



THE ANTARCTICAN SOCIETY

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

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Mrs. Paul A. Siple, 1977-8
Dr. Paul C. Dalrymple, 1978-80
Dr. Meredith F. Burrill, 1980-82

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L A S T R E G U L A R S E A S O N L E C T U R E

Please Come, You All!

DR. LISLE A. ROSE

Polar Expert
Ocean and Polar Affairs
U.S. State Department

will present

ANTARCTICA FROM THE BOTTOM UP

Tuesday Evening, March 3, 1981

8 p.m.

Board Room 540
National Science Foundation
18th and G Streets N.W.

LET'S HAVE A FULL HOUSE FOR ONE OF OUR BOARD OF DIRECTORS,
A YOUNG, OLD ICEBREAKER, HISTORIAN, AND AUTHOR.

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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

As you may recall from our last Newsletter, our distinguished president, Pete Burrill is getting married to fellow Antarctic Society member, Betty Didcoct on February 21st. For many long years I have been laboring with what turns out to be a misconception. I thought Pete was born into the Board on Geographic Names, that they were practically synonymous, being one and the same. But the other evening, when trying to catch up on some of my magazines, I found an item in the National Geographic Magazine of December 1899 that President Benjamin Harrison actually issued an order on September 4, 1890 establishing the Board on Geographic Names. Henry Gannett was the first Chairman of the Board which consisted of ten members (from the US Geological Survey, Coast S Idiotic Survey, Hydrographic Office, Corps of Engineers, the Lighthouse Board, Department of State, Post Office Department, and the Smithsonian) As long as you two are getting married, have a great honeymoon and come back to your Washington rookery as happy as a couple of penguins.

Late sad news! The Society regrets to announce the death of George D. Whitmore, 82, (Whitmore Mts. in Antarctica), former USGS Chief Topographic Engineer, on February 9th.

B E R G Y B I T S

Another reminder that Bergy Bits is NOT the Mouth of the Antarctic Society, but only the Single Voice of a member who is an old fuddy-duddy now outside the Antarctic mainstream. The writer is particularly cognizant of the generation gap following talks with various members of the Washington Antarctic community relative to their reactions to the Antarctic articles published by The Washington Post in early February. However, as long as I write Bergy Bits I will not compromise my feelings and will tell it as I see it, even though it may be a minority report.

President Reagan gave you the economy picture on TV on February 4th. I think it is time that we have a talk with you folks about your Society's expenditures and where we are heading. Rather than beat around the bush, we are headed straight towards an increase in dues, although we do have one recourse, cut down on the size or the number of Newsletters. Our Board of Directors, however, seems to think that Newsletters are being read, although I am not so sure about that. I do think the Newsletters serve a useful function to our out-of-town members; if you look at our membership, you will find that the pendulum has swung from essentially a Washington-based Society to a national-based Society. Our biggest financial problems are 1) xeroxing cost of our printer has gone up 35%, and 2) our corporate memberships are down. The last Newsletter was a 12-pager, and it cost the Society 53.7 cents for each one. It was our 5th Newsletter of the year. There will be two more after this one, which means about 80 pages of Newsletters this year (which translates into \$3.44 per member). This does not include mailing costs (or the annual \$40 bulk mailing permit fee), the cost of envelopes and having them printed, the cost of stationery and stamps for answering our ever increasing first class mail, the cost of cookies and coffee for our local meetings, the cost of dinner for our honorees at the annual Memorial Lecture dinner, or the "cover charge" for the summer picnic. We have a \$3.00 BAE I & II reduced membership which we don't want to increase, and we have enough kind souls like Pete Barretta, Dick Black, Eugene Campbell, Bert Crary, Tom Kellogg, George Toney, Mort Turner, and David Tyree who maintain two family memberships which means that we can send extra copies out to places like Scott Polar Research Institute, the Arctic and Antarctic Research Institute, and even do some recruiting. Overseas mailing rates went up in January. Another thing which cuts is to hear from a member a year after he/she had moved without notifying us of his/her new address, wanting the back Newsletters. As you know, bulk mailings are NOT forwarded, so will you PLEASE let us know ahead of time when and where you are moving? You Society members are fortunate in that there is a Ruth Siple, as she bought (out of her own hard-earned money at the Arctic Institute of North America) an IBM Selectric typewriter (secondhand) just to type these Newsletters. And, of course, she types them at no charge. She is also our treasurer, and handles all billings, address labels, and scoots to and from the post office in an old jalopy at no charge to the Society. Next fall, in a separate mailing, you will get a bill for 1981-82 dues. We will send out a second notice the first of November, and those who have not paid by the first of December will be automatically dropped. It is foolish and a waste of time to keep trying to collect all year long, plus we can't afford to keep sending out Newsletters to those who aren't renewing and don't tell us they aren't. We have already received dues for next year from 80 members; if any of the rest of you want to beat inflation and our upcoming dues increase, we will accept future dues at the current rate.

