



THE ANTARCTICAN SOCIETY

ARCTIC INSTITUTE OF NORTH AMERICA
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Vol. 80-81 January No. 5

Start the New Year right! Support our Lecture Series!

Dr. Hugh DeWitt

Marine Biologist Par Excellence
Darling Center Marine Laboratories
Walpole, Maine

and

Department of Oceanography, University of Maine

will present

THE FRENCH OCEANOGRAPHIC EXPEDITION TO BOUVET ISLAND
AND THE OB AND LENA BANKS: A BIOLOGIST'S PERSPECTIVE

Tuesday evening, January 27, 1981

8 p.m.

National Science Foundation, Board Room 540

18th and G Streets, Washington, D. C.

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Late News Flash! Norman (BAE I) Vaughan and his bipartisan dog team will lead the Alaskan Delegation down Pennsylvania Avenue in the Inaugural Parade on January 20th. Let's hope they don't cut away for a commercial like they did when he came into camera view during the Carter Inaugural.

A harbinger of great things to come! 'Tis the season to start thinking about our annual Memorial Lecture. The word is out. Bob Rutford, Acting Chancellor of the University of Nebraska, a disciple-protege of both Bob Nichols and Gentleman Jim Zumberge, will bring his wit and humor and great knowledge of the Antarctic to us in either April or May.

We are saddened to learn of the death of Charles Gill Morgan, geophysicist with the Second Byrd Antarctic Expedition, who died on August 8, 1980. He was a member of our Society, and our condolences will be extended to his widow.

- No Growler this time -

B E R G Y B I T S

This column, is NOT the voice of the Society, just a collection of bits of information that have interested one member and which he put together in his own prejudiced way, hoping that you will find the stories interesting and the style not overwhelming.

Two long-standing members of our Society, our exalted, prestigious President, Pete Burrill, and his geographical companion, Betty Didcoct, are going to tie the knot on February 21st. Both have been members of our Society for years, and both have been prominent members of the Washington geographical community. Pete is really Mr. Geographer here in the Capital City, and Betty was once an exalted geographer with what used to be referred to as The Agency, and is the immediate past president of the Society of Woman Geographers. Anyway, they have decided to pool their great knowledge of geography under one roof, and presumably dinner talk will be full of Isaiah Bowman, Alexander von Humboldt, Mercator, and Wallace Atwood. Pete is a "Mainiac" through and through, although he got his PhD at Clark University, Betty is a mid-westerner, but she had the wisdom and the foresight to go to one of my favorite colleges, Mt. Holyoke. Naturally the Society wishes luck to anyone who is about to enter into such a risky endeavor as marriage, but this is a marriage where both parties were made for one another and they should get along just fine.

Tom Wright gave us an excellent resume of the West German Antarctic Research Expedition of 1979-80 at our meeting in December. Tom is one of those rawboned geologists who came out of the same mold as Bob Nichols and George Denton, and no one dared to question him on anything. He had visual proofs of the destructive power of Antarctic winds, as damage to their helicopters, and camp was most severe. This is the Year of the Hammer (Geology) for our Society, reflecting the interests of our Program Chairman, Mort Turner, and if we weren't believers of Gondwana before Collinson and Wright, we sure are now. Let's see you guys and dolls out there on the 27th to hear California's gift to the state of Maine, Hugh DeWitt, tell us why it is better on board ship than on snow and ice. He has been on nine cruises to the Antarctic, starting back in 1958-59 on the GLACIER; and including seven cruises of the ELTANIN/ISLAS ORCADAS. Hugh is the author and architect of the American Geographical Society's Antarctic Folio #15, Coastal and Deep Water Fishes of the Antarctic. He was Stanford all the way through his PhD, and then went to the University of Southern California for five years, followed by two years at the Marine Sciences Institute of the University of South Florida at St., Petersburg. After all this education and training, he was deemed qualified to assume a lofty position at the University of Maine. Like many good men, he has sort of gravitated away from the campus life and now works full time at their Marine Laboratories in Walpole, Maine. Now when you are in Walpole, you are really nowhere, but it is God's country and among his pleasures are sailing on beautiful Muscongus Bay. This is Andy Wyeth-Pete Burrill-and my mother's country, so you had better believe. Incidentally, Hugh is among the legion of Antarcticans who does not like the cold, as it seems he frostbit his fingers so many times riding to and from school in the San Joaquin Va3.1ey that they are supersensitive to cold.

The British BBC is going to do a major dramatized documentary on Sir Ernest Shackleton which will be shown on TV in 1982. Chosen as the producer is Mr. Christopher Railings. This film saga on the Antarctic is to be the annual documentary for that year. Are we detecting, perhaps, a reevaluation of Sir Ernest in light of Huntford's portrayal of him?

