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No. 6

Our Brief Annual Business Meeting Will Precede This Lecture

"NO MORE HERO STUFF":

CHANGES IN LIFE AT SOUTH POLE STATION SINCE THE IGY

by

Dr. Jeffrey C. Johnson

Associate Scientist

Institute for Coastal and Marine Resources
East Carolina University
Greenville, North Carolina

on

Monday evening, May 23, 1994

7:30 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)

Dr. Jeffrey Johnson's background includes ethnographic research as a participant observer in an isolated commercial fish camp in Bristol Bay, Alaska. He is currently studying the group dynamics of winter-over crews at the Amundsen-Scott South Pole Station, and has spent major portions of austral summers at the station since 1991. He has published extensively in sociological, anthropological, and marine journals. He is the editor-in-chief of the *Journal of Quantitative Anthropology*. *Come to the Pole!!*

! Please note new time for meeting !

Captain Sid Hartshorne, first Master of HERO, has died.

Usually we aren't in business at the end of April, but our energetic president, Polly Penhale, came up with another excellent program, so we are forced into doing another one of these things. Our theory is when the sun shines, get outside, don't waste it on a word processor.

We ended up with 582 paid-up members, plus a potpourri of complimentary members. We had our usual number of dropouts of antagonized members, which reassured us that some people are actually reading what we write. And we received our usual amount of complimentary letters saying that we are doing a great job, and don't listen to the skin-heads, Where else can you get such realistic, true obituaries; where else can you get such unsanitized writings; where else are you going to get so much historical information on Byrd survivors? And if you think we are overloaded on the historic, take part of the blame for not sending us what you're doing. In a few short years, you all are going to be has-beens, too. You can't fight old age.

Have a happy summer! Please don't visit Maine. We don't need tourists. Our roads are atrocious, our drivers are Mainiacs, our food is terrible, and we shoot out the tires of all RVs that cross the border.

REVIEW OF PROTECTED AREAS - MCMURDO SOUND, ROSS SEA (Colin Harris, ICAIR, P.O. Box 14-199, Christchurch, New Zealand - E-mail: harris@icair.iac.org.nz). The International Centre for Antarctic Information and Research (ICAIR), based at the International Antarctic Centre, Christchurch, New Zealand, is undertaking a review of the management plans of Sites of Special Scientific Interest (SSSI) and Specially Protected Areas (SPAs) in the McMurdo Sound region, commencing in the 1993-94 season. The work is being undertaken on behalf of the US National Science Foundation Office of Polar Programs, the New Zealand Antarctic Programme, and both US and NZ National Committees for the International Scientific Committee on Antarctic Research. The management plans need revision to meet the requirements of the Protocol on Environmental Protection to the Antarctic Treaty, which was agreed in 1991 to strengthen environmental regulations for Antarctica.

Both national programs felt it would be advantageous for an independent centre to conduct the review, helping to ensure an objective assessment of existing protected areas, as well as a consistent approach to the preparation of the new management plans. Particular attention is being paid to protected area boundaries, presence of human installations or impacts, access routes for aircraft, ships and pedestrian traffic, and the adequacy of existing environmental policies.

ICAIR is keen to gain comments from people who have knowledge of these protected areas, so specific issues and problems can be highlighted. If you wish to discuss any of the sites with which you may be familiar, you are invited to visit ICAIR if you are in Christchurch, or please write to us.

HERBERT PONTING PHOTOGRAPHS (Russ Anderson Fine Arts, P.O. Box 1383, Aptos, CA 95001) This unique collection of Antarctic photographs - the most complete in private hands, as far as we are aware - comprises 125 contact prints taken and printed in the Antarctic by Herbert Ponting during the ill-fated Scott expedition to the South Pole in 1911-1912.

Herbert George Ponting (1870-1935) was the first official professional photographer to be sent to Antarctica. He joined Scott's expedition in 1910, taking with him several still cameras, two movie cameras, and a dark room with all its equipment. He left Antarctica in January 1912, and received the news of Scott's death while holidaying in Switzerland.

