



THE ANTARCTICAN SOCIETY

c/o R. J. Siple
905 North Jacksonville Street
Arlington, Virginia 22205

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Vol. 81-82	October	No. 2
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The Antarctic Society is proud to announce that
its Centennial Lecture
will be

"A TALE OF TWO PROJECTS: RADIOACTIVITY AND SOLAR ACTIVITY"

by

Dr. Gisela Dreschhoff

Associate Director, Radiation Physics Laboratory
University of Kansas

and

Annual Homing Austral Summer Antarctic, 1976-1981

on

Thursday, November 12, 1981

8 p.m.

National Science Foundation
18th & G Streets, N.W.
Room 540

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

Dr. Dreschhoff will be giving the 100th professional lecture of the Antarctic Society, speaking on her extensive field work on resource and radioactivity surveys in Antarctica by airborne gamma-ray spectrometry. Come and hear the Society's Cover Girl, who also serves as the official NSF representative to the German government for coordination of US/German polar programs.

An outstanding lecture!

Please come!

Help us celebrate!

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The Society deeply mourns the deaths of three prominent Antarcticans: Quin Blackburn, topographer, BAE I, 1928-30 (February '81); Frank "Taffy" Davies, physicist, BAE I, 1928-30 (September '81); and Gerry Pagano, polar archivist at The National Archives (October '81).

BERGY BITS

Bergy Bits is not to be construed in any way as a voice of the Society. It is the rambling, opinionated feelings on a variety of Antarctic or near-Antarctic subjects which happen to tickle the fancy of one member who likes to see his words in print. This space is looking for a permanent author, so the opportunity is there for any of you guys or dolls to step in and take over at any time. Contact the President.

This meeting on November 12th is an historic one as it will be our 100th lecture meeting. And only seven people did encores - Paul Daniels, Larry Gould, Dick Black, Bill Sladen, Bob Thomson, Ken Bertrand and Herman Friis. The first 99 included only one woman, the late Mary Alice McWhinnie, so it is probably appropriate that the 100th lecture should be by a woman! And it might hold off a seige of the Society's officers by ERAers. We hope to upgrade our refreshments on the 12th in view of the importance of the occasion, although don't expect the Jockey Club to cater. We want a really big turnout to savor the memories of the first hundred and to drink to the next hundred. We'll have a prominent Antartican talking to us on a most timely subject, so what could be better? We have hopes that Larry Gould might put in a cameo appearance as he will be in town for the Polar Research Board meeting. Wouldn't it be great if he could bring his bride of 50 years, Peg, along, too? She's a Society Loyalist and it would be good to have her with us. And we most certainly will have the welcome mat out for all the other members of the Polar Research Board, even though they are not as glamorous or as young-at-heart as Larry. So let's make it a really great turnout. Mark the date on your calendar now!

Dr. Davida Kellogg, the other half of that great Antarctic team of Kellogg and Kellogg, writes as fine a letter as comes into our Society's mail box. I think it is rather appropriate in view of our speaker this month to pull out one of Davida's past letters and do a little quoting about Antarticans. She wrote, "... people in the Antarctic are, according to my observations, divided not so much into males and females, but into those who understand and accept the responsibilities inherent in the privilege of working in the Antarctic, and those who did not. Most of the Antarticans I knew fell well within the first class. As far as I can tell the qualities of intelligence, judgment, courage, fortitude, and cheerfulness in adversity which made them so originate within the heart and mind which, as a biologist, I am reasonably certain are situated at some distance from the region of one's primary sex characteristics." How come all these women got so smart so quick!

