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SOCIETY MOVES TO

NEW ADDRESS:

c/o R. SIPLE

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ARLINGTON, VA. 22205
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Honorary Members:

Ambassador Paul C. Daniels
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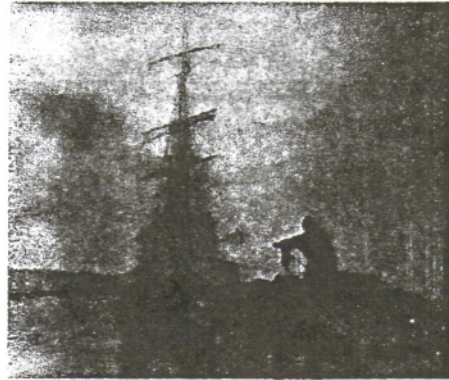
Dr. William J. L. Sladen, 1964
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Dr. William J. L. Sladen, 1977
Dr. J. Murray Mitchell, Jr., 1978
Dr. Laurence McKinley Gould, 1979
Dr. Charles R. Bentley, 1980

MID-WINTER PICNIC

STONGHOLD SATURDAY, JULY 11th

(SEE PG. 10, 11, 12)

Barkentine Bear



On March 19, 1963 at 2010 GCT, a beloved old veteran of polar exploration, research, and rescue sank to the bottom of the sea off Nova Scotia. A man who knew her well describes her eventful past and final voyage.

◀ Author Black watches as the barkentine BEAR backs away into the sea smoke, Little America, February, 1934.

By
Richard Blackburn Black
Rear Admiral, USNR (Ret.)
Office of Naval Research

If wooden ships have hearts of oak,
And I believe they do I know of one
whose stout heart broke!
I'll tell the tale to you:

The BEAR, an ancient barkentine
Whose years topped eighty-nine
Was limping southward, old and green,
Upon a tow-tug's line

Her destination? "Shame!", she cried,
I'm going to be a pub,
A rest' rant!— (Chicken? Stewed or fried?)
A gin-mill! There's the rub!"

She lay back on the cable then
And dreamed of all her past—
Of gales and ice and shouting men,
Taut canvas in the blast,

The shriek of wind, the sting of sleet,
The green seas sweeping back,
The clinging seamen with their feet
Braced on the foot-rope track,

With bellies pressed against the yard,
Chilled fingers clutching sail,
And elbow movement slowed and hard
By wind on raincoat's tail.

She thought of evenings still and bright,
Locked in Antarctic pack, —
Ice-blink ahead, and blue-black night
Behind her in her track,

When Byrd and English paced her deck
With anxious eyes ahead,
While Ben Johansen said, "By heck,
Ve'll push trou or ve're dead!"

Then Crusen — (now ifs forty-one) —
Fought through to Biscoe Isles
To free the men on Stonington.
One hundred forty miles

Of ice-locked sea BEAR could not break,
So in a patched up plane
The East Base men—a chance to take—
All reached the ship again.

Her thoughts then flew back sixty years
To Bering Sea Patrol,
Her fights with poachers, British jeers,
And heavy whale-ship toll,

Her years of aid to Barrow town
And starving Aleuts,
And murderers at her yard-arm
A-hanging in their boots.

Now, back to present, and the gale
Off Nova Scotia's shore:
The seas run high, the tug men pale,
"Old BEAR can't take much more!"

Old ships have souls, some sailors say,
And some have died of shame,—
I'll not contend this, either way,
And I will place no blame

But tell you just what seamen saw
Aboard that towing ship:
The BEAR heaved back, began to yaw,—
Her bow commenced to dip.

Then with a muffled, mighty sigh
Her seams all opened wide,
And with her colors gaff-tip high
She plunged beneath the tide!

"West Over Sea," the Vikings said
When funeral was planned,
With chieftain lying midships, dead,
Full armored, sword in hand.

I'll always feel, as some will voice
Who worked that ship with me,
That she went down by her own choice —
The BEAR - West Over Sea!



PLEASE READ THIS PARAGRAPH!

Please note that your Society has a new official address which should be used henceforth on all correspondence. The Washington office of the Arctic Institute of North America is closing up shop at the end of June, and Ruth Siple has very graciously invited the Society to use her house as our home. For all practical purposes, #905 has been the nerve center for the Antarctic Society for the past four years, especially at editing time! Several months ago she moved us from her dining room into a spare bedroom, so we do have an excellent working area to keep the Society's files. We won't give you her telephone number, but if anyone really needs to get in touch with the Society, her number is listed in the Northern Virginia phone book. IF YOU MOVE, let us know; otherwise there is no way the Newsletters will ever reach you as the Post Office does not forward bulk mail (which we use).

