



THE ANTARCTIC SOCIETY

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

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- Dr. Paul C. Dalrymple, 1978-80
- Dr. Meredith F. Burrill, 1980-82

Vol. 80-81 October No. 3

First Meeting of 1980-81

Tuesday, October 21 - 8 p.m.

PLEASE
COME !

Dr. James W. Collinson
Institute of Polar Studies
The Ohio State University
and
Antarctica

PLEASE
COME !

Honorary Members:

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

"Gondwana Geology in Antarctica and Tasmania"

Board Room, Room 540, National Science Foundation
18th and G Streets

Growler #2

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

Several members of the Society attended a skillful, effective briefing session for those going South this year. The group seemed to be able, young, matter-of-fact, ready to get going on their several special projects. I talked with a few of them, and wondered to myself whether any might feel, as I had felt two decades before, a little guilty that getting there and living there have been made so easy. Perhaps - if they have read enough about how tough it once was, how Antarctica is becoming more and more a laboratory. The horizons have been looked over, now we're looking under rocks. The change has to affect who goes there and their attitude toward the place.

At the end of a two-week look at Iceland's ice and land last August I visited by telephone with Carroll (B.A.E. I) Foster, long retired but full of pep, golfs on a nice nine-hole course at Reykjavik. His wife Helga is an Icelander and they have chosen to live there. He seemed pleased to hear the news of our doings and asked me to convey his best wishes to all. I was with a small group sponsored by the Explorers Club and guided by Icelander Bjorn Ruriksson, looking particularly at geology and natural history. Iceland is the part of the Mid-Atlantic Ridge that is above water and one can see it splitting apart; combining icecaps and volcanoes lead to some spectacles, too. I managed to tear a muscle while trying to climb onto a glacier, and so didn't go to Maine on my return as I had told Paul I planned to do. Otherwise his Bergy Bit about me would have been on the mark.

I have been holding off on a planning meeting to include your comments and suggestions as invited in Growler #1. None came but they'll still be welcome after our Board meeting on the 7th of October.

Meredith F. (Pete) Burrill

Bergy Bits is an entirely unrehearsed, uncensored conglomerate of Antarctic information, and misinformation at times, and it does not in any way constitute any official position of the Antarctic Society, being just the prejudiced voice of a solitary member who does not know when not to write. Plans on making this particular column one devoted to Antarctic books have gone awry as man's best laid plans seem to go, as personal business and an earlier-than-expected Newsletter have eroded the time necessary to put together a book column. And we also got zero comments from you on your favorite or not-so-favorite Antarctic books. However, we feel so strongly about Huntford's Scott and Amundsen that we will be presenting our thoughts on this great book later on in the Newsletter. We are going to slant some of this issue towards our many California members, as there are so many Antarcticans in California that the seat of power could shift to the Bay Area. We would rather appease early than face a coup later.

The Antarctic belt buckle has had to be withdrawn from sales because of a series of circumstances beyond my control. We were laboring under the misimpression that there would be no cut-off date and all orders would be filled as they came in. It all happened so suddenly that it caught us with a pocketful of money for orders which had to be returned, and nothing has grieved me more in my lifetime. But a combination of losing money and time involved resulted in Pennie Rau calling halt after producing 100 belt buckles. It turned out to be somewhat of a costly operation for the Society, as we ended up giving Pennie all of our mark-up. We came out of this deal over \$300 in the hole, and I feel bad about it as I was responsible for getting us into the buckle business. I feel really sorry for those who ordered a buckle who will not be getting one. Those of you who did get the buckles you ordered have a valuable pants holder-upper, believe you me. Enjoy them and wear them in good health!

I goofed it up on who's on first as the first great grandchild of the late Admiral Byrd. Alice of the House of Richard E. Byrd III was born on March 25, 1980, and that beat Cameron by 18 days. Sorry about that, Alice, no offense intended, you did get here first. But Cameron, we gave you both three "hip, hip hoorays" in the hallowed auditorium of the National Academy of Sciences prior to the Charlie Bentley Memorial Lecture and we expect both to join our Society in due course.

Our membership continues to grow, and our 19 new members put us up to 348 members in good standing. And we have collected this year's dues from over 250. If you have not paid, your name will be printed in ink on the membership form on the last page. It sure does help when mailing out the Newsletter if we don't have to take time to write in names, so please pay at your earliest convenience. We picked up quite a few of the old IGY gang, which makes us happy as we head down the road towards our 25th reunion in 1982-83. From the South Pole we have Ed Flowers, Floyd Johnson, and John Guerrero from 1957 and Dee Witt Baulch from 1958; from Little America V we added Wild Bill Cromie from '57 and Steve Den Hartog and Lyle McGinnis from '58, plus Nolan Aughenbaugh from Ellsworth '57 and Gil Dewart from Wilkes '57. If one wintered over twice, Big Bert Crary would call you a two-time loser, so I guess Gil was a two-time loser as he went back for a year with the Russians at Mirny. I don't know just what Big Bert would call Floyd Johnson - not only did he go back to the South Pole for another year of post-graduate work, but he also went to Ellsworth with the Argentines. Floyd's trip to Ellsworth was supposed to be another one of those regular one-year affairs, but the camp was never relieved (ice conditions) and Floyd was able to get credit for a 4th winter on the ice. Floyd met

