THE ANTARCTICAN SOCIETY

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HONORARY PRESIDENT — MRS. PAUL A. SIPLE

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MODERN ANTARCTICA:

AN ARTIST'S WINTER AT MCMURDO

by

Neelon Crawford

Polar Fine Arts
Baltimore, Maryland

on

Tuesday evening, March 1, 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)*

Neelon Crawford has just returned from wintering over at McMurdo in 1993, and has chosen a set of beautiful slides, taken throughout the year, for us to appreciate. He's the first full-time professional photographer to winter over with the Americans at McMurdo. Previously he photographed McMurdo and Dry Valleys in January-February 1989; he covered Antarctica on Winfly, August-October 1991; he shot the far side of Antarctica when on the R/V NATHANIEL B. PALMER in 1992.

He will have an exhibit "Ramparts of Ice" at the National Academy of Sciences this spring. It will open on April 8th and continue through late June. Neelon has traveled extensively throughout the world, armed with cameras, but probably his greatest achievement was surviving residency in New York City. P.S.

He's out - he is now an Oriole!

What follows is a potpourri, but it qualifies as a Newsletter - we hope. This one barely made it before our next meeting. There has been some good news here in Maine — cold, snow, few tourists, and the price of lobsters is down.

We appreciate the many Christmas cards and messages which came into the Nerve Center. And for you folks who like long lead times, our 1994 Annual Paul C. Daniels Memorial Lecture and dinner, we hope, will be April 7th. So please mark your calendar NOW!!

MEMBERSHIP. For the first time in fifteen years our Society shows a decrease in membership, dropping from 602 in September to 560, although we may pick up about twenty in late renewals. Two couples from NSF dropped out because of what we wrote about Senator Stevens and Storming Norman, but our system has a built-in factor of five to allow for thin-skinned dropouts. If we don't antagonize someone during the year, we feel we just aren't doing our job!

It has become increasingly difficult to come up with material for the Newsletters since we took up permanent residence in mid-coastal Maine. And we miss the relationship with Peter Wilkniss who always kept his door open to us for information. We have to rely almost exclusively on letters and published information from elsewhere. Naturally we like to be up-to-date about what is going on in Antarctica, but the person-to-person accounts upon which the Newsletters are based are desperately needed from you folks still active on the ice. PLEASE HELP US! PLEASE WRITE!

LATEST NEWS FROM THE OFFICE OF POLAR PROGRAMS (Guy Guthridge). "Offshore, A Journey to the Weddell Sea," by Barry Lopez (NSF Antarctic Artists & Writers Program), in the Winter 1994 issue of Orion Magazine, is a 17-page description of the maiden voyage of RV NATHANIEL B. PALMER from Louisiana to Ice Station Weddell. "Antarctica," the 1991 IMAX (huge-screen) movie that was made with operational support from NSF and others, has been leased by 65 of the 70 or so theaters around the world that can show it, more than forecast. It's now showing in Atlanta, Calgary, Fort Lauderdale, Kagoshima, Monterrey (Mexico), Paris, San Antonio, Stockholm, and Vancouver. It is narrated in 11 languages.

Vostok, Russia's antarctic interior station, will shut down until November because tractor trains from the coast have not been able to deliver enough fuel. The 1994 crew will winter instead at Mirnyy, doing alternative research and readying the tractors for an October start. A U.S. LC-130 will fly Vostok's 1993-1994 summer team to McMurdo for RV AKADEMIK FEDEROV to pick up. Vostok, operated year-round without a break since 1947, supports deep ice coring of great scientific importance.
A USAP rescue team retrieved the three surviving members of a Norwegian private expedition from a crevasse field east of the Shackleton Range, and evacuated an injured man to New Zealand. A fourth team member had died after falling in a crevasse. The 7 January Science magazine says "the death of a Norwegian adventurer in a 160-foot crevasse in Antarctica has led U.S. officials to propose a certification system for expeditions. The idea is to screen out the unprepared." Jack Talmadge is quoted

