



THE ANTARCTIC SOCIETY

905 NORTH JACKSONVILLE STREET
ARLINGTON, VIRGINIA 22205

Charles J. V. Murphy, 1904-1987

"I stopped at his house and was greeted by one of his sons and daughters. I asked for Charlie and they said he was in the next room dying. They explained he had lung cancer and was comatose. I asked if I could see him even if, because of his condition, he wouldn't recognize me. I stood beside him and could feel the very real presence of death. I bade a good friend goodbye, and left."

Steve Corey, wintering-over mate of Charlie's,
Little America II, 1933-35

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. Rutford, 1982
Mr. R. Tucker Scully, 1983
Dr. Richard P. Goldthwait, 1984
Dr. Mark F. Meier, 1985
Dr. Claude Lorius, 1986

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No. 3

CONSERVATION OF MARINE LIVING RESOURCES IN ANTARCTICA

by

Dr. Robert J. Hofman
Scientific Program Director
Marine Mammal Commission
Washington, D.C.

on

Tuesday evening, February 9, 1988

8 PM

National Science Foundation
18th and G Streets N.W.
Room 543

JOINT DINNER MEETING

with THE EXPLORERS CLUB, WASHINGTON GROUP

COMMUNICATION WITH ANIMALS

by

Mr. James Nollman
President, Interspecies Communication
Friday Harbor, Washington

on

Saturday evening, February 20, 1988

Cash Bar - 6:00 PM : Dinner - 7:00 PM : Lecture - 8:00 PM
at

The Cosmos Club
2121 Massachusetts Avenue N.W.

Dinner-reservations, \$28 per person, MUST be paid by February 16th! (No refunds)
Mail checks, payable to Treasurer, Explorers Club, to P.O. Box 2321, Reston, VA 22090

Thank heaven the holidays are over, and we can get back to such fun things as trying to straighten out the calendar mess, collecting dues from deadbeats, and hustling some stories you might or might not want to read in the newsletters. The good news is that this column can be on anything the writer wants it to be; the bad news is that Ruth is a puritan and won't type anything she thinks is off-color. BUT, it isn't all bad, because she's so naive we can slip some things through!

It's terrible to have lost so many dear friends in the Society. Charlie Murphy was one of the most colorful. His face was the map of Ireland, and he lived a full life. Be sure to read his obit as he was quite a guy.

If we had two wishes for 1988, one would be that you folks would return telephone calls, and the other that you would let us know your new address when you move; but after ten years of asking you guys and dolls, we don't have much hope. But please help us, as this is strictly a labor of love, and some newsletters, like this one, only happen because I come back from Maine to put it out. When we hand this over to the Postal Service for whatever shenanigans they may have up their sleeves for possible deliveries, then the 1961 Buick heads back to beautiful Maine!

DOUBLE HEADER MEETINGS. We are sorry to do this to you, but we do have back-to-back meetings in mid-February. One is our almost-annual meeting with the Washington area Explorers Club where we socialize with real live explorers and then listen to a lecturer; the other is one of our Tuesday Specials at the National Science Foundation. One of our ex-presidents, William J.L. Sladen, has been moaning and groaning for the past two years that we never have anyone talking on the biology of Antarctica. It seems he is fed up (to his gills) with Gondwana and ice streams. So here is the opportunity for you folks who believe that marine living resources constitute the most important Antarctic wealth. Bob Hofman is particularly well qualified to speak on the subject. He spent six austral summers in Antarctica between 1969 and 1974 studying leopard, Ross, and Weddell seals. His PhD dissertation at Minnesota was on "Distribution Patterns and Population Structure of Antarctic Seals." He joined John Twiss at the Marine Mammal Commission in 1975, and has served as its representative on the Intra-governmental Working Group on the Antarctic since 1978. He also served as the U.S. representative to the Scientific Committee on the Conservation of Antarctic Marine Living Resources, 1982, 1983 and 1984. He's knowledgeable, well organized, and an excellent speaker. We want you all out on the 9th. Attendance will be taken!