We finally had a SRO crowd for a meeting, as old Fred Milan, alias Dr. Muckluck, spoke to 60 odd Antarticans on September 10th. We had a little help in swelling the attendance by Dr. Chester Pierce bringing along most of his Ad Hoc Committee on Polar Biomedical Research, and how they ad hocked in the question and answer period, speaking freely, intelligently and at length on questions raised by inquisitive attendees. It made for a real lively meeting, one which we thought was the very best in audience participation. We are indebted to old Muckluck for finally showing up, for Dr. Pierce in bringing along his committee (George Bartholomew, Bill Benninghoff, Norman Chance, Mim Dixon and Joan Ryan), and for the local members giving the meeting such strong support attendance-wise. Now we have to keep the momentum going, and that should be no problem with Gisela who combines science with beauty. So if your bag is not radioactivity you can just sit back and enjoy her native good looks which help decorate the cover of Barbara Land's new book, The New Explorers, Women in Antarctica, as well as Vol. 1, No. 3, Winter 1980/81 of The Woman Engineer. The Polar Research Board of the National Academy of Sciences will be meeting here in town that week, and we have high hopes that Charlie Bentley can be as persuasive as Chester Pierce in getting members to come

to our meeting that evening. Chester is a big old football player from Harvard, and his members saw fit to follow rather than challenge! Charlie isn't so macho strong, but can be real persuasive. We like to plan as many of our meetings as possible around activities of the Polar Research Board as it is always good to have the authorities around so we get the Gospel straight.

As indicated in our last Newsletter, our dues are going up and we are changing our method of billing by sending out separate mailings. About a third of our membership has already paid this year's dues and this will be so indicated on their bills. On the bill also are some questions about your Antarctican connections, as we want to find out more about our newer members and update data on those of long-standing. Hopefully we will attempt to make this column more responsive to the masses, and the only way we can do this is to invade your Privacy Act by requesting information. We don't aim to please all individuals, but we do want to try to hit the majority. The biggest single request we get is for more information on Antarctic science programs. That side of the street is properly cared for by the Antarctic Journal of the United States (\$7.50 per year for five issues put out by the Division of Polar Programs, NSF, Washington, D.C. 20550). I feel this column should be about Antarticans, past and present, and some of the crazy things they have done both in and out of science. We recognize that we have a lot of polar philatelists, but there is no way in which we can give them any more information than they are already getting in their own tremendous Ice Cap News. Questionnaire responses will be tabulated and seriously considered and all be put into our databank on Society members for future use. So please, you all, return the form even if you have paid your dues! It should be rather obvious why we are raising dues. The cost of xeroxing (up 35% last year) plus postal increases have necessitated it. We hope to hold the fort with the increased dues for quite a few years, as we are trying to better manage our resources and now have an account with a local money market fund which pays good interest on money in hand. With over 400 members the Society is becoming big business!

Some old IGYers have been asking when we're going to have the 25th celebration. Well, I think it should be in 1983, in the spring time, in Washington. You know it's not only our anniversary, but it's the 100th anniversary of the First International Polar Year, and the 50th anniversary of the Second International Polar Year. I suspect that we can generate some local momentum once we Washingtonians (Crary, Ostenso, Cameron, Honkala, Taylor, Mogensen, Benson, Dawson, Krank, Mirabito, Fridovich, and others) get together and start talking. I had thought about retiring this fall and devoting some efforts toward a reunion next spring, but I've had a pretty good boondoggling assignment for the past six months and am not quite ready to walk away from a full-sized paycheck every other Friday. My personal feeling was that it didn't matter too much which year we celebrate, either 1982 or 1983, as the IGY was both 1957 and 1958. And as I wrote before, if we all haven't made our pile by now, we're never going to have a pile. Besides drinking more goober beer, an important aspect of our reunion, I think we should have a scientific symposium of some sort as a centerpiece, one in which IGY scientists/pillars would speak on their disciplines, hopefully as they have developed on the ice. There aren't many Charlie Bentleys among us who have kept on going back for the sake of science. But guys like Charlie and Tony Gow, who have certainly walked out of NSF with enough dollars over the last quarter century, should have some revealing revelations. Kirby Hanson has made a pretty good living out of the South Pole, although I don't know if I'm prepared to sit through an hour's dialogue about the evils of carbon dioxide to the climate of my great grandchildren. John Annexstad could tell us how he escaped the Coast and Idiotic Survey and found fame and fortune picking up meteorites. Charlie Greene can tell how a good little old MIT

