The Antarctican Society

"By and For All Antarcticans"

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BRASH ICE. This is being put to bed in the height of the rescue of the Chilean Miners, which CNN covered so magnificently, with occasional references being made to similarities in Antarctica and the people living there. But my Antarctic experience could in no way be comparable to the hardships that the 33 miners must have experienced. But the euphoria of being liberated from a stalag in Germany was certainly comparable to the thrill of the miners coming back into civilization. I have no idea at all how hard the miners must work when they are performing their regular duties, but I do have a slight idea how hard it was to mine snow in the 90-foot pit at the South Pole. The Siple family thought that Paul's efforts in working so hard in the mine at the South Pole in 1957 was the beginning of the deterioration of his health. They may have had a valid point.

I could not help laughing at the miner coming back up to two women, one his wife, one his mistress. But that was nothing compared to an Antarctican who was stranded at a foreign station who had three women awaiting his return. This man was completing his second year at the station, and found himself facing a third consecutive year there when ice conditions were so severe that they could not resupply the station. Meanwhile his wife, his fiancée, and his mistress were all bugging Washington to get him back home. His wife wanted to divorce him, his fiancée wanted to marry him, and his mistress wanted him back as a lover. It just happened that Bert Crary, who was a wheel in the polar office, who knew the guy personally, was in a South American city where he could contact the American by phone. And he said to him, "Hey, there are a bunch of women back in the states who want you back pretty badly, but it would cost us a fortune to fly a plane over there to get you. What would you say if we left you there for a third year?"Without a second's hesitation he responded, "That's okay, Bert, just leave me here, no problem."

Who is a typical Antarctican, is there a prototype? I have had several Antarctic Gatherings at my home in the past four summers, and the amazing thing to me is how similar the new crowd is to the old folks.

Thanks to the Logans, Drew and Diana, who live here in Maine, we have been blessed by them introducing us to people who have wintered over in recent years. But take Ed Flowers, a meteorologist at the South Pole, who passed away in the past month. I knew Ed back in 1956 before he went to the ice and I knew him after he went to the ice.

But he was what I would call an atypical Antarctican, yet a couple of years later he went back to the South Pole to winter over again, he was married, dead-pan serious, and a professional all the way--trained in meteorology. About twenty-five years after the IGY, a bunch of us South Pole veterans from that era decided to have a composite IGY reunion from both IGY years, including both sandcrabs and swabees. We actually had a great turnout, but one exception was this fellow Ed Flowers who responded, "If I am going to spend that kind of money traveling, I am going to go see my grandchildren, not going back to see you guys". Well, Ed is gone now, and I doubt if his last thoughts were about the Antarctic. But when I go, which won't be too far away – I'm 87 in November--I think my last thoughts will be flying up the Beardmore in an R4D with Gus Shinn in the pilot seat. What a thrill that was to me.

We are also thinking of streamlining our Society's Newsletter, especially making it more interesting to the younger people, also our newer members. If you have a desire to write an Antarctic story of interest, send it to our secretary, John Splettstoesser, and he will put it into the bin for the next Newsletter. His email address and postal address are on the cover page. As our Honorary President, Charles Swithinbank, recently wrote, "We do need a broader net sweeping in more contributors from our membership, especially the younger people who will be our heirs." We should probably limit obituaries to one, book reviews to no more than two, and as many recent news happenings on the ice that we can muster

We hope that all of you are using our web site to keep abreast of all of the great things that Tom Henderson is doing as our webmaster. It is a continuing labor of love for Tom, and one of his most recent changes is a simplification of his Time Trek program. He initiated this very recently with an update on Charles Swithinbank. Be on the lookout for more of your favorite Antarcticans. Meanwhile, our president, Charles Lagerbom, continues his wonderful free slide-scanning program for Society members. What a team, join us in making your own contributions, helping to build our Society even more.

