



THE ANTARCTICAN SOCIETY

905 NORTH JACKSONVILLE STREET
ARLINGTON, VIRGINIA 22205

HONORARY PRESIDENT — MRS. PAUL A. SIPLE

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Mr. Peter J. Anderson, 1988
Dr. Ted E. DeLaca, 1989
Dr. Sayed Z. El-Sayed, 1990
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Dr. Susan Solomon, 1992
Dr. Michele E. Raney, 1993
Dr. Doyle A. Harper, 1994
Dr. Edith L. Taylor, 1995

OUR 1995 PAUL C. DANIELS MEMORIAL LECTURE

Fossil Tree Rings and Paleoclimate in Antarctica

by

Dr. Edith L. Taylor

Research Scientist, Byrd Polar Research Center
The Ohio State University

on

Wednesday evening, April 26, 1995

7:30 PM

National Science Foundation
4201 Wilson Blvd., Arlington

Room 375

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

Dr. Taylor joined the Byrd Polar Research Center in 1986 after serving as an Assistant Professor of Biology at Hope College in Holland, Michigan. Her area of research is paleobotany and paleoclimatology of fossil floras from Antarctica. Dr. Taylor's specialty is Permian and Triassic petrified plants from Antarctica. She is particularly interested in fossil tree rings and the information they can provide about past climates. Dr. Taylor has received a number of honors, including the Isabel Cookson Award of the Paleobotanical Section of the Botanical Society of America.

Come hear all about the lush vegetation of Antarctica!

*Be sure to watch Norman Vaughan on TV
Sunday, 2 April 1995
at 9 PM on TBS*

This is the 100th Newsletter which Ruth J. Siple has helped put together, dating back to October 1978. Yours truly has written 99 of them, taking a sabbatical - assuming that you can take a sabbatical in the midst of your retirement - while Elle Tracy pinch-hit for me on the 99th. I thought for a while that we should make the 100th issue something special, getting some real authentic Antarctic authors like Barry Lopez to honor the occasion with some of their gifted words. But time is a factor, having just returned home, so we are foisting more taradiddle upon you.

Seventeen years, a thousand, one hundred and twenty-six pages! Has anyone read every word except Ruth and me? I wonder. A couple of people offered to pay to have these things bound. One was the late Bob Nichols. The other will remain anonymous, as he is still alive and we want to protect his reputation!

As I look back over the past seventeen years I can't help but think of the many great American Antarcticans whom we have lost, the likes of Bert Crary and Jim Zumberge, and our first Honorary President, the architect of the Antarctic Treaty, Ambassador Paul C. Daniels. Our first Newsletter announced a meeting at which the late Mary Alice McWhinnie addressed our Society - an American scientist who opened so many doors for other distinguished women scientists to follow. And the saddest Newsletter told the story of the ill-fated Air New Zealand DC-10 tragedy on the lower slopes of Mt. Erebus, which claimed 257 lives. But the good news for the past seventeen years is that we all have had the benefit of having Larry Gould in our presence. He will be 99-years young this coming August, and we are going to hold him to his promise, to be our Paul C. Daniels Memorial Lecturer when he turns 100 next year.

For the past four years Ruth has been stuck with putting out these Newsletters, as I sought refuge in my midcoastal Maine hideout, leaving her with the menial and tiring job of getting these Newsletters out. And she labored with a heavy heart this year, as she lost her best friend, Lucy Ashley, to cancer, then Paul Siple's sister succumbed, and lastly, but by no means least, her son-in-law, Hugh DeWitt. But Ruth is a rock, and has survived it all. The Antarctic Society is really Ruth Siple.

NEWLY ORDAINED HONORARY MEMBERS. Last fall some great minds in our Society decided that we needed to get even with Charles Swithinbank for exporting a Mt. Holyoke graduate back to Cambridge as his spouse, so we nominated him for our next Honorary Member, making him live with seeing his name printed on our masthead.

