



THE ANTARCTICAN SOCIETY

905 NORTH JACKSONVILLE STREET
ARLINGTON, VIRGINIA 22205

Vol. 87-88

September

No. 1

Welcome to the Society's 28th year and to its 133rd lecture!

Presidents:

Dr. Carl R. Eklund, 1959-61
Dr. Paul A. Siple, 1961-62
Mr. Gordon D. Cartwright, 1962-63
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Dr. J. Campbell Craddock, 1967
Mr. James Pranke, 1968
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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

SOUTH POLE STATION 30 YEARS AGO by

Dr. Robert F. Benson
Space Scientist

Laboratory for Extraterrestrial Physics
NASA's Goddard Space Flight Center
Greenbelt, Maryland

on

Tuesday evening, 27 October 1987

8 PM

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

ROOM 543

- Light Refreshments -

Bob Benson, ionospheric physicist at Amundsen-Scott in 1957, is coming before us to tell us the story of the first wintering-over party at the South Pole. Led by the late Dr. Paul A. Siple and the late Jack Tuck, it was one of the most harmonious camps ever, and many of its men, including our speaker, went on to have distinguished careers. Bob's areas of expertise are linear and non-linear plasma wave phenomena, ionospheric physics, and planetary radio emissions. Hopefully he won't talk too long on these subjects, but will tell us what it was really like building the first station at the South Pole, and being a member of that first American station to experience temperatures below -100°F. Bob serves as Deputy Project Scientist, Attached Payloads Panel, Space Station Users Working Group at Goddard.

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Bergy Bits has run its course, so we're taking Franklin Dukes' excellent suggestion and switching the title of this unexpurgated, unrestrained, nearly-uncensored, and sometimes out-of-control column to something more in keeping with its contents. We're late in getting back into the Nerve Center, as this person has been spending more time in Maine with his 91-year old mother who had an unsuccessful eye operation this past spring. Having made seven trips from deep in lobster country to doctors/hospitals in Boston this past summer, we are much more familiar with looney Boston drivers than we are with Antarctic happenings. However, lack of knowledge has never hitherto limited/restricted us in putting together newsletters, wo why should this be any different? Let it roll

SOCIETY BUSINESS — BILLS ARE IN THE MAIL. The good news is that membership dues are still the same:

Husband-Wife	\$10
Local (within 50 mi. of D.C.)	\$7
Out-of-town (beyond 50 mi.)	\$6
Foreign (outside U. S.)	\$14
BAE I & II, US Ant. Serv. Exped.	\$3

We are maintaining the same dues, despite the fact that your Society is about to enter the computer age and has to dig into reserves for some healthy expenditures. This (computering our newsletters, memberships, billings, labels) will be an acid test as to whether you can really teach old dogs new tricks. For the time being, we are still drafting on an Underwood Manual, typing on an IBM Selectric II, and running the membership/treasury according to a unique system which only two people really understand.

If you get a bill, how about renewing for multiple years? It makes it a heck of a lot easier for us (RJS and PCD). As we go to press, we have 564 members, an all-time high, but because many of you renewed for multiple years, we had to send out only 240 bills! Great! Running the Nerve Center is getting to be quite a job. We beseech all of you who move to let us know your new addresses as soon as you move. We go totally beserk every time we hear from some character who moved twelve months before and asks "Where are my newsletters?". Bulk mail is NOT forwarded, nor is it returned, so it's up to you to let us know where you are.

Last year we initiated a husband-wife membership category for \$10. This was done to help out nine old faithful couples (the Barretts, Borns, Campbells, Crarys, Burrill DeWitts, Kelloggs, Toneys and Turners) who had been paying full share for two. We didn't realize how many thought it would be a good idea to sign up their other halves, and ended up with 32 married memberships! Husbands and wives don't get separate newsletters, as we work on an ill-founded suspicion that husbands and wives do talk and do share. The extra dollars we pick up from husband-wife memberships help to support several libraries, several complimentary members, and allow us to send out sample copies to prospective members. So if you want to enroll your roommate, try that \$10 family membership. It is all for a good cause.