the USS Curtiss at dockside in Port Lyttleton in January 1957 and briefed us on the wonders and glories of New Zealand. He told us there were a lot of pretty girls in Christchurch, that some of them might enjoy the company of an American, but that we should not waste our time on any in the Warner Hotel as they were beyond approach. We all thought well of Floyd for giving us this heading as time was of the essence, particularly because the late Harry Wexler, Chief Scientist of the Antarctic IGY forces, carried out a mandatory evening lecture series off the lobby of the Warner Hotel. But it didn't take long to find out that Floyd's admonition was self-serving and that the Warner was really the happy hunting grounds. Bill Gromie should be good copy any time, as he lived the full life. I don't think Bill missed much in his bachelor days. Ed Flowers sought and found refuge at the South Pole from the worst job in the old Weather Bureau, answering crank letters about busted weather forecasts. But Ed must be snake bitten, because now he has charge of the National Solar Radiation network, another loser with all kinds of calibration problems. Steve Den Hartog put Bert Crary on the front page of the New York Times, immortalized him for life with his account of Big Bert's unique high platform dive and swim at Kainan Bay. Steve is with the Army's Cold Regions Research and Engineering Laboratory at Hanover, New Hampshire.

Not all of our new members are old, not all of them are men. Jackie Ronne, Michele Raney, and Nan Scott have all recently joined. All three are in the record books, Jackie for being one of the first two women to winter over in the Antarctic, Michele for being the first woman to winter over at the South Pole, and Nan and Donna Much-more were the first women scientists to work at the South Pole (1975). Nan and her professional cohort, Harold Muchmore, go to the Antarctic each summer to interview people at the end of the year to see what kind of stresses they endured during the winter. This seems to me like a marriage counselor interviewing both combatants after the divorce has become final. My recollections may have become dimmed by time, but it seems to me that the winters were the periods of no stresses and that the stresses appeared only when planes started landing, bringing in people asking silly questions. A lot of things are done backwards on the ice - the wintering-over people should really be interviewing the summer folks. Like that cartoon of a summer folk talking to the old man sitting in a rocker on the porch of a general store in Maine. She is saying, "There are sure a bunch of strange people living here in Maine", and he answers, "Yup, there are, but they all leave here the day after Labor Day."

We are especially pleased to include Helen Poulter as a new member of our Society. She is, of course, the widow of the famed scientist, Tom Poulter, who served as the Chief Scientist on the 1933-35 Byrd expedition. Helen had an operation this summer for cancer but claims that she feels "great and am able to continue life where I left off." She hears occasionally from John Hermann, but I presume from her letter that she would like to hear from some of the others who were there with Tom.

Huntford's Scott and Amundsen - what a book! I think it's the most fantastic Antarctic book I have ever read, as it covers two Antarctic giants, plus a little of Shackleton and a sprinkling of other "names" at the turn of the century. The book is very emotional, most powerful, and will affect each and every reader in one way or another. You'll find yourself in the pages, as I doubt if there is a soul alive who does not have a little bit of either Captain Scott or Amundsen in himself. If you are a lover of Captain Scott, forget the book; it will only result in a case of ulcers. Amundsen does not come out as Mr. Clean either. From what I had heard prior to reading, I thought it was a book which scalped only Scott. Not so. There are no real true winners in this book (unless it is Nansen),

because Roland Huntford put everyone under microscopic dissection and I doubt if there are any Antarcticans who could stand such scrutiny. England got caught with their windproofs down in this book, as they willingly and unwittingly opened all their files for Huntford's perusal. Bunny Fuchs reviewed this book in the July 1980 The Geographical Journal and his two-page review had only one sentence praising the book, "it is apparent that Mr. Huntford has done a remarkable piece of very detailed research on which he is to be congratulated, for there is much new and interesting material and his style is very readable." I have never seen a book with so many quotes, though I hasten to add that I am not a book reader. There are 999 notes on the 579 pages. He examined the diaries and journals of 47 different Antarcticans and armchair Antarcticans. His bibliography of Antarctic books shows 222 different authors. The index is fantastic, as it shows not only the pages where a particular name crops up, but he includes the subject presented. If one wants to find out where Amundsen studied about magnetic observations, it is right there in the index under Amundsen. The strength of the book probably lies in the quotations from the various diaries and journals; its Achilles heel would be the personal interpretations Huntford gives to events. The British are livid with the interpretation given to the final days of Scott's party on the ice shelf. Huntford pretty well stripped Captain Scott as both a leader and as a polar expert, and these were attributes where Amundsen shone. I once was privileged to work in the office next to Sir Hubert Wilkins and got to know him even better when he visited Little America V where I was pulling up stakes to move on to the South Pole. Sir Hubert's opinions about Scott's qualifications to lead a polar expedition were very similar to those proffered by Huntford. Captain Scott never really saw fit to train himself for his polar exploration and there is even some doubt at the very end if he really had a good understanding of the polar regions. Amundsen, on the other hand, spent a quarter of a century in the polar regions. Scott was more a man of the Admiralty, Amundsen a man of Hardangervidda. Scott had Markham, Amundsen had Nansen. Scott was a navy man with a lackluster professional career, Amundsen learned about the seas from family ships and sealers. They were as different as a chocolate éclair and a molasses cookie. I came out of the book with only one regret, that the six years Amundsen was on the MAUD on its North-East Passage were covered in less than two pages. But I found it exciting as the devil to read about Amundsen's race to the South Pole. You will find yourself right there with him, Amundsen reaching the South Pole prior to Scott was presented as a triumph in personnel selection, the recognition of the importance of both skis and dogs, careful planning and execution, plus dedication. In contrast, Scott made so many poor decisions that it was rather excruciating to read of his man-hauling journey. The British sure have a corner on knowing how to suffer.