We regret we don't have much information on Jim Nollman, although he is supposed to be an authority in his field. He has done research all over the world - sounds like he's Sherwin-Williams - with various species of animals: Beluga whales in the Arctic, dolphins in Australia, monkeys in Panama. One of his specialties is studying the musical communication with Orca whales off Vancouver Island. He is the author of *Animal Dreaming*. Unfortunately Jim will be speaking right in the middle of the Winter Olympics in Calgary, but hopefully they will be showing only luge racing that night so we can go and learn how to communicate with animals we live with or who live with us. And remember, checks have to be in by February 16th. If you park on a Cosmos Club lot, you should pay Tony Meunier, the Washington area Explorers Club treasurer,

\$3.50. Also, don't delay Nollman's presence with unnecessary questions after 9:30 PM, because after that the Explorers have to pay double their high fee for the use of the room. Everything has its price, including questions and answers!

GET TOUGH TIME. There was a time when the management of the Society was soft on delinquent members, but now that we have more members, delinquents are not welcome, and we drop them after a count of three (notice, second notice, last notice). In fact, some who are unknown to us had their heads rolled after a second notice! Right now we want the Twenty-One Club below to send in their money, as this is it:

Duwayne Anderson	William Hammer	Mark Meier
Hugh Bennett	Osmund Holm-Hansen	Bernard Mendonca
Bill Cromie	James Kennett	Ron Podmilsak
Ted DeLaca	Leendert Kersten	Patrick Sharkey
Jorge Ferreiro	John Rosters	Francis Stokes
David Fratt	John Litwak	Peter Webb
Hubert Glenzer	Paul Mayewski	Harry Zohn

Our paid membership is now 555, which is a new all-time high. Fifty new members have joined since last Midwinter Day. We have 61 husband-wife memberships, which really help the treasury. Even better is the fact that a lot of you folks, in fact 261, heeded our plea for signing up for multiple years, so next year you won't get pestered for dues, and we will have more time to enjoy the outdoors.

PROMISING YOUNG SCIENTIST LOSES HIS LIFE AT NEW HARBOR. Mark T. MacMillan, 22-year old research assistant working with Bill Stockton's team at New Harbor, McMurdo Sound, lost his life when diving on November 14, 1987. He was evidently working on the bottom when he suddenly shot up to the under-surface of the sea ice. Cohorts brought him immediately to an opening in the ice, but presumably he was dead by the time he reached the under-surface, probably dying from an air embolism which had entered his arterial blood system. Mark was a member of a research team of the Marine Biology Research Division of Scripps Institution of Oceanography, part of the University of California, San Diego. He was a graduate of the University of California, Santa Cruz, and Stockton called him "a cheerful, idealistic dreamer, whose world view was centered on ecological goals." He was an accomplished, certified diver with experience off the northern California coast. MacMillan's group was conducting dives in an effort to learn more about the role of predatory foraminifera, minute single-celled animals, in the biological community beneath the ice. Mark was the first diver to lose his life in Antarctic waters, although several years ago a former Antarctic diver lost his life in the waters off southern California.

FIRST EVER FATALITIES ON A C-130. It was an ill-fated C-130 flight to D-59 from McMurdo on December 9th, as two Navy personnel died in the landing, and eight more Navy and one civilian were injured. The site was where a similar plane had crashed in 1971, a plane that recently had been dug out of the snow and was being repaired so it could rejoin the limited number of C-130s in the National Science Foundation's fleet. Those killed in the accident were Lt. Comdr. Bruce Bailey, 45, a multi-year Antarctic, and a young aviation storeman, Donald M. Beatty, 24. Although there have been several accidents involving C-130s in the Antarctic, the plane has had a remarkable safety record, and these two deaths were the very first on the ice in an Antarctic Hercules.

It appears that the plane caught its left wing tip in the snow as it came in for a landing, which caused the plane to flip over. As we understand it, the people at D-59 were fast upon the scene, and finding two dead persons, concentrated their

efforts getting the wounded out of the plane. This was accomplished successfully before a fire broke out in the plane which, in turn, was eventually put out by the surface party. Certain components of the engines may be salvageable, although the plane itself was totalled. At a time when lives are lost, you don't bemoan losing a plane, but this C-130 happened to be the only one equipped for photographic and mapping purposes. So there was no mapping per se by the USGS in Antarctica this austral summer.