The Society has had a great recruiting year, topping eighty! Fantastic! We used to go looking for members, but lately people are coming to us with their dollars. The Society should be self-perpetuating with a new crop of Antarcticans each austral summer. Last year we recruited 47 new members, the year before 72. Approximately half of our total membership are recruits gained in the last three years,, This year has been particularly gratifying as we have picked up many of the nouveau Antarctic scientists to go along with our solid base of good old boys. If we can get the practitioners into the Society, we stand a better chance of having a real solid hard core of renewals. We got rid of most of the deadwood two years ago when we dropped 71 delinquents; this year we only had to drop 17. Next year we're going to run a real tight ship, sending out individual billings in September, with only one second notice. If you don't divy up by the end of December, you will be dropped from our mailing list. It costs close to 60 cents apiece to run off and mail Newsletters, and we just can't afford to carry people on our rolls all year who do not plan on renewing. It doesn't matter who you are, as we are more interested in the color of your money than your Antarctic heritage! We have dropped such luminaries as Roger Tory Peterson, Joe Fletcher, Max Britton, Marty Pomerantz, Walter Boyd, Dietland Muller-Schwartz, William Chapman, and even a former beauty queen contestant who was once my baby-sitter when she was a Brooks Shield type. So you can see we are real ruthless. Bear this in mind when you get your bill in the fall.

The general feeling was that the Memorial Lecture was a memorable success. For the second year in a row, we had a pre-Lecture cocktail hour-dinner with over a hundred in attendance. We were blessed with a great evening, and the outside patio in the Joseph Henry Building makes for a great socializing place. We haven't gotten the timing down just right, but like Charlie Bentley, we are going to keep on going back until we get it done right! We were most happy to get such a warm response from the glaciologists who were in town for the Polar Research Board's Glaciology Workshop. In alphabetical order they were Carl Benson, John Clough, Joan Gosink, Tony Gow, Mike Herron, Karl Kuivinen, Mark Meier, Dick Moore, Bruce Parker, Troy Pewe, Ellen-Mosley Thompson, Norbert Untersteiner, and Ed Zeller. Clough, Kuivinen, Pewe and Zeller are members of our Society, and before the glaciologists left town we were into the pockets of Joan Gosink, Tony Gow and Bruce Parker for new memberships. Everyone knows Carl Benson as "the less-famous-brother" of our own Bob (South Pole '57) Benson. Not all the Poles were on strike, as Bill Sladen brought along a distinguished Polish zoologist, Professor Dobrowolski, from the University of Warsaw, and a good-looking interpreter, Lucga Swiatkowski. But the cocktail hour became supreme girl-watching time when that grizzly old Norbert Untersteiner walked in with his most beautiful young Polish

bride of six months, Christina. It was "Holy Cow, look at that beauty", followed almost immediately with "How in Heaven's name did old Norbert ever talk her into marrying HIM?" A true miracle.

Bob Nichols played it straight, because when it comes to Captain Scott he is dead serious. He tactfully avoided any mention of the storm brewing in Her Majesty's homeland as a result of the Huntford book on Amundsen and Scott. It was sort of refreshing to have a real polar authority like old Bob standing up there on the stage of the main auditorium of the National Academy of Sciences, wearing his heart on his sleeve, talking as a hero worshipper. Bob quoted extensively from Scott's diary and an American-in-attendance probably was accurate in a past lecture critique when he said, "I think Bob Nichols would have liked to have died out there in that tent with Captain Scott." I don't know about that, but Bob must be the president of the "I Love Captain Scott Society" in this country. Bob looks like he could have walked right off the stage, put on his windproofs and harnesses and man-hauled a loaded ahkio up the Beardmore. Bob's chronological age is 77, but he looks and acts like a young college stud. It was good to have one of his old colleagues from the Ronne Expedition there, old Bob Dodson (who is also a member of our Society). Nichols sat next to Jackie Ronne at the dinner and announced to everyone that he had lived with Jackie for a year! Antarciticans are so truthful!

Admiral Black was as eloquent as ever, and he most ably took care of the memorial aspects for the evening. The highlight had to be his recital of three of his Antarctic poems written to his wife Aviza (who was in attendance). Dick is truly the Poet Laureate of the Antarctic, in spite of his attempts to disclaim the fact. We are including his very popular and often printed poem on the BEAR on a separate page in this Newsletter, but unfortunately it will lack the touching emotional presentation given to them by Dick. But those who could not attend the lecture will at least get an idea about the flavor of his poems. We hope to publish his other poems at a later date. It was a great evening in the growing tradition of our Memorial Lectures. I find these evenings a most fitting climax for our seasonal Lecture program, and hope that they will continue with the support of the National Academy of Sciences' Polar Research Board. We could never swing the cost of the auditorium, but with their sponsorship we get the gorgeous hall free. Our Memorial Lecturers are all top-drawer, and their presentations are most worthy of the support of the National Academy of Sciences.

