



# THE ANTARCTICAN SOCIETY

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ARLINGTON, VIRGINIA 22205

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No. 6

*AT LONG LAST - 15 YEARS - LECTURER FROM USGS, RESTON!*

**Presidents:**

Dr. Carl R. Eklund, 1959-61  
Dr. Paul A. Siple, 1961-62  
Mr. Gordon D. Cartwright, 1962-63  
RADM David M. Tyree (Ret.), 1963-64  
Mr. George R. Toney, 1964-65  
Mr. Morton J. Rubin, 1965-66  
Dr. Albert P. Crary, 1966-68  
Dr. Henry M. Dater, 1968-70  
Mr. George A. Doumani, 1970-71  
Dr. William J. L. Sladen, 1971-73  
Mr. Peter F. Bermel, 1973-75  
Dr. Kenneth J. Bertrand, 1975-77  
Mrs. Paul A. Siple, 1977-78  
Dr. Paul C. Dalrymple, 1978-80  
Dr. Meredith F. Burrill, 1980-82  
Dr. Mort D. Turner, 1982-84  
Dr. Edward P. Todd, 1984-86  
Mr. Robert H. T. Dodson, 1986-88

**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

Paul C. Daniels

**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  
Sir Peter M. Scott, 1971  
Dr. Frank 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. Robert L. Nichols, 1981  
Dr. Robert H. Rufford, 1982  
Mr. R. Tucker Scully, 1983  
Dr. Richard P. Goldthwait, 1984  
Dr. Mark F. Meier, 1985  
Dr. Claude Lorius, 1986

GLOBAL MONITORING OF GLACIERS

by

Dr. Richard S. Williams, Jr.  
Research Geologist  
U.S. Geological Survey  
Reston, Virginia

on

*Tuesday evening, 12 May*

*1987 8 PM*

National Science Foundation  
18th and G Streets N.W.

*ROOM 543*

- Light Refreshments -

Glaciers are the largest element of the cryosphere and the second largest "reservoir" of water in the global water budget (hydro-logic cycle). Throughout geologic time and especially during the Quaternary Period, glaciers have waxed and waned in response to climatic warming or cooling with concomitant variations in sea level. The Landsat program, which began in July 1972, provides the kind of repetitive data needed by various disciplines in the natural sciences to carry out cooperative international studies which are globally oriented. In his illustrated lecture Dr. Williams will provide a review of the present and future capability to scientists of using satellite remote-sensing technology to monitor the area and volume of ice caps and ice sheets, to compile inventories of glaciers in remote areas, and to monitor seasonal changes in glacier faces. Dr. Williams will use examples from his research on Icelandic ice caps, his chapter on "Glaciers and Glacial Land-forms" in the newly released NASA Publication 486, Geomorphology from Space: A Global Overview of Regional Landforms, and his author-editorship of U.S. Geological Survey Professional Paper 1386, Satellite Image Atlas of Glaciers of the World. The USGS professional paper will be published in 11 parts, the first chapter of which, 1386-B, Antarctica, will be published in mid-1987.

Remember Steve Dibbern on polar transportation 16 April

AND mark your calendar NOW for 12 May!

*LET'S END THE 1986-87 LECTURE PROGRAM SERIES WITH FULL HOUSES!*

This is always our favorite Newsletter of the year, because with this one we put the cover on the old manual Underwood and take off for Maine for the summer. This is our 56th Newsletter (or whatever) in the past nine years. We almost threw in the towel a couple of issues back – we were within hours of quitting – as things can get pretty sticky at times. Needless to say, anyone desiring to take over this all-work, no-pay job would be most welcomed. Again, we remind our readers that this column is not the Voice of the Society; in fact, it may truly represent that of only one member! In closing for the year, may I express my thanks to those who have said they enjoyed the non-Newsletter on the IGY, and the follow-up on my going back to the ice, as these two were my all-time favorites. Also thanks to those who kindly sent Christmas cards/messages. Have a good summer! And, for heaven's sake, when you move, PLEASE let us know, as bulk mail is neither forwarded nor returned, and we lose you!

**LANZEROTTI IS A NICE GUY.** The Antarctic Society is a lucky society, as we get the very best speakers on Antarctica – all gratis. Not only are our speakers on the so-called cutting edge of Antarctic sciences and operations, but they are all nice folks. But our Memorial Lecturer, Lou Lanzerotti was something special. In his introductory remarks before his lecture, he spoke of how honored he was to be invited to give the 1987 Paul C. Daniels Memorial Lecture. One of the reasons he was so gracious may have been that he was spared an introduction by his friend of some thirty years, past president Edward P. Todd. Nevertheless, he made it sound like he was indeed honored that his name will follow the likes of Gould and Bentley and Rutford and Goldthwait and Meier and Lorus. Lou is quite a guy.

For those who could not attend the Memorial Lecture, may we tell you that we had wall-to-wall people, a goodly mix of some OAEs, a lot of IGYers, many past presidents, members of the Polar Research Board, and plain good folks. Those (64) who went to the dinner were treated to an excellent meal, most unusual for a large group, and Bergy Bits even got a second chocolate mousse – Lou's!