ANTARCTIC LITERARY GIANT GOES SILENT - CHARLIE MURPHY DEAD AT 83. Again we find ourselves writing an obituary of an Antarctic friend a few short hours after returning from a memorial service, held in the Church of the Epiphany in downtown Washington, B.C. The church, still bedecked with the greenery of the holiday season, is well-known locally for its excellent organ pipes, and to the music of J. S. Bach, Vaughan Williams, and someone named Traditional, the soul of Charlie Murphy was given a rousing wafting into the Heavens before a large gathering of distinguished-looking relatives and friends (including Hugh Sidey, political journalist and commentator).

Charlie Murphy was a dear friend to many of us, and he was especially tolerant of Bergy Bits/Brash Ice. We have some twenty letters in our files from Charlie, and they are priceless for their forthrightness. Here was one Antarcican who called it as he saw/experienced it. He was especially close to the late Admiral Richard E. Byrd, who wanted him to go south with him on his first Antarctic expedition. However, Charlie thought it would be better getting married than living with the Commander, so he got married. Later, the Admiral persevered and talked Charlie into joining him as his administrative deputy on the second Byrd Antarctic Expedition, 1933-35. Charlie knew most of the polar giants of the time. It is most interesting to note that there are two common threads in his letters, his great personal respect for Byrd as a person, and his steadfast support of his achievements. Most of his comments have appeared in earlier newsletters, but we might just go through his letters at a later date and cull them for our newer members. His name has been associated with Byrd's in the publication of *Little America*, *Discovery*, and *Alone*. Charlie wrote us that he helped Byrd with all three books and that *Little America* "was a close collaboration." However, it is generally felt that Charlie was the highly visible ghostwriter behind *Alone*.

The Washington Post obituary was both long (some 20 inches) and truthful ("He was said to have had an encyclopedic mind and a love for good whiskey and good conversation."). His name has been closely associated with the Duke and Duchess of Windsor since the late 1940's when he was commissioned by the Duke of Windsor to write the Duke's autobiography, *A King's Story*. He then wrote the Duchess's autobiography, *The Heart Has Its Reasons*, which came out in 1955 after Charlie had been fired upon completing 75 percent of it, then rehired to finish the job! In the late 1970's he coauthored with Joe Bryan, a best seller, *The Windsor Story*, a book about the life of the Duke and Duchess after abdication.

Most of Charlie's career was spent with Time, Life, and Fortune magazines. He retired in 1966 after being chief of Fortune's Washington bureau for 14 years, where he specialized in defense- and intelligence-related coverage. His account of the 1961 Bay of Pigs invasion in Cuba was highly critical of President Kennedy, incurring his wrath, and "cost me a Brigadier's star in the Air Force Reserve." Charlie was a very close friend of the late James Jesus Angleton, the fabled former counterintelligence chief of the Central Intelligence Agency, who accompanied Charlie to some of our Society meetings. It is said that the two of them could be found on most any day sharing a table at the Army and Navy Club discussing matters such as the British debacle at Gallipoli during World War I or General MacArthur's tactics during the early months of the Korean War. One of Charlie's duties in the Air Force Reserve was advising and writing speeches for NATO officials. He also wrote children's books. *Little Toot*,

a popular book about a tugboat in New York harbor, appeared in the 1940's; and then there was *Hercules and Loop*, a book about an airplane.

Charlie went to Harvard for two years, but evidently Harvard wasn't right for him, so he left to become a night rewrite man for the old Boston American. Then he went to work for the Associated Press and United Press in New York. He was fired by the United Press in the late 1920's after rewriting a 27-word dispatch on the fall of Nanking to the Kuomintang during the Chinese revolution into a dramatic 1500-word account that was distributed nationwide on the UP wires! His editors said the facts did not support Charlie's version. You gotta love the man - the world is full of too many mundane souls who are afraid to make a decision on their own.

