



THE ANTARCTICAN SOCIETY

905 NORTH JACKSONVILLE STREET

ARLINGTON, VIRGINIA 22205

HONORARY PRESIDENT - MRS. PAUL A. SIPLE

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THE ANTARCTICAN SOCIETY AND THE NRC's POLAR RESEARCH BOARD

present

GEOCHEMISTRY OF THE WEDDELL SEA: LOCAL PROBLEMS OF GLOBAL INTEREST

by

Dr. Ray F. Weiss
University of California, San Diego
Scripps Institution of Oceanography
La Jolla, California

on

Friday evening, 29 April 1988 8 PM

The National Academy of Sciences
2101 Constitution Avenue N.W.
Washington, D.C.

PRECEDED BY

Cocktails in the Great Hall at 5:30 PM

and

Dinner in The Refectory at 6:30 PM

Dr. Weiss is a current member of the Academy's Polar Research Board, where he serves as its expert on chemical oceanography and atmospheric chemistry, particularly on the Southern Ocean. He majored in chemistry at Cal Tech where he obtained both his bachelor's and master's degrees. His PhD was from Scripps in earth science. He is very much interested in the interactions of oceans. He first visited Antarctica in 1973, and has been involved in its oceanography ever since. Come and hear this authority talk on a subject of unusual current interest!

As this is a dinner meeting in the main Academy building, the price of dinner has to include cocktails. Our chicken dinner, with drinks, will be \$25. Please make your checks payable to *The Antarctic Society*, but SEND THEM TO The Polar Research Board, Attn: Mrs. Mildred McGuire, 2101 Constitution Ave. NW, Washington, DC 20418.

Reservations MUST be in by 25 April!

Each Newsletter is a giant step towards a newsletterless summer which we always look forward to with great expectation. The Washington area is a big fat zero from 15 May to 15 September when humidity becomes a repulsive way of everyday life. But fortunately there is a State of Maine. In fact, we spend nearly all of our time there, both winter and summer. We are about to enter the computer age, purchases have been made, and hopefully there may be an edition later this year from the shores of Penobscot Bay rather than from the banks of the Potomac. This Newsletter has a lot of marine-oriented items - hope you like them. Again, what follows does not constitute an official position of our Society, being just the prejudiced opinions of a solitary member. It may be the whole truth, may be part truth, or, perhaps, it may even be a complete fabrication. There is no identification key to which is what - it's up to you to decide.

Our President, Bob Dodson, has recently accepted a position in a satellite Antarctic country - Morocco. Wherever Bob goes, you can be sure he will spread the word about the good old Antarctic days with dog teams. Good luck to you, Bob. Keep your cool!

WHO ARE WE, ANYWAY? We thought we knew who we were until we read Mike Parfit's article on the Fearsome Traveler in the Washington Post on 24 January 1988. It was rather disconcerting to find that Montana Mike had lumped us in with the Explorers Club and the Alpine Club as an adventure group. It was almost enough to make me want to resign from our Society, but then he did call us "respected adventurers", and I decided to stay! No one knows the constituency of our Society better than I, as I more or less handle the membership end of the organization and have a personal interest in the backgrounds of our members. Several years ago we went through the whole membership and found out that three-fourths of our members had been to Antarctica, nearly all as working scientists or distinguished guests of our government. About half of our members had geographical features named after them. Although we have picked up quite a few new members who are saviors of the pristine Antarctic environment or have been there as tourists, we in the Nerve Center still feel that our Society is basically an organization for people who have worked in Antarctica. As much as is possible, all of our speakers are professional Antarcticans who have worked on the continent. Our Memorial Lecturers are almost always people on the cutting edge of Antarctic science. As much as we respect Mike as an Antarctic writer, this time we have to take exception to what he wrote.

AFFLUENT GREENPEACE SENDS FOUR MORE GREENS TO CAPE EVANS. Greenpeace, which projects \$NZ62.5 million support for 1988, is allocating \$NZ3.1 million on Antarctica over the next three years. The 1988 four-person wintering-over crew has similarities to the first four Greens who wintered over at Cape Evans. The camp leader, again, is a malcontent from a past wintering-over crew. He, Keith Swenson, worked as a mechanic at McMurdo Station four years ago. He is sort of a nondescript character who has worked as a river guide and a forest ranger, and is a mountaineer with Himalayan experience. He hails from some place called Idaho, a nonentity left out when Montana, Oregon, and Washington were drawing up their boundaries. In keeping with

last year, one member is some sort of a scientist, has some sort of a doctor's degree - Sabine Schmidt of West Germany. She was described in the New Zealand press as "short, friendly, and feminine." Isn't it just great that she isn't tall, hostile, and masculine! You don't have to look too far to find an Australian who is willing to do anything, and they have such a soul in the Dutch-born Sjeord Jongens, a veteran of seven Antarctic visits and two winter-overs. He could not have found Antarctica too revolting to have gone back all those times, but, then again, there is no accounting for what Aussies will do. The other Green is Wojtek Moskal, a "genial, bearded oceanographer" from Gdansk, Poland, who, after three years on an expedition to Svalbard, returned there to live with the trappers. He will actually be closer to the equator at Cape Evans than he was when in Svalbard, so one could say he has gone to Antarctica to escape the long harsh winters!