Did you know that the tent which Amundsen left at the South Pole was made by Martin Ronne, modeled after an aerodynamic tent designed by Dr. Cook? It contained the first congratulations received by Amundsen when he reached the Pole because carefully sewn into the tent, were two labels, one reading "Bon Voyage" and the other "Welcome to 90 degrees." Incidentally, Paul Carter is incorrect in his recent book when he wrote that Martin Ronne had wintered over at Framheim with Amundsen. He went south with Amundsen, did outstanding work on the ship working long hours on a rolling deck making tents, but stayed on the FRAM which returned to South America to do oceanographic research in the South Atlantic while Amundsen went to the South Pole. The book ends with a quotation from our own Larry Gould with his comments upon finding Amundsen's cairn on Betty's Knoll. I suppose the most surprising thing to me was the obsession that Scott had for a member of his first expedition, Ernest Shackleton, who completely alienated Scott by returning to the Antarctic with his own expedition and trying to go to the South Pole. While Amundsen was constantly worrying about the whereabouts of Scott, Scott was actually rejoicing over breaking

marks set by Shackleton. There were many historic firsts set by Amundsen, but one had to be painful. Shortly after leaving the South Pole on the return trip, one of his men came down with a toothache. Amundsen pulled it while the guy was in his sleeping bag. Welcome to the South Pole!

There are quite a few pictures, about a hundred, half of which could have been left out with no loss. The sketch maps are not in keeping with the calibre of the book, but this is being picayunish. The book is loaded from cover to cover, and I doubt if you can lay it down once you pick it up. It is a Holy Mackerel book. Every four or five pages I found something which led me to exclaim, "Holy Mackerel!" I think you will, too. A real bargain at only \$19.95 from G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Historians are probably not going to be too kind to Scott, as we are living in an era of letting it all hang out for everyone to see. The late George Finkel, in his Antarctica: The Heroic Age (Williams Collins Publishers Pty. Ltd., Sydney about 1975) said, "It was near heresy to question Scott or his methods. Any mistakes (and Finkel listed ten) he made were glossed over by the tragedy of his party." He quoted the well-known Australian geographer, Dr. Griffith Taylor, who spent most of his life teaching in Canada, as saying that he never spoke to Scott after his first interview. You know these must be awful trying days for Sir Peter Scott. In Huntford's book, the acknowledgments stress that Sir Peter totally disassociated himself from anything in the book.

When you think about it, there is precious little biographical material written in this country on Antarcticans. Lowell Thomas did a real fine book on Sir Hubert Wilkins, although it included only the first half of his life. And if one wanted to be technical, even though Sir Hubert spent most of his adventuresome years working in or out of the United States, he was an Australian by birth. I know Peter Anderson is interested in doing biographies on Admiral Byrd, Bernt Balchen, and Wilkins, but we seem to have a dearth of other Antarcticans who want to write on our own heroes.

I think George Dufek would have enjoyed Amundsen, as Amundsen took a dim view about doing it with scientists. And during the IGY, there were those among us operating out of Rumour Central at Little America V who felt that Uncle George felt the same way. We also felt that Father Dan Linehan served-as Dufek's own private one-man scientific task force. Father Dan loved to operate the amateur radio ham rig at McMurdo, and when he wasn't playing with dynamite, that was his hang out. It seemed to us that whenever George got fed up with the scientists - and this was quite often he would go and get Father Dan out of the radio shack, shove him into a plane with a few reporters, and take off for some seismic shots and a few headlines of his own. Amundsen had another way of doing it; he left all scientists at home and just took snow and ice experts, not even a doctor. Amundsen wasn't wholly anti-scientists, he just didn't want them around challenging his leadership. He had gone to medical school, although he never graduated. And whenever he felt a need for knowledge on such subjects as magnetism or oceanography, he took crash courses, prior to departures, on the subjects from the leading experts in those fields in Norway.

One of my all-time favorite expeditions was the Norwegian-British-Swedish Expedition to Maudheim, 1949-1952. Has there ever been an expedition with so many famous names? Just look at them - like a Who's Who in Polar Research: Valter Schytt, Gordon de Q. Robin, Gosta Liljequist, Charles Swithinbank, Fred Roots, Ove Wilson, Alan Reece, and others. And Professor Sverdrup and Brian Roberts came down on the NORSEL in the summer of 1950-51! I always felt that the micrometeorological program of Liljequist never got its due recognition. He did a fantastic job, and his publications

of results are still classics. And for sheer drama, it is hard to duplicate the miraculous operation which Ove Wilson pulled off when he was told by London that he had to remove one of Alan Reece's eyes if he were to have any chance of keeping the sight of his other good eye. Alan, a geologist, had been struck in his eye by a piece of the rock at which he was hammering. Ove had never even seen an eye removal, let alone perform one. He got his instructions over the BBC, tooled his own surgical instruments, selected his assistants and gave them detailed" instructions - all unbeknown to Alan. They finally were ready to go, told Alan three days ahead of time, and he gave his consent. As Alan lay on the operating table he remarked, "Boys, I'm scared stiff inside." The operation took two hours and forty minutes, and was pulled off "without a hitch." In fact, Alan was able to join in sledging trips later on in the expedition. Imagine my great surprise and pleasure in the late 1960's to find out that Dr. Wilson was actually working one summer in the very same laboratories where I was employed. Needless to say, one of my prized possessions is the book on this expedition, The White Desert by John Giaver, 256 pages, E. P. Dutton and Company, Inc., 1954, with a nice inscription from Ove. If you haven't read this book, you should. The expedition was the first large-scale international expedition ever organized. Three of the expedition members (there were 15 altogether) drowned and another was rescued from a drifting ice floe.

