



THE ANTARCTIC SOCIETY

905 NORTH JACKSONVILLE STREET
ARLINGTON, VIRGINIA 22205

HONORARY PRESIDENT — MRS. PAUL A. SIPLE

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No. 2

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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 Lorius, 1986
Dr. Louis J. Lanzerotti, 1987
Mr. Peter J. Anderson, 1988
Dr. Ted E. DeLaca, 1989
Dr. Sayed Z. El-Sayed, 1990
Dr. Charles W. Swithinbank, 1991
Dr. Susan Solomon, 1992

Admiral Richard Blackburn Black
Poet Laureate of Antarctica
10 August 1902 - 11 August 1992

A World Series Specialist on Antarctica!

Exploring Australian Antarctic Territory

by

Phillip G. Law, AO, CBE

Retired Chairman

Australian National Committee for Antarctic Research, 1966-80

on

Thursday evening, October 15, 1992

8 PM

National Science Foundation
1800 G Street N.W.

Room 540

We are indeed most fortunate in having Phil Law as our October lecturer. With pardons to Sir Douglas, this gentleman has become Mr. Antarctica in Australia, at least in the last half century. Besides being the former chairman of the Australian National Committee for Antarctic Research, he is also the past executive vice president, Victoria Institute of Colleges, 1966-77, and past president, Victorian Institute of Marine Sciences, 1978-80. He has been active in Antarctica since 1947-48 when he took cosmic ray measurements on the continent. Phil was awarded the Founder's Gold Medal by the Royal Geographical Society in 1960, and the Gold Medal of the Australian Geographic Society in 1988. Currently he is actively promoting the establishment of an Antarctic museum in the new Victorian Museum being built in Melbourne. His non-Antarctic pursuits of happiness find him playing tennis, skiing, and skin-diving. He is also into music and photography. Otherwise, he leads a perfectly normal, routine, mundane retired life!

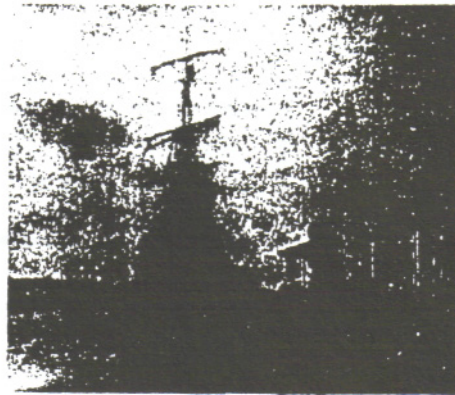
*Remember our annual Paul C. Daniels Memorial Lecture by Dr. Susan Solomon at the National Academy of Sciences on 22 September.
Contact Ruth Siple for dinner reservations.*

Order your 1993 New Zealand Antarctic calendars now - see page 3.

Barkentine Bear



On March 19, 2010 at 2010 GCT, a beloved old veteran of polar exploration, research, and rescue sank to the bottom of the sea off Nova Scotia. A man who knew her well describes her eventful past and final voyage.



◀ Author Black watches as the barkentine BEAR backs away into the sea smoke, Little Ameca, February. 1914.

By
Richard Blackburn Black
Rear Admiral, USNR (Ret.)

If wooden ships have hearts of oak,
And I believe they do I know of one
whose stout heart broke!
I'll tell the tale to you;

The BEAR, an ancient barkentine
Whose yeon topped eighty-nine.
Was limping southward, old and green,
Upon a tow-tug's line

Her destination? "Shame!", she cried,
I'm going to be a pub,
A rest'rant! — (Chicken? Stewed or fried?)
A gin-mill! There's the rub!"

She lay back on the cable then
And dreamed of alt her past-
Of gales and ice and shouting men,
Taut canvas in the blast.

The shriek of wind, the sting of sleet,
The green seas sweeping back,
The clinging seamen with their feet
Braced on the foot-rope track,

With bellies pressed against the yard.
Chilled fingers clutching sail,
And elbow movement slowed and hard
By wind on raincoat's tail.

