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ARLINGTON, VIRGINIA 22205

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No. 3

ANTARCTICAN SOCIETY FINALLY RECOGNIZES ATMOSPHERIC CHEMISTRY!

A VALENTINE EVE SPECIAL

ATMOSPHERIC CHEMISTRY MEASUREMENTS IN THE ANTARCTIC

by

Dr. Dagmar R. Cronn

Associate Professor - Associate Research Chemist
Laboratory for Atmospheric Research
College of Engineering
Washington State University
Pullman, Washington

on

Thursday evening, February 13, 1986

8 PM

National Science Foundation
18th and G Streets NW
Room 543

- Light Refreshments -

Dr. Cronn is a veteran Antarctic who has been actively involved in Antarctic research for the past decade, having spent four austral summers in Antarctica, 1977-78, 1980-81, 1981-82, and 1984-85. Her interests are widespread: Antarctic meteorology and air chemistry, climatic change caused by anthropogenic emissions, analyses of trace gases, stratospheric ozone depletion, and tropospheric/stratospheric exchanges. But she is also into campus administration, being Vice-President of the Faculty Senate. Dr. Cronn's degrees are from the University of Washington in Seattle - bachelor's and master's in chemistry, and doctorate in atmospheric chemistry from their Civil Engineering Department. We have high hopes that fellow colleagues of Dr. Cronn's on the Division of Polar Programs' Advisory Committee for Polar Programs will see fit to attend her lecture. We want wall-to-wall people - the more the merrier.

MARK YOUR CALENDAR NOW!

If you move, PLEASE send us your new address!!

This is a completely biased, IGY-prejudiced assemblage of bits of information which may or may not be of interest, depending on your own biases and background. It is the Non-Voice of the Antarctic Society, but it does fill sheets of paper and we pass it off as a newsletter. Those of you who have complaints about its contents can always send us your material, and chances are that it will get published in some form - although perhaps not recognizable to you. We do need current information about you people and your programs, so please let us know what you are all doing.

LAWSON BRIGHAM, A FOUR-STAR COMMANDER. Commander Brigham gave a great presentation on icebreakers at our November meeting. It was very well organized - no snow job - and most complete. I have the feeling that everyone loves ships, and that icebreakers fascinate people by both their power and their ability to continue rolling even when tied up to a dock! We had a good turnout, and it was certainly great to see beautiful slides of so many different classes of world icebreakers. I was happy that my friend Mike Benkert, a retired Coast Guard admiral, and former president of American Institute of Merchant Shipping (AIMS) was there. When Commander Brigham was talking about women on today's icebreakers, Mike commented, "I had enough trouble in my day with women scientists, I don't think I could stand it today." Probably so, Mike. Commander Brigham was very well received, and the nearly full house kept him and his bride, Ellen there for at least an hour afterwards asking questions.

MEMBERSHIP. We indicated earlier that we might make it to 500 during 1985-86, although it didn't appear likely. We have twenty-four new members, but our delinquent-deadwood list is longer. We list their names here in one last effort to keep them aboard.

| | | | |
|-------------------|---------------------|-------------------|-----------------|
| Anderson, Duwayne | Fischer, Viola | Litwak, John | Troxel, Charles |
| Belknap, David | Grew, Priscilla | Murcray, Frank H. | Tuck, Peg |
| Boutin, Katherine | Heinz, Lisa | Riordan, Allen | Zapol, Warren |
| Brown, Jane | Holm-Hansen, Osmund | | Zohn, Harry |
| Chapman, Al | Inderbitzen, Tony | Siefka, Erik | |
| Crumrine, Art | Kelmelis, John | Small, Bryan | |
| Ege, John | Kessler, Carl | Sparkman, Jim | |
| Eisner, Bob | Rosters, John | Stuart, William | |
| Erickson, Erik | Leinmiller, Mark | Trabucco, William | |

