THE ANTARCTICAN SOCIETY

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HONORARY PRESIDENT — MRS. PAUL A. SIPLE

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First Lecture by An Operations Manager

AEROBICS TO ZODIACS: AN A TO Z GUIDE TO LIFE AT PALMER STATION

by

Ann Peoples

Operations Manager
Palmer Station

on

Thursday evening, April 21, 1994

8 PM

National Science Foundation
4201 Wilson Blvd., Arlington

Room 375

(Entrance at back of building on the corner of 9th St. N. & N. Stuart St. one-half block from Metro Ballston Station)

Ann Peoples majored in Anthropology at Wheaton College in Norton, Massachusetts, and while a student, she worked summers for the National Park Service. Her route to Antarctica was via the Grand Canyon, Mesa Verde, and Gates of the Arctic. Ann's Antarctic career began in 1981, and by 1986 she was a full-time penguin. She has worked as Berg Field Center Manager at McMurdo and as Logistics Manager for Antarctic Support Associates. In 1991 she became the first woman hired as a Station Manager for USAP. She has been driven by a commitment to education and management of natural resources, and guided by a love of the outdoors.

Don't forget the Grand Opening of Neelon Crawford's exhibit at the National Academy of Sciences, 2101 Constitution Avenue, Washington, DC on Friday, April 8th, with a reception from 5:30 - 7:30 PM. to which the public is invited.

Our Society has had 170 lectures in the history of our lifetime, dating back some thirty-five years, and we bet that our Honorary President has attended close to 160. For the past sixteen years, she has missed only two or three! Not only that — in those sixteen years she has made all the coffee, even though truck-driver strong, and bought all the cookies. She has mailed out every calendar, every cachet envelope, every book sold. She provides her home as our headquarters, she answers all the mail, and she pacifies all irritators who don't like something. And at least twice, if not more, she has talked this soul from retiring from a thankless job, as she evidently doesn't want me to have peace and tranquility in retirement. Is there any other society which is the product of one person's commitment and dedication? We doubt it. So the next time you see Ruth Siple, give her a pat on the back and say, "You are doing one hell of a great job." Otherwise she might stop typing these things - she does them in one day - and folding and stuffing and mailing 600 envelopes, which takes about twenty-four more hours.

Haste makes waste. Last Newsletter - Vostok has been in operation only since 1957; the David Livingston Medal should have been credited to the American Geographical Society; and we misspelled Port Lyttelton.

Remember, this so-called misnomer of a Newsletter is NOT the voice of the Society, just an isolated voice of someone miles from the centers of Antarctic activities.

WOMEN IN ANTARCTICA—HISTORY AND ISSUES, was the subject of an open panel discussion on 22 March at the National Science Foundation. This was all part of NSF's celebration of Women's History Month, sponsored by the Office of Equal Opportunity.

Kim Fassbender, Senior Program Assistant for Polar Operations at NSF gave a slide presentation about the U.S. Antarctic Program, and presented statistics on women (?) in the program. She shared perspectives on administration of the 1200-person McMurdo Station.

Dr. Michele Raney, newly appointed to the faculty of the UCLA Medical School's Department of Anesthesiology, provided the history. Michele, who was the first woman to winter over at the South Pole in 1979, finds herself now as sort of an Antarctic human fossil, as she opened the wintering-over doors for women at the South Pole, and they haven't been closed since. In fact, for the first time ever, this year's wintering-over party at the South Pole has a woman in charge - Janet Phillips, Facilities Engineer with Antarctic Support Associates. Michele participated in an international conference on Women in Antarctica in Australia last August, and she told those attending this panel discussion everything they ever wanted to know about women in Antarctica By the way, Michele came back from Down Under as sort of a heroine, as she was the object of many interviews and television appearances.

The other panelist was Rebecca Johnson who is writing a book for young readers about women in Antarctica. She won the National Science Teachers Association Award for the best science book in 1993, *Investigating the Ozone Hole* (Lerner 1993). In April she will be the keynote speaker at a four-state conference for young women on WINGS (Women Investigating Science and Mathematics). Did I miss something there in that acronym?

Guy Guthridge, Manager of the National Science Foundation's Polar Information Program, will be the convenor and moderator.