Lisle Rose of the State Department, who is also on our Board of Directors, has just written a book on Operation Highjump, Assault on Eternity. We have not seen it, but you folks should be getting a notice of its availability very soon (if not already) from the publisher, the U. S. Naval Institute. I understand it's a thick tome and will be selling for \$19.95.

Another new book is Elephant Island: An Antarctic Expedition by John "Chris" Furse, a Commander in the Royal Navy. It is published by Anthony Nelson Ltd., 7 St. John's Hill, Shrewsbury SY1 1JE, Salop, England, and sells for 9.95 pounds. It is the story of an unique expedition, the members of which were 16 quite ordinary servicemen from Lance Corporal to Naval Commander, none of whom were professional explorers. The purpose of the three-month expedition in 1976-77 was to make the first scientific exploration of the unknown islands, and the appendices provide a series of papers describing the structure and life of the island group. It was, apparently, the first Antarctic expedition to use canoes - ten strong Tasman canoes; the members used them to cross the sea to make the first ascent of Clarence Island, 6312 feet. The Geographical Magazine said, "The diary style succeeds very well in recreating the atmosphere of immediacy which characterizes the book from cover to cover ... excellent maps, superb colour plates and photographs." I have NOT seen the book, let alone read it, but we did want to bring it to your attention as a recent Antarctic book.

Dr. El-Sayed has written a book review of Antarctica: No Single Country. No Single Sea by Creina Bond, Roy Siegfried and Peter Johnson, published by C. Struik, Pty. Ltd., Cape Town, South Africa, 1979. 175 pages, 101 color plates. \$24.

.... A journalist and former editor of African Wildlife (Creina Bond), a well-known ornithologist (Roy Seigfried) and a world-renowned natural history photographer (Peter Johnson) have pooled their talents and collaborated in the production of this well-written, profusely illustrated and handsomely covered book on Antarctica.....

.... The book is written with objectivity, clarity and sensitivity. It carries an important message. This message is succinctly summarized in the book's sub-title: No Single Country. No Single Sea.

"In the international corridors of power", the authors wrote in the Preface, "there is a growing recognition of the scientific, ecological and economic importance of the Southern Ocean and Antarctica. There is a growing concern, too, for the future of the area's natural systems, and this is reflected in current negotiations on a proposed Convention on the Conservation of Antarctic Marine Living Resources." The authors expressed hope that their book will show "that Antarctica and the Southern Ocean influence all the world..."

The text of each of the twelve chapters is accompanied by superb photographs of the breath-taking beauty of Antarctica, its surrounding seas and their marine life – photographs that are among the very best that this reviewer has seen.

Historians, oceanographers, marine biologists, glaciologists, mammalogists and conservationists, etc., will feast on the chapters (written in prose style) on the history of antarctic exploration and read about the heroic deeds of the men who struggled against the winds and the monstrous seas to explore the inhospitable continent. They will also read descriptions of the physical setting of the White Continent encircled by its frozen seas, glaciers and icebergs. They will delight in reading about the history of the formation of Bouvet Island and other oceanic islands and will be fascinated by the vivid description of the recent volcanic eruption in Deception Island. Then there is the Chapter on "The Long Night" with its moving account of the story of the survival of the Emperor penguins and their chick-rearing ordeal. There is also a marvellous account of the Wandering Albatross "that circles the world for three years before making landfall" and despite all the research carried out on these long-lived birds, we are told that we know next to nothing about 90 per cent of the 50 years that these magnificent birds spend at sea.

But it is in chapters on the plight of whales and seals, two of the antarctic boom-and-bust industries, that the authors have made their poignant plea for reason lest the tragedy that has befallen the whales and seals also engulf another soon-to-start fishery on ... krill. In that chapter the authors traced the history of Antarctic whaling expeditions, their spectacular rise to an ignominious decline and pointed out how a greedy industry never heeded the advice of the scientists. Now that man has thoroughly decimated the whale population, he is eyeing the food of these whales, thus he will become the exploiter of both prey and predator of that system.

The chapter on "Supermarket Supershrimp" is simply super! It discusses the life history of the krill, *Euphausia superba*, and the contributions to our knowledge of this creature by the DISCOVERY scientists, studies which have laid the foundation of our present knowledge of much of the Southern Ocean. The chapter ends by discussing the BIOMASS (Biological Investigations of Marine Antarctic Systems and Stocks) programme and the concern of the Scientific Committee on Antarctic Research (SCAR) and other international scientific committees to ensure that the living resources of the Southern Ocean are properly managed and the antarctic marine ecosystem is saved from further abuse.

Our Society official court writer would have to be Charlie (B.A.E. II) Murphy, as he has done quite well by the pen. You will recall that his last literary piece, *The Windsors*, which he co-authored last year with J. Bryan III, was on the best seller list for quite a long period. Right now Charlie is working on a biography of the late James Forrestal, and after that he has programmed a history of the military and foreign policies of the Eisenhower presidency. Then he is going to do a narrative of the Second Byrd Antarctic Expedition, one which he writes "will be lighthearted." I wish Charlie would change his priorities and do the book on BAE II first, especially after reading his game plan (which will remain a secret!). When you think of the importance of the first two Byrd Antarctic expeditions, there really has been precious little published.