What do you say about the time bomb which the Washington Post detonated on the front page of its Metro Section on Christmas Day with a headline screaming "'Political Admiral', Book Debunks Image of Explorer Byrd, Calls Him a Vain, Mystical Egocentric"? A Washington Post staff writer, Bill McAllister, was abstracting from Lisle Rose's new book, *Assault on Eternity*. Unfortunately, he must have read only three paragraphs in the whole book, and then he read only what he wanted to read. The Washington Post has not been kind to the Antarctic for several years. Last year's story on nuclear waste at McMurdo was pure unadulterated barnyard material, and this article was simply a hatchet job in the best tradition of the local paper. Unfortunately, they included four photos from Admiral Byrd's past, and anyone who looked at the paper that day was sure to see the article. McAllister didn't fabricate the material as Lisle has it in his book, but he took certain phrases out of context and made them poisonous. Lisle is too young to have ever known the late Admiral which he admits in the book. One gets the impression that Lisle's thoughts on Byrd were pretty much gathered exclusively of any of the Byrd expedition men. We could have ignored this article, but it is going to surface in the Antarctic family and you might as well read it here as elsewhere. Lisle's book, even before McAllister's review, left me somewhat cold and I never bothered to finish reading it. It does, however, fill a need historically as where else can you read so many words in one publication on Highjump? But unless you were or are involved in logistics I can't see its widespread appeal. Both Lisle and Jackie Ronne have been on local radio stations plugging, respectively, *Assault on Eternity* and *Antarctica, My Destiny*. Given a choice of the two, I would vote unhesitatingly for Finn's over Lisle's. But I do know of three Antarcticans who have enjoyed Lisle's book. Different people, different strokes. But wouldn't you think McAllister would know how to spell Antarctica?

Whether you want to believe it or not, Transglobe is going to make it across the Antarctic, and much ahead of schedule at that. They might even be at McMurdo by the time you get this Newsletter, as they are already down the Scott Glacier as this is being written early in January. Their position on December 29th was 85°30' S, 151°50' W. Scott Glacier, 100 miles long, was discovered by our own Larry Gould in December 1928, and it had never been descended by a ground party until the three-man Transglobe party made it. Their crossing of Antarctica must be a victory for technology, and especially for "made in the U.K." However, it sure helps to have a plane at your beck and call flying out fuel and supplies whenever you need them. The Division of Polar Programs made their position perfectly clear to Transglobe prior to their going to Antarctica - that they would not be in a position to support them in any way. Well, they evidently didn't believe DPP, as they still requested up to 6,800 liters of fuel be available to them upon arrival at the South Pole. USARP stood firm, and said they could not have any of our precious fuel. So Sir Ranulph went by way of the back door, had the British government make a formal request to our Department State, and he ended up with his fuel, although the British have to not only replace it, but they have to pay for the additional fuel needed to fly it to the South Pole. More recently Transglobe has requested additional fuel, and it seems they will get an additional 800 gallons of J4. The U.S. position now appears to be to give it to the blokes and get them out of Antarctica so everyone can get on with thier work. Unfortunately now that these adventurers, and they are nothing more, have made it, there will probably be an avalanche of other characters thinking up harebrained ideas for Antarctica. And the continent is supposed to be a scientific laboratory? Will SCAR be able to stop them now that the dike has been breached? I think the whole Transglobe trek was put into its true perspective when they arrived at the South Pole and Lady Virginia was flown in to be "briefly reunited" with Sir Ranulph (Christchurch Press, December 18, 1980). Presumably she didn't go there to see if he had lost any fingers or toes on the 1,100 mile, 46-day trip to the Pole. The

three travelers are Sir Ranulph Twistleton-Wykeham-Finnes, age 35, and the so-called leader, Charles Burton, 36, and Oliver Shepard, 33, both signaler-navigators. They will be taken out of McMurdo on the BENJAMIN BOWRING which is due on the Antarctic coast on or about January 20th. Transglobe is due at the North Pole on April 1982, so you had better get used to hearing about them. You Antarcticans, here's a question for you, "How many overland parties have now reached the Pole?" (Answer later on in the Newsletter.)

