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ARCTIC INSTITUTE OF NORTH AMERICA

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No. 7

MEMORIAL LECTURE

Capt. Robert Falcon Scott and His Last Expedition

by

Dr. Robert L. Nichols

Geologist and Senior Scientist,
Ronne Antarctic Research Expedition

and

Professor Emeritus
Tufts College

PLUS

Admiral Richard B. Black

Byrd Antarctic Expedition, 1933-35
U.S. Antarctic Service Expedition, 1939-41

Presenting

A Memorial Tribute to Men of the U.S. Antarctic
Service Expedition of 40 Years Ago

on

WEDNESDAY EVENING, MAY 13th

at

8 o'clock

in the Auditorium of

The National Academy of Sciences

2101 Constitution Avenue N.W.

DON'T MISS THIS GALA MEMORIAL LECTURE!

Two of the Real Live Authorities on the Good Old Days!

Nearly a Century of Polar Expertise on One Lecture Platform!

Support Your Society's Annual Big Time Extravaganza!

COME TO THE PRE-LECTURE DINNER AND FRATERNIZE!

(Form on page 12)

Honorary Members:

Ambassador Paul C. Daniels
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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. Scott McVay, 1973
Mr. Joseph O. Fletcher, 1974
Mr. Herman R. Friis, 1975
Dr. Kenneth J. Bertrand, 1976
Dr. William J. L. Sladen, 1977
Dr. J. Murray Mitchell, Jr., 1978
Dr. Laurence McKinley Gould, 1979
Dr. Charles R. Bentley, 1980

B E R G Y B I T S

Bergy Bits is not to be construed in any way as a Voice of the Antarctic Society. It is only a wandering mind of an old Antarctic who is prejudiced in his ways and thoughts, but who has a typewriter. Be kind to him, he means well.

This year's Memorial Lecturer is one of the good old boys, having wintered over at Stonington Island on the Ronne Antarctic Research Expedition, 1946-48. He spent some 154 days out in the field, and was never happier, or riper, than when he was sledging. On a later Antarctic trip, he inherited a young willowy whippersnapper field assistant who was still wet behind his ears, and taught him all there was to know about man-hauling sledges around McMurdo Sound. Bob was a good teacher; today that fellow, Bob Rutford, is Interim Chancellor at the University of Nebraska. Bob Nichols earned his bread as Chairman of the Geology Department at Tufts College, where he turned out guys like George Denton and Hal Borns. He used to flee the campus in summers to go to Greenland, in winters to go to Antarctica. Captain Scott is his hero; they had the same philosophy - if it wasn't accomplished by man-hauling sledges, it wasn't worthwhile. This is going to be a really big night, as Bob does not pull any punches. We will provide him with round-the-clock protection while he's in town, because several years ago when he addressed a coeducational Antarctic population about to go to the ice, he sent them off with the reasons he loved Antarctica, saving the best 'til last - "because of its masculinity." When you're an ex-athletic jock, are well over six feet, are still hard and lean, you can get away with anything you want to say. Don't miss this one! See form on page 12.

The U.S. Antarctic Service Expedition's 40th anniversary has gone by with little or no fanfare. It was sort of an Unsung Expedition unless you were on it, as the people in this country were more concerned with World War II than they were with scientific exploration in Antarctica. But it was a very important expedition, and many of our Society's early cornerstones were members of that expedition. Unfortunately some were taken from this earth at much too young an age, first Carl Eklund, the founder of our Society, then Paul Siple, one of our earliest presidents, followed by Al Wade several years ago, then last year Finn Ronne, and just this month, Jim McCoy. Admiral Black, who was East Base Commander on the Expedition, has graciously consented to speak to us on that expedition, and this will constitute the memorial aspects of the evening. It is rumored that in addition to eulogizing the Expedition he will tell us a bit about field exploration as experienced on a dog sledging trek. Dick Black retired from active Naval service as a Rear Admiral in 1959. But he continued to serve in various responsible positions in polar programs for several more years.

One of the worst kept secrets in town is that Mr. Antarctic Superstar, the everlasting boy out of Lacota, Michigan, the golden tongue Antarctic orator, will be getting the Cosmos Club Award on May 14, 1981. It is their biggest affair of the year, and amounts to "coronating" their Man of the Year. Somewhere along the line the Cosmos Club in a great moment of extreme benevolence towards womankind gave the award, inadvertently, I'm sure, to a woman, the First Lady of the Theatre. But things are now back in their proper perspective, and I am sure it will be a stupendous evening for all Cosmosites. Congratulations, Larry, and way to go, Cosmos Club!