Several members have been more than benevolent in support of the Society, and in an unsanctioned but lasting edict, we are telling Helen Poulter, Charlie Murphy, Howard Mason, Henry Harrison, and Jean Portell that we don't want any more of their green-

backs. Howard was an extremely bad offender; every time he went to the postoffice he would send us an unsolicited draft. We also have Honorary members, so Larry Gould, August Howard, and Teddy Daniels (widow of our late Honorary President) also are exempt.

For those who are statistically minded, last year's totals reveal that we picked up 87 new members, four died, three went inactive, and 25 deadbeats were dropped, so we ended up with a plus 55. It was our third best year in the last decade. Incidentally, if any of you are not renewing, we would like to encourage you to let us know so that we can drop your name, and not waste your time and our time trying to get money from you. We want to streamline these operations, and one way we are doing it is by sending out one second notice and a final notice, then chop, chop, chop.

1988 ANTARCTIC CALENDARS. We have not seen either the New Zealand or the USARP Antarctic calendars, but we HOPE to have them earlier this year. In mid-May we sent dollars to Colin and Betty Montieth for 200 New Zealand calendars, which we anticipate having in hand by 1 November. We trust that Max Hamilton will be able to get us 200 USARP calendars by then, too. Most of you are familiar with both calendars, but for any neophytes buying Antarctic calendars, the USARP calendar usually has pictures of U.S. operations in Antarctica, with historical data printed on specific dates, and a primer course on Antarctic exploration, marine life, bird life, fossils, et cetera on the bottom of each page. No space is wasted, a good calendar for Christmas gifts for those who have never been there, as well as for USARPs. The New Zealand production is more a work of art, having more majestic Antarctic scenes without people, planes, and snowmobiles cluttering up the forefront. It is not into teaching Antarctica, so all you get are high quality photographs on good quality paper. In fact, the dates are so small that you need 20/20 eyesight to even read them. We hope you buy plenty of each, and buy early, so Ruth Siple can get out of the calendar business by Thanksgiving. This is the Society's only fund raiser, although it is ridiculous to call selling the New Zealand Antarctic calendar a fund raiser, as our mark-up on them would buy only a cup of coffee or a daily newspaper, not one of each.

1988 New Zealand Antarctic Calendar	\$7.50 each
1988 Navy USARP Antarctic Calendar	\$6.00 each

ANTARCTIC STAMPS ARE ON THE WAY. The Society set up a committee last spring to investigate the best approach for getting the U.S. Postal Service to approve a set of Antarctic explorers stamps - to complement the set on the Arctic issued this year. While our committee was doing their undercover work, the U.S. Postal Service announced that four commemorative stamps will come out sometime in 1988 honoring Richard Byrd, Lincoln Ellsworth, Nathaniel Palmer, and Charles Wilkes. Where the Antarctic commemorative proposal originated is a mystery, but it had to be proposed at least four years ago, because it takes at least three years to create a stamp after the subject is approved (according to our august secretary, Pete Barretta, a prominent member of the American Society of Polar Philatelists, who hardly ever lies). It seems that the proceedings of the U.S. Postal Service may be the best kept secrets in Washington, so we may never know who the proposer was. Isn't it a bit ironical that two of the explorers being honored probably never set foot on Antarctica, and that one of the two was court-martialed after his expedition, although he was eventually cleared! There is very slim hope that there might be a stamp commemorating the 30th anniversary of the Antarctic Treaty. Presumably it will be proposed before the Antarctic Treaty's Consultative meeting in Brazil in October of this year. One of the U.S. problems with issuing anniversary stamps is that events of historical significance are considered for commemoration only in multiples of fifty years. (Thanks to Pete Barretta for the above.)