Charles's popularity in this country knows no limit. About ten years ago he was going to be visiting Richie Williams' crew out at Reston, and someone said, "Let's have a meeting when Swithinbank is here." In my infinite wisdom I replied, "It's mid-August - no one goes to meetings in Washington in mid-August. Besides, everyone in town is on vacation on Nantucket." But no one paid any attention to me. The meeting was held, and we had to call in the carpenters to move the walls back so

everyone could get in. Charles made a real believer out of me that night. And down through the years he has served as our listening post in the U.K., and passed on some real red-hot items, such as Pam Davis's engagement. And he also sees to it that we get the latest Antarctic books coming out of the U.K.

But on the way to the voting booth, there was some hanky panky undercover maneuvering going on. Something which is called pork barreling, I believe. When there's a sure thing going through Congress, individual Congressmen attach their own pork barrel bills. So my name was added, and when I got back from the ice, the stationery had already been printed. I had ridden on Charles's sweeping victory onto the masthead myself! Ruth said that Hugh had suggested it to his wife before he died. It wasn't a deathbed wish, as Hugh went very suddenly, but I can understand his rationale perfectly. He felt if he could get me elected Honorary, perhaps I would retire and then they would get someone good to write these things. It didn't work, Hugh, but good try, anyway!

DEEPFREEZE REUNION '95, 27-30 APRIL, NEWPORT, RHODE ISLAND. Ken Waldron has succeeded his South Pole colleague of 1957, Mel Havener, as the chief honcho in masterminding the DeepFreeze reunions. They have been very successful to date in getting Navy personnel who built Antarctica together to share memories of the good old days. But the ranks are depleting every year, and one of the latest to join Dave Canham, Jack Tuck, and others is Father John Conduit, the first wintering-over Catholic chaplain at McMurdo in 1956. Father John, who died from cancer last June, was known as much for being one of the good old boys as he was for his chaplaincy. If our memory is correct, he liked to wrestle.

The DeepFreeze reunion is really for anyone involved in the early DeepFreeze days, military and civilian alike, although these reunions have become basically retired military and their families affairs. The main days this year are Friday the 28th and Saturday the 29th when they will hold a memorial service, go on a tour of Davisville, have speakers on Navy and Antarctica, and a clambake on Friday evening. If anyone is interested in attending or in more details, they should contact Ken at 51 Hornet Road, North Kingstown, Rhode Island 02852 (telephone: 401-885-2884).

In the spirit of DeepFreeze, here are a couple of anecdotes from Commander Mo Gibbs written to us in late January. Bear in mind, Mo was a 20-year old Aerographer's Mate back in 1955.

"So many things happened that are comical now, but were somewhat trying then. One was the Christmas service at Little America V. Since I was the organist for Chaplain Peter Bol, Admiral Byrd came up with the idea that I move the little pump organ outside and we all sing Christmas carols. I borrowed an officer's grey gloves, but after about 2 1/2 carols, I seized up. The fingers simply wouldn't function. Of course, I was in agony, but that was little appreciated at the time. The entry about this in my personal journal isn't printable, even today!

As a postscript, years later ('66-'67) when wintering, I discovered a mercurial barometer among the piles in McMurdo's hillside of junk that I had packed for shipment to the ice while in Davisville in '56. It made it to the ice, yet 11 years later had not been unpacked. Miraculously, the writing on the shipping document was still legible, and I recognized my own handwriting on the slip. Such is the waste of Uncle Sam. I backloaded it to the States in January '68 when I came back to the ice briefly after wintering."

HUGH HAMILTON DEWITT, WHO NEVER SAILED AROUND THE WORLD. At an Antarctic Society Memorial Lecture, I introduced Hugh to Jane, and within a few short months the Southern Ocean ichthyologist and the middle daughter of Paul and Ruth Siple were on their way to Antarctica on their honeymoon. Jane was sort of an uncut diamond when Hugh married

her, but she became a dazzling, meaningful person, and the two of them had a very loving, time-sharing thirteen years, listening to Amadeus, sailing the Penobscot Bay, and taking turns reading each other to sleep at night. Hugh especially enjoyed music of the baroque and classical periods, and was a devoted fan of Gilbert and Sullivan operas. A mention of the *Gondoliers* or the *Pirates of Penzance* could inevitably evoke a lusty baritone response.