We are remiss in not keeping in better touch with our most distinguished Honorary President, Ambassador Paul Clement Daniels. He has been migratory ever since 1972, living in Lakeville, Connecticut from mid-May to early November, and then spending his winters in Lafayette, Louisiana (105 Green Oaks Drive). He still reads the Newsletters "even though many of my earlier associates have passed from the scene." All Antarciticans are indeed indebted to Ambassador Daniels for the most vital role

he played in engineering the Antarctic Treaty. I hope that some day in the near future the Ambassador can be with us for a Memorial Lecture. He's a good old party boy and I am sure the pre-Lecture festivities with him there would be most enjoyable, too.

No matter what your yardstick may be, the wedding of our most honorable president, Pete Burrill, and one of our most honorable women members, Betty Didcock, turned out to be most memorable. It was the largest gathering of pure geographers to every assemble in Chevy Chase, as wall-to-wall geographers filled the Chevy Chase Presbyterian Church to see the ex-president of the Association of American Geographers (AAG) marry the ex-president of the Society of Women Geographers. It certainly was the largest non-meeting of the Mid-Atlantic Division of the AAG! Pete, also an officer in the Washington chapter of the Explorer's Club, was dressed to the gills in wedding gear and looked somewhat like an Emperor Penguin with moustache and some place to go. The day was rainy, but this didn't affect the bride as her smiling radiance permeated every inch (or centimeter) of the church. Barry (National Geographic Society) Bishop, he of Mt. Everest fame and the U.S.'s Sir Edmund Hillary, said that the wedding was one of Victorian splendor, the way weddings should be properly executed. Well, Barry didn't say it just that way; in fact, Barry may not have used any of those words, but he did say something to the effect that it was a grand reaffirmation of how weddings should be. But I sure was surprised and somewhat shocked at the ending of the ceremony. I had come under the assumption that Pete was marrying Betty, that Betty was marrying Pete, but I swear I heard the minister say, "Do you, Meredith, take thee, Betty?" and then "Do you, Betty, take thee, Meredith?" This raises a very serious question, is Pete legally married to Betty, or is Betty married to his alterego? Regardless of whether they are tied in holy matrimony, everything was perfect and it set a new geographical record - never in the history of geography in this country had so many geographers gathered in a rookery with such a commonality of love and friendship and had such a great time. When two or more geographers gather it is usually more like the Hatfields and the McCoys, yet here was a roomful of them, all having a great time feasting, drinking, talking. The reception was as great as the wedding.

Literally the last thing President Burrill did before inarching down the street to get married was to announce the slate of Officers and new Board members for confirmation by acclamation at a 60-second Business Meeting on May. Pete Burrill has another year to go as President and Pete Barretta another year as Secretary, so those two slots are closed. Charlie Morrison, a long-standing member of the Society who spent four summers in Antarctica for the USGS (64-65, 66-67, 68-69, and 71-72) and has served with great distinction as co-Bar Tender at our almost annual summer picnics, will be the new Vice-President. I, Paul Dalrymple, will be the official candidate for Treasurer, although Ruth Siple will continue to perform the duties and do all the work. This was a cosmetic maneuver to comply with our modified By-Laws. The incoming members of the Board of Directors are broadly balanced and are all faithful attendees at our local meetings. The good old explorers will be represented by Bert Crary, the first geophysicist to have plunged his instrument into both geographical Poles. His Antarctic deeds are legendary, and some could even be repeated if we had a dozen more pages. The younger heroes will be represented by Dick Neff of the USGS who wintered over at Casey Station with the Australians in 1975 when he positioned the field traverses by geocervers. The rapidly expanding philatelic section of our Society will find ASSP #1683, Charlie Burroughs of the NOAA Corps on the Board. Charlie is more Arctic than Antarctic when it comes to field experience, but his Antarctic enthusiasm is unlimited. Dr. Eugene Campbell, along with his wife Dr. Reba Campbell (also a Society member), was introduced to the Antarctic through a WORLD DISCOVERER cruise (Jan-Feb 1979) and both have been smitten

ever since. He has asked so many questions at our meetings that the only honorable thing to do was to put him on the Board. His Antarctic interests are biological, ecological and paleontological. Our new At-Large Board member will be Henry (BAE I) Harrison of Asheville, North Carolina. This meteorologist is our very best foreign correspondent and he will make an excellent Board member. All of these people can be described as "workers" and that's what's needed to make a Society go and grow.