We are pleased to note that many of you responded to the item in the previous newsletter about the need for Ed Stump to come up with what is known as a 'subvention' by the publisher of his book manuscript, "***Exploring Deep Field Antarctica***," a very thorough coverage of the geology of the Transantarctic Mountains by means of spectacular photographs and text at the level of semi-technical readers. The publisher specified a necessary dollar amount in order to go further with its publication, and Ed has informed us that the amount has been reached through the generous donations of members and others. His next step is to do final editing to bring it to the publisher's requirements, and a book is expected in 2011. Good fortune, Ed!

Time is running out on your opportunity to extend your membership at our current low price of $15.00 per year – memberships go up to $20.00 per year on January 1, 2011. Many of you have extended your membership five to ten years downstream, which certainly helps the paper work of your treasurer. We hope to get a supplemental shipment of the 2011 Hedgehog Antarctic calendars, but this will be it. So if you want one of these special calendars, send a check for $15.00, made out to the Antarctican Society, to us in Port Clyde, Maine. No guarantees honoring orders after the first of December.

SOCIETY'S CENTENNIAL MEDAL HONORING AMUNDSEN-SCOTT. Just prior to this Newsletter going to press, our Vice-President, Tony Gow, and our Treasurer, Paul Dalrymple, visited an artist by the name of Jack Chase in Jericho, Vermont, on an exploratory visit about Jack designing for our Society a Centennial Medal honoring the 100th anniversary of Amundsen and Scott arriving at the South Pole in December 1911 and January 1912. Jack is a very accredited sculptor, being one of the finalists for the design of the Viet Nam Memorial. Look him up on the internet. We have been thinking about the upcoming Centennial for some time, and came before Jack with several of our own suggestions. Then Jack showed us what he thought that he could design and which would be most appropriate for the occasion, and at a price that we felt would be in the range of our member's pockets.

We wanted a design that would be relevant to both Amundsen and Scott, and, indirectly to our Society. The one common element seemed to be snow, which both had to travel over to reach the South Pole. We had a snow expert in our midst in Tony Gow, the recipient of the Seligman Crystal from the International Glaciological Society. And we were in Jericho, Vermont, birthplace and home of Wilson Bentley, who was widely known for his remarkable scientific research and photographic work in the study of snowflakes, beginning with his successful print in January 1885 and culminating with well over 5000 microphotographs of snow crystals during his lifetime of 66 years. And Jack, himself, has made many sculptures utilizing snowflakes. Everything was pointing towards a design featuring snowflakes!

Right now Jack is working on his preliminary design for our Amundsen-Scott Centennial Medal, working in conjunction with Tony Gow. We hope to have a design and leaflet printed and distributed to you by the end of the current calendar year. This medal will come with a neck chain, and will also show Roald Amundsen's name and date of his arrival at the South Pole, plus the same for Robert Falcon Scott.

OUR PRESIDENT SPEAKS (Charles Lagerbom) There will be a celebration for Captain Robert Scott in Plymouth, England next June 4-5-6, 2011. It will be one of many festivities of a much larger, year-long recognition of his expedition that reached the South Pole in January 1912. I have made tentative plans to visit and take part in the celebrations, my small role being a short talk about Henry Bowers of Scott's polar party.

So I checked in with some of my Antarctic buddies from our fieldwork days in the Dry Valleys to see if they might want to come along as well. Why not use this occasion to gather? These were the guys who made my Antarctic experience all the more memorable. We were the S-156 field party from high up in the cirques of Upper Wright Valley, the grunts, the beakers, whatever you wanted to call us. We worked hard, played hard and learned quite a lot. I learned how to get along, I learned what I could or would put up with, and where I would draw the line. It was one of the more formative times in my life. We saw the best and worst of each other and forged some strong bonds, like a band of brothers.

Well, it has now been twenty years and I notice that we do not seem to gather as often as when we first got back. We did so at the big occasions such as weddings and occasional vacations but time has gone by and our moments of seeing everyone have grown fewer and farther between. We have moved on to other parts of the country and begun lives separate and distinct from anything Antarctic related. Good thing for emails, Christmas cards and phone calls, but we all know that that does not quite really cut it.

