



# THE ANTARCTICAN SOCIETY

905 NORTH JACKSONVILLE STREET

ARLINGTON, VIRGINIA 22205

HONORARY PRESIDENT — MRS. PAUL A. SIPLE

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*1990 Paul C. Daniels Memorial Lecture*

**HOW THE BIOMASS PROGRAM REVOLUTIONIZED ANTARCTIC BIOLOGICAL RESEARCH**

by

Dr. Sayed Z. El-Sayed  
Department of Oceanography  
Texas A & M University  
College Station, Texas

on

*Monday evening, 2 April 1990 7:30 PM*

The National Academy of Sciences  
2101 Constitution Avenue, NW  
Washington, D.C.

*Cocktails in The Great Hall at 5:45 PM  
and*

*Dinner in The Members' Room at 6:30 PM*

The National Research Council's Polar Research Board and the Antarctic Society are combining forces to bring you Dr. Sayed Z. El-Sayed as our annual Memorial Lecturer for 1990. Sayed, who was born in Alexandria, Egypt, came to this country in 1952 as a Fulbright Graduate Fellow in marine biology at the Scripps Institute of Oceanography in La Jolla, California. He went on to the University of Washington where he earned his PhD in 1959. He has been in the Department of Oceanography at Texas A & M since 1964, becoming full Professor in 1973. An El-Sayed sighting in College Station is very rare, very rare indeed, as his bag is always packed because he never turns down an opportunity to go back out to sea to continue his research studies. He has been into BIOMASS since its inception, and editor of its newsletter since 1979. El-Sayed also dabble! somewhat in tennis. We've been after him a long time, and have finally captured him. PLEASE COME!

This is our annual bash, and for twenty-five dollars you can have cocktails and an unknown dinner, but all our dinners at the Academy have been very good. Trust us! Shere Abbot takes reservations from Board members. We handle our Society members. Send your checks, payable to the Antarctic Society, to Ruth Siple, at the above address. AS SOON AS POSSIBLE — NOT LATER THAN 28 MARCH 1990! Thank you!

This will be a topical Newsletter, devoted to the Antarctic cruise which Ruth and I just came off this week. It's imperative to get a Newsletter out immediately, announcing the upcoming Memorial Lecture dinner meeting on April 2nd, so we are rushing this one tout de suite. Then we will dash off to Maine, pump out the basement, do a little work on the new house, and return here for the Memorial Lecture and a regular Newsletter.

There have been many magazine and newspaper articles on tour ships, but I never felt that any actually described the lecturers and the totality of the whole experience. As in other Newsletters, I have tried to feature people. I feel it was an honor to be invited on the cruise; and when I look at the list of our Society members who have been, or are, lecturers, such as Gentleman Jim Zumberge, Bill Sladen, Charles Swithinbank, Ron Naveen, John Spletstoeser, George Llano, Mort Turner, Bob Dodson, Dick Cameron, Hugh DeWitt, Mike Kuhn, and Bob Nichols (and I'm sure there are others), I feel we are a select group of people. I have no qualms at all about devoting a whole Newsletter to our recent wonderful experience, as I think the story merits being told.

#### **ADDENDUM TO WHAT FOLLOWS.**

We saved this space to summarize the material left over after we ran out our ten pages. We didn't write about the fun times on board. The ship's crew put on a variety show, and what they may have lacked in talent, they more than made up for in fervor. A boy/girl dance team was actually fantastic, but the men in the kitchen doing a ballet from Swan Lake was a bit rough! .... We had two great barbecues out on the fantail, one in Grytviken, one in the Chilean fjords with a moon. Never having been on a cruise ship before, I am not a good judge about cruise food, but I thought it might be better. However, they are selling adventure not food. And it couldn't have been too bad - I put on seven pounds. We had two reporters aboard. One, Angela Wigglesworth, has a son who will make her famous, He, Mark, just won some sort of an international competition for conductors, and will be touring the world shortly, guest conducting symphonies. Angela is sort of a sweet person. Another writer, Avril Mollison, was a close friend of the late Sir Peter Scott, and he had talked her into going to the Antarctic. Avril is a former actress, turned travel writer, who is very well-known to the Brits, and evidently knows the right people, as she told me she had lunch with Vice President Bush once upon a time. Too bad she hadn't dined with Bert Crary, as he would have been more enlightening! .... Most evenings we had "recap" before dinner when any lecturer so moved could say what he/she wanted to say. "Recap" should really be called "Peter Harrison Show Time." Early on the cruise, he culled out the real beauties among the women cruisers, and they served as his Gentoo, his Adelie, his Wandering albatross, or whatever, and he would bring them on stage. One of his skits could never be shown on TV! .... We played four of Admiral Dick Black's poems at "recap", and they went over really well. After I praised Peter, he said that the success of a cruise depended on team work, that we were all part of a family, and this was the way it should be. Even though it was my first trip ever as a lecturer, and even though I may never be invited back, they really did make me feel I was part of the Society Expeditions' Family. It was a good feeling.