She thought of evenings still and bright,
Locked in Antarctic Pack, —
Ice-blink ahead, and blue-black night
Behind her in her track.

When Byrd and English paced her deck
With anxious eyes ahead, While
Ben Johansen said. "By beck,
Ve'll push trou or ve're dead!"

Then Crusen — (now it's forty-one) —
Fought through to Biscoe Isles
To free the men on Stonington.
One hundred forty miles

Of tee-locked sea BEAR could not break,
So in a patched up plane
The East Base men—a chance to take —
All reached the ship again.

Her thoughts then flew back sixty years
To Bering Sea Patrol,
Her fights with poachers, British jeers,
And heavy whale-ship toll.

Her year of aid to Barrow town
And starving Aleuts, And
murderers at her yard-arm
A-hangng in their boots.

Now, back to present, and the gale
Off Nova Scotia's shore:
The seas run high, the tug men pale,
"Old BEAR can't take much more!"

Old ships have souls, some sailors say.
And some have died of shame,—
I'll not contend this, either way,
And I will place no blame

But tell you just what seamen saw
Aboard that towing ship;
The BEAR heaved back, began to yaw,—
Her bow commenced to dip.

Then with a muffled, mighty sigh
Her seams all opened wide,
And with her colors gaff-tip high
She plunged beneath the tide!

"West Over Sea," the Vikings said
When funeral was planned,
With chieftain lying midships, dead.
Full armored, sword in band.

I'll always feel, as some will voice
Who worked that ship with me,
That she went down by her own choice —
The BEAR - West Over Sea!



The Grim Reaper sure took its toll on Antarcticans this past summer, and it drove home that a lot of Antarctic history went with them. Several years ago a well-known Antarctic historian contacted me relative to doing oral histories on some of the better known, aging Antarcticans. It was an excellent idea, but it never got off the ground for one reason or another. Perhaps this is something which the Antarctic Society should consider doing. Any thoughts would be appreciated.

Ordinarily we don't have two meetings so close together as our first two of the current 1992-93 season, but when you have someone of the caliber of Phil Law available, you squeeze them in, at all costs.

This is the 15th year that Siple and Dalrymple have put these things together. We have written 86 of them. In the whole life span of our Society, only 105 have been put out, with some of the earlier ones just being meeting announcements.

We have often wondered what we were doing, never really being happy with calling this a newsletter, but masquerading under that guise so it would look good when recruiting members. But "that aging Brit," whom we actually admire, Bernard Stonehouse, inadvertently put it all into its true perspective when he wrote that he was joining our Society so he could keep abreast of the "taradiddle" that we were expounding in these pages. So now we know, and you know, that this isn't really a newsletter but a lot of "taradiddle."

If any of you folks choose to read these pages, please be aware that they may be hazardous to your blood pressure. This writer has done a self-evaluation, and decided that he can no longer be good. If you have a hangup on sexism, you will have a problem digesting what he wrote about Judy Reusswig and Norman Vaughan. But so be it, that's your tough luck. Besides, both Judy and Carolyn are understanding.

Our membership is doing quite well, although we haven't made a head count recently. The good news is that a greater percentage of our members are people who have actually been to Antarctica. In the past year, many of our new members were there in the early days of Deep Freeze. We will be going to Washington in mid-September, and bills will be sent out then. If you don't get a bill, you don't owe! Again we beseech those of you renewing to do so for multiple years, as it makes it less laborious for Ruth Siple who runs this whole Society

There are some facts herein, there's some fiction, certainly some enhancement. "Taradiddling" all over the place. It's up to you to determine which is which. But for Heaven's sake, don't take things too seriously, please! "LET THE GAMES BEGIN."

1993 NEW ZEALAND ANTARCTIC CALENDARS. We don't know exactly how to handle this side the basic fact that we order and buy next year's calendars in the spring before we actually see them, getting them by ship in early autumn. Then we sell them for a bare minimum markup. Ruth packages and mails them - sort of a favor to you member! There are always some lost in mailing, and some damaged, which have to be replaced.

