



THE ANTARCTICAN SOCIETY

905 NORTH JACKSONVILLE STREET
ARLINGTON, VIRGINIA 22205

HONORARY PRESIDENT — MRS. PAUL A. SIPLE

Vol. 88-89

September

No. 1

Presidents:

Dr. Carl R. Eklund, 1959-61
Dr. Paul A. Siple, 1961-62
Mr. Gordon D. Cartwright, 1962-63
RADM David M. Tyree (Ret.), 1963-4
Mr. George R. Toney, 1964-65
Mr. Morton J. Rubin, 1965-66
Dr. Albert P. Crary, 1966-68
Dr. Henry M. Dater, 1968-70
Mr. George A. Doumani, 1970-71
Dr. William J. L. Sladen, 1971-73
Mr. Peter F. Bermel, 1973-75
Dr. Kenneth J. Bertrand, 1975-77
Mrs. Paul A. Siple, 1977-78
Dr. Paul C. Dalrymple, 1978-80
Dr. Meredith F. Burrill, 1980-82
Dr. Mort D. Turner, 1982-84
Dr. Edward P. Todd, 1984-86
Mr. Robert H. T. Dodson, 1986-88
Dr. Robert H. Rutford, 1988-90

Honorary Members:

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Dr. Laurence McKinley Gould
Count Emilio Pucci
Sir Charles S. Wright
Mr. Hugh Blackwell Evans
Dr. Henry M. Dater
Mr. August Howard
Mr. Amory H. "Bud" Waite, Jr.

Paul C. Daniels

Memorial Lecturers:

Dr. William J. L. Sladen, 1964
RADM David M. Tyree (Ret.), 1965
Dr. Roger Tory Peterson, 1966
Dr. J. Campbell Craddock, 1967
Mr. James Pranke, 1968
Dr. Henry M. Dater, 1970
Sir Peter M. Scott, 1971
Dr. Frank Davies, 1972
Mr. Scott McVay, 1973
Mr. Joseph O. Fletcher, 1974
Mr. Herman R. Friis, 1975
Dr. Kenneth J. Bertrand, 1976
Dr. William J. L. Sladen, 1977
Dr. J. Murray Mitchell, Jr., 1978
Dr. Laurence McKinley Gould, 1979
Dr. Charles R. Bentley, 1980
Dr. Robert L. Nichols, 1981
Dr. Robert H. Rutford, 1982
Mr. R. Tucker Scully, 1983
Dr. Richard P. Goldthwait, 1984
Dr. Mark F. Meier, 1985
Dr. Claude Lori us, 1986
Dr. Louis J. Lanzerotti, 1987
Mr. Peter J. Anderson, 1988

The Antarctic Society, The Ohio State University's Byrd Polar Research Center, and The National Academy of Sciences' Polar Research Board Recognize Admiral Byrd's Contribution to Polar Knowledge with a 100th Birthday Program in Columbus, Ohio

1988 ANNUAL PAUL C. DANIELS MEMORIAL LECTURE

Richard E. Byrd: An Illustrated Biography

by

Peter Anderson

Assistant Director, Byrd Polar Research Center The Ohio State University, Columbus, Ohio

on

Tuesday evening, 25 October 1988

Cash Bar Reception 5:30 PM)
Dinner 6:00 PM) Fawcett Center
Lecture 8:00 PM) 2400 Olentangy River Road

All members of Admiral Byrd's family and members of BAE I, BAE II and the US Antarctic Service Expedition are guests, members pay. There will be a great dinner for \$20. check payable to the Byrd Polar Research Center and (125 South Oval Mall, Columbus, OH 43210-1308) so it there by 20 October. Point of contact at OSU is Dr. Elliot, Director of the Center, Phone 614-292-6531.

MONDAY evening, 24 October 1988

With Byrd and Siple on BAE II, 1933-35 by

Dr. Alton A. Lindsey

Vertebrate Zoologist, Byrd Antarctic Expedition, 1933-35

and

Professor Emeritus of Ecology, Department of Biological Sciences
Purdue University, Lafayette, Indiana

Reception (cocktails) 4:30-6:30 PM) Lounge
Lecture 8:00 PM) Main Faculty Club
181 South Oval Drive

A brief aviation movie narrated by BAE II pilot, W.S. McCormick, will precede Dr. Lindsey's talk.

(For more information on the meetings, see pages 2-3, and on motels, page 14)

PROBLEMS

There was some question whether this should be my last Newsletter, as there have been some people-type problems that had nothing to do with the Society, which indicated that it might be best for all hands if I terminated. But we will probably blunder on for the time being. I'm building a home in Maine, and spend nearly all of my time there. As soon as this is turned over to the postoffice, it's straight back to Maine where the foundation will be poured next week. We'll be at the Columbus meetings, but then it's straight back to Maine again where the house, a Timberpeg post and beam, will be delivered by two large trucks on 2 November. Then it's rush, rush, rush to get it enclosed before the onset of winter. Although I can work, my right knee has degenerated to the point where I can't drive without great pain, so I don't. That complicates everything. I'm under orthopedic care and trying to restrengthen the muscles around the knee. Trying to build a home in Maine while plagued by a bad knee is not really conducive to being here in the Washington area and writing newsletters, or whatever you may call these things. Supposedly help is on the way, as we have talked to Steve Dibbern about taking over these newsletters. Steve is a real nice guy, is actively involved in the Antarctic, is much better read Antarcticwise than I, and Ruth loves him - a prime requirement. When he comes back from the ice in November, we are all going to get together with a bottle of booze, and we won't let Steve out of the locked room until he promises to take over! I have enjoyed writing these things, and have particularly enjoyed the contacts with so many of you, but the best part has been the close association with Ruth over the past ten years. We don't have much in common outside of Antarctica, as she is all lady and I am a renegade. In spite of it, we have had ten great years being around one another nearly all of the time. I guess it was normal to expect that interpersonal trouble might brew when time and distance increased. Hopefully, for my part, I would like to think that the friendship developed with her and the Society will continue to be a part of my future life, even though I will be sequestered in Port Clyde, a lobster town, population 600!

