



THE ANTARCTICAN SOCIETY

905 NORTH JACKSONVILLE STREET

ARLINGTON, VIRGINIA 22205

HONORARY PRESIDENT — MRS. PAUL A. SIPLE

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Mr. Peter J. Anderson, 1988

THINK

BOULDER

FOR

FALL

MEETING

GROWLERS

This is an abbreviated, spring pollen issue of the Newsletter, unique in that there is no meeting to announce, as we close up shop so that RJS can have a respite from the Society, and yours truly can stay in Maine for the whole summer - although winters are better because there are relatively few tourists. This has been a rather hectic year for this person trying to erect a house in Maine with an aching knee and taking Amtrak to Washington to write these things periodically. Next year shouldn't be so bad, for with any luck The House will be done by Labor Day.

AMERICAN POLAR SOCIETY GOES BUCKEYE. At long last, The Ohio State University has formally announced what most of you folks already knew - the American Polar Society has moved out of an apartment in New York City, that of the late August Howard, to the Byrd Polar Research Center at Ohio State University. The new generation August Howard is Peter Anderson, erstwhile Deputy Director of the Byrd Polar Research Center, biographer-in-waiting of Admiral Richard E. Byrd, foremost authority on the history of Antarctic aviation, avid Ohio State University football fan, and keeper of a very cluttered office desk. Peter was the only logical heir apparent to succeed August, although there is some skepticism among some of us as to how Peter is ever going to find time in his year to publish The Polar Times.

Peter has many optimistic plans for the future of the American Polar Society. Once upon a golden time, the Society had over 3,000 members. Now its membership is down to about 1,600, and Peter, for some unknown reason, wants to build it back up to over 3,000. More members, more work, Peter, you aren't getting any younger - are you really sure you want more members? The governing hierarchy of the American Polar Society has decided that annual dues must go up to five dollars immediately; and a further increase may not be too far off. Howard was going broke putting out two issues a year at two dollars.

We had completely forgotten, if we ever knew, that Howard never published The Polar Times from June 1948 to December 1954. Peter wants to resurrect the polar news for those years, and put out issues for that period. Antarcticwise, the continent was in a quasi-coma insofar as the United States was concerned, as

Operation Windmill, Operation Highjump, and the Ronne Antarctic Research Expedition were all over by June 1948, and Operation Deep Freeze followed the reissuing of The Polar Times. It seems like a good period to let lie dormant, unless you are an Arctic fan.

Basically The Polar Times will keep its old format, and its success depends on people sending in any good polar clippings they might find in newspapers or journals to Peter. He plans on including a listing of new polar books. Peter also wants to have American Polar Society meetings at various times at different locations around the country. He is thinking of indexing, and possibly binding issues. There are also thoughts of making The Polar Times quarterly. Anyway, there are a lot of thoughts swirling in Peter's head, and he optimistically thinks he can get out the first issue by January 1990.

If any of you have any thoughts on the American Polar Society and its The Polar Times, why don't you communicate your feelings directly to Peter (Mr. Peter J. Anderson, Byrd Polar Research Center, The Ohio State University, 125 South Oval Mall, Columbus, Ohio 43210-1308). He will listen to you, although I'm not real certain how much attention he will pay to you. We have been trying unsuccessfully to get pictures from our conclave in Columbus last October, and are still waiting. And now that he is also Secretary of the American Polar Society, plus Editor of The Polar Times, we will never get those pictures!