South Pole boy like himself ended up chasing whales in the Arctic. Then all of those aurora specialists from the University of Alaska must have the definitive word on auroras. And we have to have those summer scientists, too, as we need Gentleman Jim Zumberge to play the piano and to lead us singing ribald tunes of old. If we have a one-day science symposium, it could justify the college crowd coming here under the sponsorship of some grant. I think we should tie the reunion in with the Society's annual Memorial Lecture, although the Lecture should be reminiscing time with the platform being shared by such giants as Larry Gould, Bert Crary, Ned Ostenso, and Charlie Bentley. If Reaganomics haven't gotten the Academy's Polar Research Board, we could probably have a joint half-day open session with them, if we could talk them into having a simultaneous meeting. There is also a move afoot to have a series of geophysical-type movies made commemorating the 25th anniversary of the IGY. As I understand it, there won't be one on the polar regions per se, but we'll be able to find ourselves in films on the solid earth, the oceans, snow and ice, or whatnots. These films should be ready for public showing by the spring of 1983, I think. Anyway, we have allies who have key positions in establishing a national/international recognition of the IGY, and they should be able to keep us informed. Hugh Odishaw of Odishaw Sends fame, plus Alan Shapley, Line Washburn, and Pern Hart are in this thing up to their knees, and maybe we can play a tune when we get organized which will strike a responsive chord or two from them. I have a love affair with the Air Force Band and the Singing Sergeants, and perhaps we could get Senator Harry Byrd or someone with clout on the Hill to get them to come and play/sing as an introduction for the evening. I recall the Navy Band played at the Byrd shindig in Winchester two years ago. There are enough Antarcticans around town so we should be able to put up all strays coming from the boonies. There are enough party boys in town, Bert Crary, Rudy Honkala, and Dick Cameron, so that reunion aspects, would not be washed out of the picture. But in the meantime, how about writing us your thoughts? I know guys like Blackie Bennett don't own a pen or don't know how to type, but there's no excuse why their XYs can't answer for them. After all, if we hear from the women themselves, we are really hearing from the true decision makers anyway. WRITE! WRITE NOW!

Shouldn't the Antarctic Society have its own official Antarctic bird? and what better one than the Skua, favorite bird of one of the founders, the late Carl Eklund? If memory serves me correctly, Carl did his PhD dissertation at Maryland on the skua. The skua has character, and isn't overworked like the ubiquitous penguin and Mt. Erebus. Ed and Priscilla Grew sent out a great Christmas card last year with a picture of a skua that Ed took in January 1980 when working out of the Australian National Antarctic Research Expedition's camp at Richardson Lakes. Their Christmas letter said, in part,

We picked this disreputable bird to stand in for a reindeer this year. The skua is a raucous, brazen scavenger, and it has been exterminated as a pest by some expeditions for preying on the poor penguins. But the south polar skua is also a symbol of the unity of the world and of our interdependence on the ecosystems of Antarctica. These birds, banded in Antarctica in January, have been recovered in Greenland in July and Baja California in September; they also fly to Japan and India. The fierce territorial defence by pairs of these birds keep them, according to some authorities, at a ratio of only one pair of skuas to thousands of penguins, thus preventing their penguin dinners from becoming a non-renewable resource.

So what do you think, folks, is the Catharacta maccormicki a good choice for the Antarctic Society's bird???

And now there are Seven. With the passing of Quin Blackburn and Taffy Davies, the 1928-30 Byrd Antarctic Expedition has been reduced to the Stalwart Seven: Larry Gould, Henry Harrison, Howard Mason, Eddie Goodale, Norman Vaughan, Ken Bubier and Dana Smith. There are eight others who served on ships: Leland Barter, Ed Roos, Alan Innes-Taylor and John Bird in the U.S., Carroll Foster in Iceland, and Neville Shrimpton, John Morrison, and Percy Wallis in New Zealand. There are some pretty rugged old boys in these groups. Norman Vaughan isn't going to grow old as long as they don't outlaw dog sledge teams. Larry Gould has an 18-year old twinkle in his eyes which has encapsuled him as a perpetual youth. John Bird came to one of our recent Memorial Lectures and he is as straight and as tall as a loblolly pine. Eddie Goodale is supposedly in good shape as he is an ardent sailor in the summer waters of the Gulf of Maine and the winter waters of the Caribbean. Henry Harrison is active professionally as a meteorological consultant, although he has slowed up on the base paths. Ed Roos writes us occasionally. He had a stroke several years ago that put his "starboard side out of commission", but otherwise feels well. We hear from Howard Mason, and he maintains a strong interest in the Antarctic and books on the 7th continent. Leland Barter no longer feels fit enough to go to the Antarctic, but enjoys his memories of being the Chief Engineer on the BEAR, and apparently enjoys the Society's Newsletters according to his faithful wife Mary who handles his correspondence. The next Newsletter will have tributes to both Quin Blackburn and Taffy Davies from former colleagues.