The immortal Larry Gould, a legend in his own time, returned to the shores of the Potomac on his 50th wedding anniversary, May 14th, to receive the 18th Annual Cosmos Club Award. Larry was on extremely good behavior that evening, never once running his fingers through his hair and annihilating his coiffed head (as he had done in Winchester at the town's 50th anniversary celebration of Admiral Byrd's flight over the South Pole). Larry was all decked out in penguin clothes, as were many of the other men who saw fit to come in "black tie." The best way to describe the evening was "elegance." As soon as I saw the appetizer, which the Awards Dinner Menu showed as "Thunderbird Salad", I said to myself, "We won't be eating Gutenko's pemmican tonight." Thunderbird Salad, to those unsuspecting commoners like myself, turned out to be a duck-like bird carved from pineapple stuffed with crab meat. Now that is class, particularly when the head and beak were all artistically colored a la Roger Tory Peterson. That was followed by "Tournedos a la Rossini, -Perigourdine." It was the biggest piece of filet mignon my eyes had ever feasted upon. Later I was to learn from a gourmet that it had some kind of a mushroom cap. That gives you an idea about the haute cuisine of the evening. Larry prepared a formal lecture which will be printed and distributed to Cosmos Club members, although he threw away the script and talked from the hip with his ever present three by five cue cards. He showed the packed house that Antarctica is really not at the bottom

of the world, but is actually the central focus point for everything worthwhile on Planet Earth. Larry was given a very large, nicely framed certificate certifying him as the recipient of the 18th Annual Cosmos Club Award, and they have hung Larry in their Portrait Gallery of Award Winners. He was also given an envelope with some freshly minted crisp greenbacks. He may have dropped the globe on the floor, but it was noted that he carefully put that envelope deep into an inside pocket. Now that the Explorer's Club has gone coeducational, the Cosmos Club may be the last of the great all-male bastions in this country, and Larry seized upon the friendly audience to read a letter of mine of many years ago, one written to the then-chief of the Office of Polar Programs, Bert Crary, giving him hell for opening Antarctica to women. Larry protected both the writer and the receiver, giving us anonymity, although this was one audience which was probably in my camp. (I have nothing against women per se, but I had such a great time wintering over twice in Antarctica that I wanted it preserved for men, as I felt that men really needed and merited some place on earth where we could get away from women and at the same time have a ball for ourselves.) Speaking of la femme fatale, Arlene Friis had on a beautiful full-length evening gown of a lovely jade green color. Arlene gets the unofficial Bergy Bits Most Beautiful Gown Award. Vernice Anderson was especially radiant, and I was a most fortunate soul to be in the ever enjoyable company of Alice Dater, who was resplendent in dark blue. For the penguin wearers, I thought Louie DeGoes looked most Emperor like, and for the non-penguins, how can you ever top that fashion plate out of Tempe, Troy Pewe? Yesiree, it was truly an evening of elegance, one befitting our Superstar. And he carried it all off with great aplomb, naturally.

Ned Ostenso and I had breakfast with Larry the morning after the award, and he was still basking in the afterglow of the previous evening. Having breakfast with Larry Gould after he had received a most distinguished award is to an Antarctic what it must be like for a Catholic to have communion breakfast with a new Pope after his coronation. I have long harbored a feeling that the Society should use some of our limited money to video tape some of our famous members for posterity, and I think it would be just fantastic if we could get Walter Sullivan to sit down with Larry and let the camera roll. Larry's reminiscences of BAE I at Winchester really got me excited about the prospects. I presume that a great many of you have already seen and heard the three truly fantastic interviews that Trevor Lloyd taped with Vilhjalmur Stefansson for Canadian television. I thought they were great, and we should put Larry on film, too. What do you say, Walter??

Howard Mason, BAE I radio operator who lives in Seattle (5724 36th Avenue N.E., Seattle, WA 98105) has sent us a shelf of clippings on the POLAR SEA. She finally broke loose in mid-May from the 600 mile Arctic ice field off the Alaskan coast, after having been entrapped since February 20th. One would normally think that a guy would be safe if he was stuck in 20 feet of ice in the Arctic, but not so for Petty Officer Richard Barley. His fiancée married the poor soul via ham radio - the operator should have his call letters revoked! Just to make sure it stuck, there were 15 family members and, get this, some 85 reporters with the bride back in Marysville, Washington. Meanwhile, her sister ship, the POLAR STAR returned to a hero's welcome in Seattle after a record-setting voyage to the Antarctic, where the 75,000 horsepower ice-breaker accomplished in one hour what previous ice-breakers took 24 hours to do. She punched through to McMurdo in 5 hours and 20 minutes, passing the GLACIER like "she was standing still." And she did this on only two of her three propellers, Howard wrote that part of the indoctrination for his going to the Antarctic back in 1928 was to read such books as The Home of the Blizzard, The Worst Journey in the World, and The Voyage of the DISCOVERY, and after reading them "I wasn't too sure that I wanted

to go on the expedition; in fact I was pretty close to changing my mind, but of course later I was glad that I didn't." Thanks for the letter, Howard, and also for the clippings. Appreciate.