The Antarctic Society seems to be heading towards a "500 Club". Our membership is now at 380, with 55 new members joining since July 1980. During the past year we have done some recruiting of younger scientists, who, we feel, will be good bets to remain with the Society, but although we have tried to cover the various scientific disciplines, we haven't done too great a job. We don't envision the Society getting much larger in the immediate future, but I think there are enough good Antarticans out there to build us up to 500 by 1983. We always lose a few members each year, and it seems apparent we will lose some this year, too. So talk your fellow colleagues into joining - make us a stronger organization.

Put a circle on your calendar for April 9th, as that will be the date of our Annual Memorial Lecture. It is a little early this time, but it was set up to coincide with the National Academy of Sciences' Polar Research Board meeting in town, which should give us a captive audience, providing the members don't all go looking for cherry blossoms that evening. Our Memorial Lecturer will be one of those who doesn't need any introduction, Bob Rutford, Acting Chancellor of the University of Nebraska, who is an authority on the natural resources of the Antarctic, and who will probably tell us all about them. Last year's Bentley-Waite production was such a smash hit on Constitution Avenue that we are going with the same hero-scientist format; Admiral Dick Black will be sharing the platform with Bob. As you all know, Dick Black wintered over with the Second Byrd Antarctic Expedition, 1933-35, and was leader of East Base on the Antarctic Service Expedition, 1939-41. The memorial program that evening will be handled by Admiral Black, and will honor the men of the Antarctic Service Expedition of 40 years ago. We don't have many members of that expedition in our Society, as many went much-too-young to their Heaven Above, but we do have the widows of Paul Siple, Al Wade, Carl Eklund, Finn Ronne and Jack Bursey as members, plus Dick Black, Murray Wiener, Clay Bailey and Walter Giles. Ken Moulton, one of the Society's cornerstones is the brother of another Antarctic Service Expedition member, Richard Moulton. Ruth Siple is a good friend of cantankerous old Arnold Court, but he steadfastly refuses to join our Society. So be it! Incidentally, this Society has legions of Harriet Eklund's fans (even some women, too), and she is coming back to the States from England this summer to live in the Detroit area.

There has been a Changing of the Guard at the corner of Pennsylvania Avenue and 21st Street, the home of the Polar Research Board. Louis DeGoes, the former football All-American - you can tell him by his bad knees - is now Assistant to the Chairman of the Polar Research Board. As I understand it, Louie has been promoted into a one-man think-tank where he is supposed to be coming up with new and exciting ideas for polar scientific research in the 1980's. This is all part of the Academy's master plan for development of the Arctic and Antarctic, W. Timothy Hushen, young personable left-handed skiing enthusiast who has a beautiful, tweedy girl friend who answers to Judy, has moved into the Executive Secretary position. Tim joins the long line of Michiganders (Larry Gould, Jim Zumberge, Bill Benninghoff) who have found peace, happiness, and security in the polar regions, Tim was a biology major at Alma College from which he graduated in 1965; then he turned botanist/plant ecologist at the University of Michigan where he got his M.S. in 1967. This was his introduction to the Benninghoffs, and a seed must have been planted. This qualified him for the Army, where he was a biological sciences assistant at Fort Detrick where they used to do all kinds of things with microbiological aerosols. But Tim was not a born killer, and he and the Army separated by mutual agreement in 1969. Then he joined Difco Laboratories in Detroit where they produced clinical and diagnostic reagents and bacteriological culture medium. He had a highly successful career with Difco where, under his management,

research facilities quadrupled and production increased 500% - but what we don't know is if they were operating out of someone's basement when he joined them! However, it matters not, as it was good enough to catapult him into the Polar Research Board where he became their staff officer. He has worked on the Juneau Icefield Project (1967), been a member of a scientific task force on Mt. Rainier (1972), been to the North Slope of Alaska (1975), been to the Antarctic (1976), and high adventure continues even to this day as he drives an old clunker of a car into Washington every working day. Ruth Barritt continues as the most statuesque and stylish member of the scientific staff of the Polar Research Board where she is Staff Associate, and Muriel Dodd continues as secretary, being the glue that holds the DeGoes-Hushen-Barritt triumverate together. Congratulations, all. Now we await great things with bated breath!