Deborah Shapley, on leave from *Science* magazine, is writing a book on Antarctica for the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace. Her book "will deal mainly with the upcoming foreign policy issues of living and mineral resources and how the United States and other Treaty powers should deal with them." But it will have some interesting things, too, as she writes that she is "including as much Antarctic lore as I can, as well as the IGY, the science programs, U. S. exploring expeditions, and maybe even a passage on Antarctic philately." I have always enjoyed her articles in *Science* as they were so readable and understandable. I think it is rather exciting that she is writing this book on the Antarctic. I'll certainly be in line when it comes up for sale.

Line Washburn told *The World* what needed to be done in polar research in the August 8th issue of *Science*. It was a foolproof article as he had run it through Bill Benninghoff, Charlie Bentley, Cam Craddock, Louie DeGoes, Bob Helliwell, Tim Hushen, Murray Mitchell, Ed Todd, and Jim Zumberge, plus nine other guys who have not seen the light and joined our Society. I would now like to see a companion article (with the same thoroughness) on what has been accomplished in the past 25 years, because that would be pretty impressive, too. Polar research will always have a future in this country as long as the Soviet Union faces us across the Arctic and maintains their great interests in polar research. Line said one thing which I, as a former Pole sitter, would have to take deep exception to, namely that there are "alternating 6-month periods of continuous daylight and darkness at the poles." This really isn't so in spite of its common usage. When the sun goes down there are 16 more days with civil twilight, which is followed by 37 days of astronomical twilight, and then there are 81 days of darkness before astronomical twilight-civil twilight and then the sun returns. And half of those 81 days with darkness aren't really all that dark because of the moon. A little bit of moon goes a long way when you have a white surface and few clouds towards making the outside environment "lightable". My program necessitated my going 500 feet from camp several times every day of the year, and I always took both camp dogs with me. The dogs always responded more to light than to temperature. If the temperature was below -90° F, they would still want to go for a walk and their only reaction would be not leaving their paws on the snow surface long, continuously picking them up and putting them down. But upon seeing the moon after a couple of weeks with no moon they would take off together like a couple of drunks and run like crazy all over the place. You folks who have never spent a winter at the South Pole have missed out on one of the real pleasures of life, as the weather is almost entirely free of storms. Sunless, but by no means dark, and ever so quiet and peaceful.

Another new book on the Antarctic, *Beyond Cape Horn* by Charles Neider, is being published by the Sierra Club. This 400-page book, priced at \$16.95, is about his third trip to the Antarctic in the summer of 1977 when he visited McMurdo Sound and the Antarctic Peninsula on the BURTON ISLAND. It is also his third book on

the Antarctic. It has eight pages of color photos, including, I think, the Dotte Larsen Sierra Club Award winning shot of Arthur's Harbor mentioned in the last Newsletter. Sure looks like the same picture, anyway. Neider was born in Odessa, Russia and calls himself a "literary writer and humanist." If you're one of those folks who enjoys going next door and seeing your neighbor's slides of their summer vacation, you will like this book. It starts off well, being dedicated to "Laurence McKinley Gould, scientist, explorer, teacher, friend." That would be the highlight of the book except there are three rather interesting chapters: Chapter 12, Conversation with Sir Charles Wright; Chapter 13, A Talk with Sir Vivian Fuchs; and Chapter 15, Conservation with Laurence McKinley Gould. Jerry Huffman comes off as a pretty nice guy with Neider saying that Jerry had "less of the bureaucrat in him than almost any other civil servant I had ever met." And Lyle McGinnis will be happy to read that he "had a keen look about him and was in very good shape physically." Frank Mahncke was described as the "most easygoing member of the inspection team." The book is written diary style and is a good running account of how much money he won and lost at the poker table each night. Being published by the Sierra Club, it is not surprising to find both The Antarctic Treaty and The Antarctic Conservation Act of 1978 in the appendices. An annotated bibliography is poorly done, strongly personalized and most incomplete. Of Admiral Byrd's books he shows only Little America and Alone, not even mentioning Discovery. He would have been better off by not including such a bibliography. I wouldn't call the book outstanding, by any standard, but then I think most Antarctic books are mediocre, and you just might like it.

Another Antartican, Alton A. Lindsey (Allegheny '29) presented sixteen of his recent articles and essays from popular nature and environmental magazines as a 1980 book, Naturalists, Explorers, and Pioneers, published by Lynnden, West Lafayette, Indiana. Two chapters tell how Paul A. Siple (Allegheny '32) worked out the now familiar wind chill factor in Antarctica, and another chapter deals with the men of the second Byrd Antarctic Expedition, with which Dr. Lindsey was zoologist in 1933-35. Dr. Lindsey, emeritus professor of ecology at Purdue University, received the Eminent Ecologist Award in 1976.

John Behrendt of our Society was one of four co-authors on an article in the August 29th issue of Science entitled "Aeromagnetic and Radio Echo Ice-Sounding Measurements Show Much Greater Area of the Dufek Intrusion, Antarctica." The survey made in 1978 over the Dufek layered mafic intrusion suggests a minimum area of the intrusion of about 50,000 square kilometers, making it comparable in size with the Bushveld Complex of Africa. Uncle George, we never really suspected the magnitude of your spread!