H.R. 3532, THE ANTARCTIC ENVIRONMENTAL PROTOCOL ACT (Beth Marks, Antarctica Project). On February 8, 1993, Representative Rick Boucher, Chairman of the Science Subcommittee

of the House Committee on Science, Space and Technology, held a hearing on H.R. 3532, "The Antarctic Environmental Protocol Act." This is the bill that the Administration wrote to implement the Antarctic Environmental Protocol. Witnesses from the Administration (Tucker Scully, State Department), environmental community (Beth Marks, The Antarctica Project), and science testified at the hearing. This is the second bill to implement the Protocol to be introduced in the House (Representative Sam Gejdenson of the House Merchant Marine and Fisheries Committee held a hearing on H.R. 1066 last November). We are hopeful that a compromise bill will be agreed in time for the Antarctic Treaty Consultative Meeting in Kyoto this April 1994.

A HERCULEAN EFFORT BY OLD METHUSALEH. Norman Vaughan did not make it, but he gave it one hell of a try against extenuating circumstances. The 88-year old college dropout still giving it the old college try! Norman literally did not even have the proverbial pot, yet he parlayed nothing into almost gaining the pot at the end of the rainbow. When he should have been bouncing his great grandchildren on his knees, he was flying around the country telling anyone who would listen to him that he was going to drive dogs to his mountain, and then climb the son-of-a-gun. It was totally unrealistic, as this is the 1990's. There had not been a privately-sponsored American Antarctic expedition in the last forty-five years. The American Guardian Angel of the Antarctic, the National Science Foundation, was really not on the sidelines cheering him on, telling him to go for it. Neither were the environmentalists who are trying to protect Antarctica like the family jewels. So he was fighting tremendous odds, yet he came ever so close to pulling it off.

At this time we don't know just what happened when the Allcair Air Transport's DC6 crashed as it approached the vicinity of Patriot Hills on 25 November. On the plane were the guts of his expedition — 20 dogs, the veterinarian, the dog handler, and a radio operator, plus, of course, the crew of four flying the plane. The good news is that no one was killed; the bad news was that the vet, Dr. Jerry Vanek, was pretty well beat up because his seat broke loose, we believe, when the plane crashed. His skull was fractured, an arm was broken, and he suffered a severely shattered leg. Adventure Network International came to the rescue, and within two weeks Dr. Vanek was recovering in the University of Minnesota Hospital. Twelve pins have been placed in his leg, and he is learning to use a walker.

Four dogs took off on their own for Anchorage, not liking their Antarctic reception one bit. A concerted effort was made to find these dogs, with an aircraft being put up from Patriot Hills, nine miles away. Food was dropped for them, but they were never found. The other sixteen dogs arrived back in Anchorage on 29 December, and what stories they must be telling other huskies in Alaska, probably wishing they had never left the Iditarod!

For all practical purposes, that crash was the death knell of the expedition, although Adventure Network was contracted to take a small assault force to the foot of Mt. Vaughan to climb it in early January. Norman, Carolyn, Vernon Tejas, Brian Horner and the National Geographic film crew were flown to Patriot Hills on 4 January. But the weather turned bad, and on 19 January, Norman "postponed until December 1994" the Mt. Vaughan Antarctic Expedition.

It all leaves a lot of unanswered questions in this one's mind, but they will no doubt come out when an inquiry is done on the crash. We have heard a rumor that the pilot and his crew had never flown in Antarctica before, and if, that is so, that's playing Russian roulette, isn't it? And was there a whiteout? We never read. And what about the surface at Camp DeGanahl? Had it been dragged smooth for skis, or was this a wheeled landing on blue ice?

