



THE ANTARCTICAN SOCIETY

905 NORTH JACKSONVILLE STREET
ARLINGTON, VIRGINIA 22205

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Dr. Louis J. Lanzerotti, 1987
Mr. Peter J. Anderson, 1988

ANOTHER SOCIETY FIRST - PRESENTATION BY ANTARCTIC ARTIST

IMAGES FROM A FROZEN CONTINENT

by

Alan Campbell

NSF Visiting Artist, 1987-88 McMurdo Station, Antarctica
and Athens, Georgia

on

Thursday evening, 16 February 1989

8 PM

National Science Foundation

18th and G Streets N.W.

Room 543

Light refreshments - strong coffee, Keebler cookies

Alan Campbell will have a one-man exhibit of his Antarctic paintings (10 oils, 40 water colors) in the Addison-Ripley Gallery, 9 Hillyer Court (behind the Cosmos Club), Washington, D.C., February 8 to March 4; and will present a slide talk about light and color, art and science in Antarctica to us on February 16. Make an effort to visit the gallery, and also come to hear his presentation. Bill Green, of Miami University wrote, "We need an artistic complement to our science, an aesthetics of the continent, an art and poetry that can help us interpret and recreate the stark geometry of its landscape, the soft, almost preternatural quality of its light, the strange sense of deep, pre-human time that one feels there." Attendees will be given a poster of "Below the Rookery," an oil painting of five Adelies at the water's edge - one looks very pregnant.

Alan is a young 38 who studied fine arts at the University of Georgia (BFA and MFA). He did further studies in Italy (Cortona) and at the University of California in Berkeley. Then he "brushed up" at North Haven Island in Penobscot Bay, Maine where he learned to appreciate the real beauty of light, qualifying him to go to Antarctica!

!!!! **TERRA NOVA** plays in Arlington, Virginia in mid-February !!!! (see page 6)

This Newsletter was held off on the speculation that Norman Vaughan would be coming to Washington to help lead the Alaskan entry in the Inaugural Parade down Pennsylvania Avenue, but it turned out at the eleventh hour that Norman and Carolyn could not get away. However, we have a real good program lined up for next month, so we left the golden-roofed house in Maine for a week to come to Washington to get out this Newsletter. Building a house is stressful, frustrating, heart-breaking, but exciting. Quality carpentry is pass£, though, and I'm anything but a gracious, forgiving home builder. This hiatus to Washington probably saved a few lives, especially my own. Meanwhile, this column remains a potpourri of some truths, some fabrications, and some offbeat thoughts. It is NOT the voice of the Society, but we still hope you will read it.

BRUCE MANHEIM'S PRESENTATION. Our last meeting on 28 November 1988 (Bruce Manheim - *Securing Environmental Protection in Antarctica*), probably should have been held off until spring and presented as a Memorial Lecture, but for the sake of time-liness following the late summer '88 publication of *On Thin Ice*, we scheduled him for our first Washington fall meeting. We asked Manheim to move up his presentation to November so we wouldn't conflict with the three-week continuous Christmas party that goes on in Washington in December. And we also picked a date when Peter Wilkniss would be in town - not easy. What follows is strictly hearsay, as this soul was house-building in Maine. Unfortunately, and we think unwisely, it was decided not to tape his presentation. It would have made a good newsletter.

Feisty, ubiquitous George Llano, who had recently read *On Thin Ice* took \$500 out of his vault and paid his way to Washington to hear Bruce and challenge him on twelve issues. The post-game discussions evidently evolved into the Bruce and George Show until it was decided by Vice President Ned Ostenso that it was time to vacate the building and all hands make their way safely home. Later in the week Bruce sent a most detailed (six pages, single spaced) reply to George, addressing all of his questions. Then George wrote Bruce on 12 December a sort of conciliatory letter which indicated they had many of the same concerns about preserving Antarctica. In a humbling act, George wrote Bruce, "I admit losing contact with reality in not keeping to an impersonal approach. I very much regret this and trust that you may accept my apology." George must be aging faster than I thought! He left the door open for Bruce to continue their dialogue on a one-to-one basis. P.S. One thing I got out of George's letter to Bruce was that he had made some forty-five tourist cruises on the WORLD DISCOVERER, SOCIETY EXPLORER, LINDBLAD EXPLORER, and LAPATIA. George must know more old wealthy women than all the rest of the Society members put together, as don't all octogenarian dowagers go to Antarctica in a last gasp effort to find another husband, or, failing that, settling for a rock hopper?