And that got me thinking about Henry Bowers and his place in Scott's expedition. What a dynamo of energy and industry! Everyone seemed to have nothing but praise for the young Scotsman. He seemed to be one of those guys who was everywhere, involved in most

aspects of the expedition and well-liked by most, if not all participants. He was also quick to volunteer, a hard worker, willing to do what was necessary, steadfast and reliable to the end.

So I am looking forward to seeing the celebrations in Plymouth next June, with the opportunity to talk about the incredible Henry Bowers. But no doubt more important for me, I will get the chance to once again see the people from my own Antarctic experience. For further information: http://www.scott100.org/events/641/. Also, inquire at scott100@plymouth.ac.uk.

CHRISTCHURCH EARTHQUAKE FOLLOWUP (Received Oct. 9, 2010) In the words of Margaret Lanyon, "What makes an earthquake so terrifying is you don't know how strong it is or how long it's going to last. The totally unexpected and violent 7.1-m earthquake experienced in Christchurch on September 4 was no exception." We asked Margaret for this follow-up because she was there at the time (4:36 a.m.) and experienced some damage in her house. She continues to say, "Improved building codes helped to prevent more damage than was experienced, although many old buildings have to be demolished before they disintegrate." Some damage continues as a result of aftershocks. Estimated damage to homes and other buildings amounted to $4 billion [N.Z.$], and to date has led to almost 100,000 claims to the Earthquake Commission. About 1,000 claims per day are still being lodged. The government has rushed emergency legislation through Parliament to override laws with a view to removing bureaucracy, which could slow recovery. Hundreds of houses have been declared unfit for habitation, and thousands more have sustained serious damage. Many businesses have been forced to close down or relocate because of structural damage to premises. In the space of five weeks, there have been 1576 seismic shocks in the province of Canterbury, and the count increases daily. Margaret said the probability of large-magnitude aftershocks occurring is decreasing, although a number of them have been in the 5.1-m range, and some may continue for months, but hopefully decreasing in size and frequency. The good news is that Margaret is fine, with minor damage to her house, and she says that Spring has arrived in Christchurch, and many of our readers know what that means….. a beautiful time of the year.

Later message from Margaret on Oct. 20 – During a 36-hour period earlier this week there were 34 aftershocks, including one of 5.0 yesterday, which seemed more severe than the earlier 7.1 quake, but it was centered just 10 km southwest of the city and only 9 km deep. No injuries, but a bit of damage to some buildings and liquefaction around the epicenter.

[**Note about earthquake definitions**. '**m**' as noted in Margaret's personal account is a '**seismic moment'**, a measure of the size of an earthquake based on the concept of rupture and slippage along a fault plane as a rotational moment about a point on the fault. Kind of fancy, but it is more common these days than measuring an earthquake on the **Richter scale**, which shows the size or magnitude of the earthquake ranging from 1 to 10. The **Mercalli scale**, another way of labeling the event, is a measure of intensity ranging from 1 to 12 (almost total destruction). No matter what you call it, it can be terrifying if you're in it. Some of the differences between those scales show as scribbles on a seismograph, or simply breakage of household goods, such as things flying off shelves. JFS]

COLIN BULL PASSES. By John Splettstoesser. It is an honor for me to write the obituary for Colin Bull for the Newsletter, as he shaped my life toward my personal involvement in polar regions from the time that he hired me in 1967 as Assistant Director of the Institute of Polar Studies (IPS), The Ohio State University (OSU).
Colin was born in Birmingham, England, on 13 June 1928, and earned his Ph.D. degree there in Physics. Colin passed away on 7

September 2010 at the age of 82 while on a cruise to Alaska with his wife, Gillian. Obituaries composed for Colin that I am aware of are filled with accolades and praise for a man who affected many people in many ways. In the case of graduate students (14 Ph.D., 8 M.S.), he was a mentor for their success. The Antarctican Society Newsletter is a venue for serious content (but you might have to search for it), and it is also a means for me to include some scholarly tidbits about Colin as well as some of the wit that Colin was inevitably bound to express, whether in the field with students or anywhere else. For more serious obituaries of Colin, refer to upcoming issues of *Polar Record* and *Arctic*, and others. I have taken the alternate route, illustrating that Colin was a serious scholar and scientist, but also a talented wit with an unequaled sense of humor.