WALT SEELIG ALMOST AS GOOD AS NEW. Walt Seelig suffered a heart attack at Dick and Sally Cameron's annual Christinas bash last December, and was hospitalized several times. First they tried to reopen some arteries using the new balloon technique, but eventually they had to do some heart bypasses, ending up with three. It was all complicated by the fact that when they operated, they found out what we all already knew that he was all heart. Now he is back out on the streets, walking a couple of miles each day, and well on his way to his former meanness. Reluctantly he has made one concession to his condition, and he has very mixed emotions about it. His son Bill talked him into buying a new lightweight Old Town canoe, one that weighs only 59 pounds. It seems Walt owned one that Pocahontas used to rescue John Smith, and for sentimental reasons Walt wanted to keep on using it. So if you know of anyone who is interested in owning a 1929 Charles River model of an Old Town canoe, contact Walt, as he wants it to have a good home. Only a few were made, as the mold burned in a fire. Walt says that all you have to do is dip the paddle in the water and it will glide for half a mile. Meanwhile, he has a new canoe which he can lift, but he is killing himself trying to get it to move like the old charmer!

THE IMMORTAL BERT CRARY UNDER THE KNIFE AGAIN. Bert Crary, Deputy Chief Scientist for the Antarctic IGY Programs and Chief Scientist for USARP for the 1960's, has a hard time staying out of hospitals in recent years. On 15 September, he was operated on at George Washington University Hospital in Washington for the removal of two tumors at the end of his spinal column. Bert was in the hospital receiving radiation treatment for the tumors when he began to lose movement in his legs. Because paralysis began setting in, he was rushed into surgery. Less than twenty hours after surgery (in which one of the tumors and part of the other were removed), it was reported that Bert was both garrulous and hungry. However, the best news was that he had movement of his toes, knees, and legs, and that the remaining half tumor is in a position where it can receive radiation treatment. As readers of this column know, Bert has been beset with a series of health problems over the past three years, and it is only because of the loving care of Mildred that he is still alive. She has changed the direction of his health care several times when he wasn't responding to treatment, and has insisted that he have the very best of medical attention. These have been trying times for them, and Mildred feels that visits and letters from his friends will be an important part of his recovery. Their home address is 8301 Beech Tree Road, Bethesda, Maryland 20817.

Bert is a most unusual person, one of those rare characters whom many try to emulate, but no one succeeds. He combined being an indefatigable field worker with being a top administrator, plus being an analytical scientist who publishes profusely in many geophysical disciplines - a triple threat in the true sense. But it is as a person that sets Bert aside from all others, as underneath his parka, and behind that expaint brush mustache is one of the softest, kindest, caring pussycats in the whole world. Everyone who knows Bert at all has a myriad of priceless stories about him, some of which might even be publishable in today's world. Because of his long stint as head of what is now the Division of Polar Programs at NSF, he has probably helped more U.S. Antarcticans than any other person. To which we all say, "Thanks, Bert."

This past spring the University of Wisconsin honored Bert by the creation of the Albert P. Crary Chair of Geophysics. It is most fitting that the first man to occupy that chair is Antarctic Charlie Bentley, who has been intimately connected with Bert since the IGY. There is great mutual respect and admiration on each side for the other, and we know that Bert considers Charlie the best scientist to come out of the IGY Antarctic programs. Charlie is just one of several Antarctic geophysicists who got his PhD at Wisconsin. Some of the others were John Behrendt, Hugh Bennett,

Ned Ostenso, Ed Robinson, and Jim Sparkman, all of whom have gone on to great achievements. May the Antarctic geophysical record at Wisconsin be a prelude to future successes. Charlie looks just great, sitting in the Crary Chair. Now if he could just grow some hair and put on some weight, he would look more distinguished. But then, again, that wouldn't really be Bert. Geophysicists aren't supposed to look like bank presidents, are they?

THE INDESTRUCTIBLE NORMAN VAUGHAN. Once upon a time Harvard University was noted for turning out fine dog-team drivers, although in more recent years it has gained some notoriety as an institute of higher learning for those who can't get into Yale. One of the Harvardian dog-team drivers was Norman Vaughan, who went south with Commander Byrd on his First Antarctic Expedition (BAE I) in 1928-30. Evidently he still has a strong affinity for dogs, as this past winter, at 81 years, he finished the 1,157-mile Iditarod Trail Sled Dog Race. He was two weeks behind the winner, Susan Butcher, but he was accompanied by a woman companion, Carolyn Muegge, and they probably did the race in style. After all, when you are over 80, successful in enticing a young woman into the boondocks, you should savor the experiences!

