



THE ANTARCTIC SOCIETY

905 NORTH JACKSONVILLE STREET
ARLINGTON, VIRGINIA 22205

HONORARY PRESIDENT — MRS. PAUL A. SIPLE

Vol. 90-91

May

No. 6

Presidents:

Dr. Carl R. Eklund, 1959-61
Dr. Paul A. Siple, 1961-62
Mr. Gordon D. Cartwright, 1962-63
RADM David M. Tyree (Ret.), 1963-64
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. Berml, 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. Rufford, 1988-90
Mr. Guy G. Guthridge, 1990-92

Honorary Members:

Ambassador Paul C. Daniels
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. Rufford, 1982
Mr. R. Tucker Scully, 1983
Dr. Richard P. Goldthwait, 1984
Dr. Mark F. Meier, 1985
Dr. Claude Lorus, 1986
Dr. Louis J. Lanzerotti, 1987
Mr. Peter J. Anderson, 1988
Dr. Ted E. DeLaca, 1989
Dr. Sayed Z. El-Sayed, 1990

TO PICNIC OR NOT TO PICNIC

There have been some inquiries - two - about having a midwinter picnic this summer, an old-time feature of our Society. Presumably we have an excuse for holding one on June 22nd because, on the day before, the Postal Service will supposedly - if they are on time! - issue the new fifty-cent airmail Antarctic Treaty stamp here in Washington, and we could picnic and sell cachets the next day IF we had enough interest. Our Society has met at various places, such as Dick Black's Rippon Lodge, at Stronghold on Sugarloaf Mountain, and at Bill Sladen's Horsehead Wildfowl Sanctuary. But Dick sold off most of Rippon Lodge's spread, Sladen left Horsehead, and Stronghold has become a popular mecca for wedding receptions which pay a lot more than we were paying. However, there is a possibility that we could meet in Mildred Crary's backyard in the District if we could get a show of hands from you folks who are interested. I think we would need to have at least forty committed souls to make it worthwhile. So, if you are interested in a midwinter picnic on June 22nd, please call Ruth Siple, 703-522-2905, or drop her a card at 905 North Jacksonville Street, Arlington, Virginia 22205.

We have 156 members in the Washington area, approximately a fourth of our total membership of 597. However, there are thirty husband-wife memberships in the 156; there are many members whom we have never seen at a single meeting; and when you get right down to the nitty-gritty, the number of participating Society members in the Washington area is probably around a hundred. That is enough to warrant a midwinter picnic. Now it's a matter of whether there is enough interest.

BRASH

ICE

This is probably our last Newsletter of the 1990-91 season, as we usually go into safe hibernation in coastal Maine during the summer. But we might, just might come to Washington for the issuance of the 30th anniversary Antarctic Treaty stamp on June 21st, and could possibly put out a short

Newsletter, although it sounds like a lousy idea now that I think it over. Summers are to be enjoyed, and they are mighty short in Maine. Actually, it is nicer in winter when no tourists are around and each day is crystal clear.

Those of you who regularly read the Newsletters know that our sole object is trying to take various and sundry items of potential interest to some segment of our membership and garnish it a bit to make it either readable or absurd. In a way, we are in sort of an enviable position, as being retired, I have no commitment to anyone. I have always said the worst thing that could happen would be that you members would impeach me, which, in turn, would be the best thing that could happen, because then I wouldn't have to drive to Washington six or seven times a year. It's close to 700 miles one way. I have earned two speeding tickets in less than two years. Both Massachusetts and Maryland are unfair nowadays with state policemen driving regular cars, and the next ticket puts me back on a bicycle.

Have a great summer! You Floridians, please stay in Florida. Those of you with RVs, please stay the heck out of Maine, as you make driving Route 1 a miserable experience. In my next life I would love to have a pickup truck and shoot at tires on RVs. It would be a great way to have fun and get some revenge!

MORE THOUGHTS ON NATIONAL CENTER FOR POLAR REGIONS. Our so-called editorial in the last Newsletter certainly brought a lot of worms out of the woodwork. We heard from various people from coast to coast; there are actually people out there who care about Antarctic archives and memorabilia! We think the most logical place would be an educational institution with a polar interest, located in an interesting environment where people might want to go for a visit. To me, that would spell Boulder. Another possibility would be Columbus, but who really gets turned on by the flatlands of Ohio?

Alison Wilson of the National Archives, who is the last of the surviving survivors from the IGY, called us to straighten us out on the National Archives' position relative to accepting polar archival material. They have sort of a double-edged sword philosophy, one being that they are still encouraging people to give them their holdings, the other being they are not out on the street soliciting. The point of contact at the National Archives in Washington is Geraldine N. Phillips, Head, Textural Projects Branch Division, National Archives, Room 5E, Washington, DC 20408. Recently they picked up two windfalls, one being donations from the files of A. Lincoln Washburn, the other being from old Andy Assur. Link's has gone into the regional center in Seattle, Andy's to the regional center in Boston. It seems that there are eleven regional offices in the United States, and the concept of giving your papers to regional offices near you certainly has a definite appeal.