THE COLUMBUS MEETINGS. For the past three years we have been hounding the Polar Research Board to hold a meeting in Columbus, Ohio where we have our single largest group of members (outside of Washington). When The Ohio State University bought the Byrd collection and established the Byrd Polar Research Center, we knew we had to meet there. Fortunately for us, The Admiral's forebears conveniently planned Richard's birth to be in the fall at about the same time the Polar Research Board meets. How fortuitous! And, the piece de resistance is that October 25, 1988 is the 100th birthday of Admiral Byrd.

We thought we had a winner which would bring in Byrd men from all over the country, but our enthusiasm was not sprinkled with much realism. Most of the "survivors" of BAE I are more concerned with whether they can successfully navigate to the breakfast table in the morning, not whether they could get to Columbus. Oh, there's that irascible Norman Vaughan in Alaska who never looks at his driving license to see how old he is, but he is too busy "living" to come to Columbus. We have had a favorable response from a few hearty souls from the second Byrd Antarctic Expedition but as they celebrated their own 50th anniversary a few years ago, they probably

figure they have already said their fond farewells to their mates. However, we have not given up, and have sent pleading letters to many this week, hoping that we will get a few more. We are also trying to get some fringe players from early Deep Freeze days, people who were associated with or knew the Admiral. We're asking any and all OAEs who show up to bring their pictures, albums, or whatever; Ohio State hopes to do some oral histories while they are there.

There will be two dinner meetings, one on the evening of 24 October when there will be an open reception for all, a dinner for OAEs and invited guests, and an open illustrated lecture by Al Lindsey of the second Byrd Antarctic Expedition, a former colleague of Paul Siple back at Allegheny College in Meadville, Pennsylvania. The next morning, 25 October, has been set aside for rejuvenation of the OAEs and making oral history films, as well as viewing visual material brought by members. That afternoon there will be an opportunity to visit the Byrd Polar Research Center, and see some of the material which is in their collection. That night, still the 25th, there will be another dinner meeting, open to all Society members, where Peter Anderson of the Center, will present the 1988 annual Paul C. Daniels Memorial Lecture. It truly is a fine program, and we beseech any and all of you who have the wherewithal to come to Columbus and help make it a real success. There is an indication that both Boiling Byrd Clarke and Katharine Byrd Breyer, daughters of the late Admiral, will be there, as well as Robert Breyer, grandson of the Admiral. And we know there will be a meeting of the Polar Research Board, and hope that all of their members will come and hear Al, as well as Peter.

CALENDARS. How did we ever get into calendars? We should have known better, as they require a lot of work at a busy time of the year. If you want to help, get your orders in EARLY! Included with this Newsletter is a form for membership dues, order blank for 1989 Antarctic calendars, and a personal Antarctic history request. We want ALL of you to fill it out, even if you've paid your dues previously. We have 250 New Zealand Antarctic calendars on the high seas, as Betty "Smiles" Monteath mailed them from Christchurch the first week in August. With any luck, we will have some at the Columbus meeting. We think you will like their new calendar, as there are some truly great pictures - we have seen a complimentary copy. The Navy/USARP calendar is somewhat of a mystery, as no one at NSF has seen one to date, but based on the premise that many of you like their encyclopedic format, we sent off a check to Max Hamilton last week telling him to mail as many as the money permitted. There will be no reordering as in past years, so get your order in early. When they are gone, they are really gone. This is supposed to be our annual fund raiser, but since the Kiwi calendar is costly, there is hardly any markup at all. We do make a couple of bucks, hopefully, on the Navy/USARP calendar. However, if Ruth ever charged for gas to the postoffice, we would be losing money!

WE GO OVER 600. Our membership is now up to 606, which is both good news and bad news. The good part is that 65 of them are husband-wife memberships where we send only one Newsletter to each couple; the bad part is that it takes an awful long time to stick on 541 labels, fold the newsletters, stick them in envelopes, and lick them. Art Mortvedt of Manley Hot Springs, Alaska, is our favorite member, as he has the highest zip code, 99756; when we see him coming up, we know all the newsletters have been done. Our 600th member is Pe'ggy Dillon, who once worked, as I did, as a meteorological observer at the Mt. Washington (NH) Observatory, and was a cook at the Beardmore Glacier Field Camp in 1985-86. Our 500th member is Lisa Fetterolf, who works for ANS and recently went into McMurdo on WINFLY after having worked at McMurdo during the past austral summer. Our 400th member is Tahoe Wash-burn, distinguished wife of the eminent polar scientist, Link Washburn. We also allow men in our Society, but not at major milestones.

We are worried about our membership getting too large, as it has been growing much faster than old members can die and disgruntled members drop out. So if you wonder why you are in the Society, why don't you take this opportunity to drop out right now, BUT please let us know you are leaving so we can pull your label. One fellow, Bob Chaudoin, a member of the construction crew which built McMurdo, resigned with great grace and dignity last year, sending us a check of fifty dollars for future operations! What a nice gesture. In the past ten years, we signed up 598 new members, resigned 75 delinquents, 34 died, and 192 dropped out, netting 447. In the past two years, we have picked up 171 new members, and are worried about what is happening to our little old Society. The bad news is that the old hard core of the Society (Washington area) is weakening as the national membership increases. We lost five more the past year, dropping our local membership to 158 (26.1%). We need a strong, loyal local group to support our excellent lecture series, and it's not easy to get fifty people out for an evening meeting in downtown Washington. — By states:

Virginia	92	Pennsylvania	12	Rhode Island	5	Delaware	2
Maryland	69	New Jersey	11	Vermont	5	South Carolina	2
California	56	Minnesota	11	Missouri	5	Kentucky	2
Dist.of Columbia	33	Michigan	9	Oklahoma	5	Wyoming	2
New York	30	Maine	8	New Mexico	5	Utah	2
Massachusetts	26	New Hampshire	8	North Carolina	4	West Virginia	1
Colorado	26	Alaska	8	Georgia	4	Tennessee	1
Texas	23	Wisconsin	7	Mississippi	4	South Dakota	1
Florida	19	Connecticut	6	Nebraska	4	Montana	1
Ohio	18	Illinois	6	Nevada	4	Louisiana	1
Arizona	18	Kansas	6	Hawaii	4	Idaho	1
Washington	17	Oregon	6	Indiana	3		

No members in North Dakota, Iowa, Arkansas, or Alabama. We have members in ten foreign countries, but none in Tahiti.

