



THE ANTARCTICAN SOCIETY

ARCTIC INSTITUTE OF NORTH AMERICA
3426 NORTH WASHINGTON BOULEVARD
ARLINGTON, VIRGINIA 22201

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1980 ANTARCTICAN SOCIETY MEMORIAL LECTURE

by

Dr. Charles R. Bentley

Geophysicist

University of Wisconsin

"Collapse of the West Antarctic Ice Sheet, Fact or Fiction"

(or Whoops, There Goes the Rose Garden)

Honorary Members:

Ambassador Paul C. Daniels
Dr. Laurence McKinley Gould
Count Emilio Pucci
Sir Charles S. Wright
Mr. Hugh Blackwell Evans
Dr. Henry M. Dater
Mr. August Howard

Main Auditorium

National Academy of Sciences
2101 Constitution Ave., N.W.
Washington, D.C.

Memorial Lecturers:

Dr. William J. L. Sladen, 1964
RADM David M. Tyree (Ret.), 1965
Dr. Roger Tory Peterson, 1966
Dr. J. Campbell Craddock, 1967
Mr. James Pranke, 1968
Dr. Henry M. Dater, 1970
Mr. Peter M. Scott, 1971
Dr. Frank T. Davies, 1972
Mr. Joseph O. Fletcher, 1974
Mr. Herman R. Friis, 1975
Dr. Kenneth J. Benrand, 1976
Dr. William J. L. Sladen, 1977
Dr. J. Murray Mitchell, Jr., 1978
Dr. Laurence McKinley Gould, 1979

THURSDAY, MAY 1, 1980

8 p.m.

- Special Attraction -

Cameo Appearance

of

Amory H. "Bud" Waite, Jr.

Pioneering Godfather of Airborne Seismic Measurements of Ice Depths

Byrd Antarctic Expedition, 1933-35

Last Surviving Member of Rescue Parties who brought REB back from Advance
presenting

10-minute Slide Show on

Rescue of Admiral Richard E. Byrd

Admiral Richard B. Black, USN (Ret), and Charles J.V. Murphy, of the Second Byrd Expedition
and Capt. Edwin MacDonald, veteran of countless trips to the Antarctic, will also be the

MAKE IT REUNION TIME!

Show up, with or without your most Favorite Penguin!

BERGY BITS is the biased, candid writings of the President of the Society, and in no way should be construed as the Voice of the Society.

One sure way to hear from members of the Society is to goof on something. We pulled a major one in the last issue when we reported that Alan Innes-Taylor had passed away. It seems that one of my reliable, impeccable sources of information let me down. We tried to run a check on it, but came up empty handed, so we went ahead and printed it. The telephone rang off the hook for the first few days after the Newsletter went out. The only thing I could do was to write a sincere letter of apology to Alan, saying how happy we were to be able to report back to the Society that the report of his death was "greatly exaggerated". We also sent him some of the goodies the Society has been selling for the 50th anniversary of Byrd's first flight over the South Pole, and hope they will help placate Alan.

We can generally count on you readers to point out our miscues, but it is like pulling teeth to get help when you ask for it. Only one member, good old Bob Nichols, came up with additional names of knighted Antarcticans. One was the late Sir Charles Wright, whose name appears on our letterhead as an Honorary Member! Another was Sir Raymond Priestley, the famed geologist who was on Scott's last expedition. I was really remiss here, as I had gotten Sir Raymond to autograph a cachet for my collection when I met him in Wellington in December 1958 prior to his going back to the ice. Another knighted man from Scott's days was the meteorologist, Sir George C. Simpson. Edward R.G.R. Evans became Admiral Lord Mountevans (of Cape Evans). Bob pointed out that Captain Robert Scott would have been knighted had he survived, and, that his widow did become Lady Scott. Dr. Edward Wilson would probably have been knighted also. So we have Wright, Priestley, Simpson, and Evans to add to Shackleton, Fuchs, Wilkins, Hillary, and Miller. Did Griffith Taylor ever make it?

But before we close the book on the knighted, how about one of our own - old George Doumani. Back in 1963 the Lebanese Republic bestowed the National Order of the Cedars on George, which must make him the ranking Lebanese Antarctic explorer-scientist of all time. I took a trip up the mountain to see the Cedars of Lebanon back in 1968, and it is my prediction that those gnarled old trees will outlive George as there is a strong sense of permanence in their trunks and they have a bunch of priests up there protecting them.

There was at least one criticism about the information we printed on the DC10 crash. Every sentence written on the flight of the plane, its course, and the accident was taken out of a Christchurch newspaper. If you were one who was on the ice or in New Zealand at the time, you no doubt know a lot more about it than I could ever hope to know sitting back here in Washington. One of the difficult things about writing a newsletter, particularly when one's daily work is not in the polar community, is that you have to rely on outside sources of information which isn't always easy. There seems to be a feeling of what I call Antarctic ownership by some people working in the field and they aren't always ready to share their knowledge/information. Another obstacle is a Washington malaise; people just do not return telephone calls. And in one office it appears that the modus operandi is to keep you from talking with the boss.

Pete Barretta was the one responsible for getting the Society cachet which we put on our envelopes commemorating the 50th anniversary of Byrd's flight over the South Pole.

