



# THE ANTARCTICAN SOCIETY

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ARLINGTON, VIRGINIA 22205

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Vol. 91-92

October

No. 3

*A Brit Talks About The Rymill Expedition*

The British Graham Land Expedition  
And After

by

Kevin Walton  
Retired Engineer

Malvern, Worcestershire, England

on

*Tuesday evening, 26 November 1991*

8 PM

National Science Foundation  
1800 G Street N.W.

*Room 540*

*Light Refreshments*

Kevin Walton is an Antarctic of repute whose considerable Antarctic experiences may have been exceeded by his son Jonathan. Nothing like having your own offspring upstage you! Kevin is well-known for his books - Two Years In The Antarctic and Portrait of Antarctica, a coffee table picture book. Although he was not on the British Graham Land Expedition, Kevin is going to tell us all about the men who were on that most unusual expedition, the cheapest of all Antarctic expeditions - on a three-year budget of less than 20,000 pounds! That expedition proved that "Graham Land" was a peninsula and not an archipelago.

Kevin participated in the British expedition to Stonington Island in 1946 and 1947, and got to know neighbors Finn and Jackie, Harry and Jennie, Nelson, Bob, and other members of the Ronne Antarctic Research Expedition.

Kevin was a war hero who served with great distinction during World War II, and is highly regarded as a sailor. He was known as a man who could do anything, fix anything. Kevin was awarded the distinguished George Cross for rescue work in the Antarctic.

I came down from Maine to the Nerve Center in Arlington, Virginia to attend our Society's 27th annual Memorial Lecture, write this Newsletter, bring the membership up to date, balance the exchequer, and do a thorough investigation on whether there had been any blatant sexual harassment within our ranks. Imagine my surprise, shock, and chagrin when I found out that I was the only culprit, although I think Pete Burrill had something to do with whipping the names of the non-Byrd and Ronne women off the map of Antarctica and should deserve at least honorable mention. I have written so many beauts over the past thirteen years - such as, if I were predestined to be stuck in a tent in Antarctica by a raging blizzard with no hope of survival that I hoped my tent-mate might be Gisela Dreschhoff rather than someone who looked like Art DeVries - that I think I should go through all issues, summarize the best, and fully expose myself!

Readers of this column should know by now that what we write is strictly tongue-in-cheek with a little honesty camouflaged ever so lightly. Relax! Enjoy!!!

**MULTIPLE YEARS RENEWAL PLEA SEEMS TO BE WORKING.** Our plea to help out the Nerve Center by renewing for multiple years seems to be working; after one mailing, we have 80% of our total membership of 613 members under contract. Sixty-four per cent of those mailing in dues since the last Newsletter have opted for two or more years, which helps us out materially. There are still 115 delinquent members, and those people will get a second dues notice with this mailing. If you are one of those folks, could you please renew as soon as possible for two or more years, and, if you are going to go inactive, please return the form with that box checked so we can get out of this pleading business. If you have not received a dues notice, you are already paid up.

**1992 NEW ZEALAND ANTARCTIC CALENDARS.** If you ordered one or more of these calendars and have not received it/them yet, fear not. We have not received the shipment from Hedgehog House, even though they were shipped last July. We did get a sample copy via airmail, and there is both good news and bad news. The good news is that the photographs are by far the best ever; the bad news is that the artist who put it all together has the dates of the month in very small print. As we go to press we have fifty unordered 1992 New Zealand Antarctic calendars, selling for ten dollars each, which includes mailing. So if your interest is in having beautiful Antarctic scenes and don't need a calendar to tell you what day it is, buy. Besides the twelve monthly pictures, there is a centerspread of a King penguin rookery on Macquarie Island. If you want to see something really spectacular, you should see January with King penguins between the beach and the kelp at Sandy Bay, Macquarie Island. Fantastic! If your forte is not penguins, but icebergs, July offers a most unusual small iceberg impregnated with layers of moraines, photographed near Dumont d'Urville. Unbelievable! What makes the Hedgehog calendar great is that there is not a single picture of a red-clad scientist nor of a Herc landing or taking off, nor of a field party out on some mountain ridge. Antarctica is sold on its own merits.