THE CLAIRVOYANT PAUL A. SIPLE, in his PhD dissertation at Clark University in 1939 wrote, "If in the distant future Antarctica should prove to be of sufficient commercial value for the establishment of a permanent base, perhaps the power of both solar radiation and wind could be harnessed to the extent that inhabitants could cook food and heat their houses by this transposed energy."

Turn the calendar ahead by fifty-five years, and what do we have? Heating of the summer dormitory building at the South Pole. At least the solar unit ran some 96 hours during the period 18 February through 26 February, when the sun was relatively low in the sky, 11°52'56.9" to 8°59'02.2". During one week the three and one-half story building needed to burn only 12 gallons of fuel to supplement the heat generated by its solar panels. Now if they could just find a way to keep the sun above the horizon for the whole year, NSF would have it made.

The solar collectors are simple cells, in which sunlight passes through glass faces, behind which sheets of copper, coated with black chromium powder, absorb solar radiation Air circulated through chambers behind the hot copper plates is pumped through the building's ventilation system. John Lynch was quoted in Malcolm W. Browne's article in the New York Times of 22 February as saying, "This can eventually lead to a lot of solar heating at the Pole and some significant fuel savings."

That same article by Browne ended up with a paragraph on unconventional designs and technology reducing costs, and gave a for-instance, "new buildings built on stilts, allowing snow and ice crystals to blow away instead of piling up against walls." Well, good luck to them, as anyone familiar with the Dye stations on the Greenland Ice Cap knows that those stations had to be jacked up periodically, as huge drifts of snow were deposited upwind of the mammoth seven-story buildings.

And the current issue, September 1993, of the Antarctic Journal shows windmills on Black Island being used as an alternative source of energy for a satellite communication facility. So the late Paul Siple was 2 for 2 in his crystal-balling for the Antarctic way back in 1939. You can't beat perfection!

FARTHEST SOUTH (with apologies to Sir Ernest). The Coast Guard icebreaker POLAR SEA on 5 February reached the new southernmost point on Earth accessible by surface ship — just 690.1 nautical (?) miles from the South Pole — at the Ross Ice Shelf near Roosevelt Island. In 1987 an iceberg (B-9) had calved from the shelf's former Bay of Whales area, leaving a bay more southerly than Gould Bay on the Filchner Ice Shelf. The ship was doing oceanography and mapping for Lamont-Doherty Earth Observatory, and now is on the way to Sydney, its antarctic work done.

CHIEF OPERATING ENGINEER ON BYRD ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION SUCCUMBS. Clay Bailey died January 21, 1994 at his home in Sedona, Arizona, at age 87, ending a rather long and distinguished career, which included being the senior radio operator on the Second Byrd Antarctic Expedition, 1933-35, as well as being Director of Communications on the U.S. Antarctic Service Expedition, 1939-41. Clay served as fleet electronics officer on Admiral Halsey's staff on various flagships, including the USS MISSOURI, during World War II. Then in 1951 he joined Hazelton Electronics as division head and manager of their Whitestone Division in New York. And his last employment was as supervisor of engineering and experimental work for the Pomona Division of Convair.

On the second Byrd expedition he personally transmitted and received one million words with the Mackay Radio Company, the channel for the expedition traffic. Because of the

speed and volume of traffic keyed by Clay, the Mackay Company found it necessary to send two special operators from New York City to San Francisco in order to handle his traffic. And, for the very first time, he transmitted radio photographs over a distance of 10,000 miles.

In 1940 Admiral Byrd called him the foremost expert in the Naval service in polar communication problems. He organized the Communication Department of the Antarctic Service, drew up a comprehensive plan covering Navy, Army, commercial, and amateur channels, and drafted the specifics under which the radio equipage of the Antarctic Service was manufactured.

He is survived by his wife Frances and several nieces and a nephew. Internment was at Arlington National Cemetery, where he joined Byrd, Balchen, and Black. Could we say that the BBBB is now operating on a very high frequency?

A LOW-LATITUDE ANTARCTIC GAZETTEER (Robert B. Stephenson - concluded). For those of us who have no legitimate reason to go there, Antarctica isn't the easiest place to visit, nor is it the cheapest. But vicarious travellers can find places of Antarctic interest close to home and, for the dedicated enthusiast, some are certainly worth a look. I've been collecting these low-latitude Antarctic attractions over the years, and would welcome any additions, of which I'm sure there are many.