It was designed by a very talented New Zealand commercial artist, Max Hamilton, who has been doing similar work for a long time for Operation Deep Freeze and USARP. He has designed some 30 items and souvenirs (stationery, pictorial envelopes, postcards, labels, T-shirts, and auto plates) for Antarctica. He has also done illustrations for the Antarctic calendars. We are deeply indebted to Max for coming up with such a nice cachet, and want to thank him most sincerely. Pete and Max have a World War II connection which is interesting. Pete was a bombardier on a battered old B-24 Liberator bomber which flew in and out of Piva Riva on Bougainville Island, and Max was there as part of a Kiwi servicing squadron. Pete and his buddies would land following bombing missions over Rabaul and Truk, sometimes after taking a lot of damage from enemy fire, and Max and his buddies would help patch up Pete's plane with baling wire and tape so he could get back up in the air and help preserve the South Pacific. Max, also a young artist at the time, painted squadron emblems on the RNZ Air Force Corsairs. It was lucky Pete was on a bomber, as it might have taken a shoe horn to get this Meadville (Penn'a) lad into a fighter plane. Pete and our Treasurer are both from the same town, but he had a more interesting youth riding buckshot on trucks engaged in moving alcoholic beverages across borders during prohibition days. World War II was sort of dull and mundane for Pete.

We also owe a vote of thanks to one of Ruth's sons-in-law who not only set up our new stationery with the "billboard" of names but also had the Max Hamilton cachet printed on our souvenir envelopes. I think the stationery is super, and the cachets very professional looking. Since these jobs were done at no cost to the Society, he will remain anonymous.

Jack Bursey died. I never knew him, but he did write us a nice letter last fall on November 1st saying that he enjoyed the Newsletters. He was the author of two books on the Antarctic, ANTARCTIC NIGHT and ST. LUNAIRE, ANTARCTIC LEAD DOG (which I thought was just delightful). Everyone knows that he was a valued member of the 1st Byrd Expedition, that he went back on the Antarctic Service Expedition, and also went down for Deep Freeze I. Wasn't it good that he was able to get to the Dearborn Museum meeting last November as Most Honored Guest when they celebrated the 50th anniversary of the first flight over the South Pole. They gave him a standing ovation after his short speech, and his wife Ada wrote Ruth how much he enjoyed it. If you have to go, that's the way to go, with the echoes of a wildly cheering group of admirers in your ears. Maybe we can get Henry or Larry to write something about Jack that we can put in the next Newsletter, which will be the last one for the year 1979-80.

As those of you who have perchance been reading some of these Newsletters in the past two years know, I have been championing the good old boys. I have also let my male chauvinism hang out and evidently it included tourists, too. So I got this three-page single-spaced letter from this chick, Dotte Larsen, up in Pittsford, New York saying she doesn't like being called an Antarctic tourist. She made a splendid plea for her cause. I was still feeling bad five minutes after reading her letter so decided to take a nap until the guilty feeling went away. But it didn't work! I realized that she and I had a lot in common. We both had an Antarctic fixation at an early age. In my case I was able to treat the malaise when the IGY opened a door for me. For her it was Lars-Eric Lindblad, and away she went in December 1977; then again in January 1979; and she was booked for this past January until the ship ran aground down there at Christmas time. She became enraptured with not only whale watching but with whale counting, and next to her loving and generous husband, nothing turns her on more than a whale tail. In fact, her stationery sports an elegant whale tail breaking water. Now how can you hate a girl who loves whales? She counted them religiously and sent her statistics to Ken Moulton, John Twiss and about 30 other people. I didn't know Ken was into whales, but after all his years down there, I wouldn't be surprised.

So I wrote this lovely lady who sent such a nice letter, calling her both a whale spotteress and a whale counteress. She wrote back that she had been called many things in her life, but not those two. However, it appears that either or both were much better than being called that seven-letter word. Now what do *I* call the others?

I hope you Washingtonians have had a chance to visit our National Gallery of Art to see what two million and five thousand dollars worth of icebergs look like close up. I was impressed by not only the magnitude, 112 inches wide, but also by the beautiful colors. But did you hear how the Director goofed when he was being interviewed by the aging, aspiring Greek goddess, Deena Clark? He told her that The Icebergs by Frederic E. Church was painted in the Antarctic! Who can you trust nowadays if you can't trust the Director of the National Gallery? They commented on the fact that The Icebergs could almost be three separate paintings, and indeed it could. I sort of wished that Church hadn't seen fit to put so much into the painting, such as the broken mast in the center foreground, and that large erratic sitting atop the small berg on the right. Andy Wyeth would never have put a big boulder up there! Lee Winslow Court, do you have a sequel to The Icebergs which someone will uncover a hundred years from now and sell for five million?

Another fine Antarctic (how am I doing now, Dotte?), Mary P. Goodwin, one of the good girls lost out there in all that Los Angeles smog, sent me a copy of Terra (Vol. 18, No. 3) of the Natural History Museum of Los Angeles in which she presented the results of five years of original research on "The First Book Printed in the Antarctic". This is all about Sir Ernest Shackleton and his limited edition book entitled AURORA AUSTRALIS which was written, edited, illustrated, printed, and bound in his hut on McMurdo Sound in the winter of 1908. Shackleton was third officer on the Scott 1901-03 Expedition and was editor of the South Polar Times, a monthly typed paper along with a more popular, less intellectual sheet called the Blizzard. When the opportunity came for him to lead his own expedition in 1907, he was determined to produce a real book. Four of the men whom he picked (Ernest Joyce, Frank Wild, George Marston, and Bernard Day) were destined to become amateur publishers. Women of Antarctica, arise! as the dedication page is to two ladies, "who have ever shown the deepest interest in Antarctic Exploration, and our welfare." I bet 2 to 1 they were New Zealanders! There are two short prefaces by Shackleton, ten articles, eleven full page illustrations in the 120 pages which were published by Penguin Press with a "delightful double Emperor penguin trademark in the lower right corner in coral ink." The article which would appeal to me was the one by A. F. Mackay, a surgeon, which was entitled "Interview with an Emperor." A haughty Emperor penguin with Scottish accent accosts two expedition members as poachers! Although there were 75 to IOC copies of each page, only 25 to 30 copies were sewn and bound. The first blank end paper usually had an inscription, as these few volumes were reserved for members of the expedition, and many were given by them to family and friends or sponsors. The Irish Stew edition belonged to Sir Raymond Priestley, the Bottled Fruit edition was Edith Shackleton's, and there were other equally delightful names for other copies. There is one copy in the Huntington Library, San Marino, California. This was truly an enjoyable article about a great expedition and fantastic leader by a most dedicatee Antarctic who is currently studying the little known life of the illustrator and water colorist, George Marston. Thanks for bringing this to our attention, Mary, and I trust the Society can keep the copy of Terra.