**RICHIE WILLIAMS, OUR MAY LECTURER.** Richie is a good old boy from New England who married a good old girl from New England (whom he picked up on the New York Central Railroad), and who got his academic impetus from a good old New England institution, Colby College in Waterville, Maine. He transferred to the University of Michigan where he got both his bachelor's and his master's degrees in 1961 and 1962, respectively. Then he went on to Penn State where he picked up his PhD in 1965. The next six years were spent back in Massachusetts at the Air Force Cambridge Research Laboratories where he worked in their Terrestrial Sciences Laboratories as, first, a military officer, and then as a civilian scientist. Richie joined the U.S. Geological Survey in 1971, and has had a spectacular career with them, receiving, among other high honors, their Graphic Communications Award in 1977, and the Department of Interior's Meritorious Service Award in 1979. He has published more than 145 books, journal articles, abstracts, and maps; he is a Fellow of the Geological Society of America, and a member of just about every society with geology, glaciology and

geophysics in its title. He is also a member of the Cosmos Club and of The Explorers Club. He is going to dry-run his presentation to the Antarctic Society by taking it on a road trip to the University of New Hampshire and to Dartmouth College. So when he comes before us on May 12th, he will have a highly polished gem. We expect that much of his presentation will deal with the Antarctic chapter in the upcoming USGS Professional Paper (1386-B) Satellite Image Atlas of Glaciers of the World, which should interest all of us. All USGS Society members are required to attend Richie's lecture - attendance will be taken.

**POSTAL SERVICE - BOO!** There is no way you can beat the Postal Service. Here they are making more money than ever, and we are getting worse service. Out-of-town members want to receive their Newsletters prior to the date of the meetings, but often they do not. We mail the Newsletters a full month ahead of the meeting being announced. But in February the dodos who work (or show up for pay) in the Postal Service must have played games with our two bags, or they tossed them aside. After a week had passed, and no local members had received the February Newsletter, we notified a responsible person in the bulk mailing facility at Merrifield (Northern Virginia) ; that was an exercise in futility. We called various persons; we had a tracer put on the mailing, but no one seemed to know anything about it. Finally the Newsletters were sent out. Walt Seelig got his in Potomac, Maryland thirty-four (!) days after we mailed it, which meant that the Postal Service moved it about half a mile a day. Please contact your Congress persons and ask them to bring back the Pony Express so you will get your mail in a reasonable amount of time.

**REMINISCENCES OF ROB FLINT.** Rob Flint is a warm-blooded Antarctic who has served time (there) since 1964. Only a few penguins know Antarctica better, although they haven't seen anywhere nearly as much of the continent as Rob has. He wintered over in West Antarctica at Byrd in 1964; he wintered over at the high elevation station of Plateau in 1966 - its very first year; he wintered over with the Russians at Vostok, the Cold Pole of Antarctica, in 1974. And he somehow seems to surface somewhere in the Antarctic during each austral summer. Rob has recently shared some most interesting transcriptions from his notebook, which he made while bouncing across Terre Adelie two austral summers ago in a French "Hotchkiss" vehicle.

First, people whom Rob missed seeing: "Jerry Huffman ... Eddie Goodale in Christchurch, though there couldn't have been a more worthy replacement than Walt Seelig ... Phil Smith, who made his way through the Navy brass by smoking smellier cigars than they did ... Bert Crary ... Bill Austin with his creative cynicism, and who introduced me to swizzlers at the Golden Parrot ... T. O. Jones, who started every orientation with the words, 'The Antarctic is a strange mistress' ... Admiral Reedy, who planned a 3-pronged spectacular assault on Antarctica in September 1964, and ended up at Byrd where the toilets weren't working as the result of the one (bent) prong which did get on to the continent ... Hugo Newberg with his Finn Ronne stories: it was no secret that they weren't the best of friends at Ellsworth ... Ed Siemiatkoski, aurora man at Byrd in 1964 who later died of cancer. When they were handing out geographical names, they had to find a L-O-N-G glacier to hold his name ... Jack Grabe, cook extraordinaire at Byrd in 1964 ... Helen Gerasimou: why didn't they send her to the ice? She was too tough for Antarctica! ... Bob Rutford - what a degree of sense and personality at the top! ... Charlie Roberts - a story about every place on the globe ... Sastrugus, the dog. Pets were an idea that didn't work out, but I'm glad they didn't know that in 1964. He could hear a package of M&M's being opened the length of the camp."

And Rob's list of people he never missed, because they kept coming back: "Ron Sefton, who spent three winters at Byrd in five years ... John Katsufakis - 'Mr. Antarctica' -

who gave me my first job and has been to Antarctica virtually every year since ... Walt Seelig, who saw me through my year at Vostok. I shall indeed miss Walt in Christchurch."

And one he doesn't miss: "CDR 'Curly' Olds, not because of anything personal, but because he represents an attitude I'm glad to see gone: at orientation at Skyland he said, 'If you people have a problem, I don't want to hear about it. We work through a chain of command and I solve problems that my command gives me.' Those days, thank goodness, are gone."