**PROTOCOL ON ENVIRONMENTAL PROTECTION.** As all of you know, we're sure, the U.S.

initialed off on the Protocol on Environmental Protection in Madrid on 4 October. As we go to press, Tucker Scully has just returned from the Antarctic Treaty Consultative meetings in Bonn, and he told the Polar Research Board on 21 October that the State Department will be working on the Protocol between now and the end of the year; then it will be sent to The Hill for Congress to ratify when they come back from their holiday campaigning and overseas junkets. Sometime next year, probably on the last night before they adjourn when everything seems to get passed, the U.S. will pass it along from Capitol Hill to 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue. Tucker has promised to keep us informed, and we are hoping to have a synopsis from his office on the pertinent parts of the Protocol for an upcoming Newsletter. There is much, much more to the Protocol than the political 50-year ban on mining in Antarctica. The mining ban is only the tip of the iceberg named Environmental Protection.

**IMAX STRIKES OUT WITH ANTARCTICA.** The highly anticipated IMAX film ANTARCTICA is currently playing on a part-time basis at the Langley Theater in the National Air and Space Museum in Washington, D.C., and at miscellaneous IMAX theaters around the world. We had thought that this was going to be the greatest thing since peanut butter chiffon pie, but the movie, to this innocent watcher, was a big disappointment, outside of some truly spectacular underwater photography of seals and penguins. It really does not offer much which Antarcticans haven't already seen on documentary films shown on PBS.

I think IMAX went askew with a bad game plan. If one wanted to sell the beauty and splendor of Antarctica to an innocent public, they should have used as their centerpiece the truly fantastic scenery offered on the Antarctic Peninsula in and around Paradise Bay, the Lemaire Channel, and the Neumayer Channel. It doesn't come any better than that. The film also shortchanged us on Dry Valley scenery. Wouldn't it have been fascinating if they had an underwater photographer on the bottom of Lake Vanda when both a male and a female were going in to join that celebrated swimming club!! That would have spiced it up a bit. And why didn't they arrange for a flight into the crater of Mt. Erebus, so we could see into its bowels, particularly where the companion film being shown with ANTARCTICA is RING OF FIRE! And is a hovercraft more spectacular from above than from within?

We understand that the director of the film was a Scott worshipper, but does that give him license to using all that footage of the ill-fated Scott expedition? That's ancient history, it's passe'. Let's be concerned with what is going on now. There was surprisingly little about ongoing research studies in Antarctica, although the deep core drilling footage was sensational. The penguin footage was just excellent, especially showing the entire sex act between two, hell we say extremely friendly penguins. And they also had some great shots of penguins blasting out of the sea and diving in at reckless speeds.

Antarctica is a silent continent, as pointed out by the omnipresent Antarctic George Denton in a film produced by a private company for NSF about fifteen years ago. But when you walk out of ANTARCTICA your ears are ringing with vibrations from a heavy sound track. The noise associated with a blizzard could only be equated with being on the tarmac of a large international airport as jets blast down the runways. We know that noise is a sign of the times, that silence is no longer golden, but Antarctica is more like Vangelis's ANTARCTICA soundtrack which is playing as one enters the theater

There were two rather lengthy segments on choppers flying one behind the other over Antarctica, shooting up valleys. How much better it would have been if no other plane flies in the camera eye, that it was just Antarctica. If they were going to have some low altitude flying, why not skimming up the Beardmore, showing those crevasses below, tributary glaciers on the sides, and mountain peaks looking down on the glacier? Those guys blew it.

Now for the party line as printed in the brochure handed out at its world premier.

ANTARCTICA is a film that dispels many popular beliefs about the world's southernmost region. Once dismissed as a vast frozen wasteland, the icy continent is displayed in the new IMAX/OMNIMAX film as it truly exists - resplendent in white, teeming with wildlife and powerfully beautiful.