Did you see Mike Hoover's little production on American Sportsman in late March showing three guys and a babe climbing on the northernmost part of the Antarctic Peninsula? I spent the whole hour saying, "I hope they fool around so long that they miss the ship out", although I knew from the Washington Post's disgusting article of last year that they had gotten out. I will say this for it, the photography was just out-

standing. I don't know when I've seen better shots in the Antarctic. Superb! But as I watched and listened I had this sickening feeling in my stomach that I was watching Bill Hartigan all over again. [Remember how Hartigan was in a party which went boondoggling back in 1956 on glaciers near McMurdo? The rest of the party went up ahead, and later in the day Hartigan set up the camera and photographed himself as he stood there telling the folks that this could very well be a re-enactment of the tragic Scott expedition, that his partners were long overdue, and that they might have perished.] Hoover milked the Scott trek to the South Pole to a fare-thee-well, showing shots of Scott going to and from the Pole, in their tents, trying to make you think that his experience (which was north of the Antarctic Circle) was comparable. He said, "the same winter that trapped Scott is now trapping us". But that wasn't so bad as a couple of statements about Scott, one to the effect that Scott's insistence on bringing back rock specimens from the Pole made sled hauling more difficult, and then saying that Scott and his party would have made it back safely if he hadn't stopped so many times to write in his diary. Hoover's group even staged a performance of letting the girl go out into a crevassed area until she broke through so they could photograph a rescue. [That reminded me of Peter Schoeck's falling into a crevasse near Roosevelt Island and Big Bert Cray's talking to people back at Little America about who should be sent to replace Peter. The first name proposed was that of a Society member who was most prominent in those days for his love of crevasses. Bert's reaction was a violent "Hell, don't send him, I don't want someone who can tell me how to get into a crevasse, I want someone who will tell me how to stay out of them."]

Rudy Honkala brought to our attention an article on "Piri Reis and the Hapgood Hypotheses" by Paul Hoyer and Paul Lunde which appeared in the January-February 1980 issue of *Aramco World Magazine*. I know we have a lot of history buffs in the Society, and if your bent is Antarctic cartography, you should get a copy of this magazine which is published by Aramco, a Corporation, 1345 Avenue of the Americas, New York, New York 10019. It seems that in 1929 scholars working in the archives of the Ottoman Empire in Turkey's Topkapi Palace Museum made an exciting discovery, a section of an early 16th century map signed by an Ottoman captain, Piri Reis, dated 1513. Then this fellow Charlie Hapgood, Harvard trained, history of science professor assigned his class at Keene State College in New Hampshire the task of examining the map. They spent seven years studying it and came up with the finding that not only was the coast of Antarctica there but also mountains that were not known until sonar measurements! I often wondered what guys at Keene State College did when they weren't shovelling snow. Nine pages later in the article they tell about Oronteus Finaeus Delphinus (Oronce Fine to his friends) who was one of the first "modern" cartographers. Fine's world map, done on a "cordiform" or heart-shaped projection, was drawn in 1531 and published in Grynaeus' *NOVUS ORBIS*. The most striking feature of the map is its representation of Antarctica, which was called "Terra Australis." Later the article says that "the first cartography to indicate a southern continent was by the great Leonardo da Vinci himself, who depicted it on a globe and the planispheric map made by Francesco Rosselini. Dated to about 1508, the globe shows a vast land below Africa, labelled Antarcticus." So Antarctica was known about before Larry Gould. The Italians must have given it all up when they found out it was more fun to pinch girls in the Forum than it was to pinch penguins in their rookeries.

Dr. Cyril Poonamperuma, chemical evolution researcher at the University of Maryland, College Park campus, says that the Antarctic meteorites are the best extraterrestrial samples yet found. The ice, cold and dry conditions of the Antarctic serve to preserve the meteorites in the same condition as when they first entered the earth's atmosphere hundreds of thousands of years ago, thus giving evidence of an organic history predating their arrival on earth. A new meteorite area has been found near

Reckling Peak which is about 320 km north of McMurdo, according to a NASA News Release. This area is several times larger than the Allen Hills area according to John Annexstad who discovered the field with other members of the NASA-NSF team. And wouldn't you know it, John says it will take several seasons to survey the area. Spoken like one of the good old boys. They spotted 27, evidently quite accidentally, as the press release quoted John, "We weren't really looking for them, they just caught our eye." If you weren't looking for them, John, what were you looking for? The article said that the Antarctic meteorites, which now total more than 1,600, are the next best thing to actually going out in space and retrieving a meteorite. They don't expect me to believe that, do they? Not as long as there is still a New Zealand! And besides, I'll bet if you gave John a lasso or a butterfly net and tried to force him into a space ship to go out and catch a live one, you would have to stick a gun in his back to get him into the capsule. I think those meteorite chasers have it made right there in the shadow of good old Reckling Peak.