And now for his list of changes at McMurdo 1963-1986 for the better: "Town is cleaned up and neater ... Flush toilets ... Everyone friendly - no overt resentment of the 'redcoats' ... Vermin Villa gone and replaced with a women's (yes!) dormitory ... USARP stuff in Ship's Store ... A female barber with orange hair, high heels, gave better haircuts than Navy, but price is same (free) ... Scott's hut protected ... There are authorized boondoggles to South Pole ... Dining area not government green (on other hand, see below) ... There is running water (sometimes) ... Ob Hill is still there - just right size for great view and great feeling of accomplishment, but not too much for anyone."

Plus changes for the worse: "Didn't have lobsters ONCE! ... Orientation at McMurdo consisted of a lot of prohibitions and regulations ... Miss the old USARP Headquarters with its view. Now all the view is expropriated by the honchos' offices ... Miss the old chapel with its fabulous winter-over made artwork."

And some things that don't change: "Despite fact that dining hall isn't government green, it is awfully grim - dimly lit, no windows. Contrast to Dumont D'Urville with its triple-pane picture windows looking out on its fabulous view ... McMurdo has a world-class view and location, but somehow architecture doesn't take advantage of it . . . The hotel has nice balcony with view, but the sliding door was irreparably broken; so you couldn't get out there! ... Living quarters overheated, as always ... Still, in 1980's no good personal communications system: you have to go to Scott Base to make a phone call."

Finally, Rob questions whether these changes are for the better: "Lots and lots of people through town ... Continent accessible in just 6 hours by C-141 ... Movies only once a week, replaced by videos: tends to allow people to stay in own living spaces instead of mixing ... Foot travel highly regulated: yes, I know it's safer, BUT... ... Nude over the bar at the O Club is gone."

**PENSACOLA'S NAVAL AVIATION MUSEUM** (by RMC Billy-Ace Baker, USN). *Que Sera Sera*, first plane to land at the Pole, is on display at the Naval Aviation Museum. At the present time she is on rotating display outside the museum and will be there until the museum is enlarged. Since the museum is funded by public donations, it may be years before the building is large enough to enclose all the planes that are stored outside. My friend, Jim Landy, who is a Chief Aviation Mechanic stationed in New Orleans', recently came down to visit us, and we went out to the museum to see what kind of shape the *Que Sera Sera* was in. Compared to most of the other planes that are stored outside, the *Que Sera Sera* was in great shape. Jim pointed out to me that the tail surface which is now covered in sheet metal and is painted in the traditional VXE6 colors was originally fabric. Other than that, he could see no real bad deterioration, and he thought that the plane had been carefully maintained. Jim served two tours on the Ice with VXE6. His first tour was in the early 70's, and his second tour was in the early 80's. On his second tour he was a C130 crew chief. Incidentally, the museum has a beautiful painting of the *Que Sera Sera* when it landed at the South Pole. Also the Coast Guard section has a painting of the USCGC GLACIER breaking ice,

but if you didn't know anything about polar operations, you would not know that it was the GLACIER because the painting is not labeled and all it shows is the hull number. The museum also have several elaborately made models of the planes that RADM Byrd used during his Antarctic expeditions. If you ever get a chance to come to Pensacola, you should make it a point to visit the museum.

**AN ANCIENT AND HONORABLE SURFACES.** The Commanding Officer of VX-6 in Operation Deep Freeze I, 1955-56, Gordon K. Ebbe, has joined our Society. He lives in Colorado Springs, Colorado (2211 Wynkoop Drive, and the zip code is 80909-1442). There are quite a few Antarticans in that area - novelist Moe Morris, Brian Shoemaker (who is with the Space Command), and Paul Streich (tax counselor) - and they are looking into "the possibility of forming an Antarctic Society of sorts here in Colorado Springs." They seem to have their priorities in order as Gordon wrote, "We are getting together next week to swap lies, go over pictures, and go over my 75-page Antarctic scrapbook." He also has an hour-long slide show on the Antarctic which he gives periodically; it seems people love those 30-year old pictures. Incidentally, he wrote Ruth that he had roomed with Paul on the GLACIER, and that he flew Paul and Admiral Byrd over the South Pole on January 8, 1956.

Gordon raised the question as to whether "anyone has started a collection of Antarctic memorabilia for preservation?" He turned over his aviation material to the Naval Aviation Museum (see above Bergy Bit). However, the answer to his question must be both no and yes. There certainly is no museum in this country comparable to the one the Soviets have in Leningrad, or the Kiwis have in Christchurch, nor can we realistically expect that one will materialize because of the great expense in establishing and maintaining a polar museum. The Navy has an excellent ongoing polar exhibition at their Washington Navy Yard Museum, but it is rather small and selective. The Byrd Polar Research Center (BPRC) within the Institute of Polar Studies at The Ohio State University could possibly develop into the major U.S. depository for Antarctic papers. However, things are so scattered - Admiral Dufek's material is at Syracuse University; Dr. Harry Wexler's papers are at the Library of Congress; and many members of BAE I and II have donated their material to the National Archives - that the BPRC could never become a sole source center. If one wants to do research on U.S. polarites, he/she had better have infinite patience, great dedication, lots of travel funds, and no deadlines.