Art Ford, who is sort of an old Antarctic dog himself, writes that geologists are a private breed who take care of their own. He says the real problem lies not with pack rats like himself, but with wives who are going to outlive their husbands and will get their Antarctic revenge (when they die) by cremating their life works. Upon their retirement Art says the USGS accepts all their field notes, slides, and journals in their Geologic Division at the Denver center. But Art bemoans that there is not a "good, permanent center for Antarctic materials." He says, "The problem is that permanent requires some kind of 'permanent' source of funding for archival costs."

Dean Freitag, former Technical Director of CRREL, wrote that this institution in Hanover, New Hampshire had recently gotten approval for construction of a major

addition for their library, tripling their space. Dean wrote that Librarian Nancy Listen is quite interested in getting archival-type documents. Her address is Ms. Nancy Listen, Librarian, CREEL, 72 Lyme Road, Hanover, NH 03755. Hanover would actually be a great place for a polar museum, as you have this great picturesque New England hamlet located on a river with beautiful rolling countryside. You have a prestigious Ivy League college, and the sole military cold regions research laboratory. With the Corps of Engineers, you never can tell how they are going to spend their monies, so they just might put up a building which could actually turn out to be a museum! Hanover has all the credentials except location, as one has to be lost to end up in Hanover, unless you are a Man of Dartmouth.

While others are bemoaning the lack of funding, it looks like Brian Shoemaker is taking the bit in his mouth and running in Reedsport, Oregon. They are planning to build the Admiral Richard E. Byrd National Antarctic Center, and they already have the centerpiece for the foyer, a life-size statue of Admiral Byrd donated by Felix de Weldon, the famous sculptor who did the statue of Byrd on the Avenue of Heroes at Arlington Cemetery, as well as the bust of Byrd at McMurdo and the famed Iwo Jima monument in Arlington. Reedsport is such an unlikely site for a museum (unless you live in Oregon). Art Ford wrote, "Reedsport is a wonderful place, but perhaps a little out of the way." That's being kind, Art, as it is actually nowhere. But you know, Brian might just pull it all off through sheer dint of personal drive and enthusiasm, plus defaulting by perspective outsiders. And if he does it, all the more power to him, and God bless Oregon.

The stumbling dinosaur-finder, David Elliot, says the root of the whole problem is money, especially at The Ohio State University. He wrote, "I see no immediate prospect of a sufficient and necessary level of support through the University budget, and I think the only stable financial base for the archives and museum will come about through a private endowment." When you look at Antarcticans who can raise money, you think of Gentleman Jim Zumberge. He has been combing this country for years, getting deep into pockets of innocent bystanders in the name of Southern Methodist and Southern California. He must know all the big rollers in this country, and couldn't he raise enough monies in a road trip across the country to put up a great Antarctic museum? Sure he could! And couldn't we name it after Gentleman Jim? Sure we could! Money buys everything ... except happiness.

The longest letter was from Kenneth Jezek, Director, Byrd Polar Research Center, to our President, Guy Guthridge, with information copies to me, Bob Rutford, Peter Wilkniss and Raimund Goerler. Jezek wasn't very enthusiastic about my comments about the Byrd Polar Research Center, so we will give him space to tell how he perceives it from the Director's Chair, although we won't quote all of a rather lengthy letter:

As part of the Center's efforts to provide proper access to a growing collection of polar documents and artifacts, I have formally established within the University the Byrd Polar Research Center Archival Program The program is dedicated to acquiring historical materials related to polar research and exploration, preserving and archiving those materials, and making them available to scholars interested in using the collections

Success of the archival program relies on involvement by individuals skilled in the preservation and organization of historical materials. One of our members, Dr. Raimund Goerler, is the University Archivist and he has proven to be invaluable in opening the collections to wider use

Because I feel the best way to stimulate scholarly use of the materials is to encourage graduate student involvement, I have approached the Dean of the College of Mathematics and Physical Sciences (CMPS) and the Dean of the College of Humanities to sponsor graduate student thesis research using

Our collections. So far, the Dean of CMPS has agreed to fund half of a student stipend - this is a considerable commitment considering that college's primary interests.

As my background includes only limited training in the history of science, I concluded the most effective method to gather advice on the status of the archives program was to establish an Advisory Board..... The Board is tasked with providing, among other things, advice on developing an acquisitions policy, a distribution policy, providing recommendations on the care and maintenance of the collections, and reviewing the financial health of the program. It is with the advice of the Board that collections are now identified for purchase or acquisition (even donated collections require funds for shipping, preservation, cataloguing and archiving thus requiring some selectivity on our part). As I am sure you can understand, the Center has only limited resources and we must be selective in the acquisition of materials.....

As is pointed out in your Society's editorial, securing funds for research in the humanities is difficult. Most of the revenues generated in the Byrd Center come from research grants related to the physical or life sciences, and until we can arrange to support a full time curator and historian, it will be difficult to accelerate the archives program development beyond its current rate of growth.....