Have you seen the October issue of Inside? A free-lance writer and novelist (more the latter than the former) from Cambridge, Massachusetts by the name of David Roberts really did a hatchet job on the late Admiral Richard E. Byrd. The article is an excerpt from Roberts' forthcoming book entitled Great Exploration Hoaxes. The article in Inside has nothing new which has not been published or conjectured before. Roberts reviews all the comments by disclaimers who doubted that Byrd actually flew over the North Pole. I don't see it as any big deal one way or the other, as the North Pole has no character at all and is just more frozen ice. What's a hundred miles or so of ice when you are in a plane flying over it? Like the Dallas Cowboy cheerleaders, once you've seen one, you've seen them all! Maybe the real problem is that most of us never get to know a cheerleader or to fly over all that ice! Roberts did have a good quote from Bernt Balchen, though, which was to the effect that it didn't matter whether that little old Fokker, the JOSEPHINE FORD, actually reached the Pole, that Byrd was a great man who "dreamed a big dream." The article ended up saying 1) Amundsen, Ellsworth, Nobile, and their crew were the first to reach the North Pole, 2) that the first people to stand on the North Pole were Bert Crary and his colleagues on the Air Force C-47 flight of May 3, 1953, and 3) that Ralph Plaisted's snowmobile party (1968) was the first surface party to reach the North Pole. The more you think about people's lust today to get "inside" our public figures and national heroes, the more I am convinced that the price of glory and fame is too much for any mortal man to bear. There are those who decry the unavailability of the Byrd files to historians. Regardless of what they may or may not disclose, if I had the keys to them, I might be prone for a Latter Day Boston Harbor Tea Massacre with those files. There's a lesson to be learned from Nixon not burning the tapes. And don't we really know all that we need to know about the late Admiral? I personally think he should be allowed to lie in peace.

The October issue of Natural History (published by the American Museum of Natural History, Central Park West at 79th Street, New York, N.Y. 10024) devotes itself to "Keeping Warm, A Special Issue on Surviving Winter's Worst." If you are a real polar person, you aren't going to learn anything new out of this issue, although it is interesting. The article by John Hansen of the U.S. Army Natick

Research and Development Laboratories features a full-page picture of the "copper man" (who was a veteran when I joined that outfit back in 1954!). There is an article by Ed Kessler (Director of the National Severe Storms Laboratory in Norman, Oklahoma) on House Warming which brought back memories of when old Harry Wexler, Chief Scientist for the Antarctic during the IGY, was trying to talk certain individuals into going to Antarctica. Kessler, then a graduate student in meteorology at MIT, was one of those guys, and as I was going to Little America V in 1957 as the micrometeorologist, Harry thought the two of us should go to Washington for a week's training. So we hopped on the overnight Federal out of North Station and arrived in Washington bright and early on a Monday morning. I wasn't supposed to join Ed for the training program until afternoon, so went my own way that morning. When we met at noon Ed said, "There is no way I am going to that place. I'm catching the next train back to Boston." And he did. Wexler was a better talker than he was a judge of polar people. One fellow he talked into going to Little America V was Bill Moreland who just happened to be in Harry's Washington car pool. Never was a man more ill-fitted for the Antarctic than old Bill, who ended up as head of Weather Central which he ran like a stateside operation. He never went outside a single time during the four-month sunless period, although he would listen intently when you walked in and spoke of the glories of an ongoing aurora. He never even went outside for the lowering of the flag at the end of daylight, saying "I never put it up." One of my biggest shocks (outside of marriage) was that this same guy, who was truly a miserable soul in the Antarctic, was really a delightful guy back here in the States. I ran into him at a meeting in Berkeley and had a great time with him. He could often be found (at meetings) sitting alone drinking in the cocktail lounge, and I often wondered if he were still brewing over letting old Harry Wexler talk him into going to the ice. One more Harry Wexler story. The Weather Bureau sent down this technician from Portland, Maine by the name of Chet Twombly to run the radiosonde tracking equipment at Little America V in 1956 (prior to the IGY). When we arrived at Little America V, Chet had his bags already packed and was at the door as we walked in. Wexler said to him, "Chet, I'd like to have you check out Sam Wilson on the GMD." Chet didn't bat an eye and said, "It has been a damn long winter, Harry, and I sure don't want to miss that ship", and he picked up his bag and headed for the chopper to the CURTISS! Antarcticans are such delightful characters, and that Sam Wilson was one of the biggest. He was a last-minute replacement when the "head shrink" threw out someone. Sam was found in some midwestern bar, and probably is back in that same bar today. He hated the Antarctic so bad that on the way home he paid for his own passage from Honolulu to the States (rather than wait an extra day for a free trip) just to put more distance between himself and the Antarctic! Would love to see old Sam, as he sure had some great stories.