**HUSBAND OF KIWI ANNE DUDLEY FINALLY JOINS THE SOCIETY.** The first Naval captain to be permanently assigned as Commander, U.S. Naval Support Force, Antarctica, when the billet was downgraded to Captain in 1972, has recently joined the Society. He is Harry W. Swinburne, Jr., of 4969 North Cascade Place, Oak Harbor, Washington 98277, and he is married to the president of ABC's Travel in Seattle, the former Anne Dudley of Christchurch, New Zealand. To put Harry into the proper Antarctic geological time series, he was Deputy Commander and Chief of Staff under RADM Kelly Welch and RADM Les McCuddin, and interim Commander between the two. The well-known Washington golfer. Captain Al Fowler of the Division of Polar Programs at NSF, relieved Capt. Swinburne as Commander of the U.S. Naval Support Force in 1972. Harry retired in 1972, and describes himself as "a part-time lumberjack" living on a most enjoyable island, Whidbey. He also occasionally fills in as a tour escort when Anne has need for another guide on tours to Australia, New Zealand, and the Fijis. If any of you folks are contemplating going on a trip in that direction, you might want to talk to Anne or Harry (1-800-843-4341). They have a 24-day trip scheduled for this fall, and there are a few openings.

Harry has a lot of the Antarctic (and New Zealand) in his blood. He wrote, "One would

think that 27 trips there would be enough, but I always looked over my shoulder when leaving Cape Adare and hoped that there would be one more. After three years of developing (and changing) plans for the new South Pole station, I've really hoped to see the completed product. Only the utilidor and base rings of the geodesic dome were completed on my last inspection." He added that he was tempted to apply for the position as South Pole station manager! After he retired in October 1972, he toured every little corner of the South Island of New Zealand, and trekked the Milford for only \$90 vs today's \$340. Concerning the infamous sand flies (from which Bergy Bits found a way to escape, i.e. hike in the rain), Harry says they "are the world's most vicious animal - pound for pound. I'd like to see their mouth under a microscope."

Harry really has it made, living in the Pacific Northwest on a lovely island, piddling around cutting down trees, married to a friendly Kiwi who brings home a paycheck every Friday night, having an opportunity to occasionally serve as a tour guide to a wonderful part of this old world, and having Old Antarcticans like Kelly Welch and Sam Youngman (a former Deep Freeze medical officer) drop by for meaningful visits.

**SURVIVING ANTARCTIC MINKE WHALES REJOICING.** The Ides of March bore no ill tidings for the Minke whales in Antarctic waters, as the weekend of 14-15 March saw the cessation of five decades of Japanese whaling in Antarctica. The Soviet Union had previously announced at the 37th annual meeting of the International Whaling Commission in Bournemouth, England in July 1984 that they planned a temporary halt in their commercial whaling in Antarctic waters effective with the 1987-88 season. Most of the Minke whales caught in the southern hemisphere have been caught by Japanese and Soviet factory ships. Japan will continue whaling near their own shores for another year, then they will end their commercial whaling. The International Whaling Commission will review the world situation in 1990, with the possibility of allowing resumption of limited whaling.

The Japanese news media gave the final expedition to Antarctica full "end-of-an-era honors." Newspapers put reporters on the vessels to witness the final hunt. Whale meat has been an important source of protein in the Japanese diet, and an official of the Japanese Whaling Commission, Kinshiro Sorimachi was quoted as saying, "We believe whales are a resource that should serve mankind." Japan moved grudgingly in the face of strong international pressures, denying that the whales it has hunted were endangered, and saying that whaling is a valuable facet of Japanese culture which should survive. Threats from the United States to deny the Japanese fishing rights in American waters brought about Japan's agreeing to end whaling in 1988. There is nothing wrong with a little old-fashioned arm-twisting. We should try it on our youngsters!

**MONICA HAD A WONDERFUL TRIP.** Monica Kristensen told the Christchurch Press that she was disappointed not to have reached the South Pole, but did not consider the expedition a failure. She said, "Getting to the Pole was only one aspect. We did a lot of scientific work and we had a wonderful trip." She blamed the failure to reach the Pole on delays in the beginning, plus warm weather resulting in a lot of deep snow, making the dogs work excessively hard. The AURORA was held up ten days in December because of ice conditions, although there is some feeling among the polar community that her planning for establishing her base left something to be desired. Monica thought the most difficult part was doing the 47km up the Axel Heiberg, and said, "We climbed 2700 miles in five days, God I was tired."

The decision to abandon was made at the fourth depot. At that time they had been able to average only 30km a day, and to get back to the Bay of Whales in time to meet

the AURORA, they would have had to average 45km to the South Pole and all the way back. So the four-person party reached a unanimous decision to turn back, 450km short of the Pole. It's ironical that on their way back to the Barrier they were able to average 45km per day! Fears that the party might have to be rescued were totally unfounded, according to Monica. They apparently had enough supplies to have been able to survive through the winter.