OHIO STATE'S BYRD POLAR RESEARCH CENTER OPENS ITS DOOR, ITS HEART. We went back to Ohio State University for the celebration of the 100th anniversary of the late Admiral Richard E. Byrd's birth. We weren't exactly prepared for the visual shock of Mendenhall, having sort of talked ourselves into believing that down through the years the Institute of Polar Studies, now the Byrd Polar Research Center, might be occupying spacious, luxurious facilities. As we entered the building, we had to plow through hundreds of flyers on the floor, and avoid students sitting like street beggars against the walls. When we got to the Center, it looked like a throwback to the real old days. Entering Peter Anderson's office would have been a cultural shoe!

if I hadn't once worked for the late meteorologist-geographer, Charles F. Brooks, as only his desk exceeded Peter's in piles. How Peter ever finds his way through the day is totally beyond me. However, if you have any doubts about the Center based on its physical appearance, they are immediately dashed when you start talking to David Elliot, who could charm the skin off a snake.

The three days in Columbus were thoroughly enjoyable, and we even got to like Mendenhall. People make events, not buildings, and the Columbus meetings were honored by "a flock of Byrds" (borrowed without permission from Larry Gould's presentation in Winchester, Virginia on the occasion of the 50th anniversary of Byrd's flight over the South Pole). One of the late Admiral's two living daughters, Boiling Clarke, one granddaughter, Ann Stabler, and three grandsons, Robert Breyer, Leverett Byrd, and Harry Byrd were there. The trip to Columbus had to be a bittersweet one for all of them, but especially for Leverett and Harry, as their father had so recently mysteriously walked into death. However, their trip had to be joyful when they saw the excellent exhibit of memorabilia of the Admiral's set up in the University Library.

There were two dinner/banquet-type meetings. Ohio State hosted a large reception prior to the dinner which preceded the lecture by Al (BAE II) Lindsey. One never knows for sure what will happen at a reception, which was particularly true for Bill "Whirlybird" McCormick (BAE II), who was aghast to find the ski from his old autogyro at the entrance to the hall. At the same reception, Robert Byrd Breyer and that chocoholic doctor, Michele Raney, found out they not only come from southern California but from the same neighborhood in the same town. Colin Bull met Joe Hill, also BAE II, and the next noon visited one of his old bookstore hangouts in Columbus, picked up a copy of Joe's Antarctic book, and got him to inscribe it the next evening. The good thing about this-reception was that it was sort of endless, so there was plenty of time for meeting and talking. This was followed by a dinner which verged on catastrophic, as there were twice as many people who wanted to eat as there were plates. Somehow or other they accommodated all out-of-towners, with students and faculty being herded off to McDonald's. Al Lindsey, assisted by Bill McCormick, spoke about BAE II, and Byrd and Siple. Some excellent old films were shown, and an in-depth look at Paul Siple was given by one of his closest friends, Al Lindsey. Of all the ice-party scientists from the two Byrd expeditions, Al is probably the most active scientifically, and certainly the most mobile. However, as he pointed out, even though he wintered over at Little America II, he never really got to know the Admiral very well because he spent so much of the winter at Boiling Advance Base.

The next day the OAEs got together to show some old film, and a non-explorer, Tom Poulter, Jr., stole the show by showing about seven or eight reels of his father's films from BAE II (he was deputy commander and chief scientist). Tom had seen the films many, many times, so he was well versed on the scenes. These films are one-of-a-kind, and have not been seen by the public per se. They are excellent quality and tell an amazing story, constituting a polar treasury of archival material. The late Murray Wiener had an Air Force movie on the construction of the original South Pole station which was new to everyone, but it was much too professional to steal the glory from Poulter's old films. It was great to have Murray there to comment on the film, as he had served as the technical director for the film. Dick Conger, who was Mr. Early-Days Deep Freeze Photographer, closed out the show-and-tell session, with a slide show of a bit-of-this, a bit-of-that.