I wonder if Norman (BAE I) Vaughan will make the effort to come again to Washington after what happened this year. A couple of Washington's finest young punks (one 16, one 17) swiped three lead dogs from dog teams brought down from Alaska for the inauguration. Fortunately they were all recovered as the result of a Washington area alert issued for the missing dogs two days before the inauguration. One dog was said by its owner to be worth \$10,000. My heavens, they sure come expensive nowadays. I can't imagine any self-respecting lead dogs letting a couple of young city punks walk up and take them off their line and walk away with them. I was an armchair video watcher of the inauguration so missed seeing Norman in the flesh, but saw them on the tube going by the reviewing stand near the end of the parade of horses. Some of my co-workers who took it all in from street corners told me the sidewalk dog lovers were giving it pretty heavily to Norman and the other two dog drivers as it seems that 1) the wheels were up and the dogs had to pull the sled over the pavement, and 2) one of the drivers sat in the sledge and got a free ride while the dogs were busting their humps! Norman was interviewed on local TV prior to the inauguration after the dogs had been recovered and all he talked about was getting the three dogs back. Nary a word about the Antarctic. I think Norman is more sourdough than Antarctic.

It looks more and more like an Antarctic IGY Reunion extravaganza won't be until the spring of 1983. For Antarcticans, the IGY came early, with all men in place by mid-February 1957, so we could have it any time in 1982 or 1983. To tell the truth, we haven't gotten off the ground here in Washington with any reunion committees, but I have hopes of getting together with Big Bert Crary, Rudi Honkala, Dick Cameron, Bob Benson, Ned Ostenso, Ron Taylor, Johnny Dawson, George Toney, Palle Mogensen, Ruth Siple and Jackie Ronne. We all live right here in the Washington area, and constitute a large source of energy to back a real bash. Recently a group of well-known IGY VIPs met in Washington to discuss plans for a new geophysical film series honoring the 100th anniversary of the First Polar Year, the 50th anniversary of the Second Polar Year, and the 25th anniversary of the IGY. Current plans are to have WQED, a public broadcasting station in Pittsburgh who are renowned for their great National Geographic shows, plus four-a-year specials from the Kennedy Center, produce 14 geophysical films by the spring of 1983. Most of you probably remember the film series Planet Earth produced at the end of the IGY. Well, the new films will update us on all the exciting and new things that have been going on in the past 25 years. There will be 14 one-hour long films, and one will be on the polar regions. Maybe we could plan our 25th IGY Antarctic reunion around the public release of this film. I still think that our Society's Memorial Lecture in the spring of 1983 would make an ideal centerpiece for the reunion, that we could have a seminar day with invited speakers updating us on their scientific advances in Antarctica since the IGY, that we could have

a film-viewing evening, and that we could have a dinner party, a backyard bash, some individual station champagne breakfasts, and impromptu happy hours called at the discretion of two or more. But back to the films, the chairman of the committee is none other than Hugh Odishaw of "Odishaw Sends" fame, who was the Executive Director of the USNC-IGY, and on his committee are such luminaries as the immortal Larry Gould, Alan Shapley (who we are honored to have as one of our members, as we are equally honored by the membership of his niece, Deborah), James Van Allen, Walter (Quest for a Continent) Sullivan, Verner Soumi, Tom Malone, and others. I was trying to recall that song we used to sing about old Odishaw, but the years have erased it from my memory bank. Maybe Crevasse Smith still remembers it. I have an idea either he or his friend Bill Hartigan may have composed it, but then again it might have been the skulduggery of Bruce Lieske who is now in the ministry at North Pond du Lac. It is something which Bruce could have done quite easily, especially with encouragement from such characters as Ron Taylor and myself. But IGYers, THINK REUNION SPRING 1983!

How about the Hubbs Sea World Research Institute in San Diego incubating emperor penguins last fall? Nothing is sacred anymore. It marked the first time that an emperor chick has been born outside the confines of Antarctica, and three were born in one week! The parents were among 45 emperors airlifted from McMurdo Sound in 1976 and 1977. You know, penguins actually started all this ERA ruckus, and even here in the States the Old Man had to put in 64 days of incubation sitting and waiting it out. The males were kept inside a special corral during incubation and Their Holinesses remained outside until the deeds were done, after which the mothers were brought back in. The building is some 10 meters wide by 26 meters long and not only is it kept at subfreezing temperatures but some 3500 kg of flaked ice are made each day to replicate Antarctica's natural environment. The lighting is also timed to simulate Antarctic light cycles. Imagine if one of the chicks should be released back on Cape Crozier and a bunch of penguins got together when the sun was real warm and started reminiscing about their youth. The other penguins would think the American-born got hold of some bad krill if he started talking about San Diego! Sea World has 300 penguins in all, mostly Adelies. More than 100 Adelie chicks have been born at the marine park. Sea World expects to construct a polar exhibit within the next few years which should make San Diego a 'must' stop for all traveling Antarcticans. That new TV show, Those Amazing Animals, covered the emperor chick story several months ago so perhaps some of you may have been witness to it all. It would not surprise me if they started mass production by artificial insemination, but first they would have to find out who were the he's and who were the she's. Even though they may artificially impregnate the lady emperors, the good old boys will never be totally replaced as someone has to mind the store during incubation!