Rather than belabor details about his early education, a few highlights of his life are worth pointing out, an early one that perhaps shaped his life and career, was his participation in the British North Greenland Expedition, 1952-54. Afterward, he and his new wife Gillian elected to move to New Zealand where Colin would take a position in the Physics Department at the Victoria University of Wellington. Shortly after, he led an expedition to the Dry Valleys of Antarctica, described in the second "***Innocents***…" book below.

It is apparent from reading his recent books on '***Innocents***' that he must have been a delight to be with in the field, cheerful under the worst of circumstances, and also a good leader. For example, in "***Innocents in the Arctic, the 1951 Spitsbergen Expedition***" (University of Alaska Press, 2005), which provides an amusing but factual account of events, Colin said that the three-month expedition was his first of more than 20 expeditions made to the polar regions over the last 50 years. "*..it was the most memorable of them all. I've been sopping wet countless times but that was the only occasion I've started the day by wringing icy cold rainwater from the sleeping bag in which I intended to sleep again the following night*." (p. 239.) Only Colin could have put it into words that imply misery in the field, but making light of it.

In his latest book, "***Innocents in the Dry Valleys, an account of the Victoria University of Wellington Antarctic Expedition, 1958-1959***," (Victoria University Press, 2009), a similar type of anecdotal account flows from Colin, with his wit evident in relating many episodes of field work.

The greatest thing that ever happened to OSU and polar sciences there occurred as a result of a meeting with Dick Goldthwait from OSU who invited Colin to move to Columbus in 1961 to help set up the Institute of Polar Studies. The position was for 15 months, and he and his family stayed for 25 years. The moves that followed were quick, with 'Doc G' moving from Director of IPS to become Chairman of the Geology Department and Colin taking over as IPS Director, 1965-69. This period of his life was my learning period to work with someone who was a born leader and who looked for opportunities that advanced the lives and careers of, not himself, but those around him, and as a result, I am indebted to Colin as a mentor. Many of Colin's students went on to distinguished careers in their professions, many of them still active in several countries and in responsible positions. Some have earned the kudos of their peers by professional society awards at the highest level—Seligman Crystal, National Medal of Science are only two examples. Whenever possible, Colin would encourage his students to present the results of their research, even though preliminary, at technical symposia or meetings in order for them to achieve recognition as a start to their careers.

Continuing in his upward leaps within OSU administration, Colin replaced Doc G as Geology Chairman, 1969-72, followed by Dean of the College of Mathematical and Physical Sciences, retiring in 1986. Soon after, Colin and Gillian moved to Bainbridge Island, Washington, where Colin established a business buying and selling 'Polar Books.'

Colin's scholarly works numbered some 60 or more papers or publications, including the two books mentioned above, as well as a thorough review of the literature published as "Snow Accumulation in Antarctica," 1971, a paper written while Colin was on a Quarter leave from OSU at the Scott Polar Research Institute. He also edited, with Pat F. Wright (Sir Charles' daughter), "***SILAS: The Antarctic Diaries and Memoir of Charles S. Wright***," Ohio State University Press, 1993, an example of Colin's interest in making public the records of early explorers.

Perhaps one of the more classic articles by Colin appeared with one of his graduate students as senior author, and Valter Schytt, visiting scientist at OSU, who worked with Colin and Olav Orheim in the field, resulting in "Glaciological studies of past climatic variations in the South Shetland Lands," published in ***Antarctic Journal of the U.S***. in 1972. This significant work is often cited and commonly known as the '**Orheim-Bull-Schytt'** effect, surely not an accidental grouping of authors.
Another achievement worth mentioning is that Colin was the force behind the acceptance by the U.S. Antarctic Program and U.S. Navy of an all-female expedition, in this case to the Dry Valleys in the 1969-70 austral summer, led by Dr. Lois Jones, paving the way to overcome the roadblock for women in the U.S. program thereafter.