As we go to press, another letter from Ohio State, this one from Emanuel Rudolph, Professor Emeritus, whom we knew when he was fledging at Wellesley College. It seems that Ohio State is saying, "Hey, we want to be the national polar center; our only problem is that we don't get the funding that we sorely need from either the University or outside." We can sympathize with that, but when a collection like Steve Corey's becomes available at no cost, if I were Jezek, I would have fired up my Ford or Mazda or whatever, and driven to Winchester, Massachusetts on my own and picked it up and taken it back to Columbus. All of us who have been gainfully employed at one time or another through polar research should be willing to spend a few shekels out of our own pockets to help the cause, whatever it might be. Action speaks much louder than words on paper.

Corey's collection is nonpareil for the Second Byrd Expedition. As Supply Officer tie had it all, and then some. Nothing had been sold off, it was all there - the beautiful furs, dog harnesses, dog whip, knives covered with blubber, flags that flew over Little America II, the flag that flew on the Citroen which went out to Advance Base to rescue Byrd, aviation helmet, and much more, even a bag of Antarctic rocks with L.M. Gould stamped on its canvas cover. This was all headed for the town dump when Steve called up Ruth Siple and said he was getting rid of it unless someone came and got it, that he had given up on Ohio State.

Steve Corey is no dummy, he's a very bright and intelligent man, and his mind and body are in great shape. He's the glue which holds together the members of the Second Byrd Expedition, and it was Steve, along with Dick Black, who put together the 50th reunion of their expedition here in Washington in the 80's. If one values contact with members of the 1933-35 expedition, you play ball with Steve, you don't antagonize the guy. After all, isn't Ohio State really the Byrd Polar Research Center, and wasn't the Second Byrd Antarctic Expedition a very important part of Byrd's life?

Now for Rudy's words!

I was shocked by your editorial in the April Antarctic Society Newsletter concerning archives and artifacts. This because some of us here at Ohio State worked very diligently to get scarce University funds to purchase and

help curate the collections either purchased or donated. Thus far some progress has been made, and a true commitment to continued interest and support. These are tough times for university financing, particularly for state universities (for example our university's budget was cut \$18 million from this year's planned budget).

To say that there is little interest here for a polar archives/museum is just not true. We wish that we could be the "national" center for all sorts of manuscripts and artifacts that relate to American Polar exploration. All we need is more money and a little time to accomplish that.

Ken Jezek is interested in developing that aspect of the Byrd Center. I can say so with conviction because when I showed him your editorial he was fighting mad. I assured him that you probably over-stated the case to get a response. I hope that is correct, and that you will support our efforts. Already some progress has been made by people who have limited experience with polar materials. What we desperately need is a full-time person with the right background, who we can afford, to work on what we have and what we can obtain. We are working on that.

I want to assure you and Ruth that the Byrd Center is moving forward on all fronts. The field/laboratory research does well because good people can obtain funding from granting agencies. University and Byrd post-doctoral Fellows are supported and do wonderful work. The Goldthwait Polar Library is ever expanding and improving; it will host the international polar library group next year. The archives are slowly improving; with more funds that would go faster. A general finding list to the Byrd Archives has already been prepared. We just need money and good support from interested people like you! Please get the word out.

SOMEONE NICE, BETTY GILLIES. For a change of pace, let's be happy, let's write about one of the good guys, Betty Gillies of Rancho Santa Fe, California. Everyone who was in the Antarctic during the IGY knew two ham operators, Jules Madey of Clark, New Jersey, a high school phenom, and a wonderful woman pilot in San Diego by the name of Betty Gillies. She is quite a famous aviatrix, and then competed very successfully in the annual Powder Puff Derbys where women pilots flew across America. During World War II she served as a WAF pilot, ferrying planes to England. If you want to read about Betty, pick up Issue No. 7, 1990, of the Smithsonian Studies in Air and Space entitled "United States Women in Aviation". She is one female ham radio operator who is on the map of Antarctica, as Gillies Rock (83°07'S, 96°25'E) is named after Betty for having run phone patches for field parties in the Thiel Mountains, Pensacola Mountains and elsewhere in Antarctica.

Betty is no longer a spring chicken, and does not enjoy the luxury of having good eyesight, but does have someone who reads to her. We understand she would like to hear from any Antarctic, especially those of us for whom she ran phone patches. I remember her fondly, remember the conversation where I surprised her by knowing about the construction of the baseball stadium being built in San Diego for a future major league team. She must have run patches for John Annexstad, Nolan Aughenbaugh, DeeWitt Baulch, John Behrendt, Bob Benson, Charlie Bentley, Rodger Brown, Dick Cameron, Dick Chappell, Johnny Dawson, Steve Den Hartog, Bernie Fridovich, Ralph Glasgal, Charlie Greene, Kirby Hanson, Rudy Honkala, Red Jacket Jorgensen, Muckluck Milan, Palle Mogensen, George Toney, Paul Tyler, Pat Unger and Buck Wilson, and other IGY members of our Society. Even if she never handled any of your traffic, why don't you just write this lovely person out of the courtesy of your heart? Her address is: P. O. Box 625, Rancho Santa Fe, California 92067. Once we tried to relocate the prominent hams from the IGY period, and found it to be almost an impossibility.