Herbert Ponting had originally embarked on a banking career at the age of 16. But in 1893 he left England for San Francisco where he invested in a fruit farm, married in 1895, and had two children. He was not a good businessman, however, and he developed a great interest in photography. In 1900 he won the "world" prize in a competition organised by lens manufacturers Bausch and Lomb, and was represented in the Kodak exhibit at the World's Fair in St. Louis.

For the next ten years he travelled through China, India, Japan (as the accredited photographer to the First Japanese Army in Manchuria), and much of Europe, as a free-lance photographer and journalist, and his work appeared in many magazines. In 1905 he was made a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society; he left his wife and family and made London his new base.

In 1910 he was appointed official photographer to Scott's Antarctic expedition The story of this tragic and heroic expedition is well-known..... From 1912 until his death in 1935, Ponting tried to establish an Antarctic photographic record befitting Scott's endeavours. He published *The Great White South* in 1920, and provided the commentary for the film *90 Degrees South* released in 1933. On his death, Apsley Cherry-Garrard, a member of the expedition, wrote in his obituary: "He came to do a job, did it and did it well. Here in these pictures is beauty linked to tragedy -one of the great tragedies."

These photographs cover all facets of the expedition: the TERRA NOVA, its crew, the ponies and the expedition party on the voyage South, in all possible weathers; the party at base camp and the depots; daily life in the winter quarters - dogs, ponies, birthday parties, washing, frostbite; and of course the snow and ice of Antarctica in all its glory, and its wildlife inhabitants.

The collection's provenance is clear and direct: it was presented to Mr. Kinsey, then manager of Kinsey & Co., shipping agents for the TERRA NOVA while in Lyttelton, New Zealand, before its departure to the South. He in turn presented it to Mr. J. Gossard, the next manager of the company. On his death in the 1930s, Mrs. Gossard presented the collection to Mr. Cecil John Denton, manager of Kinsey & Co., and it has passed by descent through his family. This unique and important collection has never been seen outside Australasia. It is now for sale; price on application.

MY EYES HAVE SEEN THE GLORIES (from artist Alan Campbell's daily journals from the NATHANIEL B. PALMER). 3/10/94. This far north (68°33'S) from the continent, the bergs get eroded into the most fantastic shapes, and these were no exception, several consisting of sharp wedges and spires separated by channels of turquoise water surging between them. And two of the bergs actually calved off large chunks in white explosion of snow and ice as we passed by. The latter one even started to capsize, but righted itself when another section calved off the back side. Quite a show! Some of these monsters tower 300+ feet above the water, and have caves in their sides large enough to drive the ship into. There is no end to the variety, and at last count, one resident iceberg scientist has logged over 4500 bergs we have seen to date.

3/3/94 - 11:00 pm. Quite a day, with over seven hours on the bridge. At one point we made a close pass of a tabular berg with a wonderful deep blue ice cave in its side, this after hours of pushing ever so slowly through dense pack ice. Pushing on past other bergs, we watched as the sun dropped into a distant cloud bank. Within minutes

an ice fog materialized and spread across the distant ice, obscuring all but the bergs which seemed to float in the mist. A half moon, pale in color like a ghost, hung low in the sky to starboard,,

3/4/94 - 7:30 pm. In the middle of a day of darkroom work, I took a break after dinner to go up to the bridge. The skies had finally cleared, and we were passing random icebergs, one in particular with a row of vertebrae forms running across its spine, seeming to glow from within the soft pumpkin gold sunset light. As a small crowd gathered on the bridge, a molten sun dropped slowly through a thin veil of clouds, and with one lingering flash slid below the horizon. Below, an amazing passage of pancake ice rolled by on an ocean of liquid gold, like the mottled skin of some reptilian when seen through the binoculars. But the real apparition was on the horizon, where, in the sun's wake, miraging icebergs floated weightless in space, cushioned on a thin stream which would slowly subside, only to flame up again and again, like flares on the surface of the sun. What a spectacle, and in fifteen minutes it was all over.