Hugh was sort of a human dynamo. He played as he ate as he worked, all with gusto. He climbed in the high Sierras with his two brothers this past summer, realizing then that things were not quite right, but optimistic that nothing was really wrong beyond being 61. But cometh fall, and he had to undergo not one, but two, angioplasty operations. When Hugh was found in his office, he had his exercise clothes on, with a skipping rope and weights nearby. Hugh died as he lived, with great intensity, but he was also a very kind, loving, and considerate person. The obituary in *Maine Perspective*, Vol. 6, No. 16, said, "Hugh was an internationally known ichthyologist with extensive, worldwide field experience. As a marine biologist and oceanographer, his special research interests were the taxonomy, functional morphology, biogeography and ecology of marine fishes, especially those from the Southern Ocean. At the height of his research career, he was one of the two best-known authorities in the world on fishes of the Antarctic Shelf. Mt. DeWitt, a 7,227-foot peak in South Victoria Land, Antarctica, is named for Hugh in recognition of his south polar research.

"Among colleagues both in the United States and abroad, Hugh was particularly known for his skills with fishing gear and his ability to get work done at sea, often under dreadful conditions. He knew about trawls, nets, winches, shackles, towing cables and all the other pieces that have to come together in a working system if one is to recover a bag full of fishes and invertebrates from the sea floor at a depth of several thousand meters from the deck of a heaving ship.

"In 1975 he served as Chief Scientist aboard the Argentine Navy research vessel ISLAS ORCADAS during a major research cruise to the Subantarctic, sponsored jointly by the U.S. and Argentina. Because of his technical expertise, Hugh was often invited to participate in the research cruises of other foreign programs. In 1980 he joined French scientists aboard the MARION-DUFRESNE for an extended research expedition to rarely visited Bouvet and Marion Islands in the South Atlantic and South Indian Oceans, respectively.

"During his career, Hugh's field research took him from the tropical Pacific and Mexico to the Antarctic and the Gulf of Maine. Hugh received support to visit and work at various museums around the world which held important collections of fishes. His exciting career thus included studies at the Museum Nacional de Historia Natural in Santiago, Chile, the Dominion and Canterbury Museums in New Zealand, the British Museum (Natural History) in London, the Royal Scottish Museum in Edinburgh, the South African Museum in Cape Town, and other museums in Sweden, Norway, Argentina, Australia, France, and Germany.

"Hugh's investigations of the systematics of fishes resulted in a number of articles in professional journals and book chapters, one of the most important being his review of the Family Nototheniidae, a group of mostly benthic fishes endemic to the Southern Hemisphere, which appeared in *Fishes of the Southern Ocean*, a massive volume published in 1990 by the J.L.B. Smith Institute of Ichthyology in South Africa."

A Memorial Service was held for Hugh in the Newman Center at the University of Maine in Orono on 28 January 1995. His ashes will be inurned in his native California on 10 April. Those who may wish to make a contribution in his memory can do so to either The Society for the Preservation of Natural History Collections, 121 Trowbridge Hall, University of Iowa, Iowa City, IA 52242-1379, attn. Julia Golden, or to The Goldthwait Polar Library, Byrd Polar Research Center, Ohio State University, 1090 Carmack Road, Columbus, OH 43210-1002, attn. Mrs. Lynne Lay.

THE EVER CHANGING FACE OF TOURISM, The venerable British Antarctic, Bernard Stonehouse, told tourists on the ALLA TARASOVA this recent austral summer that he expected tourism in Antarctica to double and redouble by the year 2000. When Stonehouse talks on tourism in Antarctica, you had better sit up straight and listen, as this Antarctic with nearly fifty years of Antarctic service has been devoting his more recent years to studying the effects of tourism on the Antarctic ecosystem. He has had a front-row seat for the past six years or more watching penguins and tourists, tourists and penguins. He has seen tourism go "from the days when only widows of brain surgeons could afford to go to today's school teachers." Stonehouse is about to start publishing the results of his studies on the effects of tourists on the so-called pristine Antarctic environment, and the world awaits with bated breath his findings. Talking to Stonehouse, one gets the impression that he does not hold a doomsday attitude about either tourists or penguins, that the Antarctic world is big enough for both to live in harmony.

