



# THE ANTARCTICAN SOCIETY

P.O. BOX 40122  
WASHINGTON, D.C. 20016

OPENING NIGHT, 1978-9 ANTARCTICAN SOCIETY SEASON

Thursday evening, October 26th, 8 p.m.

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

features

Dr. Mary A. McWhinnie

in an illustrated lecture

"Antarctica, A Changing Scene"

We are indeed fortunate in having a real Antarctic speak to us on a timely subject in which she is most eminently qualified, the biology of the Antarctic. She has promised to tell us all that we ever wanted to know about krill, but never dared to ask. Her presentation on this subject at the annual meeting of the Association of American Geographers in New Orleans this past spring highlighted a special session on Antarctica, and we want you to circle the date on your Antarctic calendar and come and hear a most interesting professional presentation. Dr. McWhinnie was the first woman to be a station scientific leader in the Antarctic, occupying that position at McMurdo in 1974. She is on the Polar Research Board, on the Panel on Biology and Medicine, Committee on Polar Research, and on the Advisor Committee for Research at the National Science Foundation. Her list of publications would stretch all the way from McMurdo to the South Pole.



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## B E R G Y    B I T S

The Antarctic Summer Picnic ran amuck some errant bookkeeping by the management at Stronghold, who ran a fund raising activity on our confirmed date. We tried a rerun in September, feeling that the people might want to enjoy the cooler fall weather. But our response was so low that we had to scrub that date. We are open for suggestions about what we should do for next year, as this is your organization and we want to please.

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Antarcticans were all sorry to hear about the Chapel of the Snow burning to the ground -?- snow in late August. Was it the chapel with the longest record of church services in the Antarctic? It was an active church in 1956, very active with Father Condit as priest-in-residence.

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The Antarctican community was greatly shocked to learn of the death of one of the big men in Antarctic research, Dr. F. Alton Wade, who died on October 1, 1978 at his home in Texas. Death was due to sudden internal hemorrhaging from a ruptured gastric ulcer. He was President of the American Polar Society at the time of his death, and was still active in Antarctic research. He never really packed away his parka when he came back from the 2nd Byrd Antarctic Expedition, 1933-35 -- he must have hung it on a peg by the back door awaiting his next opportunity to go south. He went back with the Antarctic Service Expedition, 1939-41, and then returned with his students in 1962-63, 1964-65, 1966-67, and 1967-68. He was well known by many of our members, and his loss will be deeply felt by the entire scientific community.

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Another great Antarctican passed away since our last meeting when Dr. Thomas Poulter died of a heart attack on June 14th while working at the Stanford Research International in Menlo Park, California. He was second-in-command and chief scientist of the 2nd Byrd Antarctic Expedition, 1933-35. He was the recipient of two Congressional medals, as well as a gold medal from The National Geographic Society. His most recent research was devoted to helping the deaf, as he was working with a surgeon on experimental implants. For many years he was director of Poulter Laboratories at SRI, and was renowned for his contributions in the field of detonation and shock pulse. Like Dr. Wade, he was a high ranking officer in the American Polar Society, being one of its vice-presidents at the time of his death.

One of the local Antarcticans did a most kind and considerate act when he wrote Mark Leinmiller about his forthcoming trip to the Antarctic as the official Eagle Boy Scout commemorating the 50th Anniversary of Or. Paul Siple's going south with Admiral Byrd back in 1928. He sent Mark some very personal mementoes of his own earlier trips to the Antarctic. We have Mark's word, on Scout's honor no less, that he will appear before the Antarctic Society when he gets back from the ice and tell us his firsthand impressions. At that time we hope that he can meet this kind gentleman, Admiral Richard B. Black.

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The last newsletter had some cropping done on the story about the Boy Scouts. But we think the material is worth putting back in, so here goes. When the six finalists were here in town, they were taken on a short Sunday night tour of Washington and then were going to Madame President's home for some ice cream. One of the cars stopped for a red light in beautiful downtown Arlington, and a earful of some of Washington's finest girls of the evening pulled up alongside and one of the girls asked the scouts, "Do you have the time?" As Madame President was in the front seat they remembered their Scout oaths, plus the fact that she had a vote to cast for one of them later in the week. The girls sped off into the night wondering what had happened to the red-blooded youths in this country. - - - The other anecdote revealed that there was a second selection committee that never surfaced, but we do know that it consisted of an august group of secretaries in the National Science Foundation. We found out-how they voted, though, and you lost out this time, Mark. It seemed that "the one with the dimples" won in a snowslide. At least one girl was overheard saying that he was the one she would most like to be caught with in an avalanche.