Charlie Burroughs received the second highest award given by the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration, its Silver Medal, which was given to him on October 30, 1979. Secretary Krebs presented it for "contributions to the nation's Strategic Petroleum Program through his management of its Gulf of Mexico Brine Disposal Analysis Program." For you non-geographers, the Gulf of Mexico is just north of McMurdo Sound. His citation went on to say, "has built a viable and unified environmental assessment program which has served to overcome some reservations held by environmentalists and regulatory agencies ...". Charlie wants some more beach duty, as he has had enough blue water on the decks. He is currently Deputy to the head of the NOAA Corps.

J. Murray Mitchell, Memorial Lecturer 1978, recently received a \$5,000 award from NOAA for his research on climate variation in 1980. I actually think NOAA gave him the money because he was the only federal climatologist they could find who was doing any work in 1980, as all the rest were on one or more of the tens of climatic committees existing in this country who develop plans and programs. But to tell the truth, I'm not even certain about Murray, as he is either on television explaining why something didn't happen, or on the pages of U.S. News and World Report (Feb. 2, 1981) telling us about droughts, or he is in Boulder or Geneva.

In our March 1979 Newsletter we wrote about the first U.S. Antarctic humanist, Donald Finkel. Well, there is some more good news to report on this Washington University poet. In May 1980, he was awarded the Morton Dauwen Zabel Award by the American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters. The citation read, "To Donald Finkel ... for his twin poems Endurance and Going Under. The poet, who in preparation for these works both lived in Antarctica and explored Mammoth Cave and Crystal Cave and Sand Cave, deserves praise for his courage under extreme conditions, and for his skillful assimilation of the narrative to the lyrical mode." He wrote that he was a "middling caver ... though never in Sand Cave, that dreadful pit." He feels personally indebted to Phil Smith for opening the Antarctic to persons like him, Charles Neider, Eliot Porter, and Daniel Long. Writing about the citation he said, "I suppose my true courage (tenacity?) was to persist in the face of the thunderous silence of such august institutions as the NEH." The Finkels were in town the evening of our last meeting, but had a higher command performance to attend - his wife, Constance Urdang, had a poetry reading that evening at the Library of Congress. Congratulations to both of them, may their lives continue to be poetry in motion.

Walter Sullivan just joined the Society, and I can't really tell you how pleased I am to have him aboard. My folks subscribed to the New York Times when I was in the Antarctic just to read what he was writing about the place. I once had a labor of love, reviewing his fine book Quest For A Continent for the Geographical Review. He joins a long line of well-known writers in our Society. Charlie Murphy had a best seller a year ago, The Windsors, and is writing two more books now (one on Forrestal, one on the Eisenhower administration). Bill Cromie is Executive Director of the Council for the Advancement of Science Writing, and the Nov-Dec 80 issue of NSF's Mosaic has a most interesting article by old Bill entitled "The Sky at All Wave-Lengths." The fairest of them all, Deborah Shapley, of Science magazine who was on leave last year, is writing a book on Antarctica for the Carnegie Endowment for In-

ternational Peace. We Have Arville Schaleben, who was the Executive Editor of the Milwaukee Journal and a Visiting Professor in the Medill School of Journalism. Carl Eklund's brother, Lawrence also wrote for the Milwaukee Journal, although he is now retired. Jim Sparkman of NOAA wrote for the Christian Science Monitor - it was an Antarctic assignment which made him decide to chuck it all to become a scientist. And, of course, Larry Gould wrote Cold; Lisle Rose wrote Assault on Eternity; and Robert Feeney wrote Professor On The Ice. Bert Crary is in the throes of writing at least one book on the IGY. Mort Rubin will be moving to England next month (7 Croft Lodge, Barton Road, Cambridge CBS 9LA) where he will be a Visiting Scholar at the Scott Polar Research Institute doing some historical work on the early meteorologists and meteorology in the Antarctic. Then we have journalism people like Guy Guthridge and Dick Muldoon. So with all this in-Society professionalism, why in Heaven's name am I writing Bergy Bits?

Within the past year, I have seen two pathetically poor lists of articles which have appeared in the National Geographic (and The National Geographic Magazine) on Antarctica. There were a total of 80 references, but I copied only the feature articles, skipping the news items which were popular at the turn of the century. I hope you enjoy this list, and I'm sure Antartic Society members Edwin MacDonald, David Tyree, James Reedy, Doc Abbot, and Nicholas Clinch will be happy to see their articles in the listing. The surprising thing to me was the lack of any real articles on Amundsen's, Scott's, and Mawson's expeditions. The one by Shackleton is actually just extractions from his book of the same name. If you are ever in downtown Washington and have a couple of spare hours, why not drop into the National Geographic Society building on 16th Street and browse through some of the early issues? Just as good as going to the Zoo, and it sure smells a heck of a lot nicer. But on with the list.