Right here in the U.S. Richard Byrd rightfully dominates my American Collection. There's, of course, the statue on the Avenue of Heroes in Arlington National Cemetery, across from the visitors' center (his gravesite is a few hundred feet further into the Cemetery). Dedicated in 1961, the sculptor was Felix de Weldon who also did the Iwo Jima Memorial not far away. (A similar version, as a bust, is in front of the NSF Chalet at McMurdo; and another full-size version is at the National Antarctic Center in Reedsport, Oregon. And probably more still elsewhere.) At the Naval Academy Museum in Annapolis there's a bronze bust of Byrd in naval uniform sculpted by Benjamin T. Gilbert. (I had heard that a sledge from one of Scott's expeditions was at the Academy, but no one seemed to know about it when I was there.) The Admiral's Boston home is at 9 Brimmer Street, at the foot of Beacon Hill. It was still in the family until sometime in the 80s and has since been renovated. (No plaque or other indication of its famous occupant; in fact, there's no memorial to Byrd of any kind that I know of in Boston, which seems a pity.) At the Pine Ridge Cemetery for Small Animals, in Dedham, Massachusetts, there is the grave of Igloo, the Admiral's loyal fox terrier who was a seasoned traveler on the ice. His headstone resembles a rather large iceberg. A few miles to the west, in Framingham, there are some Byrd memorabilia on display at "Ebenezer's Place," a bar in the renovated railroad station in the center of town on Rt. 135. At Loon Mountain in Lincoln, New Hampshire, there is a display case in the lobby of The Mountain Club, where there is a small American flag that Byrd gave to Sherman Adams in 1954. Byrd's accompanying letter says that "this flag was....with me on our flight over the South Pole in 1929 and all of my major flights of exploration. It was also with me when a combination of unforeseen circumstances forced me to spend the winter night alone at scientific duties in the shadow of the South Pole."

In Wonalancet on Route 113A are the Chinook Kennels, commemorated by an official stat historical marker (Antarctic was misspelled on the first version!). Many Alaskan Malamute and Siberian huskies were raised and trained here (and at the kennels' original location perhaps a mile away), including those handled by Norman Vaughan. Eddie Goodale and Fred Crockett on Byrd's first expedition. Also there is a memorial stone dedicated in 1938 by Byrd "To All Noble Dogs" who gave their lives in U.S. service. A third stone, with a dogsled engraved on it, memorializes the Seeleys who owned and ran the kennels for many years.

At the Washington Navy Yard is the Navy Museum, a cavernous warehouse full of interesting exhibits, including a large one devoted to polar subjects, both north and south. Byrd's famous hut *(Alone}* is recreated there, as well as a variety of odds and ends, such as radio equipment, clothing, and the original stove with kerosene burner that almost led to disaster. On the roof of the hut are two stuffed penguins: an Adelie and an Emperor. Included in the display cases are polar medals, extensive collections of Finn Ronne and Byrd memorabilia, a 1965 1"=100' model of McMurdo Station, numerous examples of expedition china, and even Byrd commemorative wood matches and paper cups, and two tires from a Ford Trimotor. There's both an oil portrait of Byrd by J. G. Cowell, and a 30-inch high statuette (by de Weldon from the looks of it). Some Scott items are on display, too: A Wilson watercolor, a telescope with Scott's name engraved on it, and several items (a theodolite, *a* film container, and chocolate) lent by the Mariners Museum in Newport News. There are two fine ship models: the FLYING FISH (one of Wilkes' ships) and the ASTROLABE (Dumont D'Urville's ship) crafted of ivory. A large collection of papers and artifacts concerning both American and British Antarctic exploration are at the Navy Yard, catalogued but not on exhibit. Charles Wilkes' pistol is there, as is his copy of the *History of Greece* (London 1829); a cake of hand soap and a box of matches from Shackleton's hut at Cape Royds; a wood fragment from the bow of Ross's HMS EREBUS; a variety of food rations from Scott's last expedition.