The evening of the Memorial Lecture brought the two-day party to an end. There was a timed reception, followed by a very nice dinner, and then the presentation of the 1988 Memorial Lecture by Peter Anderson. We have spoken before about the poise, the charm, the sociability of Robert Byrd Breyer, and he demonstrated again his captivating personality when he asked to say a few words on behalf of the Byrd family prior to the dinner banquet. He showed the gathering a beautiful banner of the

Antarctic continent with plane superimposed, which his wife and a friend had made for him to take to the South Pole on the commemorative trip celebrating the 50th anniversary of Byrd's flying over the South Pole. While at the South Pole, Bob and Norman Vaughan held the banner while photographers snapped. Again, Bob asked Norman to join him holding the flag while the audience applauded. He then presented framed copies of the picture to both the Byrd Polar Research Center and the Antarctic Society.

The Memorial Lecture by Peter Anderson went off very well. Peter has done thorough research on the late Admiral, and I dare say that some members of the Byrd family in attendance found out things about their famous relative which they may not have known. Peter has accumulated a wealth of photographs on REB, and one came away from the meeting with the fervent hope that Peter will find time somehow to get his biography on Byrd published.

Everyone had a great time, and the Byrd Polar Research Center were great hosts. Bob Breyer wrote, "This was an absolutely fascinating 2-day event and was a huge success from all appearances. It was certainly good to rub shoulders with so many Antarctic veterans I have met through the years, and to relive the Admiral's expeditions through film, slides, and the spoken word." And the distaff side had a good time, too, as Whirlybird's wife, Mimi McCormick, wrote, "There aren't adjectives enough to tell you how much I enjoyed being a part of this wonderful gathering - the thrill of a lifetime."

Thank you Peter, thank you David, thank you Byrd Polar Research Center, and last, but not least, thank you Woody Hayes for making Ohio State University a reality!

MR. POLAR TIMES SIGNS OFF AT AGE 78. When one spoke of the American Polar Society, one was actually speaking of August Howard, for even though their letterhead was a litany of Who's Who in the polar regions, August was the titular head. For the last fifty-four years August has turned out semi-annual copies of the *Polar Times*, which he laboriously put together in his small apartment in Rego Park in the Queens (N.Y.C.). Anyone who had an interest in the polar regions back in the 1930s and 1940s joined his society, and its membership totalled over 2,000 members. Beside: having a ridiculously low fee for membership, August insisted on spending a significant portion of the membership fees in buying commemorative stamps which handsomely decorated each mailing.

The American Polar Society and the *Polar Times* will live on, although by whom and in what format is still being discussed by parties involved. It seems that Milton Brown of the New York Times succeeded Ned Ostenso as president of the Society, and he and Dick (Little America V) Chappell have been working on a survival plan, which they do not wish to divulge at this time. However, we know from talking to other polar people that there is a university with a strong polar interest which, in all likelihood, would be willing to take it over.

We never had the pleasure of meeting August, although we corresponded somewhat irregularly down through the years. Several years ago our Society made him an Honorary Member, so his name will forever be on our masthead. The late Paul Siple was very close to August, and August publicized Paul, as Paul did August. It was natural for August to have a professional interest in Paul's achievements, as he was a publicist with the Boy Scouts of America when Paul was, to borrow a phrase from Pat Wilson, an Eagle on the Ice. August also worked somewhere along in his career for the New York Times, and the *Polar Times* never missed a New York Times polar article.

August never visited either polar region, although he is ensconced on Antarctic maps (Cape Howard on the Weddell Sea and the Polar Times Glacier). August died of a heart ailment on 4 December 1988, while at home with his wife Rose. His health had been

failing since early fall, and in the end there was something very Scott-like in his death. Collapsing into his wife's arms, he simply said, "Let me lay here," and in a few minutes he was gone. Besides his wife Rose (98-20 62nd Drive, Apt. 7H, Rego Park, New York 11374), he is survived by twin children Alan and Doris. Our deepest heartfelt sympathy to the family.

Incidentally, August changed his last name from Horowitz to Howard, so those polar philatelists who have covers signed by August Horowitz, and there are some in circulation, you have a bona fide August Howard, nee Horowitz cover.

MURRAY WIENER DIES WITH CLASS. Murray Wiener must have written his own script for dying, although he surely never programmed it to happen so soon in life; he died on the operating table Christmas Eve at the still tender age of 72. The day before he went into the hospital he had shot the best round of golf he had played in a decade, and to cap off the day he and Ruth, his wife, had gone out to a private club in Tucson to have dinner and enjoy an evening of dancing. Originally Murray thought that what he was experiencing was just a little indigestion from eating duckling, but Ruth insisted he should go to the hospital. It turned out it was much more than indigestion, and he died while undergoing open heart surgery.