SIR HUBERT WILKINS' MEMORABILIA. There aren't too many Antarcticans around who really knew Sir Hubert Wilkins, as most of his crowd have already checked into that Snow Chapel in the Sky. His late years were spent working for the Quartermaster Corps as a polar expert on clothing, and it was my good fortune to have a desk right next to his, even though a window wall separated us. He went to Antarctica in the austral summer of 1957-58 to help me move my instrumentation out of Little America V preparatory to its transfer to Amundsen-Scott at the South Pole. This was my only opportunity to be in the field with him, as I never spent any winters on military maneuvers in the Arctic (as was his bent). Some people said that Sir Hubert was the most humble of all polar explorers. This may or may not be true, as I never personally knew any of the others, but I don't think that Sir Hubert suffered from any inferiority complex. An example was when he told Shackleton that he would not go on his last expedition unless he could go as his chief scientist, which is pretty heady stuff. On the other hand, Sir Hubert never could distinguish rank, and was equally at home talking to enlisted men as to high-ranking officers.

This is all prelude to the fact that while in Columbus, Peter Anderson allowed me access to the secured area where all of the Sir Hubert Wilkins' memorabilia are kept. It was sort of fun going through old trip reports of his days in the Quartermaster Corps. Sir Hubert never wrote a complete sentence in his lifetime, and his scribblings are almost as bad as Chester Pierce's and Pat Unger's (both doctors who inherently aren't allowed by their profession to write legibly). But there was one mammoth thrill for me when I opened a cardboard carton, and there were most of Sir Hubert's medals - must have been twenty. All of his major awards were there except one. Never in my life had I seen so many medals, and to think they were awarded to an ex-colleague! They will certainly make a wonderful display, and since the Byrd medals are scattered to the winds, the Sir Hubert medals must represent the single largest collection of polar medals in this country.

"I MUST TAKE EXCEPTION TO THE REMARKS". That was the beginning of a letter recently received from a non-member (how do all these characters end up reading our Newsletters, anyway?) who said that this column implied that the tourists who skied to the South Pole rode in Cadillacs. Why don't these tourists publish their own newsletters, and leave the rest of us alone? This guy had the audacity to write, "Having been to the South Pole as a member of Sir Hillary's expedition while assigned to Operation Deep

Freeze, I feel that I am in a position" What a bunch of malarkey. First, Operation Deep Freeze was an American enterprise - Hillary was/is a New Zealander. Second, you never call a knight by his last name, it is always Sir Hubert, Sir Vivian, or Sir Edmund, never Sir Hillary. Third, Ed Hillary wintered over at Scott Base in 1957, and all he was doing was laying out a series of caches on the polar plateau to help Fuchs' party on their way down to Scott Base. It was NOT an expedition. Fourth, this character was never a member of Hillary's team. I was at the South Pole when Hillary pulled in to the station, and I knew all members of his party quite well; and to this day, I remain a very close friend of Murray Ellis. It could have been that this guy was one of the horde of writers and photographers who were flown up to the South Pole by Admiral Defect to cover the arrival of Fuchs and his men. There were so many of them that the only ones whom we at the station got to know specifically were those correspondents from the larger newspapers or press services.

Anyway, this guy writes and tells us what a great, heroic thing this was when that party of chaperoned skiers reached the South Pole this past austral summer. I think the final word of their accomplishment was best summarized in a single photo which appeared in a national magazine this spring, showing the 39-year old blonde from Santa Barbara standing beside the South Pole station identification sign in a very brief two-piece bikini. Even at the South Pole in near undress, she did not look all that great, and when a woman does not look overly attractive at the South Pole, her best years are well behind her. Ordinarily, the South Pole makes queens out of beasts! But who really cares besides the skiers themselves? To them it was a big deal; otherwise, they would not have spent all that money and all that time, just to do a little cross-country skiing. Having lived at the South Pole for a whole year, I steadfastly refuse to believe the Polar Plateau is an entirely hostile place to be in mid-summer. The only mind-boggling thing to me about their whole endeavor was how come a 24-year old Harvard female divinity student was among them. It seems like a strange thing for a divinity student to do.

WHATEVER HAPPENED TO SCRUPLES?