More anecdotes? I like the idea that Colin never minded when students and anyone else referred to him as **CB**-cubed (for **C**olin **B**ruce **B**radley **B**ull). One of his favorite stories was about a seismic field team in a company of Germans that was about to set off an explosive charge. As the shooter (probably Colin) in charge of the instrument to set off the charge was not proficient in German, he looked at the instruction manual at hand, and when the charge was ready, the next step was to alert anyone within hearing that the proper word to yell was '**Schiessen**' (for '**Shoot**' in English). He was close, but yelled '**Scheissen**', and if you know enough German, you will understand why the entire team broke up in laughter. One of Colin's favorite stories. Survivors include his wife, Gillian, and their three grown children, Nicky, Rebecca, and Andrew.

ANTARCTIC AUCTION. An auction sales representative has announced an auction on November 19, 2010, of Antarctic material from the estate of Richard R. Conger, Chief Photographer's Mate with Operation Windmill (1947-48). The items in the estate will soon be listed in a catalog, but a summary can be found at www.oldtownauctions.com. Examples include a large collection of Antarctic books, photos, images, a camera and other miscellanea. The auction will be held in Boonsboro, Maryland. Questions can be directed to Laura Gast, sales agent, at tel (410) 458 – 5768; email sales@oldtownauctions.com, or zummy_6@yahoo.com.

THE LONGEST WINTER: SCOTT'S OTHER HEROES, by Meredith Hooper. London: John Murray, 2010, 358 pages, $26.95. Review by Charles Lagerbom. We all know Scott's last expedition. Beaten to the pole by Amundsen, Scott and his four companions struggled back along a thin trail of scattered depots only to fall short by 11 miles of provisions and help at One Ton Depot. We have also heard of Lt. Victor Campbell's ordeal, the struggles of his "Northern Party" forced to winter in an ice cave with scant provisions and clothing. What has been neglected or not yet fully examined is their relation to each other and their place in the larger context of the same expedition. This has been masterfully redressed in Meredith Hooper's *The Longest Winter: Scott's Other Heroes*. In January 1911, Robert Falcon Scott said goodbye to Lt. Campbell and the Lieutenant's five companions. Scott was hurriedly preparing his fall depot journey which resulted in establishing One Ton Depot miles short of its intended position. Campbell and his men, considered the other main thrust of the ***TERRA NOVA*** expedition in addition to Scott's polar attempt, were headed to King

Edward VII land to explore that largely unknown land to the east of Ross Ice Shelf. At least that was the plan.

Campbell's party, called the Eastern Party, chose not to land on King Edward VII land (due to the unexpected presence of Amundsen's winter quarters at the Bay of Whales) but instead wintered at Cape Adare, a mountainous and glacier-locked area at the northern end of Victoria Land already visited and investigated by an earlier expedition. It was an incredible letdown for Campbell and his team. But they resigned themselves to making the best of it, with the hope of later exploring west of Cape North. Hooper fleshes out these changes of plans and how they affected Campbell and his men. Using their own words from diaries and journals and correspondence, she examines the implications both physically and psychologically as well as how this affected Scott's overall plans for his expedition.

After their winter at Cape Adare and their failure to get beyond Cape North, Campbell convinced the ***TERRA NOVA*** to drop them off at Evans Cove to the south for two months exploring. They expected to be picked up before winter but the ***TERRA NOVA*** failed to reach them. Forced to excavate an ice cave on a nearby island they later appropriately named Inexpressible, the men suffered dreadfully and survived mainly by their ingenuity and hardiness. Hooper writes of their feelings of being abandoned, their not knowing why or how it happened. More interestingly, she examines the other people involved whether aboard ***TERRA NOVA*** or back in England who stated (perhaps too quickly or cavalierly) that Campbell and his men would be fine.