LARRY GOULD'S HONEYMOON ENDS, PEG DIES.

When Larry Gould came back from being second-in-command to Commander Richard E. Byrd on the 1928-30 expedition, he taught some courses at the University of Michigan. Margaret Rice, once a reference librarian in the Detroit Public Library, enrolled in one of Larry's geology classes. We don't know what she got for a grade, but she must have done a lot of things right, as they got married that year. One might say that it was a perfect textbook marriage, as they were most happily married for all fifty-eight years.

President Stephen R. Lewis, Jr. of Carleton College said in the Minneapolis Tribune, "Always an enthusiastic supporter of Carleton, a person of wit and insight, and an avid reader, Peg Gould had a sharp mind and spoke freely and candidly about matters that took her interest." When Peg turned 80, Carleton's Board of Trustees passed a resolution stating its appreciation, "Her strength and beauty of character have been a light unto her many friends, admirers and successive wives of Carleton's presidents. We wish we could have known her, as she must have been as special as Larry. The hearts of all Antarcticans reach out to Larry, as we know he must feel her loss most deeply. It was the Big C.

HELEN POULTER DIES.

Helen Poulter, widow of Dr. Thomas C. Poulter, second-in-command of the second Byrd Antarctic Expedition, 1933-35, died on 23 June of this year. So both wives of the second-in-commands of the two Byrd Antarctic Expeditions (BAE I and BAE II) died within a month of one another, both from cancer. We knew Helen, and had the pleasure of visiting her home a couple of times. She had a great sense of humor, especially when it came to cartoons or jokes about the aging. And she had excellent art taste, as in her dining room hung a reproduction of Andy Wyeth's Marshall

Point Lighthouse - where my mother was truly born, and within 100 yards of where I am now in the process of building my first and last home. She also was a very brave soul, as she lived on the San Andreas fault. However, any dangers were put aside when you looked out of her large picture windows overlooking all of San Francisco Bay, one of the great vistas in the whole country, particularly at night with all the lights. But those cracks in the wall were sure scary!

Helen enjoyed good health through 1987, and last September went with her son, Tom and his family to England, Germany, and Denmark. She injured her back early this year, but had successful surgery on it in March. Her cancer from earlier years had reappeared by then, and she was never up and about again. Tom wrote that "She was a strong and remarkable person. She was a major contributor to the growth of my brothers and me, both as kids and as adults. Her devotion to our family enabled my father to focus on his work and made possible his many accomplishments. We will miss her a lot." And so will we in the Nerve Center, as we used to get some pretty funny stuff from her. Wherever she is in Heaven, she is going to cheer the place up, that's for sure.

STILL ANOTHER CANCER VICTIM, CAROL CAFFIN. We wish we could reproduce the beautiful tribute that Rev. Carole Graham, Chaplain of St. Margaret's College, paid to Caroline Forrest Caffin, but her husband wrote that it was not for publication. Any Antarctic worth his ice knows who Jim Caffin is, as he has been involved with Antarctic news since the IGY. Carol, his wife, was once a journalist - that's how they met. She evidently had some of the same characteristics of Peg Gould, as she loved to read.

We had the pleasure a year ago last December of visiting with the Caffins at their Chepstow Avenue residence. Everything was going real well, the scones were good, the coffee hot, the conversation pure Antarcticese, when all of a sudden Carol asked me why married Americans going to Antarctica wanted to fool around with Kiwi women. I felt the answer was rather obvious, something to do with the grass being greener in Christchurch. I stuttered and stammered, even though I am single, even though I had just gotten off the plane in Christchurch. She went into a sad tale about this senior Antarctic Navy man and how he openly cavorted with some female news anchor woman. There was no answer I could conceive which would have been legitimate and which would have placated her. When I came on back to the States, about a week after I got here, Art Buchwald published the answer to her question even though he wasn't there to hear the question. I sent it off to Jim to give to Carol, although I never heard a word back! I hope she enjoyed the humor of the article. Supposedly she had a great sense of humor, but I can tell you guys who fooled around in New Zealand, she was not your biggest admirer!

We don't know how long they were married, but it must have been an appreciable number of good years. The Society sends its heartfelt sympathy to Jim, who is one of our At-Large members of the Board of Directors.

LEFTY MIRABITO CHECKS OUT AT AGE 70. Probably one of the best conditioned Antarc-ticans anywhere died on 9 May 1988, following a swimming workout. John was a very likable meteorologist who was a Naval officer in the Antarctic, spending austral summers there from 1954 through 1959. His wife, Helen, drove over to the center in Bethesda, Maryland where John was swimming, parked her car and waited for John to come out, and an ambulance drove up beside her. Unbeknown to her, they had come to pick up John who had suffered a stroke.

He was a promising baseball pitcher for the Boston Red Sox in their minor league system when World War II inadvertently happened to occur, and that was the end of his baseball career. He had attended the University of North Carolina on an athletic

scholarship, although he graduated from Wake Forest University. He retired from the Navy in 1963 and went to work for NOAA, where he specialized in joint studies with the Soviet Union on the influences of environmental change on climate. He retired from NOAA in 1981, and went back to college to study Russian, German and Spanish. He also studied the classical guitar.

We saw John several weeks before he died at Arlington Cemetery where he was attending the funeral of another Antarctic, Capt. Ed MacDonald. We also talked with him at the service for Bert Crary last fall. He was a very devout Catholic, and once told me that every Sunday he prayed for Admiral Dufek. I couldn't believe there was anyone left who was still praying for Dufek, but John admired him. So you can see John was very kind, never forgetting those who helped him along the way. It is hard to believe he is gone, as he was in such excellent shape. A lot of Antarcticans played football, but John was one of the few who was a baseball player. It was too bad he had to be associated with the Red Sox!