3/12/94 - 6:00 pm. The phone rings. It is Vladimir, our Russian ice pilot, calling from the bridge. "Alan, good morning. Vladimir here. I think there is a very nice sunrise outside if you want to take a look. Okay, bye bye." I have learned to take his polite understatements as a sign of urgency. Sure enough, when I reach the bridge minutes later it is a mystical dream world outside. We are on station, nosed into the ice pack, anchored to a landscape of small hillocks and peaks of snow which recede and disappear into a low-lying ice fog which completely encircles the ship. In the patterns of open water behind us, the sun is rising with a pale golden fire that ignites the fog and stings the eyes. I am awake, but in a dream, and for the next half hour it is a race, first around the bridge catwalk and then down, deck by deck, eventually out to the stern, to capture the illusions and magic before it all dies. And then it does, as the sun disappears into a blanket of clouds, leaving us in a suddenly cold, grey wasteland.

3/13/94. What a wonderland! We have made time in the open water, cruising in a clear track between pack ice to starboard, and the glacier-covered King Peninsula to port. The wind is still blowing hard, sweeping down off the ice cap in whirlwinds and waterfalls of snow where the glacial edge drops off into the sea. Large icebergs in a variety of sculpted forms continue to slide by in the bright light. These are largely uncharted waters, and in addition to many of the landforms being misplaced by as much as half a degree (30 miles) on the maps, the water's uncertain depth is also a concern. It has dropped down to less than 200 meters, and I recall one of our pilots saying that at 60 he would start looking for a place to turn around We have already come close on several occasions earlier today. When I ask Harry for a fix on our position, he smiles and points to a spot, "According to this chart, we are cruising across the top of the peninsula right now! What a ship!". The Captain has expressed his concern for proceeding into Pine Island Bay under these conditions, and the earlier comment by the second mate regarding a supply of food and fuel sufficient for a year should we get beset, well, let's just say it has aroused a lot of discussion. Meanwhile, vortexes of snow continue to tornado off the peninsula ice cap, and ahead, mirages play across the horizon, including one tabular berg that loot like a bar code of parallel vertical lines of varying widths through the binoculars.

3/14/94 - 6:00 am. Incredible, absolutely incredible! After two days of negotiating uncharted waters, we are finally in Pine Island Bay and are completely surrounded by icebergs, many heavily crevassed with ice caves and large cracks. We are headed for a narrow passage between two dead-ahead. Grabbing extra film and stuffing it into my polar jacket, I race outside onto the catwalk. More crevasses and cracks appear as we move into the channel. An oblique profile of the side wall to starboard appears, a fascinating procession of sculpted blocks, textures and forms. As we turn the

corner, I have to shoot backwards at what is receding, and then forwards at what is approaching, all the while glancing across at what is happening with the other berg. It is almost too much, and I quickly finish to starboard and race across to port to repeat the process. In many places there are great cracks and huge sections leaning out towards us, and it would come as no surprise if a great calving were to occur at any moment. More shots and a change of film, my fingers fumbling in the cold. I pull off a glove with my teeth, trying to reload before missing too much. And then we are coming through to the other side with more surprises. A row of ice caves, all at the waterline, recede away to port. Click, click, click. And then a channel appears, separating this berg from yet another behind it. Even under the bright diffused light of an overcast sky the colors are rich and deep. Turquoises, cerulean and cobalt blues, ultramarine, manganese, emerald green: colors like jewels. Even the sun is trying to acknowledge the scene, breaking through the clouds in several places. It is the best morning since Cape Colbeck nearly a month ago.