1894	December	The Antarctic Continent (Geographic Notes by Cyrus C. Babb)
1901	September	The British Antarctic Expedition
1907	February	An Ice Wrapped Continent (by G.H.G.)
1909	November	The Heart of the Antarctic. By Ernest H. Shackleton
1912	March	American Discoverers of the Antarctic Continent. By Major General A. W. Greely
1922	April	South Georgia, An Outpost of the Antarctic. By Robert Cushman Murphy
1924	March	British Antarctic Expedition under Captain Robert F. Scott
1930	August	The Conquest of Antarctica by Air. By Richard Evelyn Byrd
1932	February	Antarctica's Most Interesting Citizen: The Comical Penguin is Both Romantic and Bellicose. By Worth E. Shoults
1932	October	Mapping the Antarctic from the Air: The Aerial Camera Earns Its Place as the Eyes and Memory of the Explorer. By Captain Ashley C. McKinley
1935	July	National Geographic Society Honors Byrd Antarctic Expedition
1935	October	Exploring the Ice Age in Antarctica. By Richard Evelyn Byrd
1936	July	My Flight Across Antarctica. By Lincoln Ellsworth
1939	July	My Four Antarctic Expeditions: Explorations of 1933-39 Have Stricken Vast Areas from the Realm of the Unknown. By Lincoln Ellsworth

1947	October	Our Navy Explores Antarctica. By Richard E. Byrd
1956	August	All-Out Assault on Antarctica. By Richard E. Byrd
1957	July	We Are Living at the South Pole. By Paul A. Siple
1957	July	Admiral of the Ends of the Earth (Richard E. Byrd). By Melville Bell Grosvenor
1957	September	Year of Discovery Opens in Antarctica. By David S. Boyer
1957	September	Across the Frozen Desert to Byrd Station. By Paul W. Frazier
1958	April	Man's First Winter at the South Pole (Amundsen-Scott IGY South Pole Station). By Paul A. Siple
1959	January	The Crossing of Antarctica. By Sir Vivian Fuchs
1959	October	What We've Accomplished in Antarctica. By George J. Dufek
1962	February	Exploring Antarctica's Phantom Coast. By Edwin A. McDonald
1963	February	New Era in the Loneliest Continent. By David M. Tyree
1964	March	First Flight Across the Bottom of the World. By James R. Reedy
1966	January	Stalking Seals Under Antarctic Ice. By Carleton Ray
1967	June	First Conquest of Antarctica's Highest Peaks. By Nicholas B. Clive
1967	November	Flight Into Antarctic Darkness. By J. Lloyd Abbot
1968	October	Antarctica: Icy Testing Grounds for Space. By Samuel W. Matthews
1971	November	Antarctica's Nearer Side. By Samuel W. Matthews
1973	January	This Changing Earth. By Samuel W. Matthews
1973	December	Alone to Antarctica. By David Lewis
1975	August	ICE BIRD Ends Her Lonely Odyssey. By David Lewis
1977	August	Penguins and Their Neighbors. By Roger Tory Peterson

For years people have been battering around the pros and cons of letting a ship freeze into the Arctic ice pack and become a latter-day Nansen. Wiser heads always seemed to prevail, and such plans never got beyond the paper they were written on until the Coast Guard this winter inadvertently played right into the hands of the pro-Nansen-ites. The Coast Guard, which has a long and most distinguished record as a rescuer of ill-fated missions, went on one of their own, making the first ever wintertime cruise to Point Barrow in one of their two biggies, the POLAR SEA. They got there okay, arriving safely with no problems on February 11th, but on the way back everything went to heck. As this is being written, on March 17th, they are rudderless, locked in multi-year ice 30 feet thick, are 155 miles west of Barrow, 90 miles off Wainwright. The Coast Guard has evacuated 50 of the crew and have even taken aboard scientists. They are desperate, and could be there for several more months, projected release date is mid-June. They are drifting about 40 miles a week. The scientists represent many different disciplines. One is a marine biologist studying the polar bear, but most are conducting ice studies or doing research on polar communications. I thought we had guys like Jay Zwally who knew where multi-year ice kept itself all of the time so that young junior officers on the bridge wouldn't make ships of opportunities out of our biggest ice breakers. I think the Coast Guard has missed a couple of golden opportunities with this "happening." Our nation has a mania about keeping up with, the Russians. What if the POLAR SEA captain had turned

his antenna on Moscow and started calling, "May Day, May Day", until one of their giant nuclear icebreakers came to their rescue. The American people would never have stood for it, and would have insisted that Congress appropriate funds for several large nuclear icebreakers for our Coast Guard. And it would have given Walter Cronkite something to talk about during his last weeks on the airways. Outside of a man-in-space launching, there was nothing that Uncle Walter loved more than a good hostage story. He could have signed off each evening with, "And that's how it is on the 37th day of the Coast Guard icebreaker POLAR SEA being held hostage in the ice pack off the coast of northern Alaska." It would have made his last month meaningful.