He was a World War II war correspondent in both the European and Pacific theaters. In May 1941, he was a passenger aboard the Egyptian steamer ZAMZAM when it was sunk in the South Pacific by the famous ATLANTIC, a Nazi warship, some 1500 miles west of Capetown. He wrote a dramatic account of the incident and the rescue of all 323 passengers for Life Magazine. Charlie wrote us once, "My stay at Little America enabled me to accept without any sense of acute discomfort the some five weeks I passed in the hold of a German blockade runner, enroute to a French port held by the Germans."

I always wanted Charlie to write a book on BAE II, and he said he would after he finished his biography on the late James Forrestal and then did a treatise on the Eisenhower administration. He knew about an ex-NSF public information-type man who was/is writing a book about the second Byrd Antarctic Expedition, and wrote, "Nothing can be done about a man like him. They are the night soil on which the gardens of publishers depend."

Charlie Murphy was quite a man, lived a fascinating life, but in one of his letters he confessed, "I was always a bit ashamed over lacking a single technical skill that would have enabled me to lead the so-called relief expedition (to Boiling Advance Bas^ . I couldn't work a radio, repair a tractor, or navigate. It was I who persuaded Poulter to go." On the presence of women in Antarctica, Charlie once wrote, "For myself, I shall merely note that the presence of a handsome young woman would certainly have brightened the climate of my shack, although her lustre would almost certainly have been shadowed by the soot from the stove burning soft coal."

I feel badly that I haven't seen Charlie in the past two years. In April 1986 he wrote sadly, "Now I doubt if I shall ever write the tale (Little America II). The Forrestal book is almost beyond my remaining resources. The changes in my life brought on by my wife's death, followed by the unwise move from Washington, somehow combined to cause me to lose control of my day." Last March, after we had commented on an ill-mannered piece about Byrd in the Boston Globe, he wrote, "I was gathering up the resolve to write a riposte for the Globe when it was my misfortune to fall victim to a glaciological condition. I slipped on a patch of ice, fell and broke my arm. I am only recovering a measure of mobility. If you would like me to answer to that piece, and also speak up for the case of honoring Byrd, I'm prepared to do so, typing out a labored prose with the right index finger on a venerable Smith Corona."¹ But I got involved with a health problem of my mother, and let it fall through the crack.

Charlie Murphy was the warm-up speaker for Bob Rutford's Memorial Lecture on 1 April 1982. Two more outspoken men could not have been found! We printed Charlie's "Some Vagrant Recollections of an Elderly Antarctic" in our April 1982 Newsletter. There are eight and a half pages of The Best of Charlie Murphy; reread it - it's real Antarctic history. At the top of the cover sheet of this Newsletter we have included the touching account of Steve Corey's visit to Charlie's bedside the day before his death. I think perhaps Charlie had a sense of his finality, because in his last letter to us he wrote, "The tender West Point ballad to which MacArthur referred

could well supply the requiem for aged Antarcticans: Old men of the ice never die; they only fade away - sinking with the pale March sun below the graying horizon." In a relatively short time span, cancer has claimed our distinguished Honorary President-Ambassador Paul Clements Daniels, the most distinguished polar scientist -Bert Crary, and now the Literary Bard of the Antarctic - Charlie Murphy. If there is a bar in Heaven, these guys are certainly going to meet, because they were a thirsty lot. We will miss all of them, and trust they are now resting in peace and out of pain.

321 FLIES AGAIN! As that great American philosopher Yogi Berra expounded, it is never over until it's over, and so it was to be with old 321. According to the March 1972 issue of Antarctic (News Bulletin of the New Zealand Antarctic Society), the plane was "damaged when attempting an open field takeoff after it had left fuel and supplies. It was written off, and the remaining missions (supporting a French traverse team from Carrefour to Vostok) were completed by airdrops." But C-130s are only made now on special order, their price is fantastically high, and the powers-that-be at the National Science Foundation took all this into consideration, along with Yogi's philosophy, and decided they should take a look at 321. The decision was made that it was probably worth the time and effort to get it back into the inventory, and so a crew of people brought it to the surface, and the necessary repairs, including overhauled engines and propellers, were made.