Those of us who saw him in Columbus in late October on the 100th anniversary of Admiral Byrd's birth saw a handsome man, beautifully clothed, eyes twinkling, full of laughter, enjoying associating with some of the OAEs. He narrated an Air Force film on the construction of the original South Pole station. True, he had experienced a heart attack at age 47, and came out of the service with a 30% disability; but he had been a very active man in retirement, being vice president of a savings and loan institution in his hometown of Green Valley, Arizona. He was married to a former Syracuse University Winter Carnival Queen, who to this day is still a queen - a diminutive vivacious blonde who filled their home with cheerful whistling. Several years ago a former associate of Murray's asked him to help out by trying to sell some wickedly expensive condominiums in Marina del Ray, California. Murray was reluctant to give up his daily golf rounds in Green Valley and trout fishing in the Pacific Northwest during the summer, so he told the guy he would come under one condition, that he would get out after one year, whether he had sold one, ten, or twenty condos. It turned out he sold all seventy before the year was up!

Murray went to Antarctica five different times. His baptism was on the U.S. Antarctic Service Expedition, 1939-41, when he was aurora observer at West Base. Then he participated in Operation Highjump, 1946-47; went down with Admiral Byrd on the ATKA prior to the IGY; and then participated in both Operation Deep Freeze I and II. Wiener Peaks, 76°49'S, 144°30'W, are named for Murray. When Admiral Byrd died in the spring of 1957, it was Murray who was contacted to visit Arlington Cemetery to pick out the burial site for him - and it's a dandy, if a burial site can be a dandy, as it has a great view of Washington. It was most appropriate that Murray's last polar trip should take him to the Byrd Polar Research Center at The Ohio State University where he not only talked about leaving certain items to them, but had a chance to meet and to revel in the companionship of three of the Admiral's grandsons and a granddaughter.

Life was a bowl of cherries for Murray, but he made it that way by hard, industrious work. Orphaned at age twelve, he died a millionaire. Ruth said he never believed in luck, but that one should recognize opportunity and grab it. The two of them believed in the quality of life, not quantity of life, and Ruth feels they had the greatest of life together. Besides his wife, he leaves one daughter, Wendy. (Mrs. Murray Wiener, 165 East Paseo de Golf, Green Valley, Arizona 85614)

ALZHEIMER'S LINKED TO RICHARD E. BYRD, JR.'S DEATH.

Dr. John E. Smialek, Mary-

land's chief medical examiner, said that Alzheimer's disease was a contributing factor in the bizarre death of Richard E. Byrd, Jr. His actual death t*as the result of malnutrition and dehydration, but Dr. Smialek said that he was in "the early, early stages of Alzheimer's, because he did not exhibit a lot of atrophy in the brain." He explained that the disease destroys brain cells, and the resulting loss of tissue causes the brain to shrink. According to Dr. Smialek, microscopic examination of brain tissue revealed the presence of Alzheimer's, the degenerative brain disease that erodes memory and intellectual ability, and causes confusion and loss of concentration and judgment. Family members had thought that Richard's behavior seemed eccentric at times, but apparently they did not suspect Alzheimer's. (The above was taken almost in total from the Baltimore Sun of 28 October 1988.)

BYRD'S MUKLUKS, PENGUINS, DRESS SABER, ETC. NET OVER 200K AT AUCTION. Herb (South Pole '57) Hansen sent us a clipping from the Omaha World Herald of 24 October with a QPI release out of Lynnfield, Massachusetts, that belongings of the late Admiral Richard E. Byrd netted his heirs more than \$200,000. About 500 bidders came from across the country, Canada, and England. More than five hundred items were sold. Items worn by Byrd were auctioned off in lots that drew between \$50 and \$1,000. Twelve handguns sold for between \$250 and \$1,300. There were twenty-one log books from Byrd vessels (the BEAR OF OAKLAND and the USS JACOB RUPPERT) which brought a total of \$700. Several stuffed penguins went for \$1,000 each. A volume of tributes, including one from Teddy Roosevelt, sold for \$1,450. The Naval officer's dress saber given to Byrd in 1930 by the State of Virginia went for \$9,500. It seems rather sad that the court and executors decided that these things had to be auctioned off. Byrd's son evidently opposed the auction, as the article quoted Adrienne Serwo, vice president in charge of estate settlements for Boston State Street Bank as saying, "He wasn't happy about it." But as a very attractive wife of a former co-worker of mine once said, "We all have our price."