Speaking of the Arctic, old Charlie (South Pole '58) Greene wrote from Ice Station FRAM III, about 81°30'N, 5°30'E, on Saturday May 2nd, that he was there with two other Antarcticans, Allen (Byrd '63) Gill and Jay (Ross Ice Shelf Project '78) Ardai, but that he could not recruit them for our Society. Well, it takes all kinds, and you can't win 'em all. Charlie and Allen are at a two-man satellite camp doing acoustical work. Charlie wrote, "Sitting at Nord for a week waiting to come out here I wondered why I kept coming back when I'd seen 'it'¹ so many times. However, when I was dropped here on this floe with Allen Gill the old sentiments for this frozen ocean returned and I was glad I'd come. But don't ask me about another time." Sounds like Dick Black, eh what?!

Old Carl (Little America V '57) Wyman joined the Society recently. Carl gives us some real character, as he was not your typical Antarctic recruit. When the IGY came along, Carl, a retired Marine colonel with a grown-up family, decided that he would like to go to the Antarctic. It seems he could qualify as a backup ionosphere physicist with the National Bureau of Standards (to a young Danish scientist, Hans Bengaard, who was young enough to be his son). And how do you handle an old Marine colonel anyway? The answer is that you don't, if you want to survive the year! Carl was one of the premier rabble-rousers in camp, and tried to keep the camp honest. He also was an active ham (still using K2VAV incidentally) and set up his own rig. When he fired up for the first time, he was working the key hoping to make a stateside contact when this fellow in Pennsylvania heard him and answered. You won't believe this, but it's the truth. This very same contact had been the very first contact which Carl had had many years before when he was in Guatemala with the Marines! Carl has had emphysema and is down to 125 pounds, hating a salt-free diet. He lost his wife to the Big C, remarried in 1968, and they now live at 214 Marine Street, Beach Haven, New Jersey 08008. He would like to hear from you Little America guys, so Milan, Chappell, Taylor, Bennett, Cromie, and Crary, drop the Old Marine a line.

Louie DeGoes, former Executive Secretary of the National Academy of Sciences' Polar Research Board, has found his position abolished at the Academy, although he plans on keeping active as a polar consultant. The old All-American isn't ready to be farmed out to pasture, so the "retirement" wasn't one of his own choosing. I have known Louie since he directed the Air Force Cambridge Research Laboratories' arctic program in the 1950's, although I have not known him well enough to write his epitaph. However, it is much too early to compose a eulogy on him — one gets the feeling that he will continue to surface in polar waters. I have always enjoyed dropping in and chatting with Louie at the Academy, and he has been a veritable fountain of information and ideas about people/programs of polar bent. I have used him as a trial balloon on items for Bergy Bits and for discussions on the future direction of the Antarctic Society. I have found him to be an extremely cooperative person with exceedingly good ideas. I'm going to miss Louie, even though he has never come to one of our monthly lectures in the past four years! Anyway, Louie, happy fishing, and let's keep in touch.

There has been a Changing of the Guard at #34 Fontana in Leningrad. Professor Alexander Treshnikov is no longer Director of the Arctic and Antarctic Research Institute. He has recently become the "Head of Chair of Oceanography" in the Geography Department at Leningrad State University. Boris A. Krutskikh, former deputy to Professor Treshnikov, has become Director of AARI. It appears that

Professor Treshnikov is also president of the Soviet's Academy of Geography. Gene Bierly, chief major domo in meteorology at the National Science Foundation, supplied us with the above information on the eve of his departure for the USSR on June 11th. He has hopes of seeing Anna Minevich while in Leningrad. Anna is the Soviet's answer to Britain's Hilda Richardson and the U.S.'s Helen Gerasimou. Isn't it a miracle that the Division of Polar Programs is still alive and thriving in spite of Helen's retirement? Mother Superior of Antarctica must have trained Ed Todd and Al Fowler better than I realized.