A LETTER TO NORMAN. The following is one person's opinion about what Norman Vaughan should now do with his Antarctic mountain - let it rest in peace, untrodden by human feet. But Norman has indicated that he is going to make another attempt to climb Mt. Vaughan next December. I think the time has come when he should put this behind him, as he made a good, honest attempt to do it his way, and he was thwarted by a series of misfortunes not of his own making. The airplane crash of 25 November doomed doing it by dogs, and then Mother Nature stepped in with some horrible weather which prevented an attempt by the assault force.

I don't think there is any doubt in the minds of those who know Norman that he can do anything physically, but he can't play God in Antarctica. So what if he should stand on the top of Mt. Vaughan. It will only be a personal triumph; his life is full of so many already that he really does not need another. And we aren't certain how history would judge him if he does go back and conquer Mt. Vaughan. Will he be remembered as an expedition leader who would not give up, or as a snow version George C. Patton trying to fulfill an oversized ego? He lost some dogs, he almost lost a life, and we thinketh perhaps that's a message. And there is no way in hell that he could ever get permission to take dogs again.

Norman is a nice guy, a gentleman, and he gave it everything he had this year. We hope he will rest on his laurels. Today he is sort of an ageless wonder. Norman, hang up your mukluks, lay down your ice axe, and count your blessings. After all, you are an alive demigod with a good-looking 51-year old bride. You know, Norman, you may have already died and gone to Heaven and don't even know it!

I CAN'T HEAR A DAMN THING WITH THESE. With those epic words, Antarctic Superstar, the indomitable Laurence McKinley Gould, yanked the hearing aids from his ears at a gathering of worshippers, in the foyer of the Gould-Simpson Geosciences Building, who had come to help Larry dedicate, on 23 November 1993, a display cabinet of the hoods of more than thirty honorary degrees that he and the late Dr. George G. Simpson had been awarded. Most of the honorary hoods were Larry's, as he has obtained, to date, twenty-six honorary degrees, which is comparable in the cap and gown industry to the number of shoes which Imelda Marcos had in her palace before she made a fast exit. To allow viewers to identify the hoods, Larry's initials, the name of the degree, the year of the honor, and the name of the institution granting the degree were embroidered on each hood. Among the celebrities attending were two former presidents of the University of Arizona, plus the incumbent, Manuel Pacheco.

The idea of the display came from Tucson geologist Orlo E. Childs, director emeritus of the Bureau of Mineral Technology. Childs, along with a geosciences professor at Arizona, George Davis, collaborated in spearheading a fund-raising drive at the University of Arizona and at Carleton College. One hundred and fifty-odd Larry Lovers donated more than $7000 to the Gould Recognition Fund, which made possible a large (10'xl5'x2V) glass case. Several years ago the building was named for Gould and Simpson, now the display cabinet. It is pretty powerful stuff when a university names a building for you while you are still alive, especially when you did not have to endow it with an autographed check. Among other things, it assured Larry his own personalized key to the men's room so he would never again have to wait in line there, And now, at a young ninety-seven, he has been gilded and put into a glass case in his own building. That is really being revered. He had to have done something right in his lifetime, and, for that, we turn to an excellent article by Jim Erickson in the Arizona Daily Star of 27 November 1993. Although the article doesn't say it, I'm sure Larry went through the ceremonies with one regret, that his dearly beloved Peg, one of his former students, could not have lived to enjoy that day, as, indeed, she was this great man's rudder. Peg was also a great stabilizer in controlling Larry's ego from going off scale!

One way to assess Laurence McKinley Gould is to tally paper, gold, brick and ice: 26 honorary degrees, 10 medals, one University of Arizona building and six Antarctic physical features that bear his name.

A better way to measure Gould, the first American geologist to set foot on Antarctica, is to talk with former students and colleagues. "He's why I'm in teaching now," said UA geosciences lecturer Peter L. Kresan, who took Gould's glacial geology course in 1971. "He had a way of capturing people's imagination and interest. People would take the course just to hear him talk, and it was the best course I've ever had."