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The National Science Foundation's Division of Polar Programs put out the word that they wanted 1) an old Antarctic type, and 2) an entertaining speaker for their keynote lecturer for their Antarctic Indoctrination Program in mid-September. They found him a long way from any snow and ice, basking in the sun on a lonesome sand dune on Cape Cod. It did not take Bob Nichols long to put on his braces (can any man who wear suspenders nowadays be all bad?) and come on down and tell how he did it all for Tufts, for God, for Country, for NSF, and for MAN. In closing a most interesting spiel about manhauling in the McMurdo area, he answered why he went to the Antarctic and went back again. His first reason was "its masculinity". When last seen, Bob was running for his life through the lobby with a herd of not-so-mannish Antarcticans in hot pursuit.

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Everyone is trying to write a book, and some are succeeding. One of the truly knowledgeable people on polar lands is Fred Milan of the University of Alaska, and he has recently published ESKIMOS OF NORTHWEST ALASKA: A BIOLOGICAL PERSPECTIVE (Academic Press) and has another one about ready to go to Cambridge University Press on BIOLOGY OF CIRCUMPOLAR PEOPLE. We have strong hopes that Fred will speak to our Society later in the year. He is a raconteur non-pareil. Bert Crary has a couple of books under consideration. He did a lot of thinking about those books this past summer as he watched his tomatoes grow. One will be a historical documentation on the IGY. He never saw the trees for the forest back in those days, so now he wants to know who did what and why. We understand

that Bud Waite has a book under way. If it is all about his adventures, it should be worth reading. I first saw Bud Waite in a small town in Maine back in 1935. He gave a talk on the 2nd Byrd Antarctic Expedition, 1933-35. The next time I saw him was in January 1957 when he was flat on his back in the sick bay at Little America V, victim of falling off a sled and having it pulled over him! Tell it like it was, Bud, and we'll all buy it. Incidentally Bud has retired to Florida. How soft life can be on the beach with all those Cheryl Tiegs!

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Jerry Pagano had a letter this summer from Gus Shinn. Those of you who are true Antarcticans will remember that he was the diminutive pilot from Tobacco Road who flew Que Sera Sera to the South Pole back in 1956, making the first landing and takeoff at the South Pole. He now lives in Pensacola, Florida, which, incidentally, is the home of Que Sera Sera. Gus still hopes for one more trip to the Antarctic. Don't we all live with that eternal hope?

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Pete Burrill remains a most active geographer, presenting a paper at the 74th Annual Meeting of the Association of American Geographers in New Orleans in early April of this year. Also on the program was his son, Bob who is a professor at the University of Georgia. It was sort of old home week for Pete to be at the meeting, as he was one of a handful who had attended the last meeting in New Orleans back in 1940 when the AAG total membership was only 163. Its membership now approaches that in the Manhattan telephone directory if one goes by the milling crowds in the corridors. - - - Another father-son story is being unfolded this year with Dick Cameron's son, Andy becoming a second generation winteree as he will be one of 17 men at the South Pole with Dr. Michelle Ramey. Better for Michelle that it be Andy rather than Sir Richard!

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The annual migration of Washingtonian Penguins from their rookery at 18th and G commenced in early October when Emperor Penguin Walt Seelig and Adelie Penguin Josephine Seelig led a small contingent southward. It is always a good sign when you see those Emperors getting off their rocks at the massive local rookery and returning to the ice.

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Our Memorial Day lecturer of last spring, NOAA's eminent climatologist, Dr. J. Murray Mitchell, will be going to the South Pole for a ten-day visit in mid-January to visit their Clean Air Facility. Dr. Mitchell, who is on the Polar Research Board, is most excited about the visit in spite of a lifetime of travel' ing all over the world. Incidentally, he has bought 35 acres of choice wooded foothills in Boulder, Colorado. His years in Washington could be limited as he lost his heart to the Rockies many long years ago.

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Charlie Bentley will be in town in late October. Sometime we want him as a lecturer, as we think he should stand accountable for all his trips to the Antarctic. If he were not so dang intelligent, you would have to assume that he

goes back to the Antarctic each year to help correct some of the mistakes which he made the previous summer. Penguins at McMurdo are always somewhat lethargic until they see Charlie get off a C-130. Then, and only then, are they assured that summer has arrived. Something has to be radically wrong with Charlie though, to leave that real beautiful wife Marybelle back in Madison to go back and dig another snow pit. I was under the impression that snow pits were like cathedrals, when you had seen one, you had seen them all. Charlie locks Marybelle in the house and takes the key with him. What a guy!