Mark Leinmiller, the 50th Paul Siple Anniversary Boy Scout in 1978-79, who has combined a strong social life with a full academic calendar (or was it the other way around, a full social life with a strong academic calendar?) at Georgia Tech, will be the keynote speaker in Greenwich, Connecticut when their Council of Boy Scouts of America awards honors to 20 Eagle Scouts on June 22nd. When you're in Greenwich, you're in Steve Weirich's Country, the Northeast Regional Finalist for the Antarctic in 1978, and the very personable Steve of Allegheny College, Class of '81, will share the platform with the handsome, debonair, suave Leinmiller. Meanwhile, the West Coast finalist, entomologist Scott Miller, is spending his fourth summer sticking pins into bugs at the Smithsonian as he dreams of going to graduate school at Harvard University. I thought Scott was fully committed to books and bugs, and was greatly relieved when a comely geographic lassie who answers to Pam and who hails from the lovely city of Los Altos, California tracked him down here in Washington last summer. The Eagle Scouts are doing real well, it seems. Meanwhile, young Dick Chappell is fast becoming the grand Old Man of Antarctic Scouting. He holes up in Woods Hole each summer, doing all sorts of queer things with the eyes of darning needles. I always was suspicious of Dick, and my fears were well-founded!

Our last Newsletter had been finalized before we read Katherine Bouton's very fine article "A Reporter at Large, South of 60 Degrees South" in the March 23rd issue of The New Yorker. After those ---- articles by that Hornblower woman in the Washington Post last winter, Katherine's article was as refreshing as the first mail flight in at the end of winter. I just had to sit right down and write her and tell her what a great job she had done. She wrote back, "I enjoyed every minute of the research and even most of the writing. I had to leave a lot out, including an interesting interview with Larry Gould." I figure that her article has to be the longest single article ever published on the Antarctic in a weekly magazine. True? Katherine wrote that this piece was "about 20,000 words." She had old John Splettstoesser "read the piece for accuracy" which just goes to show that she has her head screwed on right. She had hoped to get down to hear old Bob Nichols, but evidently could not get out of the Concrete Jungle. We did have Ed MacDonald of ice-breaking fame and early-day LINDBLAD lecturer down again from Cape Cod for the Memorial Lecture. We appreciate old Ed getting it into gear and coming on down for our Memorial Lectures. We might have had old Bill Field, too, except his wife Mary was just recovering from a hip operation and she needed him more than he needed us.

At long last, Geographic Names of the Antarctic has been published by the Government Printing Office for the National Science Foundation. It's about the size of the Manhattan telephone directory, being close to 1,000 pages. There are some 12,000 approved names and 3,000 unapproved variant names in italics. What a cast of players! I'm sure our highly esteemed president, Pete Burrill, Mr. Geographic Names of the 40's, 50's, 60's, and 70's, will want to review it when he comes back from vacationing in God's country, Muscongus Bay in Maine. But in the interim the Society's fedora is off to Fred Alberts, Tom Strenger, and the others who have produced this volume. It's a bargain, a must for the night-stand beside your bed.

Remember, only \$13.00 at your friendly Government Printing Office, Washington, DC 20402. The stock number is 038-000-00471-9.

Meteorites are a hot item in Antarctica. Bill Cassidy and old John Annexstad have just as good a deal going for them with meteorites as old Charlie Bentley has with the hypothesis that the West Antarctic Ice Sheet might go sliding out to sea when no one is watching. Natural History for April 1981 has a special supplement on meteorites, and Brian Mason has an article in there on meteorites in Antarctica. The article is entitled "A Lode of Meteorites", and there is a spectacular two-page color spread of Allen Hills. And then there is a beautiful color picture of "a thin section through an achondrite shows no chondrules." I have no idea what an achondrite is, let alone a chondrule, but the article says that 87% of the Antarctic collection to date are chondrites and 5% are achondrites. Then 7% are irons and 1% are stony irons. Let's hear it for the irons!

Let's get back to people. Old Gentleman Jim Zumberge walked into a hornet's nest out there in Southern California when the NCAA found out that a goodly number of the Trojan football players weren't exactly bona fide students, having snuck in an open door left ajar in the Admission Office by, shall we say, football interested parties. But now it appears that Gentleman Jim would not have been any better off if he had stayed at Southern Methodist University as recently the NCAA found out that while Jim was President there were 29 recruiting violations in 1978-79! Jim, there is really only one place for you, get a clerical collar and go to South Bend. The NCAA never investigates Notre Dame, they are sacred.

