were fantastic.

## BERGY BITS

The Larry Gould Show kicked off an important five days for the National Academy of Sciences, in which Larry was the biggest hit (of three spectaculars). Two days after Dr. Gould entertained us, the Academy unveiled the controversial and much discussed Albert Einstein monument on its front lawn. As most of you know, the statue did not have the full blessing of the scientific nor of the artistic communities. Then two days later, President Carter walked onto the stage sanctified by Dr. Gould and made an urgent plea to the National Academy of Sciences for their backing of his energy bill. Gould, Einstein, and Carter - how about that! And WE know who was the most popular in that certain week in April.

Larry Gould's birth certificate isn't worth the paper it's written on, as he is still a young man, full of all boy. He rolled back the calendar on April 19th, totally disregarding the last 50 years, and once again was back at Little America and in the Rockefeller Mountains. He regaled an enthusiastic audience at the National Academy of Sciences with stories about the good old days. Shortly after Larry started to relive some of his better memories, Pete Demas, one of his wintering-over colleagues from the expedition was overheard saying, "He still has the old zing." Yes, for well over an hour Larry was back on the trail with his dogs, just like it was yesterday, and the audience was right there with him. As he went from one story to another, he ran his fingers through his still generous endowment of hair while the video camera ground away at this latter day Huckleberry Finn. His tousled head of hair became completely disarrayed, a total tonsorial disaster - all recorded for posterity! Larry was having fun being a boy again, and how the audience loved it. It was truly vintage Gould with a lot of pizzazz. As he looked back with us, he was actually looking ahead. His heart was with his many accomplishments, but his spirit was looking forward to the fall when he plans on being on the 50th anniversary flight over the South Pole. And as he spoke of going on this flight, you sensed that this would not be his swan song to the 'Antarctic, that it would just be another delightful experience that would be followed by others in succeeding years. Towards that end, he has assured the Antarctic Society that he is quite willing to come back and give the Memorial Lecture in the year 2000 on a Century of Antarctic Exploration (or any other topic that he may see as fitting the occasion).

Pete Demas, who just may be the foremost Grecian Antarctic explorer of all time, came on from California to attend the Larry Gould Show. He wanted to meet Alice Dater, and it resulted in a touching scene as he bestowed his personal gratitude for the letter he had received from her late husband in which a mountain range in the Antarctic was named after him. Pete has more or less dedicated his life to vindicating the flight of Commander Richard Byrd over the North Pole. Pete was with Byrd in the Arctic in 1926, was a witness to most of the Trans-Atlantic flights in 1927 (including Commander Byrd's), and was a member of the First and Second Byrd Antarctic Expeditions. Pete is a short, square-shouldered man who is in excellent condition. In fact, he appears to be slightly down in weight from what he was when he was one of three who rescued Admiral Byrd from Boiling Advance Base in 1934.

Admiral Richard and Aviza Black were a distinguished looking couple. It is always good to see them both; and it was great having the Admiral as one of our 1978-79 speakers. Actually there were three from the 1933-35 wintering-over party: Black, Demas, and Charlie Murphy, who was with CBS and served as the

Expedition's Communications Officer. Charlie Murphy looks like Charlie Murphy - big, handsome and affable with a map of Ireland on his face. John Bird and his wife were also there - he went to the Antarctic on the CITY OF NEW YORK to help bring back the members of the First Byrd Antarctic Expedition. John is tall and ramrod straight, still trim of figure, and his wife is most attractive - she is actually much prettier than John!

Norman Vaughan, B.A.E. I, is dog team driver par excellence. A proposal is being circulated in Washington seeking funds to film Colonel Vaughan's entrance and racing in the 1980 Leonhard Seppala Iditarod Sled Dog Race. It is a 1,049 mile race, from Anchorage to Nome. Norman reports that he has some real fine dogs, and he feels at age 75 that he is just approaching the maturity that one needs to travel by dog team alone for 20 days in the wilderness of Alaska, covering two mountain ranges, rugged mountain passes, two wild rivers, temperatures down to -50°F, with windchill equivalent temperatures of -100°F. Norman holds the record for the longest snowmobile trip on record, a little junket from Alaska to Boston. He did this when he was a kid, only 65. He has already raced in the Iditarod race, and finished, although one year he pulled a Chappaquiddick and made the wrong turn. That could have been costly, he could have ended up in Siberia. If his agent finds a sponsor, you will be seeing Norman Vaughan on the Sony in your living room. While Larry was here in Washington, Norman called him from Alaska. Wonder if he availed himself of the opportunity to remind him of the Harvard-Michigan score back in 1929?