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Speaking of Charlie going back to his Capistrano every summer, I wonder who has made the most trips to the Antarctic. I suppose Mother Superior, alias Helen Gerasimou, could come up with the stats. Ken Moulton probably holds some sort of an insignificant record, perhaps that of being the man with the most trips who does not have a girl friend in New Zealand. His idea of a wild night on the town in New Zealand is having a cold sarsaparilla before his self-imposed nine o'clock bed check.

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Past President Morton Rubin will be in the local area in mid-October. He is living the good, clean life with his lovely Australian bride, Rosa in Geneva, and they are sweeping through on a little old home leave. He is with the/World Meteorological Organization as a GARP (Global Atmosphere Research Program) Action Officer. He and Gordon Cartwright constitute a minority of two Antarcticans in Geneva. Let's hope Mort shows up at the meeting with a shave.

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People who have been to the Arctic and Antarctic Research Institute in Leningrad have surely had the pleasure of meeting their interpreter, Anna Minevich. We were happy to learn that she will be in town in mid-October with the Russian delegation attending the two World Meteorological Organization's workshops on sea ice. They will be staying at the Burlington Hotel.

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The next newsletter will feature two solicited articles on women wintering over at the South Pole. In deference to Dr. McWhinnie being our speaker this month, the articles are being withheld from this issue. One is by a would-be explorer entitled "The End of a (Great) Era" and the other by a woman pretender-to-go to the land of snow and ice entitled "It's About Time". It should be good reading, and each and every one of us will find ourselves in one of the articles (but not in both).

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We hope that you have liked "Bergy Bits" and do not feel that we have been too flippant. We are trying to stimulate interest by putting in a little news about some of our members, and also to have a little fun at the expense of some of our friends (or ex-friends). If we had a center fold, we would not have to write this column, but without our Penguin of the Month, we hope that you have found something here of interest.



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## AN ANTARCTIC PROFILE - RICHARD L. CAMERON

We are considering running an Antarctic Profile in each newsletter. It will depend upon the reader's interest, and if we can get some of our members to tell all about themselves. We started out with Dick Cameron of the Division of Polar Programs, as he has been an active member of the Antarctic Society and is one of the most interesting devils in town. After all, you would not want to profile some dull individual. Dick is certainly not that. We hope you enjoy it.

Dick was born in the late Pleistocene, circa 1930. The Laurentian Ice Shield had once covered his birthplace in Laconia, New Hampshire. It is beautiful kame and kettle country, and in his earliest youth he was made aware of the glaciated features that surrounded him. He went to the University of New Hampshire, tripping over the footsteps of another Antarctic, Rudy Honkala, who had preceded him on campus. He did not emulate the bon vivant-pseudo athletic Honkala as a big man on campus, as he was a quiet, introverted scholar and sought refuge in the Geology Department. How times have changed!

Dick went to summer school in Oslo at the end of his junior year, heeding the good advice of one of his professors, a Don Chapman. He also worked at the Polarinstittutt in Oslo. He was introduced to his first glacier that summer, and if it were not instant love, it made enough of an impression to stimulate him to want to become an ice man. Most reluctantly he bade farewell to the lovely Nordic beauties he met during the summer and returned to New Hampshire to graduate the following year.

He contacted SIPRE (Snow Ice and Permafrost Research Establishment at Wilmette, 111. about a job, and they informed him that Valter Schytt was over from Stockholm and was going to Greenland for them, and that Dick could accompany Valter as an assistant. This turned out to be a double victory, as not only did Dick get to apprentice under a world-recognized expert, but it ended up in Dick following him back to Stockholm at the end of the summer to enter graduate school. While he was studying at Stockholm, Bert Crary was desperately trying to uncover glaciologists who

could pass psychiatric tests and carried a U.S. passport. Bert wasn't very successful in this endeavor, but he did find Dick.