"He's someone who motivates and inspires," said UA geosciences Professor George H. Davis. "I've heard people say that Larry Gould is the only person they've ever met who possesses the quality known as charisma. You go in and talk to Larry Gould and you are around a person of just tremendous intelligence and wisdom and wit, and you just feel better as a result of that experience. He is just revered and loved by those people he served."

Laurence McKinley Gould was born in Lacota, Michigan on August 22, 1896. At 13, he picked strawberries for a penny a box, then used the money to buy a biography of Abraham Lincoln, who became his role model. When he was 17, Gould left for Boca Raton, Florida, where for nearly two years he taught kindergarden through eighth grade in a one-room schoolhouse.

Gould enrolled at the University of Michigan in 1916 and intended to become a lawyer and get into politics - like Lincoln. But his academic career was interrupted by military service in World War I. As a member of the U.S. Army ambulance service from 1917 to 1919, he took part in the Meuse-Argonne offensive and, later, in the occupation of Germany. He was cited for bravery on the battlefields of France.

After the war he returned to Ann Arbor, Michigan, and switched his major to geology. He earned a bachelor's degree magna cum laude in 1921, a master's in 1923, and a doctorate in 1925. He was hired by his alma mater as a geology instructor, and in 1926 he served as a geologist on an Arctic expedition sponsored by the University of Michigan.

In March 1928, Cmdr. Richard E. Byrd chose Gould -to accompany him on the First Byrd Antarctic Expedition, and he was named senior scientist and second-in-command. During that expedition Gould conducted the first extensive geological and glaciological survey of the Queen Maud Mountains in Antarctica's interior. Gould and five companions began the grueling 1,500-mile sled-dog journey in November 1929 from Byrd's Little America base camp. Over the next 2 1/2 months they crossed snow bridges that collapsed into deep crevasses behind them, struggled through blinding blizzards and endured weather so cold that it nearly froze their eyelids shut.

Under Gould's direction, the party mapped and charted the mountains, and collected rock samples that showed Antarctica had once been densely forested. They found patches of lichen clinging to some rocks - the only indigenous life found in the region - and collected sandstone demonstrating that the Queen Mauds were part of a great uplifted fault system that stretched across the continent for more than 1,000 miles. Gould described the experience, the last great Antarctic sled-dog trek, in his 1931 book "Cold: The Record of an Antarctic Sledge Journey."

Gould's polar exploits brought him many honors, including: the Congressional Gold Medal, Norway's Cross of St. Olaf, the Explorers Club Medal, the American Geological Society's David Livingstone Gold Medal, and the Chicago Geographical Society Gold Medal.

In 1930, Gould left the Antarctic and returned to his teaching post at the University of Michigan. Two years later, he accepted an appointment as professor of geology at Carleton College in Northfield, Minnesota. Gould was named Carleton's president in 1945, and quickly transformed it from a relatively obscure coeducational college into a top-flight private liberal arts institution. He launched a drive to raise $10 million to finance campus construction, then brought in more than $12 million within three years.

Gould returned to the Antarctic in late 1956 to lead American scientific efforts on the continent during the 1957-58 International Geophysical Year. That assignment, during the height of the Cold War, brought him into international deliberations with the leaders of the 11 other nations that shared in the International Geophysical Year investigations of Antarctica.

It is generally acknowledged that the remarkable cooperation which characterized the International Geophysical Year led to the, 12-nation Antarctic Treaty of 1959, which proclaimed that the continent and surrounding waters shall "continue forever to be used exclusively for peaceful purposes." For those efforts, Gould received the Distinguished Public Service Award, the highest award the Navy confers upon civilians.

Gould retired from Carleton College in 1962, and the following year he joined the University of Arizona faculty as a professor of geosciences, a position he held until 1978.

Gould served as the president of the American Association for the Advancement of Science in 1965, and as president of the united chapters of Phi Beta Kappa from 1958 to 1961.