Scientists from around the globe congregate in this pristine wilderness, where changes in the global environment are easier to spot and indigenous creatures still exist as they have for centuries, uncrowded by civilization. ANTARCTICA presents highlights of many current polar research projects, including studies of climatology, biology and glaciology.

Filming, which took place on location during two Antarctic summers, was a tremendous challenge to all involved. Extreme cold, days of 24-hour sunlight, the continent's high elevation and erratic weather were constant sources of physical and mental stress. The movie could not have been made without the invaluable assistance of the National Science Foundation and the Australian Antarctic Program, groups which provided the film crew with logistical support including a base, transportation and other basic necessities.

Directed by veteran filmmaker John Weiley and co-produced by Weiley and David Flatman, ANTARCTICA is a Heliograph production. Malcolm Ludgate and Tom Cowan were the film's cinematographers, and Ludgate was responsible for underwater photography. Chicago's Museum of Science and Industry is executive producer and worldwide distributor of the film and, together with the Australian Film Finance Corporation Pty., Ltd., provided financial support.

The script was written through the collaborative efforts of Les A. Murray, Michael Parfit and Weiley, and edited by Nick Holmes. Nigel Westlake composed the movie's musical score.

Better see it now while it's still playing, as we doubt that it will have a long run.

**GENTLEMAN JIM COMPLETES SIX WEEKS OF FIVE PER WEEK.** As we go to press, Gentleman Jim Zumberge is holed up in Jackson Hole recuperating from the toll taken by going through six weeks of five-per-week radiation treatments. Jim admitted that they weren't all fun, and that they slowed him down a bit. When we spoke to him a week after he had completed the series of treatments, he was already planning on what he going to do to his place in Jackson Hole when he got there on the 20th. Jim has the right positive attitude about everything, no doubt spawned by years and years of money-raising for universities.

When Jim found out that he couldn't come to present the 1991 Paul C. Daniels Memorial Lecture, he asked if someone could read his letter to me of 24 January 1981 entitled

HOW TO MAKE AN ANTARCTIC OLD FASHION (by Jim Zumberge)

Dear Scroungy,

I enjoyed your "Bergy Bits" of January '81. If you are going to start printing polar recipes, you might remember the one for an Antarctic Old Fashion, which so far as I can tell was developed at LA V. In any case, that is where I learned about it. We used it frequently at Camp Michigan, the summer tourist headquarters for sand crabs on the Ross Ice Shelf during the IGY. Antarctic Old Fashions were banned, however, after the New Year's celebration on the night of 31 December 1956. We had been reading strain gauges in crevasses all day long, surveying the strain network on several successive days, and generally trying to catch up on the program of the Ross Ice Shelf Project which was behind time due to a spell of bad weather and a late start the previous October. We were all dead tired as 1956

drew to a close, but before hitting the sack, I issued to each of the six members of the party one two-ounce bottle of medicinal Navy brandy. Ordinarily, we would have followed our usual practice of drinking half before getting into our sleeping bags and the other half the next morning when rising. Because we slept in unheated tents, an ounce of brandy gave one the feeling of warmth before crawling into a cold sack, and in the morning it gave you courage to get out. But it was New Year's eve and we all figured, what the hell, let's drink it all tonight. So we toasted the end of the old year and the coming of the new with a full two ounces of 100 proof VSQ. After wishing the rest a happy new year, I retired to my tent.

Shortly after midnight, I was awakened by the darndest explosion you ever heard. I was groggy from sleep, and hearing no further sound, I decided that I had been dreaming and went back to sleep. The next morning after breakfast I went to the crevasse right next to the camp where I had rigged a whole series of strain gauges about 80 feet below the surface. As I approached the hole in the snow bridge to make my descent, I noticed a black smudge some 15 feet away on through for our entrance. As I entered the crevasse and prepared to let myself down by rope along a steeply inclined snow ramp formed by an older collapsed snow bridge, I stopped dead in my tracks. The black smudge I had seen was the result of a charge of C-4 set off the night before, and the blast not only woke me up but collapsed a huge mass of the snow bridge which plunged 80 feet to the bottom of the crevasse and wiped out my entire strain gauge installation.