Of course, Washington has a variety of Antarctic material not on display. The National Archives, the Smithsonian and the Library of Congress all have diverse collections of printed and manuscript material, as do the usual places that are familiar to most Antarcticans: Ohio State, Dartmouth, CRREL, and so on.

(Robert Stephenson welcomes any comments, particularly additions, about the location of significant Antarctic items. His address is: P.O. Box 435, Jaffrey, NH 03452-0435.)

COMMENTS ON SOME ANTARCTIC AUTHORS AND WRITERS. The Winter 1993 issue of Orion Magazine has a feature article on the R/V NATHANIEL B. PALMER by the erudite bard from Oregon, Barry Bishop. Ever since I met Barry a couple of years ago, I have had this innate feeling that he is the premier spokesman for Antarctica. Larry Gould will forever more be the Golden Tongue Orator on Antarctica, but when it comes to the written word, does Barry have an equal? We think not. But it started us thinking about who's who among Antarctic authors and writers, and since we need material to fill space in this Newsletter, why not provide some more very bias material for you?

Very few Antarctic writers/authors have come from the rank and file of Antarcticans who spent time on the ice. Probably the most noted was the late Charlie (BAE II) Murphy, whose biographies on the Duke and Duchess of Windsor were big sellers. Much of Charlie's life was spent with Time, Life, and Fortune magazines, being the bureau chief in Washington for Fortune for fourteen years. He was a prolific writer on defense and intelligence. We had the pleasure of getting to know Charlie a bit when we both were in Washington, and letters from Charlie to our Society were classics. And he went out in style, with classical music filling the church's amphitheater, then his family inviting one and all to one of Charlie's favorite watering holes, the Army-Navy Club in Washington.

Very few Americans have written books about their Antarctic visitations, although Paul Siple, Larry Gould, Joe Hill, Dick Chappell, Gil Dewart, Jack Bursey, Finn Ronne, and Norman Vaughan come to mind. The Ohio State University Press will be publishing the late Bert Crary's volume on his polar life, although this may be a year or two downstream. Wild Bill Cromie, who fast-talked Bill Field into supporting his Antarctic application, somehow or other ended up in the writing arena, once serving as a ghost writer for some of the early astronauts, later being the Executive Secretary of the Scientific Writers of America, and now he is at Harvard. Is that right, Cromie at Harvard? Cambridge will never be the same.

There are other Antarcticans who have published limited editions of their own journals, but who could not be classified as professional authors. One is Charles Passell, the geologist on the U.S. Antarctic Service Expedition, who assisted Paul Siple in conducting his original wind-chill experiments. A polar book dealer fell into a copy a couple of years ago, and was asking a fantastic price for what he called a classic!

Chief Julian "Goody" Gudmundsen recently sent me his memoirs, a great hundred-page glossy edition, liberally sprinkled with family pictures, and a genealogy which goes back to the 1200s. Goody made seven trips to the Antarctic, volunteering for the first one, then going south the other six times at the request of the Navy. "The handle here is Golf, Oscar, Oscar Delta, Yankee" was heard frequently by ham radio operators contacting the Antarctic on single side band back in the early Deep Freeze days. His book is not so much an Antarctic story as it is a family history, and it is interesting as the devil. He has had quite a life, and hobnobbed with the elite when he was assigned once to Camp David. A nice guy.

A unique Antarctican is Moe Morris, ex-VXE-6 pilot, who was active flying in Antarctica during the 1960s, being its Commanding Officer in 1964, 1965, and 1966. As most of you know, he has turned author, and just recently sold another book. His publication list shows five novels, two non-fictions, and a children's book.

In a letter from Moe of 24 February he writes, "I've just completed *Salinika Incident, a* contemporary thriller set in the waters around and on the island of Oahu. My usual stuff. A Navy frigate accidentally encounters an Iraqi terrorist ship that is threatening Oahu with an airborne biological attack. The frigate sinks the ship (the SALINIKA), and because of the main plot circumstances, the skipper of the frigate is court-martialed. A little twist there. Avon Books will be releasing it in mid-95. I'm also trying my hand at a children's book, *Pete, The Perfect Penguin* (What else...) and doing the illustrations as well as the story. A fun project.