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We regret to announce that Jane McIlvaine McClary, wife of Nelson McClary, Ronne Antarctic Service Expedition, died in late January; and that Al Armstrong, designer of many buildings at McMurdo in 1956-57, died in early March.

#### **WHAT AN ANTARCTIC CRUISE IS ALL ABOUT.**

Last August Ruth Siple, Bolling Byrd Clarke, and I were invited to go as lecturers on a late austral summer expedition cruise of the WORLD DISCOVERER to the Falklands, South Georgia, the South Orkneys, Elephant Island, King George Island, Deception Island, the Antarctic Peninsula, Cape Horn, and the Chilean fjords. Society Expeditions hoped to make our cruise one of nostalgic memories of the halcyon days of Richard E. Byrd and Paul A. Siple. We three were picked because we were all remnants of that era, and had the foresight not to die early, thus making us valuable survivors of a somewhat golden era. None of us had ever been to the Antarctic Peninsula, and all three of us were ecstatic about the opportunity to see that part of Antarctica. The cruise was all-inclusive of the best that Society Expeditions has to offer, and that made it all the more exciting. Bolling, daughter of the late Admiral Richard E. Byrd, had never before been to the Antarctic; Ruth was guest of the government at the dedication of the new South Pole station in 1975; and I had wintered over at Little America V in 1957, and at the South Pole in 1958, conducting the U.S. micrometeorological programs at those stations. And in 1986, I returned as a Visiting Fireman to McMurdo and the South Pole.

We knew that Peter Harrison of England was going as a bird lecturer, that Stephen Leatherwood would be covering the mammal world, that Mort Turner would be geologist-in-residence on the ship, and that the intrepid Shirley Metz would be talking about Antarctic adventurers, including her recent ski trip to the South Pole. And, after we got aboard, we found out that two German geographers would also be lecturing for the benefit of a small brigade of German-speaking tourists. Later on, Wayne and Susan Trivelpiece, penguinologists from Copacabana Station on King George Island, joined us for the last third of our trip. So there were enough lecturers aboard to satisfy the most information-hungry tourist.

We would be greatly remiss in this story if we didn't tell you that the Society Expeditions people in Seattle are just wonderful to work for, and that they run a better than first-class operation. Each of us was given a beautiful new red parka with hood, a backpack for going ashore, an excellent piece of carry-on luggage, a nice passport wallet which could hold airline tickets and paper money, nice luggage tags, and a personalized name plate for identification. By the time we reached Miami, coming from all four corners of the world, we were color coordinated, carrying the same carry-on luggage, and looking very much like a traveling professional sports team, although somewhat aged and jaded.