Stephen and Annette Waylett of Moscow, Washington, and their lawyer, Andrew Schwam, must have a hard time looking at themselves when they brush their teeth each morning, as they won a lawsuit from Washington State University for \$105,000, claiming that they were sent to Palmer station in 1983 under false pretenses. They were supposedly told that their program - meteorology - would lead to an engineering degree in two and a half years. AFTER they got back, the naive Wayletts, he with a bachelor's degree in geology, she with one in history, suddenly realized that their backgrounds did not qualify them for a master's degree in engineering. They claimed the university had enrolled them because they couldn't get any other applicants, and needed bodies to keep a 150K NSF grant alive. Me thinketh the university must have had a poor lawyer, or else the judge must have had it in for polar regions.

What makes the whole deal more ridiculous is that Stephen was a Navy navigator who had been actively involved in resupplying Antarctica. While doing this, he met scientists, and decided that he wanted to be one of them. He gave up his Navy career. Stephen now claims, "I was absolutely had. The dream of being an engineer has been killed. You go to the university to fulfill your dreams, but this one became a nightmare. I ended up holding an empty bag." Well, it turned out that the bag wasn't quite so empty as it should have been, as they now have over a hundred grand to put in it, plus memories of a year at a beautiful spot.

REMEMBER THE NAME, NEELON CRAWFORD.

Neelon Crawford is a Canadian Scot photographer who lives with his Samoyed dog in downtown Manhattan, who shot some 5,000 pictures in Antarctica during the past austral summer. He has the most beautiful photograph that you have ever seen of the South Pole Station, and this is just the beginning. There is to be a series of approximately twenty of his best photos which will be put onto copper plates and then reproduced like etchings. He is also going to have a series of Antarctic

posters, about half a dozen, and about 200 black and white photos are to be mass produced. There will be a traveling exhibit of his pictures, but this has not been firmed up, so we can't give you places and dates. His pictures will be available in the Smithsonian Museum shops, as well as in the ship stores in Antarctica, and will also be marketed through his gallery (10 East 23rd Street) in downtown Manhattan. We have high hopes that Neelon will speak to our Society sometime in the fall - he has indicated a willingness - and when he does, we hope that there will be photos for sale at the meeting.

Neelon became interested in Antarctica when he met two glum Brits in a bar in Cuzco, Peru. He got into conversation with them, and after finding out that they were just returning to civilization after two years on the ice, asked them why they looked so sad. The reason given was that they were upset over leaving their dog teams behind, for during their stay on the ice, they had trained these dogs and became very closely attached to them. So, as they were drinking away their sorrow in a bar, along came this Yank photographer who was so impressed by their devotion to their dogs that he immediately felt a strong urging to go to this place called Antarctica. Neelon is interesting to me because he knows Port Clyde and Monhegan Island in Maine. In fact, his father had painted fishing boats in Port Clyde harbor. Small world!

SCIENCE AND TECHNOLOGY IN THE DEEP FREEZE. The above will be the title of a "dog and pony" national traveling exhibit for the Science Museum Exhibit Collaborative in 1991. David Crittenden, Director of Education and Project Director, Antarctic Exhibit, Science Museum of Minnesota, is the driving force behind a very large and extensive exhibit which will hit such places as the Museum of Science in Boston; the Science Museums of Charlotte; the Museum of Science and Industry in Chicago; the Center of Science and Industry, Columbus; Ft. Worth Museum of Science and History; California Museum of Science and Industry, Los Angeles; Franklin Institute, Philadelphia; and the Science Museum of Minnesota, St. Paul. They have a distinguished list of advisors/consultants: Peter Anderson, Charlie Bentley, Lee Kimball, Stuart Klipper, David Parmelee, Susan Soloman, John Spletstoeser, Gerald Webers, and Rachel Weiss.