A Norwegian correspondent who spent some time on the AURORA was in Washington over St. Patrick's Day, when film of the expedition was dropped off at the National Geographic; he spoke very highly of the two Danish dog team drivers. It seems that Monica and her party had some difficulties finding the caches laid out by the Green-landair support plane, and one of the reasons they were reluctant to go beyond their fourth depot was apprehension that they could not find the fifth depot. One of the dog team drivers had been with the pilot when they put in the cache; it seems they were very uncertain themselves as to just where they were. So this may have been the turning (around) factor. It was interesting that one dog - there was a total of 22 - was sort of ostracized by the other dogs, who wouldn't have anything to do with her/ him/it. Because of the Danes' very strong feeling about all dogs surviving, this one dog was given a free ride on the sled for the first part of the journey. But the other dogs must have envied the reject sitting back, getting a free ride and enjoying the scenery, so they suddenly accepted him back into harness, and everyone lived peacefully and happily everafter.

It doesn't appear that there was much Amundsen in Kristensen. Amundsen had planned to perfection; Kristensen had planned herself into failure; Amundsen had tremendous drive to get to the South Pole; Kristensen said she was not fanatical about it, although she would have liked to have gotten there "to tidy up." And this was supposed to be a 75th anniversary to Amundsen? Amundsen would flip in his grave.

**HARBINGER OF BAD NEWS TO COME.** The Wall Street Journal for 12 March 1987 (courtesy of C. Vernon Cooper) told its front page readers that "A Thirst for Firsts Sends Adventurers to the Polar Regions." It seems they are running out of "firsts" for Mt. Everest, as they have skied it, they have hang-glided it, they have kayaked it. However, it could be that justice will be served, as a recent article in another newspaper conjectures that old Mt. Everest may not be the highest mountain after all! If it turns out to be accurate, it will be a victory for all armchair mountaineers.

Adventurers are stumbling over one another in the Arctic. Last summer a French physician, Jean-Louis Etienne, skiing to the North Pole met a pair of Frenchmen trying to fly there on ultralight aircraft - basically hang gliders with motors. It seems that one crashed, and bad weather blocked the other guy. A Canadian tried motorcycling to the North Pole, but his dirt bike couldn't climb the ice ridges. An Australian twice failed in his attempts to fly a helicopter to the North Pole. Once his navigation instruments froze, a second time his generator gave out. And then, there is this 95-pound, 40-year old woman from Willow, Alaska by the name of Pam Flowers who is mushing solo - took off from Cape Columbia, Canada on 5 March - with her ten Alaskan huskies to the North Pole, wearing six - yes, six - layers of wool underwear. Must take her an inordinate part of the day just to relieve herself. She has thirty corporations backing her, sponsoring the 60-day (?) trek, costing \$200,000. But Pam isn't so solo as you might think, as planes are going to drop food every 10-14 days. She is planning a South Pole expedition in 1989. Aren't there other things that 42-year old women who weigh less than a hundred pounds should be doing, such as knitting one, purling two?

In addition to the dog team of Will Steger, there are other teams (one from Germany, one from Idaho) waiting to race across Antarctica. Then there is a dog team from

Georgia, presumably led by Norman (BAE I) Vaughan, age 81, going out to climb Mt. Vaughan. With all those dogs, Bergy Bits is afraid that the Great White Continent will shortly become the Great Yellow Stain. In case you are wondering how much it would cost to foot an expedition to cross Antarctica by dog, the figure being raised by Steger is a cool three-million bucks.

We don't imagine that anyone is really concerned with what happened to Dartmouth's Ned Gillette and his SEA TOMATO, as only a devoted mother could get enthralled about the kinds of things he does. But his partner quit - showing that at least he had some common sense - and old Ned took off and went ski touring in Antarctica! However, he claims he is going back next year, and will row from South America to Antarctica. One of Bert Crary's favorite statements is, "There's no fool like an old fool." That should be changed to, "There's no fool like an adventurer."

**THE POOR MAN'S/WOMAN'S HANDS-ON-ANTARCTICA.** If you don't want to hock your family jewels to go to Antarctica, but wouldn't mind going into debt for several thousand dollars, here are some alternate ways of going there as presented in the April issue of Outside (sent to us by Tom Frostman, Class of 68, Plateau Station). First, there is the 400-foot Argentine polar-research ship doubling as a cruise ship, the BAHIA PARAISO. A 12-day excursion leaving from Ushuaia goes for \$3150, and passengers can take optional trips by dogsled and snowcat, or a helicopter trip to the base of Mount Francais. The U.S. agent is Mountain Travel, 1398 Solano Avenue, Albany, California 94706 - (415)527-8100. One of our Society members, C. Vernon Cooper of Hazard, Kentucky, has just come back from a trip on the BAHIA PARAISO, and reports that they visited Esperanza, Almirante Brown, Palmer, Great Wall, Deception Island, Melchior Island, and Primavera. According to an article in The Hazard Times for 28 January 1987, he brought back "the original sign that had been placed at an Argentine Military Base in 1903 and discovered only two years ago during excavation of the base."