On January 10, 1988, slightly more than sixteen years after its premature commitment and subsequent interment, 321 was flown by Comdr. Jack Rector, Commanding Officer of the Antarctic Development Squadron, back to McMurdo Sound, a distance of about 800 nautical miles, a flight of about five hours. Peter Wilkniss and Ron La Count of the Division of Polar Programs at NSF were in an escort plane which maintained visual contact with 321, flying under a deck of clouds.

The only anxious moments evidently came prior to the flight when a starter device in salvaged engine No. 4 had to be removed to stop an oil leak. They brought 321 with its three engines running up behind the escort plane (on the skiway), which then revved its engine, creating a "prop wash" that activated No. 4 engine on 321! Which shows that there is more than one way to skin a cat, or, in this case, to get an engine started. Jim Herman of the Naval Air Reworks Facility at Cherry Point compared it to using an electric fan to move a pinwheel. With all four engines running they made an ice speed taxi run down the skiway for show to see how the plane handled and whether any problems would become apparent near take-off speed. They were so satisfied that they scrubbed a second trial run, and blasted off for McMurdo. We don't know whether Peter Wilkniss is a religious man or not, but if he isn't, we bet he got some foxhole religion in a hurry when 321 took off. It ended a remarkable undertaking, one that had become increasingly more important in view of losing another C-130 earlier in the season in support of this recovery. For those of you who think in terms of taxpayer dollars, you are \$28M ahead, as this operation cost \$10 million; a new plane would have cost \$38 million. Congratulations to all - those who had the foresight, those who had the know-how, and those who had the guts. Also to Yogi, who knew all along that the plane could fly again!

Most of the above was gleaned from an article by Charlotte Evans in the New York Times, with slight interpretations and additions, such as Yogi Berra, by Brash Ice. We don't feel too guilty using Charlotte's material, because about a year ago, while in Wellington, New Zealand, at a bus stop, I engaged in conversation with this writer from the States who happened to be associated at the time with a Wellington newspaper. One thing led to another, and she said she would love to get an Antarctic assignment. I told her to give me her name and address - a devious ploy at its worst - and I would get back to her with a letter. That letter told her that Dr. Wilkniss was coming back to Christchurch soon, would in all likelihood be holding a news conference on the re-

trieval of 321 and wanting publicity on it, and that she should contact Ken Moulton relative to covering the story. To make a long, irrelevant story less prolonged, it was Charlotte who wrote up the C-130 in the New York Times! The moral of this story is not to be wary of strangers at bus stops, at least while overseas.

WHEN YOU WISH UPON A SUPERNOVA, GO TO ANTARCTICA. Al Fowler in the Division of Polar Programs started talking to me the other day about a supernova, and I thought he was talking about some character out of Doonesbury, so kept my mouth shut so as not to reveal any further ignorance. Upon coming back to the Nerve Center, there was an article on supernovas which Ruth had clipped and put out for my elucidation/edification, or whatever. It seems that supernovas are rare - one has not been visible to the naked eye since the 17th century. They occur when stars, such as the sun, exhaust their chemical fuel, collapse inward and then explode. Studies of Supernova 1987A, now going on in Antarctica, are expected to produce new understanding of the life and death of stars. If you are into astronomy, the death of a distant star is pretty head\ stuff, not to be taken lightly. We assume that Supernova 1987A (the year it was discovered) is of sufficient interest to you Antarcticans that we should quote liberally and freely from a long message sent into NSF from the Antarctic on January 10, 1988.