Everything was looking up for Dick, and like many a soul bound for the ice, decided that he would leap into matrimony before he leaped onto the ice breaker. He thought since he was probably the best qualified glaciologist he would really go to the Antarctic. Well, he never quite made it, because when the ship dropped anchor it was still north of the Antarctic Circle, deep in the Banana Belt at Wilkes. But there were several redeeming features, one being that he was with a bunch of rowdy, fun-loving, hard-working rogues who were led by the equally rowdy, fun-loving, hard-working rogue Carl Eklund. To try to make Dick feel needed, they established an interior camp site where he could diligently dig a deep snow mine and do all those things that glaciologists do to ice crystals. There is absolutely no truth to the statement that they created the camp to send people into exile, although Rudy Honkala seemed to have been left there alone an unexplainably large number of times. Dick's bride presented him with the fruits of their pre-Antarctic farewells with the announcement of the arrival of young Andrew. That had to be one of the highlights of Dick's I6Y, as well as an island off the Wilkes Coast being named for him.

Dick returned to the States, his pockets jingling with money, and his head full of dreams of getting his PhD degree. He wintered over from 1958 to 1961 in Columbus, Ohio. There were some awful thoughts that he had reached the age of 30 and should consider getting a job. The Air Force had an Arctic Research Laboratory at Hanscom Field, and its alumni looked fairly respectable (Bert Crary, Joe Fletcher, Louie DeGoes). Dick was still clean-cut and looked like a good enough gamble for the military, so they hired him. But the office was wiped out before the bureaucracy could complete the paper work to get him aboard. But he did end up in their Terrestrial Science Laboratory. This wasn't a particularly happy marriage because even though he was the boss, he had a low grade and had an ornery bunch of senior, higher-graded personnel working for him. It lead to an early divorce from the Air Force, a separation which was assisted by his bride's hostile feelings about Massachusetts and her passion for the mid-west. He received his PhD at Ohio State in 1963, and by this time had fathered Sarah.

He-blended into the Columbus environment, and for the next ten years could be found in various administrative positions. He was Assistant to the Director of the Institute of Polar Studies, Associate Director of the Ohio State University Research Foundation, Assistant Dean in the University College, and Assistant Dean for International Programs in the Office of Academic Affairs. He decided to see what the bureaucracy was like in Washington, and came here in 1973, joining the International Program staff at NSF. It was just a short elevator ride upstairs the next year to join the Office of Polar Programs.

But what separates Dick from other Antarcticans are his extracurricular activities. He produced SINFONIA ANTARCTICA with Ralph Vaughan Williams writing the music. This was played by the Columbus (Ohio) Symphony Orchestra, and was the background music used in the film "Scott of Antarctica". He is a poet of some ability, and has written seven poems to be put to music. Three have already been completed and have been performed in recitals at The Ohio State University. He also does sculpturing in marble, and one of his best sculptures was of Anita Ekberg - no, sorry, it was just an ordinary iceberg. He is also a photographer of some note, and has exhibited his artistry behind the lens at several photographic exhibitions. One of his favorite photographs is one he shot in Leningrad several long years ago. He claims he is a tennis player of modest ability, but to date his only claim to fame is beating the mild-mannered, soft-playing Ken Moulton.

An interesting thing happened to Dick on his way home from the office one evening last year. He was cruising along a downtown Washington street when he noticed that his driving was attracting more than its normal amount of admiration from people on the sidewalk. Cars started honking at him, and he was feeling real happy with his new-found popularity. Then he noticed that his happiness was giving him an unduly warm feeling, and he turned to find that the microbus was aflame. He pulled over to the curb, grabbed his attache case (which was seared by the flames) and joined the people on the sidewalk watching the vehicle slowly burn as the fire department put in a belated arrival. One of the spectators noted that Dick seemed to be enjoying the fire as much as they were and asked him, "Why are you smiling to yourself as your automobile is being completely burned to nuts and bolts in front of your very eyes?" All Dick said was, "You wouldn't understand". You see, the microbus belonged to his wife, and that very week Dick had divorce proceedings going on in two states plus the District!

Dick now has completely recovered from Divorce #1, and has a French lady in waiting, who is bottle green in color, well built, tinted glasses, and very stylish. He gets 40 miles to the gallon with her, a charming Renault 5 suitably autographed on the side in bold letters "Le Car". Dick lives in Rockville. His daughter Sarah is away at school in Tyrone, Pennsylvania and his son Andy is about to change his mailing address for the next year to South Pole, Antarctica. This past summer Dick took Sarah and Andy with him to Iceland, and they all had a ball for themselves. He had also taken Andy and Sarah with him to Paris. No greater love has a father for his daughter than when he takes her to Paris! Dick won't be lonesome this year though, as this personable man of multiple interests knows the best looking girls in town. And there is always the Kennedy Center for a change of pace. Dick is no dull boy!

October 1978