There are three French yachts which can be chartered for summer trips - the BASILE, the KSAR, and the KOTICK. Supposedly you don't have to be an experienced sailor, just have a deep pocket and a strong stomach. The BASILE is a 50-foot ketch, steel-hulled with a retractable keel, and has accommodations for your dog team! Her skipper is Alain Coradeo, and he will coordinate special cruises for climbing, camping, skiing, whale watching, boardsailing, or whatever is your fancy. For more information, contact Bertrand Dubois at Basile Expeditions, Le Collet, 74170 St. Gervais, France.

The KSAR can be chartered from Jean Paul Bassaget, c/o Agencia Tiempo Libre S.A., San Martin 154, 9410 Ushuaia, Tierra del Fuego, S.A. This fellow Bassaget runs mountain climbing expeditions to the Antarctic Peninsula, but Bergy Bits is sure that he will take you as far as your money will go. The KOTICK is owned by Oleg and Sophie Bely, who have sailed for ten years, some 120,000 miles; charge, total for all passengers, is \$500 per day. Both the KOTICK and the KSAR are crewed by their owners. If you are interested in the KOTICK, contact Oleg at the same address as Monsieur Bassaget.

Then there is something cheaper than \$500 a day. It seems a handful of yachts leave from the Falkland Islands every October and November to spend the summer in the Antarctic. So go to Stanley Harbor, find a skipper-in-need, and sign on as a crew member. Supposedly many welcome extra crew.

**DYNAMIC DUO PREPARING FOR THE ARCTIC.** Those intrepid Antarctic-adventuring scientists who teamed up on the Frozen Seas Expedition, namely David Lewis and Mimi Clark, are planning to sail north to the Kotzebue region of Alaska on a 60-foot ketch (donated by newspaper magnate, Charles Scripps) next year. They will be sailing under the



auspices of the non-profit Inter-Polar Research Society to study the culture of the native people and the ecology of the region. Besides Mimi and David, Edith Turner, anthropologist at the University of Virginia, and Yuir Rytkeu, a noted writer who is a native of the Soviet Arctic, will go along on the expedition. They hope to increase their numbers to include indigenous peoples and other scientists from both the U.S. and the USSR, including biomedical researchers from the Siberian Academy of Sciences. Once the ocean freezes, the boat will be used as a self-contained base of operations. A similar expedition is planned to the Soviet Arctic in 1990, with a future venture back to Antarctica under consideration.

**HARD TIMES CAMP YIELDS MANDARIN ORANGES TO METEORITE HUNTERS.** One of the nice things about Antarctica is its native population, and among the natives, one of the nicest has to be the bewhiskered Bill Cassidy. We will never forget the time he forgot about giving our Society's lecture in Washington until it was too late to catch a plane, whereupon he hopped into his car and cruised on into Washington just prior to the meeting. Whattaguy! He is just back from another successful field season, where the climate was evidently ideal for growing a new crop of meteorites, but rather than tell you another success story, let's let Bill tell you how he found things around old Hard Times Camp.

I thought the readers of your Newsletter might be interested to learn, as a historical footnote, that during the 1985-86 season we reoccupied the old Hard Times Camp on the Walcott Nev6, abandoned since they stopped mining vertebrate fossils at Coalsack Bluff. We stumbled across it during the early days of our season when we were doing day trips out of the Beardmore Camp and hadn't yet found any meteorites. We were running south by snowmobile toward the Plateau proper, to visit some exposed ice areas south of Coalsack Bluff when we noticed a couple of black dots to the southeast of our track. We drove over to take a closer look, and one dot became the old generator shed; the other dot was a partly exposed 55-gallon drum. The generator shed was essentially a box built of 2x4's and plywood. It was filled with snow, but there was a wind scoop around part of it. There were a number of fuel drums with snow drifted up around them, so that just their tops were exposed, and seven or eight 4x4 posts sticking up here and there with electrical wiring still running up them. Nailed to one post was a sign with the faded name barely legible: "Hard Times Camp."

Later that day we found our first meteorites only three miles away on exposed ice near Lewis Cliff. We then spent some weeks in a series of field camps around Otway Massif and the Dominion Range, but planned to return to Lewis Cliff. When we did return, toward the end of the season, we put our camp at Hard Times. We ate a lot of mandarin oranges from the old food cache there. Later, Jim Collinson told me they had had a tremendous surplus of them, and he had eaten so many that he had never been able to eat any since then.

We found the site to be quite windy, and rather inhospitable because of the wind, although it had a certain lingering attraction connected to its historical past. Jim told me that they used to judge the weather outside by the volume of snow blowing across the floor of their Jamesway, coming in through cracks on one side and going out through cracks on the other. Hard times, indeed! We left some of our surplus food cached there too. Last season (1986-87) we tried to pick a better site a few miles away, but it was just as bad. In one of the areas where we searched for meteorites last season, we spotted a few big "rocks" some distance away, in an area where you wouldn't expect rocks. We thought they would be nice big meteorites,

but discovered instead a strewnfield of old, used JATO bottles - more relics of the Coalsack Bluff operation. It seems more and more difficult to go somewhere that no one has been before!