Ruth and I hired some people to come to the airport in Miami to send us off in style, as we wanted to feel loved before we took off. So my ex-South Pole meteorological friend, Kirby Hanson, and his beautiful wife Lisa, evermore a doll, plus Aileen Lotz, birder extraordinaire who got her birding inspiration from going on a cruise ship to Antarctica, answered our ad in the Miami papers for a supporting sendoff party. It was quite a sacrifice, if not a hardship, for Aileen to come to see this person off, as she initially took deep exception to my cryptic remarks about women in general, and at one time had a contract out on my head. But since then she has learned to tolerate my writing style, even though deep inside it probably gives her an upset stomach from time to time! Incidentally, trying to locate a woman whom you have never met, in an airport as large as Miami is quite a feat. The only picture I had ever seen of Aileen was one sitting atop a hill on Paradise Bay with an empty champagne bottle over her head. However, we did meet when she recognized a wandering albatross and said, "Are you looking for someone?", and I replied, "If you are Aileen Lotz, I am no longer looking for anyone." Actually Aileen is not a bad sort at all, especially considering she is a birder, and she, Kirby, Lisa, Bolling, Ruth, and I had a farewell dinner together at the airport hotel restaurant. It made a nice sendoff, and it's always good to get together with old friends like the Kirby Hansons and to meet new friends like Aileen.

We took a late evening flight out of Miami for Santiago via Lima, traveling in a great plane, a Boeing 767. All of the stewardesses were young and beautiful, with piercing dark eyes, and I said to myself, "This is sure a great way to travel to the Antarctic."

Tony Berg of Society Expeditions, who was to be the Assistant Cruise Director, was chaperoning us to Santiago, as well as on to Punta Arenas. I roomed with Tony in Santiago. We were all treated royally, staying at the relatively new, modern Sheraton San Cristobal. We were taken on a three-hour bus tour of Santiago, and outside of a wasted stop at a museum, it was great, especially atop San Cristobal Hill, where there is a spectacular panoramic view of the city. That evening most of us ate at an outdoor buffet under the stars with strolling musicians; then I drank beer with Tony until early in the morning. Everything was golden.

We had early breakfast, and then were bussed to the airport for a three-hour flight to Punta Arenas. What a flight, flying over the snowfields and glaciers of the southern Andes! There were 138 of us fighting for windows with views so we could get pictures. It seemed that half of our group came armed with camcorders, and when those folks get filming, they want a continuous sequence. However, no one was pushed out onto the wing of the plane, although there were several I thought should have been. Finally we arrived at the small airport at Punta Arenas, which really doesn't turn one on for the great adventure ahead.

As the WORLD DISCOVERER was disgorging passengers from its previous cruise and getting the ship shipshape for us, we were bussed again. The most exciting thing in town was visiting the local post office, where we soon discovered that at a postcard booth the prices varied according to whether there was a guide along with you. One could safely say the postal market was somewhat unstable that day. However, we ended up at a great restaurant next to an old race track where we had a fantastic meal. The atmosphere was so good that fellow travelers even started talking to one another. I found out quite innocently that the woman across the table from me actually had my father for a college professor, and that another woman, who was to become a good friend on the trip, lives across Muscongus Bay from me in Maine! We had all kinds of good things to eat, and they had a group of local musicians and dancers who entertained us. Everyone had a ball, and it put us all in a great mood to go on board the WORLD DISCOVERER late that afternoon.

It's always a thrill going up the gangplank of any ship, and it was especially so going onto the WORLD DISCOVERER. The first person we saw was Joanne Turner, wife of Mort, who had been lecturing on the geology of Antarctica for several cruises. Going to our cabins (Ruth and Bolling were rooming together, and I, as odd man out, had a room all to myself), we found bottles of champagne on ice. Our first reaction was that everyone must have gotten a bottle, courtesy of Society Expeditions, but upon inquiring around found that it was not so. It wasn't until the last day aboard ship that the Cruise Director, Micheline Place of Paris, told Ruth that our bottles of champagne were sent as welcoming-aboard presents from Mildred Crary. There was supposed to be a note with one of Bert's favorite comments, "The sun has now passed under the yardarm," but Micheline had lost it! It was a most kind gesture on the part of Mildred, but too bad we didn't know whose bubbly stuff we were consuming. It would have been more intoxicating!

The first night we were aboard they had introductory comments from all of the lecturers, and it was at this time that we learned the acts of life. Society Expeditions has a franchise lecturer in Peter Harrison, one whom they should insure for a million dollars, as this guy is the most fantastic person I have ever met - he's pure dynamite! He was on his sixty-sixth Antarctic cruise, and has seen more sea birds than any other man alive (or dead), and what a lecturer! He is also a great actor, has unbridled enthusiasm, has unlimited knowledge about all birds, and the

patience of Job when it comes to answering the same old questions, time after time, from 138 inquisitive passengers. There is no one more important, not even the ship's Captain, on an Antarctic cruise than the expedition bird man, and when Peter is aboard all other lecturers better realize they are going to be second best, at best.