Jongens is going to install computerized communications at their station. The Greens will try to monitor all of the shenanigans of the law-abiding Antarctic Treaty nations in Antarctica, alerting major news services such as Reuters and the Associated Press when they see something bad. Greenpeace at McMurdo is sort of like having your mother-in-law living in your basement, a no-win situation, as even perfection would not be good enough. One would think that in an organization with 2.5 million members someone in authority would be able to come up with a better utilization of funds than monitoring what is added to the McMurdo dump.

ANTARCTIC HUMOR. We have been lifting the words of Charlotte Evans off the pages of the New York Times in our past two issues, but this time we are presenting a sneak preview of her input into an upcoming cruise book. Sounds a bit like vintage John Splettstoesser or Rob Flint. Her observations are the result of eleven weeks at McMurdo and elsewhere this past austral summer. We thank Charlotte for letting us use it, as these pages need some humor, especially following Greenpeace!

Most Pointed Item of Proof That It Is Still a Man's World - The ladies' room on a Here.

Least Credible Response to a Plea - Commander John Schaedel, the supply officer, who insisted, under repeated prodding, that he did NOT have a secret stash of bikini panties with the legend: 'Coldest Spot on Earth.'

Best Emperor Penguin Impersonation by an Officer on a Thursday - Captain Dwight Fisher, hands - er flippers - down.

Least Scientific Response to a Question - Professor Art DeVries of the University of Illinois on why the Conservation Act covers birds and mammals but not fish - 'Fish are ugly.'

Most Colorful Creation by the Galley (not to be confused with Most Taste Tempting) - Melange of red and green Jello cubes with marshmallows, shredded carrots and raisins.

Most Predictable Personal Loss - The \$85 sunglasses with the white frames (probably on the outskirts of Willy Field in the aftermath of the supernova balloon launch). The \$12 ones with the red frames persist.

Most Charitable Assessment of Public Transit - Betty Moser, medical corpsman at Palmer, on the Nodwell: 'I don't care what they say about those foreign cars; you can't beat the ride in a Lincoln.'

Most Exasperating Item of Clothing Issued by NSF - The tube sock.

Most Exasperating Omission at NSF Orientation Meeting in September - 'Bring a towel.'

Least Soundproof Building in the World - The Mammoth Mountain Inn.

Least Predictable Cocktail Sensation - The T'nT, a mixture of HOT Tang and Tequila, enjoyed by a science party in the Dry Valleys.

Most Overrated Reputation for Efficiency - Hill Cargo.

Most Amazing Nonscientific Discovery - The Kaopectate at the South Pole is powdered

OZONE GLOBAL PROBLEM WITH SEVERE ANTARCTIC HEADACHE. We always felt with a large degree of discomfort that our demise on this earth would be tied in with some crazy Boston driver getting us on the highway; they are a terrible cult of pure maniacs driving time bombs with reckless abandon on the byways of New England. But wait, the Washington Post for 16 March had an article by Cass Peterson in which she reports on the severity of global ozone depletion. Robert Watson of NASA is quoted as saying, "Things are worse than we suspected. There has been a long-term change since 1969 that had not been recognized before..... All of the previous reports have said there is no statistically significant trend since the 1960s. What we are reporting is clearly a statistically meaningful decrease in ozone. Our models are not doing a good job."

Antarctica is the odd man out in this fragile game. Peterson wrote, "Last year, ozone levels over Antarctica dropped by more than 50 percent, the deepest depletion since the 'hole' was first reported." The article included a map based on a recent study by a team of a hundred scientists from U.S. and U.N. agencies which analyzed nearly two decades of ozone data gathered by satellite and by ground-based instruments; it showed that there has been a 10.6 percent year-round decrease between latitude 53°S and 60°S!

The worldwide figures were startling because the overall ozone decreases are three times greater than expected. One problem, scientists said, was that current models do not take into consideration the added effect of ice crystals, which form over Antarctica in the coldest months and provide a base for chlorine reactions with ozone. F. Sherwood Rowland of the University of California at Irvine, head of one of the study groups, said the current changes are occurring at chlorine levels of about three parts per billion in the atmosphere, and the Treaty (the pending International Ozone Treaty) will allow chlorine levels to reach six to seven parts per billion before they can be reduced. Rowland was quoted as saying, "We're seeing severe damage now, and we know it is going to get worse because we have more chlorine." Watson and the other scientists said there is little doubt that the ozone depletion is attributable to chlorofluorocarbons and other man-made chemicals that destroy ozone in the atmosphere. The figures reported in their study were adjusted to account for natural ozone changes, which can come from sun spots, volcanic activity and unusual weather patterns.

The U.S. unanimously approved an international treaty on 14 March to halve the world's consumption of chemicals that erode the gaseous ozone zone, and it was expected that President Reagan would sign the instrument of ratification. Thirty other nations have tentatively approved the Treaty. It is the first treaty that represents an international agreement to curb air pollution, and is considered a model for other multinational environmental problems. The Treaty, which calls for a staged, 50-percent cut in ozone-depletion chemicals over ten years, becomes effective 1 January 1989, if ratified by eleven countries representing two-thirds of global use of CFCs. The U.S. accounts for 30 percent of world consumption, the European Community another 30 percent, and Japan 10 to 15 percent.