Never understood how anyone like a Paul Blum, W2KCR, could just vanish after handling all of those ham grams so faithfully. So it makes it doubly enjoyable when someone like old Art Ford brings to our attention Betty's address. Incidentally, in line with the above, Betty's wonderful records dating to the IGY were gratefully accepted by the Canterbury Museum in Christchurch, New Zealand. Betty, you were one of the very best, you served Antarcticans faithfully and untiringly through the Antarctic night and your own nights, and it was always a delight to hear your strong signal coming through, as we knew talking with you would be enjoyable and that the phone patch would be superb. Enjoy good health!

HARRY SWINBURNE DIES. The man who wrote us on 3 October 1989, "I've lived the most exciting and rewarding life of anyone I know" has now gone to his final reward, having died from cancer on 14 March 1991. Harry was Deputy Commander and Chief of Staff, and, later, Commander of the U.S. Naval Support Force Antarctica, being the first captain to assume that exalted role after a string of admirals. He wrote straight from the hip, and his letters of the past six years have highlighted many of our Newsletters.

He led a most interesting life, and we can't just write him off as another Antarctic leader, as he was far more. He was a fighter ace while serving with VF-45 aboard the USS SAN JACINTO (CVL-30), shooting down seven Japanese planes, and sinking three enemy ships. During the Korean conflict, he was the first pilot in the whole world to fly a helicopter in actual combat. He flew 132 missions over and behind enemy lines while supporting the 3rd ROK division.

He was Assistant Air Officer of USS ESSEX (CVS-9) at the Bay of Pigs fiasco. He was Air Boss on the ESSEX when she sailed 70 miles up the Elbe River to Hamburg, Germany during the Berlin crisis. And he assumed command of VA-65 aboard the USS ENTERPRISE (CVAN-65) the day before the Cuban missile crisis. He was an instructor of Naval Warfare at the Marine Corps School at Quantico, Virginia from 1963 to 1965. Also served as Action Officer in charge of 44 African countries in the Joint Chiefs of Staff in the Pentagon for three years.

Harry has all kinds of awards - the Legion of Merit, three Distinguished Flying Crosses, the Meritorious Service Medal, eight Air Medals, two Presidential Unit Citations, the Navy Citation. He suffered only two defeats in his life. The one that hurt the most was probably when his second wife, a Kiwi from Christchurch, deserted him for an active commercial airline pilot. This completely devastated Harry. The other defeat was something he fought tooth and nail, the Big C. He had cancer of the tongue, throat, larynx, and lymph glands. At one time he had received 12 treatments with neutrons, 20 with photons, and 14 with beta rays (electrons) - and this was a year and a half ago. Until he came down sick, Harry had never been sick for a day in his whole life. The Big C is certainly an equalizer. But he led the good life for many years, an exciting life, and he will be truly missed by all of his family (two daughters, three granddaughters, two brothers, two ex-wives), and his many friends. Incidentally, Harry donated his body to the University of Washington School of Medicine, so even in death, Harry is still serving mankind.

TRANSANTARCTIC MOUNTAINS REVEAL SOUTHERN BEECH FOREST. Do you believe in Christmas? I mean, do you really, really believe in it? If you ask Peter Webb of Ohio State University, David Harwood of the University of Nebraska, and Barrie McKelvey of the University of New England in Australia, they all should shout, "Yes, we do!" Because it was on Christmas Day 1990 that they discovered some truly great leaves on a cliff side in the remote and barren Transantarctic Mountains in eastern Antarctica. And the best part was that they weren't brought there by some wise helicopter pilot from his home town in Minnesota. The leaves are final evidence that a low alpine forest thrived three million years

ago in a place researchers believed was too harsh to support plant life. Peter said, "These are not leaf impressions, these are actual leaves. The preservation is phenomenal. It really is good - so good that, when you put one under a microscope, you can see the cell structure of the leaves.

Back in 1985 the same three investigators found wood fragments and twigs on the mountains adjacent to the Beardmore Glacier. So they went back this year, and there, in a 100-meter thick deposit of silt and material deposited by ancient streams and lakes, were thin layers of leaves that had dropped from the trees and were rapidly covered and protected for at least three million years. The wood samples recovered from this expedition and the previous one, along with the leaves themselves, have been identified as coming from the Southern Beech tree. The wood will still float and burn.

Peter said that it is possible to separate out individual leaves and retrieve cellular material that has been preserved. "We can do a better job of getting at the species level now. It is much more accurate if it is done based on the individual cell structure." He declined to speculate on whether DNA samples could be obtained from the leaves. Work on DNA analysis of other ancient tissues has allowed scientists to compare extinct species with modern counterparts, providing a better picture of how species evolve.