AL FOWLER'S REPLACEMENT WALKS ON WATER, TOO. Al Fowler is being decommissioned (again) into another retirement, as least from the National Science Foundation, on 1 November 1988. This is being done so that he can make one last, large, concerted effort to master the game of golf. If NSF had kept him any longer, he would have been too old to teach! His replacement, Dr. Carol A. Roberts, came aboard on 14 August, a bespectacled, diminutive professional engineer who holds a commercial pilot's license and enough awards to fill the plane. She graduated summa cum laude in electrical engineering from Catholic University where she also picked up her MEE and PhD. Last year she received the prestigious Jerome F. Lederer Award for technical excellence in aircraft investigation from the International Society of Air Safety Investigators (ISASI). It appears from her bio that her earliest employment was with the Army's Harry Diamond Laboratories and the Naval Research Laboratory, both in Washington, DC. She joined the Laboratory Services Division of the National Transportation Safety Board in July 1972, serving as an aircraft accident investigator, specializing in digital recorder analysis. She became chief of the laboratory in October 1979, and ruled that office until September 1985 when she went to NASA Headquarters' Information Sciences and Human Factors Division as its Acting Deputy Director. Her division sponsored research in such buzz areas as automation, artificial intelligence, robotics, communication systems, controls and guidance, and sensor technology. In November 1986 she went back to the Navy, becoming Director, Surveillance and Avionics Division of their Naval Air Systems Command. She was responsible for managing and assessing programs for defense research, exploratory development and advanced development in avionics technological and functional areas (including command, control, communications (C3), inertial/navigation sensor systems, microelectronics, microwave and electro-optic devices, tactical surveillance, combat electronics). If war should ever break out in Antarctica, Dr. Roberts would no doubt be immediately commissioned a four-star admiral in NSF's Navy, as she seems to know how to seek and find, if not to destroy!

UNIVERSITY OF ALASKA WINS CONTRACT FROM NSF FOR ICE CORING (PICO). The National Science Foundation has awarded the University of Alaska-Fairbanks an estimated 5.4 million dollar, 3-year contract for the operation of the Polar Ice Coring Office. PICO will occupy central offices and workshop areas on the campus of the University of Alaska-Fairbanks. From this location, PICO will design and construct new ice-drilling and down-hole equipment and provide logistic and administrative coordination for the U.S. effort in scientific ice drilling.

The Polar Ice Coring Office (PICO), currently at the University of Nebraska, provides coordination and close support for glaciological, ice-coring, and other NSF-supported science projects in Greenland, Antarctica, and high altitude localities throughout

the world. These activities include: operational and logistic planning; development, procurement, and operation of ice drilling equipment; and the overall coordination of remote field activities associated with ice-core drilling.

Drawing on current technology, the Polar Ice Coring Office's central mission is to provide state-of-the-art drilling equipment and down-hole instrumentation in support of ice-coring at depths in excess of 3000 meters. In Greenland and Antarctica, PICO supports approximately 15 remote field projects and 75 individuals each year. Under the direction of U.S. scientists, PICO provides on-site management of field camps and ice drilling operations.

These activities are an essential component of the NSF's Division of Polar Program's research projects in paleoclimate and ice dynamics and includes an international collaborative effort in deep coring on central Greenland Ice Sheet. Ice sheets are unique in that they preserve records of annual precipitation, atmospheric temperature and composition, solar activity, and the occurrence of volcanic eruptions. Data from deep ice cores fill a critical gap in the global climate record because they provide the most detailed records through the last interglacial period.

NORMAN VAUGHAN HITS HEADLINES AGAIN. There was a rather lengthy article in the Boston Globe early in August about those six P-38 fighter planes and two B-17 bombers which went down on the Greenland Ice Sheet during World War II. But I promptly lost the article, and when I wrote the Army's Cold Regions Research and Engineering Laboratory at Hanover, New Hampshire, whose instrumentation supposedly located the planes, they ignored me. Love government labs! A much shorter article in the Washington Times for 4 August said the planes are down 260 feet! Norman Vaughan is, evidently, an advisor to the Atlanta-based group which located the lost squadron in July, and they plan on tunneling down into the ice and sliding the eight planes to the surface.

Richard Taylor, co-leader of the expedition, said that he and Pat Epps plan on flying two of the planes off the ice, dismantling the others for return to the States. Gordon Cartwright wrote from Geneva that he had talked to the Danish ice expert, Pere Gudmandsson, about the project, and he told Norman that the extreme pressures have no doubt collapsed the fuselages, and if that did not get them, the sheer in the ice movements on the steep slopes of the icecap would have. Norman speculates where ice flows like a plastic and flows in response to the gravitational forces acting on it that the planes "could be twisted beyond usefulness." You know, I bet I know what the late Bert Crary would say to Taylor and Epps, "Good luck, stupid."

For you historians, the saga of Bolero Mission had Tomcat Blue and Tomcat Yellow flights on 15 July 1942, with two bombers escorting six fighters from Greenland to Reykjavik. They ran into bad weather, and an unfriendly German submarine had the audacity to jam the communications to Reykjavik. The planes could not find the airport, and running low on fuel, returned to Greenland where they belly-landed on the ice about ten miles from the coast. All crew members were subsequently rescued, and if my memory is correct, Norman Vaughan did the rescuing with a dog team. That was Norman's World War II destiny, rescuing downed pilots over Greenland by dog team. (Aside - Norman should have been over in the Saar in January 1945, as snow was up to our gazzos when we got captured by the Germans, and he might have been able to keep me out of prison camp.)

ANTARCTIC STAMPS. Well, what do you think of them? This prejudiced person's view is that they are not as nice as the Arctic explorer stamps. In our mind they would have been better if they had the same light blue background as the Arctic stamps, because that dark green color is not Antarctica. Second complaint is the portrayal of Richard E. Byrd. That really does not resemble him very closely at all. Supposedly that was painted from a composite of two photographs of him in the National Por-

trait Gallery by a Seymour Stone and someone named Woolf. The designer of the stamp is the same person who did the Arctic stamps, Dennis Lyall. He is a left-hander, and we all know what quirks left-handers are, so I guess that's why Byrd came out looking like he did. And as long as I am complaining, I happen to like open spaces, and I think they tried to put too many things on the stamp. They have the person, the vehicle, the surface traveled over, and a map of Antarctica showing their route. Too much??