We have quite a few of the B.A.E. I members in the Society. Besides Larry and Pete, Ken Bubier, Taffy Davies, Henry Harrison, Jack Bursey and Howard Mason are in good standing. Eddie Goodale is slightly in arrears in our treasurer's books, although we haven't given up on him. That leaves only two out of the fold. And then we have Ed Roos and John Bird from the CITY OF NEW YORK. We have not been so successful courting members of B.A.E. II who are a hard group to crack. We do have the aforementioned Pete, Admiral Black, and Charlie Murphy, plus John Dyer, Gill Morgan, Kennett Rawson, Bud Waite, and Gordon Fountain. Dyer was not able to get to Washington in time to hear Larry, although he was here a few days afterwards. John says he is still kicking, and also evidently pulling, as he has a female Siberian husky who pulls a sled with the grandchildren and then demands and gets a ride herself. He wrote, "Bursey would shudder at that." He has just finished reading Jack's book and said it "brought back many pleasant memories." Gill Morgan did not write much news, although he sent along best regards to fellow members of the Expedition together with a check for \$100 to cover his membership. Those are the kinds of memberships we love! Kennett Rawson is with Rawson, Wade Publishers at 630 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017. Finn Ronne lives here in town, but we have not won him over - yet. Their daughter was married on May 5th - a big social event in Georgetown.

We asked August Howard if he could run a check on Richard Konter, who presumably is the oldest living member who participated in a phase of B.A.E. I, and who had sort of dropped out of sight a few years ago. August is the U.S. Antarctic community's Canadian Mountie, and he came up with the information that Richard recently celebrated his 97th birthday and is at St. Albans Naval Hospital in St. Albans, New York. His family's address is 3029 Brighton 12th Street, Brooklyn, New York 11235, and their telephone number is 212-648-3936. He was a ship mate of John Bird and Ed Roos on the CITY OF NEW YORK.

Several people wanted to know why Bud Waite's name, Lloyd Berkner's name and some other people's names were not included in the program that was passed out at the door. The reason is quite simple - we were only paying homage to those who actually wintered over with Dr. Gould in 1928-30,

We did try to get members from B.A.E. I to come to Washington for the Larry Gould Show. We appreciate the letters that many of them sent saying they wished they could come and asking us to give Larry their regards. The Society is going to put together a few of these momentos and give them to the Goulds. There are always some funny comments when the Old Guard gets together. When I mentioned that we had made an effort to get a certain expedition member to Washington, one of the members present said, "He wouldn't come if he had a special invitation to the second coming of the Messiah!" It was also rather comical when all the "old boys" walked off the stage leaving Dr. Gould at the podium - they all sort of responded as one giving him some good natured ribbing.

Although he was not a member of the Byrd expeditions, he was on the Ronne Antarctic Expedition and at heart is a throwback to the good old glory days of Antarctica Bob Nichols has joined the Society. He gave me one of my biggest thrills all year when he was the "commencement" speaker talking to all the graduates going to the Antarctic this past year. He flew down from Boston in the late afternoon, flew over to the hotel, and flew into his speech. The hall was full of women going to Antarctica, but if anyone from USARP had bothered to brief him ahead of time that Antarctica had gone to the women, he chose to either ignore it or let the chips fall where they may. After a rip-roaring account of the good old days sledging on the trail, he came to the end and wanted to wrap it all up with a good solid wrap up, telling the audience with underlines why he loved Antarctica. And as this huge hunk of an athletic man paced before the audience with the microphone, he bellowed out a la Knute Rockne, "What I love most about the Antarctic is its masculinity." Whatever he said after that was lost. Somehow or other he was able to get out of town with his life, but I imagine the women of Antarctica have placed a price on his scalp. They will certainly slash his ever present suspenders if he ever slows down. I file all members according to some key category, and good old Bob's card is right behind mine under "Male Chauvinist".