The May 1987 magazine *Alaska* has a close-up picture of Norm and one of his huskies on its cover, and inside an excellent feature article, entitled "The Mushing Methuselah." That seems like a most appropriate title for Norm, as Methuselah also has a strong Antarctic meaning, being the name of a bottled booze provided for expedition members for medicinal and therapeutic purposes. The author, Tom Clark, describes Norman as "half P.T. Barnum, half Peter Pan, the man who taught the Pope to drive a dogsled and crashed President Carter's Inaugural Parade, who has played polo with the Shah of Iran and hunted foxes with the Prince of Wales, the man who has finished the Iditarod four times since turning 70, the man who has a mountain named after him in Antarctica and a folk song sung of him in Anchorage."

Norman has had somewhat of a checkered history on the Iditarod, and has had to be rescued three times, the last being in 1986 when his sled hit a frozen tussock and he fell, breaking six ribs. A sports writer for the *Anchorage Daily News* wrote a column advising Norman to retire. Shelley Gill, a newspaper publisher, said, "His trail judgment isn't always good. He still drives the way they did in the 20's and 30's. Norman does not travel light. He always got a come-along, and brakes that would stop the Gates of Hell from closing, and three sleeping bags, and so many watches strapped to his arm he looks like a thief from Brooklyn."

Norman is still going full throttle, in spite of three failed marriages. This past summer he went back to Greenland in search of some downed P-38's from World War II which are buried somewhere under 80 feet of snow and ice. He hopes to return to the Antarctic with dogs for one last fling, talking about mushing to the South Pole via Amundsen's route and then returning to McMurdo by Scott's footsteps. The last time Norm was in the Antarctic was in November 1979, the 50th anniversary of Byrd's flight over the South Pole; the commander of the aircraft flying him was his son.

Carol Phillips, an Anchorage writer, wrote, "He is still excited about life, and he still has a lot of plans for his life. He still has eyes full of dreams. If you asked him, he would say the best is yet to come." If any Antarctic is going to die in harness with his boots on, it will probably be Norman, as it doesn't look as though the guy has enough sense to come in out of the cold and sit in front of a nice fireplace and sip brandy.

ANTARCTIC SCIENCE IS A BIG WINNER. *Antarctic Science* is the most comprehensive book ever done on science in Antarctica, and we unequivocally recommend it to every Antarctic who has any interest in science. The only bad thing is that it is pub-

lished by and for the Brits, although there are no restrictions on Americans buying the book (Cambridge University Press, \$42.50). Actually the price is cheap, as you will be getting more facts for your money than from any other Antarctic publication we know about. It is too bad that we in the United States didn't have the foresight to get out our version of who does what in Antarctica. It's not that the U.S. program is totally disregarded, it isn't, as one can read about the scientific discoveries at Siple Station, read about the ozone studies conducted at McMurdo last spring, the research on krill, et cetera. But what is lacking for those of us who are interested in Antarctica as a breed of people are the names (and human interest stories) of Americans working in Antarctica. Maybe it isn't important who finds fossils, who picks up meteorites, who catches Antarctic cod, but to this simple soul, science results because of people, and it is kind of nice to know something about the Charlie Bentleys, the Bill Cassidys, the Art DeVrieses, the Gisela Dreschhoffs. It's not that people are left out of the book, they are not; it's just that they all seem to be carrying British passports.