The first day of issue ceremonies were held at the National Geographic Society headquarters (Gilbert H. Grosvenor Auditorium) in downtown Washington, D. C. The ceremony was enhanced by the presence of four relatives of Admiral Byrd - daughters Katharine Breyer and Bolling Clarke, grandson Robert Breyer, and nephew Senator Harry F. Byrd. If you want to see a charmer, it's that Robert Breyer. He's handsome, articulate, personable, professional looking - just like the Senator. Some of you Antarcticans may know Bob, as he was in the construction party which helped put up the new South Pole station. He also went to McMurdo 28 November 1979 on the flight carrying VIPs celebrating Byrd's 50th anniversary of his flight over the South Pole. It was the same day that the Air New Zealand DC-10 crashed on the lower slopes of Mt. Erebus.

The ceremonies, presided over by the Senior Assistant Postmaster General, Gordon C. Morison, attended by an estimated three hundred people, were done with characteristic National Geographic class. They gave each attendee a beautiful souvenir program with the first day of cover cancellation. The US Navy Color Guard presented the colors. You know how they pick handsome giants for such honors, all six feet or so. Well, the blonde woman was something, they certainly found the right one! About a dozen of the US Navy Band Sea Chanters sang several numbers, and they were quite good. Then the rector of the Potomac United Methodist Church, an older man who must have been someone's friend, gave the invocation, which was followed by remarks by Gilbert Grosvenor, President of the National Geographic, a short address by Postmaster General Anthony M. Frank, who also presented souvenir sheets to several people, and the benediction by Reverend Edison Amos closed the ceremony. Minimum said about the explorer; and maximum about the National Geographic Society, which was okay as they hosted it. The Society gave each attendee a copy of the latest issue of their magazine, and the designer of the stamps autographed everything pushed in front of him at a table in the lobby. We appreciated the opportunity to be there, it was fun.

TRACY AUSTIN'S GODFATHER REALLY FIRST AT NORTH POLE. Gil Grosvenor really shot himself in the foot when he hired Wally Hebert to prove that Admiral Peary actually did reach the North Pole, and it must have killed him to have to publish Hebert's conclusion in the 100th anniversary issue of the National Geographic in September. Gil should have known enough to let the brush fires burn, just as he should have known enough not to come out with that strong statement in an issue several years ago about Peary reaching the North Pole.

So if Peary and Henson never made it, and Cook never made it, that means that old Joe Fletcher, former chief hanco of the Division of Polar Programs at NSF had to be first! The late Bert Crary, who was aboard the Air Force plane when it touched down at the North Pole on May 3, 1952, said there was no big deal about landing there, and that it just happened that Joe was the first one out of the aircraft. Joe downplays his being number one, but long after Joe is gone, people will remember him more for that first step at the North Pole than for any of his research or administration or Fletcher's Ice Island or being godfather to that former California teen-age tennis phenom, Tracy Austin. How old is Joe Fletcher, anyway? It seems to me that he has been bald for many, many decades. We have a hypothesis - polar men and baseball catchers all have a high percentage of baldness. What do you think?

INTERNATIONAL ANTARCTIC CENTRE AT CHRISTCHURCH.

On 26 August 1988, Dr. Peter Wilkniss of the Division of Polar Programs, NSF, signed a First Letter of Intent for the United States to lease space in a newly proposed International Antarctic Centre adjacent to the Travelodge Hotel in Christchurch. New Zealand has also signed a First Letter of Intent, and they have hopes that other nations, such as Italy and Sweden, may also sign. If everything comes up smelling like roses, and it should in Christchurch, they could be building as early as next year. There is an architectural drawing of what the new complex would look like, and it is really something to behold. Shades of old dilapidated warehouses along docksides in Davisville, Rhode Island! The Centre will have a large circular clear dome over the entrance foyer, where there is some hope that the old Fokker they found last year in the Rockefeller Mountains will be mounted. Wonder if they have given any thought to mounting Larry Gould right next to it, as he is synonymous with the plane and should be there. There are also thoughts of moving, and I can't believe it, the Antarctic wing of the Canterbury Museum out to the Centre. The museum is in such an attractive section of the city, in a beautiful park, with the idyllic Avon River flowing lazily between banks of weeping willows, that it would seem a shame to disturb it. Now Captain Scott can come down off his pedestal across from the Clarendon Hotel and easily ski over to the Canterbury for mid-winter visits. If he had to go to the airport he might get caught in a blizzard and have to dig in!

It seems this would be a good deal for both the U.S. and New Zealand, although the big kicker is that the facilities have to be self-supporting. Right now we pay a nominal leasing fee, plus upkeep, for our facilities at the airport, but they are going to be torn down for International Air Cargo. Early on indications are that our (U.S.) costs won't increase appreciably. The Kiwi offices are in Oxford Tee, 10km from the airport. The Centre was proposed ten years ago by Bob Thomson, recently retired New Zealand Antarctic Division director, so you can see this has been on the back burner for, some time. Original thought that this could hurt the Travelodge proved entirely erroneous, as they will probably stand to gain, possibly getting contracts to operate the dining hall and the sleeping quarters.

HOIST YOUR SAILS.

A lot of you guys and dolls have yachts, and now the time has come to put up your jib or drop anchor, as The Great Antarctic Challenge Yacht Race 1989 is about to begin. It has been organized by the Antarctic Yacht Race Company in conjunction with the Port Chalmers Yacht Club. If you want to be there when the starting cannon is fired, better get your monohull or multihull yacht with a crew of at least six, and bring your entrance fee of \$NZ3,000 to Port Chalmers by 1200 NZST on 15 January 1989. The shortest route around Antarctica at 60°S is approximately 14,000 miles, and someone with a calculator or infinite wisdom has figured you can do it all in eight to ten weeks. You must complete the circumnavigation by 2359 NZST on 15 April - no doubt to allow all to get their income tax return posted by midnight.