Another veteran lecturer was Stephen Leatherwood of San Diego, who told us all we needed to know about all mammals. Steve was on his seventh expedition cruise, and he is great, too. He is more your classic classroom-type lecturer, has an excellent voice, and comes across most professionally. So we had two major leaguers who were head and shoulders above the rest of us. Tourists are really interested in penguins, whales, seals, albatrosses, and in other creatures which breathe and can either fly or swim. If you have authorities in those areas, the rest of the lectures are only there to fill in time spaces on the program.

Mort Turner gave a multitude of lectures, covering the whole Antarctic waterfront. He enjoyed the cruises and the lecturing, and would like to go back, although his wife Joanne is not so enamored about rock and rolling with the waves. Shirley Metz, who wrote a check for 100K which allowed her to ski, escorted, the last 700 miles to the South Pole in 1988-89, was there to tell her stories. Shirley is a forty-year old woman who is masquerading in an eighteen-year old body. She is fantastic when going ashore, as she can do anything, and do them easily - a physical marvel. As a lecturer she comes on pretty strong, and is often as wrong as she is right in her statements. She is evidently close to the owner of Society Expeditions and, presumably, could well remain a fixture with Society Expeditions. She is an environmental activist and says she is on Senator Gore's staff. This sort of put her in juxtaposition to my stand which is one solidly behind the State Department's position for an Antarctic Treaty-controlled continent. I went on the cruise intending to talk on the Antarctic Treaty and the mineral discussions, but after Shirley got up in her first lecture and expounded her philosophy, there was no way I could get up and talk on the same subject without appearing to knife a fellow lecturer.

Those who knew me in yesteryears will be amazed, if not shocked, to hear that my very first lecture was given on "Women of Antarctica." This was one we originally had pencilled in for Ruth to give, but I stepped into the breach and did it for her. We had voluminous material from many of the famous Antarctic women, including a most complete photographic coverage of the late Mary Alice McWhinnie through the courtesy of her sister, Vivina Ortnier. We also had slides of Jackie Ronne, Ellen Mosley-Thompson, Mary Siders, Dagmar Cronn, Dotte Larsen, Aileen Lotz, and, even Shirley Metz. You can never go wrong talking about women before a mixed audience, as women won't bite as long as you mention them, and men don't care one way or the other. The one lecture in which I was most interested personally was on Antarctic literature, as I love to talk about Antarctic books, especially some of the classics I picked out what I thought were the best in about twenty-five different categories. We had one day when the ship was rolling a bit, and since this presentation had no slides, I gave it as a foul-weather presentation so people could hear it in their cabins. Many passengers had not read any Antarctic books at all, and I dare say only a handful had even heard of Cherry-Garrard's *The Worst Journey in the World*. In a way I gave that lecture for my own personal gratification, although the exposure to Antarctic books may have stimulated some reading. As the trip progressed I found out that many of the group had started reading Antarctic books given to them as going-away presents.

Larry Gould was a big hit on the cruise, even though he was back home in Tucson. There were a couple of ex-Carleton Collegeites who knew Larry when he was actually quite young, and they delighted in listening to a video we had of Walter Sullivan of the New York Times and Larry Gould talking. Then we had a perfectly delightful

50-minute tape of Larry talking about his fifty years of Antarctic exploration and research which we played. This was vintage Gould at his very best.

Probably my best attended lecture was one on my IGY days at Little America V, 1957, and the South Pole, 1958. Originally I had no intention at all of talking about those two years, but a press release from Society Expeditions indicated I would be talking on IGY. We kept the Cruise Director alerted on what we would be willing to talk on, and I gave her a choice of separate lectures on each year, or a combined one on both years. They decided to get rid of me fast by having me do the combined one, but once I got hold of the microphone, I pulled a Cousteau and wouldn't give it up, and talked a horrifying 85 minutes! Only two people walked out, although it's quite possible that many slept through it. The lecture room, on the deck above the bridge, had pulled curtains, and the temperature was always just right for sleeping. It was probably the best sleeping lounge on the whole ship.