However, let's not be overly picayune and jealous about the Brits, as the United Kingdom's recent contributions to Antarctic literature are just great - Roland Huntford's *Scott and Amundsen* and his *Shackleton* have to be the most thoroughly researched Antarctic bibliographies ever published; and the Reader's Digest's *Antarctica*, published in Australia, is just a fantastic assemblage of Antarctic history. So the UK now has four major victories in Antarctic literature for the 1980's. The following comments are taken, in part, from a review of *Antarctic Science* which Brash Ice did for *The Scientist* this past summer:

Antarctic Science is a most unique book in that it is the first-ever publication which attempts, and is successful, in presenting a comprehensive history of scientific research on Antarctica. The amazing thing about the book is that five different scientists from the British Antarctic Survey in Cambridge (David Walton, Christopher Doake, John Dudeney, Inigo Everson, and Richard Laws) have combined their expertise to present a coherent, well-balanced book. Its timing is excellent as it chronicles a century of polar activities in Antarctica since the First International Polar Year (1882-83), summarizes thirty years of intensive international research that has followed the International Geophysical Year (1957-58), and precedes the year (1991) when the Antarctic Treaty will come up for review and extension Even though many of the more significant U.S. research programs are not mentioned, this reviewer feels that the breadth of the scientific coverage in the book is so great that one should not be concerned with certain U.S. omissions.

The book is profusely illustrated with many fine colored photographs (marine life) and diagrams (solar-terrestrial relationships), excellent black and white pictures, including many from the heroic age of exploration, and hundreds of sketches, diagrams, tables, graphs, and figures. But, unfortunately, there is no numbering of the illustrative material. The Select Bibliography includes 63 references, only the tip of the iceberg when it comes to significant Antarctic research publications.

Part I covers the geography, history, and geopolitics of Antarctica. A non-polar person can read these 62 pages and have all the background information needed on the continent. One subject which was not touched upon, which probably should have been, is the role of women scientists "on the ice." Their advent in 1972 was the single most important "Antarctic introduction" since aircraft in the late 1920's. It turned Antarctica into a non-sexual scientific laboratory.

The three science sections are all excellent, particularly the one on biology which includes chapters on biogeography, ecology, physiology, food webs, and fisheries. Since the book has been published, the Japanese have indicated that

they will restrict their future catching of Minke whales to a limited number for research purposes. However, there is also bad news with over-fishing of several species in the Southern Ocean. In spite of all the efforts being exerted in the multidisciplinary BIOMASS (Biological Investigations of Marine Antarctic Systems and Stocks) program they have hardly broken the surface of the water.

The two chapters on weather and climate are interesting, and they touch upon the red-hot scientific issue of Antarctica today—the early spring occurrence of an ozone hole over a large portion of the continent. The U.S. will soon be sending another team of scientists to the Antarctic in an effort to find out what causes this hole to occur. The two chapters on space research from Antarctica are just excellent. Stanford University's researchers at Siple Station have been playing a lead role for the past 15 years, investigating wave-particle interactions in the magnetosphere in the region of the plasmopause. Very appropriately this fine book ends with a chapter on the future entitled "Cooperation or Confrontation?" which discusses science, the Antarctic Treaty, and the future.

Although the book was written because someone in the British Antarctic Survey saw the need and presumably a market, it constitutes sort of an endorsement of the Antarctic Treaty, showing how science can be conducted very effectively by people from many nations, working within the framework of the Treaty. It should disquiet any Third Worlders who might think science isn't doing just fine on the ice. The book is very factual, very truthful - a real no-nonsense book on science which you all should have in your own library.

ORIENTATION 1987 AND GEORGE SIMMONS. The Division of Polar Programs changed the format at their annual orientation in September by presenting a sextet of Antarcticans talking about "Doing Science in Antarctica." The first speaker was George Simmons of Virginia Polytechnic Institute, and after he got through there was no need for the other five to speak at all because they couldn't top George; it was just a matter of their filling in time before tapping off the kegs of beer for the social hour. Brash Ice thought that George's three keys were right on target: Be prepared, be motivated, be human. He told the people going south that their failure or success had already been determined, and that now it was just a matter of their execution on the ice. The last of the six speakers spoke on Palmer; his presentation didn't seem compatible with what we had heard from the previous speakers. It was like we were getting a report from the Camden, Maine Yacht Club, not from a prominent scientific station in Antarctica. The biggest change in Antarctica in the past thirty years seems to be on the social end; only those who go out in the boonies experience exploring conditions. McMurdo and Palmer are probably more Alaskan than Antarctic with all of their activities. Progress?