The southern beech still grows in southern South America and on islands off the Antarctic coast. Harwood believes that the climate that allowed the beech to grow in Antarctica was similar to that now in northern Scandinavia or southern Chile and New Zealand. So, there really is a Santa!

NORMAN VAUGHAN JUST WON'T ACT HIS AGE. A couple of years ago we had a letter from a member overseas saying that he had heard that Norman Vaughan, dog-team driver with Admiral Byrd on the First Byrd Antarctic Expedition, had died. Of course that had to be erroneous, as Stormin' Norman is never going to die. He married that young Southern lass from Georgia several years ago, and I'm sure that gave him a new lease on life. Then last year he wrote his autobiography (With Byrd at the Bottom of the World). This year Norman, age 85, bride Carolyn, fortyish, and twelve of his best dogs took off for Europe where they entered the ALPIROD International Dog Race over some of the most taxing terrain in the Italian and Swiss Alps.

On the way to the Alps, they dropped in to see Gordon (Mirny '57) Cartwright and Kathleen Holman in Geneva, who were still in the States on their Christmas safari. But they got back in time to find the Vaughans still encamped in their front yard. So, according to Gordon, they "had three wonderful days here in Geneva and the Jura getting to know Carolyn and catching up on Norm's peripatetic life. They are a perfect pair; tremendously motivated; undaunted by problems; and beautifully balanced in their different talents." So they just "had a great time recalling various outlandish experiences we shared as virgin staff in the newly-born PICAQ (Provisional International Civil Aviation Organization) in Montreal, 1946-52, and my first experience with huskies." Gordon wrote that the ALPIROD is ideal for testing some of the macho high altitude skiers, but an irrational course for 12-dog teams with sledges. Norman and Carolyn decided to break off the first extremely difficult legs and rejoin later on the last legs. I never knew anyone that old to be that active, but then again, I never knew any man that old who was married to any woman that young, either!

There are still a few other survivors of that First Byrd Antarctic Expedition, as Larry Gould remains the ageless patriarch of the group at age 94 out in Tucson. Meteorologist Henry Harrison lives in Asheville, North Carolina, and radio operator Howard Mason lives in Seattle. We have met all four, and there are no similarities among any of the four, except all are very nice people. May they live eternally!

POLAR QUARTERMASTER, ANTARCTIC SUNGLASSES (JACK SAWICKI). Starting with this issue, Environmental Physiologist Jack Sawicki will include news of various developments of personal clothing and equipment of interest to Antarcticans. Jack is a graduate of Georgetown University (MS, 1980) who has concentrated on the engineering development of protective clothing. One of his recent projects involved designing an advanced Antarctic Integrated Clothing Ensemble (ICE) for NSF via an ITT Antarctic Services contract.

After several years without a source, sunglasses specially designed for polar exploration are again available. You'll remember references to similar glasses in Amundsen's SOUTH POLE, Stefansson's ARCTIC MANUAL, and Hedblom's POLAR MANUAL. The glasses are "aviator" shape, with plastic-covered paddle ear- and nose-pieces and brow-bar (which keep the glasses from freezing to the skin). The heavy-duty frames (24-carat gold electroplate over nickel-silver) have a 5-year warranty, and are available in three lens sizes: 57mm (S); 61mm (M); and 64mm (L). The unique feature is the amber lens, which are made of polished kalichrome glass with an Inconel double-gradient front mirror and an anti-reflective back-coating. The transmission curve has a very steep cut-off below 480nm and above 680nm, providing 100% ultraviolet and infrared protection and eliminating about 99% of the scattered blue light from sky, snow, ice and white-out. On my trip to the South Pole I found these lenses far superior to Ray-Ban G-15, Vaurnet Skilynx and the Air Force Grey-3 - I could see the outlines of snow-bridges on crevasses and fine detail of mountains miles away that were invisible with other lenses. The lenses are currently available with the above frames on special order in piano (non-prescription) grind for around \$40, depending on quantity. If you're interested, drop me (Jack Sawicki) a postcard at 700 North Illinois Street, Arlington, VA 22205.

MULTI-DECADE ANTARCTICANS. In our December Newsletter we let fly one of those loose comments about old Charlie Bentley being the first five-decade Antarctic, and the first American in terms of longevity to spend parts of five decades working on the ice. He arrived in Antarctica, we believe, late in 1956 and is still active. But Bob Rutford is apparently still reading these Newsletters, and he pointed out that there were at least two more - George Denton and himself. George first went there back in 1958, so he was only a year or so behind Charlie, although he must be numero uno in terms of summer months in the field. Bob went to Antarctica back in 1959 and is also a five-decade man, but wasn't he a visiting fireman in at least one of those decades (the '90s)? Dick (Wilkes '57) Cameron was down as a lecturer on a cruise ship last year, and that would make him a five-decader. Another five-decader has to be Gentleman Jim Zumberge, the unemployed college administrator, who first went there back in October 1957 when he was the chief cook and bottle washer at Camp Michigan. You know Gentleman Jim, Bob, and George are all great guys, but there is an asterisk aside of each name in our files which indicates they were only summer folks. Now old Bentley, he wintered over twice, which gives him some stature!