I also gave a lecture on the late Sir Hubert Wilkins, the first man to ever fly in the Antarctic, the first man to ever go under sea ice in a submarine, and I don't think many people had ever heard of him. When it was announced over the P.A. system, the Expedition Director called this famous explorer, Herbert Wilkins! Hopefully by the time we got through, people knew who he was, and had stayed awake to see the historic movie of the epic flight off the beach at Deception Island. I'm probably about the only survivor alive who ever worked with Sir Hubert, which must make me one of the Ancients.

One thing about this cruise was that it must have set a record for words on Byrd. Bolling was along to talk about her father; there was an Arts & Entertainment video biography on the Admiral; there were the two official films from the National Archives on the two Byrd Antarctic expeditions; there was the video of Bud Waite talking about rescuing Byrd from Advance Base; my talk on Paul Siple; the Gould-Sullivan video; and the cassette of Gould – all of which had a wealth of material on Byrd.

Lectures on the whole were very well attended. When Peter Harrison talked, one had to get there real early, as all 130 seats were sure to be filled. All lectures were piped into the individual cabins, so people could listen to them in their beds if they were so inclined – no pun intended. Lectures were always featured on sea days, and we had a lot of sea days when we went long distances – the cruise itself covered 5,477 statute miles. There were long hops between Punta Arenas and the Falklands, between the Falklands and South Georgia, between South Georgia and Elephant Island, and from the Antarctic Peninsula to Cape Horn. When there were lectures, we got them in heavy doses – one in midmorning, one in late morning, one after lunch. When all was said and done, one lecture stood out head and shoulders above all others – the story of The Totorore Expedition by Peter Harrison. Suspense drama, near death – one hell of a story as only Peter could tell it. One should never follow Peter as a speaker, as no mere mortal can approach him. He has that flair for the theater which puts it all together. What a minister he would have been He would have filled the greatest cathedrals. And beer would have filled the communion cups! Peter is going on a lecture tour this fall; if he comes to your area, be sure to hear him. You will be in for one great evening of entertainment.

To me the cruise was Peter Harrison, although I was not one of his evening bar friends who closed it down each night. I admired him more from afar. He gave five lectures – Facts and Figures on Our Feathered Friends, Birds of the Falklands, Penguin Power, Ocean Nomads, and the Totorore Expedition. When the lecturers were asked to give summaries of the cruise, my top four memories all involved Peter Harrison. When he went ashore, no matter where he went, he was like Pied Piper, with legions of his admirers following him like Arnie's Army used to follow Palmer on the golf courses, trailing him everywhere, hanging on to every word. Peter

looks like a bird person should look like, wearing an old heavy knit sweater and a peaked cap - no red parka, no waterproof pants- just an ordinary bloke out for a stroll.

For me there is a special Peter Harrison story. We were on South Georgia, anchored in the harbor of Stromness, made famous by Shackleton's epic walk across the mountains. In the early morning they made a decision to go to Fortuna Glacier, and said that those who wanted to do something different and were in good shape could go with Peter over a cliff and down into a cove where there were thousands of pairs of King penguins. I was one of twenty-six who signed up to go, but after we got ashore and I looked up that vertical ascent, I wanted no part of it. I was hoping some others would back off from doing it so I wouldn't be the only quitter, but no one did. I looked pleadingly at Abby, a buxom bassoon player with two bad knees who could hardly lift her legs out of the zodiacs, but she was committed, and I was forced to go to save face. It turned out to be a great experience, and we had a fantastic time, once we got down onto the beach. But Peter made it all possible. He is an expert mountain climber and he set up the rope, and was up on top belaying the line. Peter said it was the first time that any group had ever been on that beach, as it was only discovered by a helicopter last year. The WORLD DISCOVERER'S sister ship, the SOCIETY EXPLORER, had tried to get a zodiac in on the beach a short time before we got there, but they totalled the whole zodiac (something like tearing up a twelve-thousand dollar bill). Right next to the beach was Fortuna Glacier, and it was quite a sight to see a file of King penguins walking down off the slope of a big glacier. I ranked all twenty-one landings that we made - it was a 23-day expedition cruise -and Fortuna Glacier got the highest rating - AAAA. I owe Peter one for making it possible for me to get there.