We have invited certain well-known Antarcticans to provide us with their Top Ten favorite Antarctic books, those which were the most interesting to them. We plan on putting these in Bergy Bits from time to time. I knew that John Roscoe was one of the big collectors and that he's probably Mr. Average Antarctic, being young at heart with the solidarity of maturity. But his selections were anything but average. No. 1 on his Hit Parade is J. C. Palmer's *Thulia: A Tale of the Antarctic*, published in 1843, which John writes is the "only contemporary, first-hand account of the historic solo journey of the schooner FLYING FISH, written entirely in poetry and music". No. 2 is Luc-Marie Bayle's *Le Voyage De La Nouvelle Incomprise*. He says it's a delightful spoof-like account of Paul-Emile Victor's first expedition to Adelie Land, led by Andre-Frank Liotard in 1948-50. No. 3 is Thomas Poulter's *The Winter Night Trip to Advanced Base. Byrd Antarctic Expedition II. 1933-35*. The "meat of this book lies in the facsimile reproductions of the notes passed between the Second-in-Command and members of the Expedition Staff concerning whether or not it was necessary, prudent or proper to 'rescue' Byrd at Boiling Advanced Base - and if such a hazardous rescue operation were needed during the bleakness of the winter night, how should it be done and who should participate." Incidentally, Bud Waite is writing a sequel to this book, his own version of what was actually the worst journey in the world. Then John puts Finn Ronne's *Antarctic Conquest*, E.W. Kevin Walton's *Two Years in the Antarctic*, and Jennie Darlington's *My Antarctic Honeymoon* as 4, 5, and 6 - "three totally divergent books concerning two expeditions." He prefaced his comments with "Perhaps none of these three would be on my list if it were not for the fact the other two were published." John's No. 7 was the four publications of John Giaever on the Maudheim Expedition. They were published in Norway, France, England, Canada and the U.S. and "were fascinating as an exercise in comparative publication" with "no two alike in physical size, shape, paper quality, etc., but that they also had differences in the illustrations and text." No. 8 is Ken Bertrand's *Americans in Antarctica, 1775-1948*, cited for "its high quality scholarship and because it filled a need." No. 9 is T. W. Bagshawe's *Two Men in the Antarctic* which, John writes, is "my favorite because I have unbounded admiration for those who challenge formidable odds for a good cause. Bagshawe was 19 when he and Lester began what was to be the smallest Antarctic expedition, one which turned up more scientific information per capita than any before or since." And No. 10 is William Reed's *The Phantom of the Poles*, which John likes because it reminds him that "feet of clay are omnipresent." He went on to say that "Reed's masterpiece of pseudo-erudition clearly and logically explains why no explorers had been able to attain the Poles, as well as the flattening of the earth at the Poles, the cause of the auroras, why icebergs are found, why meteors fall more often near the Poles, the cause of colored snow, and the reason the compass doesn't work well in polar regions. All this comes about because the earth is hollow with openings surrounding what would be the Poles." What a fascinating list, just terrific! John wrote that "the books selected were favorites because each of them in its own way made me realize what an explorer, a visitor, a scholar or a charlatan could contribute whether purposely or through serendipity."

As those of you who read Bergy Bits know, Mary Goodwin of Polar Archives, West,

is one of my favorite Antarcticans. Mary keeps Poppin up with contributions to this column and her list of books makes a good companion piece to John Roscoe's selections. They both included Palmer's Thulia among their Top Ten which shows that great collectors think alike, Mary broke her selection down into categories -she must have been a school teacher or a librarian, eh what? Under historical she has Walter Sullivan's Quest For A Continent, Apsley Cherry-Garrard's The Worst Journey In The World, Sir Douglas Mawson's The Home Of The Blizzard, and James Murray and George Marston's Antarctic Days. You can't really knock the first three unless you are against motherhood, apple pie and ice cream, and baseball. She has an autographed copy of Antarctic Days by both authors plus Sir Ernest, so we can excuse her if she might be a bit prejudiced about this book which she describes as a "very light-hearted account of the 'goings-on' on the Nimrod Expedition." Under scientific, she shows Frank Debenham's Antarctica ("clear and scholarly written") and Sir Raymond Priestley, Raymond Adie and Gordon Robin's Antarctic Research ("succinct and comprehensive scientific details"). For rare books, the aforementioned Thulia and Shackleton's The Heart Of The Antarctic, the two-volume edition published by Heineman in 1909, Under biographical, she shows E. M. Suzyumov's A Life Given To The Antarctic, which Mary describes as "charming hero-worship (Mawson) by a Russian scientist in the Antarctic in the 50's." And in the oddest category is Aurora Australis, written by members of Shackleton's 1908 expedition, with only 20 to 30 bound copies. Like any good woman worth her salt, she just could not stop at 10, so she added Eliot Porter's Antarctica under photography, Walt Disney's The Penguin That Hated The Cold ("of the 23 children penguin books which I have, this is certainly the silliest and most ineptly written and illustrated"), and Admiral Melville's Finding The North Pole By Cook and Peary, 1908-1909 as the book with the most mistakes. And then a parting comment to the effect that she will not comment on the many novels set in Antarctica running from James Fenimore Cooper's The Sea Lions to the recent Hawkland Cache by Eugene FitzMaurice. Mary had a plea for Walter Sullivan to reissue his book to "include the last 23 years and speculation on the impact on resources." The lady has spoken, Walter, now get on with the job!