Had a nice letter the other day from John Cadwalader. John put together a nice little booklet, "Antarctic Ice - How to Live With It" - a primer for all people who went south during the IGY. From his booklet I extracted "bergie bits" to describe small pieces of information that we use in the Newsletter. He worked in the Antarctic Programs Office following four good years with TF43. He wrote how much he liked the late Harry Dater, the late Carl Eklund, and Max Brewer. He returned to the Antarctic in 1968 as a lecturer on a Lindblad tour. But a funny thing happened to him while on his way back to the Antarctic (with Lindblad), he was befriended by a passenger, and as a result John went on a World Wildlife Fund expedition to Malaysia. In fact, he has just returned from that expedition. John was one of the original members of our Society, and regrets that his home town of Blue Bell, Pennsylvania is so far from our meetings. Rudi Honkala says that he made life bearable on the ship going to Wilkes in 1956, that his savoir faire in dealing with both sandcrabs and military prevented them from killing off one another before the ship ever got there. Thanks for the nice letter John, you must be a real nice guy.

THE WASHINGTON POST sure has a way of infuriating Antarciticans. They outdid themselves, which isn't easy to do, in an article in the Style Section of their

Friday, April 13th paper about four Americans who finagled their way to the Antarctic on a tour ship and then went on a lark. The headline said "To The Bottom of The World". Hardly the bottom, they never even crossed the Antarctic Circle in their outboard rubber raft. And in italics under the author's byline was "No one in the whole world knows where we are tonight" with the name of the clod whose diary had contained it. Any high school kid in the country could have put those same words in his diary on any given night and not have been wrong. They quoted one of the guys as saying "It's really neat to go somewhere where no man has ever walked ..." What kind of a man talks like that, even to his grandmother? They tried to get NSF to sponsor this fiasco, but thank God they turned down the debacle. The POST said "The trip was considered so dangerous that the National Science Foundation refused to sanction it". Tommy rot, there was no science. If Ed Todd turned these guys down, let's get Congress to renegotiate his contract. However, we may not have heard the end of these characters, one of whom is a woman. It seems that these guys have the backing of Roone Arledge, top dog at ABC, who was boosting them for part of his American Sportsman series and who wants to send them back next year to televise to the States from the top of Mt. Tyree, at 17,000 elevation. David, they must not desecrate your mountain. Roone Arledge is an important man, and behind him are people like Barbara Walters, Phyllis George, and, heaven forbid, Howard Cosell, a bunch of locusts. Phyllis George just might ask her latest husband to buy Mt. Tyree. She told her political-sportsman husband on their honeymoon last fall that if he bought Bob McAdoo his basketball team, the once famed Boston Celtics, might gain respectability. Before they were served dessert, the Celtics had McAdoo and had practically given up their birthrights, three first-round draft choices for a man who never learned that basketball was a team game. Preserve Mt. Tyree from Phyllis and Howard, please.

On the other side of town, Christine Russell did a real fine job in THE WASHINGTON STAR on April 25th when she wrote on "Dr. Laurence Gould, Superstar of the Antarctic". He is a legend in his own time. No Picasso, he! Christine Russell is truly a delight to read. She is no-nonsense, factual, and still interesting. Her Antarctic articles in the STAR in 1977 were very well done. We think the STAR should make her a member of our Society.

We have tried to make the Society more personal this year by humanizing the Newsletter. Part of our game plan was to encourage mail, and to be responsive to it. Towards that end we moved our mailing address to the Arctic Institute of North America's office in Arlington where mail is picked up daily. The mail bag is overflowing, and we love every letter (well, nearly every letter), especially those from our West Coast sweetheart, Pennie Rau. I had a real nice letter from Admiral Tyree written immediately after the Larry Gould Show. I knew Admiral Tyree by name only, as I was before his time. I asked my friend Ken Moulton about the Admiral, as Ken always heads for the Antarctic after the annual collapse of his beloved Red Sox and knows all Antarcticans. Ken told me what I should have known, that he was a most kind and considerate man, never swore and was always a gentleman. Another nice letter came in from Herman Friis. He had worked with Larry during World War II, said that he had about 200 letters from Larry, and that he had really wanted to be there that evening, but couldn't as he had just had both knees operated on for arthritis. His many Antarctic friends will be happy to hear that Herman appears to be making a good recovery. Bill Littlewood checked in from Jakarta in Indonesia. He was one of the early members of the Society.