3/28/94. The ship has covered much territory since my last letter, with the usual complement of bad weather, spectacular sunrises, magical displays, and icebergs, icebergs, icebergs. I did see my first Aurora Australis, and even tasted raw krill (sushi!) when they clogged the seawater intakes a few days back. Twenty-four water-colors, many sketches and drawings, and over 4000 slides taken to date will give me much material to work from for months to come, back in Athens [Georgia].

BOOKS WHICH MIGHT BE INTERESTING. Authoress Elizabeth Chipman, erudite Aussie, writes that there is "an especially good modern mystery novel, set in Copenhagen and Greenland. Don't miss it." And that is Peter Hoeg's *Smilla's Sense of Snow*, which was published last year here in the States by Farrar Straus and Giroux. She also considers David Burke's *Moments of Terror: The Story of Antarctic Aviation* a good book. That's a new book published by the University of New South Wales Press.

Bill Sladen sent us a review from The Times of October 25, 1993 on Peter Scott, *Painter and Naturalist* by Elspeth Huxley. Scott is presented as "an almost silent figure" until he failed to take 6000 troops off the shore at St-Valery. Scott reproached himself bitterly for not going outside his orders and risking his ship in order to rescue them. The second part of the book, the story of his life after the war, is a remarkable record of achievement. Simply in the pursuit of his pleasures - as a wildflower, an explorer-naturalist, a sailor, or a glider pilot - he was an inspiration to everyone who knew him.

Scott set up the Severn Wildfowl Trust to protect the great flocks of white-fronted geese, and he helped to set up the World Wildlife Fund. He played an enormous role in the campaigns to save the Arabian oryx, the tiger, and the whale.

The author, Elspeth Huxley, age 83, has recorded it all. The review says that "Scott himself passes through its pages quietly and mysteriously, like one of his own geese winging through the night."

There's a new Antarctic novel on the streets, *The Birthday Boys*, by the British writer, Beryl Bainbridge, published by Carroll & Graf. The Boston Sunday Globe of 10 April 1994 had a lengthy review of the book which consists of five monologues on the members of Scott's party who perished on their ill-fated excursion to the South Pole. Bainbridge evidently is a well-known writer, born and raised in Liverpool, which may account for her "imagination wanderlust and her fascination with the oddball corners of history," which resulted in "her most audacious novel yet." The reviewer, Michael Upchurch, no slouch at all with the written word, wrote "Vivid in its description, shrewd in its characterizations and arresting in its structure, the book uses its hostile Antarctic terrain as backdrop to a host of yearnings, doubts, and memories." He described the five monologues "an intricately layered narrative encompassing outdoor adventure,

social commentary and a meditation on mortality that is at once sober and serene. Her mastery of masculine voices is flawless, and the conflicts between her narrative points of view provide as much of the book's suspense as their actual adventure."

Bainbridge drops in on the two-year expedition at five points along the way. First up is Petty Officer Edgar Evans, portrayed as closest to the heart of the Owner (Scott), who sets the stage for the expedition with glimpses of the world left behind and the powerful, almost erotic bond between the explorers. Second up is Edward Wilson, set in the tropical Atlantic, revealing the private man on the way to his destiny. The middle monologue is of Captain Scott, and is concerned with preparations for the South Pole trip. This is followed by a piece on Birdie Bowers concerned with the Cape Crozier foray, with "Lt. Birdie Bowers' version of those five weeks is a harrowing marvel of imaginative empathy on Bainbridge's part." The coda comes with Titus Gates' account of the doomed journey, "as death approaches, memory serves as an almost blissful anesthetic against physical suffering."

Not having read the book puts me in a great position to write about it without being confused with facts. If I were going to write a fiction about those guys, I would have given the last words to Wilson, as his strong religious background could have made a most powerful ending. This soul is convinced that Bowers and Wilson could have made it to One Ton Camp if it were not for the condition of Scott. One can play all sorts of games with those folks. And, in the mind of many Scott-worshippers, I'm sure they will equate this novel with Huntford's biography, feeling that perhaps both have the same amount of validity. You know, this is the novel which many of us have already written in our own minds, but Beryl beat us to the publisher. For only \$18.95 plus tax, perhaps it was better for her to have done it!