**EAGLE SCOUT LOU SUGARMAN HIKES ONWARD AND UPWARD.** Upon his return from the Ice, Lou Sugarman attended the Scout Jamboree going on in New Zealand, and came away disappointed in his fellow Scouts from the States. But he didn't let their behavior hold him down; he visited the Navy in Christchurch and scrounged all the hiking equipment he could - it was minimal - and took off for some good old Kiwi trekking as a freedom (independent) walker. He did the Routeburn, the Caples, the Dart, and the Rees in quick succession, in his sneakers, and he got his fair share of the rain on the Routeburn! Then he came home and was given the royal treatment in Washington. Besides meeting with the Director of the National Science Foundation, he met a three-star general in the Pentagon, ten members of the House of Representatives, the Under Secretary of Health and Human Services, the Assistant Director of Secret Service, and the Secretary of the Interior. It seems like he met someone else, too - oh yes! he met the President. But after meeting Art DeVries in one of his fish houses at McMurdo, it must have been pretty routine meeting Ronald Reagan in the White House. Now the question is, did Lou give Ron one of his Boy Scout Antarctic shoulder patches? Speaking of Boy Scouts and the White House, our own Ruth had tea with Eleanor after one of Paul's trips to Antarctica. So the beat goes on!

**ANOTHER SPLINTER GROUP OF ANTARCTICANS GETTING ORGANIZED.** As the Colorado Springs Antarcticans were assembling, so were Antarcticans deep in the Heart of Texas. Duwayne Anderson sent us a letter about their first meeting, which read:

On Wednesday evening, December 10, June and I hosted the first meeting of the Bryan-College Station Antarcticans. We were privileged to have with us Greta Fryxell, Worth Nowlin, John Wormuth, Nan and Sayed El-Sayed. Not only that, we also had the great Curly Wohlschlag and his lovely wife up from Aransas to join us.

What's more, in addition to all of these folks, their colleagues and students, we also had Phil and Debbie Rabinowitz (Phil is director of the Ocean Drilling Program) and several members of the science team that will embark from Punta Arenas on the drill ship Resolution to begin Leg #113 to the Weddell Sea. They will first position the ship at the preselected site and then collect cores from the bottom of the Weddell Sea. This will be added to our growing store of cores from other waters for archiving and study in our new ocean drilling building.

We had a wonderful time. The evening consisted of refreshments and appetizers to begin, one of June's great meals, and a slide show consisting of contributions from all those present who wished to share their memories and experiences. You will understand our limiting each person to three slides in the initial round. Enthusiasm runs high in Antarcticans and without this limitation we would have been there all night. We were treated to some spectacular photographs and warm recollections of friends and favorite places.

Before the evening ended, I took the liberty of convening an organizational meeting of Antarcticans in Texas. We elected Curly Wohlschlag president by acclamation with the understanding that Sayed and I would be his deputies. Worth Nowlin was given the task of coming up with a suitable name and acronym. The next meeting is scheduled for June at the home of Sayed and Nan El-Sayed.

**ANTARCTICA AWAITING A LITERARY VOICE.** An interesting letter came into the Nerve Center in mid-March from Michael Parfit, well-known Antarctic author of *South Light*, which will be reissued as a paperback in May. He writes:

I think that writers are still looking for ways to grasp Antarctica, trying to find the range, or the proper mood, or something. As Pyne says, we take preconceptions (or golf clubs) to the place, and write about it as we would about more familiar landscapes. I think he's wrong about the continent being a nothing place, a mirror or a sink; I think rather it is just like any other place that is strikingly new to our culture; we haven't figured it out yet, or we haven't cut ourselves enough apart from the thought habits of the temperate world to learn Antarctica's unique way of affecting our lives. I know that my own book was not in any sense "Antarctic" literature, and though Alone and Scott's diaries and *The Worst Journey* may indeed fit that description in a kind of preliminary way, I suspect that it will be a while before we begin to see a unique literary voice coming from the south. After all, it took America centuries to find a tongue.

**JOHN DYER ON ADMIRAL BYRD.** John Dyer, an M.I.T. man who was Chief Radio Engineer on the 2nd Byrd Antarctic Expedition, and was very close to the late Admiral Byrd on that expedition, wrote us on 12 March about Byrd the Man.

Lots of people didn't understand him. He was a very well intentioned person, with a devotion to science in which he had little training. He was pretty deeply committed to serving science. I think he was entirely sincere - and stories saying otherwise just would have been entirely false. REB was not a good judge of men and made some pretty bad choices.

John and Byrd were chess partners. It seems that the late Admiral thought that John was a great chess player, but John wrote, "I was not, but he was worse!"

**IF YOU WANT TO BUY SOME CLASS.** If you want something beautiful and distinguished looking, we have several suggestions. We ran across a piece of crystal from Sweden with penguins, part of a signature collection of Mats Jonasson. Mats developed a new technique for sandblasting glass, and supposedly his various wildlife crystals have gained him international recognition with collectors. The penguin piece is about 5 1/2 inches high, 6 inches across, and sells for \$107. But it is worth it, a real beauty. The Ecology House is handling them in this country, and there are three - in Portland, Maine at 7 Exchange Street (04112); in Provincetown, Massachusetts at 356 Commercial Street (02657); and in Lahaina, Maui, Hawaii at 658 Front Street #166 (96761).