Seems as though my fellow scientists did not retire when I left them the night before but had fixed up a batch of Antarctic Old Fashions and had had one helluva New Year's Eve celebration. No one admitted to the bright idea of greeting the entry of the New Year with a charge of C-4, but I always suspected that it was Phil Smith who had become an expert in handling the stuff while in the Army in Greenland and during the laying of safe trails through crevassed zones for Snow Cats in Antarctica. He was probably aided by his fellow spelunker, Bill Austin, and undoubtedly the rest of the New Year celebrants were in on the deal (Mario Giovinetto, Chief Collins, and Chief Graf). After drinking a whole batch of Antarctic Old Fashions, they were feeling no pain and decided to liven things up. It's a wonder one of them didn't end up falling through a snow bridge because the camp was right in the middle of a swarm of snow-bridged crevasses.

The loss of the strain gauges was not serious because I already had six weeks of daily readings and the trend line of the rate of crevasse opening was well established. However, we had used the crevasse also to freeze a sort of an ice cream (made from a powder base) because the temperature at the bottom was about -20 degrees Fahrenheit. The stuff wouldn't freeze very well at the surface so we put it down in the crevasse for quick results. With the snow bridge damaged due to the C-4 blast, we decided that the rest of the bridge on either side of the new hole might have been weakened and could have fallen in while one of us was placing or retrieving a fresh batch of "ice cream." So, for the balance of our time at Camp Michigan, we had neither ice cream nor Antarctic Old Fashions.

This is a long way around to telling the recipe (formula is a better word) for an Antarctic Old Fashion. It is impossible to make a simple Antarctic Old Fashion. All the research at LA V was based on a batch quantity. Here are the ingredients: one fifth of Old Methusala (100 proof Navy "bourbon") and seven packages of multi-flavored Life Savers. Pour the Old Methusala into another container and fill the empty bottle half full with freshly melted snow. Then

force the Life Savers, one by one, into the mouth of the Methusala bottle and shake until all are dissolved. (Here it should be noted that painstaking research on the formula by the originators revealed that the final product was vastly improved if only two of the red Life Savers were used. All of our Camp Michigan Antarctic Old Fashions were made accordingly.) The final step in the process is to pour the Old Methusala, stir well, and serve over Antarctic glacier ice. No fruit or other garbage is needed since those flavors are all embodied in the mixture.

I thought that I was rationing two ounces of booze a day to my party, but unknown to me, Bill Austin had conned Capt. Slagle at LA V out of a fifth of Old Methusala which Bill broke out that New Year's eve of 1956 at Camp Michigan on the Ross Ice Shelf.

**PALLE MOGENSEN, 2ND STATION SCIENTIFIC LEADER AT THE SOUTH POLE, SUCCUMBS AT AGE 83.**

Palle Mogensen, erstwhile merchant seaman, former military officer, polar navigator and logistician, died on 4 October 1991 in Alexandria, Virginia, following colon surgery. Mogy, a very outspoken born-again Christian, had been in poor health for quite a few years.

Mogy's Antarctic experience began with the 650-mile oversnow tractor train party which paved the way from Little America V to Byrd Station in the austral summer of 1956-57. He had been selected for this work based on his experience as a military officer with the Transportation Corps in Greenland. It was most fitting that Phil "Crevasse" Smith a young, still wet-behind-the-ears, junior officer on the Byrd trek, currently of the National Academy of Sciences, attended his funeral service. Mogy was selected as the second Station Scientific Leader at the South Pole, and those of us who wintered over with him marvelled at his selection. Although he was only 50 at the time, he was perhaps the oldest fifty-year-old man to ever go to Antarctica. It seems that he had some sort of a respiratory problem over and above the altitude, and because of that he exempted himself from shovelling any snow for the snow melter for the whole year! Shades of his predecessor, the late Paul Siple, who led all camp personnel in the number of hours spent snow mining! After the IGY Mogy went to work in the Washington office of the Arctic Institute of North America.