Did you see the great LANDSAT picture of a near cloud-free view of the Vatnojokull Ice Cap in Iceland which Richie Williams got on to the cover of Science, 29 February 1980? Richie will miss the Bentley Memorial Lecture because he will be giving a series of lectures in Scandinavia at that time. Imagine Copenhagen, Tivoli, and Carlsberg in the spring. He will never come back.

Dick Miller, President of the Latin American Natural Area Programs of Foresta Institute wrote us from Castle Rock Ranch in Tucson and shortly thereafter showed up at our last Washington meeting. Dick collaborated with the late Carl Eklund and Maria Buchinger at the Buenos Aires IGY Conference in 1959 to help develop the wording for conservation measures which were adopted by the geophysicists and later were recommended to and adopted by the Washington Treaty of 1959. Dick is still working on the Atlas of Antarctic Fishes. He has been deeply involved with global environmental quality through the NGOs of the United Nations. He has produced a series of conservation films, one of which is about Antarctica, having been filmed by him in 1959 at Cape Hallett. It is sold to schools through Ames Films in Burbank, California.

We have a new member, Robert Baron of Dearborn, Michigan, who had an intimate relationship with the Ford Tri-Motors. In fact, he was the guy who released the Floyd Bennett Ford Tri-Motor 4AT-15 to Bernt Balchen. He also was the man who worked on the restoration of the plane before it was installed in the Henry Ford Museum. He said that some of the originally installed accessories are missing. Baron was the last man to technically leave the Ford Tri-Motor Manufacturing Facilities. Welcome aboard, Bob, good to have you with us.

I was always disturbed that the Hillary-Fuchs meeting at the South Pole was so beclouded with inaccuracies. I was there when Hillary arrived; I was there when Fuchs arrived; and I knew both of their radio men quite well, the late Peter Mulgrew, Hillary's communicator, and Ralph Lenton who served in the same capacity for Fuchs. Towards a clarification of the issue, I wrote Peter last summer for his remembrances. His reply of July 9, 1979 may have been his last written words on the subject, and I would like to share them with you.

"As regards your question re Hillary and Fuchs at the Pole: there was certainly no feud. There is no doubt that Fuchs would have preferred our party to have remained at DEPOT 700 as originally planned until he arrived, but he did not, as overall leader, give us a direct instruction. He did, however, suggest obliquely by radio that he would prefer us not to push on to the South Pole. On Hillary's part, there was never any intention other than to go to the Pole. He deliberately took extra fuel and also carefully planned the radio messages that I sent in such a way that should we receive an instruction either from

Fuchs or the Ross Sea Committee not to proceed, it would be too late as we would have passed the point of no return. Once we reached the Pole, followed by Fuchs (16 days later), he and Hillary had a fairly cordial meeting, as Fuchs was sufficient of a realist to know that the deed was done and that, providing he maintained progress and reached Scott Base around the date planned, he would hopefully emerge victorious, probably be knighted and push Hillary's rather spectacular 'dash to the Pole' into the background.

Ed published a very interesting book which you may or may not have seen - 'No Latitude for Error'. This gives a fairly plain account of the incident. The thing which caused Fuchs more concern was Hillary's suggestion published world-wide that, because of slow progress, Fuchs should abandon the programme for the year at the South Pole, return to the UK for the winter and come back the following year to complete the crossing. This idea in no way turned Fuchs on and, in fact, made him more determined than ever to reach Scott Base on the day predicted. I believe, in fact, he was within two days of his target date."

And long as we are into it, let's hear from another one of Ed Hillary's men, Murray Ellis, who was also on the traverse into the South Pole with Big Ed. In his letter to me of last June 6th Murray wrote:

"There was never any rivalry whatsoever between Hillary and Fuchs, in fact, we were all quite surprised ourselves that so much was made by the newspapers of our effort. The reason for our going on to the South Pole was purely to pave the way for Fuchs who was running so far behind his timetable and we were still striking a considerable number of crevassed areas on the Polar Plateau around the area in which he wanted his last fuel dump. At no stage was the Queen ever in communication with the organizing committee back home - in fact communication was very poor between ourselves in the field and Scott Base or with Fuchs' crossing party. The only person that we seemed to have good communication with was the Good Lord, as there was several times we felt he was with us in some dangerous crevasse country. The reason for Hillary suggesting Fuchs stopping at the Pole, and continuing the following year, was purely his concern at the lateness of Fuchs reaching the South Pole and wanting to continue on with his complete scientific investigation across the Polar Icecap. However, once he reached the South Pole and knew our vehicle route, then time was not such a significant factor as it was first considered. Two years ago, Sir Vivian Fuchs was out at the Canterbury Museum opening the Antarctic Wing in conjunction with Prince Phillip, and we had a very pleasant weekend with Fuchs and several members of the New Zealand Crossing Party. The relationship between Fuchs and Hillary was as friendly as ever and they got on very well, as did the rest of us. Fuchs was- greatly appreciative of the effort made by the New Zealand support party."