This year, according to CNN, fourteen ships took 8000 tourists to Antarctica. Expedition leaders play a shrewd game of chess, making sure that no other ship is visiting Deception Island when they are there, as they want their passengers to feel like their ship is the only one in Antarctic waters. But if Stonehouse's prediction comes true, by the year 2000, bathers from one ship will exit the waters of Pendulum Cove as the next load enters. Really hot-tubbing it.

Tourists get to see only a very small fraction of one percent of Antarctica, and most of that is north of the Antarctic Circle. BUT they do get to see and visit the very creme de la creme of the Antarctic, as nowhere else in coastal Antarctica is the scenery so majestic and stunning and awe-inspiring as it is in the Neumayer and Lemair Channels. No human being who has traversed these waters can ever be ho-hum about Antarctica. But will these channels eventually become conveyor belts for tour ships?

Tourism in Antarctica is very dynamic, with rapid changes being made in response to human desires. In recent years we have seen the introduction of Russian icebreakers carrying helicopters, opening up new opportunities for tourists. Emperor penguin colonies in the Weddell Sea, hitherto protected by a cordon of sea ice, are now within the reach of helicopters on icebreakers. And this past Christmas, tourists were flown over to the top of a relatively large tabular berg for a barbecue or cocktails, or both. No longer will people have to stay at home with their extended families for Christmas when they can escape it all by going to an exotic extended place like the top of a tabular berg to really live it up (or is it down?).

It wasn't so long ago that going on a cruise ship to Antarctica was like going back to one's high school reunion, as there was a large number of people with deep pockets who kept coming back, time after time after time. But nowadays it's a different ball game, with more vendors, more ships. On five cruises on one ship this past austral summer, only one tourist had ever been there before. Competition has driven the fares down to where normal human beings can now afford to go. Toshiko Isomura ;of Tokyo told me that it is so cheap for them to go to Antarctica that she couldn't afford to stay home! One Japanese tourist described her occupation as a "chambermaid" in a hotel. So cut-rate fares are opening Antarctica to commoners. The Ugly American now has serious competition from abroad for spaces on Antarctic tour ships!

In the old days, there was only a limited number of ships to choose from, but today one can choose from a small yacht to a luxurious monster of the high seas carrying hundreds of passengers, so you can name your own poison. This person is thinking of trying to stir up interest among Antarctic IGYers to take their spouses, or whomever, to Antarctica on our 40th anniversary, as one can now find a ship to fit the number of one's own party. The many options for today's Antarctic traveller are almost limitless.

Ron Naveen told me that while hedge-hopping, or was it wave-hopping, on three different cruise ships this summer, they stopped at twenty different places. If you are an expedition leader on a cruise ship, there are so many givens (such as visiting a manned station, swimming at Pendulum Cove, stepping foot on the continent, seeing at least three species of penguins), and then you have open options as weather permits. But are they going to face a situation by the year 2000 when only X number of visits can be made to a fascinating place like Paulet Island? The U.S. is already restricting the number of port calls by tour ships to Palmer Station, and this could become a blueprint for some of the best environmental stops. Maybe tourists should travel to Antarctica now. Obey the sign outside a Maine cemetery, "Get a lot while you are young!"

Who is going to really set policy on Antarctic tourism? All of the Antarctic environmental protocol bills before our last Congress (went down the tube before they could be enacted) had statements saying that the Department of State shall coordinate an inter-agency study to determine whether or not additional measures should be taken with respect to Antarctic tourist activities, said study to be completed within 24 months after the enactment of the Environmental Protocol. Sort of scary to see that inter-agency tidbit. They might start out protecting the penguins, but by the time they get through all the committees, they actually might end up protecting the ubiquitous aggressive fur seals, which are going to take over this world if the cockroaches don't beat them to it.