TERRA NOVA PLAYS IN ARLINGTON IN MID-FEBRUARY. Ted Tally's *TERRA NOVA*, which has been gracing theater stages for the past five years or so, is to be put on by the Arlington Players in the Thomas Jefferson Community Theater, 125 South Glebe Road, Arlington, VA in mid-February. They will have a seminar "Tracing the Tracks" following the matinee on 12 February, with our own Gerry Schatz and Dick Conger joining the director, Don Martin, the cast and the staff to discuss the play and the general subject of Antarctic exploration. There is a special price of \$5 for Society members, even for the performance with the seminar. Call Barbara Hyde on 354-3839 for reservations - all seats are reserved - and tell her you are an Antartic Society member. Matinees are at 2:30 PM on February 12th and 19th, and evening performances are at 8 PM on February 10th, 11th, 16th, 17th and 18th.

There should be no need to tell you folks that *TERRA NOVA* is the story of Scott and Amundsen, and that the play has been a big hit in many, many cities. If you have not seen it, why not support the Arlington Players? How can you go wrong for a little old five-spot? You can't!

MORE ON NORMAN VAUGHAN. The youngest person at the 1988 Antartic Society Memorial Lecture was 82-year old Norman Vaughan of Trapper Creek, Alaska. He is also the youngest member in our Society. As anyone who has read this column knows, Norman is still going full throttle cavorting around with his new 46-year old bride, prancing around Greenland trying to extricate some old World War II planes buried under 260 feet of ice. still racing in the 1,049-mile Iditarod, and planning on taking a dog team to Antartica to travel up the Vaughan Glacier.

Norman looks like a 55-year old bank president, wears clothes smartly and resembles

a Harvard man, which he was until he became a dropout to go south with Commander Byrd in 1928. You get the feeling, talking to him, that there is nothing he ever wanted to do which he hasn't tried. One presidential inauguration he represented the state of Alaska by driving his dog team down Pennsylvania Avenue, and he enjoyed basking in the platitudes of the multitudes lining the parade route. So the next inauguration he loaded his dog team and sled into a vehicle and headed towards Washington. When he got there, he called up Senator Stevens' office and asked to be put in the parade. As Alaska already had an official entry, he was turned down. But this didn't phase the ingenious Norman, as he was well aware of how entries lined up on side streets and merged into the parade. So he found a nice little quiet side street, waited for an opening, and when his dog team saw a handsome team of horses coming down the parade route, that was all Norman needed. He and his dogs pulled sprightly, and before you could say Norman Vaughan, there he was in another inaugural parade.

Norman does not limit his extracurricular activities to presidents, as he had an affair with the current Pope when he stopped off in Anchorage in 1981. He knew that Pope John Paul II was an ardent skier, and figured he would enjoy a nice little dog sled ride, so he met the plane and volunteered to give his Holiness a ride. First he told the Pope that two of the dogs on his team were named Devil and Satan, and asked him if he wanted them taken out of the traces. The Pope went along with them, probably figuring that a little bit of the dogs was in their leader, and taking the dogs out would not remove all the risks! Norman figures taking the Pope for a short ride made him more or less the official Vatican dog sled driver, so when it came time to come up with the entry money for the 1982 Iditarod race, he wrote the Pope, reminding him of their meeting, and asking if His Holiness would like to make a monetary contribution so that he could enter the race. This was one time when Norman struck out.

Norman is very interesting to talk to, as he has all the enthusiasm of a young stud of eighteen years. He is real gung ho about going back to Greenland and retrieving those bombers and six fighter planes which crashed on the ice cap back in 1942. The first one came in with its wheels down and flipped, but the rest bellied in and were in good shape. Since it's Danish territory, the first plane will be given to Denmark. Norman had never talked to a bona fide glaciologist about the retrieval until he met Ellen Mosley-Thompson at Columbus in October. A sign of the times - a relatively young, very petite woman glaciologist telling an Old Antarctic Explorer what it is really like when you get below the snow surface!