Environmentalists argue that the Treaty does not go far enough, citing the widening ozone 'hole' over Antarctica. They are seeking a global ban on CFCs - a \$750 million a year U.S. business (refrigerants, plastic-foaming agents, and solvents) in 1986. Senator Chafee of Rhode Island tried unsuccessfully to accompany ratification with a resolution urging faster and deeper CFC cuts in the Treaty or unilateral U.S. actions to reduce consumption. There is some speculation that the 12-member European Community might delay ratification, as Great Britain, France, and Italy were "the least enthusiastic" during the treaty negotiations in Montreal last September. If the required number of countries have not ratified the agreement by 1 January 1989, implementation will be three months after the conditions are met. Our advice - buy sun screen stock!

IS NORMAN VAUGHAN REALLY MARRIED? Norman Vaughan continues to get more publicity over a simple old marriage than most people get out of a lifetime of working. The latest to immortalize his and Carolyn's wedding is Alaska Magazine for March 1988. But wait a minute, are they really married? It seems that Norman had forgotten -?-to bring along to the wedding the papers that had to be signed to make the marriage legal. Regardless, they had a great party, everyone had a good time, and the missing papers did not deter the honeymoon. If need be, you can always pick up the papers later - this year, next year, the one following - and your true friends will sign anything, any time. But let's excerpt - with our personal embellishments - the Alaska article on the wedding, as it was unique. First, the wedding site, the Forks Road House, is about 19 miles off the Parks Highway on the Petersville Road. It is one of those places which can only be reached in winter by dog teams, snow machines or helicopters. That sort of eliminates the riffraff and conventional partygoers from showing up, making it a first-class wedding. By 11 a.m. the roadhouse was jammed and queues were at the bar, and in front of the door to one unisex, overworked head. Kids outside were clobbering one another with snowballs, huskies were howling, and bottles of anti-freeze were passing from one hand to another. There's no place like home!

The bridal altar was a sheet of plywood strategically buried near the top of a 4-foot deep snowdrift. Members of the press corps "gradually sank into the snow off the edge of the plywood as they scrambled to take pictures and record comments from the Ceremony," which was said to be a "more-or-less traditional ceremony." The wedding was buzzed by a bright red Super Cub, Alaska's favorite bush plane. Then they all went inside to what was described as a madhouse. "It took 45 minutes to get a plate of food. Champagne corks burst from magnum-size bottles, ricocheting around the room as the bubbling wine spewed onto the floor and into the glasses. A three-tiered wedding cake, brought in frozen the day before by dog team, was cut and devoured." Who needs a basic stereotyped \$20,000 wedding anyway, when you can have one with so much real fun?

After all these years of mushing, it was Carolyn who drove Norman off to their honeymoon, as she commanded the dog team with Norman riding as a passenger. Probably it was most essential for both of them that Norman's strength be preserved for wedding night activities, and that Carolyn be a bit tired out so she would not stay up all night looking for the impossible!

As we go to press, the Butcher-Iditarod race is history. If you followed the daily accounts in USA Today, you know that Storming Norman at 82 was the oldest dog driver in the race, and you also learned that after getting caught in a blizzard, he decided to drop out of the race. Presumably Carolyn was his racing companion again, although we are only surmising this. Antarctic ships and Norman Vaughan are always good copy.

DAVID HARROWFIELD, EXECUTIVE OFFICER, ANTARCTIC HERITAGE TRUST. In a past issue, we put in a plug for members to send megabucks to New Zealand to help support the conservation and preservation of the four historic huts in the Ross Sea sector. We had a call from the Antarctic sage, Walt Seelig, saying that we were remiss in not telling his many friends in this country that David Harrowfield was appointed the Executive Officer of the Trust. Consider yourself now so informed.

David first went to the ice in 1975 as a senior laboratory technician from the Geography Department, University of Canterbury, and spent ten days studying the beach formation and the recent glacial history of a small coastal landform at Cape Bird. In 1977-78, he revisited Antarctica as a hut caretaker, working at Cape Royds, Cape Evans, and Hut Point for four weeks doing a detailed inventory and pictorial record of historic artefacts in and around the huts. His field work included the use of archeological techniques for the recovery of artefacts around the huts. In 1979 he became curator of the Antarctic Centre of Canterbury Museum; he also worked as an archivist at the Museum between 1984 and 1986. In the summer of 1981-82, he led an

expedition to Cape Adare to document the site of, and carry out essential maintenance on, the living hut of the Southern Cross Expedition of 1899-1900.

He is the author of an excellent Antarctic book entitled *Sledging Into History* which deals with the explorers of the heroic age, the huts they built, and the ongoing work to restore and maintain the huts. He also authored the chapter on historic huts which appeared in the Reader's Digest *Antarctica*. In 1987 he received the New Zealand Antarctic Society's Conservation Award (a carved walnut Emperor penguin) for his work relative to the historic huts. Most geographers are suspect, but he looks like an honorable man, so get your checks off now, payable to the Antarctic Heritage Trust, to David Harrowfield, Executive Officer, Antarctic Heritage Trust, P.O. Box 13247, Christchurch, New Zealand.