THE FIRST FAMILY OF THE ANTARCTIC. Captain Scott is never going to die, he will forever be the Eternal Antarctic. For a guy who blundered into death, he has probably achieved more fame and notoriety than any other hero we can think of. But one cannot deny the family's place in history, as his wife Kathleen was truly a giant of a person, a multi-talented woman of the arts who would have been famous in her own right, even if she had been married to a shoe cobbler. And look at Sir Peter. He certainly made an international impact on wildfowl which will live much longer than anything Scott did in the Antarctic.

Is there another Antarctic family of such prestige? I mean man-woman-offspring combination which has had such an impact on society and the world? I'm sure the present era will produce some equals, maybe even some superiors, but as of today, can't we call the Scotts "The First Family of the Antarctic"? - And for the Odd Couple Award, hey, there's no contest - the late Sir Hubert Wilkins and his Ziegfeld Folly wife. - We all have our priorities, and a most interesting one was Kathleen's picking of Robert Falcon Scott as her future husband, based on her premonition that she wanted this guy to be the father of her offspring. At least she had a reason, a rather valid one, really.

A MAN FOR POLAR PEOPLE IS STILL ALIVE. Fred "Muckluck" Milan is still alive, dispelling an ugly rumor that came thisaway that he had succumbed. His wife Leda wrote us that "Fred is very much alive, but for the past several years has experienced a series of cerebral vascular accidents, which have weakened him, affected his cognitive abilities, and has severely limited his speech. Until last year he managed with a walker, but is now in a wheelchair and needs assistance with everyday needs and activities. He is currently residing in the Fairbanks Pioneer Home, a wonderful place run by the State of Alaska for sourdoughs like Fred where he is given good care."

Muckluck is one of the real nice guys in this world, and knows an awful lot about a

lot of things that goes on in the polar regions. He is probably, without a doubt, the world's greatest authority on rectal temperatures of Eskimos. His Antarctic connection was as physiologist at Little America V in 1957, where he did pioneer work on the adaptation of sixteen test subjects to the cold.

Muckluck was one of the very few people at Little America V who had had any prior polar experience, and his shack was the camp headquarters for any stories or rumors being disseminated. When Bert Crary lost Peter Schoeck down a crevasse - he did live with internal injuries - the initial joy of the camp members finding out that the universally disliked Peter had fallen into a crevasse was tempered when it was learned that Bert wanted a replacement. And Bert, no one's fool, asked for Muckluck, but he had already committed himself to join up with a study group of the aborigines in the Alice Springs area, so Bert had to settle for Crevasse Smith. Muckluck had been all over the globe, even studying the tall Indians in Tierra del Fuego. And he lived for six months with the Lapps.

Muckluck was a longtime advocate of an international multidiscipline scientific and sociological approach to the study and solution of health problems in the circumpolar regions. In November, 1967 he was appointed Chairman of the four-nation (Canada, Denmark, France and the U.S.) Eskimo study program. The program started in 1968, and finished in 1972. Under his guidance, multidiscipline teams of 20-25 scientists carried out detailed health studies (general health and performance, child growth, genetics, behavior, ecology and prehistory) on the Eskimo of Wainwright, Pt. Hope and Barrow. Due to his organizational and scientific abilities, as well as his respect and understanding of people, the IBP Eskimo Study Program was a success and a model for future multidiscipline studies.

We knew that Muckluck had fallen on bad times, and I recall a telephone conversation several years ago when I asked him, "How are you really doing?" And he replied, "Well, I tell you, Scroungy, things aren't too good, but I am surviving. I tell you what I really miss, my four o'clock cocktail. The doctors have taken it away from me."