When the Faculty Club dining hall conducted their monthly inventory for October, they came up with a startling revelation, an inordinate number of after-dinner mints were consumed during the period of time when the polarites were celebrating Admiral Byrd's 100th birthday. We have some insight as to where they went, as Norman's heavy hand emptied several large spoonfuls of mints into the pockets of a very embarrassed Ruth Siple! OSU's loss is our gain, as Ruth has a great minty breath this winter.

SOVIETS MAKE FIRST EVER INSPECTION OF MCMURDO AND SOUTH POLE. Although Soviets have been to both McMurdo and the South Pole stations many times, their first official Antarctic Treaty inspection tour of Antarctic bases was conducted this past austral summer. They travelled first class in an Antonov AN-74 (NATO-Coaler), which is sort of a sensational aircraft in that it can touch down relatively easily on unprepared landing strips and does not require a long runway. It was described in the March '85 issue of the Air Force Magazine, but because we don't have it at hand, will hold off on describing the plane in detail until the next issue. But it can do fantastic things like landing on snow, being the first wheeled aircraft to land at Vostok, and stopping in less than 2,000 feet, as it did at McMurdo. When it touched down at Vostok, it supposedly only made a foot imprint of a couple of inches; this was on their regular runway, not on hardened runway.

The AN-74 was brought out in the mid-80's, being a newer version of the An-72 which

came out in 1977 and was shown to the world at the Paris show in 1979. It is 87' long, has a wing-span of 84'9", has five wheels, cruises at 36,000', has a maximum speed of 447 mph, and a range of 2300 miles. Slightly better than an R4D or a Ford Trimotor! The designer of the AN-74 planned it to be a wheeled/ski landing aircraft, but the test pilot who flew the plane into McMurdo said the skis had never been placed on the plane.

Twenty-four Soviets were aboard the aircraft, which included a flight crew of thirteen, an inspection party of eight, and three senior scientists. They were taken to the South Pole in a Here, where the inspection team spent eighteen hours. Maybe the highlight of the whole visit was when a very senior Soviet scientist, apparently aware of the psychotic nature of the USARP representative at McMurdo, tried to have some fun with him by telling him that he hated to leave after having an affair with a young American woman at the South Pole. His little joke completely self-destructed the USARP man - at least that is what we heard!

HOVERCRAFTS BETTER THAN SIBERIAN PONIES, OR SIBERIAN HUSKIES. It appears that air-cushion vehicles will soon become an accepted way of surface transportation over relatively smooth Antarctic surfaces. During the current austral summer, the one at McMurdo got up to 45 knots on smooth ice! The vehicle is a Hoversystems 1500 TD "Husky", a version of the British Griffon 1500. It is 33.3 ft. long, 12.5 ft. wide, and height (off hover) is 8.8 ft. It has a welded aluminum hull, which incorporates 250% buoyancy in sealed compartments. Empty, it weighs 5,071 pounds, and its payload is 3,307 pounds. The engine is a Deutz's 190 hp, air-cooled, turbocharged diesel. Fuel consumption is between four and six gallons per hour. The design speed over water is 38 mph. The Husky uses a centrifugal fan driven from the front of the engine to feed a loop and finger skirt; the propeller is a four-bladed, laminated wood, fixed-pitch design that turns in an aerodynamic duct.

B-9 CURRENTLY GROUNDED. Remember that big berg that broke off from the Ross Ice Shelf about fifteen months ago, the one that was 98 nautical miles long, 25 nautical miles wide? She is still a respectable sized ice cube, being 76 nautical miles long by 19 nautical miles wide on 18 January '89, but she has temporarily gone aground. It really has not moved a great deal, being at 77°08'S, 171°39'W. The Joint NOAA-Navy Ice Center is currently tracking nine bergs, although B-9 is certainly the biggest by far. If a berg isn't fifteen miles long, they just don't bother with them -we think.