As we all know, Charlie (BAE II) Murphy is one of the good old boys, but he has departed the local scene to take up residence with his two Ware cockers in "a small and alien village" in southern Vermont. He did survive autumn, but said it was arduous. Murphy may be a good name in South Boston-, Charlie, but it doesn't play well in rural upstate New England where they want to know first what your lineage is to Miles Standish. He sent us a very interesting instant replay of what happened to certain philatelic covers on his expedition and has given us permission to use it. I'm sure it will strike a responsive chord among those of us who have spent countless hours during the winter night cancelling thousands of envelopes for people that we never knew and in all likelihood would never meet. Charlie wrote (and the following is verbatim except for some rather personal evaluations about the retired Navy yeoman which were bleeped out by me of all persons!):

Admiral Byrd had persuaded the U.S. Post Office to issue a special stamp bearing the expedition's cachet. A stamp which the Post Office let him have for two cents (if memory serves) apiece and which he was able to sell for fifty cents or thereabouts, in return for a promise to take the pre-addressed covers to Little America, cancel the stamp there, and send the cover back to New Zealand aboard one of his ships after the Winter Party had been put ashore and supplied. This was a time honored way for more or less impoverished adventurers to raise funds. The difference between the cost of the stamp to them and the market price

rightfully recognized the trouble and risks they accepted.

In the beginning, I paid no attention to this side venture. I have no recollection of how many stamps were sold. The volume of covers was enough to fill quite a few mail sacks. A memory lingers of watching a sledge piled out with these sacks threading a bumpy passage through the ridges of Ver-sur-Mer Inlet, on the way from a ship in the Bay of Whales to Little America.

The task of cancelling the stamps and seeing to it that the covers went back with the last ship was assigned to the expedition clerk, a retired Navy yeoman In the hurry and push of reopening the camp, setting Admiral Byrd up at his Advanced Base on the Ross Shelf and emptying the two ships, the yeoman and the stamps were forgotten. He complained, I recall, that the machinery which the Post Office had provided for cancelling the stamps wasn't working very well, but members of the expedition who borrowed it to run their own covers through had no serious difficulties with it. A number of sacks went out with the ships and the assumption was that our obligations to the philatelists had been honorably met.

Hardly. Trouble came early in the Antarctic winter of 1934, after the ships were berthed in New Zealand, and the Admiral was fending for himself in his shack, the ice had closed off the Ross Sea, the darkness had driven us underground at Little America - and the philatelists in distant America, bursting with spring, were yielding to the terrible suspicion that their covers were not coming through.

Byrd had charged me with looking after various things, in consultation with my by then good and trusted friend, Dr. Thomas Poulter, the Second-in-Command. The New York office of the expedition came under increasing bombardment from stamp purchasers demanding an explanation for the failure of the covers to appear, so long after the ships had returned to New Zealand. Hell does harbor a fury equal to that of a woman scorned; it is the disillusionment of philatelists who have been shortchanged. Their wrath was compounded by the discovery that some covers did reach their destinations, and that the mail which the expedition members had stamped and cancelled on their own had completed its appointed round and was a source of pride and distinction to the recipients.

The New York office pressed me for an explanation. Complaints were being made to the Post Office in Washington and the authorities there were politely inquiring about shortfall. I called on the yeoman-clerk for an explanation. The poor soul (not the exact word used by C.J.V.M.!) at first denied any responsibility: the covers, he insisted, had all been cancelled and sent back with the ships. Then he broke down and confessed that the job had been too much for him. We had three cows with us, which Byrd had agreed to pasture under Little America's icy crust as a favor to the Guernsey cattle association, which saw in the experiment a chance to dramatize the point that the breed was a 'frugal forager.' The yeoman-clerk led me into the cowbarn. While I held a flashlight on him, he pushed aside a mound of hay. Underneath was the U.S. Mail, sacks of it, all still sealed.

I supplied the New York representative with an honest report, but as gently self-serving as I could make it, to be relayed to the Post Office. But the tumult was a long time subsiding. The bitterest complaint came from a wholly unexpected quarter - the Lydia Pinkham Company. One of

Byrd's front men had obtained a \$5,000 donation to the expedition from a chief executive of the famous company, a blood relative of the founder, a lady named (again, if memory serves) Lydia Pinkham Groves. In appreciation of the gift, the expedition bound itself to name a mountain-to-be-discovered after the founder, and to honor the donor's colleagues and friends with covers from Little America signed by Admiral Byrd himself.