Our philosophy on ordering calendars is that Antarctica sells itself, that calendars should be works of art. In recent years we have offered only the New Zealand Antarctic calendars, as their pictures, mostly by Colin Monteath, have been superb. The Navy-TJSAP Antarctic calendars, in our estimation, are a mixed bag of worms with picture after picture of aircraft, buildings, and equipment; and with the dates full of insignificant data, such as when Finland acceded to the Antarctic Treaty, and the date when Hugh Evans died. Their calendar needs editing in the worst way, so in spite of the annual pleas of Michele Raney and the newly-married Karen Harrower for the Navy-USAP calendar, we don't offer it.

This year we have a bit of a problem, but not for you naturalists who like pictures of penguins, seals, snow petrels, albatrosses, and sea lions. The Adelie centerfold is just great, and there is a fantastic picture of a bunch of free-loading Chinstraps getting a ride on a sculptured berg. Ditto for a company-sized conference of Emperors near Mawson Station. But December is an absolute horror with a Kiwi playing a flute in a cluttered tent scene, in the Dry Valley. This year's New Zealand Antarctic calendar is certainly not up to its usual high standard, but it's still a pretty good calendar.

We are selling it for the same price as last year - \$10, - a good buy, and probably four dollars cheaper than through a well-known polar wholesale book dealer. We hope you will support our campaign to sell these calendars, as we have ordered a lot, and don't want to eat them for Christmas.

FORMER COMMANDER OF EAST BASE SUCCUMBS. Dick Black, Poet Laureate of the Antarctic, died of cancer, following a long illness, on 11 August, in a nursing home in Bethesda, Maryland. He had turned 90 on the preceding day, and was the oldest living former head of a U.S. Antarctic station. His passing leaves George Toney, a Washington lawyer, as the earliest living former station leader, having been the head of Byrd Station in 1957.

Dick Black was a most unlikely Antarctic in a lot of ways, as he was a tried and true son of landed gentry birth in the Commonwealth of Virginia. His ancestral home in Woodbridge, Virginia, Rippon Lodge, was built in 1725 by his great, great, great, great, great grandfather, Richard Blackburn. That's what you really call roots. Dick also maintained a residence in the Georgetown section of Washington, but Rippon Lodge will be remembered as his true home. Originally the estate constituted some 300 acres, although he sold off most of it a few years ago, keeping forty acres around the house which has been declared a National Historic Landmark. Our Society used to hold our mid-winter picnics at Rippon Lodge, but when some members weren't particularly good housekeepers, we had to seek an alternative!

Dick was probably more Shakespearian than Antarctic, and was very active in the Shakespeare Theatre at the Folger in Washington. At their annual ball Dick always went costumed as some character out of Shakespeare, and, invariably, so it seemed, the Washington POST would publish a picture of him in all his finery. He was a Shakespearian who just happened to be an Antarctic. And his love of the theater manifested itself, in part, by his love of poetry. His epic ballad on the demise of the BEAR OF OAKLAND was read by his son, Douglas, at his funeral service, and we are republishing it in this issue as another tribute to Dick, knowing that all of you will enjoy it.

Dick's son was born while Dick was at sea enroute to Antarctica in 1933. Unfortunately his wife died while giving birth. We remember hearing Bud Waite, Dick's roommate onboard ship, saying that he (Bud) received the death radio message and could not tell him, so went to the Admiral and told him that he had to tell Dick. Whoever paired Waite with Black onboard the ship certainly had an odd sense of humor, as they were about as opposite as they possibly could have been!

Dick Black was relatively close to Admiral Byrd. He was one of a select few who were called to Byrd's bedside just prior to his death when the Navy bestowed a high-ranking medal on him. Byrd was a very sick man at the time, but insisted on being dressed in full military uniform for the occasion; and if our memory serves us correctly, they all had to wait several hours before they could get the Admiral dressed.