U.S. News and World Report, September 21, 1981, had a pictorial article on Transglobe. They are supposed to be in Alert now, where they will spend a month in canvas and wood huts. They are scheduled to start across the Arctic ice in February with an April North Pole due date. Charles Burton, speaking of their Antarctic crossing last year, said, "The journey was nobody's idea of pleasant. Our complaints included raw backs, swollen knees, split fingers and noses, frost nip, cracked lips and severe windburn blisters." What did he expect, a walk on his tip toes through a tulip patch? The leader, Sir Ranulph Twisleton-Wykeham-Fiennes is complaining, too. He said, "Financially it's been a personal failure. I've used 10 years of my life when normally I'd be climbing the ladder of a company." Transglobe must have been something like a marriage - you enter full of all kinds of hope and joyful anticipation of all the excitements ahead and then you get into it and realize it is full of crevasses, sastrugi, and pressure ridges, with some frigid days and some boilermakers, too. But aren't we all a bit responsible for whatever fate has bestowed upon us?

A copy of an interesting letter from George Bernard Shaw to Apsley Cherry-Garrard, written on April 26, 1922, has recently been brought to my attention. Reading the letter, and then going back to *The Worst Journey in the World*, I feel pretty certain that the letter had to be about Chapter XIX, *Never Again*. It seems that Cherry had expressed some concern that the discrepancy in style in the chapter was so noticeable that the public would be suspicious of Shaw's collaboration, so GBS (as he signed the letter) made some changes and in this letter tried to reassure Cherry that everything would be all right! Shaw wrote, "The chapter is all right now: the discrepancy of style is no longer noticeable, as you have got the middle of it, which is the part that tells, quite characteristic." Later on in the letter he wrote, "You need not be at all uneasy as to the integrity of your authorship. All books that deal with facts and public controversies are modified by consultation, mostly to a much greater extent than this one." I think Cherry-Garrard was smart as a fox in going straight to Mecca to get help on his book. In today's world, he would have gone to Larry Gould, America's gifted man of words about the polar regions. I reread Larry's *Cold* this summer, and I think this book is one of the world's best kept secrets; it has suffered from its limited publication (the publisher went bankrupt during the depression). But *Cold* is truly an outstanding book, and the chapter about how they lost that little Fokker out there in the Rockefeller Mountains is most interesting. I hope Charlie Murphy upgrades his priority on his planned book on the 1933-35 expedition, as I can't wait to read that one. Charlie writes us from time to time and all of his letters are masterpieces, whether they are about the women of Vermont or the men of Antarctica.