He claims to be the most distant from Washington, and we would have to agree. We have members in Okinawa and in the Aleutians, but Southeast Asia nyet. Bill seems to live a double life, a working one in Malaysia and a social one in Denmark, homeland of his wife and adopted homeland of their daughter. The Littlewoods recently celebrated their silver anniversary - almost a record in today's society. She requested and was granted (for her wifely accomplishments over the years) two trips into the primitive regions of Indonesia. I once heard that his bride Bente had the largest penguin collection in the world, but that's only hearsay. Peg Tuck has quite a rookery up there in God's country, New England. Although he has never taken the elastic off his roll and joined the Society, it behooves me to pass along the bad-good news about Arnold (U.S. Antarctic Service Expedition) Court's wife, Corinne, who has been seriously ill this winter but who is apparently making a good recovery. I did have the pleasure of meeting this fine lady a couple of years ago, and she is light years ahead of Arnold in the beauty parade.

I have found out that no matter where you go, Antarcticans are going to ask "What does anyone hear from Harriet Eklund?" I have never had the pleasure of meeting this lass, but I have sure heard about her prowess as a hostess. It is my understanding that her home in England serves as a clearing house for all Antarcticans going to Europe. August and Rose Howard visited with her last fall, Jane Wade is dropping in for tea and crumpets and lodging this spring, and George and Sallie Toney are booked for early summer when all three will travel to Ireland. Mort and Rosa Rubin want to visit Harriet, but she is booked solid into next spring. I have it from a reliable source that the Eklunds would throw a party on a minute's notice. It seems when the IGY was about to burst and the town was loaded with young spirited lads being briefed on how to behave on the ice that a little wall-to-wall get-acquainted party was given by the Eklunds. The evening got off to a banging start when one of the unsuspecting IGYs, who was to winter over with Carl that winter, who had not checked his score card to see who was who, suggested to Harriet that they should get better acquainted. Ruth heard from Harriet recently, and she is in great spirits.

Joe Fletcher of Fletcher Ice Island and points both north and south has decided that an old dog can be taught new tricks and is trying to learn how to play tennis. You say, "Why now, Joe?" and he scratches his long-since bald head and says, "I've a goddaughter who likes tennis, and I want to be ready when she asks me to hit a few with her". It seems his goddaughter is only 16, has her hair in pig tails, is recently out of braces, and wears pinafore dresses. If this all sounds familiar, it should. His goddaughter is the child prodigy who answers to the name of Tracy Austin. She accumulated over 200 grand in her first six months on the professional circuit. Joe had a good year, but he did not do quite that well. Actually Joe should never have taken up tennis, he should have stuck to dominoes. Tracy grows up in a hurry when she walks on to any tennis court, the racquet becomes a deadly weapon, and she will just murder old Joe, even if he did introduce her pater and mater.

I had no idea when I asked Father Kendall to give the memorial part of the Larry Gould Show that he was brought up next door to Sir Ernest Shackleton. This Golden Voice of the Pulpit was a Wing Commander of a bunch of Spitfires during World War II, and he must have seen it all during the Battle of Britain.

Jim Zumberge turned out to be All Pro in his introduction. He was smooth as silk in his remarks, and beautifully bridged the transition from the memorial service to introducing our Antarctican thoroughbred from Lacota. Larry paid a beautiful tribute to the late Paul Siple which meant much to the Siple Clan who were represented by his widow, his only sister and her husband who were here from Canton, Ohio, and one of the three Siple daughters who attended with her two children.

Mort Rubin, one of our elitist past presidents (he is also our scrubbiest past president with that damnable beard) had run out of passes from Geneva so could not make the Larry Gould Show. But he wrote, and how he wrote, flooding the East Coast with copies of his letter in case planes got lost en route. And this is how he feels about Larry: "It has been just about 25 years since I first experienced the pleasure and honor of being associated with you in responding to the challenge of the International Geophysical Year program in Antarctica. That excitement is still fresh in the minds of all of us who have known Antarctica and its challenges at first-hand.

"A lot of ice has come out of the continent since then. Countless scientists and support personnel with new and ever-more advanced techniques and equipment have studied the Antarctic since then. Gaps in our knowledge have been closed, while new vistas in science have been opened, many of which have been pointed out by you and your associates over the years. In the final analysis, of course, it is men who do these things, men like yourself with vision and courage. For this we owe you a great debt, one which we are paying still through continued efforts in Antarctic science as well as science elsewhere.

"At this juncture in your life - 50 years in Antarctic research - you must feel satisfied and even proud of what has been accomplished through your own efforts and those of others who have joined with you in the U.S. and international programs such as those of SCAR. I shall always regret not having been able to be with you and the members of the Antarctican Society on this occasion".