I have only the highest regard for Antarctic Expedition Leader Dennis Mense of British Columbia, whom I was able to observe close hand on the ALLA TARASOVA for five cruises. If all expedition leaders were like Dennis, there would be no need for any rules of conduct already set down for tourists' behavior on shore. He conducted the mandatory lectures, showed the mandatory films, and took attendance at each gathering. And, when he went ashore, he whistled down people he thought were encroaching on the neutral zone around birds and seals.

EAST BASE REVISITED (by Jackie Ronne). Neither photographs nor superlative adjectives can convey the raw, icy magnificence of the Peninsula area of Antarctica. I experienced this in 1947, on my first panoramic view of the Continent, as we headed for our future base on Stonington Island in Marguerite Bay. And I had the same feeling recently when I returned on the M/S EXPLORER. There was a lump in my throat when our Captain announced we were crossing the Antarctic Circle. It was the first time without my husband, and those years of hurdles and vicissitudes came flooding back. Although I had also been to the Antarctic in 1959 and again at the South Pole in 1971, I never thought I would ever return to East Base. Yet, here I was, 47 years later, walking over the snow-covered rocks toward the first American Historic Site in Antarctica, and I was thrilled to be there.

My daughter, Karen, was with me. She was the fourth member of the Ronne family to get to the Antarctic. Her father, Finn, and grandfather, Martin, had left their footprints on both sides of the Continent years before. Together, we peered in the window of the 12x12-foot hut I shared with her father nearly half a century earlier. It had changed. The room was nearly bare, as was the once congested mess hall and science building, except for a small museum containing artifacts reminiscent of far busier times. The machine shop had blown away and so had many of my memories, both happy and sad. Later, I learned that our geologist, Bob Nichols died that very day - a fine gentleman and a good friend. I only wish he had known that I had gotten back. So many of our expedition members preceded him.

Karen had made three 18x24-inch panels explaining the achievements of the Ronne expedition which she had installed on the walls near the small museum. We signed the guest book, made sure doors were closed and plowed our way slowly back to the ship, overwhelmed with nostalgia and gratitude that unusually favorable ice conditions and the determination of our ship's Captain and crew had allowed us this opportunity.

ANTARCTIC SITE INVENTORY PROJECT (by Ron Naveen). Ron Naveen reports an excellent, first season of work on The Oceanites Foundation's Antarctic Site Inventory project, the project, which is the subject of a start-up grant award from NSF, intends to create a database of relevant information to assist both the preparation and the evaluation of environmental assessments under the new (but not yet in force) Antarctic Environmental Protocol. The upside news is that during the 1994-95 austral summer, the initial year of data collection for the Inventory, research teams accomplished 43 survey visits at 20 different Peninsula locations, and in the process 139 count sites were established at which data regarding penguins, flying birds, and seals may be collected from season-to-season.

Under the Protocol, environmental assessments will be required before the start of any and all human activities in Antarctica, whether that activity be the construction of new science bases or the operation of Antarctic tour ships. But at the moment, a database of relevant information to support and facilitate the assessment process simply doesn't exist, and it is this precise gap that the Antarctic Site Inventory intends to fill. It is contemplated that, ultimately, the Inventory will contain a vast assemblage of data and information about the physical and biological characteristics of the many locations that are potentially visited, including everything from maps, photos, and animal counts to historical information, geological descriptions, and profiles of floral communities and associations. In these early stages, the project is focused on the Peninsula and the 116 locations that expedition tourists, scientists, and field teams have visited in the last six years.

Ultimately, the Inventory project intends to establish strong links with all other national Antarctic programs, to avoid a duplication of effort among the various national programs and among the wide coterie of Antarctic researchers. This process commences in April with a number of coordinating sessions with personnel at the British Antarctic Survey and the Scott Polar Research Institute.

THE WARMING OF ANTARCTICA. A lot of media attention was showered on that berg that broke off from the Larsen Ice Shelf, even though in 1987, a berg twice that size had broken off from the Ross Ice Shelf in relative obscurity. But what made the Larsen berg so newsworthy was that this berg might be the first of many to follow, as an overflight of the Larsen Ice Shelf showed that the area where it broke off was in a state of rubble, and that the huge tongue of ice which used to connect James Ross Island to the mainland was no more. We were in that general area in early February, completely oblivious to what had already happened or was about to happen!