In 1984, when asked to list the ingredients of success, Gould told an Arizona Daily Star columnist: "Discipline - it's indispensable to any successful thing, isn't it? The other essential is integrity. And you can't be lazy. If you have these, and you have any gifts at all, well, there you go."

And in a letter to Larry's close friend, Grover Murray (and his wife Sally), Orlo Childs reflected on the day's events:

> For the ceremony, Larry came in a wheelchair to ease the trek from the parking area. He sat in the chair throughout the ceremony, and "held court" as he was surrounded by current students and faculty, all anxious to see and/or meet him. Believe me, his personal magnetism is still very much intact! When he took off his earphones, only a few of us knew he sat there in a silent world, unable to really make out all that was being said. However, his alert attention to the event and to all who came up to him, makes me confident that he knew and appreciated what was going on. We may have to tell him over and over about the event but, "he will be happy all over again!" His pride would not allow him to stay in that wheelchair, so at the close of the ceremony he stood up to stretch his legs, and — using his walker — mingled in the crowd of 200 people who stayed to drink punch and eat cookies.

(Ed. Note: Punch on Larry's Big Day??? We trust there was some enterprising soul who saw to it that Larry's punch had a supplemental kicker.)

GOD BLESS AMERICA (Chris Joyner, George Washington University). One of our Society members, Chris Joyner, recently returned from the voyage of a lifetime. Chris, a professor of political science at George Washington University and longtime writer on Antarctic law and politics, was a faculty member on board a seagoing college. Here is his report:

This past September my longtime dream of seeing the world became a reality. My family and I spent the fall term literally sailing around the world as part of Semester at Sea, a fully accredited college program offered by the University of Pittsburgh. Home and campus for 100 days for us, 22 other faculty, and 400 college students was the SS UNIVERSE, a 20,000-ton, 520-foot ship that circled the globe.

SAS provides a seagoing campus that brings the classroom to the world—literally. Students usually take four classes for credit, chosen from offerings in political science, biology, English, psychology, sociology, geography, anthropology, drama, classics, and history. Professors generally lecture, and each class includes assignments relating directly to personal experiences in each country visited. One course, called "Core," was required of all students, and tied the entire trip together with daily lectures on the historical development, current social-political situation, and cultural attributes of each country we visited. No classes were conducted while we were in port.

As a faculty member, I taught three courses—American foreign policy, international politics, and a seminar on the global planetary crisis. My wife Nancy, also a professor, taught a course on "Women and Politics" in exchange for room and board. Our two children, daughter Kristin (age 13) and son Clayton (age 9) cost a little extra, but had the greatest adventure of their lives.

The trip is expensive for students, though — around $14,000 for tuition, room and board. Side excursions are optional and at extra expense. Most students were undergraduates, but some were recent college graduates, and there were about 35 senior citizens (or, as they called themselves, "Seafarers") who also were aboard. It should also be mentioned that this was not *a* luxury liner "cruise," as usually construed. Faculty and students worked hard academically while at sea, and the atmosphere and attitudes on board very much resembled those of a college campus dormitory.

During 14 weeks of lecturing and traveling, my globetrotting fantasies came true: I visited the gardens of Kyoto and the Peace Memorial in Hiroshima, Japan; walked through the Forbidden City in Beijing and climbed the Great Wall in China; gazed in wonder at the Taj Mahal and Hindu temples in India; stood in awe before the Great Pyramid and Sphinx in Egypt; marveled at Suleyman Mosque and the labyrinthine Grand Bazaar in Istanbul, Turkey; wandered around the ancient ruins of the Parthenon and the Temple of Delphi in Greece; bargained in the Berber Bazaar of Marrakech, Morocco; and sampled the wonders and cultures of four other lands in between—beautiful Canada (especially Vancouver, where the voyage began), industrializing Taiwan, paradisaical Malaysia/Singapore, and depressed Ukraine/Russia. These are the things that textbooks and lectures in the classroom can never teach even the most dedicated student.