We'll finish up the year in style presenting the favorite books of two of the good old boys, Henry (BAE I) Harrison and Bud (BAE II) Waite. Starting with Henry, the official chronologist of the First Byrd Antarctic Expedition, he pretty much voted a straight party ticket from the deep South. Five of his top ten were by members of the first two Byrd expeditions, Cold by Larry Gould, Alone by Admiral Byrd, South of the Sun by Russell Owen, Little America by Admiral Byrd, and 90 Degrees South by Paul Siple. Then he paid homage to the era of great explorers, picking Home of the Blizzard by Sir Douglas Mawson, Heart of the Antarctic by Sir Ernest Shackleton, and Scott's Last Expedition by Capt. Scott. Then he added a classic, The Worst Journey in the World by Apsley Cherry-Garrard, and then threw in a sleeper, Operation Deepfreeze by Admiral George Dufek. I don't know about old Uncle George, but you certainly can't argue with any of the rest of his selections. Now for Bud Waite, although I wish I didn't have to print his selections as his top 10 turned out to be his top 16, and he wasn't sure of some of the titles or the authors! I did narrow his list down to 14 by throwing out two arctic books, Nansen's North Pole and Andrew Freeman's The Case for Dr. Cook. His first selection was Richard Trevelyan Miller's The World Great Adventure. I think the author that Bud meant was really G. M. Trevelyan, and that the book was actually British History in the 19th Century and After (1782-1919). His second choice was J. Gordon Hayes' The Conquest of the South Pole. Then he came onto my frequency with Amundsen's The South Pole, Lansing's Endurance, Scott's Scott's Last Expedition, Cherry-Garrard's The Worst Journey in the World, Byrd's Little America, Discovery, and Alone, Pon-ting's The Great White South, Siple's 90 Degrees South, and Sullivan's Quest for a Continent. And then he ends up with Wilson of the Antarctic by Weavers (?) and Scott's Last Journey (?) by Admiral Lord Mountevans. We haven't tabulated the most popular-by-votes, as we are still waiting to hear from an intrepid explorer out in Tucson and a few others. I think one thing is rather clear, that people still love to read about the old expeditions. I bet 90% of the votes were for books written prior to World War II. No one voted for Huntford's Scott & Amundsen. Amazing. No one voted for Bunny Fuchs' book on the British Commonwealth Transant-

arctic Expedition. Sir Edmund's book drew a blank, too, ditto the late Peter Mulgrew, and more dittos on Paul-Emile Victor and Les Quartermain. It has been a popular item in Bergy Bits, and has struck a responsive chord in a lot of our members. The bottom line seems to be that the classics are still alive in our hearts, but as individuals we also have some other very personal choices that aren't necessarily well-known.

Guy Guthridge, husband of tennis playing Ruth Guthridge, and Manager of the Polar Information Program in the Division of Polar Programs at NSF, has provided us with a working man's list of Antarctic books, books which researchers would want to have on their shelves. They all have been published since 1951, and he uses all of them in his daily work, although he confesses that he hasn't read through all of them. But here is Guy's list, not in any "order of preference or utility."

1. Kenneth J. Bertrand's *Americans in Antarctica 1775-1948* (American Geographical Society, 1971) is the authoritative history for that period.
2. Walker Chapman's *Antarctic Conquest* (Bobbs-Merrill, 1965) and Charles Neider's *Antarctica* (Random House, 1972) are listed as one because they do the same thing: anthologize the well-known explorers and writers. Chapman gives 46 excerpts in 355 pages, while Neider gives 14 longer selections in 424 pages. You need both books.
3. The *Antarctic Map Folio Series* (American Geographical Society, 1964-1975) is actually 19 folders—each with a short text, numerous special maps and drawings, and lots of references. It graphically presents Antarctica's geology, ice, atmosphere, oceans, biota, and other subjects plus exploratory tracks over the centuries.
4. *Geographic Names of Antarctica* (United States Board on Geographic Names, 1956) lists the 3,400 place names then officially recognized by the U.S.A. It locates and describes features and notes why (or after whom) they were named. A revised edition (*Geographic Names of the Antarctic*) with 12,000 names has just been published by the Government Printing Office (April 1981).
5. *Frozen Future; A Prophetic Report from Antarctica*, edited by Richard S. Lewis and Philip M. Smith (Quadrangle Books, 1973), has 31 articles by Gould, Daniels, Craddock, Fletcher, Fuchs and others on science, logistics, and politics. It includes "The long look ahead," with insights as fresh today as when A. P. Crary wrote them in 1970.
6. *Research in the Antarctic*, edited by Louis O. Quam (AAAS, 1971) is the proceedings of a conference. It has 39 papers by top people. When I want to convince someone of the worth of antarctic science I show him/her this book.
7. The CIA's *Polar Regions Atlas* (Government Printing Office, 1978) contains 23 pages on the Antarctic. Chief attractions are the superb figures and maps, together with succinct text.
8. The *Antarctic Bibliography* (U.S. Naval Photographic Interpretation Center, 1951; reprinted 1968 by the Greenwood Press, Westport, Connecticut) is John Roscoe's indexed list of some 5,500 books and papers, covering all the expeditions from J. B. C.