Malcolm Browne wrote an interesting article in the New York Times for 14 March 1995 in which he reported about findings in the Dry Valleys. He wrote about Andrew Fountain of the University of Washington looking for clues to changes in the earth's climate, and they are evidently all over the place in the Dry Valleys. The melting on the Commonwealth Glacier has forced the closing of the New Zealand Lake Vanda research station, as melting in the past decade has seen the level of the lake rising three feet a year. And Fountain's measurements of the rate of melting of the Canada Glacier and the resulting flow of meltwater into Lake Hoare showed a similar pattern.

And when Jackie Ronne "went home" to Stonington Island, she saw with her very own eyes what others had seen before her, the glacier ramp which previously had connected Stonington to the mainland was no longer there. There appears to be substantial warming of the Antarctic Peninsula, and the Greening of Antarctica may be underway! Old hands are reporting great growths. Will climate change supplant the ozone hole as the tail which wags the dog? Stay tuned.

THE LURE OF ANTARCTIC FICTION. There are few names which are recognized as The Antarctic Authority, but when it comes to Antarctic fiction, there is such a person,

Fauno Cordes, whose words have graced these pages down through the past decade. Her Coming-Out Party, her debut at the Met, or whatever, came forth on Sunday, March 12, 1995 when she presented the lecture, *The Lure of Antarctic Fiction*, at the winter meeting of the Gleason Library Associates at the University of San Francisco.

A post-game press conference, really an open reception, was held afterwards in the Donohue Rare Book Room, where Fauno had a spectacular display of her Antarctic material, which included a real laugh, an overseas aerogram from Australia of Sir Hubert Wilkins, which said "First to fly in the Arctic!" She has seventeen exhibition cases full of various Antarctic subject matter, and this exhibit will be running through 1 May 1995. Her lecture, which covers Antarctic fiction from 1605 to date, may become available to interested parties. If you are one of the interested parties, you should contact us, and we'll see what can be done about it.

BOOK NEWS FOR ANTARCTICANS (by John Millard). The book event of the year, for me, was The Major Book Auction Sale, held in Melbourne, Australia, on the 15th, 16th and 17th of November 1994. It was organized by Gaston Renard, Fine & Rare Books, in collaboration with Leonard Joel, Auctioneers & Valuers. Three comprehensive catalogues were produced for this sale. Volume #1, *Antarctica*, consisted of 1744 lots. Copies of the catalogues are still available, including lists of prices realized. The price is \$60, in Australian dollars, which includes Air Mail postage to North America. MasterCard, Visa and American Express are acceptable. From Gaston Renard, CPO Box 5235BB, Melbourne, 3001, Australia or by FAX +61 3 417 3025.

For *Antarcticans* almost all of the classical items of the Antarctic Literature were listed, in some cases more than one copy was available. The prices quoted in this short review are in Australian dollars, and include the obligatory 10% Buyers premium on all successful bids. Postage, handling, insurance, etc., extra.

Book prices in Australia, both for new and used, are somewhat higher than in Britain and North America. Australians are very avid book buyers, they don't seem to be deterred by the high prices, particularly when it comes to interesting collectibles.

There were two copies of the original *AURORA AUSTRALIS*, the book produced in the Antarctic by the members of the British Antarctic Expedition, 1907-09, which was led by Ernest H. Shackleton. Lot #1435 sold for \$27,500, and lot #1436 for \$22,000. In previous sales copies of the 'AA' have fetched prices a good deal higher, in the \$30,000 to \$40,000 range. Also in sale was a copy of Shackleton's book *HEART OF THE ANTARCTIC*, the special edition bound in Ivory Vellum, in 3 volumes, limited to 300 copies, lot #1445, \$7,150. Cherry-Garrard's classic, *THE WORST JOURNEY IN THE WORLD*, was represented by 20 different editions, including two copies of the first edition, which, of course, is the most complete. Lot #304 is the first edition, in the first binding - linen-backed, blue-papered covered boards at \$2,860, and the 2nd binding, light blue cloth, lot #305 at \$1,540. Also there was copy of the last hard cover edition, published in 1965, by Chatto & Windus, in an arrangement with Angela Mathias, Cherry's widow and Literary Executor. All the previous editions were published by Cherry-Garrard, and were distributed for him by John Constable Publishers, and later by Chatto & Windus. This particular edition has a frontispiece portrait of the author, plus four maps, but no other illustrations. Also the original forewords and the author's introductions have been omitted. A short memoir of the author by the late Rev. George Seaver, has been added as a foreword. This edition is also the pattern for all of the later Penguin paperback editions of 1970-1979 and 1983, and also for the most recent Carroll & Graf editions of 1989-92, the four maps are present, but not the frontispiece portrait.