I have a love affair with New Zealand, and those Kiwis are sure delightful characters. One such man is David Skinner, who mixes geology and opera. He puts a tape recorder in his specimen bag, and takes advantage of blizzards by singing in his tent for several hours a day. He was in the field for 77 days in 1975-76 before he became Guglielmo in Mozart's "Cosi Fan Tutti", and was in the field for 80 days in 1977-78 before becoming Leporello, servant to Don Giovanni.

We have a blithe spirit on our Board of Directors. His name is Jerry Huffman, and he is our link to the Pepsi Generation, as well as our Fashion Plate-in-Residence. But we have bad news and good news about Jerry, as he was recently severely burned when his sports car burst into flame while he was driving it at the Summit Point, West Virginia race track on April 28th. The good news is that he survived the fire, all of his organs are in good shape, and he is on his way to recovery. He will have to remain in the Burn Care Unit at the Washington Hospital Center for a couple of months. Skin grafting was started within the first week, and he has been responding well to medical science. After nearly a week of being plugged in to various and sundry tubes, they were removed on May 4th and Jerry was given some juice and water. He thought it was truly the Nectar of the Gods. Jerry was born bald, maybe this will stimulate a little facial growth on top. By the end of the second month they had better put some of the faster nurses into his ward! As he is in a sterile section of the hospital cards and letters should be sent to him at his home address, 3806 Towanda Road, Alexandria, Virginia 22303. Good news on the 7th! Jerry had his first solid food - a double serving of eggs and bacon.



If anyone is still reading, we will throw out some facts and figures on the membership. We have been heavy-handed in leaning on delinquents this year, but we were carrying one delinquent for every paid member, and that's no way to run an organization. We have picked up 93 delinquent man years memberships. We also have dropped about 50 from the rolls, most of whom had not paid since before 1975. No one was dropped without repeated prodding. I look forward to the coming year with more or less a stabilized membership of approximately 275 paid members. We have 94 members who have pre-registered for the 1979-80 season, another 44 for the 1980-81 season, and 24 have signed up through 1981-82. So we are pretty well underway for next year, although our membership year does not start until after Mid-Winter Day, June 21st. Including past, present and future, we took in over 500 man year memberships since last fall. But we had higher operation costs this year, as each of the six expanded Newsletters cost us over \$130.00. The Society also had members of B.A.E. I as dinner guests prior to the Larry Gould Show. If we had not collected past dues, had two corporate members (Holmes & Narver, and Lindblad), and the generous \$100.00 check from Gill (B.A.E. II) Morgan, we would have gone into the red. We have hopes for a program in/conjunction with the celebration of the 50th anniversary of the first flight over the South Pole, although nothing has been formalized at this time. We don't expect to top the Larry Gould Show in glamour and appeal, but we do hope to have a name speaker and a fitting commemorative program.

Professor George Woolard, world renowned geophysicist who was intimately involved in the Antarctic, both as a teacher of Antarcticans and as the director of many of the geophysical field traverses, passed away in Hawaii in mid-April. The late Ed Thiel, Jack Behrendt, Jim Sparkman, and the Fearsome Twosome from Chippewa Falls, Ned Ostenso and Blackie Bennett, all got their degrees from Woolard while he was at Madison. Professor Woolard was an expert on gravity measurements, and wherever Woolard went, the gravity meter went too. He flooded the globe with graduate students who often did not even have passports or inoculations, but always had gravity meters. The Antarctic has lost a good friend.

We lost another Antarctic last month when Dr. John Boyd died in England. He was a member of a prominent Washington family - his older brother Walter wintered over as a Craryite at Little America V in 1957. John was an ornithologist and was known as the Quiet Boyd. He was active in the Antarctic in the mid-60<sup>1</sup>s, spending the 1963-64 summer with Martin Halpern's Wisconsin group on Navarine Island, and the next two summers with Bill Sladen's group from Johns Hopkins at Cape Crozier.

There is a possibility that arrangements can be made to have the National Academy of Sciences' Polar Research Board loan out the video tapes of the Larry Gould Show to elements of the Antarctic Society. We have quite an Antarctic colony out in the Bay Area, and it just might be that they would like to get together for some Coors and watch/listen to Larry Gould. I would like to suggest that those of you who have an interest in borrowing the tapes contact me via mail this summer, and we'll see what can be arranged for the fall-winter season. But no promises!