"I'm keeping my fingers crossed concerning developments on the possibility of a TV or HBO movie of *The Icemen,* my 1989 effort. *I* did get a serious inquiry from a West Coast production company, Media Enterprises Inc., and their representative asked me if I would be interested in selling the movie rights to the book and also do the screenplay. They have a site picked out in Canada for the filming. When I reminded them that there are no trees or foliage in Antarctica, they mentioned that they had a spot that was pure ice and snow—so it sounds like they've done some homework. I should hear something next month; meanwhile I have started on the screenplay, and the book is adapting well to the format. If it materializes, I will make a pitch to also be a technical advisor since the setting is dear to my heart, and I would hate to see it go 'too Hollywood'."

An early-on favorite of mine is Walter Sullivan. He is sort of the Charles Kuralt of the Antarctic, having been "on the road" to Antarctica since the mid-1950s. I will always be indebted to Walter, as his articles in the New York Times on Antarctica during the IGY made the continent and its programs very much alive for my late father. Walter has a 40-year old Antarctic track record, and we thinketh he has loved every minute of it.

On the other hand, two individuals who fired only one Antarctic salvo and then went on to greener pastures, Alfred Lansing and Stephen J. Pyne, left their eternal footprints in the snow. Lansing's *Endurance,* at one time, was the largest selling Antarctic book of all time in this country. Probably part of its success could be attributed to the fact that it was the Alternate selection of the Book of the Month Club.

And Pyne's book, *The Ice, A Journey to Antarctica,* may be the most profound book ever written by an American on Antarctica. I'm still looking for the first person to have read every word, yet it is a great book. But, unfortunately, it's like marching

through waist-deep snow. When I reviewed the book for this Newsletter, I said it was *a* book you should give to your most elite friends, because, if they read it, they would think you were a true scholar to have selected it. And the book did get all kinds of accolades and awards back in 1990.

In contrast to Pyne, I find everything that Michael Parfit has written to be not only most enjoyable, but easy reading. And, in the end, is that not the bottom line - readibility? I could pick up anything Mike has written and enjoy it, as all of his many articles in the Smithsonian have been good reading. Another man who has written a lot on Antarctica is Charles Neider. I have never been enraptured by his style of writing, but we know he has legions of followers in the Antarctic community.

David Campbell's book, *The Crystal Desert,* received the Houghton Mifflin Literary Fellowship Award in 1992. A valued learned friend tells me that it has more than a few mistakes, and I don't really warm up to any book centered north of the Antarctic Circlet You know those areas are great places to visit, but .....

My true literary love, ever since grade school, has been biographies, and naturally I have hung on every word written by Roland Huntford in *Scott and Amundsen,* then *Shackleton,* and, hopefully, *Nansen.* And I wistfully pray that he will do Mawson, although from what his neighbor, Charles Swithinbank reports, he really has no interest in closing the loop with Mawson. Having personally known so many of Byrd's men and their feelings towards him, there was no way in hell that I was going to get enthralled by Eugene Rodgers[1] .biography on Byrd, which I considered an out-and-out hacket job.

Writing these Newsletters for the past fifteen years — this is Number 95 — I have found the late Ken Bertrand's book on *Americans in Antarctica a* great reference source on the United States' participation in the Antarctic up to the IGY. Bert Crary's book will fill a much needed void on the IGY. An invaluable general reference book for Antarctica is the Reader's Digest's *Antarctica.* If I could have only one Antarctic book in my library, it would be that book, as it has all one needs to know about Antarctica.

There seems to be a virtual potpourri of books on the Antarctic Treaty and the political landscape of Antarctica. I find the annual reports by Lee Kimball much to my liking, as they are more timely than books which are almost outdated by the time they reach the bookstores. But I am sure Chris Joyner, Deborah Shapley, Phillip Quigg, and Bill Westermeyer have their followings, too.

One of my favorite magazine articles on Antarctica was Katherine Bouton's "A Reporter at Large, South of 60 Degrees South," which appeared in the New Yorker for March 23, 1980. As I recall, she is an anthropologist, and, to the best of my knowledge, never wrote another article on the Antarctic.

Another of my favorite Antarctic writers is Charlotte Evans of the New York Times. She writes with a good deal of humor, and many of her articles from McMurdo a few years back were really delightful. We met her originally at a bus stop in Wellington, before her Antarctic involvement, when she was more or less writing on and about New Zealand for the New York Times. She has been victimized for the past two years by a severe case of tendonitis. So she has been working in the home office, instructing young writers, and occasionally doing things on a word processor which is responsive to the human voice. That's better than having an unresponsive husband or wife!