The veterans of these voyages say that those who partake of the SAS adventure are changed forever, and I know that they are right. The faculty, staff and students on board became very tight-knit as a community. Many will be friends forever. International news about these countries now affects us in more personal ways. We have been there, and met the people, walked the streets and tasted their cultures. And for me sunsets and sunrises will never be the same. Nor will thoughts of the ocean, the movement of the sky, or the brightness of the heavens at night.

But perhaps most important, I acquired a renewed fondness and deeeper appreciation for an America that most of us take for granted. On that last shipboard day together in December, when we sighted Port Everglades, Florida, you could feel the patriotism in the air. Yes, each of us had been touched in different ways by our experiences in those 12 countries and as a shipboard community on the

UNIVERSE. But we also learned that the opportunities in the United States are privileges offered nowhere else. It was a wondrous four-month journey, but there really is no better place than home. That realization, more than any other, makes the Semester at Sea adventure truly meaningful as a lifelong learning experience.

Ed. Note: We had to do a bit of bargaining with Chris to get him to write this great account, but it was worth it. For a political scientist, he is interesting. Chris, who teaches international law and world politics at George Washington University, has published more than 100 scholarly articles on Antarctic law and politics in books and international law journals over the last decade. The author of Antarctica and the Law of the Sea (Martinus Nijhoff, 1992) and editor of The Antarctic Legal Regime (Martinus Nijhoff, 1988), he has just completed a book entitled Eagle Over the Ice; U.S. Foreign Policy in Antarctica (co-authored with Ethel Theis, tentatively forthcoming from the University Press of New England, 1994), and has begun work on another entitled Antarctica as a Global Commons; Law, Politics and Environmental Priorities (South Carolina University Press, 1995).

MIKE TRIMPI - NOT YOUR RUN-OF-THE-MILL KIND OF GUY (Rob Flint). Mike Trimpi came by a couple weeks ago (October 1993). He's a New Englander - lives in Canaan, New Hampshire, not far from Dartmouth where he's worked now and again for the better part of the last 20 years. He is another Stanford-John Katsufrakis protege who originally went to Eights Station for the 1963 winter, and was Station Scientific Leader at Byrd during the tragic 1965 winter when Carl Disch was lost. My heart goes out to Mike every time I think of his having had to deal with that tragedy. Mike later wintered over at Palmer Station in the last decade, and is even now involved in the Antarctic—was down last year on the Lockheed-sponsored Unmanned Geophysical Observatory. He's also the discoverer of the eponymous Trimpi-effeet, the decrease in signal strength of man-made VLF signals caused by natural VLF emissions. (I think I have that right -Mike could explain it better.) He's also a recent college graduate in music, with a major in composition from the University of New Hampshire.

RON SEFTON WINTERED OVER AT BYRD THREE TIMES IN FIVE YEARS (Rob Flint) Ron Sefton, who wintered over at Byrd Station in 1962, 1964, and 1966 (surely a record for SOMETHING - Byrd-brainedness?), and his talented wife Nancy (much-published and underwater photographer and writer) are presently building a house in Poulsbo, Washington, though they are keeping some of their property on Little Cayman. Ron was my original mentor and partner at Byrd in 1964. We traveled around the world together on the way home in 1965. On that trip we visited New Zealand, Samoa, New Caledonia, Fiji, Australia, Singapore, Thailand, Hong Kong, and Japan. In Japan we were entertained by Japan's "Dr. Antarctica," Tetsuyu Torii - "I am Big Face in Tokyo - what you want, ask ME." He was a marvelous host

SIR CHARLES WRIGHT (Rob Flint). Sir Charles was known for his love of Manhattans. On one occasion he came by Stanford and John Katsufrakis organized a dinner with all the local Antarctic and geophysical types at a nice local restaurant. We had settled down in the lounge, and Sir Charles felt he needed to get a waitress's attention, and he quickly corralled one. "Young lady," he said, "young lady, my friends would all like a drink. Yes, they would all like Manhattans," turning to us, "you WOULD like Manhattans, wouldn't you?," and without even waiting for a reply, back to the waitress, "My friends would all like Manhattans!"