"Modern maxi racers have shown that they are structurally designed to meet the stresses imposed under conditions around the Antarctic. Radar to identify icebergs and weather facsimile receivers make yachts better able to forecast possible danger, and the race route is well catered for by both weather facsimile and Navtex stations giving ice and general sea condition information.

"The historical significance of using Port Chalmers as the staging point is but one of several unique features of the race. The race will be the shortest round the world yacht race. The weather and sea conditions encountered will be among the worst, and will also prove the greatest leveller. And another dimension has been added to the race with organisers giving the thumbs up to competitors who wish to use multi-hull yachts.

"This is the first circumnavigation of the Antarctic under race conditions, with the

Antarctic Yacht Race Company Limited (1987) being formed to undertake the nuts and bolts organisation of the event on behalf of the host club, the Port Chalmers Yacht Club. The six-man company is fronted by local yachtsman and tourist hotelier, Bruce Fanning. ... The race was essentially the brainchild of Bruce Fanning and fellow director, Ashley Loudon, who provided the practical knowledge of the race following his own circumnavigation of the Antarctic in 1970-71 on board the 53' ferro-concrete cutter "Awahnee".

"Wharf space is available for 20 yachts at Dunedin and 6 at Port Chalmers should sea trials be required, with space adjoining for containers and working areas, cranes to remove yachts from the water, and a major slipway for taking larger vessels out of the water.

"The local Civil Defence Radio Corps will provide 24-hour radio accommodation via a specially set up radio station for single sideband radio and VHP. All competitors will be equipped with radio, weather facsimile, satellite navigation equipment, and the Argus system. This latter system provides for six hourly readings of a yacht's location, which will be monitored and relayed back to race headquarters, and also may emit an emergency distress signal for immediate contact with Search and Rescue."

THE NEW, REINCARNATED PETER WILKNISS. Tourists won't have Peter Wilkniss to kick around any more, as Peter has decided to be Mr. Nice Guy of Antarctica and welcome any and all tourists to Palmer and the South Pole with a warm hand, engaging smile, and a cup of hot coffee. But if I were they, I might hold off on my first swallow until after Peter took his! Not only are all tourists going to be treated like human beings, they are going to be treated like wealthy human beings, given the opportunity to buy thousands of dollars worth of cheap T-shirts. If everything goes as well as they hope, NSF will soon have their new all-weather, ice-reinforced ship without an appropriation from Congress!

NSF is planning to build new briefing quarters for tourists at both Palmer and the South Pole, which will certainly make it more comfortable for the tourists. Not only that, they are going to get high level briefings. This year NSF will have Ted DeLaca Science Section Head, and Polly Penhale, Polar Biology and Medicine Program Manager, at Palmer. So you could say that the tourists are going to get the definitive word right from the horses' mouths.

Politically, this is probably a smart move, although scientifically it won't be a gainer. Harking back to the IGY years, when there were no such things as tourists, it was still much better after all the summer folks cleared out and went back on home. You can't do your best work when you have strangers in your bedroom or kitchen or whatever. So there was credence to Wilkniss's former position. But as the late Bert Crary once wrote me about making data available, "Best that you let anyone who wants them have them, because if you don't, it will invariably turn out that the jerk was a relative of some Congressman and you would end up out on the street pounding soft butter up your rear." So Peter has inadvertently taken the advice of Bert without even knowing Bert's position!

COSMIC MICROWAVE BACKGROUND RADIATION (CMBR). We should let at least one ongoing research program have a few lines, and on the advice of John Lynch, we have chosen to write about the Cosmic Microwave Background Radiation program at the South Pole. John described this one as a logistical nightmare. There is going to be a special flight of a C-141 from Port Hueneme to McMurdo carrying science equipment and a giant dewar containing 12,000 liters of liquid helium. This will all have to be transferred at McMurdo onto Herc flights to the Pole, and, supposedly the dewar is 3/8th of an inch oversized! Scientists from AT&T Bell Laboratories "will measure the small scale structure in the cosmic background radiation by using a liquid-helium-cooled

detector that operates at a 3-millimeter wavelength. A 1-meter telescope developed as a part of our balloon-borne program will allow them to make measurements on the order of 1 degree. Measurements will be made in an angular region that is not well investigated, that is complementary to other experiments, and where the predicted fluctuations are expected to be near maximum. A null measurement at the sensitivity level being investigated would necessitate serious revisions in the theoretic predictions and fundamental arguments currently applied to this question. The measurements will also help us better understand the atmospheric fluctuations, useful information for future millimeter and submillimeter wave astronomical investigations." That's pretty exciting, huh?

U.S. ANTARCTIC FATALITIES. The recently completed report of the U.S. Antarctic Program Safety Review Board, Safety in Antarctica, has a table on U.S. fatalities in Antarctica. The overall total is 53, which includes three from Operation High Jump, 1946-47. Well over half of the deaths, 32, were aircraft related; six involved vehicles, and four were on ships. Only three deaths involved people working at or near stations. One was when a Petty officer tried to cut open a not-so-empty fuel drum with an acetylene torch; one man was killed in an off-loading accident at the South Pole; another man at the Pole caught it when ice in the intake shaft fell on him. Field activity claimed another three: a scientist getting lost in a mid-winter blizzard at Byrd; a microbiologist falling on the slope of the Asgaard Range in the Wright Valley; and a research assistant dying in a diving accident off Marble Point. Recreation claimed three: two walkers returning to McMurdo Sound from Castle Rock fell into a crevasse; and a man succumbed to methyl alcohol intake. A 39-year old Navy man died of natural causes, suffering a fatal heart attack in his sleep at McMurdo.

If you were not one of the ill-fated fifty-three, you would have to admit that these numbers are most heartening when you consider the total number of people and ships and aircraft and vehicles", plus some pretty strange weather. The most amazing thing is that there have been no deaths from camp fires, which means that most people have been very fire conscious. Five, including a young promising scientist, Ed Thiel, died in an aircraft take-off at Wilkes Station when there was fuel leakage which ignited a spark. Ed was one of four scientists who lost their lives in the Antarctic.