They have a rather grandiose plan if it all comes to fruition. One can walk across Antarctica on a large map of the continent on the floor; there will be sensory chambers where people will be allowed to experience simulated Antarctic environmental phenomena; there will be a meteorite exhibit against a backdrop of blue ice (no doubt complete with a stuffed Bill Cassidy on a snowmobile?); fossils and geologic material; stereoscopic viewers so that people can examine geographic features in 3-D; an ice room with real cores; satellite-generated pictures; a 4-D exhibit of the life cycle of an iceberg; a replica of an old hut from the Heroic Era; all kinds of working models that kids can put their hands on; and on and on and on, ad infinitum. They're going to have everything except Art DeVries hauling in an Antarctic cod through the floor, but then you have to hold back a few kickers.

SEE CALYPSO LOG FOR APRIL 1989. In case you haven't seen it, the current issue of the Calypso Log is devoted to Antarctica. There are sections on life in the ice; Antarctica from space; Marine mammals of Antarctica; Antarctica - highest, coldest, darkest driest (why not whitest?); Antarctic scientists; A global community; Krill - Keystone of the Antarctic ecosystem; Cleaning up Antarctica. The last section brought back memories for one old Antarctic in the Division of Polar Programs that Cousteau must have seen the light. When the CALYPSO originally came into Palmer in the early 1970s, they dumped everything overboard right there in the harbor. The people at Palmer went out to the ship and told them that that was a no-no. However, they evidently thought they were above the Antarctic Treaty, and continued to dump in the harbor. C'est la vie!

WHEN SWITHINBANKS TALKS, PEOPLE LISTEN. Several years ago we got a call from a colleague at the USGS saying that Charles Swithinbank was coming there on business, and

that we should get him to talk to our Society. Unfounded skepticism reigned throughout, as the period was late August, when Washington is at its ugliest worst with high temperatures and horrendous humidities; plus, all people with kids have escaped to the beach for a last breath of good air before putting them back in school. Still, we figured we could somehow alibi our way out of it if no one showed up. That night we witnessed the drawing power of Swithinbank — we had to push the walls back to get all the people inside. Subsequently, after we had confirmed that he was married to a Mt. Holyoke woman, we made him one of our Board of Directors. He has been a great Board member, and writes all kinds of good things for the Newsletters. We have been remiss in not sharing all of them with you, but we do want to include segments from one letter written on 2 April 1988 on blue icefields, and one of 4 April 1989 on tent-sharing in Antarctica.

My own particular interest in blue icefields is not related to luring climbers to Vinson Massif nor hauling rich Americans to the South Pole. It dates from the Norwegian-British-Swedish Antarctic Expedition of 1949-52, during which Valter Schytt and I studied their provenance. Blue icefields discovered since then have proved to be something of a bonanza for meteorite hunters and planetary geologists. My logistic interest in blue icefields dates from flying a total of 130 hours in December 1967 in VX-6's C-121J (Super Constellation) Phoenix 6 (USN #131624). Gordon Robin and I shared 94 of those hours in the copilot's seat while engaged in radar sounding of the ice sheet. Phoenix 6 had no skis, just wheels, so we could only operate from the sea-ice runway at McMurdo. Some of our flights were of 12 hours' duration and it occurred to us that McMurdo might be weathered in by the time we got back there. The pilot, LCDR J.K. (Jake) Morrison, said that in that case his orders were to 'ditch' (if that is the word) wheels-up somewhere on the Ross Ice Shelf. The machine would be a write-off, and in theory at least, the crew would simply walk-off. But by then I had seen with my own eyes several extensive blue icefields in the Transantarctic Mountains quite big enough to take that bird safely wheels-down, and I loved the dear old thing. But orders, I was reminded, were orders, even in VX-6. Earlier I had flown in Soviet Ilyushin-14s and we made wheels-down landings at Molodezhnaya, so I knew that there were no practical problems.