Fact: At 12:14 local time at McMurdo on January 8, 1988, investigators from seven organizations successfully launched from Williams Field a high-latitude, helium-filled balloon, carrying an advanced gamma-ray detector to collect data on the spectrum of gamma-ray emissions from Supernova 1987A. The 11.6 million cubic foot balloon is the largest ever launched in Antarctica, and is made of a very thin, cold-weather, durable plastic called Astrofilm. It is 0.8 mils thick, except at the top where a second layer is added to cap it, making it 1.6 mils thick. The balloon will ascend to an altitude of 115,000 feet, at a rate of 1,000 per minute. Researchers hope to keep the balloon aloft for 21 days, but admit they will consider it a success if they can get three days of data from it. After it passes beyond the horizon at McMurdo, they hope to use one of the C-130s to track it and receive data. The exact position and altitude of the balloon are being tracked through the ARGOS satellite system. At the end of the balloon flight, the instrument package will be released and parachuted to wherever it may happen to land.

As we go to press, we understand that after three days of good data, the program was terminated when the solar cells' power dropped off and resulted in weakened signals. So the powers-that-be, deciding it would be best to end the experiment when they knew where the balloon was, sent a message skyward for the balloon to drop its payload. The balloon was about 200 miles from Vostok at the time, and McMurdo is now sending a C-130 to pick up the payload. They surely do fascinating things in the Antarctic. If you are a good old country boy, it's all like science fiction.

There is a group of twenty Supernova 1987A investigators in Antarctica, including an experimenter team of eight scientists and engineers from the University of Florida, Goddard Space Flight Center, Catholic University, and the Defense Advanced Research Projects Agency's Nuclear Monitoring office. A team of twelve balloonists from the Air Force Geophysics Laboratory, New Mexico State University, and Oklahoma State University assembled and launched the balloon and its payload, and operated the tracking and telemetry station.

The gamma-ray detector - of a design never before flown in space - was originally developed by University of Florida scientists for experiments on the Space Shuttle. Modified for this experiment, the solar-powered detector is housed in a gondola attached to the balloon and is suspended on a parachute that will return the instrument package to earth. The gondola was designed and constructed by engineers from the University of Florida and the solar power system and panels by engineers from New Mexico State University.

Investigators selected Antarctica for the experiment and for testing new detector technology because it offers advantages not found at other sites. First observed on 23 February 1987, Supernova 1987A can only be seen in the Southern Hemisphere and at the time of the launch was almost directly above Antarctica. For the detector materials tests, radiation levels above Antarctica more closely approximate those in space.

Supernova 1987A (SN1987A) is in the Large Magellanic Cloud, approximately 50 kiloparsecs (about 170,000 light years) from Earth. After observing the region for several months, astronomers have agreed that SN1987A was once the star Sanduleak minus 69 degrees 202. Although 170,000 light years away, SN1987A is the nearest supernova to Earth that has occurred since 1604 - making it the closest since the invention of the telescope.

According to theory, a supernova occurs when the inward gravitational pressure exceeds the outward radiation of energy. A star starts out converting hydrogen to helium, as nuclear reactions occur in its core. This process generates energy that is radiated. After millions of years, hydrogen is greatly diminished, and the star begins to convert helium to heavier elements. These elements gravitate to the core while the remaining hydrogen and helium form layers on the outside. An imbalance between the outside and inside causes the core to collapse. Shock waves moving outward are triggered and blast away the outer layers of helium and hydrogen.

As the remnants of the star cool, they emit gamma-rays characteristic of the atomic nuclei produced by explosive nucleosynthesis. Each type of radioactive isotope has a unique gamma-ray signature by which it can be identified. Scientists working on the antarctic supernova experiment will be looking at the gamma-ray spectrum SN1987A specifically for evidence of the isotope cobalt-56.

According to Dr. Carl Rester of the University of Florida, the project's lead principal investigator, the experimenter team hopes to confirm that cobalt-56 was produced as Sanduleak minus 69 degrees 202 "supernovaed." He also said that they will be acquiring new information about how fast the shock waves passed through the mantle of the exploding star.

STUBBORN POLAR VORTEX BAFFLES SCIENTISTS. The mass of extremely cold air that form over Antarctica during the winter persisted into late November; normally it breaks up in late October or early November. Robert Watson, NASA atmospheric scientist, was quoted in the December 19, 1987 Washington Post as saying, "This is the latest that it has failed to break up. It may be what you would expect because there is so little ozone there. What one has to consider are the ramifications." Meanwhile, F. Sherwood Rowland, University of California expert in ozone depletion, said it "could be the first indication of major climatic change. There is no way of judging the impact, but it's an ominous trend." Mark Schoeberl of NASA downplayed its significance, saying, "I don't think it makes a difference in the troposphere. It means that temperatures in the polar regions are still anomalously cold relative to previous years."