Women of polar bent, have you ever had a dream where you had a ship of your very own with over a hundred men? It could become a reality if you had the money and liked cruising in the Arctic. You can rent the POLAR STAR for only \$12,000 a day, and it's available off Greenland for two to three weeks this summer. For less than a hundred grand, you could have yourself a ball, dancing on the fan tail in the midnight sun and all. Freshly made bread never smells or tastes better than at two o'clock in the morning at sea. If that price seems a bit steep, why not consider the NORTHWIND or the WESTWIND, which also have time available, too? And the GLACIER can be had for only ten grand a day. How come the Coast Guard doesn't go into business with Lindblad or Society Expeditions? They could hire Rita Jenrette for a lecturer and she could conduct seminars on Washington government as seen from the Capitol steps and elsewhere. It would put the Coast Guard back as a paying enterprise, and just think what it would do for recruitment!

Captain Edwin MacDonald of icebreaker fame and Lindblad's first Lecturer-with-the-Mostest wrote that he has "a real collector's masterpiece, the three volumes of The South Polar Times which are reproductions (250) of the original South Polar Times as: Volume I - Winters of 1902-03 with Ernest H. Shackleton as editor and a preface by Captain Robert E. Scott; Volume II - April 1903 to August 1903; Volume III - April to October 1911. The first volume has a penned notation on the flyleaf 'To the Duke of Westminster from E. H. Shackleton, Editor & Printer, with grateful thanks for his practical help and sympathy towards the new British Expedition¹.' He wrote that Shackleton's nickname was "Parsenger", Armitage was "The Pilot", Royd simply "Our Charlie", Barne was "Mr. Frostbite", Koettlitz, the doctor was "Cutlets", Wilson was "Billy", Ferrar was "Our Junior Scientist" and Bernacchi was "A Petal of the Plum(p) Tree." Capt. MacDonald's wife ran across these valued volumes back in 1965 in London at a place called Francis Edwards, Ltd.

As our Society has a small hard-core of geologists, let's see what they are thinking about Antarctic books. We have selected Art Ford as their representative as he is a good compromise, short on years but long on Antarctic experience. He picked that best-seller by Alfred Lansing, *Endurance*, to head up his list. You know, this could very well be the very best-seller of all time by a non-practicing Antarctic; in fact, it might be the very best-seller of all Antarctic books by an American. And the guy never went south of East Saint Louis! Then Art put Walter Sullivan's *Quest For A Continent* in second place, writing it is "the best overall account of the history of Antarctic exploration up to the IGY." Then he placed Leonard Bickel's *Mawson's Will* in third place, "an outstanding modern (1977) account of Douglas Mawson¹ 1911-13 expedition in search of the South Magnetic Pole." A good solid choice, I'll say, as I found a lot of non-Antarcticans in my office walking around reading this book when it came out in paperback. Then without comments he listed Cherry-Garrard's *The Worst Journey In The World*, Scott's *Scott's Last Expedition*, Shackleton's *The Heart Of The Antarctic*, Mawson's *The Home Of The Blizzard*, Byrd's *Alone*, and Giaever's *The White Desert*. Number 10 on his list was Edward Wilson's *Birds Of The Antarctic*, "outstanding paintings by an outstanding naturalist of the Antarctic."

Now let's hear from one of Art's contemporaries and fellow Californian, Rob Flint. He, too, had Alfred Lansing's *Endurance* at the top of his list saying, "greatest true life adventure of all time." Then he had Scott's *Voyage Of The DISCOVERY* and *Last Expedition* next. Rob wrote, "Scott is a national hero because of his pen and sense of drama. None better than Scott in those categories." And then he has Maw-son's *Home Of The Blizzard* which seems to be on everyone's most-interesting list. Rob found it "Gripping! Moments of real brilliance in his writing, too. Perhaps my favorite expedition. One senses camaraderie of Aussies compared to formality of British." Number 5 was Cherry-Garrard's *Worst Journey In The World* which was aptly described with just one word, "Classic." And then one which must be dear to his heart (and also appeared on John Roscoe's and Mary Goodwin's lists) Luc Marie Boyle's *Le Voyage De La Nouvelle Incomprise* which "is an informal story of the French 48-49 expedition, full of humor and lots of pen and water colors. Conveys the sense of camaraderie, in-jokes, irreverence which is so much a part of the small isolated groups. Wonderful." Rob xeroxed 12 pages and then very considerably provided a trot for the 12 pages! John Giaeever's *The White Desert* appeared again as "well written, well balanced account and the mixture of nationalities must have been fun." He then came up with a real beauty, Schulthess' *Antarctica*, followed by Paul Siple's *90° South*, and Finn Ronne's *Antarctic Command*. I think Rob tried to get a good crosscut of what Antarctica is really like, or can be like, in the selection of his books. Each and every book is somewhat different, and if one were to read all ten, he would get a good feeling for "the thrill of victory, the agony of defeat" associated with expedition life.