There was a sixteen-year period from 1970 to 1985 when there were only eight fatalities, all single deaths. For the 70's decade, there were only six deaths. We have not seen figures from other nations, but we are certain, in terms of Antarctic man-hours, that our safety record must be unparalleled. May it continue so.

IT'S BETTER ON ICE. Paul Adams of Bethesda has been our not-so-secret undercover agent in Auckland for the past two years where he has performed a yeoman clipping service for us at the right price. One of his best ones was one of his last ones. It was about this scraggly looking Kiwi doctor, who was part of the Greenpeace team, finding peace and happiness in the arms of a comely American blonde. He looked about 48, but was only 34; she looked about 28, but was 35. It seems that he found living conditions much more pleasant in highly toxic, filthy, polluted McMurdo than at pristine Cape Evans. It may have had something to do with better mattresses at McMurdo, as we understand he practically lived there. The article in the New Zealand Herald for 23 April 1988 has her dramatic story about how she supposedly was being given the bum's rush out of McMurdo before her contract was up, and as she was about to be expelled from McMurdo for cavorting with the enemy, down swoops the Greenpeace helicopter onto the air strip with the doctor who "has come to rescue her. She begins running toward it. The ground crew also realizes what is going on and starts chasing after her. But they are too late. She climbs on board and just as the first pursuer comes puffing up, the helicopter lifts and is away." This is really great stuff, but apparently it was all a cock and bull story which the woman cooked up for the New

Zealand paper, as in reality the doctor got out, kissed her, and she got back on the Herc and left. The good doctor evidently has not married her yet, as she dropped by NSF recently, still very much single but looking awful matronly. We understand that she's now back in New Zealand. Boy, it was better in the Antarctic back in the good old days when there were no blondes - without blondes, life is free of temptations.

BOOK REVIEW BY WALT SEELIG OF THE ICEMEN BY MARION E. MORRIS. Here's an exciting novel for collectors of books on Antarctica. It will also appeal to followers of international spying and intrigue, and it should be as popular and successful as M. E. Morris's first book, THE ALPHA BUG.

The setting for the most exciting action is Antarctica, as exotic a part of the world as you could hope to find, and dear to the hearts of all of us "icemen". A close second to the main theme is the excitement of getting there and back, and trips to the continent itself. All of you who have been to Antarctica will perhaps wonder how come you did not know how much went on behind the scenes, in the cockpit. No, not personality conflicts and so forth, but an operation based on experience and a keen knowledge of aviation and the individual capability of the crew members. Moe Morris, a former VX-6 commander, makes even the trip from Point Mugu to Hawaii seem exciting. Now just imagine what he has to say about landings in Antarctica and flying around the continent in ever-changing, far-from-ideal conditions. Good writing is a must to achieve this kind of success.

Now the plot. It involves an interweaving of stories, joining characters intent on international control, who bring their intrigue to an as yet unbuilt "and never to be built, we are sure" Argentinian station supporting a colony of holdover and neo-Nazis. Russian and Israeli characters converge and eventually cooperate with the U.S. team to offset the threat they pose to world health and safety.

The main character is a young American copilot, Lt. Sheila Kohn, introduced at the very beginning of the story, flying into McMurdo with Commander Marc Bradford on the first flight of the season. She gets caught up in this international intrigue and is the center of a lot of the action. Other characters, mainly in the support area, are also developed, and participate in the plot.

Moe Morris has gone back in time and put an admiral in charge of the Navy support operations just as in the pre-1972 days when he was flying. I can appreciate his enthusiasm for the Navy operations, as I had the pleasure of flying with him in a Hercules LC-320 in the late 60's from Andrews Air Force Base to McMurdo via Punta Arenas. He was a good pilot; and as evidenced in Punta Arenas, a good diplomat. It's a pleasure to find out he's also a good author, with an ability to tell a thrilling story, using beautiful language (Presidio Press, Novato, California, \$17.95).

SOME PEOPLE ACTUALLY MAKE GOOD. Reading the lead story on the front page of the Washington Post on 13 September 1988, one learns that Vernon J. Houk, Assistant Surgeon General, said that radon may account for half the total radiation dose to the U.S. population, and cause 20,000 cases of lung cancer per year. Those of us who knew Houk when he was the wintering-over doctor at the South Pole may be reluctant to heed his warning, as he was anything but an impressive young man with a future. He came across down there as the son of a well-to-do California family, a mother's boy, who would probably never amount to anything once he got back to the States. As I recall, he spent the whole winter sitting at the end of the mess table next to the communication shack, wearing civilian shirts and white mukluks, smoking countless cigarettes, drinking bottomless cups of coffee, and bitching about what a lousy job Siple and Tuck had done building the camp. And now this guy is our Assistant Surgeon General? Are we in much worse shape than I thought we were in, or was he a late bloomer, or were we all so blind as to not recognize talent?

Another surprise to many of us was Crevasse Smith at Little America V. The odds favored him getting killed in some crevasse before he ever got off the ice, as he never saw an unfriendly crevasse, and wanted to crawl down into every one of them. How could anyone with that kind of mentality end up being the number two man in our National Academy of Sciences? No way, Jose, but he has. When the pseudo-German scientist Peter Shoeck fell into a crevasse near Roosevelt Island on Crary's first Ross Ice Shelf Traverse, Bert was looking for a replacement (his first choice was Mukluk Milan, but he was committed to go to the outback of Australia on his way home to help study some of the aborigines), and Crevasse's name came up. Bert's reply over the radio was typical vintage Crary, "Don't send him. I want someone who can tell me how to stay the hell out of crevasses, not how to get into them." However, I think he eventually had to settle for Crevasse Smith. So you better be good to that person sitting next to you in the galley at McMurdo, as that person might some day be a very important person while you are still driving a 1961 Buick!