When the polar vortex breaks up in the spring, ozone levels over Antarctica rise, and the so-called "hole" disappears. Scientists theorize that the vortex may have held on longer because of the magnitude of ozone loss in winter, which was down more than 60 percent this Antarctic spring. Some have speculated that the small amount of ozone over Antarctica may have slowed the heating necessary to break up the polar vortex. According to another article in the Washington Post of November 27, 1987, the ozone depletion over Antarctica has little effect on any humans there. Since the sun is so low, its rays travel slantwise through the ozone layer. Even passing through the depleted layer, those rays traverse more ozone than rays striking the United States. So, Antarcticans, even though you may be sitting under history-in-the-making, you're probably a lot safer than if you were on the beach at Malibu.

ONE OF THE NEW GUARD, DEBBIE ENZENBACHER. Debra Enzenbacher is the material specialist currently wintering over at the South Pole, responsible for inventory and supply at the station. We met last year on the road to the ice runway at McMurdo when one of my compatriots recognized her (as she drove by) as a person whom he had met in another year in the Arctic. We got to meet her later on, and as she had an uncommitted six dollars, signed her up for the Society. She is probably typical of many women working for the contractor - she's young, she's ambitious, she has an advanced college degree, and she has a love for the Antarctic. We think Debbie is a little bit special, as her Antarctic interests drove her to do her master's thesis at the University of Chicago on the Antarctic Treaty. Last year she was a shuttle driver at McMurdo, but yearned to go to the South Pole. This year she went in on the first flight to the Pole, a Halloween Day Special. She wanted to go so badly she could have probably flown a broom there, although Debbie is far from an old witch.

Debbie is a good writer, is going to keep a daily journal, and we're sure it will make good reading. Although she found "the South Pole to be incredibly beautiful a different beauty from the Ross Ice Shelf region," she is really looking forward to "the people experience during the winter." Debbie, you can meet all kinds of people on subways, on beltways, on street corners, in bars, but you will never be in a place just like the South Pole. We gave her some old explorer advice - go outside every day, just stand there and "suck it up," feel the environment and let it feel you. Debbie admits that "I am lucky and privileged to be here on a vast and desolate polar plateau. There is a power here, so pervasive and unforgiving, that it is difficult not to realize how privileged man is to even be here. Logistically speaking, it is a marvel that modern man can overcome challenges presented by nature, but anyone in tune with what the South Pole really is might concur that it is always abundantly clear just where the final say is held and by whom." Debbie, you are going to have the best year of your life, because you have a great attitude. Happy Midwinter Day!

THE AMUNDSEN PHOTOGRAPHS, EDITED AND INTRODUCED BY ROLAND HUNTFORD. Amundsen was reborn in the spring of 1986 when the widow of the explorer's nephew uncovered a Horlick's Malted Milk case in the attic which contained more than 200 of Amundsen's original lantern slides. That is all an enterprising polar writer like Roland Huntford needs to publish another book. The pictures aren't earth-shaking, more like what you might have seen in one of your grandmother's albums, but they certainly are unique. Amundsen had the misfortune of returning alive from the South Pole, so he was never raised to the level of deity by the public. But he was a winner, a charismatic winner, and you might want the book. Mind you, the pictures aren't Ponting caliber, not Hurley's caliber, but they are part of epic-making history. I like the book, although I would buy anything with Huntford's name on it. It is published by the Atlantic Monthly Press in New York and the price is \$35. However, you can beat the price at a place like Crown Books.