But before we dismiss Rob Flint and his book review letter, he provided us with another list, which he rather appropriately suggested might be called his "guano-kickers." He started out with H.P. Lovecraft's *To The Mountains Of Madness* which Rob described as "typical H.P. Lovecraft horror-mystery-adventure," and followed that up with Quick Before It Melts, which you may have seen in pictures-movies; then Pat Trese's Penguins Have Square Eyes; and James Follett's *Ice* (in which an Antarctic iceberg gets loose and threatens to start World War III and mow down New York City). The list follows with Kenneth Robeson's The South Pole Terror; David Burke's Monday At McMurdo; and Margery Sharp's *Miss Bianca In The Antarctic*. Miss Bianca is a mouse who goes on a Norwegian Antarctic expedition! Anatole France's social satire *Penguin Island* and Captain Ralph Bonehill's Lost In The Land Of Ice complete his list. The latter was published pre-Scott in 1902 and is "a boys' book, full of adventure and moral uplift, but it seems Cap'n Ralph had a trouble with facts (ex. They were now in the same latitude south that Iceland is in the north - about sixty-five degrees. 'Only thirty-five more degrees to the South Pole,' mused Bob.)" His sea was full of polar bears and giant man-carrying birds. I think if we ran a security check on Cap'n Ralph we would find out that he was actually on the staff of the Washington Post at the time. His material sounds an awful lot like what we have been reading about Antarctica in the Post. Thanks for the guano, the guano list, that is.

Records are made to be broken, and we have a new one for the greatest depth of snow and ice, one of 4776 meters at 69°50'S, 135°15'E. I don't know who takes credit for it as the analysis was done by the Scott Polar Research Institute in Cambridge, England, but the radio echo sounding was done from a U.S. plane. That makes it like five females holding hands and jumping onto the South Pole, does it not? Of that total amount, which translates into about 14,743 feet for those of you who, like myself, have not yet become meterized, it is almost evenly divided above sea level and below sea level. The elevation there is 2435 meters, bedrock is 2341 below sea level.

We understand that a sizable piece of a glacier calved off into Arthur's Harbor and created a ten-foot wave which came across the harbor and slammed into the HERO which

was tied up at Palmer Station. The spring line parted and tore up the mooring cleat on the bow. As it happened during the night hours, there were few witnesses.

Meteorites continue to make the news. It seems that Allan Hill's specimen A77283 is a diamond-bearing meteorite. And, get this, it is only the second diamond-bearing meteorite ever found - the other being from Meteor Crater in Arizona. Roy Clarke and colleagues in the Department of Mineral Sciences at the Smithsonian have postulated the diamonds in the Antarctic meteorite must have been formed before the meteoroid entered the Earth's atmosphere, as the iron meteorite landed softly, not producing enough shock to produce diamonds. In a paper submitted to Nature, Clarke et al are saying, "the most reasonable assumption is that these features (metallographic changes diamonds, and lonsdaleite) were produced in the meteoroid at the time of parent body breakup." Could it be that meteorites are a ladies' second-best friend?

Speaking of meteorites, old John (Byrd 1958) Annexstad, veteran of seven trips south, three of which were with foreign nations, writes that he breathed a great sigh of relief when he found out that Hornblower never wrote all the good stuff he told her about his feelings about women in Antarctica. She would have probably fouled it up anyway, John, so you would have been safe.

A special Antarctic Treaty Consultative Meeting in Buenos Aires in February admitted the Federal Republic of Germany as the 14th consultative member. Twelve nations originally signed the Treaty in 1959, and then Poland was admitted in 1977. There are an additional 10 nations which have acceded to the Antarctic Treaty, but they cannot send delegates to the biennial Antarctic Treaty consultative meetings, nor can they participate in deliberations modifying the Treaty.