A BLUE-RIBBON PANEL. The Director of the National Science Foundation has established a U.S. Antarctic Program (USAP) Safety Review Panel to perform a comprehensive review of safety in the U.S. Antarctic operations. The chairman of the group is Russell Schweickart, a former astronaut who has evidently given up the mundane existence of walking in space to the more exciting life of Antarctica. Rusty's panel comes from the highest levels - American Alpine Club, Harvard, US Air Force, National Science Board, Navy, and even a bureaucrat from the Department of Commerce. Brash Ice was particularly interested in the person who is a professor of medicine at Harvard University, Dr. Howard H. Hiatt, as his name had a very familiar ring. Meeting at a reception, he didn't look very familiar, but it turned out that we were together in Worcester (Mass.) Classical High School several years ago - or was it really over forty-five years ago? Howard and I had very little in common back in Classical, as we were on opposite ends of the scholastic achievement spectrum. His going to the South Pole in a couple of months just goes to show that the high and mighty sometimes,

although maybe only briefly, come back to trod on the ground, or in this case the snow, of the under-achievers. Brash Ice thinks it is just great that Howard is going to the ice, and with the proper indoctrination from Chet Pierce, he will do just fine.

Brash Ice never thought Antarctica was a very dangerous place, thinking of it more in terms of a safe getaway from the real hazards of life - commuting across the 14th Street Bridge into Washington, Christmas shopping in malls in November and December, rock band music, et cetera. The U.S. has had a really outstanding record of safety, at least insofar as fatalities are concerned, in Antarctica, although we aren't certain how many man hours may have been lost from injuries or whatever. The biggest difference in camp life between the IGY and now certainly has to be booze. There has always been some drinking in Antarctica, even on the early Byrd expeditions, but now it is more highly organized and competitive, because of its ready availability, plus red-blooded, enterprising, fun-loving people always ready for a party. However, one has to be impressed by the leadership of Bob Becker of ITT - without people like him, it could be real bad.

ANTARCTIC CLIMATOLOGY LEGITIMATIZED. Climatologists are usually squares whose physical makeup and conservative nature have kept them away from dynamic meteorology and risk-taking forecasting to desk/computers loaded with data. They like to work with neat little blocks of data, at least thirty years' worth, and, at long last, for them, Antarctica has become of age. Towards that end, the National Snow and Ice Data Center at the University of Colorado, recently (10-11 September 1987) hosted a workshop "U.S. Antarctic Meteorological Data Delivery System." Brash Ice had the privilege of sitting in on the meetings, and they were rather interesting. When it comes to the conventional surface and upper air observations, the U.S. really does not have a pot; all they have is Amundsen-Scott (South Pole) and McMurdo (whose surface data are probably near useless for climatological purposes because of the ever ongoing constructional changes in the configuration of the camp). But Antarctica is unique climatologically because of its supplemental data - paleoclimatic data from deep ice cores, hundreds of ten-meter firn readings (which approximate the mean annual temperatures for those sites), an excellent sea-ice climatology from satellites, radiation data from two polar orbiting satellites, several sites with micrometeorological data of research quality for studying the boundary layer, and an infinite amount of information on ozone. These special observations, if one can call them special, are much more interesting than standard measurements, and have and will lead to great findings. In addition, there are many relatively short-period climatological records from stations like Little America V, Byrd, Eights, Siple, Plateau, Palmer and others, plus data from tens of field stations set up for several weeks or months. Altogether they constitute sort of a hodgepodge, but at long last, climatologists now recognize that there is an Antarctica. Everything has to have a beginning.

RENOWNED ANTARCTIC PILOT DEAN SMITH SUCCUMBS. Dean Smith, pilot on BAE I, 1928-30, died in his own bed in Easton, Maryland on March 4, 1987, ending a very illustrious aviation career dating back to World War I. As a young sergeant at Kelly Field in Texas, he applied for flight school, and after 56 hours and 45 minutes of flying instruction, was commissioned a second lieutenant. He showed so much promise as a cadet that he was kept on as an Army flight instructor - at age 17, the youngest in Army history.