HELP! ANTARCTIC HERITAGE TRUST NEEDS DOLLARS. The Antarctic Heritage Trust of New Zealand has been established for the conservation and preservation of the historic huts and sites in the Ross Sea sector of Antarctica. The sites and buildings needing support are those at Cape Adare (1899), Hut Point (1902), Cape Royds (1908), and Cape Evans (1911). Funding of the New Zealand Antarctic Research Program is inadequate to carry out the professional conservation envisaged, and the Ross Dependency Research Committee has decided to raise a capital fund from which revenue can be obtained to implement the work. To raise and control this fund, a Trust Board has been established under the New Zealand Charitable Trusts Act of 1957. Every man who is anyone in New Zealand finds himself on the Board (there are no women), as well as such people as Sir Peter Scott, Lord Shackleton, Sir Edmund Hillary, and Sir Vivian Fuchs. They have the titled people all lined up, and now are looking for the common folks with open

checkbooks. So if you are a commoner and would like to make a contribution, why not send a check, made out to the Antarctic Heritage Trust, to Robert Thomson, Department of Scientific and Industrial Research, Antarctic Division, Christchurch, New Zealand. Bob is a member of the Trust Board, presumably is honest, and hopefully he will see that your check gets into the proper bank account.

LEE KIMBALL, ANTARCTIC MAN OF THE YEAR (IN BRASH ICE'S EYES). This word player would like to propose that Lee Kimball of the International Institute for Environment and Development be the Antarctic Man of the Year, or, if we must, Antarctic Person of the Year. Her "Report on Antarctica" which came out in December 1987 fills a great public void on happenings in the Antarctic Treaty System, Antarctic Treaty Consultative meetings, Convention on the Conservation of Marine Living Resources, Convention for Conservation of Antarctic Seals, Scientific Committee on Antarctic Research, Managers of National Antarctic Programs, and other categories. It is really a fantastic publication, and we think Lee did a great job, one that was badly needed. Brash Ice, whether justified or not, always thought that there was a minimum amount of information coming out of the State Department for public consumption on what went on at the various Antarctic meetings. If you were lucky enough to be invited to the Polar Research Board meetings, you got biannual updates, but when it came to written reports, they just did not seem to be out in the public domain. There were books like Philip Quegg's and Deborah Shapley's which summarized, but they were as personally biased as this column. We have a lot of personal respect and great admiration for Jim Barnes of The Antarctica Project, but his efforts with public information bulletins end up being a crusade for Greenpeace. But Lee's Report is really just what the layman like myself wants, and it is all presented in a very professional manner. Last year this column expressed an opinion that the U.S. did a poor job on selling the nuts and bolts of Antarctic activities to the public, including Third World nations. I think reports such as Lee's present Antarctica in a really good light. Unfortunately the average man-on-the-street will not see it, but at least it is in press, and supposedly available in libraries. Lee, I think you did a great job. Congratulations!

PETER WILKNISS HITS GOVERNMENT LOTTO. The Queen of England may have her New Year's Day awards for do-gooders, but our President has bags of money in the White House basement which he can distribute to senior executives in the government and to other over-achievers at the end of the calendar year. The money is sort of like the rabbit at the dog races - it's held out in front as an incentive to keep on barreling down the lane without deviating off on another tangent - that is, to stay with the government. Fifty-eight distinguished senior executives were presented the Presidential Rank Award in late December, along with checks for twenty grand, and one of those recipients was Peter Wilkniss, Director of the Division of Polar Programs, who is sometimes in his NSF office, but more likely "on travel." When Uncle gets through with his cut, Peter will probably end up with enough money to buy a minivan to transport his soccer team, buy a four-wheel drive Jeep to escape his creditors into the backwoods, buy Edith a full-length sable coat, or throw a wingding of a party for one and all. The latter has history on its side, because when the Air Force gave the late Bert Crary \$5000 for his efforts when he left them and went to the Antarctic, the first thing Bert did was rent the Officers' Club at Hanscom Field and have an all-hands party, which included some stunning women! We wish to extend our heartiest congratulations to Peter for his award, and whatever he does with all that loot, we hope he really enjoys it. Money does not buy health or happiness, but you can sure have fun with it.

Apologies for this Newsletter coming out sounding something like a newsletter. We are in a Christmas slump! *Hopefully the next issue will be "up front and personal."*

H A P P Y N E W Y E A R I