TIM HUSHEN GOES SUB-TROPICAL. W. Timothy Hushen, whose name has been synonymous with beautiful women, has recently accepted a position at San Diego State University, ending more than a decade (14 years) of internment on the National Academy of Sciences' Polar Research Board where he served in various capacities, retiring as its Staff Director. As we go to print, there is no heir apparent. Andrea Smith will serve as Acting Staff Director until they can fill the position. Tim will be a consultant until the position is filled. Having attended PRB meetings chaired by Link Washburn, Charley Bentley, and Gunter Weller, they all more or less blend together. There are always a couple of talkers, always a couple of sitters, always a couple of absentees, but there was one highlight - the pastries put out when Ruth Barritt was associated with the Board! And who can forget when Tim was going with Judy Nelson and she showed up for their receptions! It never was the same after Tim joined Gentleman Jim Zumberge in Tinsel Town. Tim is married to a California lover, and it looks like she has converted him into a west coaster. Actually Washington can get to be a bore after awhile, as no one can really love its traffic, its heat and humidity, its crime, its drugs, its Redskins mania. We appreciate the help that Tim has given our Society down through the years, and we certainly wish him the best.

GREENPEACE, AN ANTARCTIC FOLLY? Seeing a picture of Greenpeace demonstrators being dragged from the path of bulldozers at Dumont d'Urville (Boston Globe, 8 January 1989), one wonders what the real impact of Greenpeace is in Antarctica. We had an interesting letter from old Rob Flint the other day, one in which he spoke of the Antarctic environment, which is dear to him as it is to all of us. He started out saying that he was sorry he could not hear Bruce Manheim's presentation to the Society, as he had talked to Bruce about their common interests. Then he went on to say, "I think that in general the Environmental Defense Fund is the most business-like and well-informed of Antarctic environmental critics." Rob has just finished six years on the Board of Directors of the Sierra Club Foundation - the tax-deductible arm of the Sierra Club. He wrote, "Occasionally people on the club side (the activist and political side of the organization) asked me about the role the Sierra Club should play in Antarctica, and I've always thought that the continent is in relatively good hands with its occupation by scientists opposed to commercial exploitation, and that therefore the conservation dollar could better be spent at home and for tropical forests. The biggest waste of all of conservation dollars, in my opinion, was the Greenpeace Antarctic expedition."

THE VOICES OF YOU MEMBERS. It is always good to get those forms back from you folks and to see where we are failing or what you want. To date we have heard from 62% of the Society, or 386 members. For the first time ever, we had three requests for pictures. *Mart Rubin* repeated an old chestnut, "make them less wordy." Well, *Mort*, it's too late to change spots on a leopard. It would not be me to be clear, concise, to the point..... *Steve Corey* wrote, "less emphasis on the drinking habits, at parties, etc. It doesn't prove anything." We weren't exactly sure what our writing style was, thinking that it was locker room circa 1947, but we found out from the erudite Antarctic writer-librarian, *Harry King*, of Scott Polar Research Institute, that it was "punchy." He wrote, "May I add how much the *Newsletter* is valued here, not only for its useful information but it is an extremely good read thanks to Paul Dalrymple's punchy style." There were no comments on this ground on our male chauvinism! Either we are improving or you folks have given up. *Aileen Lotz* will let me know in her next communication! *Charges Swithinbank*, one of our esteemed Board of Directors, probably summed it up pretty much as it is when he wrote on 13 November 1988, "While we do not always endorse your judgments on events and people, the fact is we read them, and the steadily increasing circulation has been a direct result of your timely news, gossip, and scandal."

It was interesting to read two professional writers' opinions on this column. *Harold Helfrich* wrote, "that request for members to resign was the ultimate in toothless snobbery. More legitimate Antarctic news and less of the 'old boy' syndrome (sophomoric!)." I dare say if Harold ever sent out repeated notices to delinquent members that he too would be at the head of the line requesting the uninterested to drop out. This is a non-paying job, strictly for the love of being associated with something Antarctic. The worst part is folding, stuffing, and licking 600-odd envelopes, and we don't need excess deadwood in the pile. As for being sophomoric, everyone reaches their zenith according to Peter's Principle, and it just happens that I found mine in my sophomore year. In my defense, may I present *Arville Schaleben* who wrote, "Excellent in concept, content, composition, completeness - and damn the ice, sail on, sail on, oh polar voice! There is no other likely, out there in the boondocks." I will buy Arville a beer, oops, a milk shake, the next time I visit Milwaukee.