ROW, ROW, ROW YOUR BOAT, GENTLY TO ANTARCTICA. Two veteran Antarciticans, Mark Eichenburger, 35, of Dallas, and Jay Morrison, 34, of Cleveland, joined forces with adventurer Ned Gillette, 42, of Stowe, Vermont and Fred Trombley, a 32-year old sailing captain out of Whitman, Massachusetts who had logged 70,000 nautical miles at sea, to row the 28-foot dory SEA TOMATO across the Drake Passage to King George Island in late February-early March. The SEA TOMATO was built on Cape Cod, and is a flat-bottomed dory weighing 5,000 pounds, drawing just under two feet. Its hull is of welded aluminum A pair of draggerboards - whatever they may be - increased the draft by four feet and added stability. The interior of the boat had nine compartments, the largest of which was the watertight, sealed living quarters in the center. There were open rowing compartments at the bow and at the stern, and the other compartments contained space-age communication gear, food, water, emergency supplies, and flotation foam. The SEA TOMATO had six sets of carbon fiber oars of varying lengths - long, medium, and short - for use in smooth, choppy, or rough seas. It also had two short removable masts.

They departed from Pratt Passage, a sheltered waterway in the Patagonia Archipelago, on 22 February and traveled south for two days until they reached the latitude of Cape Horn, 56°S. From there on sails were secured, and they rowed, and rowed, and rowed, until they arrived at the Chilean Teniente Rodolfo Marsh Air Force Base on King George Island on the morning of 8 March. They had sailed/rowed over 650 miles in 16 days. That's making better time than the Postal Service in delivering our mail. Evidently they must have found relatively good weather as the article in the Boston Globe for 13 March said the passage was "a grinding combination of rough weather and strict routine." Anyway, it has all been documented by automatic still and video cameras rigged on struts around the boat. A documentary film produced by someone named Terry Youk, is expected to be released sometime this summer.

A pressure cooker for heating water was the only cooking facility; they lived primarily on instant soup, special protein-rich Logan mountain-climbing bread, dried fruits, nuts and tea. Where was the Bud? Their position, to within 30 miles, was transmitted at frequent intervals to an orbiting satellite, which in turn relayed the message to a ground station in France, which then passed it on to a meteorologist, Bob Rice of Weather Services, in Boston. Rice prepared daily forecasts for them, which were transmitted by telex to the Chilean naval base at Punta Arenas. Navy radio operators then passed the forecast on to the rowers during their daily radio conversations. An onboard satellite navigation system, accurate to 20 meters, allowed the SEA TOMATO crew members to check their position independently. If they knew where they were within 20 meters, how come the position they sent to the satellite was only accurate "to within approximately 30 miles"? Ah, who cares, anyway? Close enough for adventurers, right? Right.

This was just another milestone for Ned Gillette, who has made a career out of adventuring. He is a veteran of some twenty expeditions on every other continent, including a ski trip around Mt. Everest and an ascension of the highest peak in China. He

is a controversial person, and writeups in some of the adventure magazines have not flattered him; in fact, they challenged whether he actually did some of his accomplishments. He is a Dartmouth man, and you really don't expect too much of a Dartmouth man. When Link Washburn went there you could trust them, but nowadays Dartmouth seems to make headlines of a different nature. Gillette was a former member of the U.S. Olympic cross-country ski team, and planned to do some skiing after he reached Antarctica. You who sailed on the HERO in her last years know both Mark Eichenburger and Jay Morrison. Jay has trouble divorcing himself from the HERO, and for a time remained a one-man captain and crew in her Reedsport, Oregon home. So now Mark and Jay, along with Ned and Fred, are in the Guinness Book of World Records.

ANTARCTIC KIWI RECEIVES BLUE WATER MEDALS. Gerry Clark is a 60-year old father of four daughters, husband of one wife, whose admiration for sea birds drove him to build a little sailboat which he sailed in Antarctic waters for over three years. He left New Zealand on 21 February 1983 and came back on 6 November 1986. It is not known whether his wife was waiting with open arms or with a firearm, but the sailing world certainly acclaimed him. Michael Fay, head of the New Zealand challenge for the American Cup, met him in Fremantle and turned his men loose fixing up Clark's TOTOMORE because "we can't have a Kiwi boat going out looking like that." Clark has been awarded the Northland Harbor Board's Blue Water Medal in New Zealand, the Tilman Medal of the Royal Cruising Club of Great Britain, and this January the Cruising Club of America's Blue Water Medal. The Queen also named him a member of the British Empire for his Antarctic exploits.

He started out with two temporary crew members, and by the time he got back another twenty crew members had come and gone as miscellaneous and sundry ornithologists and sailors joined him for different stretches. He circumnavigated Antarctica, and spent two summers in the Falklands and South Georgia, where he studied albatrosses. When sailing offshore, he followed the line of the Antarctic convergence because "there is a great upwelling there," and as food came rolling to the surface, birds gathered to feed. He always counted birds, whether they were out to sea feeding or on islands nesting or resting. He also was looking for signs of predation from cats and rats. Leopard seals and Elephant seals tried to sink his inflatable, but he evidently outmaneuvered them or they weren't too clever. Gerry saw "seas of 60 to 70 feet, weathered alone frigid winds of hurricane force, twice lost his mast and sails in storms, rolled the boat a dozen or more times in towering seas, was knocked down scores of times, and ice on deck nearly sunk him." Otherwise, it was your typical quiet, mundane, sail amongst icebergs.