They were not fine and the ordeal they endured makes a gripping read. Hooper tells their story in the timeframe it happened, not bringing in later or contemporaneous events of which they had no knowledge. Not only does this make their ordeal all the more grueling, it also puts the reader right in the ice cave with them whether choking on the blubber smoke (they called "smitch") or feeling the pains of hunger over their poor diet and physical results from it. She also brings all six members fully into the narrative, the officers Campbell, Levick and Priestley but also the seamen Abbott, Browning and Dickason, a long overdue redress in polar chronicles. It is also interesting that Campbell and his men expected or hoped for some sort of relief party to reach them and tortured themselves with "what if" scenarios as to why no one appeared. Almost fittingly, they had to extricate themselves from their ice cave winter quarters and sledge hundreds of miles back to Cape Evans, all on their own power, initiative and resources.

This ordeal would no doubt have dominated the expedition's main narrative, but for the news of the polar party's death, especially just a few miles from relief. According to Hooper, that tragedy reset the entire expedition. Almost without missing a beat, Campbell and his men were renamed the "Northern Party" and their ordeal, while horrible and grueling, relegated to the status of addendum to Scott and the fate of the polar party. This occurred whether in news coverage of the time or with publication of Scott's Last Expedition, where the "Northern Party" story was added almost as a sidebar in the second volume. This diminution of their struggles and achievements took hold even with Priestley's published account and even later publication of Campbell's abbreviated journals. Meredith Hooper has done us a great service in bringing Scott's other heroes their proper due.

DEEP FREEZE!, A Photographer's Antarctic Odyssey in the Year 1959, by Robert A. McCabe. International Photography Publishers, ISBN 978-0-9843364-0-1, 2010, 147 p. (Reviewed by Paul Dalrymple.) What is my primary responsibility as a book reviewer for the Antarctican Society's NEWSLETTER? Probably two-fold, to use whatever Antarctic knowledge I may or may not have to either recommend or to warn our members about a book. When I first saw this book, I wasn't enthusiastic about reviewing it, but knowing myself as an honest man, I said

"Why not me?" After all I was probably better qualified than any other member of our Society to review something that occurred in 1959, as I was at McMurdo in January 1957, in November and December 1957, in November and December 1958.

When I saw this book, I wondered why the author waited some 50 years after his experience to finally publish. It would seem to me if he felt like he had a winner, he would have wanted to get it out on the streets while it was still hot news. After all, there was really only one photographic coffee table book published by 1960, the all-encompassing ANTARCTICA by the fine Swiss photographer, Emil Schulthess. You might call McCabe's book a coffee table book, as the author, a photo-journalist, has 68 pages of superb black and white photographs, and an additional nine center-fold type, back-to-back pages. This book is actually his photographic diary. The only difference in what he did and what you and I did when we came back home and showed our own pictures to our families is that this fellow had great cameras and shot beautiful pictures.

How long was McCabe at McMurdo, it does not say, but presumably he was only there for a limited time? I judge this by the fact that he evidently never was taken to the spectacular Dry Valleys, never was taken on a flight that landed at the South Pole or to Byrd station. And my memories seem to recall that the press was taken everywhere of note. He did go to Cape Evans and to Cape Royds, but he certainly did not maximize those visits. Both visits were covered in one short paragraph, totaling only seven sentences. He has more pictures of the shadow of planes on the snow surface than he does of those two historic huts.

This book is about snow and ice and planes and mammals, not about people, not about events. There are a couple of pictures of Walt Seelig, but even though this well known Antarctican is shown, his name is misspelled! A lot of candid shots were taken of Navy personnel, but names were never shown with the sole exception of Admiral David Tyree's and several of his self-portraits.

He was there in an interesting period, but most were ignored in his diary's comments. The International Geophysical Year had come to a conclusion at the end of 1958, and the following year saw those sciences left out of the IGY, such as geology, botany, and biology, all standing by to come to the ice. The United States had turned Wilkes station over to the Aussies, Ellsworth station to the Argentines, and was in the throes of closing up Little America V. The Antarctic Treaty was being enacted in Washington, and the National Science Foundation was gearing up to become the scientific arm in the USA for Antarctica. So there were many things happening of importance, but where this was a personal diary, none got mentioned.