Bouvet de Lozier to John Giaver and more. It is the only reasonably complete guide to pre-IGY antarctic literature.

9. Picking up where Roscoe left off, the Library of Congress Antarctic Bibliography (12 volumes, Government Printing Office, 1965-) contains abstracts and author, subject, and geographic indexes for 1951 to the present - 28,561 titles so far.
10. Problems of Polar Research, edited by W. L. G. Joerg (American Geographical Society, 1928) is a humbling book. Its eight exclusively antarctic papers (there are 31 in all) are by Mawson, Drygalski, Taylor, Priestley, Tilley, Wright, Robert Cushman Murphy, and others. Many of the great theories regarding Antarctica's role in our planet are set out clearly and in detail on these pages. How much they knew then! And how gracefully expressed.

The Antarctic Society still has a few - would you believe a hundred - copies of Science, Technology, and Sovereignty in the Polar Regions, edited by Gerry Schatz, published in 1974, originally sold for \$20.00, which the Society is offering to you for only \$5.00. It has all you ever wanted to know about international law and natural jurisdiction in the polar regions, PLUS the Antarctic Treaty and recommendations from the first 7 Consultative Antarctic Meetings. The book will tell you such things as to where you will find the first grave in Antarctica (Cape Adare, Norwegian biologist, Nicolai Hanson, member of Borchgrevink's "Southern Cross" Expedition). Buy it now before we sell out. Own an Antarctic book without a single glossy picture, in fact, without a single picture. That shows you how scholarly it really is.

By popular demand, the almost annual Mid-Winter Picnic is back on the summer calendar, and at the ever popular Stronghold on the slopes of Sugar Loaf Mountain, two gallons of gasoline away from Washington Monument in the town of Comus, Maryland. The date has been set, Saturday, July 11th - the grounds will open at 2 o'clock, we must flee by darkness, Comus Inn will again cater, and the rub is \$16.60 (of which \$1.00 is programmed towards the admission charge of Stronghold which goes to preserve the oaks). There will be two movies in the evening, courtesy of the Australian Embassy. One is a color film of 18 minutes' duration entitled Beyond the Ice Pack, and the other is a 22 minute film, also in color, Prince Charles Mountains. The buffet dinner by Comus Inn is always outstanding, a gastronomical victory, consisting of baked ham, roast turkey, roast beef, scallops, potatoes au gratin, peas with mushrooms, tossed salad, 3-bean salad, hot rolls, dessert, and beverage (presumably coffee and milk). How can you beat that, especially when served in such a sylvan setting, after you have enjoyed a leisurely walk up to the top of Sugar Loaf Mountain and have quenched your thirst at the Charlie Morrison-Bill Cook Liquor Unlimited open cash bar? Checks should be made payable to the Antarctic Society, and must be in by July 6th. Note the Society's new address - c/o R. Siple, 905 N. Jacksonville St., Arlington, VA 22205! You people with kids - they can brown bag it, but if they should escape your clutches and go through the line, we'll have to charge you the full fare as we pay Comus by the number of bodies going through the line. There is no such thing as a rain-out, as whoever heard of rain on Mid-Winter Day Washington style? Festivities would be moved indoors in case of a downpour. Now to get there! Take Route 70S off the Beltway as if you were heading north for Frederick or Camp David, depending on who your relatives

and friends may be. When you've driven 16.3 miles beyond the Rockville exit, take the Hyattsville-Comus exit, circle under the highway and follow Route 109 for 3.3 miles into Comus. Don't blink your eyes or you'll miss Comus, as it's just the Comus Inn on your right. Turn right here onto Comus Road (County Rt. 95) and go 2 1/2 miles. Proceed straight across the paved intersection (Mountain-Cross Roads), and if there is not a small lake on your left, return immediately to the Washington Monument and start all over again. A fourth of a mile beyond the intersection, turn right up the mountain through a gateway. Follow this for another 1/4 of a mile. There will be a house with four columns on the right - admire it, but don't stop there as that's not it. Go around the bend, and you will find Stronghold. You can park your car downslope from the building. It's easy.

RESERVATION FORM ON LAST PAGE!