The best part of the whole trip was a six-and-half-hour stretch on 24 February when we were in Paradise Bay, and then went through the Neumayer Channel and part of the Lemaire Channel. I'm sure this was the highlight for all of the passengers; it was also as far south as we were to go - 65°07.5'S. I shot over a hundred exposures that day, which seemed to be the norm for most people that day. If Society Expeditions wanted to make a lot of passengers real happy, they should revise this particular cruise to include additional time south of the Lemaire Channel. Several landings along the Chilean fjords could be dropped without any great loss. We were lucky to have good weather when in Paradise Bay and in those channels, as the scenery there is truly spectacular. We were happy to hear that the SOCIETY EXPLORER got all the way south to Stonington Island, although inwardly we wished it could have been us.

In case anyone is interested in the rest of my A stops, Gold Harbour on South Georgia and New Island on the Falklands both ranked as AAA stops in my personal log. Gold Harbour had a long straight beach which was guarded by the combatant Fur seals which necessitated our setting up patrols to protect the cash-paying customers from getting bitten in their rears, as a Fur seal will attack you in a flash if you give him the slightest opening. What made the stop a good one for me was crossing the shallow stream of glacial milk and coming to a pool of water at the base of a glacier where penguins were floating on small cakes of ice. It was photography at its best, although at this, crucial spot my camera was malfunctioning terribly. Never, never buy a Pentax unless you like to cry, as it will drive you crazy. New Island was just great because of thousands of Rockhoppers and a handful of Black-browed albatrosses. It was my first baptism to both, and what a baptism. One has to have a great tolerance for guano, as the odiferous aroma is an ever potent reminder that stuff really does stink. But when you see all those birds, you almost become oblivious to it.

Prion Island off the coast of South Georgia got a AA rating, as it was the home of a large number of Wandering albatrosses. There's no way a sane person could ever be noncommittal about a Wandering albatross, as the bird is so majestic. How such a graceful creature in flight can be such a fumbling ass in landings and takeoffs

is beyond my imagination. It is said that they create their own protective zone, because if you get too close to them, supposedly they will nail you with a mixture of a concoction which will ruin you for a day or more, the stench being impossible to wash away. My other AA stop was outside of Puerto Montt in the lake district of southern Chile, where volcanoes and lakes and forests and snow all come together in some spectacular scenery.

I had three A stops on my score card - Carcass Island in the Falklands for the Magellanic penguins, Salisbury Plains on South Georgia for King penguins, and Elephant Island for its Chinstraps. Elephant Island was not a routine stop for me. As a Shackleton lover, it meant much to me to go to the very same island where he had lead his men to safety. The wind shifted as we approached Elephant Island, so we had to go to the opposite side from Wild Point, but at least we were able to get zodiacs ashore - which isn't always possible at Elephant Island because of its notorious bad weather. We came in on a small beach in the gathering darkness of twilight; the tops of the ragged peaks were enshrouded in clouds. We were never able to see how majestic the island really is. The same kind of weather had been experienced in South Georgia, a low overcast veiling the high peaks. But as my ex-mother-in-law was prone to say, "Be thankful for small favors," and I was for the opportunity to set foot on Shackleton's Elephant Island.

If I could borrow a word from the current generation, it was sort of "neat" to visit Cape Horn late one evening. This was a classic example of how Society Expeditions treats its customers, as they took all ashore who wanted to go ashore, even though it was getting real dark and the landing area had large, rounded, slippery boulders. They set up lights, and all who wanted to climb to the top to sign the registry of Cape Homers were given that opportunity. I really can't say enough about how Society Expeditions treats its passengers. Just fantastic!