The covers, alas, lay in the sacks under the hay; the mountain could not be discovered before the return of the sun, and there was no appeasing the donor's wrath. I instructed our man in New York to return the \$5,000 to the donor, with an apology, and I rather flattered myself on being able to rid the expedition of an embarrassing obligation. The only appropriate name for a modest eminence bearing some association with the rather parochial interests of the donor was Mons Veneris, and I doubted that the geographical societies of the world would look with favor on my choice.

On Byrd's return to Little America some months later, I told him what I had done. His first response was one of relief. Then he suddenly paled. "How much money did he return?" he asked. "The \$5,000," I said. "Good God," he said, "I had to pay the fellow who got the donation a finder's fee of \$1,500. We've ended up at the short end of the stick."

To close out the story, Charlie arranged for the Post Office to send down an inspector, and a bureaucrat by the name of Anderson arrived in January 1935, the sacks of mail were brought out from under the hay, the cancellation machine whirled away, and the yeoman-clerk faded gratefully into oblivion. And for Charlie it all ended on a festive note, as he threw a dinner party for members of the Winter Party when they hit Dunedin. A music hall troupe from Australia was there and Charlie invited the cast to join them. Charlie had a lot of catching up to do as he hadn't had a drink since they crossed the Antarctic Circle some 15 months previously. By that time Charlie had gotten to know the postal inspector who was "graced with a gentle witty turn of phrase", and evidently was of strong arm, too, as "he and I were of considerable help to one another that evening, getting the other safely to his room." If you want to read more Charlie Murphy, you can turn to Situation Report, a quarterly publication of the Security and Intelligence Fund (Charlie was one of its founders and is on its Board of Directors) where he has recently collaborated with Ambassador (Ret) Elbridge Durbrow on a 15-page treatise "Soviet Aims: Neither Wholly a Riddle, nor Mystery, and Even Less an Enigma." Charlie was with Fortune as a writer and editor for 34 years. A man of many talents, and let's hope that those people in Grafton, Vermont get to know and appreciate their distinguished newcomer on Pickle Street, Thanks, Charlie, for that great story about how the yeoman-clerk found a place to put the philatelists!

We are indebted to Sayed El-Sayed one more time for making an advanced copy of the BIOMASS Newsletter (Vol. 2, No. 3, December 1980) available to us with a green light for use. The big news is that FIBEX (First International BIOMASS Experiment) is underway. It is the largest multi-ship experiment ever mounted in biological oceanography. There are 18 vessels in all, representing Argentina, Australia, Chile, France, F.R.G., Japan, Poland, South Africa, U.K., U.S.A., and the U.S.S.R. Ships from Australia, France, Japan and South Africa will be working the area in the southwestern Indian Ocean (off the coast of East Antarctica between 15°E to 90°E) and eight vessels from Argentina, Chile, F.R.G., Japan, Poland, U.K., U.S.A. and the U.S.S.R. will be in the South Atlantic north and east of the Antarctic Peninsula. There is a 7-10 day krill patch study in which many of the ships will participate. It looks to me like this is a mini-GARP (Global Atmosphere Research Program), or a poor man's GARP or a biologist's GARP. But regardless of what it is, they seem to be out there doing many good things and they are publishing. And

they are super at holding symposiums and conferences, and they go to all sorts of interesting places to finalize things. I think it will pay to be a biologist during the 1980's as it is going to be exciting, productive, and American Express is going to love you, too. Twelve members of the SCAR Working Group on Biology attended the XVI SCAR Meeting in Queenstown in October. SCAR developed a Convention on the Conservation of Antarctic Marine Living Resources which is aimed at the "wise use of Antarctic marine resources." President Carter sent this treaty on Antarctic wildlife to the Senate on December 3rd. The Subcommittee on Bird Biology succeeded in putting into operation the bird-banding schemes, a bird-banding central data bank, and the International Survey of Antarctic Seabirds (ISAS). A synthesis of current information on penguin distribution and abundance should be completed by June 1981. The three priority regions for the ISAS are 1) Scotia Sea-Antarctic Peninsula, 2) Enderby and MacRobertson Lands, and 3) Ross Sea. There were three meetings in 1980, resulting in BIOMASS Report Series #14 (FIBEX Acoustic Survey Design held in Dammarie-les-Lys, France, 3-6 June), #15 (BIOMASS Data Workshop, Hamburg, F.R.G., 27-29 May) and #16 (Data, Statistics and Resource Evaluation held in Cambridge, U.K., 28 July-2 August). There are six publications in the BIOMASS Handbook Series which are:

1. Calibration of Hydro-Acoustic Instruments
2. Estimation of Population Sizes of Seals
3. Identification of Antarctic Larval Euphausiids
4. Measurements of Body Length of Euphausia Superba
5. Key for the Identification of Antarctic Euphausiids
7. Calculation of the Constants Needed to Scale the Output of an Echo Integrator

and four more are in press:

6. Studies of the Patches of Krill, Euphausia Superba Dana
8. Antarctic Fish Age Determination Methods
9. A Manual for the Measurements of Chlorophyll A, Net Phytoplankton and Nannoplankton
10. A Manual for the Measurement of Total Daily Primary Productivity

Those BIOMASSers are going to meet in Hamburg in July or August to hold a post-FIBEX Data Interaction Workshop and then there is a Technical Group meeting in Cambridge, U.K. (after the Hamburg meeting) to talk about Data, Statistics, and Resource Evaluation, which in turn will be followed in 1982 by a meeting of specialists in Japan talking about Antarctic Oceanography in Relation to Biology, plus a meeting in either Paris, Kiel, or Bremerhaven on Fish Biology. And if there is anyone staying home writing reports, there is going to be a new journal, Polar Biology to read. Information on this English language journal can be had by writing Springer-Verlag, Journal Publication Dept., P.O. Box 10 52 80, D-6900 Heidelberg, F.R.G.

El-Sayed's organ also included a book review by Deborah Shapley of Barbara Mitchell and Richard Sandbrook's The Management Of The Southern Ocean which sounds like the best Antarctic buy in a long time. For \$5.00 plus postage (IIED, 1302 18th St.N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036) you can get a copy of "a ground-breaking book... first to bring together for the layman key information about Antarctic krill, whale and population shifts, the economics of distant water fishing, comparative krill and fish products, alternative management strategies for the fisheries, the Antarctic Treaty, and the new Convention on the Conservation of Antarctic Marine Living Resources." Deborah, went on to write "this little volume is crammed with interesting, useful

information on all of the above subjects and will give the layman (as well as the specialist in some aspect of the Southern Ocean unaware of what other specialists are thinking) a grasp of the scientific and political dimensions of this important problem." Deborah Shapley is- like E.F. Hutton, when she talks, you should listen.

Walter Sullivan told the World (doesn't everyone read the New York Times?) on 16 December that Bob Helliwell had a bunch of men (people) down there at Siple Station tickling the very devil out of space, making man-made auroras above the innocents sitting at home in Roberval, Quebec. I hope it did not disturb their watching the Canadiens playing the Maple Leafs, because if it did, they might put a price on Bob's neck! Someone pushed a button at Siple on Friday the 12th that jostled the magnetic field far out in space by initiating the transmission of 10-mile long radio waves. One of the seven rockets sent up from Siple to measure the plunging showers of electrons detected emissions triggered by the radio transmission. "Electrons forming the earth--encircling radiation belt normally are trapped in paths that spiral around the magnetic field lines and reverse direction as they near the earth, at each, end of the magnetic arc. If their paths are disturbed by radio waves they fail to reverse and plunge into the atmosphere." Yes, Walter, we believe you.

Walter goes on to say that Argentina leads all countries with nine stations below 60° South, with the Soviet Union close behind with seven. With Siple closing this month (will reopen for two years in November 1981), the U.S. will be manning only McMurdo, Palmer and the South Pole this winter. The Chileans have recently built a 4,600 foot gravel runway on King George Island (Dufek's?), which also supports the Soviet base at Bellingshausen. The Chileans are offering weekly airmail service for the nearby Argentine and British stations. Argentina has also built a gravel runway near its Vicecomodoro Marambio base on Seymour Island, but it is on a plateau so high that clouds are said to make it unapproachable much of the time. That was Argentina, not Poland. There are traverses criss-crossing the interior of Antarctica by the Australians, the French, and the Soviets. The U.S.S.I traverse has Australians along. Now the question is, will the Aussies come back home as vodka drinkers or will the Russians return as beer drinkers? Walter concluded his article by saying that Ambassador Thomas Pickering of the State Department is heading up a task force looking at future U.S. involvement in Antarctica. The rapid rise in fuel costs has necessitated a sharpening of the pencils and of the minds.

We often wonder about who has been to the Antarctic the most often. In terms of total number of austral summers it has to be Ken Moulton, as he must have spent twenty summers on the beach at McMurdo. But how about the NELLA DAN? When she left Melbourne on November 17th, she was on her 59th voyage to the Antarctic for the Australian government. She first went down in 1962, and she will make her 60th trip early in 1981. This is the 34th summer for the Australian National Antarctic Research Expedition. The NELLA DAN has a new look about her, as she has been modified to the tune of \$A1,000,000 for her new role in marine sciences. Three new laboratories have been installed, and she will be taking part in an international assessment of the abundance and distribution of krill in the Southern Ocean. Incidentally, the NELLA DAN cruise of last November took 37 1981 wintering-over types for Mawson and Davis. Do you think old Gunter Weller remembers? Or do you think old Gunter would like to be going back?