Michele (South Pole '78) Raney finds Antarcticans facing her everywhere she turns. While dressed up in a 16th-17th century costume at a Renaissance fair, she was confronted by three "Antarctic" shirts heading towards her. Later an unknown intern asked her in an emergency room, "Is Dr. Muchmore still drawing blood?" And finally she met a well-known limnologist (Charles Goldman) who submerged a thousand feet in a submarine in Lake Tahoe, who said that his real claim to fame was making beer in McMurdo. Michele is off to Nepal in November, not to find more strange Antarcticans, but to attend a medical seminar. She met one of the biggest medical characters in Antarctic history last August when she ran across old Capt. Hedblom at an Operation Deep Freeze Medical Conference. I thought he was buried in the permafrost in Brunswick, Maine but he must have escaped. Meeting with all these Antarcticans stimulated a skull session with Dr. Braggett, the current Fleet Medical Officer, and has resulted in Michele wanting to compile Antarctic medical happenings/stories from past polar physicians and patients. So if someone did an appendectomy on you when you had tonsillitis, write Michele (125 North Las Palmas Avenue, Los Angeles, CA 90004) and tell her, the first South Pole Woman of the Long Night, all about it.

Antarcticans are a funny lot. They either hate to stay home or have a tremendous thirst for travel, and hopefully their other halves never find out which is the predominating force. Ruth recently received a card from Nick Clinch from Lhasa where he wrote, "Old climbers never die, just start leading treks." He wrote the card prior to departing the next day for Everest base camp. Then we had a card from Sayed El-Sayed from Hamburg where he was participating in a FIBEX Workshop which he described as, naturally, "a very successful meeting." Do you think Sayed is ever on campus? I doubt it very seriously. He says he could come to Washington and tell us all about FIBEX and SIBEX and TIBEX and ad infinitum if we could pay his way. We don't pay speakers nothing as we aren't rich little kids, but we do hope to get him on a "bootleg" when he is in town for a polar meeting. But first, you can be assured that he won't be here as long as there's some ship afloat in the Southern Ocean with a spare bunk, or a Southern Ocean workshop going on in some exotic foreign city. Gad, am I jealous of oceanographers. They really lead the

good life in the fast lane. I, myself, will never forget the exhilarating feeling, thirty years ago, of entering the port of Plymouth, England, after being knocked about in the North Atlantic for a month on a relatively small oceanographic research ship operated by the Woods Hole Oceanographic Institution. And to think these oceanographers get that kind of a high every time they enter a port. It's too good for them!

The end of an era came recently when the USNS ELTANIN was released to the Navy. She was the only ice-strengthened deep-sea research ship in our inventory, and this 266-footer now goes into ready reserve at Portsmouth, Virginia. Her record speaks for itself, having logged 521,000 nautical miles on some 3,722 days at sea between 1962 and 1979. She went on 66 research cruises, and completed what amounts to a circumnavigation survey of Antarctica. Her list of chief scientists reads like a Who Who's in the Southern Ocean, including the late beloved Mary Alice McWhinnie. The ELTANIN left her marks in physical oceanography, marine biology, geology and geophysics, paleontology, meteorology, and mal de mer. They are still totalling on the computer the number of bottles of Dramamine consumed on board.

Some Antarctic ships aren't so lucky as the ELTANIN and end up on the hot end of acetylene torches. The old icebreaker BURTON ISLAND, after over 30 years of polar service, was sold for scrap last year for a measly \$261,000. She was the first American icebreaker to enter McMurdo Sound (February 1947). The following year she was the flagship of Operation Windmill. She was the first American ship to visit Mirny in 1958. All together she made 14 Antarctic voyages. Then the Argentine icebreaker SAN MARTIN was sold for more scrap last year. And the old supply ship, the PRIVATE JOHN R. TOWLE, bit the torch last year after supplying both U.S. and New Zealand bases nearly every summer for 'some 25 years. But when we think of ships dying, you have to admire the way the BEAR took her own life at sea in a heroic act defying man's ignominious fate awaiting her at the end of her journey. I have the idea that the BEAR's record will never be duplicated, that she will remain a true legend in the annals of polar ships.