Transglobe is over, at least insofar as the Antarctic is concerned, and there are a lot of people breathing much better for its ending. It turned out to be rather innocuous, and was practically ignored by the press in this country. Who said the media was all bad? The crossing took 10 weeks, with their arrival at Scott Base on January 11th being some six weeks ahead of schedule. One fellow lost 16 pounds on the motorized toboggan crossing. It took only 18 days to get down from the South Pole as they averaged 64 km a day. They spent four "hair-raising days on the [Robert Scott] glacier." The leader said the glacier was "like a mine field of crevasses, a morale-destroying place in which every step could have spelt disaster." Can't you envision his book if he talks thataway? The lowest temperature on the crossing was -52°C (-62°F) and they saw sastrugi 1.5 meters high. Their only problem was a piston which broke on one of the three motor toboggans as they

were approaching Scott Base. The leader was greeted at Scott Base by his wife -as he was greeted by her at the South Pole - and their dog "Bothie." Now isn't that touching? At Scott he said, "It's a great relief to be here, to be with people who are warm and speak the same language makes an awful difference." Does this imply that the bloody Yanks at the South Pole were not warm and that they don't speak the English language? So endeth another chapter in the history of Antarctic Folly. No one will evidently come out the worse for it as Her Majesty's government has promised to replace the 9,000 liters of borrowed aviation fuel with a like amount, PLUS 23,000 liters needed to fly an aircraft from McMurdo to the South Pole. Lady Virginia was described in a Christchurch paper as a "modern Amazon, 34 years old, tall and slim with hyacinth blue eyes." How about that, fellows, adventure has sure taken a turn for the better! She is supposedly called "Ginny", but she should never be confused with good old Virginia Wade, Britain's original "Our Ginny". Evidently Sir Ranulph Twistleton-Wykeham Fiennes is called "Ron", at least by his fellow Etonians.

Terry Hughes of the University of Maine had some good news and some bad news for the scientists attending the American Association for the Advancement of Science meeting in Toronto on January 7th. The bad news is that the West Antarctic Ice Sheet might collapse within 200 years; the good news is that it would flood much of Manhattan. His computer model of marine ice sheet disintegration shows that ice streams slip off into the sea when they are no longer buttressed by a confined ice shelf, and as that slippage continues it forces the central ice divide of the ice sheet to lower and retreat. The disintegration of an ice shelf in Pine Island Bay may have caused the Thwaites and Pine Island Glaciers to surge, and their grounding lines are now retreating irreversibly into the Bentley Subglacial Trench which underlies the heart of the West Antarctic Ice Sheet. The retreat of the ice divide shrinks the Weddell and Ross Sea ice drainage basins so that the Ronne and Ross Ice Shelves, which buttress the West Antarctic Ice Sheet on the east and west, receive less West Antarctic ice. Terry says the total collapse of the West Antarctic Ice Sheet would raise the global sea levels between six and seven meters (19-22 feet). Now a man from Maine would never lie, never, so you folks out there better heed what Terry has to say. But come to think of it, the computer probably came from out-of-state, so don't sell your house on Cape Cod just yet.

Washingtonians woke up on Sunday morning, February 1st and found the Washington (antarctican) Post with a front page six-column picture spread of the South Pole Station and the first of four lengthy articles by a Margot Hornblower. Knowing the newspaper, I feared for the Antarctic, and I think my fears were well justified and became vindicated. Ms. Hornblower saw and heard and reported on things with reckless abandon. Accuracy took a back seat to sensationalism, science was treated like a malaise, taxpayers were repeatedly told the cost of supporting science, and people who wintered over were depicted as near recluses who lived with booze and dope. The surprising thing to me was not that the Post printed this, but that so many of our Antarctic family, here in Washington thought the coverage was good and brought needed attention to activities down south. It was almost like "write anything you want to about the Antarctic, but be sure to spell its name right as we need the publicity." Hear what she wrote about science, "A few experiments are conducted here [South Pole] in astronomy, atmospheric pollution, glaciology. But the presence of the United States in this bleak wilderness, like the expeditions of early explorers, has less to do with science than with international machismo." Writing about Phil Kyle, whom she did not identify as a Kiwi working in this country, she said, "Kyle and the nearly 300 American researchers who come to Antarctica each year are here as much for foreign policy reasons as for pure love of science, however." Balderdash! Guys like old John Annexstad don't even know how to spell