SNOWFLAKES. The Satchel Paige of NOAA, *Joe "First at the North Pole" Fletcher*, formerly Director of the Division of Polar Programs, NSF, recently left a high and mighty NOAA administrative staff position to become Director Again of their Environmental Research Laboratories in Boulder, Colorado. Joe will never retire, as he refuses to look over his shoulder to see who is catching up with him. We asked someone who should

know how old Joe was, and they said "70". Joe has looked 70 for the past twenty years. *Jerry Kooyman* of the Scripps Oceanographic Institution, has recently returned from Cape Washington (near Cape Hallett) with four baby Emperor penguins who are about four months old. Physiological studies will be done on the unlucky chicks back in San Diego. Wonder if they will get to spend holidays with other Emperors in the San Diego area, namely, those at Sea World? A new member, *Ann Bowles*, who describes herself as a "penguinologist" is completing a thesis on "Individual Vocal Recognition in the Emperor Penguin, *Aptenodytes forsteri*." Ann is with Sea World Research Institute in San Diego..... *John Lynch* says that *Eric Siefka* is the No.1 South Pole Citizen, having spent a total of 36 months there (including two winters). Can anyone total more than 36? We doubt it! Several of the Pole Builders who were there with *Siple* in 1957 went back for a second winter, so perhaps should get double credit for that first year because they had to build the station..... *Capt. Paul Derocher*, CO of VXE6, '85-'86, is writing a book on U.S. foreign policies in Antarctica for the Institute of National Strategic Studies at Ft. McNair in Washington. That's a great place. The National War College building is one of the most interesting buildings in all of Washington *Robert Grass*, who was in charge of atmospheric ozone measurements at the South Pole in 1964, has been in charge of the U.S. Dobson Ozone Spectrophotometer Network since returning from the ice. There are sixteen stations in his network, including such exotic places as Caribou, Maine; Mauna Loa, Hawaii; Lauder, New Zealand; Perth, Australia; and Tutuila Island in the American Samoa. Over the years he has modified and recalibrated over 50% of the 95 instruments. - Antarctica has surely been a good stepping stone for many of us *Emmy Lou Schenk* wrote an Antarctic murder mystery, "Ice Cave" which appeared in the August 1987 issue of the Alfred Hitchcock Mystery Magazine. Did any of you folks read it? There is a hundred-foot long mural entitled "Penguin Rush Hour" inside the concrete walkway to the Silver Spring Metro subway station in the DC area. It is one of nine artworks being put up for a yearlong stay to soothe travelers - 30,000 human riders use the Silver Spring station daily. The artist, *Sally Callmer*, 34, said she chose penguins "because they have a lot of class." She has been working on it since May, using plywood and exterior house paint. I'm sure some of the penguins must look like *Ken Moulton*, *John Katsufakis*, *Bill Cassidy*, *Art DeVries* New addresses: *Sill Sladen* - P. O. Box 367, The Plains, Virginia 22171, and *Afort* and *Joanne Turner* - 701 Crescent Drive, Boulder, Colorado 80303 At long last, *Antarctica* by *Vangelis* is finally available on a Polydor compact disc. This great music is from *Koreyoshi Kurahara's* film, "Antartica." The eight parts are: Theme from Antarctica, Antarctic Echoes, Kinematic, Song of White, Life of Antarctica, Memory of Antarctica, Other Side of Antarctica, and Deliverance; they were composed, arranged, produced and performed by *Vangelis* As we go to the printer, the plane-supported skiers who each paid \$70,000 plus for the privilege of skiing 725 miles on the Polar Plateau have arrived at the South Pole. Two of the eleven Affluent Ones were females, one being a 24-year old divinity student from Harvard University, the other a 39-year old blonde from Capistrano, California who apparently has a well-greased press agent. The divinity student was quoted as saying, "I haven't found God yet, but I have a new meaning for hell freezing over." The skiers were at the Pole for 90 minutes before being flown back to civilization and interviews and pictures. Ho hum, how exciting!

___ And, in closing, I will toss this out for an insignificant, worthless record. This hapless soul went over eleven years without missing a Society lecture, attending 65 consecutive ones from March 1977 until *Bruce Manheim's* presentation. I just could not leave those would-be carpenters alone with my house in their hands..... There have been 141 lectures in the 40-year history of our Society. Although we don't know the exact date the Society was organized at *Carl and Harriet Eklund's*, we do know that the first meeting with a program was held on 19 November 1959. If any of you oldies know when the organizational meeting took place, please notify *Ruth* at the Nerve Center Speaking of *Ruth*, she did a fantastic solo job all through the fall handling the calendar mailings, and checks for membership- and refunds. Merci beaucoup!