There may be other five-decadars we have overlooked. Possibly George Llano is one, as we know old George was down there in December of 1957. Perhaps Tony Gow, as we are pretty sure he was down there with the Kiwis in the 50s, and he might have been down last year with Malcolm Mellor's group - but maybe not. Art DeVries went down very early in the 1960s, so just misses qualifying. Sayed El-Sayed covers a lot of years, but we don't think he is a five-decader. Colin Bull was there in the 50s and the 90s, but he must have missed the 80s when he was outside the realm of polar research. Marty Pomerantz owns a piece of the South Pole, but we don't think he is a five-decader. Mort Turner comes close to being one, too.

But when you talk about real Antarcticans, how about Charles Swithinbank, who is only 63 years old and has been in Antarctica in six different decades! That's quite a

record, especially when neither your father or mother was a penguin. Or were they? Charles goes back to the Maudheim expedition in the late 1940s, and was on WORLD DISCOVERER during the past austral summer. He bids well to become a seven-decade man. The late Bert Crary said his being the first scientist to have worked at both Poles was "his dubious honor," so what does six decades make Charles? He certainly is an anomaly, if not an Antarctic freak!

Bill Sladen is another six-decade possibility, as he was there back in the 1940s. But you know some of those years in the banana belt of Antarctica should not really count, as it is pretty lush there. If you haven't felt -60°F, you are not a true Antarctic. It gets almost that cold in Fort Kent, Maine every winter!

Let's stir up a little interest and controversy with families. Take the Siple family - they have eight consecutive decades. Paul was there in the 20s, the 30s, the 40s, the 50s, and the 60s. Ruth was there in the 70s, daughter Jane was there in the 80s, and Ruth was back in the 90s. And to reinforce the family title, son-in-law Hugh DeWitt was there in the 50s, the 60s, the 70s, and the 80s. How about that for family ties and interconnectors!

Who is the oldest Antarctic to go to the ice? Larry Gould was 83 when he went back in November 1979. While Larry may have been the oldest, he was also the youngest in heart. And what about husbands and wives, father and son, father and daughter, et cetera? Were Christine and Dietland Muller-Schwarze the first husband and wife to work in Antarctica for the U.S.? Were Dick and Andy Cameron the first father and son to winter over in Antarctica? Were John and Kristine Annexstad the first father and daughter to run snowmobiles in pursuit of the elusive meteorite? Were Cam Craddock and his son the first father-son geological team to work together? Was Buck Wilson and his daughter the first father and daughter on the ice? Was Lisa Crockett the only offspring of a member of either ice party with Byrd to go to the Antarctic in a working capacity? You can carry this to all sorts of ridiculous lengths. If you have an Antarctic first that we can print, why not send it along? As a matter of fact, send those we can't print, too, and we'll just put them in the file for future archivists.

OPERATION VOSTOK. We got the feeling from Peter Wilkniss and Nadene Kennedy that Operation Vostok was not only an operational success, but it was a huge, huge social success, too. It started back on 3 October 1990 when Peter picked up his ringing phone and found the caller was from the Arctic and Antarctic Research Institute in Leningrad. They were calling Peter to see if the U.S. could give them assistance in resupplying Vostok, and in rotation of their wintering-over personnel. As the United States has a vested interest in much of the international-type work going on at Vostok, as we collaborate with them on a common program - deep core ice drilling, as they have much technology to share with us on how to prepare safe wheeled-aircraft landing strips on snow surfaces, as both countries are working together planning the Weddell Sea Ice Camp, there were many reasons for Peter to agree to help out the Russians with what is now referred to as Operation Vostok.

The Russian ship PROFESSOR VIESE arrived at McMurdo on 29 January of this year and departed on 3 February. What happened between 29 January and 3 February would evidently fill a book, but from our side everyone had a hell of a good time (and you can bet the Russians did, too). The leading Russian was D.S.A.N. Chilingarov, Deputy Chairman of the USSR Goscomhydromet, and he was accompanied by Boris Pikhanov, international affairs and translator, plus Vasily Kaliazin, Deputy Operations Manager for SAE (Soviet-Antarctic Expeditions?). The first day, a C-130 with Wilkniss, Chilingarov, and Pikhanov aboard, took the twenty-two relief personnel to Vostok. Two days later two more flights were made to Vostok. The planes also took 13 tons of vital cargo to the station. And when the Soviet ship left McMurdo on 3 February, they took 22 U.S. Antarctic personnel back to New Zealand.