There is another item of interest - Lot #1120, *THE ANTARCTIC MANUAL* for the use of the Expedition of 1901, edited by George Murray, FRS, published by The Royal Geographical Society, xvi, 586 pp., maps, illus., etc. It covers a host of different topics,

including scientific items to be studied by the Expedition, plus geographical and historical items, such as: *The Journal of John Biscoe*, pp. 305-335, *The Journal of John Balleny*, pp. 336-347, and the *Log of John Balleny's Second Mate*, pp. 348-359. These are not in print anywhere else. There is also an interesting early Antarctic Bibliography, from before 1700 to 1900, compiled and edited by Dr. Hugh R. Mill, former Librarian of the Royal Geographical Society, pp. 521-580. There is also an index. This lot sold for \$2,860. It was an inscribed presentation copy from one of the contributors to another kindred colleague.

For those who have an interest in the Second Byrd Antarctic Expedition, 1933-35, Lot #744, a set of *THE LITTLE AMERICA TIMES*, 1933-35, compiled and edited by August Horowitz (who later changed his name to Howard). Eighteen issues of the Byrd section and thirteen issues of the Ellsworth section, sold for \$1,980. In my 40+ years of collecting Antarctica, this is the first time that I have ever seen a mention of an issue of *THE LITTLE AMERICA TIMES*, never mind a complete set, in any Book Sellers catalogue. On a personal note, I have been trying to find someone with a complete set of *THE TIMES*, as I would like to acquire some photocopies of the early issues to complete my file. I need the first four Byrd issues and the first three Ellsworth issues. Any assistance that can be provided would be sincerely appreciated. My address and phone number: 86 Broadway Avenue #18, Toronto, Ontario M4P 1T4, Canada - 416-489-7015.

BOB NICHOLS, A THROWBACK TO THE HEROIC AGE (1904-1995). Bob Nichols was the last of a vanishing breed, a man who thought the only good that could be accomplished in Antarctica came through man-hauling efforts, a man who thought that Captain Robert Falcon Scott was the greatest Antarctic explorer of all time, and a man who dared to come before a bisexual Antarctic orientation and end up his spiel bellowing out, "And what I like best about Antarctica is its masculinity." He worshipped Scott, he liked the Brits, and was proud to show off a picture of the annual British Antarctic black-tie affair with himself among the heroes. He should have been Scott's son, because then everything would have been perfect.

But he wasn't a bad American either, and he dearly loved Tufts College, the hills of New England, and even Cape Cod. A large part of Bob died the day his wife decided that they should move from the Cape to Florida to be near one of their offspring. He wrote asking for climatic data for Florida, and I embellished the data with "You're going to hate the place, Bob, it's not like New England at all, in fact, it's a miserable place to live."

I always knew when the field season in Greenland was upon us, as old Bob would appeal at our office scrounging tents, clothing, footwear, and rations for himself and his graduate students. And, if my memory is correct, he once led a couple of young whippersnappers by the names of Bob Rutford and George Denton on a man-hauling sledge exploration journey in the McMurdo area. Wonder whatever happened to Rutford and Denton? Probably driving taxi cabs somewhere, certainly not man-hauling any more.