My interest in a better way to get people into the Ellsworth Mountains dates from years of responsibility for getting glaciologists and geologists into that interesting area. Doing it with Twin Otters based at Rothera even today often wastes a couple of months during which fuel is laboriously relayed ahead to provide for three 400-mile (round trip) flight legs of depot-hopping. Long weather-related delays are routine. The ratio of fuel used to weight of payload delivered is about 20:1. Obviously there were better ways of doing it. Last season we proved the point with 12 round-trip flights of a DC-4 direct from Punta Arenas to the Ellsworth Mountains. Since governments were only interested in funding proven methods, someone else had to lead the way. The Chilean Air Force plans to follow next season with its own wheeled C-130 aircraft. I myself would prefer a Boeing 767; do you have any friends who can lend me one?

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When I was young, I would have considered it ludicrous that geriatric glaciologists like me should still be allowed to do Antarctic field work, particularly in exceptionally windy areas near the South Pole. But I am no longer young, and have seen the light. It was a very successful and immensely satisfying field season which involved working in the open under much more difficult conditions than in many an earlier field season.

First we flew in a Twin Otter all over the countryside between Beardmore and Reedy Glaciers to inspect the many blue icefields. Having selected the two

best, we then camped on them and did optical levelling to determine the degree of slope. Denny Hartog, that other fossil from the heroic age, had not yet arrived to help me, so Bill Coughran (Station Manager at South Pole) put up a list to see if anyone might volunteer to serve as camp (and survey) assistants. Forty people signed up. So I had a vast selection and the ultimate joy (after almost 40 years of enforced misogyny in the Antarctic) of sharing a tent with one of the fairer sex. Actually two of them, one at a time, in different camps. I consigned the young and handsome Denny (for his protection) to the all-male tent.

We made 13 landings on wheels and concluded, as I expected, that you could operate any kind of aircraft there (such as a C5B) if you wanted to, I have spent the last month writing a report for CRREL entitled Ice Runways near the South Pole. We will watch with interest to see whether the idea is taken up.

All in all, it was great to see the old place again. It was my sixth season through McMurdo. The operation has changed; more efficient in many ways, but also more impersonal. The South Pole was a happier place, though with a summer population of 60-100 at various times, nobody could identify everyone by name. I saw Roland Huntford yesterday. He is still working on Fridtjof Nansen; it will be a colossal biography when eventually we see it. Spring is in the air, and in July I expect to visit Spitsbergen to regain a polar (rather than an austral) perspective. Six months later it will be south again with the penguins

ANTARCTIC FICTION HITS BIG TIME WITH FAUNO CORDES.

We have a couple of interesting members in our Society, one of whom happens to be a nuclear medicine technologist who is all wrapped up in Antarctic fiction. She answers to the name of Fauno (Cordes) and she lives in Tony Bennett's town. We have known Fauno for half a dozen years, and have published her preliminary Antarctic fiction list. Now Fauno has hit the big time, as AB BOOKMAN'S WEEKLY for the specialist book world published her complete bibliography in its 21 November 1988 issue - no doubt in honor of my 65th birthday! There is a text with the annotated bibliography which she began accumulating over four years ago.

Let's take a closer look at Fauno. We knew that she was a perpetual graduate student, but we didn't know about her professional background. She is interested in hematology and lymphology, and has coauthored more than two dozen papers on leukemia. If she wore dog tags, they would show that she is Chief Nuclear Medicine Technologist, Mt. Zion Hospital and Medicine Center, San Francisco.

Fauno's interest in Antarctica began "on a dark, foggy day in San Francisco" when she was down on her hands and knees browsing through a low shelf of the Melody Land Bookshop, and ran across a copy of *We Were There with Byrd at the South Pole* by some guy named Charles Strong. She recalled that she owned an Antarctic fiction book, Edgar Allan Poe's *The Narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym of Nantucket*. Later she read, reread, and reread Charles Neider's *Edge of the World: Ross Island, Antarctica*, and, on an impulse, wrote Neider asking him if he ever considered writing an Antarctic novel. He answered in the affirmative, and then suggested to her that she could benefit society by putting together an annotated bibliography on Antarctic fiction. She considered this an edict, and jumped in with both feet, arms aflailing. Being one of a kind, she established her own ground rules, the Cordesian Bylaws for Antarctic Fiction. Basically they are: Thou shalt read all tales thyself; Thou shalt only consider those in English and French, throwing out all minor languages; Thou shalt consider the sub-Antarctic islands as Antarctic; Thou shalt categorically dismiss historical novels, autobiographical poetry, and penguin stories for little monsters.