Mogy was born in Denmark, and went to sea originally at the tender age of fourteen on a sailing ship. He earned a master mariner's license, for both sail and steam, at the Royal Danish Navigation School. He later commanded ocean-going vessels, and if our memory is correct, the Germans caught him in a Chilean port during World War II, and he lost his ship. He had a cousin on the east coast of the United States, and he made his way north to join her. She, Tove, later became his wife, and these two Danes became famous for their Great Danes which always overpowered their house, and inevitably drooled from above on all wearied, suspecting house guests. If you didn't like Great Danes, it was not exactly a fun house to visit.

It should also be noted that Mogy studied at the New York Merchant Marine Academy, and at Harvard (astronomy and navigation). He taught at the Army's Transportation School at Fort Eustis, Virginia. Mogy, according to the obituary in The Washington Post, survived a plane crash in the Arctic and two plane crashes in the Antarctic. Mount Mogensen, 2,790 meters, at 77°34'S, 85°50'W, in the northern part of the Sentinel Range, is named after him.

Underneath it all, Mogy was sort of a nice guy, although totally miscast as a station scientific leader, especially at the South Pole. He drove Hillary and Fuchs bananas when the British Commonwealth Transantarctic Expedition arrived at the South Pole, because every time either one wanted to say something, Mogy had the mike from his portable tape recorder in their faces!

I wonder what happened when Mogy reached the Pearly Gates and presented his credentials as a born-again Christian, and St. Peter said to him, "Wait a minute there, fella, aren't you the same Palle Mogensen who painted nude women at the South Pole and hung them on the garage doors?" But Mogy was so straight arrow in the last decade of his life that he wouldn't have taken them with him, so presumably he got in. Let's hope so, as he sure was religious at the end.

**THE BYRD POLAR RESEARCH CENTER ARCHIVAL PROGRAM'S MISSION STATEMENT.** The Byrd Polar Research Center Archival Program (BPRCAP) is a collaborative effort between the Byrd Polar Research Center and The Ohio State University Archives to collect, preserve, and permit access to historical documents concerned with the polar regions. These collections will include papers, records, photographs and other forms of documentation concerning explorers, scientists, and other figures and organizations prominent in the advancement of knowledge about polar environments. The program's goal is to make rare or unique historical material available in the context of an active polar research environment, for use by the University community, visiting scholars, and the general public.

Ohio State University expenditures on the Archival Program have totalled \$378,292 since 1985. It was determined at an Advisory Board meeting on 23 September 1991 that manuscript material which has some connection with Admiral Byrd and Sir Hubert Wilkins. They have been looking into the possibilities of grant monies in Washington, and the Department of Education has encouraged them to resubmit a Title IIC proposal. It was reported that there had been eleven users of the collections in the Archival Program.

**ASSAULT ON THE KNOWN - TOURISM.** With apologies to Walter Sullivan for plagiarizing the title of his well-known IGY book, tourists will be assaulting the Antarctic Peninsula during the coming season in unheard of numbers. Lawyer-turned-clean, naturalist Ron Naveen, who has lectured on various Antarctic cruise ships, speculates that as many as 5,000 tourists could be on the Antarctic Peninsula during the coming austral summer. If this materializes, it would be about twice as many footprints as last year. The way it looks now, there will be five companies and six ships plying the waters of the Antarctic Peninsula this austral summer.

There is a new kid on the block. International Cruise Center of Mineola, New York has a new ship, the COLUMBUS CARAVELLE, going to Antarctica this year. It's a new ship made in Finland last year, 116 meters long, lots of cabins - 178, each with TV, radio, telephone, mini bar, and hairdryer, ten zodiacs, and will carry 250 passengers. Her maiden Antarctic cruise will be out of Montevideo on 17 December 1991. She can do 17 knots, but cruises between 14 and 15 knots. The restaurant holds 330 persons in one sitting, the music-salon holds 170, the piano-bar 70, and something called the tfintergarden 50. She will make five cruises to the Peninsula, and the prices range from a low of \$4,990 to \$11,670 (depending on your berthing and duration of trip), plus air fare to and from South America, and hotel rooms.