The February issue of Smithsonian has an excellent story on CRREL, the Army's Cold Regions Research Engineering Laboratory at Hanover, which is the modern day extension of SIPRE (Snow, Ice, Permafrost Research Establishment). The title of the article is "Waging war against the cold is the job of a unique Army lab", and it starts out with the best picture ever taken of our own Steve Ackley. It's not your typical centerfold. In fact, the only thing you can see is the top of Steve's nose. But there is a limit, you know, to just how much you can cover up with the fur ruff on your parka! When I first met Steve my initial reaction was that he looked somewhat like old Kaye Everett in stature and had some of his mannerisms. The Smithsonian makes him out to be very much like Kaye who is sort of a legendary character in his own right. The article says that Steve was 1) almost eaten by two polar bears - saved only by firing an emergency orange smoke flare which turned back the bears while they were choosing who was to take the first bite; 2) that he rolled off a snowmobile breaking through the ice enroute to a watery grave some 10,000 feet below; and 3) that he almost plummeted to the bottom of a bottomless crevasse on an iceberg. Now those are real Everett type stories, maybe fact, maybe fiction, but always interesting. I bet Kaye is sorry he never thought of them first. There is quite a bit in the article about Malcolm Mellor ("one of the nice things about going to Antarctica is that you get to go through all the tropical regions to get there") - and Tony Gow. Congratulations to the Smithsonian and to author Richard Wolkomir for a most interesting article. Incidentally, that full page picture of Steve shows him studying cross-polarized ice crystals from Antarctica.

I'm sure you all read in your hometown paper the comments of the judge who headed the investigation of the Air New Zealand DC-10 crash on Ross Island. The final report of the inquiry blames the airline for changing the flight plan the night before the flight without informing the crew. The new flight plan put them on a collision course with Mt. Erebus. The judge accused the airline officials of making a concerted attempt during the inquiry to conceal their mistakes. I would like to read the whole inquiry, as it seems to me from what I had read earlier in Christchurch papers that the error in the computer flight plan was detected on the previous Air New Zealand flight to McMurdo, and that this was reported to their head-shop after they returned from the trip. Regardless, it is the saddest hour in the whole history of the Antarctic. A terrible, terrible happening.

It is my personal feeling that Bergy Bits has run its course and that it's time for a change. A couple of recent events at a Board of Directors' meeting sort of confirmed this gut feeling. Change is always good for an organization and aspiring would-be writers of the Society's Newsletter should get in touch with President Pete Burrill at his home address (5204 Westwood Drive, Washington, D.C. 20016).

Writing a newsletter is a mixed bag. It can be enjoyable in that you can write nearly anything you want, subject solely to the editing of our resident typist, Ruth Siple, who evidently traces her ancestry directly back to the Puritans. But the position also catches a fair amount of flak, and this is the aspect which I don't really enjoy. It has been a labor of love for me for three years, but it has left some scars too. I was greatly upset over the turn of events with Pennie Rau over the Antarctic belt buckle, as she had become a very dear friend to both Ruth and me. She subsequently dropped out of the Society, and this hurt as she was one of our most valued members and our very first At-large Board member. Another member has repeatedly told me that I took a cheap shot at him when I was only reporting the truth. I don't mind catching hell occasionally, but it becomes like married life when it becomes repetitive. But the most recent Board of Directors' meeting convinced me that I should hang it all up. It looks good on paper to have a Board of Directors for our Society, although I think the Society could function more effectively and efficiently with just dedicated officers (President, Vice-President, Secretary, Treasurer) who work together as a team and communicate with one another. As an old infantry man who learned his lessons the hard way, I am a firm believer that people who propose things should have full responsibility for doing them. It's easy to walk into a meeting every two months or so and propose something, knowing that you won't get saddled with it. If I had my way, every suggestor who pushed through an idea, no matter how insignificant, would receive as his/her just rewards - the opportunity to label 400 envelopes, fold and stuff 400 Newsletters, and then separate them by Zip Codes!! I've done this for every single mailing except one (which Ruth did while I was on travel) for three years, and I guarantee if the "idea jokers" had to do this there would be some beautiful, quiet, short, peaceful Board meetings.

This Bergy Bits, like all of their predecessors, is only the voice of one member of the Society and in no way constitutes the position of the Society on any subject. For those of you who have read the column, I thank you - for those of you who have not, I admire and respect your great wisdom.

Antarctican Society, c/o R. Siple, 905 N. Jacksonville St., Arlington, VA 22205

Yes, I want a copy of Science, Technology and Sovereignty in the Polar Regions. Please find enclosed my check for \$5.00, made payable to the ANTARCTICAN SOCIETY. Mail the book to:

Antarctican Society, c/o R. Siple, 905 N. Jacksonville St., Arlington, VA 22205

MID-WINTER PICNIC, STRONGHOLD, COMUS, MARYLAND

Saturday, July 11th, 2 p.m. 'til dark. Cost per person \$16.60.

MAKE CHECKS PAYABLE TO ANTARCTICAN SOCIETY.

Amount Enclosed _____

NAME _____

TELEPHONE NUMBER _____

(We may need to call you)

RESERVATIONS MUST BE RECEIVED BY MONDAY, JULY 6th!!