Do you know that some skuas may live to be 40 to 50 years old? True, according to David Ainley, Point Reyes Bird Observatory, who has just completed a successful season at Cape Crozier. He found and retagged 216 skuas of known age - 10 to 19 years which is about a quarter of the total skua population at Cape Crozier. About 60% of those captured were 18-year olds. He found that "density-independent factors are critical to the age structure of their populations." Translated into commoner's talk this says that bad weather kills more skuas than lack of food. The extreme age of the birds is said to be typical of the slow growth rate of the polar species. If they really can live that long, and we have to believe that this fellow Ainley is not pulling our leg, then can you imagine what one skua might be screeching to another skua when he spots Larry Gould or Charlie Bentley showing up one more time? It could be, "Hey, Mabel, that old buzzard from Michigan (or Wisconsin) is back down here again. Let's buzz him like we did last year and the year before and the year before and ..."

How many microearthquakes are being recorded daily on Mt. Erebus by the three seismometers put in by Philip Kyle this past summer? If you said about 10 a day, you are right. Two to four events a day are caused by explosions right in the volcano, but some of the others appear tectonic. Philip says the data suggest that Antarctica is not as seismic as previously thought, at least not at magnitudes less than three.

A lake is a lake is a lake - except when in those strange dry valleys of Antarctica. It seems that no two are alike. George Simmons and Bruce Parker of Virginia Polytechnic Institute have been working on the bottom of Lake Hoare in Taylor Valley, and they are nearly ecstatic with some of their findings. At a depth of 120 feet, an area where the water contains no gaseous oxygen, they found the lake floor contained dense algae mats which appeared to be living on hydrogen sulfide instead of oxygen. They feel that the thick growth of this blue-green algae is a glimpse into what life was like 600 million years ago. Lake Hoare's water is fresh and near freezing, whereas Lake Bunney, in the same valley, is fresh on top but salty on the

bottom, which is 16 times saltier than sea water. And Lake Vanda in Wright Valley (our Allen Riordan, meteorologist of North Carolina State, spent 1969 there with the Kiwis) is salty with a temperature of 77°F at its bottom.

Cindy McFee, a 27-year old NOAA Corps commissioned officer, will be the third woman to winter over at the South Pole. She is there with Kirby Hanson's air monitoring program. She appears to be an old pro, as previously she spent a year and a half out at sea on a NOAA ship. She got interested in the Antarctic like many of us, from reading a book. But instead of Byrd or Scott or Mawson or Shackleton, hers was *Life's* "The Poles." Now what is a commissioned officer in the NOAA Corps? Is that something like a Kentucky Colonel, or does NOAA have their own little Navy?

Mike Kuhn (Plateau '57) finally got married early this past December. We don't have many particulars, as Mike just doesn't divulge much information, although he was kind enough to send along several pictures of his bride and her three children. They are evidently going to live on her spread outside of Innsbruck, and he will commute to the Institute. I never thought he would get married, as he led a pretty full life and seemed to have the best of all lives as a bon vivant in Innsbruck. The rumor is that Barbara is a childhood sweetheart who got away once, but this is strictly hearsay. Anyway, Mike inherited three beautiful children, so he doesn't have to take time out to produce and raise a family, and can keep right on skiing, hiking, teaching, researching, and washing dishes. Must have been the year for Austrians to get married, as old Norbert Untersteiner had the latest Mrs. Untersteiner on his arms at Christmastime, a beautiful, young, trim Polish model who answers to Christiana Those Austrians do all right for themselves.

Gene (Little America V, '57) Barter has joined the Society. Well, actually I think his wife Jennie, who writes a delightful, painfully truthful letter, signed him on with us. Gene was a character, sort of a married Bill Cromie. He never should have been in the Antarctic, as once upon a time he severely froze his feet after an airplane crash in the wilds of Labrador. He was instrumental in saving many lives, and was lucky to get out with only frozen feet. He wanted to go to the Antarctic so badly that when he took his physical he never took off his socks, and the doctor passed him. It must have been the same doctor who sent me back to the infantry after I got out of a German POW camp! Gene has a big Morgan horse, and Jennie sent a picture of Gene mounted on Morgan. You could tell which one was Gene - he was the one with the goatee.