Dick was retired as an admiral in 1962, but continued working on programs related to the Antarctic while at the Office of Naval Research until his final retirement from government service in 1967. Prior to the International Geophysical Year, he had served on active duty with an Antarctic planning group, and made his last trip to Antarctica at that time, 1957.

Together with Steve Corey, Dick was one of the prime movers when members of the 1933-35 Byrd Antarctic Expedition held their 50th reunion in Washington in 1983. In keeping with Dick's posture in Washington, it was held in the palatial and historic home of the Society of the Cincinnati. It doesn't get much better than that, at least on this planet,,

The funeral service for Dick was held on 19 August in the chapel at Fort Myer, followed by a graveside service at Arlington National Cemetery, with full military honors - an Honor Guard of about sixty Navy men and women, a military band, a six-horse-drawn caisson carrying the flag-draped coffin, and a nine-gun salute. And like another Dick's funeral service (Dick Goldthwait's - see preceding Newsletter), the 23rd Psalm was read, "Faith of Our Fathers" was sung, and afterwards, at a reception, a long buffet table of goodies was spread out for attendees.

The following paragraphs were taken from the Washington POST's obituary on 12 August:

A civil engineer by profession, Adm. Black began his career working for mining, railroad and engineering enterprises in Canada and the western United States. From 1933 to 1935, he was a civilian member of Rear Adm. Richard E. Byrd's Second Antarctic Expedition. From 1939 to 1941, he was the civilian in charge of East Base, which was established [along with West Base for the U.S. Antarctic Service Expedition] under Byrd's leadership. In all, he made five trips to Antarctica, and the Richard Black Coast is named in his honor.

From 1936 to 1939, the future admiral worked for the Interior Department in Hawaii, and during that period he was commissioned in the Naval Reserve. In August 1941, he was called to active duty and sent to Hawaii. He was at Pearl Harbor on Dec. 7, 1941, when the Japanese attacked and brought the United States into World War II. Subsequently, Adm. Black served in the Tarawa and Saipan campaigns. In the latter operation, he was awarded a Bronze Star for directing troops and supplies through a narrow channel despite enemy mortar and artillery fire.

In 1946, Adm. Black returned to civilian life and became an aeronautics official in Hawaii. In 1950, he joined the operations research office of Johns Hopkins University. While working there, he was sent to aid in the Korean War as a civilian with the assimilated rank of colonel.

Adm. Black was born in Grand Forks, N.D. He was a graduate of the University of North Dakota, which later gave him an honorary doctorate. He served in the Army Reserve from 1926 to 1937. In addition to the Bronze Star, his decorations include the Special Silver Medal for the second Byrd expedition.

Survivors include his wife of 55 years, Aviza Johnson Black of Washington and Woodbridge; their two daughters, Debra Jane Black of Washington and Carrie Elizabeth Black of San Francisco; a son from his first marriage, Douglas F.B. Black of Beattyville, Kentucky; and five grandchildren.

FIRST ANTARCTIC FLOATING ICE RESEARCH STATION A 117-DAY SUCCESSFUL "ENDURANCE" ADVENTURE.

Some seventy-seven years after The Boss found himself and his men entrapped in the ice of the Weddell Sea, sixty Russians and Americans occupied an ice floe in the approximate area where the ENDURANCE had carried Shackleton back in 1915. There are, at least, two similarities in the two expeditions; one being that they were in the same general area, the second being that neither expedition lost any personnel. Shackleton was there because the whims of The Almighty prevented him from getting the ENDURANCE to the continent itself. Ice Station Weddell was there because some great thinkers thought it should be put there, and modern technology made it all possible.

One was probably Antarctica's greatest success story of human survival; one was probably one of Antarctica's greatest short-term, international, scientific success stories. The Ice Station Weddell was occupied only four months; while the overall time from entrapment to civilization for Shackleton's crew was twenty-two months and twenty-two days. The Ice Station Weddell drifted approximately 400 miles, being occupied at approximately 71°35'S, 50°01'W, being abandoned at close to 66°S, 53°W. The research ice-floe station barely moved on some days; at other times it drifted as much as 10 miles in a day. The old ENDURANCE drifted approximately 1500 miles!