One of the more interesting trips this year will be a circumnavigation cruise around South Georgia. ZEGRAHM has chartered SOCIETY EXPLORER from Society Expeditions for this special cruise. As most tourists know, ZEGRAHM was formed last year by a hard core of Society Expeditions stalwarts. Basically it is the Peter (Harrison) and Shirley (Metz) Show, although for this special trip they have brought aboard such learned lecturers as John Spletstoeser, Arnold Small, and others. Peter and Shirley have recently formed another company, ECO, and they will be taking people to exotic places starting next year. Actually, the world is really too small for Peter and Shirley, so you can fully expect within another decade that they will be lecturing in

space. But no matter where Peter may be lecturing, give him a stage, and his listeners will be rewarded tenfold as he is nonpareil. We don't know what you call a consummate beer drinking person who is part actor, part lecturer, part entertainer, part mountaineer, part albatross, but whatever, it comes out as P-E-T-E-R H-A-R-R-I-S-O-N when you spell it.

Tourists are born, they are not made, and when they are born they universally seem to arrive on earth with deep pockets. There are all kinds of tourists, but the Antarctic species seems to thrive on adventure. Success is measured solely on the number of zodiac landings. You don't really qualify as a bona fide Antarctic tourist until you have been to Antarctica at least three times. One of those repeaters who keeps going back is a former Pan American pilot by the name of Brooks Conrad. This past summer he branched out and went into the Arctic on the Soviet icebreaker, SOVETSKIY SOYUZ. Last year we carried an account of the ship's baptismal cruise as experienced by the indefatigable Peter Wilkniss of the Division of Polar Programs at the National Science Foundation. It seems from all we hear that the cruise on the Russian icebreaker is the baseline now from which all other polar cruises will be judged. In other words, if you haven't made a cruise on the Russian icebreaker, you are just going to be a nobody in polar travel. Eliza Anderson and Beth Marshall, you had better go right out now and buy new wardrobes and book for next summer.

**WATERPROOF/BREATHABLE FABRICS** (by Jack Sawicki). Ads tout "miracle" fabrics that keep water out and let perspiration evaporate. But how well do they work in polar dry-cold environments ?

The U.S. Army recently studied available products by testing water resistance and "breathability." Gore-tex, Sympatex and Thintech were shown to be the best commercial products, with less expensive alternatives lagging far behind in one or both tests. However, even the best reduce breathability by about 50% over the uncoated base fabrics.

What does this mean? I found the current NSF-issue Army nylon/cotton field trousers quite breathable and adequately wind resistant, even in C-130 propwash at South Pole, but the uncoated fabric soaked through when digging snow caves during survival school at McMurdo. While experimental Gore-tex trousers kept me warm and dry in the snow, they did show hoarfrost condensation after energetic skiing at South Pole. Based on both this experience and thermal mannequin test data, I think positive water resistance with increased breathability is required for polar clothing.

The Army report shows one interesting alternative product. Gelman Science REPEL has very high breathability (almost 100% of the base fabrics) and, while water resistance is lower, it still exceeds the Army 35 psi requirements. The manufacturer hopes to have a commercial clothing product by next year. Repel's properties should make it ideal for polar applications.

NOTE: Last year I talked about polar sunglasses. There wasn't enough response to do a Society order; contact Randolph Engineering (1-800-541-1405) to locate a local dealer for their "SP All-Weather Advantage" model.

NEXT ISSUE: Are new synthetic insulations really better than down?