It was good to see Kirby Hanson (South Pole 58) in town in early March. Kirby still has an umbilical cord to the South Pole, as he is in charge of the network of stations which includes the South Pole, for monitoring climatic change. In fact, his program is called "Geophysical Monitoring for Climatic Change." He was back down several years ago and visited our old cubicles. Must be like returning to the womb to go

back and see your old office. He brought his bride Lisa with him, and what a doll! They have been grandparents for several years, but if she isn't the sweetest looking grandmother I ever saw, then I am a monkey's uncle. She had to undergo a real serious operation last year, but everything came out just great, thank heaven! Lisa is really something, and she can drive a nail and saw a piece of timber! The two of them built this canyon mansion out there in Boulder which must be a show piece. Kirby, Lisa, Ruth and I were going out to dinner that Saturday night; about two in the afternoon it started to snow and was really coming down. But two old South Pole veterans couldn't let a Washington snowstorm keep them in, so we braved the elements. By the time we left the restaurant, Washington had had more snow in those few hours than the South Pole gets in a year! Art "Red Jacket" Jorgensen, also South Pole Class of 58, has been in town twice recently. On his first visit, Red Jacket, Ruth and I got together with another member of the class, Johnny Dawson; and the two sailors swapped stories about Johns on yachts and the new regulations until Marge served up a few thousand calories. Boy, did we demolish two heaping plates of delicious brownies!

Boy Scout finalist Scott Miller said he would run a security check back in Santa Barbara for missing Charlie Greene of South Pole Class of 58. Did you ever find him, Scott? Scott has done real well. He got the 1979 Boy Scout Exploration Award for science research and the Hornaday Award for conservation. Our congratulations! He never made it to the ice, but he is a member of our Society. He has been east working in the Carbon Dating Lab at Queens College and will be back for a third Smithsonian summer in a few weeks. Scott hopes to go to graduate school at Harvard a year from this fall. Another Scout finalist, Steve Weirich, came to Washington last month with the Allegheny College Choir. Ruth, a most loyal alumna who tries to convince people she once sang in the Allegheny Choir, went to hear their concert, and there was Steve. Everyone who met Steve while the Scout finalists were here two years ago was deeply impressed by him, as he has a very humane way about him. We covered Mark Leinmiller, the winner and still champion, in our last Newsletter.

Just about everyone knows that Dave Canham was the first Navy commander at McMurdo back in 1956, that he is the current director of the Sacramento State College Research Foundation, and that he does not run around his backhand. But when you say Canham in this country, you are talking about some pretty important people. The editor of the Christian Science Monitor is a clansman; the athletic director at the University of Michigan who has made millions out of athletic equipment/supplies is another clansman. But just who is good old Dave? So we asked him straight out and he told us, "I was Forrest Evasheski's roommate at Michigan." Not the Forrest Evasheski? Yes, the one and same. It seems he played in the line in front of Evasheski, which meant that he must have had fast feet and hands, because if he did not clear out the opposition he knew that Evasheski was going to blow him out so No. 98 Tommy Harmon could run to All-American stardom. There is only so much glory to be passed around on a team, and after the PIO man got through hyping the running back and then his blocking back, there was no ink left to cover an offensive linesman. So Dave became All-American at McMurdo.

Here is one to impress your teen-age son or daughter. What famous rock star was sired by an Antarctic? If you didn't say James Taylor, you are wrong. I can't tell you much about him because he doesn't sing with Lawrence Welk, but he is supposed to be one of the giants in the industry. I've seen pictures of him, though, and he is one fellow who should take a trip to a barber shop. The Washington Post on May 29, 1979 said, "In his early years, Taylor made such neurotic, fragile music that one came away with the impression that the artist was due to self-destruct at any time. The very best one could hope for from this new-wave folkie was a fireball career - bright and brilliant, if only for a few moments." It went on to say that "time has genuinely mellowed Taylor. His marriage to singer Carly Simon appears to have prospered." The daddy - Ike Taylor who was the doctor at McMurdo the same year Dave Canham was there.

And Bob Rutford was a jock. He evidently played in the shadow of Gino Capelletti up there in Minnesota. Later he became an athletic director at a small midwestern college. One morning he decided that he would not emulate Don Canham at Michigan, but would pack it all up for science. Some people have no regard for money or publicity. If he had stayed with it, who knows, Rutford might have become a household name like the rest of those athletic directors/humanitarians who helped wayward basketball players attend fictitious classes (to gain accreditization) in a Los Angeles garage, so they, too, could go off to college and become political scientists of the future. But now he is going to have to live the rest of his life with that Ross Ice Shelf image.

Had a nice letter from Dick Goldthwait who will always be one of my favorites. He did many favors for me, with great help from old John Spletts, when he was Director of the Institute of Polar Studies at The Ohio State University. He appears to be another Bill Field, retiring but still doing his thing while combining the best of all features - New Hampshire in the summer time, Florida in the winter time, and travelling to such places as Norway where he will be doing some research this summer. He lives on a barrier island in Anna Maria, surrounded by water, and says that it is most important for a glacial geologist to be able to watch sea level rise and fall. He misses skiing while zooming around in an 18-foot power boat. He still gets his kicks out of singing in church choirs, although he doesn't hit the high notes like he did in his undergraduate days at Brown University. He claims he is 68. No way!

Rudy Honkala of Wilkes 57, Wilkes 60, Palmer 67, plus another Antarctic summer and heaven only knows how many years in Alaska and atop old Mt. Misery (Mt. Washington, N.H.) went up to the annual Explorers Club bash in New York City in late March. He took along his two daughters, and after the festivities they took off on their own for a little night life. Rudy meandered his way down to the bar at the Waldorf Astoria and walked in on all those sports celebrities who had been taping another Miller's Lite commercial. He was in his rightful element here as not only does he have a long drinking record, but he claims he played the best third base in the history of Salisbury High School in New Hampshire. It doesn't take birds of the same feather long to get together, and soon Rudy found himself deep into conversation with Marvelous Marv Thorneberry, infamous, almost-was baseball player and celebrity of the futile New York Mets in their foundling years. Marv and Rudy, two peas in the pod for sure! But Rudy came away greatly disillusioned as all those famous sports stars of yesterday were into hard stuff, with nary a bottle of Miller's to be seen after they turned off the kleig lights.