It is remarkable in many ways that the station was ever established, as it was a brain child back in June 1988 when a group of Russian and American scientists got together. It not only survived the breakup of the Soviet Union, but it also survived economic problems with their Antarctic research, which, one might say, was on very thin ice. However, plans were carried out, and the AKADEMIK FEDOROV found some good thick ice, a 1.7-square-mile floe which was six and a half feet thick. So they off-loaded some 80 tons of equipment and gear, and the station became a reality.

Sixty researchers were on the ice floe, although only 32 were there at any one time. Personnel were either rotated by aircraft or by ship (R/V NATHANIEL B. PALMER and the aforementioned AKADEMIK FEDOROV). They apparently lived much better than Shackleton, as metropolitan downtown Weddell consisted of a mess hall, latrines, storehouses, generators, and even a sauna. You know it can't be all bad when you have a four-month station, and they give you a sauna, and rotate personnel. And two more pluses were a camp doctor and a chef. Scientists lived in pre-assembled Russian-built huts mounted on skis, or in 12-x16-foot tents, both supplied with heater so temperaturewise it wasn't too mean, as it ranged from a balmy 29°F to a low of only -33°F, certainly no worse than International Falls. The lowest wind chill was -60°, a subtropical day on top of Mt. Washington, New Hampshire. To make sure everyone was toasty warm, each was given some 62 pounds of clothing.

One of the many significant scientific findings, according to Chief Scientist, Dr. Arnold L. Gordon, professor of oceanography at Columbia University, was that the continental slope off the Antarctic Peninsula was about 62 miles farther west than previously thought. How that will affect the people in Peoria, we're not quite sure, as it seems pretty close for those of us who don't get overly excited about continental slopes. But Arnold says this is a fundamental topographic difference that will change scientists' understanding of ocean circulation patterns.

A press release from Columbia University, dated 5 June 1992, said that the expedition scientists gathered the first extensive data on the rates of heat exchange between the Antarctic atmosphere and the ocean, the intervening role of the sea cover, and the circulation of the ocean below the ice in the Weddell Sea. In the western Weddell Sea, water becomes cold and dense enough to sink and spread along the sea floor into most of the world's oceans. A thin layer of water, called a pycnocline, separates cold surface waters from deeper, warmer waters in the western Weddell. After gathering measurements of temperatures, salinity, heat fluxes and currents through many oceanic layers as the ice floe drifted northward, the scientists now believe that

the pycnocline is strong and stable in the western Weddell Sea and prevents warmer waters from rising and melting the ice.

By contrast, warm waters do occasionally rise to the surface of the eastern Weddell, melting sea ice. The cold refreezes the ice, but as it does, salt is released, destabilizing the pycnocline and allowing warm waters to reach the surface and melt the sea ice in a cyclical process. The scientists now think that cold air funneling up the Antarctic Peninsula brings more snow to the western Weddell, which deters the melting of sea ice and helps maintain the pycnocline barrier.

Who are the scientists? As mentioned above, Arnold Gordon was the Chief Scientist on the station, and his Russian counterpart was V.V. Lukin, Chairman of the Soviet Antarctic Expedition to the Weddell Station. Scientists came from the Arctic and Antarctic Research Institute in St. Petersburg, Lamont-Doherty Geophysical Observatory at Columbia University, Oregon State University, University of Southern California, University of North Texas, University of Washington, Cold Regions Research and Engineering Laboratory, Science Application International Corporation, and McPhee Research Company.

INTERNATIONAL CENTRE FOR ANTARCTIC INFORMATION AND RESEARCH (ICAIR). ICAIR is an independent, non-profit organization established under the auspices of the Royal Society of New Zealand (New Zealand Academy of Sciences). The Centre evolved out of earlier proposals for the establishment of an International Environmental Information System, ICAIR is located at the International Antarctic Centre, Christchurch New Zealand. Financial support is provided by the New Zealand government. The Centre has the full support of the three Antarctic programs of New Zealand, the United States, and Italy.