Wonder what his wife Marge might have said or done if he said, as he walked out the front door, "I am just going outside and may be some time. For God's sake, take care of our daughters," and, as an afterthought, just before he closed the door, turned and said, "and by the way, make sure you change the oil in my Holden every 10,000 kilometers." It really took more guts to walk out the front door of his home for a three and a half years' sail than to endure Antarctic waters. In America he would have been told to keep on sailing (into oblivion), but miracles will happen and he arrived back still married, as Marge accompanied him to New York City to accept the Cruising Club award. However, she better not get used to having him around the house, as Angus Phillips in the Washington Post on 31 January 1988 said he was "hunting a new mission." If you want to read about his great adventure, Century-Hutchinson in New Zealand has published his book, *The Totomore Voyage*, resplendent with many fine photos. The book should be out in the U.S. next year, although he hasn't selected an American publisher.

REPLACEMENT SCIENCE LABORATORY LOOMING. On the back page of this Newsletter, is a sketch of the science facility of the future at McMurdo. Ground was broken on 9 January 1988.

LEWIS AND CLARKE SUPERSEDED BY LEWIS AND GEORGE. Remember that delightful spoof of a Southern lady pulled off by Mimi George when she came (with David Lewis) to tell us all about the Frozen Sea Expedition to the Antarctic? Well, they are off again, this time to the Pacific Northwest and then to the Arctic Basin. Mimi and David are now old married folks. What brought on this rash act we do not know; maybe it was to get a cheaper membership in our Society! They are incorporated - the Inter-Polar Research Society, and their 22-meter auxiliary schooner HAWAIIAN TROPIC CYRANO is in San Diego. Currently they are raising funds and doing some repairs on their boat. They feel there has been a significant thaw in frozen east/west relationships, and want to capitalize on a supposedly existing circumpolar ring of friendship.

If the name of the schooner sounds non-polarlike, it is because she was given to them by Ron Rice of the Hawaiian Tropic Company, a manufacturer of a citrus-based drink. We understand from an eyewitness when the yacht took off from Florida on the start of this junket, that the docksides were graced by a bevy of amply-endowed, bikini-clad beauties (who help publicize the drink). Shades of the departure of some of the ships of the heroic age which were one short jump ahead of creditors!

Who are the intrepid people who will accompany Lewis and George? Well, first of all, there is Dr. Vladimir I. Davidenko, Scientific Secretary of the Institute of Clinical and Experimental Medicine in Novosibirsk; Dr. Ted Mala, president of the Circumpolar Health Union; Caleb Pungowiyi, president of the Bering Straits Native Corporation's nonprofit organ "Kawerak"; Dr. Roger Payne, U.S. whale researcher; Prof. Edith Turner, British anthropologist; Yuri Rythheu, a Chukchi author; Michael McCune, administrator who serves as president of the Board of Directors of the Inter-Polar Research Society and Peter Klika, adventurer. Other folks are involved, but essentially the hard core are those listed above. They are planning to enter the Arctic this year, freezing their schooner in the sea ice near Kotzebue or Teller. In an ensuing year she will winter over on the Siberian side. We don't think there is any termination year for this expedition, and we never really expect to see either David or Mimi again! You can be sure of one thing - wherever David Lewis is, there is going to be some excitement. Good luck! Bon Voyage! (I-PRS, 3451B Vincent Drive, Pleasant Hill, CA 94523)

72-YEAR OLD NOBEL PRIZE WINNER INVESTIGATING NEW CAREER IN ANTARCTICA. This past January South Pole Station was visited by Prof. Charles H. Townes of the University of California, Berkeley who was serving as an unpaid consultant to the Polar Atmospheric Science Program. Townes is a well-known microwave and infrared astronomer who has won the Nobel Prize for his invention of the MASER (and by extension, the laser). The purpose of his visit was to look over the station as a candidate site for a sophisticated far infrared astronomical telescope, which he may propose in collaboration with some German colleagues.

Pole may well be the driest inhabited spot on earth, excepting Vostok, and for that reason it may be nearly as good a site for some sorts of astronomical observations as a spacecraft would be. The fact that the sun is below the horizon for six months at a time, and that the stars only describe circles in the sky, and never rise or set, also has much appeal to many astronomers.

There has been a dramatic increase in interest in South Pole as a site for astrophysics, with the real possibility of there being as many as nine experiments being conducted there during the next year, including the flight of balloons to study the new supernova and to do solar x-ray astronomy at the same time. (Courtesy of John Lynch, Program Manager, Polar Atmospheric Science, DPP, NSF)

ED MACDONALD HAS BROKEN OUT OF HIS LAST ICE PACK. The old polar icebreaker, Ed MacDonald, died on 19 March, ending an ongoing, long-term bout with leukemia. As we go to print, his obituary has not appeared in local papers, so we will fabricate

from the fifteen letters Ed sent to the Nerve Center. A graduate of the Naval Academy in 1931, Ed must have been around 78 at the time of his death.