foreign policy, let alone define it, and they are there only because someone above scattered some meteorites or snow flakes or something else once before a time. She evidently was infatuated by a fellow at McMurdo from the University of Texas whose job was tracking satellites, and wrote that his job "involved two to five hours of work a day," But her final article on men of Antarctica made it sound like everyone who wintered over was either sleeping with Jack Daniels or was a dope addict, that the guys were all crazy or real spooky, and that one slowly dis-integrated into a helpless soul who could not think straight or act rationally. I think it's about time that Jack Renirrie or whoever is responsible for picking the correspondents set up some standards of excellence. The media is bad enough anyway without letting people go there to sensationalize Antarticans and their activities. You know you just can't put those Antarctic characters into solitary confinement when a woman reporter comes by with her pad and pencil. Women reporters are probably fair game for any story, be it fact or the wildest fiction. When I read stuff like "the primordial silence of the polar plateau engulfs the senses" I get terribly sick to my stomach. And how about this one? "Two hundred mile per hour gales whip off the polar plateau and roil the iceberg-strewn waves of the southern ocean, cutting off the continent from any ships or planes for nine months a year." Hey man, put her back in the kitchen, we don't need that kind of reporting. And she closed her third article with a paragraph about the naming of Antarctic features, and (hopefully with tongue in cheek) she wrote, "Even a New York Times science writer managed to become the eponym of Sullivan's Ridge." And rightly so, dear Margot, as some of the very best Antarctic reporting was done by Walter Sullivan, and his book "Quest for a Continent" should be required reading for all Antarctic journalists. All I can say after reading the four articles is, "Christine Russell, wherever you are, please come on back, Antarctica has need of thou." However, since Christine just had a child, why not send Charlie (BAE I) Murphy back down, as here is a topdrawer writer, and I think it would be great to read something by someone who knows something about Antarctica and who has literary talents. Or even old Wild Bill Cromie. When there are Antarticans who are professional writers like Charlie and Bill, why not use them???

Ms. Hornblower's first article quoted Richard Cameron, "If we closed up this static [South Pole], the Russians would be here the next morning. It is a matter of prestige." Little did Poor Richard know how prophetic and clairvoyant he was in his statement. I have a scenario. It goes like this: The Russian ambassador read the article, was still in a huff over not being able to use the State Department garage and sent a two-pronged message to Moscow saying 1) that Stockman was wielding a mighty axe in Washington and that the high and mighty were falling all around town, and 2) to stand by for a possible closing of the South Pole station. The Russians got the message all fouled up, and ended up sending a wire to their flight crews in Antarctica to stand by to take over the South Pole. That wire also got garbled, and the Russians took off immediately for the South Pole. Now back to the truth! The Russians actually landed, unannounced, an IL-14 at the South Pole on February 9th.! Were they there to check out the size of beds, the supply of caviar, and things of this nature so they could send a twx back home about what they would need to make the place comfortable? Who knows. There were 12 in the plane, including five scientists. They were brought into camp, shown the place, and from all accounts a good time was had by all. Now, Dick, let's not tell the press anything more about the Russians a' Coming!

What do you do with krill? It will evidently never replace sole, as Arlen Large wrote in the Wall Street Journal on January 14, 1981 that "krill hasn't shown any sign of catching on in culinary circles, and a United Nations Food and Agriculture Organization report says that the krill supply is expected to continue

to greatly exceed the demand," The Japanese are evidently the only ones who take it straight, but wouldn't you expect that from folks who drink saki? They eat krill any way they can get it - whole, fried, or in salads. Russians make it into a paste which they mix in butter, cheese, and stuffed eggs. When the Russians have to cut it, it can't be all that great. West Germans and Poles use krill for fish fingers and fish balls. And Norwegians are told by their own scientists that krill may naturally contain too much fluoride for safe human consumption. An American fisheries expert from NOAA, William Aron of Seattle, has the best solution, "I much prefer to eat the fish that eat the krill." Meanwhile the MELVILLE is currently in Antarctic waters with 28 scientists from the U.S., Argentina, Australia, Chile, Japan, and Norway trying to ascertain how much krill can be caught for human consumption without endangering the food supply of whales, seals, and other krill eaters.

Kirby (South Pole '58) Hanson has an article, "Carbon Dioxide", in the December issue of Weatherwise. As many of you know, Kirby is the titular head of GMCC, another one of those blasted government acronyms used to confuse commoners - Geo-physical Monitoring for Climatic Change. He is also chairman of the CAS (Committee on Atmospheric Sciences) Working Group on Atmospheric Carbon Dioxide of the World Meteorological Organization, Another member of our Society, J₀ Murray Mitchell, told readers of the U.S. News and World Report in their February 2nd issue that "Bitter cold may subside, but not drought threat," I don't know if Murray has been talking to Terry Hughes and John Mercer lately, but it is fact that Murray has bought a considerable number of acres in Boulder, Colorado along the Front Range. Murray has a report coming out soon on the possibility of climate change in the polar regions, and then we will all get the definitive word. In the meantime, Murray, why don't you try one of our meetings? And you, too, John Mirabito. The Society may be in the hands of hard rock geologists, but they are very tolerant of meteorologists, really. And one of Karl Kuivinen's deep blue pictures of an ice coring rig set up on some Antarctic snowfield occupies a two-page spread in the February issue of Astronomy, appearing with an article about "The Missing Sunspots." I thought at first that someone had stolen some sunspots and were hiding them in their basement, but it seems that the real problem is that for many centuries there have been periods when sunspots are not all that visible.