From the bottom of our mercenary hearts we thank all those who renewed for multiple years - actually 60 percent whose dues came up for renewal this year did - altogether a total of 234 have already paid next year's dues. Fantastic! Keep it up! And listen, you all, when you move, PLEASE send us your new address right away! We do not appreciate having to mail out another whole set of newsletters just because you didn't send us your change of address. (This is a muchly watered-down interpretation by RJS of what I really wrote - PCD)... No more calendars this year! We had good sales this past winter, and we hope your calendars arrived in good shape. Incoming comments from those who got both calendars seemed to indicate a strong preference for the New Zealand calendar. The USARP calendar needs editing; there's bad stuff

in it - like for today, 11 January, it says the South Pole had its record high of -2° F. Bad mistake, real bad - not even close to the max record.

1986 MEMORIAL LECTURE IN SAN DIEGO, PROBABLY 24 JUNE. Jim Zumberge, President of SCAR (Scientific Committee on Antarctic Research), and Occasionally-on-Campus-President of the University of Southern California, has invited Claude Lorius. to give our annual Memorial Lecture in San Diego at the time of SCAR's XIX Meeting in June 1986. The tentative date is 24 June, and the subject suggested by Gentleman Jim would be on climatic change over the last 160,000 years as reconstructed from deep ice cores from Antarctica. There will be more on this later, but since a couple of people in the San Francisco area have indicated they would be interested in going to San Diego, we are letting you know- now that everyone is "moving out" on it. Relative to Lorius, a funny thing happened in Helsinki at the IUGG meetings held right after the IGY. I was sitting with a former cohort at Little America, the late glacial meteorologist, Dr. Herfried Hoinkes of the University of Innsbruck, and the late Dr. Paul A. Siple with whom you are all familiar, when Lorius got up to give his paper. He read the first sentence in English, and immediately switched to French for the rest of the paper. Dr. Hoinkes knew some English when he went to Antarctica, and, being a quick learner but not very discriminating, he immediately became very proficient in the Navy's version of English. After all, there were 85 Navy men at Little America V that year. As soon as Lorius switched to French, Hoinkes immediately quipped rather loudly that he had fouled up, although not in those specific words. As I recall, it was the first time that Dr. Siple had met Dr. Hoinkes, and my innate sense of humor got a kick out of his pronouncement in front of the Boy Scout of Antarctica. We trust that Lorius's English may have improved over the years, and that he will be able to give the Memorial Lecture in English. Otherwise, I might be tempted to reecho the profound words of my former, good friend Herfried!

MASTERPIECE THEATRE'S THE LAST PLACE ON EARTH. I imagine everyone who has any interest in adventure must have watched this series, and people who never heard of Scott or Amundsen now know who the good guy was, and who the bad guy was. Or do they? Most of you will be interested, I think, in what that pseudo-American, erst-while Brit, Charles Swithinbank, thought about the production. In a letter written 7 December 1985, Charles wrote:

Over here we did not think much of the Masterpiece Theatre series on Scott and Amundsen. The biggest trouble was selecting such a weak character (Martin Shaw) to play Scott. True, that fitted Huntford's line, but it was totally implausible that anyone like that could have organized and led two great expeditions which, apart from the polar journey, achieved enormous contributions to knowledge of Antarctica. It contrasted unrealistically with the portrayal of Amundsen, which was excellent.

In another communique from Charles, received on 15 November, he wrote:

With all his (Scott's) faults and mistakes, he was a leader. I have known Debenham and Priestley well; they admired Amundsen for what he did, but Scott so much more because his people did so much more for science. Why must we judge them by the same criteria?

Amundsen ran a great race and achieved his objective, but he never really received the personal recognition and fame he probably deserved. Scott was immortalized

and practically became an English saint through his death. I think it's sad in a way that Amundsen's trek to the South Pole masked all of his other great polar accomplishments. I think Masterpiece Theatre strongly exaggerated Nansen's unhappiness with Amundsen for not moving out on his long-planned Arctic trip, which he actually did undertake on the MAUD, leaving in July 1918. Huntford's Scott and Amundsen does not portray a distraught Nansen at all, but more of an understanding Nansen.