Among the various activities staged or produced while the Russians were at McMurdo was a soccer game. We never heard who won, but we do know one who was a loser, the captain of the PROFESSOR VIESE, one Andrey Tokarsky. He severely dislocated and fractured his ankle in the game. Was it Budweiser or was it Smirnoff? So he had to be air evacuated to Christchurch. The head Russian was a great big man, and one evening while attending some function or whatever, he took off his coat and hat, put his hat up his sleeve, and hung it on a hook. In the great American tradition of Love Thy Neighbor, someone liberated his fur hat from the sleeve. The Russian was a real friendly giant and took it calmly and without fanfare, saying the same thing could have happened to him back home at any time. But it disturbed Peter immensely, and he promised the person who took it a free trip to the South Pole, a sightseeing trip to Dry Valley, and everything but his wife - all without any action being brought against the person - but the hat was never returned. But talking about glasnost, perestroika, and all that good stuff, it was all hanging right out at McMurdo when the good ship PROFESSOR VIESE was in port.

At the end of the visit both Wilkniss and Chilingarov signed a Memorandum on Soviet-American Cooperation in Antarctica. As we write these words, Peter is winging his way to Moscow to again meet with Chilingarov to "get acquainted with the activities of the USSR Coscomhydromet subdivisions in Moscow in Antarctic and Arctic affairs, and to discuss issues of cooperation between the parties." Let's hope that during the meetings Peter doesn't inadvertently break his ankle playing soccer with his hosts!

R/V NATHANIEL B. PALMER. At long last, NSF will have its own multi-purpose, ice-capable, Antarctic research vessel; the hull of the NATHANIEL B. PALMER will be launched in Galliano, Louisiana the end of May. Sea trials are scheduled for October-November-December, but they could be running late by a month. The construction of the ship by Edison Chouest Offshore has been going very smoothly, and one of the reasons, if not the main one, the construction company and the operating firm are one and the same. So when changes have taken place, they have been expedited, which has made the National Science Foundation very happy. The vessel will actually be operated by Antarctic Support Services of Englewood, Colorado, under contract with NSF's Division of Polar Programs, to support the U.S. Antarctic Program.

The R/V NATHANIEL B. PALMER is ice classed to the new ABS rules, ABS-A2. She will be able to break three feet of level ice at three knots, will have stringent track and station keeping abilities, will be acoustically quiet, and will be able to support multi-disciplinary long range programs. The ship is 308.5 feet long, overall, with its length at waterline being 279.75 feet. It has a 60-foot beam, both maximum and at design waterline, and draws 30 feet of water. She can carry two helicopters. She will have a crew of 26, and there will be berthing for 37 scientists in one- and two-person staterooms. There are 4,000 square feet of laboratory space located on the main deck, with a total of eight laboratories with 5,440 square footage. There is an oceanographic staging hangar on the starboard side with its own boom and winch system. She can stay at sea for 75 days.

They built the NATHANIEL B. PALMER upside down, which seems odd. Then they bring in four giant cranes and flip it all over! They don't expect that the vessel will be in yards more than 60 days a year. She will have two complete crews, with changes every ninety days or so. Scientific instrumentation and equipment decisions being made by NSF for this vessel include a CTD system, a Doppler current profiler, a 3.5 and 12 KHz precision depth recording system, single and multi-channel seismic systems, and a multi-beam swath mapping system. The Oversight Committee consisted of Bob Densmore, Sharon Smith, Dave Nelson, Denny Hayes, Tom Rogers, Dolly Deiter, Tom Robertson, and Ed Karlson. What exactly is an Oversight Committee when it comes to a ship? Does it mean exactly what it says? It seems to this innocent that they don't need "oversight" as much as "specification".

THE BOSS WOULD FLIP IN HIS GRAVE IF HE ONLY KNEW. If Sir Ernest Shackleton should wake up on South Georgia and hear about the Weddell Sea ice flow station which is to be established next February, he would immediately drop dead again, this time in total disbelief. Something from which he and his men were trying to escape, the Russians and we are spending four million dollars to establish and maintain, a station on the floating sea ice in the Weddell Sea! This will not be a one-time project, either, nor will it be the first in a series, but something in between.

Maybe Shackleton would do it all over again if he had the kind of support that will be available for the new camp. There will be eighteen pre-fabricated Soviet-style buildings made of plywood - if my notetaking was accurate - which are container size, 20 feet long. There will also be some inflatable huts. There will be thirty people, fifteen from each country. Ten from each country will be scientists. They will enjoy the luxury of having two helicopters, a rescue craft (inflatable), a camp doctor. Plus all Russians will have emergency response training.

The science program centers on the structure of the western boundary current, and scientists will be doing both local and regional studies. The camp will be established by the Russian ship FEDEROV in February 1992 at about 72°S, 54°W, and they will drift northward about 4.5 to 5 km per day. Plans are for the same ship to retrieve the camp at about 65°S, 50°W between 25 May and 26 June. Our new ship, the NATHANIEL B. PALMER, will make a transect near the drifting camp sometime in April, and camp personnel will be exchanged by aircraft. Did you hear that, Sir Ernest? They are going to exchange personnel after two months by helicopters? None of those manhauling dories like the JAMES CAIRD and the DUDLEY DOCKER for our generation. You guys back in 1915 just didn't know how to do anything, did you?