Muckluck has lived long enough to see his name on the Albrecht-Milan Foundation of the American Society for Circumpolar Health, even though he was not physically able to attend the dedication ceremonies on 14 July 1991. It was created to assure that there is continued support for improving the health of those who choose to call the Northern Regions of the world their home. Muckluck's entire post-doctoral research was devoted to the health and welfare of circumpolar people. The Foundation named after C. Earl Albrecht and Muckluck would most graciously accept any donations towards that most worthy cause - Albrecht-Milan Foundation, American Society for Circumpolar Health, P.O. Box 243994, Anchorage, Alaska 99524 - Tel. 907-272-3231.

HOW DO YOU TELL AN EXPLORER WITHOUT A SCORE CARD? When Phil Law, retired chairman of the Australian National Committee for Antarctic Research, 1966-1980, addressed our Society on 15 October 1992 he pricked our imagination by raising the issue of what constituted an explorer. He sought refuge in the Oxford dictionary's definition of exploration, saying that exploration means examining the territory as one moves through it. And Phil added that common usage has added a further dimension, the connotation of a certain element of discovery, of examining something new, something not previously examined. As I reread Phil's definitions, and looked at his own personal track record in Antarctica, I got the impression that the explorer who best fitted his criteria might be Phil Law himself. And he certainly has the credentials to substantiate the modern interpretation of an Antarctic explorer.

But let's look at it all a bit more closely, and also take another look at Phil's thoughts on polar explorers. Many of our members are also members of the Explorers

Club, and perhaps this organization is best qualified to define an explorer. Although not a member, I know that one of the criteria, besides a deep pocket, is to show the examining committee that you have been to at least two strange places, presumably one being New York City. I don't think you really have to prove that you did any true research at your chosen sites, although doing some science probably is not held against you. Roald Amundsen and Capt. Robert Falcon Scott and Sir Ernest Shackleton could have all passed as explorers. Another criterium is that true explorers never say "never." I remember how candidly Ed Hillary spoke to us at the South Pole in December 1957 about his visit to the Explorers Club after he had conquered Mt. Everest. Today he is their Honorary President!!

But let's go back to Phil's written text, which he also presented on that State side visit to the Explorers Club in New York City. He said, "Scott and Mawson, obviously, were 'explorers', and so, to a lesser extent, was Shackleton. Shackleton was a great 'adventurer'¹ - one of the greatest. But he wasn't a great 'explorer'¹, although he always figures in the list of the greatest Would Scott have been as famous if he had not perished? Would Shackleton's fame have been as great if his ship had not been crushed? Would Mawson's name be as well-known if he had not miraculously survived a sledge journey in which his two companions died? I doubt it....Antarctica today is internationalized to an extent not seen in any other territory. Yet the literature is nationally compartmented. The British tend to sneer at Byrd, largely ignore Mawson, and take no notice at all of the Russians. The Americans accept Shackleton, play down Scott, and completely ignore the Australians and Russians. The Australians rank Scott, Shackleton, and Mawson as roughly equal, but know nothing of the Russians and Norwegians.

(Ed. note, and it looks like he could have included New Zealand, too!) One distinguished British polar expert had said, 'The two greatest polar explorers were Nansen in the north and Mawson in the south.' There has been no attempt to rate modern Antarctic explorers....although eighty percent of Antarctic exploration occurred past-1946."

Explorers are probably created by themselves and/or their constituents - probably a state of mind of the beholders as much as anything. Several years ago I went to an evening lecture at the National Geographic Society's Washington headquarters, and they introduced the speaker, Wally Hebert, as the "foremost polar explorer alive today." When you read about Antarctic explorers nowadays, invariably they are referring to adventurers like Steger and Fiennes.

With the Antarctic Treaty coming into effect, the continent was really turned into a bona fide scientific laboratory. Exploration was achieved through scientific pursuits which resulted in publication of new and, sometimes, startling information. There are no Antarctic explorers per se, as all the continent has been seen by man-womankind, and all we have left are polar scientists.