ICAIR's missions are 1) to develop and operate a Centre of acknowledged international leadership in the collection, coordination, utilization, and dissemination of predominantly scientific and environmental digital information on Antarctica and the Southern Ocean; 2) to facilitate the exchange and analysis of data related to Antarctica's role in global processes; 3) to contribute to the development of soundly based principles for environmental management and planning in Antarctica; and 4) to foster research utilizing the information and resources of the Centre.

The Centre will espouse the key principles of the Antarctic Treaty, in particular freedom for scientific investigations, cooperation and exchange of information and data. Its goals will only be achieved through cooperation and collaboration between international scientists and organizations. Information and data will be provided at the lowest possible cost, which, as a first principle will be no more than the cost of reproduction.

The immediate objectives are 1) to establish a corporate and operational infrastructure to support the activities of the Centre; 2) to develop a Ross Sea Region Science Directory; 3) to develop an environmental database for the Ross Sea Region; and 4) to establish a Ross Sea Region logistical information database to support activities of the national Antarctic programs based at the International Antarctic Centre (IAC).

A paper outlining a proposal for the establishment of the International Antarctic Science Directory is available on request from ICAIR. The International Antarctic Environmental Database would establish the information systems required to service the Protocol to the Antarctic Treaty. It will provide data critical for environmental impact assessment, data for environmental management, for the coordination of developing programs in Antarctic environmental management, and baseline information against which to measure change.

If you want more information about ICAIR's activities and objectives, or to be put on a list for a pending, forthcoming ICAIR Newsletter, send your name, position, organization, and address to International Centre for Antarctic Information and Research, P.O. Box 14-199, Christchurch, New Zealand. (We are indebted to Charles K. Paul, NSF Representative, New Zealand, for the above.)

NOT NORMAN VAUGHAN, AGAIN. My idol, 86-year-old Norman Vaughan, is at it again. He has been on Good Morning, America this summer, specifically on 6 July. He has been in Greenland down at the bottom of that 268-foot hole, retrieving parts of a P-38 which crashed there fifty years ago on 15 July 1942. He has been lecturing all across the States. He has been fund-raising in an effort to man an expedition to the top of 10,320-foot Mt. Vaughan in 1994. He wants to be on top of his mountain in the Antarctic on his 88th birthday, and don't count him out quite yet. Any old geezer in his mid-eighties who can talk a young, good-looking, personable Georgian Peach into becoming his fourth wife, promising her nothing materially, because all he has is a bunch of dogs and a place so far out in the boondocks that you can't get there from anywhere, can do anything.

In the September issue of OUTSIDE, David Roberts, son of an illustrious American scientist, Walter Orr Roberts, wrote about him, "Norman Vaughan - Act Your Age." Well, Norman will never act his age, as that's not his bent. The guy was in disgustingly good shape as he wheeled into Maine this summer; we got to see him again, and meet for the first time Carolyn, who, not surprisingly, is also in good shape. She has her own dog team, and she also runs the Iditarod. And the plans for the Vaughan Antarctic Expedition call for her to stand atop Mt. Vaughan with old Norman.

Roberts recalled some of Norman's adventures and shenanigans, which are often separated by such a fine line that you can't differentiate one from the other; such as going up to Pope John Paul II's plane in Fairbanks and taking him for a dog sledge trip; such as crashing the Jimmy Carter inaugural parade in 1981. The facts are that most everything he does is inconceivable to any mere mortal. He still enters the 1,150-mile Iditarod, having raced in it thirteen times. He had to scratch last March after 194 miles out when temperatures dipped to fifty below and his lead dogs got balky. When he was a 19-year-old Harvard dropout in 1925, he spent eight months in Labrador and Newfoundland with the legendary Wilfred Grenfell, ministering to the natives. Then he went on Byrd's first expedition to Antarctica in 1928-30, where he was a dog-team driver. In the 1932 Olympics, he drove a dog team to a 10th-place finish when mushing was a demonstration sport. And he made another Olympic appearance at the last winter Olympics in Albertville, again when dog sledging emerged as a demonstration event. I think going down a 42-inch-wide hole to the bottom of a 268-foot-deep shaft to get a plane out of the snow and ice is about as ridiculous as it can get for someone 86 years old.