Pete Barretta, our Mr. Secretary, has provided us with a most interesting article (December, The Retired Officer) about one of the most famous polar ships of all time, the revenue cutter, BEAR. She was launched in Dundee, Scotland back in 1874, being built of strong Scottish oak, Norwegian pine, Australian ironwood, Swedish iron, and other material also. Her first ten years were spent in the Newfoundland whaling and seal trade. The U.S. Navy purchased her in 1884 and sent her off in April to try and find the Greely party. They did find Lt. Adolphus Greely and there were only seven survivors of the original 25-man party which had taken off during the International Polar Year of 1881. The BEAR was transferred to the Revenue Marine Service, the forerunner of the U.S. Coast Guard, and was ordered to assume the Alaskan Patrol. The BEAR operated in Alaskan waters for four decades, and was truly a legend in her own time. She put an end to whiskey running and the captain was responsible for introducing Siberian reindeer into the Aleutian Islands and Alaska, creating a new life-style for the Eskimo. She pulled off a major rescue of eight whaling vessels locked in ice in the Bering Sea, a body of water that no vessel in history had ever crossed in winter. The BEAR did the impossible and "she and her crews were almost gods." In 1926 she received her final orders and was retired. The city of Oakland bought her and turned her into a maritime museum. She later became a Hollywood star appearing in Jack London's The Sea Wolf. When she was headed for the auction block, Admiral Byrd stepped in and

bought her early in the 1930s for a little more than a thousand dollars. She made two trips on the 1933-35 Byrd Antarctic Expedition, and went back on the Antarctic Service Expedition in 1939-40. The Navy purchased her for duty in World War II, and she was assigned to patrol Greenland. "One more footnote to her now illustrious career: she towed the first German ship captured in the war by the U.S. to America." Way to go, BEAR! Finally she was decommissioned in June 1944 and languished in mothballs in Hingham, Massachusetts for 19 years. On March 19, 1963 at 2100 hours, the BEAR gave up in a great battle against heavy seas, while being towed to Philadelphia to become a floating restaurant. Larry Baker wrote, "This ship of iron and wood avoided the undignified fate of commercialization or the scrap dealer's torch. She went to rest at sea, begrudging the end even then." This has all been immortalized by Admiral Dick Black, Poet Laureate of the Antarctic, who wrote an epic poem about the BEAR. This past year, the Coast Guard remembered - it has christened the first of thirteen medium endurance cutters the BEAR.

Here it is at long last, an up-to-date gazetteer on Antarctica, and you can buy it from your friendly Government Printing Office, Washington, D.C. 20402. The official name is Geographic Names Of The Antarctic, the Stock Number is 038-000-00471-9, the price is \$13.00, and it will be available in late April or early May. That price includes postage. If you are a good friend of some Senator or Congressman, he might send it to you, but it is our understanding that unless your name happens to be Stockman or Meese, you might as well plan on writing your check now. Next fall we will again publish a list of features named after members of our Society, as it's sort of a fun thing to compile and is one sure way of hearing from anyone whose name might have been inadvertently left out.

If you are out near the Natural Bridges National Monument in Utah this summer, drop in and say hello to Ron Thoreson who was down in the Antarctic back in 1969-70. He has apparently switched from sastrugi to sagebrush, but he is also involved with their photovoltaic energy system. He has a private pilot's license and writes that "the grandeur of this eroded scenery is a true wonder from the air."

Ingrid Malva-Gomes is a Society Loyalist, and monitors the German Tribune for us, sending us clippings. Her husband is a field man for the USGS, but if you ask me he is more like a traveling salesman with wife. It seems they moved 18 times in 1980. If he ever gets reassigned back in Reston, she has promised to bake cookies for our local meetings. Hey there, USGS, how about recalling Antonio to your head shed?

By popular demand, the Society will picnic again this summer, Saturday, July 11th, at Stronghold, that lovely old estate near Sugar Loaf Mountain. More particulars later!

The Antarctic Society is selling a book (Science, Technology And Sovereignty In The Polar Regions. Edited by Gerald S. Schatz. 1974. 215 pages) in an effort to recoup some of our losses from the Antarctic Belt Buckle deal which cost us \$300 this year. We were able to get the books at a most favorable price as the publisher wanted to sell out his supply. To be truthful, our markup is considerable -determined by committee action - but we are still offering the book at a most substantial reduction from its initial sale price of \$16. It is basically a reference type book, one for scholars and collectors, as well as the ecologically-environmentally controlled individuals. The Antarctic Treaty is there, word for word, ditto recommendations of the first six consultative meetings, plus eight chapters concerning various legal aspects of Antarctica. Help the Society - buy a book, only \$5 by mail. Use form on reverse side of this sheet.

We had a great turnout for the Lisle Rose talk. Let's keep the momentum going - come to our Memorial Lecture, and bring your friends!

Yes, I want a copy of Science, Technology And Sovereignty In The Polar Regions.
Please find enclosed ray check for \$5.00 made out to the ANTARCTICAN SOCIETY. Mail
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- - - - -
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We don't carry over delinquents into the following season, so better climb aboard now.
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