He was discharged in 1919 and barnstormed for a short time before joining the U.S. Air Mail service, for which he flew for eight years. The service averaged a forced landing every 800 miles, a dead pilot every 80,000 miles. Once, flying out of

Chicago, his engine quit and he was forced to land. A telegram to the mail superintendent in Washington explained the incident, "On Trip 4 westbound. Flying low. Engine quit. Only place to land on cow. Killed cow. Wrecked plane. Scared me. Smith." He quit the service to become a commercial pilot for United in 1927-28, from whence he signed on with Commander Byrd on his first expedition to Antarctica.

Henry Harrison, meteorologist on the expedition, recalls Dean as being "a powerful man, mentally and physically." When the expedition came back from the ice, New York City tended them a ticker tape parade. Riding down Broadway, Dean spotted this good-looking girl on the sidewalk, jumped down, and talked her into a date. Whether he ever got back into the parade is unknown, but the girl, Beth White, must have been impressed as she married him and, as the story goes, lived happily ever after. That's what we need in this country, more spontaneous marriages before people get to know one another!

After the Antarctic, Dean first joined American Airlines and later went to work for Curtiss-Wright as a test pilot and sales executive. He quit flying commercially in 1943 and spent the remainder of his career as director of development for Fairchild Engine and Airplane Corps, and then as director of customer relations for Hughes Aircraft Company. Did he meet Jane Russell? His last job, in 1965, was as a consultant to Douglas Aircraft.

His honors were many, including the Distinguished Flying Cross and the Harmon Trophy, given each year to the person judged to be America's foremost pilot. He was the last president of the National Air Pilots Association before it became the Airline Pilots Association. He was named to the Aviation and OX5 Halls of Fame, both reserved for pioneer flyers. And he was given the Collier Club Award and the Detroit News Aerial Trophy. If you want to read more about Dean, go to your local library and get a copy of his *By The Seat of My Pants: A Pilot's Progress from 1917 to 1930*. Dean's passing reduces the BAE I winter-over party to five living members - Eddie Goodale, Larry Gould, Henry Harrison, Howard Mason, and Norman Vaughan. (The above from an obituary in the Los Angeles Times, 17 March 1987, graciously sent to the Nerve Center by Bob deViolini.)

SICK BAY. *Eddie Goodale* of BAE I fame and the earliest NSF Representative in Christchurch continues to live a rather sad life in a nursing home in Bangor, Maine. Ken Moulton dropped in to visit with Eddie this past summer, but wasn't really certain whether Eddie knew who he was, although when Ken greeted him and told him who he was, he held Ken's hand in a tight grip for a prolonged period. His wife, Eleanor, lives nearby in Winterport. *Sig Gutenko*, cook at West Base, U.S. Antarctic Service Expedition, also on the Ronne Antarctic Research Expedition, isn't in very good shape. His legs and hands are paralyzed, and he can't move without help. Sig is 83 years old, and lives at 4019 Foxborough Blvd., Valdosta, Georgia 31602 (telephone is 912-247-0706).

ICE CHIPS. We're happy for Lisa *Fetterolf*, one of our Board of Directors, who is going to Antarctica this austral summer with the contractor. She had to resign from her job at the Pentagon, although this didn't bother her, as she wanted to go to the ice so badly. Go for it, Lisa! *Wild Bill Cromie*, glaciologist of sorts and camp rounder at Little America V in 1957, normally Executive Director of the Council for the Advancement of Science Writing, Inc., is at M.I.T. this year as a Knight Science Journalism Fellow. Part of Bill's career was spent serving as a ghost writer for the astronauts; and you have seen him in print in the Antarctic Journal and NSF's Mosaic. Here is a man who has come a long, long way from when Bill Field plucked him off the sidewalks of New York and sent him to the Antarctic. If one had polled his peers at Little America V, it would have been a near unanimous decision that Bill would return from the ice and open up a string of "entertainment" houses in Nevada.