But who were the last of the true Antarctic explorers? Offhand, I would say that there were three: the aforementioned Phil Law, the Dean Emeritus of the British Antarctic Survey, Bunny Fuchs, and the late Bert Crary. And I would like to propose, of the three, that our own Bert Crary was the Bestest with the Mostest. And if you stacked him up against Mawson, the only explorer scientist from the Heroic Age, Bert would have won there, too.

First of all, Bert was probably the most all-encompassing scientist who was ever in command in Antarctica. He was so proficient in so many disciplines, that you would be doing him a grave injustice by just referring to him as a geophysicist. He was truly an IGY Task Force in himself. He had worked and published in so many different disciplines before he ever came to the Antarctic. And he had polar experience, too, which, in itself, made him somewhat unique when the International Geophysical Year came around.

If discovery of new snowfields is a basic ingredient for polar exploration, Bert led the first two austral summer traverses on the Ross Ice Shelf, and he led the first bonafide oversnow geophysical traverse to the South Pole. And unlike many other field scientists, Bert was able to reduce his data, analyze them, and published them in the Pleistocene - no small feat.

And he was an administrator. Where would Tom Jones have been without Bert at his elbow? What would have happened to the fledging Antarctic programs after the IGY without Bert Crary? He was a scientist who just happened to have a lot of polar experience. He brought a lot into the administrative corridors of Washington, and more than any other single person was responsible for good guidance of the U.S. Antarctic programs in the 1960s.

Anyone who knew Bert realized that this person was gifted to lead men. Probably the most unassuming person any of us ever knew, one who led by example. He was the senior man on the ice during the IGY, and this was no small task, as there were many problems to be solved as Navy and IGY personnel learned how to survive with one another. And he was junior in Antarctic experience to three of the other camp leaders (the late Paul Siple at the South Pole, the late Finn Ronne at Ellsworth, and the late Carl Eklund at Wilkes) . He had an almost Impossible task as Deputy Chief Scientist in Antarctica (the Chief Scientist, the late Harry Wexler, was wintering over in Washington, B.C.), yet survived admirably.

Bert was an intelligent interdisciplinary environmental scientist who wore many caps easily and with great distinction. He was an indefatigable field worker, a meticulous analyst, and a good leader and administrator. But he was also a very real person, twenty-four hours a day, a very decent person, most humble, witty with a dry humor, honest as the day was long, fair to all mankind, and so unassuming that even some family members never knew of his achievements until his obituaries were published. He had the capacity to be equally at home talking science in the White House or addressing the local union of garbage collectors. My nominee for foremost Antarctic explorer of all time - Albert Paddock Crary of Canton, New York.

LAST ANTARCTIC SLED DOGS ENROUTE TO MAINE (Wendy Hanscom, Bethel-Oxford County-Citizen) Twenty years ago - before the ascension of snowmobiles - there were hundreds of working dogs in Antarctica, but by the end of March 1994 none were left. The huskies were forced to leave the Antarctic under the terms of the Antarctic Treaty Environmental Protocol. All dogs had to be off the continent by April 1. The ban was prompted by fears of the possible transmission of canine viruses to Antarctic seals.

Kevin Slater and Polly Mahoney of Mahoosuc Guide Service in Newry (Maine) , and Tony Simpson of Bethel, arranged for the last 14 dogs from Antarctica to come to Newry. Nine of the purebred huskies will then be transported to the village of Inukjuaq on Hudson Bay. In Antarctica, the dogs were managed and cared for by the British Antarctic Survey. Simpson spent two and a half years in the mid-80s in Antarctica with the BAS at Rothera. He was responsible for the care and management of the huskies, which were used for various scientific expeditions, and later for recreation.

Several private mushers had sought to acquire the BAS team, but the BAS wanted them to go into a program where they would be worked and bred. BAS dog handler John Sweeney eventually accepted a bid by Slater, Mahoney and Simpson, who proposed to reconnect the huskies to Inuit breeders. "They liked the idea of the dogs going back to the people who developed this breed," Slater said. The Antarctic dogs originated in the coastal Arctic, Simpson said, and the BAS team are in large part the descendants of approximately 40 dogs that were taken from northern Labrador in 1943.