Here is another question. What famous polar explorer was a Lenin look-alike? That's almost too easy for you older guys, but you young fellows might have to think a bit. Good old Sir Hubert Wilkins. If you have ever been through the excellent Arctic and Antarctic Museum in Leningrad, you will recall dozens of large photographs which included Lenin. When I started my tour I said, "Oh, there is Sir Hubert." But then I realized where I was and came to my senses. The fellow who looked like Sir Hubert was a fellow by the name of Lenin! Sir Hubert rode a high popularity wave in the Soviet Union because of all the time and effort he spent flying over the Arctic Basin looking for a downed Russian pilot. I'm sitting on top of Sir Hubert's last trip report to the Antarctic, one which was suppressed by his home office because the Navy wanted to get their hands on it. It is a salty trip report, but by today's standards would only qualify for a PG rating!

Doc Abbot, the retired admiral who was in charge of Operation Deep Freeze in bygone days, may make the watering hole of the Executive Dining Room his 19th Hole on May 1st I sure hope so, even if he has to wear his spikes. Remember that Pete Rose commercial where he says, "A man wants to smell like a man"? After 18 holes, Doc should be that

man! He will be in town for a meeting of the Association of Naval Aviation, a meeting which is evidently going to be held in part on a golf course. Those Navy pilots always did know how to enjoy themselves. Doc describes himself as a Bull Ferry Pilot (for Bertram Yachts of Miami). He flies from Mobile to Miami, picks up a Bertram, and brings it back (sailing?). He and Margaret recently returned from their 20th ferry trip. He drives a Cholmondeley, which translates into a 1980 diesel Coupe de Ville. He is looking forward to getting Cholmondeley XVIII in the near future, so it pays to be a bull ferry pilot. Probably his retirement paycheck is almost enough to keep it in gas.

The Society is very fortunate in having Charlie Bentley give the Memorial Lecture, as his topic is on the cutting edge of today's technology. In fact, Charlie led a conference on the subject of global warming and whither the ice sheets at the University of Maine, April 8-10. Everyone is getting into the climate act, and it makes one wonder whether anyone is back at the bench doing any research. Jerry Brown at CRREL is doing a position paper on "Physical and Hydrological Effects of Climate Change on Permafrost" which will go into a big volume being put out by the AAAS and the Department of Energy this fall on Environmental and Societal Consequences of a CC>2 Induced Climate Change. Then in January 1981, Mike Kuhn of Innsbruck, another member, will be giving one of the invited papers at NASA on snow and ice at a conference on land surfaces and climate change. There will be the Mitchell Report coming out later this year for the Polar Research Board of the National Academy of Sciences. We have quite a few members on the Mitchell Committee, Charlie Bentley, Chet Langway, and Troy Pewe. Other committeemen are Jim Baker, Roger Barry, George Denton, Joe Fletcher, Larry Gates, Jim Hays, Terry Hughes, John Imbrie, John Mercer, Uwe Radok, and Norbert Untersteiner (who incidentally has just put on the NOAA uniform of oceanography). The 5-Year Draft of the National Climate Program relegated studies on the cryosphere to a secondary importance, although it can always be upgraded in the next revision which will be in two years.

Bud Waite will be sharing the stage with Charlie Bentley on the night of the Memorial Lecture. Not that Charlie needs support, but these two are very close friends and represent the best of the past and the present. Bud is making a herculean effort to get up here from Florida just for the festivities. He says it will be his swan song, as he has more ailments than Carter has little liver pills. There never will be another guy like Bud because in this era of specialization it could never happen again. He could regale us for hours with his memories of his many trips to the ice, which he is currently chronicling in his memoirs. His mind is still keen, his voice has the strength of a fog bell off the Grand Banks, and he talks with all the animation of a sophomore in high school who has just been picked to be the starting quarterback in the annual Thanksgiving Day game versus the Bad Guys. Bud is the only one left of the people who went out to Advance Base to rescue the late Admiral Byrd. You can read about it in several books; in fact, you can read about it in his journal now in manuscript form. But we are giving you Bud live for ten minutes (not to exceed fifteen minutes!) in which he will give us a short slide show on rescuing REB. It's a once-in-a-lifetime chance for you young Antarciticans to come and hear the Grand Old Man. And while you're listening to a man who played his whole life with gusto, let's not forget his contribution to the history of Antarctica and, particularly, his pioneering research on the use of radio echo sounding in the determination of depths of snow and ice, a technique which he perfected and then took airborne, breaking all time barriers and all areal coverage, making a motion picture out of what was a still picture taken with seismic shots. You would have thought it would have put the Charlie Bentleys out of work, or at least kept them home in Madison. But guys who dig snow pits are a breed unto themselves and they don't give up easily. In fact, Charlie has been deep into taxpayers' pockets for over two decades, and that evening we will be looking at one of the sections of the jigsaw puzzle, the West Antarctic Ice Sheet.

Charlie is more at home there than he would be if he were dropped half a mile from his home on Lake Mendota Drive.

We are having a little version of Antarctic Saturday Night Life just preceding the Memorial Lecture, in the Executive Dining Room of the National Academy of Sciences when we'll gather at 5 p.m. for a Happy Hour, pay-as-you-consume bar, followed by a Prime Rib or Crab Imperial dinner (\$15 per). As we go to press we have reservations for 70. We can handle another 25, so get your reservation(s) in to either Ruth (office 527-2678, home 522-2905) or to me (office 664-1561) by the 29th. I don't think we will sell out, but I would love to. Regardless of whether you are coming to the dinner party ahead of the lecture or not, let's get ourselves into gear and down to the National Academy of Sciences for the Memorial Lecture. Let's have a good turnout. Bring some friends, even your in-laws. Attendance has been picking up lately, so let's keep it up, Washington.