The Polar Record, Vol. 20, No. 126, 1980 had an excellent summarization of tourism in Antarctica by Rosamunde J. Reich, who received her Diploma in Polar Studies at the Scott Polar Research Institute for her dissertation on this subject. The

bottom line is that approximately 31,000 people have visited the continent as paying guests, adventurers, or as guests of national scientific expeditions during the last 25 years. Up to the current austral summer, 43 flights have carried 11,045 day flight passengers. (Ed. note: I get a slightly higher figure for tourist flights, counting 14 by Air New Zealand, 31 by Qantas). She writes, "It is unlikely that more than about 19,955 people have landed in the Antarctic from tourist ships or aircrafts." Her study lists 80 cruises, seventy-two of which were to the Antarctic Peninsula, four were to the Ross Sea and four were to both the Antarctic Peninsula and the Ross Sea. She uses an estimated figure of 16,640 passengers for all the cruises, but I think she might be on the high side. She shows 193 berths for the WORLD DISCOVERER, but this figure appears to be somewhat high as they advertise 75 cabins (twin). Some of the Argentine ships have been relatively large liners - the LIBERTAD has 400 berths, the RIO TUNUYAN has 394. But the grandmother of them all is the Spanish CABO SAN ROQUE which has 841 berths. The first Lindblad Travel, Inc. cruise was in January 1966 (which was #5 worldwide), taken by the good ship LAPATAIA and they had 58 passengers. I believe at least two of our members were on her, Veryl Shults, exalted mathematician here in Washington, and Mary Goodwin, polar archivist in Los Angeles. I think you all will find this article interesting reading as it includes all the facts and figures you always were inquisitive about but were afraid to ask.

They are still trying to figure out just what happened to that Air New Zealand DC10 that crashed a year ago last November on Ross Island. The Board of Enquiry had their period of investigation extended to the end of December, but no indications as to when they will come out with their findings. They took the Board down to McMurdo this austral summer, flying the same flight path, even doing the figure eight off the coast of Ross Island which the ill-fated plane took prior to crashing. A fellow by the name of Ken Hickson has published a book on the terrible catastrophe, Flight 901 To Erebus. It is published by Whitcoulls, Ltd., in New Zealand and has been a big seller, necessitating a second printing. Bob Thomson was writing a book, although I have no word on when that will-come out.

Bob is here in the States now for five months, at the University of Northern Illinois on a Fulbright lecturing fellowship teaching "Geological Sciences in the Antarctic." Bob made his 56th visit to Scott Base in November, and will be returning home to New Zealand in June or July. He picked a real opportune time to be here in the States, as every true blue Antarctic would like to find a hiding place when those British adventurers complete their successful crossing of Antarctica on snowmobiles in late January. And I suppose DeKalb, Illinois is an excellent place for the head of the New Zealand Antarctic Research Programs to hide out.

Bad news in early December from the South African field party that was trying to get back to their station at Sanae. The party split up, with three going on ahead when they were not too far out from camp and the weather was good. A blizzard came up, they had to stop and make camp where they were, and the blizzard lasted for two full days. The other group made it to Sanae, and a rescue party came out when the others were long overdue. A member of the rescue party, a meteorologist - P.G. Bell - fell into a crevasse and lost his life. The men were found, after an eight-day ordeal, and were rescued by the veteran British Antarctic Survey pilot, Giles Kershai who was flying support missions for the British Transglobe Expedition. Kershaw, 37 years of age, has flown some 5,000 miles in Canadian-built twin Otters, and is considered a "real hero of the British Transglobe Expedition."

(Answer: 10 overland parties have reached the Pole. List on next page.)

Overland parties reaching the Pole:

- | | | |
|--------------------------------------|-------------------|--|
| 1. Roald Amundsen's party | December 15, 1911 | |
| 2. Robert Scott's party | January 17, 1912 | |
| 3. Ed Hillary's party | January 4, 1958 | (after traversing 1,250 miles from Scott Base) |
| 4. Vivian Fuchs' party | January 20, 1958 | (after 932 miles from Shackleton) |
| 5. Sixteen Russians | December 29, 1959 | (after 1,670 miles) |
| 6. Major Antero Havola's party | January 16, 1961 | (after 800 miles from Byrd Station) |
| 7. Bert Crary's party (8 men) | February 12, 1961 | (after 1,450 miles from MCM in 64 days) |
| 8. Argentine Army Expedition (8 men) | December 10, 1965 | (after 825 miles from General Belgrano) |
| 9. Japanese party (11 men) | December 19, 1968 | (after 3,235 miles from Syd in 141 days) |
| 10. Transglobe | December 15, 1981 | |