MIA, 7200 PENGUINS, KING GEORGE ISLAND. The Washington Post for April 8, in an article by Christopher Anderson, said that Wayne and Susan Trivelpiece had noted that 20% of the 18,000 breeding pairs of penguins which normally return to the island did not this year. Having seen pictures of them in the field, I would say the missing 20% constitute those penguins who have had their stomachs relieved of their contents by the Trivelpieces in the name of science, and have decided that any haven except King George is preferable!

Wayne and Susan have discovered that both Chinstraps and Adelies are missing, which confuses the issue, as the Adelies chase fish under the ice, the Chinstraps in open water. So it cannot be attributed to the extent of sea ice coverage. In the past five years there have been two harsh winters, three mild winters, and both species have declined. The dropoff is not a one-year anomaly, as this year was the third consecutive year in which the population has dropped off in large numbers. Wayne said, "When it happened again this year, after another mild winter, we knew that it wasn't just a fluke. A major pattern has been broken." There is a possibility that there has been overfishing of krill by the Japanese and Soviet trawlers who harvest krill in the King George area. Even though there is a Convention of Antarctic Marine Living Resources (CCAMLR), it seems that counting krill is a difficult and inexact process. And you sort of have to believe Wayne and Susan, as they are right in the beginning of a new long-term funded study, and they did not have to come up with something new to get funded for next year!

GREENPEACE CAPTIVATES. About seventy-five Society members and guests showed up with their brass knuckles on the evening of April 11 to do battle with Susan Sabella of Greenpeace who was supposedly going to tell us how it should be in Antarctica. But when the evening was over, Susan not only walked out of the room with all of her tee tin and her nose still straight, but Society members had their arms around her shoulders. Greenpeace does not play the game fair - they sent over a charmer, a very intelligent,

engaging young woman on the rise. When I congratulated her afterwards on doing a splendid job before what could have been a hostile group, she asked what I had expected, and I replied, "For one thing, I thought you would have horns."

Our illustrious, smooth-talking president, Guy Guthridge, told me afterwards that he felt two things were most significant about her presentation. One was Susan's statement that Greenpeace was pleasantly surprised by how fast the Antarctic Treaty nations had taken up on the issue of cleaning up the Antarctic environment. And the second was that Greenpeace does not necessarily take credit for hastening things along.

Susan admitted that naming the station at Cape Evans - World Park, Antarctica - left much to be desired, and that it had even caused some misgivings at Greenpeace (in addition to the outside world). One attendee at the meeting asked her why Greenpeace had to build their station in the shadows of such an historic site as Captain Scott's 1910 hut, and Susan told us that the station never was intended to be a permanent station, that it would all go as soon as possible. Let's hope that will be the case, as it was a grave mistake by Greenpeace to put it so close. It seems that they could create a lot of goodwill among Antarctic history buffs if they did close it in the near future.

Maybe Susan got something out of the meeting, too. Jackie Ronne, she of Antarctic nobility, asked why, after World Park cleaned up all their water through a series of elaborate filters, the clean water was dumped back into McMurdo Sound instead of being recycled and used again at the station. Susan admitted that this was an excellent suggestion, one that they could incorporate into their station management.

CORRECTIONS. If you people knew how fast we throw these pages together, you would never read them, as our overall time from the first word on paper to delivery to the postoffice for mailing is somewhere around a hundred hours, including sleep time! What I am saying is that we spend our time writing, not following up for verifications. So we have to eat crow periodically, and crow is now being served.

First, on the number of people who were on the Lan Chile plane that went off the runway at Puerto Williams and continued on the cruise. Our figure of one came from an Atlanta newspaper article, and must have referred to a specific group of Georgians. Polly Penhale came back from Palmer on the SOCIETY EXPLORER, and she told me that the correct figure was 35. Polly told us an interesting item about one couple that survived the crash and still went on - they were 81 years old and were celebrating their 50th wedding anniversary. Can you possibly imagine anyone being married that long and still wanting to celebrate together?

I was overly kind to the WORLD DISCOVERER when I said the incisions in her hull created by her doing her own discovering of some uncharted ledge or rock(s) off Cape Evans were on the order of inches. I misunderstood my informant, as another passenger on the ship said the holes torn were several feet in length. Even though the holes were substantial, the ship was never in any real danger.

Billy Ace Baker down in Pensacola reads everything, knows everything about Antarctica, and he picked up a real beaut in the November Newsletter when we inadvertently credited James Cook with discovering features which he never did see and which should have been credited to James Clark Ross. Always hard to distinguish one James from another!

Pollyanne Mitchell, widow of J. Murray Mitchell, says it is just not true that she did not find the Boulder area appealing, that she thinks Boulder is truly a beautiful place and that she values deeply the friendship of many people who live in Boulder.

*If you move, PLEASE send us your new address! Bulk mail is not forwarded.
Don't fight global warming. Sit back and enjoy it.*