The South Pole is "boring because there is no place to get away from it all". So said Dr. Michele Raney, the first woman to ever winter-over at the South Pole, when she spoke to the St. Vincent Medical Center Auxiliary in San Marino, California on April 16th. Dr. Todd, don't tell me you promised Michele a rose garden. My sources told me it was an exciting year, in fact, you could almost say it was a barn burner. She also told them that "it was beautiful". Well, it is fantastic getting there and coming back, but I don't think an almost featureless expanse of snow extending into infinity is beautiful unless you have a love affair with "white".

Mary Alice McWhinnie died on March 17th following a long illness. Her sister is making a rather extensive mailing of obituaries, articles, and pictures of Mary Alice which many of you should be getting about the same time you receive the Newsletter. There will be a Memorial Service at 2 p.m. on April 25th at DePaul University. Natural History, March 1980 has an article coauthored by Mary Alice and Charleen Denys entitled "The High Importance of the Lowly Krill". Mary Alice went to the Antarctic ten times, starting in 1963 when she was aboard the ELTANIN. She was the first woman scientist to winter-over in the Antarctic, being at McMurdo in 1974. Her research in recent years has been centered at Palmer where she designed large flow-through sea-water aquariums which made possible long-term captive maintenance of krill with consequent breakthroughs in the understanding of the biology of crustaceans. She was truly a giant in Antarctic research, and she will be deeply missed by all those Antarcticans whose lives have been enriched by having known her. Dr. Sayed El Sayed, probably Mary Alice's closest professional colleague and dear friend, just returned to his office at Texas A & M in mid-April. He is going to write a memorial tribute for Mary Alice which we will print in the next Newsletter.

Charles (BAE II) Murphy's wife died in March following a long illness. Charlie plans to pull up stakes in the District of Columbia and move to Grafton, Vermont which is about a 180° change. Our sympathies to Charlie on his recent loss.

It may be time for the Antarctic Poet Laureate, one Admiral Richard Black, to sit down with pen in hand and write another poem about an Antarctic ship. The HERO left Ushuaia, Argentina in mid-April, bound for the west coast. Her fate is a bit up in the air, as she needs an overhaul which would probably cost one and a half million dollars. People in NSF are now going through a lot of budget exercises to see what stays, what goes. The HERO represents the best of Maine craftsmanship, having been built in the famous Carnage shipyards. This is only her second trip back to the States. At NSF they are also deliberating over what to do with the ELTANIN. This isn't a good time to be a ship, as the price of keeping them in service is getting to be out-of-sight.

After 12 years of supporting the Antarctic operations, Holmes and Narver is now out. The new contract, which became effective on April 1, 1980 (no April Fool, we hope) is with Antarctic Services, Inc., which is owned by Federal Electric Corporation, which, in turn, is part of International Telephone and Telegraph. Federal Electric has been involved in Arctic operations for quite a few years, as it seems to me they were running many of the DEW Line stations back in the early 60's.

The University of Iowa is holding a symposium on May 2-3 as a centennial celebration for one of their more famous alumni, Vilhjalmur Stefansson. A number of years ago a Canadian artist completed a bronze bust of Stefansson to be presented to the Canadian National Gallery. Some alumni and faculty members developed the idea of casting two additional busts, one to go to the National Portrait Gallery in Washington and the other to be presented to the University of Iowa on May 3rd. The Art Department is hosting the ceremonies and they anticipate about 100 visitors attending the symposium. This past year Stefansson was honored in Moscow (October 30), at Dartmouth College (October 31) and in Ottawa (November 2).

The Christian Science Monitor republished Emilie Tavel Livezey's excellent article on "Admiral Byrd's Legacy in Limbo" (which we got from their New England edition in January) in the Eastern edition on March 11, 1980. This edition had a picture of the Admiral's son and two of his grandsons. We had verbal permission from the Christian Science Monitor to use the article in our Newsletter, but a follow-up letter showed that our credit line should have read:

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Thank you, Christian Science Monitor. Kathleen Allison, their Copyright and Trademark Administrator said that the author was "simply delighted to learn that you are going to use the article" as she is interested in those who know about the papers and have a direct interest in them bringing "their influence to bear in seeing that the papers are properly cared for and available for study." Amen.

Hit and Run: The Diploma program in Polar Studies at the Scott Polar Research Institute has been replaced by a M. Phil. Degree in Polar Studies. The degree is granted upon completion of a one-year course of study and the associated scheme of examination, which includes a 20,000-word thesis and five 2,000-word essays, as well as orals at the discretion of the examiner. Did not say how many words would constitute an oral! I thought the U.S. was the only place where they measured theses in inches and/or pounds. If you have a copy of the Geographical Journal, Vol. 145, Part 3, November 1979, you might want to read J. G. Lockwood's review of "The Antarctic Ice-Sheet: Regulator of Global Climates". Rudy Honkala has a series of maps in the February 1980 issue of the Mining Congress Journal accompanying an article he coauthored on "A Cartographic Look at Constraints to Mineral Exploration and Development".