He was the Commanding Officer on the BURTON ISLAND to Antarctica in 1947-48, on a combined voyage with the EDISTO, when they tied in survey points from a previous U.S. expedition. This resulted in McDonald (the original spelling of his name) Bay being named after him. The Russian station, Mirny, now occupies part of his bay. He was also Commodore of three ships that surveyed the coast of "Greenland and locations for Dew Line." He joined Operation Deep Freeze and Admiral Dufek after a short vigil in Astoria, Oregon when he mothballed ships. After Dufek retired, he served three more years with Admiral Tyree. He wrote *POLAR OPERATIONS*, a well-known U.S. Naval Institute manual on how to operate in the polar regions, and he also authored *COLD FACTS ABOUT THE ANTARCTIC*, which was the essence of his lecture series when he went to the Antarctic with Lindblad. Ed was very proud of receiving the Patron's Medal from the Royal Geographical Society of London, which he was awarded at their 150th anniversary celebration in June 1980. We think we are correct in writing that the only other American recipients of the Patron's Medal were the late Paul Siple and Bert Crary. Ed wrote that he "had a couple of stiff Scotches before I gave my talk there which was really to express appreciation for all the medal winners."

In March of 1982 Ed wrote, "Doctors say I have contracted chronic lymphatic leukemia but chemotherapy appears to be gaining the upper hand." Later that year, he went on one of his favorite pastimes - a tour abroad with a Naval Academy alumni group. This one went to Japan and China, and when visiting a small hospital, they asked for a volunteer for an acupuncture demonstration. His wife, Jessie Bell, very graciously volunteered Ed, as he had an arthritic right hip. After five minutes of treatment, according to the Navy Publication, Shipmate, "Ed was able to run and leap about like a mountain goat," and then continued with, "Ed, did you feel any other goat-like propensities?" You don't get good stuff like this from the obits in the Washington Post! Incidentally, the beneficial effects of the treatment lasted only twelve hours, and he ended up with his second total hip replacement in ten years.

One of Ed's favorite stories pertained to when Dufek put him in charge of Admiral Byrd's office in the basement of a house on Jackson Place across from the White House. The very first night, one of Washington's finest, making his appointed rounds, saw this mannequin all dressed up in polar garb, thought it was a living burglar, and shot "the hell out of the dummy."

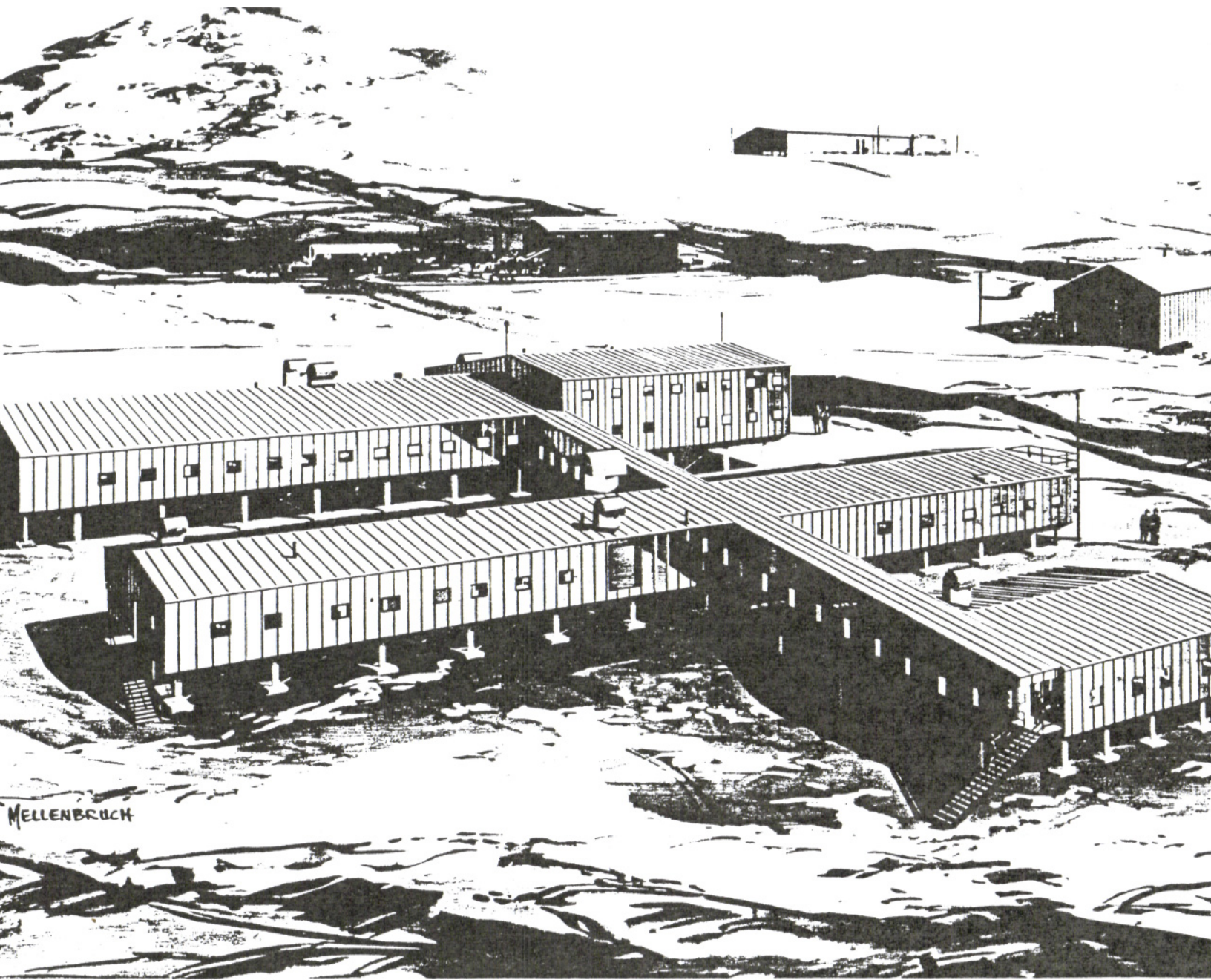
Ed and Jessie Bell moved to Williamsburg (3015 Tanglewood Cove, Williamsburg Landing, Williamsburg, VA 23185) this past year when they started to lose their privacy to progress on Cape Cod. Ed never got to enjoy Williamsburg Landing, as leukemia resurfaced, and he had to resume chemotherapy. Interment was at Arlington Cemetery on 23 March. Later on there will be a memorial service back on the Cape.