McCabe did make a Globemaster C-124 air drop flight to the Pole, but they never buzzed the camp after their final drop. It used to be a common practice for the Globemasters to buzz the station if they had a photographer, such as Tom Abercrombie, aboard, but McCabe missed out. It was too bad that he never flew to the Pole on an R4D or a P2V as then he could have gotten some spectacular low altitude photos of the Beardmore.

There are plenty of beautiful coffee-table books of Antarctica, but McCabe's is only for those who must have all of them. There is one on the market for $4,000, but you can get a dozen excellent books of this type for a legitimate price. A more recent one, published in 2002 is ANTARCTICA , A Year at the Bottom of the World, by Jim Mastro. Great book, truly a great coffee table book. But if you are a lover of splendid black and white photography, on the finest stock, look at McCabe's book, as it may be just the one you are looking for.

DOG-AND-PONY SHOW FROM CHRISTCHURCH TO MCMURDO.
(Modified from article in *The New York Times*, September 27, 2010, by John Wilford.)

Beginning in October, aircraft resume supply runs from Christchurch to McMurdo as they have for many years, but for the first time, their flight maps will show navigation waypoints honoring the names of dogs and ponies from the expeditions of Amundsen and Scott in 1911-12. Several of the animals' names have been modified to conform to the standard five-letter format for the waypoints, where at intervals of a few hundred miles pilots must report by radio to air traffic controllers their time of arrival, position, and weather conditions. For example, ***Uroa***, one of Amundsen's Greenlandic dogs, becomes ***Urroa***, and ***Jimmy Pigg***, one of Scott's ponies, becomes ***Jipig***. The 12 waypoints are the initiative of Col. Ronald J. Smith, a U.S. Air Force navigator and former commander of Operation Deep Freeze, who wanted to honor the animals for their roles in the expeditions as part of the upcoming centennial celebration. Names of animals are no longer allowed for geographic features on the continent itself, although known exceptions from earlier days include the names for lakes in the Dry Valleys -- Vida and Vashka, dogs from the British Antarctic Expedition, 1910-13, approved in 1962 and 1964, respectively—and Vanda, named by Colin Bull in his 1958-59 VUW Antarctic Expedition for one of his dogs in the British North Greenland Expedition, 1952-54, approved in 1962.

EREBUS TRAGEDY REVISITED (from Margaret Lanyon, *Christchurch Press*, 1 Oct. 2010.) Eighty people who lost family members in the 1979 Erebus tragedy will travel to Antarctica on a remembrance flight as a result of their names drawn in a ballot. A Royal New Zealand Air Force 757 will fly to McMurdo in February 2011, and the family representatives will spend a few hours at Scott Base, where they will take part in a memorial service. Last year, Air New Zealand took six family members of victims on a flight to mark the 30th anniversary of the disaster, which occurred on November 28, 1979, when an Air New Zealand DC-10 crashed on the side of Mt. Erebus, with a loss of all 257 on board. The crash site was designated a tomb to be 'left in peace', since not all bodies could be recovered. (Adopted at the ATCM XI, Buenos Aires, 1981.)

ADĒLIE PENGUIN WINTER MIGRATION – WHO WOULD HAVE GUESSED? By John Splettstoesser and Antarctic Sun. A recent article by Grant Ballard and David Ainley in the journal *Ecology* revealed some surprising information about where Adélie penguins migrate in winter. Over a period of years of attaching geolocation sensors to Adélie penguins at the Cape Royds colony (about 2,500 breeding pairs; the southernmost colony of penguins in the world) and at Cape Crozier (about 150,000 breeding pairs), both on Ross Island, it was found that the penguins migrate north to within 500 km of the northern edge of the ice and open ocean, amounting to some 17,600 km of migration when including motion of the ice and currents in gyres. Two requirements are necessary for their migration --- light for navigation, and fishing for food. Even the twilight in winter is sufficient for their migration, for it is assumed that they rely on the sun in order to return to their same nesting sites each breeding summer. Considering changes in ice conditions through time, as well as perturbations in their breeding habitats, such as recent icebergs blocking access routes to and from colony sites, they are very adaptable, as one would expect after many centuries of doing what they do. Ice conditions due to global warming and other factors can induce major challenges in their annual survival, and it is possible that those colonies might become extinct, but it is also possible they would simply move farther north, such as they probably did when the Ross Sea was ice-choked in earlier times. Cape Adare would provide a natural haven for them in such a case.