The Oil and Gas Journal, December 29, 1980, has an article by L. F. Ivanhoe on "Antarctica - Operating Conditions and Petroleum Prospects." I think it's a pretty good article, but then again who am I to comment on the early Ordovician. One thing of general interest was "a 24-hour mean wind speed of 108 mph was recorded on the Adelie Coast in March 1951 winds of hurricane force were recorded on 122 days during 1952." And people think Buffalo is bad! Ivanhoe wrote, "Southern Gondwanaland is not particularly 'oily' and lacks the favorable 'A-factor' (A = for Allah, the God of oil) that has blessed the Persian Gulf with petroleum." His conclusions were, "Oil fields would have to be of supergiant size (= over 5,000 million bbl of recoverable oil) to be potentially commercial in Antarctica with known or foreseen technologies. But only 37 supergiant oil fields exist in the entire world, of which only seven are found outside the Middle East and the USSR. It is unlikely that such supergiant fields will be found in Antarctica where there are no known oil seeps and the sediments are not very attractive. The methane gas found in the few shallow DSDP/Joides deep-sea bottom cores are scientifically interesting, but are irrelevant to the commercial petroleum prospects of the continent." For references readers were invited to consult with the author at 6000 Cypress Point Drive, Bakersfield, California 93309. The Antarctic Treaty nations are going to hold formal sessions on oil exploration and development in Buenos

Aires this summer. Tucker Scully of the State Department was quoted in the Wall Street Journal, January 7, 1981, to the effect that "we may be trying to regulate an activity that may never become economically feasible." John Garrett, a Gulf Oil Corporation official, agrees that the economics look intimidating.

And how deep did they core at the South Pole this past summer? One hundred and six meters. They had to abandon their intended goal of 1,000 meters when they found out that the cable was not strong enough to snap off the core sample. The 106 meter take them back in history to about 1,000 years ago. One of the most incredible feats at the South Pole was the snow mine which Paul Siple and his men put down close to 100 feet during the first year. Some of Siple's men didn't reach the station until mid-February, many were small framed, and they all had a lot of extra work to do that first year in building the camp and establishing scientific programs. Working in that snow mine was no picnic, as it was real hard work. I arrived at the Pole early in December 1957, a fatted calf after spending the year at sea level (Little America V), and this young, wealthy Naval doctor who was to winter over with us in 1958 took me down into that snow mine and worked my butt off unmercifully. Every time I looked up he was hitting me in the gut with a block of ice to put on the ahkio for winching to the surface. I was furious, and swore to the high, heavens that after I got acclimatized to the elevation and worked myself into shape I would take this clod back down into that mine and do unto him what he had done unto me that day. But my day of revenge never came, as our winch broke down shortly thereafter and we got our snow for all of 1958 from the snow surface outside of camp. But I have a tremendous amount of respect and admiration for all that hard digging which was done by Paul Siple and his crew in 1957. It was fantastic. Twenty-four years later, after all these years of experience coring elsewhere, they were only able to go down another 70 meters. But progress is just a series of small steps, anyway, right?

Let's go to our survey of some of our more illustrious members for their top ten favorite Antarctic books. In the last Newsletter we gave you John Roscoe's and Mary Goodwin's selections which were real impressive. This time we'll start with selections from one of our Chippewa Falls members, Ned Ostenso, president of the American Polar Society, who earns his bread by being Deputy Assistant Administrator for Research and Development at NOAA's headquarters out in Rockville, Maryland. Ned prefaced his statements by saying that if the request had included both polar regions he would have headed the list with Vilhjalmur Stefansson's *Friendly Arctic*, "a true classic which I commend to everyone's attention." But he had no qualms about putting Apsley Cherry-Garrard's *Worst Journey in the World* as number one, saying "it is pretty hard to beat as a piece of literature." He went on to say, "the concluding paragraph is probably the most beautiful statement on research that has ever been written." Right on, Ned. Then he went for a work of art, *The National Antarctic Expedition, 1901-04*, an album of photographs, sketches and a box of panoramas (with the illustrations all being by Edward Wilson). And he placed Herbert Ponting's *Great White South* right behind it, "full of simply marvelous and pioneering photographs." Ned reminded us that St. Martin's Press has provided us all with a great service by republishing Ponting's and Frank Hurley's photographs in *1910-1916 Antarctic Photographs*. Ned went on to say that *Scott's Last Expedition* is "the Antarctic classic in the true Hardy Boys adventure tradition." An interesting comment followed, "In stylistic contrast is Amundsen's *The South Pole*; plodding professionalism vs the elan of amateurs!" Then he adds Shackleton's *The Heart of the Antarctic*, Mawson's *Home of the Blizzard*, Scott's *The Voyage of the DISCOVERY*, and South's *The Story of Shackleton's Last Expedition*. From the modern age he votes for Byrd's *Little America* and for anthologies, reviews,