I was never really certain in my own mind just how ships like the WORLD DISCOVERER operated, and I was amazed to see the great efficiency of the zodiac crews. The boat drivers were just superb, outstanding. They made it all possible with a quiet efficiency which put passengers at total ease. And they did it all fast, getting people ashore in minutes, with no panic, making it seem like a cakewalk. I also came back with a great appreciation for the tourists. Not only do they all have deep pockets - prices for the cruise ranged from a low of \$11,790 to over \$21,000 - they all were great respecters of the environment. One didn't have to yell at anyone to back off from birds or seals. I never saw anyone abuse the environment on any of our stops. They were great.

If one has the impression that cruise ships are always visiting scientific bases, cast those thoughts aside, as on our 23-day cruise, we saw only one active scientific station, Arctowski, the Polish station. And the main reason for stopping in there was to pick up U.S. penguinologists, Wayne and Susan Trivelpiece, who return to the ice faithfully each spring - now twelve years - to resume their exhaustive studies on penguins. We took them back to Puerto Montt, and they earned their fare by giving us some very interesting lectures on their research program. Sue is another Mt. Holyoke grad, a la Betty Burrill, Mary Swithinbank, and Barbara Todd. The Trivelpieces say that Arctowski is a mighty fine station, and they enjoyed its hospitality every weekend when they came in from their research station at Copacabana Beach to get a shower and do their laundry. It might be great during winter when the surface is snow-covered, but in summer it is sort of gray and bleak, the ground bare of snow. Anyone who has been in the interior of Antarctica where it never melts, can't really appreciate any station in the banana belt of the continent.

We visited a couple of old whaling stations, Stromness and Grytviken. If you have seen one old whaling station, you have probably seen one too many, two is overkill.

There is no beauty in seeing old machinery and equipment rusting away, old buildings collapsing. Someone said they were going to clean up the mess at one of the stations. Someone on the staff of Society Expeditions said he felt one should be maintained as a national monument. The Brits have a station near Grytviken, and quite a few of their station personnel came aboard that evening to share their experiences with us. Shackleton is buried nearby in a small cemetery. He seems out of place. He should be in Westminster Abbey, but his wife wanted him buried at Grytviken, so his body was brought back from Montevideo for burial there. She was probably not the first Antarctic wife who didn't want her husband back home!

We had a good time at Signy, where the Brits have a base. We didn't visit their station, but their personnel came out to our ship, and then went ashore with our people to help them see a couple of colonies of penguins. The Adelies had all taken off for the winter season, and their empty rookeries were a very sad sight. It looked like a war-torn battlefield, with dead carcasses of young Adelies who never made it. It seems that only about half of the chicks born really live to see the water, and it's a terribly sight to see these dead penguins scattered all over the rookery, one every square yard or so. It was something I was totally unprepared to see, as I, in my naivete", had imagined that once they got to be good-sized, they were home free. Certainly not true at all.

It was great talking to the Brits at Signy. Rather an impressive bunch of young kids. There was an initial shock in seeing how young these people were, but after being on board the WORLD DISCOVERER with the youngest passenger being 29, anyone in his early twenties would seem like a baby! The Brits don't allow women to winter over, nor do they allow married men to winter over, so you have sort of a highly selective group of people. They also come down for two years, not one, which, again, sets them off as something different. There were three PhD's among the wintering-over crew, and two doctoral candidates, so you can see they have highly qualified men at their base. I felt quite in sympathy with the young Brits, and sort of wished I might be staying there, wintering over again myself. Old age is pure hell, it just disqualifies you from so many of life's happinesses.

We made a stop at Paulet Island which was interesting in a way, not for what we saw, but mainly for what we didn't see. Nearly all of the penguins had taken off for the winter, and here there were these immense rookeries, barren of birds. The only thing missing was a sign at the beach - "Will the last Adelie to leave please turn out the lights?" The stone-built winter quarters of the shipwrecked crew of Captain Larsen was a grim reminder of what must have been a rather gruesome winter; and we saw the all-white Snow petrels nesting in rock caves high up on the rocky outcrops. If you haven't walked down a steep slope covered in guano, you really haven't missed anything. You wonder, as you slip and slide in the stuff, if any bird in the whole world is worth it, but we only go this way once in this lifetime, so I guess it was all worth it.