AL LINDSEY REMINISCES ABOUT IKE SCHLOSSBACH. One of our speakers at Columbus, Al Lindsey, sent us comments from one of the all-time Antarctic characters, Ike Schlossbach, about his first tractor journey. You young folks may not have heard too much about Ike, as he passed away several years ago. But he was a little bit of everything dangerous - a pioneer submarine commander and a dive bomber pilot, to mention two. He also was with Sir Hubert in the Arctic on the first dive under the ice by a submarine. So you can see that an Antarctic tractor trip might not have been his cup of tea. The following is verbatim from Ike:

Never have I seen anything to beat these tractor drivers. NEVER AGAIN!
These guys are obsessed with the idea of getting somewhere. They never stop.

I kept asking them to stop for something to eat. "Shut up", they said, "we're underway." Finally it got dark. "How about supper?", I said. "We never stop", they told me. Ha Ha. Well, finally Demas decided to stop. "How about something to eat?", I said, casual-like.

They handed me some frozen lima beans and snow. "What's the snow for?", I said "To harden you", Demas said. Well, I ate the beans and asked for more. Demas gave me another hunk of snow. "You're not depriving yourself of anything, are you?", I asked.

The trouble with these guys is that they read Nietzsche's SUPERMAN all winter.

WATCH FOR ANTARCTICA ON PBS WEEK OF 10 OCTOBER. All of you folks should have received a flyer on 3-2-1 Contact Broadcast Schedule on PBS. If you looked at it, you should have noticed that there are going to be five one-half hour television programs on Antarctica, starting 10 October. The time will vary from city to city, so check your local papers for them, as they are outstanding. One program will be on getting there, another one getting around, a third on life on the edge, followed by life under the ice, and the finale on the desert continent. They were all shot during the past austral summer, and are aimed at the 8- to 12-year old population. However, there is a lot of eight to twelve in a lot of us, so be sure to watch them all. In the Washington area, they will be shown at 5:30 in the afternoon; however, in many areas they will be during school hours so the little monsters can see them at school Also watch National Geographic's Explorers program the evening of 12 October.

DEDICATION CEREMONIES AT CHINOOK KENNELS IN WONALANCET, NEW HAMPSHIRE. There is going to be a memorial dedication ceremony at the Chinook Kennels, Route 113A in Wonalancet, New Hampshire at 2 PM on 8 October, even though most New Englanders will be glued to their TVs that day, watching the playoff game between their beloved Red Sox

and the Oakland A's. What is the dedication all about? Well, they are going to erect "a New Hampshire historical marker on the Seelys, Chinook Kennels, and their contribution to America." And "the famed Admiral Byrd stone dedicated to "All Noble Dogs' sacrificed on BAE I and II is being moved to the memorial site, and a granite marker ... are being dedicated." Some fellow by the name of Moulton - they're all over New England - first name Dick, will give the dedication. And they hope to have other Antarcticans there, too, such as Ed Moody, Dutch Dolleman, and John Dyer. And, believe it or not, the Governor is coming and talking - it sure must be an election year when an incumbent governor comes to the dedication of a plaque at a dog kennel. But that's New Hampshire.

SNOWFLAKES. Old *Bob Nichols*, one of the real good guys, in spite of his avocation for man-hauling sledges, is now legally blind, having muscular degeneration of both eyes. But his wife *Frances* is even worse off. She has been operated on five times for cancer of the bladder, and thirty-nine days of radiation have left her with problems that not only painful but also uncurable. What a terrible plight. My heart really aches for old Bob, as he is such a good soul. Their address is 10901 Johnson Blvd., #604, Seminole, Florida 34642. . . . *Kris Rutford*, son of you know who, came in second in the Manhattan Island swim race on 27 August, circumnavigating the island in seven hours and forty-six minutes. On August 5th, the 28-year old CPA swam the English Channel in ten hours and forty-four minutes. Bob rode on the boat which accompanied him, making sure that he kept up the good stroke. Finally a good athlete in the Rutford household! . . . *Murray Wiener* tells about the time when he was on Admiral Richard E. Byrd¹'s staff enroute to Antarctica when the Admiral got a call from a woman in Dunedin who asked that her name and phone number be given to Byrd. On receiving the message, the Admiral paused for several minutes, attempting to recall the name. Then with a twinkle he said, "I can't recall the lady or the name, but if I knew her in 1928, she's certainly too old for me now!" . . . The new Antarctic Girl Scout, *Julie Hagelin*, comes from Saratoga, California, home base of Michele Raney, although it's not known if Julie is as much of a chocoholic as Michele. Julie goes to a great college, Pomona, has a brilliant resume, and appears to be a real nice girl. If she asks you to hit a few shuttles with her, you had better decline gracefully and fast, as she plays #1 on the varsity badminton team. . . . *Debbie Enzenbacher*, supply chief for ANS at the South Pole, is one of my favorite all-time Antarcticans. She is a real nice kid, loves the Antarctic, and sent us an ATS-3 satellite letter in mid-winter in which she said she would like to apply to the Scott Polar Research Institute for further study. Debbie got her master's degree at Chicago on the Antarctic Treaty. . . . The *Swithinbank-Williams-Ferrigno-Chinn* Satellite Image Atlas of Antarctica is finally on the streets, but it's well worth the wait. We doubt if anyone will ever read the text, as the imagery is so spectacular. Congratulations for a job well done . . . *Fauno Cordes*, Mother Superior of Antarctic Fiction, has done it again, coining up with a real fine annotated bibliography on the Antarctic. The bibliography indexes by dates, by titles, by place names, has a reference bibliography, and maps showing the sites of Antarctic fiction. . . . *Kathy Covert*, the third woman, we believe, to winter over at the South Pole, and who returned to the ice with the USGS, has gone to Syracuse University for graduate work in their Department of Geography. She's studying under Mark Monmonier, a cartographic scholar. This person was in that same graduate school forty-one years ago - how to make a guy feel old! . . . *Bill Priester*, 150 East 71st Street, New York, New York 10021, wants to communicate with other collectors of Antarctic literature . . . Motels near OSU campus: HOLIDAY INN (614-294-4848), CROSS COUNTRY INN (267-4646), KNIGHTS INN (261-0523), OLENTANGY INN (294-5211), PARKE UNIVERSITY (267-1111), RED ROOF INN (267-9941), RIVERSIDE INN (261-7141), UNIVERSITY HILTON (267-7461).

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