The U.S. Antarctic community is waiting with bated breath for two books being put together by Bert Crary and Tom Jones, one of which will recount how the Antarctic IGY program became a reality. They are both out there beating the bushes for all the information they can gather. Every time I ask Bert how things are coming along, he say they are still in Chapter I, so maybe we shouldn't hold our breath for its publication. I hope it doesn't read like a history book, and I also hope it has some of Bert's personality in it. It also appears that Mildred of the House of Crary is gathering more information on the women of Antarctica, so could she too be thinking of publishing?

Frank (B.A.E. I) Davies is evidently having a rough go of it. Our last word was in late August when his wife renewed his membership. She wrote then that "Frank has had a massive stroke in May and left paralyzed, all left side. He'll be in Civic Hospital many months and no hope he will ever walk again." All Antarticans are grieved to hear of his problems, and our hearts and prayers go out to both "Taffy" and his wife during these trying days.

Californians All! (No. 3 state with number of members)

Katherine Byrd Breyer	514 Lillian Way	Los Angeles	90004
Kennard F. Bubier	1500 Santanella Terrace	Corona Del Mar	92625
David M. Canham	8415 Lakehaven Court	Fair Oaks	95628
Nicholas B. Clinch	2001 Bryant Street	Palo Alto	94301
David G. Coles	2684 Wellingham Drive	Livermore	94550
Ottar M. Dahl	696 Hawthorne Drive	Tiburon	94920
J. M. Detweiler	1491 Elnora Court,	Los Altos	94022
Gil Dewart	P. O. Box 331	Pasadena	91102
Robert E. Feeny	780 Elmwood Drive	Davis	95616
Lawrence A. Flint	1241 Verona Place	Placentia	92670
Robert B. Flint	185 Bear Gulch Road	Woodside	94062
Arthur B. Ford	USGS, 345 Middlefield Road	Menlo Park	94025
Gordon Fountain	5 Bowles Place	Oakland	94610
Mary Goodwin	254 Bronwood Avenue	Los Angeles	90049
John Guerrero	Route 3, Box 57	Chico	95926
Robert Helliwell	2240 Page Mill Road	Palo Alto	94304
John Katsufraakis	1548 Lewiston Drive	Sunnyvale	94087
Phillip Kazanjian	341 West Dryden	Glendale	91202
James E. Lovill	University of California	Livermore	94550
Scott E. Miller	1136 La Vista Road	Santa Barbara	93110
Thomas F. Mulkey	400 East Regent Street	Inglewood	90301
James G. Oerding	403 Anza Avenue	Davis	95616
David A. Paige	321 North Wetherly Drive	Beverly Hills	90211
Susan M. Patla	P. O. Box 33	Glen Ellen	95476
Michael F. Pavlak	P. O. Box 1802	Orange	92668
Helen G. Poulter	13034 La Cresta Drive	Los Altos	94022
Pennie Rau	1351 North Curs on Avenue	Hollywood	90046
Michele Raney	125 North Las Palmas Avenue	Los Angeles	90004
Robert Rofen	2242 Davis Court	Hayward	94545
John H. Roscoe	20 Holden Court	Portola Valley	94025
Frank A. Salazar	2036 6th Street, #2	Santa Monica	90405
Lewis O. Smith	1010 Tournament Drive	Hillsborough	94010
Albert Towle	219 Sebastian Drive	Millbrae	94030
John G. Weihaupt	San Jose State University	San Jose	95030
Richard J. Wolak	2100 West Palmyra Avenue, #74	Orange	92668
James H. Zumberge	Univ. of Southern California	Los Angeles	90007

If you are a good Antarctic, you will be able to identify at least half of the above as the list is full of famous persons, starting at the top with one of the daughters the late Admiral Richard E. Byrd and going all the way down to the bottom where we find that musician-raconteur-entertainer-amateur jogger-international traveler-good-will ambassador- and some-time university president, Gentleman Jim Zumberge. Helen Poulter, the widow of the famed scientist Dr. Thomas Poulter who was chief scientist on the 1935 Byrd Antarctic Expedition. David Paige was the official artist on that same expedition; Ken Bubier was an airplane mechanic on the 1928-30 Byrd Expedition; Gordon Fountain was on the BEAR OF OAKLAND, 1934-35. Dave Canham was the Navy Commander at McMurdo in 1956; John Guerrero was one of Paul Siple's men at the South Pole in 1957. John Roscoe was on both High Jump and Windmill and is an Antarctic historian; Mary Goodwin runs her own Polar Archives; Gil Dewart was one of Carl Eklund's boys at Wilkes and later on wintered over at Mirny and I think was the first American to go on a traverse from Mirny to Vostok. Michele Raney was the first woman to winter over at the South Pole; Bob Helliwell writes controversial articles in Science, and he and

John Katsufakis are two of the most famous names in Antarctica today. Nicholas Clin went to the Antarctic as leader of the first U.S. mountain climbing expedition on the continent. Pennie Rau was a celebrated tourist with Lindblad and by profession is a designer and manufacturer of jewelry, many items being polar creatures. Rob Flint wintered over at Byrd, wintered over at Plateau, and then wintered over at Vostok. We are glad to see that he finally made it to the coast of East Antarctica where he visited Dumont d'Urville last summer. Art Ford lives in the Antarctic and comes home periodically to check his mail box at the office and presumably to appear in person before his family. Robert Feeney culminated his years in the Antarctic with a delightful little book, Professor On The Ice. And James Oerding is laboring over a thesis on the political claims of Antarctica. Scott Miller, the West Coast Eagle Scout finalist in 1978, was given the Exploration Award for Scouting this year. He hopes to use the money, five thousand crisp one dollar bills given by TRW, towards graduate school at Harvard. He has one more year at the University of California at Santa Barbara. Californians seem to do right well by themselves.