The South Pole is a great place for sun watchers as they have so much fair weather in mid-summer, there is little moisture in the atmosphere, and the pollution is just camp-produced. So it's no wonder that U.S., French, and Swedish astronomers have been converging on the South Pole in the past two austral summers to take observations of the oscillations of the sun. And they tell us they have found out as much information concerning the sun's interior as has been determined by astronomers in thousands of years. That's pretty impressive, I think, although I'm not quite sure in my own mind how useful it is to me to know that the region between the thin outer layer and the core has been found to extend to within 0.3 solar radii of the center, as opposed to 0.86 radii predicted by the prevailing model. They also tell us that the sun's chemical composition is now known to be much the same as that of other stars (earlier models had predicted a different chemical makeup). I'm glad there were Americans and Swedes with the Frenchmen, because after serving on the front lines with the F.F.I, during W.W. II there is no way I would believe what a Frenchman told me - unless it was where you could find a woman or get a bottle of either cognac or calvados.

Antarctica is a great place for scientists. Your chances of being funded down south are probably better than doing an investigation in Nebraska or New Hampshire. Remember when someone by the name of Jimmy was living on Pennsylvania Avenue and his Georgian teammates looked at the NSF funding being spent in the Peach State and the whole darn lot of them had apoplexy. Well, the USARP season is well underway for another year, with six round-trip flights inaugurating the season in late August. They took down 70,060 pounds of cargo and 194 scientists and support personnel.

Washington note of Antarctic interest: To the immediate north of our nation's Capital, there is a green park-like area which is a mid-summer delight with trees, a lovely fountain, and some of Washington's finests. Also there is a mounted plaque which tells us that someone by the name of George Washington bought this parcel of land on October 3, 1798 and that he subsequently built two brick buildings on the lot. (Perhaps he had visions of an early Holiday Inn, or perhaps he built them as a tax hedge.) Be that as it may, in due course this parcel of land and buildings fell into the hands of the famous Antarctic explorer, Admiral Charles Wilkes. He tore down the two buildings and built a larger single unit, and it was here on this glorious piece of Washington real estate, perhaps the choicest in town, that Wilkes lived within sight of Union Station and the Teamsters Union! A little bit of Washington trivia for you folks.

The autumn 1981 issue of The Wilson Quarterly, a publication of the Woodrow Wilson International Center for Scholars, has two articles on Antarctica, one by our own Peter Anderson of the Institute of Polar Studies at The Ohio State University entitled "How The South Was Won", and the other by a British-born beauty, Barbara Mitchell, "Cracks In The Ice". The titles are quite engaging, and breed excitement, but the texts are really for those scholars who are not true-blue Antarcticans. Peter's article is a history of how: Antarctica was discovered, and the most interesting part is a table of Antarctic firsts. Barbara's article treats everything which does not put on some form of a pant in the morning, namely, krill, oil, and those kinds of things which complicate treaties. Somehow or other Barbara snuck in a page about the South Pole Station which doesn't tie into anything else in the article. She didn't do her research too well, as she took the easy way out and said that the sun sets on March 22nd and rises on September 22nd. She never read Bergy Bits or she would have known better.

Congratulations to our Lee Winslow Court, who has 15 paintings in the Polar Collection at the National Archives, and must be the Society's Court artist, as he recently walked off (actually was awarded) with the John Singleton Copley Medal at a recent art show. It was the fourth bestowed in the last century. That's pretty good for a kid from Canton, Massachusetts. Lee was one of the founding fathers of "The Great Double Cross Corporation of Antarctica". He felt my double cross credentials were so outstanding that he swore me in as a new member last year. On a recent trip to Washington he called a local meeting of the XX at the Mellon Gallery where I had the pleasure of meeting his favorite penguin, who answers to Ruby. Lee spotted her in a rookery while on an early day Lindblad cruise, and thought that she would fit in real well with the decor in his homes in West Townshend, Vermont and Monhegan Island, Maine, so he propositioned this penguin and she accepted right then and there. Love Boat, Antarctica! Lee sold a baker's dozen of his landscapes to a, shall we say, prominent local law firm. So if you should happen to see an Antarctic scene in a local attorney office, it could be Lee Winslow Court's, husband of Penguin Ruby.