**SWITHINBANK FIVE STAR MEMORIAL LECTURER.** Charles Swithinbank has a certain magnetism which attracts people, and as our 27th Memorial Lecturer on 22 October he played to a full house. What a career Charles has had, starting out with dogs and ending up with satellites, and in between crisscrossing Antarctica in hundred of flights. He is sort of ecumenical, starting out on the British-Swedish-Norwegian Maudheim Expedition, wintering over with the Russians, and going on countless expeditions in between with his fellow Brits and allied -through marriage- Americans. He made the transition to informing tourists and adventurers about Antarctica without missing a beat. In spite



or his successes in an or his Antarctic endeavors, you have the feeling, when listening to this 63-year old scientist whose Antarctic endeavors have seen him in Antarctica in six decades (he was on his way to Maudheim in late 1949), that perhaps it was never better than in the old days. However, he also spoke of how good it was to be in the field with a couple of American women, specifically mentioning Kaye Tate of Montana, one of our members. And he has been in the forefront of so many developments, such as radio echo sounding of snow depths. Even an errant farthest south meteorite surfaced near him. He's a guy who can't fail, and as Mildred Crary said, through tear-filled eyes as she walked out, "He is so lucky to still be alive."

We had 106 people for dinner. It doesn't get any classier than the Great Hall of the National Academy of Sciences - the whole works, flowers, candles, and wine. But there was a downer to the evening when Bob Rutford announced to the audience that he had just talked minutes before to Gentleman Jim Zumberge, that he had had a setback, was still in Los Angeles, and that the doctors were going to have to change some of his medication. Hang in there, Jim!

**BERGY BITS.** Congratulations to Gerry Kooyman of Scripps Institution of Oceanography for receiving the National Science Foundation's Special Creativity Award for his innovative research in Antarctica over the last two decades. His development and application of instrumentation and satellite technology has advanced the understanding of physiological ecology, foraging behavior, and demography of Emperor and King penguins and Weddell seals. Would it be correct to say that Jerry got NSF's Seal of Approval? .... Another Antarctic has been locked up, and will serve two years in confinement. Marine biologist Abigail Ailing of the State of Maine is in Biosphere II. Once she sailed to Antarctica in a ferro-cement yacht. She is also a young mother..... Meanwhile the South Pole will be home this austral summer to as many as 140. Aren't things getting a bit out of hand? Isn't the South Pole a sacred home for a select few, not for the masses?.... Some things are going to change in the Head Shed at NSF, as it is being whispered around the corridors that the aim of the new director is to have the average length of NSF's grants three years. This seems to make a lot of sense, although one program manager in the Division of Polar Programs told me there were pluses and minuses..... Herman Zimmerman, Program Manager for Earth Sciences in DPP is going down the corridor to accept a position in Atmospheric Sciences as head of their paleoclimatology section..... And Roger Hanson is leaving DPP to accept a position in NSI in Ocean Sciences, so that position - Associate Program Manager, Polar Biology and Medicine Program - will soon be open for recruitment. It will be hard to fill Roger's position if the job is tailored to his dimensions as he checks in at 6'8"..... Kitt Hughes, meteorological technician, is going to spend her third winter at the South Pole filling balloons. With this year, Kitt becomes Ms. South Pole. Sharon King will be wintering over again with Kitt, but this will only be Sharon's second winter at the Pole..... Senator Gore, who seems to be the Antarctic Senator, has asked for a list of experts to testify on the Hill relative to the Antarctic ozone hole. It was big and deep for the third consecutive year, measuring 110 Dobson units on 6 October, 10% lower than the previous low..... They are going to be dropping a summer camp by air drops at the South Pole. Isn't this where it all started back in 1956???? Every thing goes full circle if you can only live long enough..... Meanwhile, there are some budgetary issues to be settled relative to NSF and the Antarctic operations. The '92 Appropriation does not include monies for moving NSF from 18th and G Streets to Ballston, although supposedly the money is somewhere in the Post Office appropriation. Heaven forbid if it's under the Post Office, as those poor souls can't even get a letter from the District to Arlington in five days, so how can they ever get the money to NSF within five years? We thought there was a time-proven adage that if something works, you don't fool around and try and change things. The same '92 Appropriation for NSF left out the logistical funding for the Antarctic, which had been included under NSF for years. Evidently it worked all too well, so the Hill decided