and "third person" category he goes for Walter Sullivan's *Quest for a Continent*. Ned wrote, "a book, that I am sure would be on my 'top ten' list if I ever had a chance to read it, Larry Gould's *Cold*, but after years of searching I have not ever been able to locate even a loaner's copy." Ned ends his letter with a plea for the Society setting up a classified section. Besides Larry's *Cold* he is looking for a first edition of Cherry-Garrard's *Worst Journey in the World*, and a first edition of Ponting's *Great White South*. Anyone selling out?

Now let's go to Herman Friis¹ list. As you all know, he was The Geographer at the National Archives, and was the first head of the Center for Polar Archives. At the head of his list is Larry Gould's *Cold: The Record of an Antarctic Sledge Journey* which is "an inspiring account by the leader-scientist of a pioneering epochal geographical-geological exploration of the interior of the Antarctic continent." Then he places Paul Siple's *90 Degrees South*, "one of the best personal narrative accounts of U.S. Antarctic exploration by an objective scientist who actively participated in most of the programs and expeditions between 1928-1958. Then somewhat of a surprise to me, H.G.R. King's *The Antarctic* (Houghton Mifflin 1979), "one of the better published introductions to the geography, natural history, and exploration of Antarctica by a well qualified member of the staff of Scott Polar Research. Institute," Number four was Roger Tory Peterson's *Penguins*, "a beautifully illustrated descriptive narrative account of this veteran ornithologist's scientific study in the field of penguins," Ken Bertrand's *Americans, in Antarctica, 1775-1948*, was "the most scholarly, documented history of the subject by a professionally superbly qualified scientist." Then he voted for Eliot Porter's *Antarctica*, "one of the best published photographic records of several field surveys in selected regions of Antarctica," I was beginning to wonder if this former archivist was going to vote for any of the older volumes; he ended up with four. First was Raymond Priestley¹'s *Antarctic Adventure: Scott's Northern Party*, "an inspiring narrative account, which includes especially a description of the activities of Scott's ill-fated achievement of the South Pole and the scientific results of the expedition." Then Griffith Taylor's *Antarctic Adventure and Research*, "an excellent introduction to Antarctica as it was known at the dawn of modern exploration." Number 9 was Amundsen's *The South Pole: An Account of the Norwegian Antarctic Expedition, 1910-1912*, "narrative account by a truly professional explorer this volume successfully exemplifies Amundsen's philosophy of exploration," And he ends up with Mawson's classic *The Home of the Blizzard* which "provides a connected narrative of the Australian Expedition, 1911-1914 from a popular and general point of view . . . an important historical record of the initial Australian exploration of the interior of the continent." A truly interesting list.

One of our newest members is Dr. Philip Kyle from the Institute of Polar Studies at the Ohio State University via New Zealand. It looks like Phil is going to make a career out of Mt. Erebus as it seems he has a love affair going with its crater in spite of some rather belligerent counterattacks by the active volcano when he got too close to the Old Lady. Did you folks know that Erebus is one of only two volcanoes in existence with, an active lava lake? The other one is in Ethiopia. Erebus has a 60 meter lake of molten rock at 2000 degrees temperature. The surface of the lake is 200 meters below the rim of the crater, but no one, not even Phil, knows just how deep it is. From time to time small explosions spray the lava inside the crater and scatter it round the mountain. Mt. Erebus has a 105 meter deep main crater and then another inner crater of 96 meter depth. Phil has descended into the crater (by rope) several times and once it erupted when he was inside. He described the experience as "like being in front of a cannon going off." Phil is fascinated with Mt. Erebus because of that old lava lake and says it "is a window

to the magma chamber." He has recently installed two seismometers on the banks of the volcano, and a third was placed on the summit. The data is radioed to Scott Base while Phil sits back in Columbus hypothesizing about the Old Lady.