So she went to work, and her earliest entry is *Mundus Alter et Idem* by Mercurio

Brittanico, published in 1605. It qualified, as it had an imaginary map of the Antarctic continent. Here are some of her evaluations/revelations:

Most widely read: Samuel Taylor Coleridge's The Rime of the Ancient Mariner
Most astonishing: George Griffith's Olga Romanoff or the Syren of the Skies
Most perplexing: Rudyard Kipling's The Jungle Books
Most intriguing murder tale: Thomas Keneally's Victim of Aurora
A realistic work: James Fenimore Cooper's The Sea Lions.

Our congratulations to Fauno for a tremendous piece of work which I am certain is a major contribution to Antarctic literature.

BARRY LOPEZ WRITES ON ANTARCTICA IN HARPER'S FOR MAY 1989. Once upon a golden time, there was this fellow from Finn Rock, Oregon, who wrote a book called Arctic Times, which won for him the U.S. National Book Award. Barry describes himself as "a man who writes and travels," and he believes in personally sampling a range of environments and experiences. So it was only natural that he should eventually go to Antarctica, and in the past austral summer spent several weeks with a scientific field team led by Paul Mayewski twenty miles upwind of the South Pole. Barry is planning to take the spirit of digging snowpits, drilling ice cores, and taking samples and translating them into observations on the subtle nuances and rhythms of the natural world. Traveling into the Dry Valleys, he experienced the full impact of the Antarctic environment ... "I did not feel insignificant on these journeys, dwarfed or shrugged off by the land, but superfluous. It is a difficult landscape to enter, to develop a rapport with ... it is indifferent, utterly remote, even as you stand in it. The light itself is aloof ... Science helps me solve the complexities I'm faced with as a writer." Some of his perceptions sound like Alan Campbell. Is he an Alan Campbell with typewriter, or is Alan Campbell a Barry Lopez with paint brush?

Barry's article in the May 1989 Harper's, "Our Frail Planet in Cold, Clear View: the South Pole as global laboratory" is rather interesting. When he philosophizes about the South Pole, he is quite good in his observations. Some things were beyond my interpretation, such as, "In remote Antarctica a reflective mind can easily develop a great fondness for the human race, a wistful sense of its fate, and not dwell on its capacity for violence, for evil, for duplicity and self-aggrandizement." Antarctica - human race - what's he talking about?

One thing I strongly feel Barry is remiss on is his statement that perhaps Bowers and Wilson were already dead when Scott wrote "For God's sake look after our people." No way, Jose, as they both were in much better shape than Scott. And if you ever saw Scott's diary, that famous passage had to be pre-written before other entries, as it was in bold letters, strongly written - much in contrast to other entries which presumably preceded it.

Barry wrote "two men from Amundsen's group, Helmer Hanssen and Olav Bjaaland, probably came within 200 yards of the pole; Scott's group, making a small but critical error at the end, technically missed the pole by about half a mile." Where did Barry find this stuff? It certainly is not in Huntford, and if anyone would have uncovered it, Huntford would have. Strange.

VOL. 16, ANTARCTIC BIBLIOGRAPHY, YOURS FOR \$36. If you had read 47,795 pieces of Antarctic literature by 1 July 1988, you will have read everything published on Antarctica in this country. And if you want the latest volume of Antarctic Bibliography, you can buy it for \$36 from the Government Printing Office in Washington, DC 20402. You have to cite the number assigned to the volume - SN 030-018-00027-3.