The dogs' journey from the Antarctic to their new home in Canada was a long one. Simpson made sure in December that the dogs had the necessary vaccines and paperwork

to bring them to the U.S. and Canada. Sweeney accompanied the dogs to the U.S. The British Royal Air Force flew the team to England in mid-March. From there, the dogs were shipped air freight on British Airways to Boston, where Slater and Simpson picked up the dogs at Logan International Airport and trucked them to Newry.

The full team of 14 dogs were in Newry for only a few days before nine of the dogs began a three-day drive in a truck to Chisasibi, Canada. Five older dogs, seven- to nine-years old, initially stayed behind. Those huskies will travel eventually to Hudson Bay, for retirement in a breeding program.

Once in Chisasibi, the dogs will set out on a 500-mile, 20-day sledding expedition to Inukjuaq, Slater said. He, Mahoney, Simpson and Sweeney will be accompanied along the trail by two other Americans, two Canadians and three native Inuits. In Inukjuaq the dogs will be turned over to Adamie Inukpuk.

Inukpuk is a former Inuit cultural teacher, and serves on the town's School Board. Inukpuk has owned sled dogs for many years, Slater said. His teams have appeared in several movies, including "Shadow of the Wolf" and "Krabloonik." The dogs from Antarctica will join the village's seven other dog teams.

... What few purebred huskies remain in Hudson Bay, Slater said, are the product of interbreeding that has weakened the strain. "Natives in Hudson Bay don't have purebred Eskimo dogs," he said, "but there is a lot of interest in bringing the dogs back." The new arrivals from Antarctica will provide a valuable boost to the local gene pool, Simpson said, and will form the core of an expansive breeding program that supporters hope will reestablish a healthy huskie population throughout the Canadian Arctic.

o.... Slater said members of both Inuit and Cree Indian villages have expressed interest in the five dogs that are to go into a breeding program. "Where they wind up is less important than that the breeding program is successful," he said. Slater plans to research where the best location for the dogs would be, and to try to make sure both Inuits and Crees have access to the breeding program. Natives of Labrador, where some of the dogs' ancestors originated, are also interested in the line, Slater said.

The cost of relocating the huskies is being picked up by private donations. The RAF is covering the biggest expense by providing air transport, Slater said. Estimated additional expenses are \$12,650. Slater, Mahoney and Simpson have been collecting donations for the dogs - mainly equipment and food. Anyone who would like more information or who wants to donate to the program can do so by mail to Native Home for the Huskies, Box 245, Bear River Road, Newry, Maine 04261, or by calling 207-824-2073.

SNOWFLAKES. *Stuart Klipper*, Chairman of the Committee to Reforest Antarctica, points out that we really blew it in the April Newsletter when we inadvertently got two of our Barry friends' names mixed up. We intended to type Barry Lopez as our candidate for the premier spokesman for Antarctica. But our fingers and our mind doublecrossed us, and it ended up that Barry Bishop, the famed Mt. Everest and Elsewhere Mountaineer, was named. Lopez is our Greatest Spokesman for the Antarctic, and we will create another category of Greatest Mountaineer for Bishop. Incidentally, Stuart Klipper, whose photography I greatly admire, will be exhibiting his Antarctic photographs in June and July at the MacDougall Gallery of Art in Christchurch, New Zealand. And Stuart, who will never be a centerfold for QG, points out that back in October 1983, Ursula LeGuin wrote a wonderful short story, "Sur," about a team of South American women who achieved the South Pole before A & S, but kept it secret so male egos are not bruised. What about that, *Jeff Johnson*? Jeff's talk should be rather interesting. How come people who go to the South Pole are considered freaks and need to be analyzed? Look at all the human investigators who have studied those people in the last thirty-five years.