Dr. Arreed F. Barabasz, Department of Psychiatry, Harvard Medical School, presented a seminar at NSF in mid-January on his recent research "Psychological and Psychophysiological Effects of Wintering-over Isolation: Some New Discoveries," I went to hear him as I was curious to know if I were as crazy as my ex-wife suspected! It seems that there is- a certain group who have found symptoms at all stations (studied) of "intellectual inertia, impaired memory, impaired concentration, decline in alertness, and decrements in adjustment and performance." But a Russian (Ventsenostev, 1973) and a Kiwi (Gregson, 1978), thank heavens, found "improvements in cognitive function using objective experimental measures." This fellow Barabasz wintered over in Christchurch and went to Scott Base prior to the onset of winter and then again after the end of winter. I don't really think Scott Base is Antarctica any more than New York City is America. I have wintered over at a coastal station with over a hundred men (Little America V), and I have wintered over at the South Pole with less than two score. They were worlds apart. How can you stay mad or upset long at a camp like Little America V, McMurdo, or Scott where you can nearly always go for a walk to somewhere, even to the barrier edge, and there are so many other ugly faces to look at. I can't really believe these medical types who come up with crazy theories about wintering-over types. Good heavens, are all men supposed to behave like bank tellers, can't we have any individualism? Why are we immediately suspect just because we don't follow the norm set up by a bunch of bland conformists? I have found most Antarctic people real interesting individuals, the kind worth knowing anywhere. I knew one oddball at Little America V who never stepped outside the door from the time the sun went down until it came up four months later, yet was amazed to find out after we all got back that this sad guy was actually a delightful fellow here in the States. Dr. Barabasz said that he did his study on only \$5,000. I am sure there are some clinical types who may feel that this was a great bargain, but then again there are probably some good old boys who may think that this was the biggest heist since the Brinks robbery!

Charlie Murphy has been in the Wilmer Clinic, Johns Hopkins Hospital, having a second cataract peeled off and an implant made, Charlie wrote, "The operation was brilliantly successful, but the eye itself has been giving me a little trouble, and reading and writing have temporarily lost their attraction," His address, again, is Pickle Street, Grafton, Vermont 05146. Charlie was a close friend of Admiral Byrd, who had asked him to go on BAE I, but Charlie was then a fledgling young political writer having a wonderful time on The World. So he turned the Admiral down, only to go later on BAE II. I sure hope he writes his promised book on that expedition, as I think it should be a gem.

Doc Abbot, he of the star rank in military days, was kind enough to send us his 5th Annual Non-Christmas letter. He and Margaret are evidently still solvent as they will be buying twin diesel Cadillacs again this year. There really is no need to keep a car once you have dirty ash trays. Doc tried to talk an old friend, Jerry Denton, out of running for the Senate. Jerry, a retired Rear Admiral and former Vietnam POW, would not listen to Doc, so that meant the only decent thing Doc could do would be to serve as Jerry's Chief of Staff and see to it that he didn't get elected. But man's best laid plans seem to go asunder, and Jerry won in spite of Doc. Jerry then felt that Doc should come to Washington and be on his Senate staff. However, Doc has fallen in love with flying again, and then he is still delivering boats - four this past year, making a total of 22. He delivered a 46-foot to Tulsa in spite of losing the port engine four times. His friend, Jerry, called by U.S.

News and World Report "among the most outspoken conservatives," will head a newly revived subcommittee on security and terrorism.

Occasionally we throw some bait out to you folks trying to get you to nibble and send us information which we can put in the Newsletters. Usually I strike out, although sometimes I get a windfall. I sort of fell flat on my face requesting information on Society members who got degrees, although I did get some pretty impressive figures from Peter Anderson out there in 43210 zipcodeland. He wrote that the Institute of Polar Studies at the Ohio State University, which turned 20 last February, has been involved in the completion of 72 advanced degrees, with 42 of these being on Antarctic research topics (23 PhD's and 19 Masters). Now that has to be the record until some institute or center can check in with a higher figure.

Bernie Pomerantz of the University of Delaware has been playing around again in the Antarctic, this time with solar telescopes at the South Pole, studying something called supergranules which occur in the chromosphere (which just happens to be the sun's 1,500-mile-thick lower atmosphere). When they call these granules "super" they really mean super, as the darn things are 18,000 to 30,000 miles in diameter. And they still need a solar telescope to find them? Wow! The stated reasons for studying supergranules is that they may be the beginning of sunspot regions where violent eruptions called "flares" occur.

Past presidents, Gordon Cartwright and Mort Rubin, plus bridegroom Mike Kuhn of Innsbruck, were in town in January. Mort will be leaving WMO in Geneva this spring and will be living in England for a year.

Hey, you folks down below, you haven't paid for the current year, and we need your money (see page 2, 2nd paragraph). You will be automatically dropped from our files if you aren't "in" by the end of the current Society year, the end of June. So pay up now, resign, or find your name in this same spot in our next Newsletter!

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Anderson, Peter	Flyger, Vagn	Sparkman, Jim
Baack, Larry	Goodale, Eddie	Toney, George
Bennett, Hugh	Hickok, David	Toney, Sallie
Bennett, Robert	Kennedy, Nadene	Warburton, James
Berg, Craig	Lettau, Bernie	Weinman, Jim
Clark, Robert	Lovill, Jim	
Edwards, Margaret	Nottage, George	Yarbrough, Leonard
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