Bob Dodson, who served with Bob Nichols in the Antarctic wrote the following:

Robert L. Nichols, chief geologist on the Ronne Expedition (1947-48), died on February 25, 1995 in Tampa, Florida at the age of 90. He had Alzheimer's disease. For the past year, following the death of his wife, he had been in a nursing home. While there he had enjoyed regular visits from his former expedition bunkmate of 1947-48, Walter Smith, who lives in Tampa.

After becoming a geologist, and earning a Ph.D., he spent most of his career on the faculty of Tufts College (now Tufts University) in Medford, Massachusetts. His will calls for a portion of his ashes to be placed perpetually on the window sill of his office there. Following his retirement from Tufts, he taught for a number of years in eastern Kentucky, then retired to Cape Cod before moving about ten years

ago to Tampa.

Bob's contact with the Ronne Expedition came about through a last-minute chance. In December 1946, only a month before we were due to sail, Finn called me to say that his geologist had withdrawn; could I help find a replacement - someone professionally qualified and willing to leave for a year of isolation in the Antarctic on less than a month's notice. I was a student at Harvard at the time, majoring in geology. I talked to the eminent professor, Kirk Bryan, who told me, "...there's a fellow named Bob Nichols over at Tufts, a big, strong guy. He has a long shelf of Antarctic books, loves the Antarctic; he just might go for it." When I met Bob and told him what we had in mind, his eyes lit up. From that time on there was no stopping him. He managed to disengage, from work and family, on short notice.

On the expedition Bob was, as Smitty puts it, probably the most loved man on the expedition. He was certainly among the most upright, trustworthy and diligent members of the group. He was scrupulously honest, endowed with a warm kindness and selflessness sparked with enthusiasm, always willing to lend a hand for any task, naive at times but usually wise in dealing with people, a great team worker. Bob was one of a group (along with Ike Schlossbach, Chuck Adams and Bill Latady) who were our strongest anchors to windward during moments of tension.

MISCELLANEOUS. This wasn't what we thought our 100th Newsletter would look like, but We strive to go to bed with some current news, but for the first time that I can recall, we have nothing from NSF. Without their input, it becomes a pretty dry Newsletter. And some other news items never came through, for one reason or another. Plus one of our fax machines broke down, not once, not twice, but three times. So we ended up with no time on the clock, and a need to announce the Memorial Lecture now. . . . Remember to watch old Norman Vaughan on April 2nd. As we go to press, he is bouncing all over the eastern seaboard. If he ever drops anchor, we hope to talk to him about his trip and future plans. The last we heard was that he wants to make Mt. Vaughan into an upside down Grand Canyon and lead expeditions there.

Besides Jackie and Norman going home this past austral summer, Bert Getz finally got to the Getz Ice Shelf. Bert and his daughter did the whole ball of wax in five weeks: Mt. Vinson, the South Pole, the Dawson Lambton area, and other by-stops on a 4,000-mile continental trip. He was thrilled to be with Frank Todd in an Emperor colony, which was topped off with the first recorded sighting of a melanistic Emperor penguin. Bert ran into Norman at Patriot Hills, and I guess he thought he had met God, although I think Todd convinced him that he, Frank, was really God in the Antarctic. Bert wrote Ruth that "it was indeed a marvelous experience in a beautiful environment." And so say all of us!

Ed Williams of 4536 Greenlee Road, Roanoke, Virginia 24018, has shot and produced the best home video imaginable on Antarctica. Just fantastic! A little over three hours running time, with great background classical music. People play a most insignificant role, and the natural environment and its native inhabitants are featured, just as they should be. My only criticism might be that the music background when in penguin rookeries might have been lower, as the penguins themselves play a pretty good symphony on their own.

LATE NEWS. *Norman Vaughan will be a guest on Reeves' circumpolar flight of the Arctic 23-24 June 1995. Next winter he will lead tour groups to the interior of Antarctica. He is optimistic that he can pay off his debts which are considerable, especially for an 89-year old renegade. Has anyone in history ever been so young after reaching age 80, completing several Iditarods, being actively involved in the retrieval of World War II planes on the Greenland icecap, involved in two Antarctic expeditions - one climbing a 10,000' mountain, and marrying a fortyish woman?*