FLAK HITS BROADSIDE. Enroute to the postoffice to mail the last Newsletter I made the mistake of hand-delivering a copy to this giant of a man, Ben Gault, who lives

across the street from Ruth Siple. He is about six feet six inches, probably a strong 265 pounds, a retired professor from West Point. When he read my comments about Bruce Manheim, he marched across the street and peered down on me, saying, "I am a big believer in free speech, and I want you to know I don't agree with what you wrote about Manheim." I jumped up on the sofa so I could look him straight in the eye, and replied "Yes, you sure are a big believer, but you're too late, they're in the mail!" Then Ruth forwarded Bruce's letter of 30 March 1989, which follows:

I understand that your most recent newsletter expresses disappointment in EDF's press conference on the Bahia Paraiso shipwreck. Although I do not have a copy of the newsletter, you apparently wrote that EOF held that conference to respond to an "NSF gag order" issued to passengers on the Society Explorer. I assume your information was based on the March 5, 1989 Boston Globe article on this subject. Unfortunately, had you checked with me before going to print, I could have advised you that the Globe article was incorrect in this respect.

Indeed, EDF did not hold its press conference to respond to NSF's "gag order." Rather, it was held to release exclusive video tape and photographs of the Bahia Paraiso incident, and to express our concerns about the failure of a number of nations to comply with environmental rules. For your perusal, I have enclosed copies of the press release and statement distributed at this conference. As you will see, they contain no reference whatsoever to NSF's "gag order." Moreover, I did not mention the NSF telex in any of my remarks.

Bruce wrote another letter to me on 26 April, and he is still quite upset with what he refers to as NSF's "gag order." He thinks and writes as a lawyer, an environmental lawyer; I think as a commoner who is happy as a jaybird that NSF responded so quickly and did such a great job. There is room for both of us in this world. He gets the last laugh, though, as his stuff gets published in such places as The Christian Science Monitor, and mine only goes to a bunch of you old Antarciticans! And he gets to join people like Lee Kimball on the platform of the Aquarium in Boston talking about environmental issues. But the only thing I would trade with Bruce would be my years for his, as I would never, never want to be a lawyer.

SNOWFLAKES... Several years ago we read in the Sporting News that Gentleman Jim Zumberge is the only college president to have appeared at all five major New Year's Day bowl games. Well, someone had to be the first, so it might as well be old Jim. He went to the Orange Bowl, the Cotton Bowl, the Sugar Bowl, and the Fiesta Bowl while chief honcho at the University of Nebraska, and to the Fiesta Bowl and the Rose Bowl while head of the University of Southern California. It would be interesting to see who Jim would put on his All College Team, as well as to know how many of his teams were on probation! We regret to report that quite a few members of our Society have lost their faculties. Among the more prominent are Colin Bull, ancient ex-Dean of the School of Mathematics at Ohio State University, and Ike Taylor, nearly-as-old former Dean at the University of North Carolina Medical School. Colin is infamous for many things, most of which we can't print in this family paper; Ike is noted as the first doctor to winter-over at McMurdo, as well as having sired two musicians, James and Livingston. We understand that at least one of them is famous, although we don't seem to recall that either ever sang with Lawrence Welk. Another ex-Dean is Howard Hiatt, who was with the Harvard School of Public Health. Howard went to the ice a couple of years ago on Rusty Schweickart's Blue Ribbon Panel, studying safety in Antarctica..... Paul Adams used to send us all kinds of goodies when he was house-swapping in Auckland, and now he's living in Hawaii (55-116C Naupaka Street, Laie, Hawaii 96762), where he has a Kiwi catalog business called Uniquely New Zealand. If you're interested in New Zealand-developed and manufactured products, drop a card to Paul asking for his catalog. When he was living in Auckland, he interviewed manufacturers of low cost, low weight, unusual items - those which one wouldn't ordinarily find advertised in the U.S.