that it should now be put under the Department of Defense..... That lawsuit filed by the Environmental Defense Fund against the National Science Foundation to prevent open-pit burning and land-filling of solid and hazardous wastes at research stations in Antarctica was dismissed in August by the U.S. District Court for the District of Columbia. EDF contended that the National Environmental Policy Act applied abroad, but the Court decision preserved the government position that NEPA has no extraterritorial application. EDF has appealed the court's decision. We understand that there was a tremendous number of person hours devoted to preparation of material for the lawsuit..... There's a new position at McMurdo, that of NSF Science Representative, one that will provide on-site direction on science matters, interacting with scientists, establishing science priorities, and things of this nature. Bernie Lettau is the first rotator, currently being in the field at McMurdo..... If you have a valued friend worth a \$39.95 Antarctic Christmas book, we have a recommendation: Antarctica: No Single Country, No Single Sea by Creina Bond and Roy Siegfried, with photography by Peter Johnson. We haven't read it, but the pictures are truly fantastic. You can buy it from Mike Chessler (1-800-654-8502) or write him at 26030 Highway 74, P.O. Box 399, Kittredge Colorado 80457. If you are into polar books, ask Mike to put you on his catalog mailing list, as he has many good buys. Thomas Henderson, USGS, writes that Environmental Systems Research Institute is working on a pilot project to prototype a Geographic Information System for Antarctica. The software and data base would bring together an enormous amount of scientific and mapping data for analysis within a common geographic environment. It will be housed at a new state-of-the-art computing center in McMurdo..... As for Antarctic vanity plates, William Sayles drives around with Pennsylvania plates, "90S BRR." And Bobbie Bermel slinks around town in her poor Lincoln Town Car behind Virginia tags "PINGUIN", having had to opt for the German as someone already had PENGUIN. Colin Bull takes Jerry Huffman to task for having Virginia "RET OAE", saying that he should have "RET OAH" - Old Antarctic Hero rather than Old Antarctic Explorer..... The late Buck (BAE II) Boyd's grandson Francis, who lives at 424 Lansdale Street, San Francisco, CA 94127 (tel. 415-333-0398) is one of the world's best swordsmiths, and has been compared favorably with the 14th-century Japanese samurai sword master, Masamune. Francis is now into Swing-Lock, a folding knife which is virtually as strong as a fixed blade knife. Francis would like to hear from any of his grandfather's former colleagues, as he intends to write a book about his rather illustrious grandfather..... Speaking of Buck Boyd, Jim Lassiter of Lassiter Coast wrote recently about some very spooky landings on the top of Devon Island and Resolute Bay, B.C. (Before Construction), when he was flying the late Paul Siple and Buck. And while we're on old codgers, there is no way to bury Norman (BAE I) Vaughan. Now he has surfaced on the inside foldout cover of Land's End October catalog peddling their "Outerwear." It seems that one of the first things his latest bride, a young thing from Atlanta, did was cast a strong negative note on his old-time favorite, an old blue sweater with holes which was literally falling off Norman. She bought him a Land's End jacket for Christmas, and they have lived happily ever since. So the secret for a good marriage is (1) find a Southern belle who is 40 years younger than you, and (2) make sure she has a piece of plastic and can buy you clothes. Land's End gave Norman quite a write-up, and it was surprisingly accurate. In the article he indicated his long-time wish to go back to the ice and climb Mount Vaughan, projecting that he'll do it in November 1993 when he will be 88 years old. The Brits are contemplating raising the motor sledge of Captain Scott that was lost when it was being driven ashore at Cape Evans and fell through the ice to the bottom of the sea. Peter McKenzie, military historian for Vickers Defence Systems, is planning the recovery. The sledges (originally they had three, two of which died natural deaths in the front lines), were the first British petrol-driven vehicles and were made by Wolseley, a subsidiary of Vickers. Tourism was brought up at the October Bonn meetings of the Antarctic Treaty Consultative Parties, but it was more or less tabled for an in-depth review at next year's meeting in Italy, approximately a year from now.