Last year we solicited lists of favorite Antarctic books from various members of our Society, and most of them appeared in Bergy Bits last year. Davida Kellogg, mother of Griffith Taylor Kellogg - isn't that neat! - has a pregnant (she said it was "large and growing", so it must be pregnant) library of polar books. Shackleton's South tops her list, and you can see she has a love affair with that expedition as she writes that "Shackleton's account is complimented and amplified by Worsley's" Endurance, Hurley's Argonauts of the South, and Lansing's Endurance. She ranks Scott's Voyage of the Discovery and Scott's Last Expedition as "all-time great narratives of Antarctic literature." Then she adds "another all-time great account", Cherry-Garrard's The Worst Journey in the World, followed by Maw-son's Home of the Blizzard, Nordenskjold's Antarctic, Gould's Cold, Ponting's

The Great White South, and Shackleton's Heart of the Antarctic. She also spoke of the high literary quality of Alone. She wrote that Otto Nordenskjöld's book on wintering over on the Antarctic Peninsula in 1901-1903 is "a fascinating account" and has been translated into English (Archon Books, The Shoe String Press, Hamden, Conn. 1977). Davida gave us a bonus in her letter, she listed her top ten on the Arctic. But we are running out of space, so will just list them by author and title: Amundsen, Gjoa Expedition; Andree, Story of his polar flight in 1897; Bartlett & Hale, The Last Voyage of the Karluk; DeLong, The Voyage of the Jeanette (see also Ellsberg's Hell on Ice); Fiala, Fighting the Polar Ice; Greely, Three Years of Arctic Service; Kane, Arctic Explorations; M'Clintock, The Voyage of the 'Fox' in the Arctic Seas; McKinlay, Karluk; Melville, In the Lena Delta; Nansen, Farthest North; Peary, Nearest the Pole and North Pole; Worsley, Under Sail in the Frozen North (this is the same Worsley who sailed with Shackleton on ENDURANCE). She says for Arctic humor one should read Walter E. Traprock's My Northern Exposure: The Kawa at the Pole, And for North Pole controversy, she recommends Wright's The Big Nail. Incidentally, Davida is looking for first editions of Cherry-Garrard, Priestley, Armitage, Bernacchi, Borchgrevink, and Sir James Clark Ross. Anyone selling contact her at the Institute for Quaternary Studies, University of Maine-Orono, Orono, Maine 04469.

Herman R. Friis, former Director of the Center for Polar Archives, has graciously consented to write the following obituary on the late Gerald Pagano, beloved friend of all Antarcticans:

Gerald (Gerry) Pagano, 68, died in his sleep early Saturday morning, October 17, 1981, in Washington, D.C. He was born January 22, 1913.

He was in the U.S. Army 1935-36, and 1940 - Feb. 1965, much of the time as Chief Warrant Officer. His services with polar programs included Public Information Officer and Adjutant of the U.S. Military Base, Thule, Greenland 1955-56; Military Assistant to the Scientific Advisor of the Army Research Office, Office of the Chief, Research and Development, 1956-59; Technical Information Officer, U.S. Antarctic Projects Office, 1959-60; Assistant Plans & Operations Officer, U.S. Naval Support Force, Antarctica, 1960-65; staff of the Research Analysis Corp., 1965-72; Center for Polar Archives, The National Archives, Washington, D.C., 1972-81.

Gerry had a passion for research for which he was especially well qualified by * temperament and intellect. With these commendable traits Gerry was a valuable source of knowledge, particularly about the polar regions. He generously shared that knowledge with colleagues and other interested parties alike. Gerry's, nearly thirty years of intimate association with agencies of the Federal Government responsible for our country's polar regions gave him a wealth of information in the subject field. His close association with Dr. Paul A. Siple during the 1950 *s and 1960's gave him an opportunity to become well versed in the history of polar exploration. Gerry's enthusiasm was infectious and spirited. He has left an imprint of his competence on the optimum preservation of the papers of many notable polar specialists that are in The National Archives.

The U.S. Advisory Committee on Antarctic Names recognized Gerry's contributions to United States science and logistics in Antarctica by naming Pagano Nunatak in Thiel Mountains, Antarctica in his honor.

His membership in professional organizations included The Antarctic Society (Treasurer 1966-67, Board of Directors 1969-71), The Society for The History of Discoveries, The Association of American Geographers, and the American Polar Society.

The Antarctic Society extends its deepest sympathy to his wife, Gladys, and their sons, Tom, Terry and Tim.