Speaking about Antarticans who have enjoyed cruises on both the LINDBLAD and the WORLD DISCOVERER, there is no one finer than Pennie Rau out in Hollywood. One of the better things about being president of the Society is the mail bag, and we have heard more from Pennie than from anyone else. She has been a very good friend to the Society, and has given the Society some penguin pins, and a few whale pins, for us to sell. These sold for \$15 each on the LINDBLAD, but we will sell them for \$10, including mailing. The penguins are about 1 1/2 inches tall, the whale about 1 inch. She is also working on a belt buckle for us, one which will have a map of Antarctica on it. It will be a thing of beauty, as Pennie will see to that. She runs a topdrawer jewelry business, and you can be sure, if it's by Pennie. She is commissioned by a Scandinavian shipping

line to do one piece a year for them, and many of her pieces depict the local citizens of the polar regions. She is a most delightful person. Ruth and I have talked to her several times, the last time on Easter. She was spending that afternoon writing Congressmen, editors, and organizations about her friends from the animal and mammal kingdom who, she feels, merit more protection.

The Society is now into its third decade. It is pretty hard to predict its future. One thing which has particularly interested me has been in making the Society a thread to the past for the old-timers. I always felt that those currently involved in Antarctic research do not need anything beyond the Antarctic Journal which is really their organ. But when your hair starts to get gray, your waistline gets out of control, your comrades start falling by the wayside, and your dentist is making bridges and partials rather than filling cavities, then it is getting towards memory lane time. One of my wishes has been to upgrade the Memorial Lecture meeting, making it get-together time for those who want to reunite themselves. The Larry Gould show was our first expanded Memorial Lecture, and the Charlie Bentley bonanza hopefully will continue in the same vein, with Bud Waite being an added attraction. However, I would like to see the Memorial Lecture increased by another magnitude, one where the Society would induct an Antarctic into our own Antarctic Society Hall of Fame. My idea would be that the Board of Directors would establish some kind of an ad hoc committee which would select nominees for the Hall, and then the Society members would vote on them sometime during the year. It should be very restrictive/selective, with only one person being selected each year. That person would then receive a Hall of Fame citation at the annual Memorial Lecture. If the person were still alive, hopefully he or she could attend the Lecture; if the person were deceased, then a close relative could be our guest. We could have a nice plaque made up to be presented to the recipient. I think it would add a continuing interest to the Society, and help build up attendance at the Memorial Lecture. I also feel we could finance the whole deal by getting corporations involved so that it wouldn't cut into our operating funds. We are a non-profit organization and hopefully can survive on membership dues. I hope future administrations will not carry deadwood members such as we inherited, because that would put the Society under, at the current cost of sending out Newsletters. Louie DeGoes of the Polar Research Board at the National Academy of Sciences had suggested that we make an award to the Antarctic Scientist of the Year, but after thinking about it for awhile decided that this might become too controversial. There is more to the Antarctic than science, and a Hall of Fame should include scientists, explorers, and just folks who have made some significant contribution, such as an architect of the Antarctic Peace Treaty. The Hall of Fame could become a popularity type thing, but if we have good screening committees on nominations, all the nominees would be highly qualified. We could get into difficulties trying to evaluate whether some glaciologist is better than some botanist or some physicist. And the Society is not a scientific society. What do you people think? Please let us know.

The Antarctic Journal, Vol.XIV, No. 4, December 1979, has 17 pages on the 10th Antarctic Treaty Consultative Meeting. If you had been a participant in all of their meetings you would have gone to Canberra, Buenos Aires, Brussels, Santiago, Paris, Tokyo, Wellington, Oslo, London, and Washington. There are thirteen consultative parties (Argentina, Australia, Belgium, Chile, France, Japan, New Zealand, Norway, Poland, South Africa, UK, USSR, and USA) and eight adhering nations (Czechoslovakia, Denmark, The Netherlands, Romania, German Democratic Republic, Bulgaria, and the Federal Republic of Germany). One would assume that Leningrad, Warsaw, and Capetown may be hosts for future meetings. Just imagine all the great meals and embassy parties which have gone into those ten meetings. If you don't have the talent to be a world class tennis player the next best thing is sitting in the Antarctic desk at the State Department. The Consultative Parties have issued guidance for Antarctic visitors, which are more or less spelled out in 10 Do-Not Commandments: do not disturb wildlife, do not litter, do not

use sporting guns, do not introduce plants or animals, do not collect eggs or fossils, do not enter specially protected areas and avoid sites of special scientific interest, do not interfere with scientific work or enter unoccupied buildings, do not paint names or graffiti on anything, do not wander away from your party, and do not fail to take care of Antarctic historic monuments. I, personally, am more concerned with the Mike Hoovers of this world, those adventurers who want to capitalize commercially on the continent. We had a letter from a fellow serving as coordinator of the 1980-81 Trans-Antarctic Expedition, a boondoggling affair if I ever saw one. He wants to take 112 dogs to McMurdo and then cross the continent with five dog teams. He didn't say how many people were involved, nor had he done any homework on the subject. I wrote back and asked him why they couldn't just be good boys, stay in Alaska where they belong with all those highly organized dog sled races for big prize money, and not bother anyone in the Antarctic. The continent is supposed to be a scientific laboratory, and not a three-ring circus with quacks running all over the place. They already have those birds from the U.K. all perched on the shore to attempt a crossing next summer. Can't you see them and five dog teams all arriving at the South Pole together? McMurdo could become the Coney Island of the late 1900's.

I (like) (do not like) the idea of an Antarctican Society Hall of Fame.

I (like) (do not like) the idea of an Antarctican Scientist of the Year.

I have another idea. Here it is:

I want a Pennie Rau Penguin Pin (gold finish) at \$10.00.

Please mail to: _____

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

Membership Dues: Local (within 50 miles of Washington) \$5.00 a year
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