MCMURDO SOUND ECOLOGY might sound pretty benign, but through the past 40 years, biologist Paul Dayton from Scripps Institution of Oceanography is revisiting the sea bottom that he studied when he was a student and conducting experiments that he

will see once again as a diver. Paul wintered at McMurdo in 1963, and through a series of dives in the 1960s he and fellow divers placed numerous cages or floats on the sea floor in McMurdo Sound. The objective was to examine the benthic organisms through time to see how they interacted and colonized. Cages were designed to keep out sea stars, a voracious predator of sponges, for example, as part of the long-term experiments. Dayton's last trip to McMurdo was in 1989. The current plan uses a robotic device that is lowered into the Sound to locate the earlier cages and examine changes in the ecology. Some 500 dives and numerous scientific papers resulted from the 4 decades of study of the bottom organisms, a lengthy baseline of data existing nowhere else in such detail.

As an aside to the story above excerpted from *The Antarctic Sun*, many Society members will recall the "McMurdo Dump," the ever-growing pile of rubbish at the side of the station facing Winter Quarters Bay* and Scott's 1901-04 Discovery Hut. Until 1981, rubbish from the U.S. station was dumped in that location and much of it went out to sea on sea ice and when the ice melted the payload of rubbish sank to the bottom. A survey in 2001 of what was visible on the seabed included 15 vehicles, 26 shipping containers, 603 fuel drums, and some 1,000 miscellaneous items spread over about 50 acres. Toxic materials such as PCBs, metals, and hydrocarbon fuels were discovered in bottom sediments, a feature of common disposal procedures formerly practiced by Antarctic stations with rubbish disposed of on site, rather than removed from the Treaty area under today's requirements. (*From Wikipedia.)

CENTURIES-OLD SCOTCH AT CAPE ROYDS. By John Splettstoesser. When Ernest Shackleton attempted to reach the South Pole in his 1907 'Nimrod' expedition, he planned ahead and made sure that there would be some spirits to celebrate the event on his return. He didn't quite get to the Pole, coming within 97 nautical miles of it before turning back, realizing that he did not have enough provisions to make it back safely if he went all the way to 90 degrees South. To make a long story short, perhaps he did celebrate to some extent anyway, but also left behind some spirits under the floorboards of his hut at Cape Royds, Ross Island. Crates of scotch and brandy were discovered there a few years ago, encased in ice but apparently in good condition. They were dug out with great care with all intact -- eleven bottles of scotch in two crates, plus two crates of brandy. The scotch was from the Mackinlay's distillery (now Whyte and Mackay), and although no bottles were opened after the discovery, samples will be taken by syringe through the cork to send to the distiller in an attempt to reproduce the recipe. The scotch vintage is from 1896 and 1897, and is presently 'aged' beyond expectation. The crates will be returned to Cape Royds, even though Shackleton will not return. The next time you visit the hut, and tour vessels often do, keep in mind that 'The Boss' planned well in all his expeditions. Have a drink in his honor (but not from the 1896-97 vintages).

Speaking of that ritual, the first time I visited Grytviken, South Georgia (it was New Years Eve, 1983), and the cemetery where Shackleton is buried, I was a lecturer on a tour vessel, the first time I had been on that ship and with those staff. At the grave site, one of the staff gave a brief speech about Shackleton, the *Endurance*, Cape Wild, *James Caird*, etc., enough to create anxiety (and thirst) in anyone, and then all the Zodiac drivers brought out a hip flask of spirits and had a toast to 'The Boss.' Each of them then sprinkled a bit of the contents on the grave, and it was then that I became aware that Shackleton didn't mind a drink or two at the proper time, and these men honored that tradition in a way that 'The Boss' would have appreciated. Most of those staff have since retired or are on other ships, the ship sank in 2007, but the tradition at the cemetery lives on…… as I have experienced at the cemetery many times since.