But if penguins don't turn you on, and you're an ice man a la Stephen Pyne, then we can highly recommend one of the Hoya crystal icebergs (5" high, \$165; 4" high, \$115; 3 1/2" high, \$90; 2 1/2" high, \$85). They can be bought from the Hoya Crystal Gallery, 450 Park Avenue, New York, New York 10022-9902.

But then you should get one of Dick (Little America V) Chappell's Baselites to display your choice piece of polar crystal. They come in two shapes, circular and square. The square one (6 3/4" on a side) has a wooden base and sells for \$65; the circular one (7" diameter), in silver, gold, or black, sells for \$75. Add \$3 for mailing. Their address is Fine Lines International Ltd., Box 408 Lenox Hill, New York, New York 10021-9990.

If you should buy either of the above combinations, I'm sure you would be pleased, as they are really beautiful.

**SNOWBALLING.** We were sorry to hear that Dick (Wilkes 57) Berkley has cancer. The Men of Eklund have remained fairly close since the IGY, and they are leading in prayers for his recovery. However, the prognosis is not overly encouraging... Deep Freeze IV is holding a reunion from 30 July to 2 August at the southern end of Port Hueneme in California. The exact site is the Casa Sirena, 3605 Peninsula Road, Channel Islands Harbor, Oxnard, California 93030. The point of contact is Mel Havener, 278 Lantana Street, Camarillo, California 93010 - phone (805)987-8158, and he has done a great job of rounding up the old boys. But if he missed you and you want to go, get in touch with Mel, as there's always room for more . . . Jerry Huffman, veteran employee of yesteryear with DPP, has left the big city, becoming a distinguished part of the landed gentry in Virginia, moving out into the Shenandoah near Waynesboro (Route 2, Box 296, Waynesboro, Virginia 22980). Before he finalized his conversion to a good old country boy, he (along with Gundel) took a mid-winter trip to Jamaica. Once upon a time Jerry told us that Gundel was the best thing that ever happened to him, that he was killing himself trying to keep all the girls in Christchurch happy . . . The multitude of friends of Walt Seelig will be happy to hear that he is making good recovery from the heart attack which befell him at Dick and Sally Cameron's Annual Christmas Bash. Walt is going back to the doctors in mid-April to have them use that new balloon technique again to clean up two arteries. And speaking of old Dick Cameron, he is a mayoral candidate in his adopted hometown of Collinsville, Illinois. If you want to make a financial contribution to his campaign to keep him out of science (and also out of soybeans), send him some of your cold, hard cash. Dick won't have any problems getting elected if he knows half as many women out there as he did in Washington . . . Fauno Cordes (355 Arballo Drive, San Francisco, California 94132) who prepared that comprehensive list of Antarctic novels (see Bergy Bits, August 1983), writes that her bibliography has doubled since then, and is still growing. She considers the novel, Antarctic Cookbook a significant book as it depicts Antarctica, for the first time, as a place for a private summer country home . . . John Cadwalader writes that Bergy Bits was in error relative to the first mountaineers, per se, in Antarctica. He said that a brother-in-law of Ed Hillary named Harrington and a bunch of his fellow Kiwis went south on an icebreaker back in DF II or DF III, and did some climbing in the Victoria Range . . . Psychology Today, March 1987, tells us that medical histories and psychological profiles of all Navy personnel who were accepted for Antarctic duty between 1963 and 1974 had lower hospitalization rates after returning home than other sailors, suggesting that they learned valuable coping skills. Bergy Bits believes that the same coping skills could have been developed by the very same sailors over the same period if they had not gone to Antarctica and had been dating redheads. Besides, their findings can't be applied to sailors in Antarctica today, as back then it was basically a man's world, while today it is very much a heterogeneous society. And the stresses are back . . . Did you ever wonder who that fellow Elisha Kent Kane was who showed up on that Arctic exploration stamp? Well, the secret is out, he was the great uncle of a great aunt (by marriage) of Rob Flint. And all this time we thought he was a relative of some politician . . . Have you seen those Antarctic fauna stamps from Chile? Pretty neat. We wonder if there are any other signatory nations of the Antarctic Treaty besides the United States which have not issued an Antarctic stamp (since the Treaty) . . . Guy Guthridge has told the people in New Zealand that he does not want any more USAP calendars with NZARP pictures. Now if he would only tell them to scrub off the foolish listing of dates when nations acceded to the Treaty, that would really help!

**FINALE.** That's it for another season - six Newsletters, 76 pages (total now for Bergy Bits is 56 Newsletters, 672 pages). This one was written eight weeks prior to the meeting, as we wanted to close up shop. It has been a bittersweet year. Some real great things like going back to the Ice and New Zealand, but there have been downers, too. Time to reassess. Summers are for enjoyment. Time to go home. ENJOY!