We made the mandatory stop in the bay at Deception Island so the weak-minded, strong-hearted souls could put on their bathing suits and go into the water. There was a very strong wind coming off the land, with a wind chill factor of 13°, but quite a few braved the elements and went in. I saw only one woman who really did any swimming, this beauty from Ashland, Kentucky by the name of Beth Gallaher. She even swam around like a seal. A vicious rumour was circulating on board that this remarkably constituted woman was seventy years old, but if she is seventy, she is the best looking seventy-year old creature in existence. Whatever she is eating or drinking should be bottled and sold. She also was one of two fashion plates aboard. Her main competition was this lovely creature from the Lake Tahoe area, Eliza Anderson, who never wore the same outfit twice. At the Captain's Table the first night aboard I sat next to Eliza, who came resplendent in a lace dress. I thought I had died and gone to Heaven, and had to pinch myself to make sure I was alive.

If there was a disappointment in the whole expedition cruise, it had to be the fjord coast of Chile. Maybe we just expected too much; maybe it was there and it was masked by fog and low-lying clouds; maybe after seeing Antarctica we were off an emotional high, and nothing less than the sublime would have moved us. We did have one nice stop, at the foot of the Romanche Glacier in the Beagle Channel. There is a more or less permanent waterspout of giant proportions coming out of the glacier which is spectacular. We say "permanent", as it was described in the Glacial Atlas of the Southern Hemisphere published in the late 1950's. They took us right up to the base of the glacier, and every time a hunk of the glacier above us would break off, cascading hunks of ice downward and seaward, the zodiacs in the immediate area would turn and hightail it back out into safer waters. Right along the water's edge were some truly magnificent hanging gardens of lush tropical-looking vegetation. Truly fantastic! But after that landing, all the rest in the fjords was downhill.

We made landings at an Indian village of Puerto Eden, and also in the Lyng Channel, with one final stop at the city of Castro on Chiloe Island. No one got really excited about any of these stops, as we were really outside the Antarctic realm. A very common comment heard from many of the passengers was, "I wished we could have passed up those stops and gone further south when we were on the Antarctic Peninsula." As for me, I wish that we could have possibly had a night in the lake district of southern Chile. When we disembarked at Puerto Montt, they took us on a bus ride outside of town to the area around Mt. Osorno and Lake Llanquihue where we had lunch at a beautiful hotel resort. If we could have stayed there one night, it would have been the perfect piece de resistance of a fantastic trip.

We didn't see very many whales. I thought they would be fairly numerous around South Georgia, but we could cruise all day and not see any. We saw some Humpback whales in Admiralty Bay, also in Gerlache Strait (where they put on a restrained exhibition of the fine art of breaching), and some Minke whales in Girard Bay. Steve Leatherwood said he saw a Blue-fin whale early one morning, and I guess you have to go along with Steve's word - experts see a lot more than commoners do. There was a fantastic display of thousands of Dusky and Southern Right Whale dolphins in the Gulf of Penas off the coast of Chile. The water was just boiling with them for a distance of at least a mile; those darn Dusksies were jumping amazing heights out of the water. As for seals, memories are almost exclusively of the nasty tempered Fur seals. No one was bitten, but only because of strict patrol of routes traversed by passengers. They must be the pit bulls of the seal world!

We were fortunate in seeing hundreds of spectacular icebergs; and the Captain of our ship was just super throughout. I can't imagine a finer skipper than Capt. Karl-Ulrich Lampe. In a way he had to be, to counteract an old sourpuss who was the Chief Mate on board - a man who hated being in polar waters, just longed for the tropics, although it's hard to believe this guy could be nice anywhere. Our Captain took the ship right alongside some magnificent bergs. He never rushed anything; when he got among beautiful bergs or alongside whales, he slowed the ship down and went around them several times, allowing ample photo opportunities. One thing which amazed me was the number of bergs with solitary hitchhiking penguins on top, apparently just going along for the ride. You wonder how they got there.

We came straight home from Puerto Montt, flying into Santiago on an evening flight, then an all-night flight back to Miami, and then on home. The rumor on the flight from Santiago to Miami was that Miss Universe was flying in first class. But we were one up on her; we had seen the real Miss Universe when we were in the Lemaire Channel and Paradise Bay. It doesn't get any better than that!

Paul C. Dalrymple