And then a story that may or may not be true, but nonetheless makes a good story. When he was scheduled to leave the Antarctic continent at the end of the 1965-66 season, as on so many other occasions, there were long airplane delays. So the

travelers and a contingent of Navy officers repaired to the Officers Club at McMurdo for a few Manhattans. The time dragged frustratingly on - so characteristic of Antarctic travel - with no word from Willie Field about plane scheduling. Finally, a young officer, his courage fueled by the Manhattans, no doubt, asked the Great One the burning question: "Sir Charles, what do you think of the Antarctic now?" And the Venerable One, without a moment's hesitation, mumbled his pronouncement: "You can have your - - - Antarctic!" Well, as I said, it was the current story at the time.

A LOW-LATITUDE ANTARCTIC GAZETTEE (continued - Robert B. Stephenson). Moving to the Antipodes, it isn't surprising that New Zealand is home to many points of south polar interest. First and foremost is the Canterbury Museum in Christchurch which I suspect has the largest collection of artifacts on display anywhere in the world, and no doubt much more that is in storage. Its library is impressive as well. It's very centrally located on Rolleston Avenue and adjoins the superb Botanic Gardens. Among the artifacts that caught my fancy are a china plate from HMS EREBUS; quite a few philatelic items; busts of Scott (by his wife), Shackleton, Amundsen, Byrd (by de Weldon) and Mawson; Hurley's Kodak Model B pocket camera; Amundsen's pocket knife; an oil painting of Shackleton's NIMROD done on a venesta case board (also used to bind copies of the Aurora Australis); Scott's ceremonial hat, belt, epaulettes, sword (he must have been well supplied with swords); Maggs Bros, catalogue No. 1145 - recently listed one at 6,000!), polar medal and Legion of Honor; Shackleton's Arrol Johnson motor sledge; a bottle of champagne (Mathuslem size – 6.5 quarts!) emptied in celebration of Byrd's safe return from the first flight to the Pole (inscribed by expedition members); Wilson's microscope; a box of cigars from Scott's last expedition with typed inscription "for final dash, compliments of the Sol factory, Havana"; original plan and inscription for Cape Evans cross in memory of A.E. Macintosh; and the silver communion vessels from Scott's Cape Evans hut.

In nearby Lyttleton, the port for Christchurch, is the Lyttleton Museum which is crammed with interesting things, including a large Antarctic collection. Among the highlights are a stuffed Emperor penguin, a model of the DISCOVERY, and a sledge from Shackleton's Nimrod expedition. A few hundred feet away, attached to a pedestrian bridge abutment, is a plaque that honors those four Antarctic ships of exploration—DISCOVERY, MORNING, NIMROD and TERRA NOVA—that used Lyttleton as a port of departure during the decade 1901-10. In the harbor, on Quail Island, is the site of the dog kennels built for Scott for quarantine purposes. I've not been there, so I'm unsure what remains, if anything.

In Wellington, there is the Byrd Memorial on Mt. Victoria. Dedicated in 1963, it is composed of a bronze bust of Byrd, sculpted by Thomas Johnston, set within a tent-like structure that faces south to the ice. Imbedded in this are rocks from the Antarctic. When I visited it, I thought it looked a bit woebegone, so it was gratifying to learn that others had the same reaction, and that it has since been renovated, and was rededicated on June 21,1993.