Speaking of the political claims of Antarctica, I wonder how many of us have at one time or another milked that subject for a credit course in college? I took a seminal in political geography one time and my professor was the current president of Queens College, one Saul Cohen. He couldn't have cared less about the Antarctic, and he was so tired from writing a book on the Middle East that he literally slept through the whole semester as one after another of his students presented their papers. The Making of a President!

The going price for Antarctic books is as inflationary as our society. I once made a very judicious purchase back in December 1958 on my way home from the South Pole. I found myself doing a little U. S. - N. Z. goodwill missionary work up in Wellington where the late Les Quartermain, whom I had met on the CURTISS going to the ice in January 1957, invited me to go to a local chapter meeting of the New Zealand Antarctic Society. Was I ever lucky! Not only was the immortal Sir Raymond Priestley at the meeting (he was heading back to the Antarctic shortly thereafter), but I met a Wellingtonian who told me about an upcoming auction of Antarctic books. Meanwhile Eddie Goodale was in Christchurch biting his nails that I might never leave New Zealand. He eventually called me up and told me to come on back. He had panicked; the pilot wasn't ready to leave; and after a quick trip to the Hermitage, I resumed my missionary work in Wellington. I had left a bid on six famous Antarctic volumes, all first editions, and I got all six for a total of \$28! Two of the volumes were of Sir Douglas Mawson's The Home of the Blizzard. Today these two must sell for over \$300, as this was the going price in the mid-70's in New Zealand! Two of the volumes were Captain Scott's, and they were autographed by Kathleen Scott to Lord Curzon of Edleston. At the time I had no idea who Lord Curzon was, figuring he was just another lord, but I did know that he wasn't very grateful for the gift - none of the pages had been cut! Well I later found out who he was, and The Geographical Journal (July 1980) has a story about Lord Curzon. He was a past president of the Royal Geographical Society and it seems he was a feisty old soul. Amundsen resigned his membership in the Royal Geographical Society (it was not accepted) after Lord Curzon slighted Amundsen at a dinner in 1912 when he ended a speech with "I propose three cheers for the dogs." The R.G.S. later denied that Curzon had said it, but it seems it not only was so but was in keeping with his true character. So I guess I have a valuable set of books, eh what?

We are rerunning the list of Society members who have wintered over on the ice or wherever in the Antarctic. We have dropped some who did not pay last year's dues, and I am almost certain that I have missed some of the new ones because our dues form no longer includes a question about wintering over or summer trips. We sure

have a handle on the South Pole IGYs. Only the whereabouts of James Barry Burnham, the Brown University flash from Rutherford, New Jersey, is unknown to us.

Little America I

Bubier
Clarke (widow)
Davies
Goodale
Gould
Harrison
Mason
Siple (widow)

South Pole

Benson (57)
Flowers (57)
Guerrero (57)
Johnson (57)
Siple (widow)
Baulch (58)
Dalrymple (58)
Dawson (58)
Greene (58)
Jorgensen (58)
Mogensen (58)
Grass (64)
Kane (64)
Ellis (74)
Jenkins (74)
Meunier (74)
Wolak (75)
Fletcher (77)
Metzgar (78)
Pavlak (78)
Raney (79)

Ronne Expedition
1947-48

Dodson
Nichols
Ronne (widow)

Casey

Neff (75)

Mawson

Weller (61,65)

Vanda Riordan (59)

Little America II

Black
Dyer
Morgan
Murphy
Paige
Poulter (widow)
Rawson
Siple (widow)
Waite

Byrd

Bentley (57,58)
Ostenso (57)
Toney (57)
Doumani (59)
Bowyer (62)
Flint (64)

Wilkes

Cameron (57)
Dewart (57)
Eklund (57) (widow)
Honkala (57,60)

Ellsworth

Behrendt (57)
Aughenbaugh (57)

Mirny

Cartwright
(57) Rubin
(58) Dewart

Plateau

Flint (66)
Kuhn (68)

Port Hope

Sladen

Vostok Flint (74)

Little America V

Bennett (57)
Chappell (57)
Crary (57,58)
Cromie (57)
Dalrymple (57)
Lieske (57)
Milan (57)
Taylor (57)
Den Hartog (58)
McGinnis (58)

McMurdo

Canham (57)
Dale (60)

Palmer

Honkala (67)
Jacobs (72)
Mumford (72)

Eights

Huffman (63)
Matheson (63)
Hirman (65)

U.S. Antarctic Service
Exped. 1939-41

Black
Eklund (widow)
Siple (widow)

Hallett

Tyler (62)

Signy

Sladen

My apologies to Nan Scott and Harold Muchmore for what I wrote up forward. It seems that I did not know exactly what they did, and got carried away by a statement in the December 1975 Antarctic about their "studies of human adaptation to the stresses of living through the winter at the South Pole." But it was too good a story to have Ruth retype the whole page. What they actually do, it seems, is to run the world's southernmost mobile Red Cross blood bank, but it is not as much Red Cross as it is Oklahoma Medical Research Foundation. They ask no silly questions, just line the guys up and take their blood to study the immunologic changes in people who winter over at the South Pole. Their studies are designed to evaluate any loss of immunity that might result from the winter isolation. Imagine going all the way from Oklahoma City to the South Pole for a fill up of a few gallons!