M.I.T. may not be ready for Wild Bill, but I m sure he will find some comrades in Cambridge *Chuck Stearns* of Wisconsin, the automatic-weather-station man of the Antarctic, rowed on the varsity crew at the University of Wisconsin when they were a national power. So if you have any disagreements with Chuck, best that you don't prolong them to a feat of strength, because you will only lose *Mike Pavlak*, who as a Holmes and Narver employee was frequently in Antarctica, has done it again. He and his good-looking blonde wife have come up with another little production of their very own, a girl named Jennifer was born May 20th. Let's all pray that Jennifer looks like Cathy! Their son Matthew is two. *Alice Dater*, widow of Harry Dater, who for many years was Mr. Antarctic Society, has moved into a retirement home in Chevy Chase, leaving housekeeping to others. She still gets around, will spend Thanksgiving in Montana, Christmas in Maine. Alice is a sweetheart. Her new address is Chevy Chase House, 5420 Connecticut Avenue NW, Washington, DC 20015. Presume you all read with some interest how the purported Eskimo sons of Robert Peary and Matthew Henson were given the red carpet treatment when they visited the States this summer, but did you see where one, *Anaukaq Henson*, died from cancer three weeks after returning home? While here, he met with some fifty relatives. - One of the great features of the Antarctic in the heroic age of exploration was that there was no temptation once you cleared New Zealand. Probably many a wife left at home slept soundly, knowing with some certainty for the first time just where her old man was that night! *Bob Dodson*, our illustrious president, will be lecturing on the Society Expeditions Project Antarctica cruise of 5 December. There will be a bunch of geographers aboard, and Bob is going to tell them how rough it was back in the days of dog teams We have heard that *Michele Raney* may be going back down to the ice in some sort of a capacity as an expert on anesthesiology to advise the Navy doctors. If so, we are most happy for Michele, as she came back from the ice part-penguin, and it behooves all penguins to periodically return to their home rookery *Mike Metzgar*, a former rotund Antarctic, recently surfaced in Reston for a few hours. He is a business world tycoon, working for his father in the golf club business. Seems that he has lost about 150 pounds. We miss Mike in the Washington area, as he amounted to our undercover Antarctic eyes and ears, always seeming to know what was going on during mid-winter when everyone else was in the dark. *Mel Havener* hosted a real big reunion this summer of Deep Freeze IV personnel. For some unknown reason, the Navy people are much more prone to attending reunions. Mel devoted a lot of time and effort to locating his colleagues, and it paid off in handsome attendance - about 60 former ice persons, including families about 150. Well done, Mel! *Clarence Walton*, who worked at McMurdo as a general field assistant for the Antarctic contractor, surfaced this summer as a member of the Washington Commandos in the newly formed Arena Football League. Walton, 23 years old, is 6 feet, 250 pounds, and plays in the line. He was quoted in the Washington Post as saying that he is looking forward to rules that allow for one of the three linemen to be eligible for passes. Remembering his playing days at Lehigh, he said, "I haven't generated any positive yardage yet. I'm ready for spiking the ball. I've got it all planned out." *Bill Benninghoff* retired. It's really a shame that people like Bill, Link Washburn, Bill Field, and others don't actually retire, as they are all nice guys and deserve to sit on the back porch with a highball watching the world go by. But what do they do? They keep on researching, keep on studying, keep on publishing. Sad! One of the reasons we switched from Bergy Bits to Brash Ice, besides its representing more the author's style, is to disassociate it entirely from the uncouth way in which the American Polar Philatelists now have for displaying their Bergy Bits in Ice Cap News. If that is what it represents to them, we want no part of it. They should be ashamed of themselves IMPORTANT! We are looking for material from the younger Antarctic scientists. We prefer the truth, but we'll settle for anything which makes a good story PLEASE REMEMBER to BUY CALENDARS.' RENEW MEMBERSHIPS: SEND NEW ADDRESSES: NOW. '