HAVE A GOOD SUMMER!

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

1978-79 Dues - \$3.00

Initiation Fee - \$2.00

NAME (Please print)

ADDRESS

Pre-1975 75-76 76-77 77-78 78-79

Last year you paid (Circled)

Amount enclosed

My Antarctic connection is

Winter-over (years) Summer trips (years)

Would like in newsletters:

(Signed)

#### "MID-WINTER" PICNIC

Dinner (including gratuities and tax) will be \$11.00 per person, adults and children over 6 years of age; \$10.00 for 6 and under, except for babes in arm.

Regretfully, NO BROWN BAG LUNCHES will be allowed.

Note: PLEASE! The Evans request that children not be allowed to play on the valuable antique farm equipment outdoors which is part of Evans Farm decor.

#### RESERVATION FORM

NAME (S)

Phone number

Choice of FRIED CHICKEN Number

or BEEF BURGUNDY Number

Amount enclosed

Please make checks payable to THE ANTARCTICAN SOCIETY, and mail this form and check by JUNE 9th - to the Society, c/o AINA, 3426 N. Washington Blvd., Arlington, VA 22201

OR call in your reservations by JUNE 14th to Ruth Siple at home, 522-2905, or to Mildred Crary, 244-3730.

Our last Newsletter contained information on those members of B.A.E. I who have died. Additional information on B.A.E. II members has been sent to us by August Howard.

Bowlin, LCDR William	Navigator and pilot. Died at age 74 at his home in Lemon Grove, California, on or about August 7, 1973.
Boyd, Major Vernon	In charge of transportation and mechanic. Died of cancer at age 57 at the U.S. Naval Hospital in Oakland, California, on or about May 30, 1965.
Byrd, Admiral Richard E.	see B.A.E. I
Czegka, Victor Hugo	see B.A.E. I
Grimminger, George	Meteorologist. Died at age 67 in Washington, D.C. on or about December 18, 1973.
Haines, William C.	see B.A.E. I
June, Harold I.	see B.A.E. I
Noville, George O.	Executive Officer. Died of self-inflicted wounds at Guadalajara, Mexico, on or about January 2, 1963, age 79.
Paine, Stuart D.L.	Radio operator, navigator, dog driver. Died at age 50 in Burlingame, California on or about March 15, 1961.
Pelter, Joseph A.	Chief photographer. Died at age 61 in Pensacola, Florida, on or about August 12, 1969.
Peterson, Carl O.	see B.A.E. I
Poulter, Dr. Thomas C.	Second-in-Command. Died of a heart attack at age 81 on June 14, 1978.
Siple, Dr. Paul A.	see B.A.E. I
Tingloff, Ivor	Carpenter. Although from Chichester, New Hampshire, died in Dunedin, New Zealand at age 40 on March 4, 1935.
Wade, Dr. F. Alton	Geologist. Died at age 75 in Lubbock, Texas on October 1, 1978.

And support personnel on ships:

Anderson, Charles F.	Post Office Representative, Little America P.O. for 16 days, 1934. Died at age 69 in Washington, B.C. on July 22, 1944.
Bryant, Glenn H.	Conducted fortnight study of seismic soundings. Died at age 61 in Stillwater, Oklahoma, on or about May 8, 1967.
Gay, Byron	Resigned from Expedition, February 1934. A song composer who died at age 59 in Los Angeles, December 23, 1945.
Lindley, Granville P.	Chief Engineer, JACOB RUPPERT. Died at age 66 at his home in Wickford, Rhode Island on December 18, 1956.
Murphy, John	Caretaker, BEAR OF OAKLAND. Drowned near Army Base, South Boston, Massachusetts on or about March 21, 1938.
Queen, Walter K.	Chief Engineer, JACOB RUPPERT. Died at age 80 in Stamford, Connecticut on June 14, 1960.
Rose, Capt. Stephen	First Officer, BEAR OF OAKLAND. Died at age 62 at his home in Marblehead, Massachusetts.
Verleger, Capt. William F.	Master, JACOB RUPPERT. Resident of New Canaan, Connecticut who died at age 77 in St. Albans, New York Naval Hospital, November 4, 1955.
Buckley, Thomas C.T.	Dog team driver who resigned February 1934. Died at age of 53 in Geneseo, New York.