The Polar Times is alive and doing well. The indefatigable Brian Shoemaker writes that the American Polar Society now has a membership of "800 or so." And he adds, "I sure never knew what the job would be like taking over The Polar Times." When frustrated Dick Chappell called me up one Sunday and asked who in Heaven's name they could get to take over The Polar Times, I told him that Brian was just the right person for the job if he could talk him into it. So it has been a good marriage, and

Brian is planning to buy some desktop publishing equipment to speed up his publishing. Memberships are $10 per year; his address is American Polar Society, Box 692, Reedsport, OR 97467.

Wonder whatever happened to that polar historical journal that was being published by this guy up in Bangor, Maine. Is it still alive, or did it die a natural childhood death? The editor sort of lived underground, although I believe Bill Littlewood actually had a sighting of this person.

In closing, let me tell you about how the Antarctic converted a reporter or science writer for the Christian Science Monitor. This fellow, Jim Sparkman, visited Antarctica for his newspaper in the early 1960s and was enraptured by all the good science he saw going on around him. He must have been snakebit by the likes of Charlie Bentley, Ned Ostenso, John Behrendt, and Hugh Bennett, because, when he got back to the States, he bought an airline ticket to Madison, Wisconsin, and appeared at the door of the mentor of the above students, a well-known geophysicist by the name of George Woollard. Jim said he wished to become famous like those other guys, and was willing to enroll in Woollard[1]s graduate school. But George had no space for another student, so he told Jim he should walk down the corridor and enroll in the graduate school of meteorology with Lettau the Elder. Then he would be in Wisconsin, and he could cross disciplinary boundaries and take courses in geophysics in his department. This worked out great, and Jim got his PhD at Wisconsin. Heinz Lettau told me later that Jim's reports to the department were in a class by themselves. Last seen Jim was lost in the bureaucracy of NOAA in Washington. We wish this true story had a better ending, but at least one reporter saw The Light!

A PLACE CALLED CAPE COLBECK (Alan Campbell on the R/V NATHANIEL B. PALMER, 27 February 1994). I have never seen anything like it. Under a beautiful golden light we passed through an immense field of mostly tabular icebergs, most well over 150 feet above the water. With turquoise green skies overhead, they all glowed as if lit from within. We have a Kiwi (New Zealand) scientist aboard studying their shapes and distribution, and he confirmed that we saw well over 1000 in the morning's passage. Since then we have seen the tally pass 4000! The scale and grandeur of this place continue to astound. --- Over the next few days (February 17-22) we saw our first sunset/sunrise (30 minutes), and passed through several strange days of fog, ice channels and great tabular bergs. Each day the sun stayed down for at least a half hour longer. From the 22nd to the 24th we cruised to a series of stations along the Getz Ice Shelf, and passed by Mt. Siple .....One particular sunset was spectacular, with bright pinkish red light skimming across the sea ice and hitting all the distant icebergs. Then we spent several days heading due north, eventually reaching open seas at 67 degrees before turning back on our present course south. We have seen plenty of seals and penguins, both Adelies and Emperors, on the ice floes throughout the trip.

DAUGHTER OF U.S. ANTARCTICAN COMPETES IN HER THIRD WINTER OLYMPICS. Dorcas Wonsavage, daughter of Steve (Little America V, plus austral summers) Den Hartog, was a member of the 17-person cross-country Olympic ski team at Lillehammer, competing in the 30-kilometer race, where she came in 40th in a field of 52 racers. It was Dorcas's last Olympics, as she indicated that she will no longer compete internationally. After all, she is 29 years old, and we all know that life is really for the young.

She retires with notoriety, as her 23rd finish in the 20-kilometer freestyle event at the 1988 winter games in Calgary was the very best American finish ever in that event. At Middlebury College she was the 1985 NCAA Ail-American cross-country champion, and in skiing was a Worlds Junior as a sophomore, an Ail-American as a junior, plus participating in three Olympics. Dorcas is now one of us, living in Farmington, Maine, and we are proud to have her as a Flatlander.