Wellington is also home to New Zealand's national library, The Alexander Turnbull Library, a modern and efficient building that has a worthy collection of Antarctic material, including three sets of the South Polar Times (one formerly owned by Mrs. Wilson) and two copies of the Aurora Australis (the BEANS and JULIENNE SOUP copies), arguably the Antarctic book collector's ultimate prize, the first book written, illustrated, bound and published in the Antarctic during Shackleton's Nimrod expedition. Among the Turnbull's manuscript collections are the papers, journals or diaries of Rupert England (chief officer of the MORNING), C.H. Hare (Discovery expedition), Harry McNeish (carpenter on Shackleton's Endurance expedition), John King Davis (logbook of the NIMROD 1908-09), Ernest Joyce, and Thomas Orde Lees (Shackleton's Endurance expedition).

In Auckland, I found a small collection of Antarctic artifacts in a hallway display case in the Auckland Institute and Museum. Included are crockery from the Discovery expedition, a Wilson watercolor, an inkwell made from the timbers of the DISCOVERY, and a variety of medals and memorabilia.

Unhappily my year-long stay in Australia in the mid-sixties preceded my Antarctic collecting interest, so I am unable to say much about sites there. I understand that one of Mawson's sledges is at the Australian National Museum in Canberra (also Hurley's diaries and probably a lot more). And at the Mawson Institute in Adelaide there is a bust of Sir Douglas as shown in a recent issue of ANARE News. I expect that the Institute has a good collection of artifacts as well.

South America must have points of Antarctic interest, but the only one I'm aware of is the prow of the YELCHO, the tug that rescued Shackleton's men from Elephant Island. It's in Puerto Williams.

DEFINITION OF OPTIMISM - NORWEGIANS IN ANTARCTICA TO RETRIEVE AMUNDSEN'S TENT. Some things are so ridiculous they are totally absurd, and the nine-member Norwegian expedition to recover Amundsen's South Pole tent was really going for a needle in a haystack. Even if you knew how deep it was buried, how could you find a piece of canvas encased in ice? You could no doubt figure where the Geographical South Pole was in 1911, but how close to the real South Pole was Amundsen? Like the phantom tag of second base on double plays, all one can be certain of is that it was in the vicinity. And with all the airdrops all over the South Pole, the whole area has experienced major modifications.

However, the Lillehammer (Olympic) Organizing Committee evidently had more money than they knew what to do with, or else they had some secret no one else knew about, as they partially funded the expedition. And somehow or other, an expedition member, Jostein Helgestad, 36, fell into a 165-foot crevasse, and that was fatal. Despite rescue efforts, they were never able to recover his body. This happened near the Shackleton Range, which makes us wonder what they were doing there in the first place. Certainly crevasse training is the last thing you need if you're going to the South Pole.

CONNIE SWAN, A NICE LADY. Over a decade ago we got a reservation by mail from a woman in Rockport, Massachusetts for our annual Paul C. Daniels Memorial Lecture, and we wondered why this person, Constance Swan, was coming all the way to Washington to get lectured. She showed up; she was small, if not diminutive; she was quiet, yet very personable; and her love for Antarctica knew no bounds. She had been there several times on cruise ships, as well as to the Arctic. We introduced her to some of our heroes, and tried to make her feel like a most welcome guest, which she certainly was. And she became, more or less, a regular returnee to all of our annual Memorial Lectures. We knew when she lost her husband, but through all the years we really didn't know much about the Returning Rockport Swan.

Now the Swan will not be returning anymore, because after a lengthy battle with cancer she passed away at age 75 on October 28, 1993. And it was only through her family that we learned about the distinguished life this unassuming lady had led. We will miss this quiet soul, and our Memorial Lecture dinners just won't seem the same without her. She must have liked us - probably because of Ruth Siple's goodness -because in lieu of flowers, memorial donations included the Antarctican Society. We have received donations from six of her relatives and friends: Dorothy A. Brown, Mr.& Mrs. Alan Fink, Elise B. Jack, Mrs. Howell F. Mann, Beverly Quint, and Mrs. Clara M. Swan. We are sorry her number was called, but we rejoice in the fact that she must have enjoyed us.