POSTAL SERVICE BANE OF OUR EXISTENCE. You can't fight City Hall, and when it comes to delivering these Newsletters to those of you in a state with over ten members, which requires separate state groupings, it invariably takes three to four weeks after mailing. If you live in some place like Kentucky, where we have only a couple of members, yours is shot right through. We cited before the case of Walt Seelig, who lives in Potomac - 17 miles from where the Newsletters are mailed, not getting his until 34 days later. Well, they have picked up a little - the last one took only 20 days, still less than a mile a day! There is a new Postmaster General, whose wife was in Antarctica on a cruise ship when her husband accepted the position in early February. Why a very successful, enterprising millionaire in the banking business leaves all that, and San Francisco, too, to take over an outfit with a \$1.7 billion deficit, we'll never know. We think the only salvation is to decommission the whole Postal Service, and dump it in the lap of UPS. What a blessing that would be!

ICE CHIPS. *Hal Borns*, Director of the Institute for Quaternary Studies at the University of Maine in Orono, has taken a two-year assignment as Program Manager for Glaciology in the Division of Polar Programs at NSF. Hal, a disciple of old Bob Nichols at Tufts College, will add a little maturity to the office, as he has been involved with the Antarctic since 1960. Hal's specialties are glacial geology, quaternary geology, glaciology, and paleoclimatology. What is difficult to comprehend is how an otherwise perfectly normal human being, ensconced in a choice position in a nice college community, would chuck it all to come to Washington. Wait until Margaret experiences some of the never-ending summer humidity. Will she kill Hal out right??? Stay tuned Congratulations to Dorcas *DenHartog*, daughter of Steve (Little America V, '58) *DenHartog*, who performed nobly as a cross-country skier in the Winter Olympics at Calgary. Many of you may have seen her on national TV as she skied a strong first leg on a four-woman relay race, being fifth at the end of her run. Dorcas also did well on an Opening Day Olympics cross-country run, coming in 40th in a very strong international field *Big John Stagnaro* is dead; we regret, as we go to press, that we do not have a bio on him, as he deserves the full rites. As an amateur radio operator, he probably had the longest career of any operator handling Antarctic traffic. He was extremely well liked, had legions of Antarctic friends, and his death is being mourned by the entire Antarctic community. We like to think that Big John is still monitoring all of the Antarctic traffic; it's just that he can't plug in phone patches any more. Big John was truly Big John; we always thought he looked like someone who sat in front of his rig, hours on end, with a jug of hot coffee and pastry galore. The Big C got him. Our condolences to Mary, his

XYL..... Condolences, too, to *Allison* and *Lou DeGoes* in the loss of their son John in a boating accident in the waters off Florida some time over the Christmas holidays. We do not know the circumstances, but John was an expert handler of boats, so it must have been a bad accident. His body was not recovered until almost a week later..... *Colin Bull* (P.O. Box 4497, Rolling Bay, WA 98061-0497 - Tel. 206-842-9660) wants us to know that his retirement check from The Ohio State University isn't all that great, and he wants to handle your polar book business. He will buy your books; he will sell you books. His catalogue #7, February-March 1988, has been upgraded to glossy covered, professional print job - real nice. There are 368 listings, plus an inside cover story on and about Colin and Gill. Save Colin from the bread line - buy now and buy often A familiar Antarctic face showed up in Washington in late February - *Michele Raney*, first woman to winter over at the South Pole. She had a great trip back home to Antarctica this past austral summer, and thought that Siple Station was a pretty special place. Another highlight was landing on the Skelton Glacier, as well as going back to the Pole. Her Antarctic visit was very fortuitous, as her arrival coincided with the tragic C-130 plane crash at D-59. She pitched right in and helped take care of the victims back at McMurdo..... AL (BAE II) *Lindsey*, Professor Emeritus at Purdue University, has across the bottom of his personal stationery, in bold red capital letters, "STOP CONTINENTAL DRIFT." We were all pleased to hear that his alma mater, Allegheny College, will recognize his many scientific achievements by awarding him an honorary Doctor of Science at this year's commencement exercises. Al's PhD is from Cornell University. Of all the Byrd men from the first two expeditions, Al is probably the youngest looking, the best dressed, the handsomest, and the most scientifically active. What does he drink? We recently learned of the death of Kiwi *Harry Ayres*, Scott Base, 1957-58, who was a very close friend of Ed Hillary and father of Antarctic Graham Ayres who has spent several austral summers in Antarctica. Harry is usually given credit as the man who taught Hillary how to climb The last surviving member of Scott's expedition, *William Burton*, died in Christchurch at age 99. He was the chief stoker on the TERRA NOVA. His coffin was draped with a white ensign, the very same one which was flown at half-mast on the TERRA NOVA when she returned to Lyttleton. Burton was born in London, but moved to Christchurch in 1920 after thirteen years in the Royal Navy. His most vivid memory of the expe-