I wished there had been more of Dr. Wilson in Masterpiece Theatre. They had Scott asking Wilson why he wasn't writing in his diary, with Wilson replying, "I've run out of paper." Really wasn't that way at all, as Wilson's biographers have published copies of three rather long letters that he wrote on March 22nd and 23rd; so he had paper. I almost got the feeling from reading between the lines of Wilson's last letters that perhaps they (he and Birdie Bowers) could have gone on if it weren't for the condition of Scott's frozen foot.

I wonder why Masterpiece Theatre didn't use Scott's "Great God! This is an awful place and terrible enough for us to have laboured to it without the reward of priority," and Dates' "I am just going outside and may be some time." It seems to me, with the exception of the last passage in Scott's diary, that these were the best quotations of the whole journey. Their exclusion disappointed me.

Remember the president of the Royal Geographical Society making the sarcastic toast, when Amundsen addressed them, saying, "I propose three cheers for the dogs"? I have a personal add-on to that. I have the two volumes of Scott's Last Expedition personally inscribed by Kathleen Scott to that president, Lord Curzon. The good Lord, Curzon, that is, really must have been deeply appreciative and enjoyed the books, because when they came into my possession back in December 1958, the pages had not even been cut!

Some people have asked where the series was filmed. One of our underground moles, John Millard in Toronto, sent us the Toronto Globe and Mail (26 October 1985 issue) which said it was filmed "in the snowy wilds of Norway, Frobisher Bay, Scotland, and London." That same paper quoted the director of the Masterpiece Theatre production, Ferdinand Fairfax, as saying the Scott family lobbied hard to have the miniseries cancelled; and when it did air in Britain the "Scott camp went bananas, to put it mildly." He was also quoted relative to Scott's diaries, saying, "At the time of the finding of the Scott diaries the passages most damaging to the Scott legend were expurgated. Those passages reappeared in 1968."

Charles Swithinbank told me about the facsimile edition of Scott's diaries which were in the explorer's own handwriting, but said they were hard to come by. The National Archives has a set of all six volumes, and Alison Wilson made them available to me. They were assembled by University Microfilms, Ltd. in 1968. Rather fascinating to see these volumes, although Scott's handwriting is about as bad as any I have ever seen - almost impossible to read. I was interested in reading his account of arriving at the Pole and the trip back down the Beardmore. It appears that when Scott wanted to convey his bad luck with weather or whatever, he was able to write almost legibly. Another thing impressed me - his fatalistic attitude after he found that the Norwegians had beaten him to the Pole - it almost seemed like a fixation with him, that they would never get back. He lost that Big MO (motivation) when he found Amundsen's tent. I was happy to see his more famous quotes to be truly direct quotes. I was looking for kind words about Dr. Wilson, but didn't see them. It appeared that he thought very highly of Birdie Bowers, and had many kind things to say about Dates after "I am just going outside and may be some time." I came away with the very strong feeling that Scott may have died

four or five days earlier than March 29th - the date of his last entry in the diary. And the reason I conjecture this is that there was a great drop-off in his scribblings on the 21st and then the 22nd and 23rd, which were combined; not only was the writing very weak and wobbly, but it didn't seem to be totally coherent (on the 22nd-23rd). However, when you come to the last entry on the 29th, the handwriting is steady, the letters are large and firm, and it is all very legible. Methinketh that perhaps the man wrote the "last entry" when he was quite stable, pre-dating it, conjecturing that they (Wilson, Bowers, and himself) would all be gone by that date. There is absolutely nothing between the pathetic writings of the 22nd-23rd and the last entry on the 29th; I bet the last entry may have been actually written on the 19th. Wilson's three long letters of the 22nd and 23rd were excellent farewell-type letters, so he had to be in much better shape than Scott who could hardly write then. Previously Scott's entry on March 18th said, "Bowers takes first place in condition but there is not much to choose after all. The others are still confident of getting through. X don't or pretend-to-be I don't know." It looks like Scott went first and that Bowers and Wilson ... well, no one knows. If anyone is interested in trying to read these diaries, the Sledging Diaries are Vol. 5 (January 1911-September 1911) and Vol. 6 (November 1911-March 1912. One of the volumes, No. 4, is not a diary at all, but copies of the printed South Polar Times.