But his latest endeavor, to dog-team it to the top of Mt. Vaughan, is going to be a hard one to pull off. First, there is the problem with getting dogs there, because even though the Antarctic Protocol banning dogs in Antarctica doesn't go into effect until after his proposed date for climbing, the U.S., supposedly, is going to honor the words of the Protocol ahead of the specified date. And then there is the matter of bucks. Norman has all kinds of backers, including L.L. Bean, but he needs megabucks. He has to raise \$1.5 million. For Adventure Networks to get them to Patriots Hill, that will cost 800K. He needs to be a big winner in one of those large state lotteries. If you want to find out more about his expedition, or if you want to be some kind of a contributor, contact Norman or Carolyn (P.O. Box 770395, Eagle River, Alaska 99507).

HEY, LOOK ME OVER, I'M NOT SO BAD. That's what a comely Antarctic blonde said to

the manufacturer of Saturn automobiles, and now she, one Judy Reusswig of Bethesda, Maryland, is all over our television screens, and about to appear in our magazines hawking Saturns. You may have seen Judy on Jeopardy last year, although she was short-lived on that program, as they threw her some curve balls, and she made a fast exit.

But the story we are about to tell you is a very interesting one about an enterprising lass with looks and smarts. Seems her 1974 Impala was getting some road mileage, and Judy, impressed by an article in an October 1991 issue of TIME about the team concept of building Saturns, test drove one, liked it, and ordered one. Judy had been impressed by the team concept of building Saturns, and felt that she was becoming a member of the team by becoming an owner. So she sent a letter to the "team members who are building my car," and told them the reasons she had chosen a Saturn. As a final touch, Judy enclosed her school picture and asked that it be put in the glove compartment so the workers would know for whom the car was being built. It's not certain, as we go to press, whether Judy told them she was single or sent along her vital statistics. If she didn't, she should have. Anyway, when she got the car, there was her picture in the glove compartment. But there was also a poster of the people who had built her car, signed by all, saying, "Thanks for choosing Saturn."

Later on she got a call from Saturn's advertising agency, asking her approval to make a commercial based on her letter. They sent her a script and a talent release, and had an actress all lined up to play Judy Reusswig. She wrote back that she was the only one with that name and that they should use her. The company must have said, "She's a dizzy blonde, but let her come down here to New Jersey, she will bomb out, and then we'll use that actress." She was given a token opportunity, went to northern New Jersey; they opened a school, found sixteen kids on the sidewalks, brought them in; and the director barked, "Okay, teach." Then they had Judy do another lesson, and the flabbergasted director yelled, "Cut," turned to his assistants and said, "I can't believe it, she is better than an actress." And so Judy was on her way to the big time.

She got a call from Hollywood, where a production company filmed it, and an editor, along with people from the ad agency, did the final cut. Then came the Olympics, and there she was on opening night and every day thereafter during the Olympics. And that commercial is going to be shown on TV into 1994! She was invited to Dallas to a sales meeting of Saturn personnel, and later flown to the Big Apple for a photo session where they are making a print ad out of the letter for magazine use. Every time it is shown, Judy makes a trip to the bank. She claims she is still the same humble school teacher of yore, but how can she be after going to Tinsel City and appearing in my bedroom every night during the Olympics? She is truly the Antarctic Society answer to Candice Bergen. The real good news is that she is such a powerful, convincing letter writer that she automatically moves to the head of the line as heir apparent to writing this column. We're ready if you're ready, Judy.