dition was a three-day storm when the crew had to keep the ship afloat by bucket bailing continuously for thirty-six hours. For over twenty years Burton read the lesson each Wednesday at St. Matthew's Anglican Church in Christchurch The *Sandwich Notch 60* is New Hampshire's answer to Alaska's Iditarod. It is actually one of a half-dozen 15 to 150 miles "mid-distance races on the northeastern sled dog racing circuit from Quebec to Pennsylvania." Looping 60 miles on the south side of Mt. Washington National Forest, it climbs from 620 to 1560 feet. One of the spectators this year was Ed Moody who the Boston Globe described in its 28 February issue as "a craggy, 77-year old with a fur hat and checked hunting jacket, and the dog driver of Adm. Richard Byrd¹ 1933-35 Antarctic Expedition." The Brits have a corner on the market when it comes to doing it the hard way. They seem to get some sort of an inexplicable thrill out of suffering; the latest sufferers are taking part in something called the Great British Polar Quest. It is another inane walk to the Pole, except this time *Ranulph Fiennes, Oliver Shepherd, Morag Howell, and Mike Stroud* are doing the walking, and it's to the North Pole. They took off from Ward Hunt Island on 11 March; they are sponsored by British Aerospace Limited, and their representative is Penny Studholme. Fiennes and Shepherd crossed Antarctica on the Trans-Globe Expedition; Stroud was a Scott Footstepper. Suppose the logic behind their madness is to sell books, get themselves into the Guinness Book of World Records, and get recognized by the Queen on her New Year's List..... *Tony Colombo*, stoker on the JACOB RUPPERT, and later on the U.S. Antarctic Service Expedition, wrote about the late Charlie Murphy's kindness to wards him. It seems that Tony was not outfitted with polar clothing since he was a member of the ship's crew, and when ole Charlie saw that Tony was cold, went to his room, and brought out a fine sweater which he proceeded to give to Tony. Tony is now 77, and, most unfortunately, has cancer, as does his daughter. The good news is that the Colombos have five great grandchildren; the bad news is that they seldom see them. Tony wishes to be remembered to any of the old-timers who remember him (Louis P. Colombo, Wahsega Road, Rt. 4, Box 1124, Dahlonaga, GA 30533) Sill "*Trigger*" *Hawkes*, a well-known Antarctic pilot dating back to Operation Highjump, writes that Dave Bunger of Bunger Oasis is probably deceased. Some Aussies working at their station - Edgeworth David (near or on the oasis)-wanted to talk to Bunger about how it appeared back in February 1947 when he landed there. But Bunger's name disappeared from the periodic listing of retired naval personnel, so presumably is dead. Incidentally, when Trigger first met the late Bert Crary in the early 1950s, he thought he was crazy! But he ended up writing, "He was a good man, a practical visionary." *Alex McKenzie* recently joined the Society. He is not an Antarctic per se, but he has experienced more Antarctic weather than most Antarticans, as he was one of the original meteorological planks at the Mt. Washington, N.H. Observatory. Alex knows quite a few Antarctic meteorologists, as many apprenticed atop Mt. Washington. Alex is a nice guy, ran a great reunion of former Mt. Washington observers about six years ago, and it's good to have him aboard *Mike* (South Pole '78) *Metzgar* has a new image. Once only a mother or a Ruth Siple could have loved the old one, as he was overweight and had a despicable beard. Now the beard is gone and with it 85 pounds. He is a business tycoon with his family's Pinseeker Golf, living in California (3253 Colorado Lane, Costa Mesa, CA 92626). Mike has two kids (Douglas and Laura) and one wife (Evelyn) in college at Long Beach. He, himself, took a business course in management last winter at Cal State at Fullerton. Aren't you afraid a little bit of knowledge might foul you up, Mike??? We heard from the internationally renowned climatologist, *Will Kellogg*, the other day. He once visited Antarctica to check out the Clean Air Facility and program at the South Pole, and served as chairman of an advisory group to the Division of Polar Programs. Although he is retired, he never left the saddle, consulting and writing. It appears that this motorcycling Boulderite actually reads these things, so he can't be anywhere near as busy as he claims..... *Mel Havener* (South Pole '57 and Deep Freeze IV) (278 Lantana St., Camarillo, CA 93010) is compiling an inventory of all American Antarticans who married Kiwis. He has about a dozen on his list.



Artist's sketch of the replacement Science Laboratory for McMurdo Station