John (BAE II) Herrmann writes that he is 88 and that his pacemaker is working fine. Carroll (Eleanor Boiling '28-30) Foster seems to be doing well in Iceland, Charles (West Base) Shirley retired from one newspaper and has gone to work as editor on a smaller one. Ed and Louise Flowers (he a Pole Sitter in '57) were in Switzerland for the month of October. Another '57 Pole Sitter, Earl Johnson, the young fellow who looked about 14, has a son who was studying towards a PhD in anthropology but has now decided to transfer to the Naval Air Academy at Pensacola. And the news from Nell Davies is not good as Frank (BAE I) is not only hospitalized but is getting progressively weaker and thinner. Al (BAE II) Lindsey made a trip to Mexico last January to check out the ruins - they are still there - and is currently writing his autobiography for a western university press. Murray (West Base) Wiener plans on retiring from banking next July. Murray and Ruth live on a golf course in Green Valley, Arizona, but it seems that retirement is going to include a lot of traveling PLUS fishing. They spent a month in Steamboat Springs, Colorado last summer and Murray caught his limit of trout every day. Sig (West Base) Gutenko is feeling better after a stomach operation and fractured hip. Sig and Lou spent the month of October in the mountains of North Carolina. Arnold (West Base) Court was president of the Association of Pacific Coast Geographers and was busy going to meetings and giving lectures all over the west. Corinne has found that recovery from her February 1979 operation for removal of half of her right lung (destroyed by a rare fungus) has been much slower than she expected. But they are planning to go to Frankfurt in July to see their son David and his bride. In the meantime the Courts sojourn to Denver periodically to enjoy two delightful grandsons. Dave (McMurdo 1956) Canham was happy to close out 1980. Dave had his whole anatomy rearranged last April when he was operated on for a type of cancer (squamas) that is impervious to radiation and relatively immune to chemotherapy. He is frequently body-scanned and otherwise tested, and remains free of cancer. He is even back on the tennis courts. Dave and Betty are either disappointed in Sacramento or are homesick for Dallas, or both, as they hope to return to Dallas by August 1982. Is Dallas big enough for both J.R. and Dave? I bet he wants to get back there so he can be closer to the Dallas Cowboys cheerleaders. Can't blame him, really.

Bergy Bits is expanding our coverage with a recipe from the ice, being Sig Gutenko's recipe for dressing for a 12-pound turkey. Sig was the cook at West Base on the Antarctic Service Expedition, and he so impressed Paul Siple with his capability

for stuffing a turkey that Paul brought his recipe to Ruth and said, "This is the way you will make our stuffings from now on." Ruth passed it along to their daughter Jane, and Jane has embellished it with some of her own additions-on. The recipe is by Gutenko, modified by Jane Siple Player, and having been tested by yours truly meets all known specifications for goodness.

24 slices white bread	about 1/2 tsp. thyme
5 strips bacon	1/4 tsp. sage
1 bunch celery	1 1/4 tsp. salt
2 or 3 onions	1/4 tsp. pepper
1 lb. mild pork sausage (bulk)	1 tsp. sugar
4 to 6 sprigs fresh parsley	5 eggs, beaten together
about 1/2 tsp. basil	1 stick butter or margarine, melted
" " marjoram	

Dry out bread overnight. Trim off crusts and dice. Cut bacon into small pieces and start to brown. Cut celery and onion fine; then add to bacon in pan and continue braising. Empty these ingredients into large mixing bowl. Brown the sausage and drain off the grease; add to ingredients in bowl. Cut parsley fine; add it, along with other herbs, salt, pepper and sugar. Add diced bread, beaten eggs and melted butter. Rub soft butter and some salt on inside of turkey - both body cavity and inside loose skin area over upper part of breast. Fill both areas with dressing (loosely). To keep dressing in, use a small skewer or two. Any extra dressing can be wrapped in foil and heated in the oven.

The friendly Washington paper, the Washington Star, ran a nice interview with the squirrely member of our Society, Vagn Flyger, who went south with Bill Sladen once upon a distant past. Vagn is a zoologist in the Animal Science Department at the University of Maryland and he is deep into squirrels. He keeps Fitz, a 9-month old fox squirrel in his living room. Fitz has a knitted fuzzy black and orange doll which he wrestles, bites, hugs, attacks, and sleeps with at night. In other words, poor Fitz thinks the doll is his wife. Vagn says if you want to make a squirrel real happy, buy him his own box of kleenex. Any self-respecting squirrel in Vagn's neighborhood has his nest lined with the latest colored kleenex tissue. Vagn has collected about 2,000 dead squirrels, which he analyzes to discover such things as the sex ratio and types of parasites. Vagn sounds like the perfect candidate to winter over. Wouldn't the psychiatrists have a great time trying to figure him out!

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