We had a real nice letter from Susan Patla who has "switched over from doing sea water to wine analysis." Now before you guys all start flooding her with your job applications, she didn't mention any openings. Once upon a time, not so long ago, she was "the sole representative of over 50% of the human race on a ship with 220 men." That ship was the GLACIER. She sounds like a pretty good egg as she admitted to this self-confessed, last of the practicing male chauvinists, that "perhaps the answer lies in having completely separated camps, for a time." This is what I advocated a couple of years ago. I hope that I live one year past the year that the South Pole is an all-woman station. Susan was in the Antarctic twice, once on the good ship CONRAD off Enderby Land, and then on what she referred to as an oceanographer's delight, "a jaunt on semi-solid ice at the RISP station in '78 which also included a short geological field trip to Minna Bluff." She writes an awfully nice letter and I feel sort of squeamish and rotten for my feelings about women in the Antarctic when I read such letters. The only antedote is to have a cold can of Budweiser and hope that the feeling will go away with the next full meal!

Murray Hamlet of the Army Research Institute of Environmental Medicine gave the talk to the Antarctic troops on how to live in the cold regions. He gave them the M1 lecture which is given to the soldiers in the Arctic, and pulled out all stops when it came to showing some pretty gruesome pictures of trench feet. One future Antarctic, evidently not aware that there has not been a single case of trench feet in the Antarctic in modern history, passed out! Michele Raney brought him to so he could enjoy some more pictures of the same. My favorite medical type, as all of you who read this column know, is old Fred "Muckluck" Milan up there at the University of Alaska in the Institute of Arctic Biology who headed up this country's program on Circumpolar People during the recent International Biome Program. Muckluck wrote recently that he had "returned from the Alaska Range serving as gun bearer for a gold miner who inherited some 500 acres of gold claims from his grandfather who staked it in '98. Beautiful treeless country with grizzly bears all over the terrain. But them bears ain't going'ta eat old Muckluck!" That's good news, as we would hate to lose old Muckluck to some ornery old grizzly. Muckluck's book on The Human Biology of Circumpolar Populations (Cambridge University Press, 1980. \$75) was reviewed by Charles Utermohle of the Smithsonian in the August 1, 1980 issue of Science.

Since we started this Newsletter we have added two more members, #349 is the NOAA hydrologist of note, Donald Wiesnet, and #350 is good old Charlie (South Pole 58) Greene. Charlie and I shared the end of the Science Building at the Pole in 58. He ran the ionosphere program and I had to put up with that stupid C3 going off every fifteen minutes or so. He was one of those phlegmatic types who was incapable of getting excited or mad, always being the same, congenial and unflappable. In other words, he was the exact antithesis of my roommate, the hot Latin from Argentina Mario Giovinetto! Charlie had a love affair going with a girl from my home town, and

he came back to marry dear Barbara. It is great to finally get our 350th and especially nice that it is such a good guy as Charlie.

Don Wiesnet was co-chairman of a workshop at NSF in early October which was called "Snow Watch." The workshop didn't result from Washington getting snow in early October last year (opening day of the World Series in Baltimore), but because a bunch of people interested in snow cover wanted to get together and plan an all-out assault on snow cover. I talked my boss into letting me go over and listen to the snow watchers, and it was quite enlightening. You want to know something? I bet there wasn't a single soul in the packed room who ever held an ice axe in his hands, who had ever dug a two meter snow pit, who had ever done the stratigraphy of a pit. These Men of Science are those who sit in the warm confines of their ivory towers and analyze satellite data. How boring. But I walked out with a smile on my face, as the snow surface refuses to tell everything to the eye in the sky which these scientists need to know. You can't get away from ground truth, but there are sure a lot of devious characters who are plotting to do it! But it still was an excellent workshop.

We are deeply indebted to the Ford Aerosports Club which put together a 57-page brochure on their Byrd Polar Flight Anniversary Dinner of November 29, 1979, and which they so kindly sent to the Society. There is rather a funny letter in it from Dean C. Smith who was one of the pilots on the 1928-30 expedition. He wrote, "would like to see the Floyd Bennett, poor misfit with the Cyclone in the nose and Evinrude outboard. My memories of it are not fond." But Larry Gould referred to it in his letter to Mr. Hagelthorn as "that wonderful old plane." Must depend on whether you're flyin it or it's flying you. There were nine people at their anniversary function "who actually contributed some form of labor in the construction, testing, and delivery of the 'Floyd Bennett'." Their newsletter of February 1980 had a note about their, and our, Bob Baron, the fellow who released the Floyd Bennett to the Byrd Expedition. Bob has been repairing another tri-motor, one belonging to Island Airlines which they wrote would soon be flying at Put-in-Bay once again. Now where in heavens is Put-in-Bay?

Snow Flakes: Board of Director member, Gerald Schatz, Editor of NAS News Report, is recovering from a back operation. Sorry about that, Gerry. Hope you have a speedy recovery..... One of our local faithfuls, who hardly ever misses a meeting, Carl Fisher, who looks in his mid-forties, retired after forty-two years of government service. Congratulations, Carl! Wonder Woman, a gifted young Washington lady, added a bit of excitement to Gerry Huffman's retirement luncheon at NSF. Too bad to have missed that one!

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