FORECLOSING ON GREEN FLASH. In the last Newsletter we printed Steve Warren's additional comments on the green flash, but ran out of space. He wanted you readers to know that eleven other camp members also saw what he reported. He also wanted to give you a couple of references to read, which are "Sunsets, Twilights, and Evening Skies" by Aden and Marjorie Meinel, published in 1983, and "Clouds in A Glass of Beer" by Craig Bohren, published in 1987.

We here in the Nerve Center thinketh if anyone is really interested in reading any thing about atmospheric phenomena in Antarctica they would have a hardtime finding anything better than what Gosta Liljequist of Upsala wrote after being on the British-Swedish-Norwegian fabulous expedition to Maudheim back in 1949-51. Unfortunately.

Gosta sort of vanished from the Antarctic scene after his classic volumes on the energy budget of Antarctica.

If you are interested in reading something understandable about the green flash, look up the January issue of SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN, where a photo of the green flash adorns the cover. A Catholic priest, Father D.J.K. O'Connell, of the Vatican Observatory at Castel Gandolfo, wrote the article. To take his pictures, he used a reflecting telescope having a focal length of eight feet! He wrote, "to see the flash with a naked eye requires a sharp horizon and a sky free of haze - conditions most likely to be found in deserts, or on mountains, or over water. The clear desert air of Egypt affords an exceptionally favorable setting, and the flash appeal very frequently there."

This same article by Father O'Connell said that the longest display of the green flash on record was at Little America in 1935 - about thirty-five minutes. The sun glazed the irregular horizon of the barrier ice, and the green flash was seen off and on like it was at the South Pole this year. However, the duration of the green flash at Amundsen-Scott Station must be a new world's record if Little America held it previously, as theirs exceeded thirty-five minutes by quite a few minutes. C'est finis.

BERGY BITS. Henry Brecher informs us that the late Emanuel Rudolph's personal library actually numbered over 55,000 volumes! That means from the time he was born until he was laid to rest, he either bought or was given two and a half books per day! Our condolences to Ed Stump on the loss of his brother, Mugs, in a mountain-climbing accident on Mt. McKinley in May. Mugs accompanied Ed on some of his Antarctic research expeditions into the Transantarctic Mountains. He was one of the world's premier mountaineer. Lee Winslow Court, an artist who painted in Antarctica back in the late 1960s, died at age 88 on 13 July 1992. We knew Lee, as he had a summer home on Monhegan Island, and we saw him and Ruby (whom he met on a cruise ship and later married) occasionally. He was quite famous as an artist and as a designer. He was also a first-class character, and some of his, shall we say "personal art work" was rather hilarious. If you are in Minneapolis between now and 15 November, be sure to drop in to view Stuart Klipper's "Photographs from the Polar Regions" at the Minnesota Institute of Arts, 2400 Third Avenue South. This exhibit should have a great run, as his photographs of Antarctica are, in the vernacular of the State of Maine, THE FINEST KIND There are three Antarctic documentaries on the way, produced in New Zealand by units from their National History Programs. Two, "The Longest Night" and "The Emperors ", were to be viewed in Christchurch during the past two months, with proceeds going to the Antarctic Heritage Trust. Gil Dewart, who survived wintering-over with a real bunch of characters at Wilkes in 1957, who later on did a post-graduate year with the Russians at Mirny, who wrote ANTARCTIC COMRADES, has written that somehow a relief effort to assist our polar comrades should be established. He recalled how Fridtjof Nansen headed up a relief effort to the famine-stricken Soviet Union after the "great War." Anyone with any ideas at all about carrying out this polar tradition should contact Gil directly (Dr. Gilbert Dewart, P.O. Box 331, Pasadena, CA 91102). The popular Antarctic Boy Scout of 1986, Lou Sugarman, is in Japan for several years on a Rotary International Fellowship. Currently he's in an intensive nine-month language training program at the International Christian University in Mitaka. Then he will commence his academic studies at the University of Tokyo. With his personality, he'll make out, no matter where. Susan and Wayne Trivelpiece had a baby chinstrap on March 24th, named her Sara Ruth. What a funny name for a penguin! BUY CALENDARS!!!!!!!!!!!!