Did it ever occur to you that there were probably more similarities between Captain Scott and Admiral Byrd than any other two polar explorers in history? There are 17 letters in Robert Falcon Scott; 17-in Richard Evelyn Byrd. We presume the Byrd family can be traced back to England, so both were of English descent. Both were born into money, brought up in servant-staffed homes. Both went off to naval schools and became commissioned officers. Both married into very prominent families. Both had some difficulties in the Navy, and decided to serve their nations in exploration. Both were recognized as good fund raisers. Both could probably be categorized as headstrong. Neither was a scientist, but both were smart enough to realize their own personal limitations and the need to surround themselves with top scientists. Scott had Dr. Edward Wilson as his naturalist and confidant, Byrd had his counterpart in Dr. Paul Siple. To a lesser degree Scott had Frank Debenham, Byrd had Larry Gould; Scott had Raymond Priestley, Byrd had Al Wade. Probably neither Scott nor Byrd will be recognized in polar history as truly great leaders, but both will long be remembered for the great scientific discoveries made on their expeditions. Each spawned an Antarctic explorer who broke out on his own - Scott - Ernest Shackleton, Byrd - Finn Ronne. Both had their Norwegian detractors - Scott -Amundsen, Byrd - Balchen. Both felt the urge on their second Antarctic expedition to do something outstanding when they were about the same age, in their mid-forties. Scott went to the Pole, and Byrd went out alone to Boiling Advance Base. Both left rather firm orders that those in camp should in no way jeopardize themselves by sending out search and rescue teams. The British obeyed their master, but the Americans went out in the middle of winter and rescued the Admiral. Otherwise both would have perished on the very same ice shelf at about the very same age, and Byrd would have become as much a legend and hero in this country as Scott was, and is, in his country. Could this have been a secret wish of Byrd? And if Scott had returned, he probably would have made admiral, so death cheated him out of a rank comparable to Byrd's. Interesting? I think so.

FOOTSTEPS OF SCOTT EXPEDITION SUCCESSFUL. Three British adventurers arrived at the South Pole of 11 January after an 883-mile walk from Cape Evans, following the route taken by Scott in 1911-12, including the ascent of the Beardmore Glacier, making it in about the same number of days. Originally the Footsteps of Scott Expedition called for only two to make the trip, but somewhere along the line a third

man, Gareth Wood, was added. The co-leaders were Robert Swan, a 28-year old tree surgeon and self-styled explorer, and Roger Mear, a 34-year old professional mountaineering instructor. Both had experience with the British Antarctic Survey at Rothera Station on Adelaide Island. There were no advance depots set up for the men, there was no air support. Each man started out the journey on skis, hauling a sledge with 136 kg of food, fuel, and equipment. They used a tent which weighed less than 9 kg which was designed to withstand winds up to 115 knots. The adventurers evidently wanted no part of walking on back to Cape Evans, so were flown from the South Pole to McMurdo, making it sort of a Roger Maris type achievement, one that calls for an asterisk saying that they only followed those footsteps part way. Maybe this is a significant achievement, but when you are about 30, an experienced mountaineer, can't you lick the whole world? The three-man polar party, the five-man shore party and the twenty-one ex-SOUTHERN QUEST crew members were all scheduled to be flown out of McMurdo for Christchurch on 15 January on a ski-equipped C-130. And so endeth another British Antarctic adventure! An aside, Swan's brother-in-law, John Drew, recently bought for 4,114 at auction a duplicate of the Polar Medal awarded to Petty Officer Edgar Evans for his services with Scott's Discovery Expedition, 1901-04. The original medal probably was with Evans when he perished on the 1911-12 trip, and the duplicate was struck for his widow.

SOUTHERN QUEST SUCCEUMBS TO ICE. A 26-year old, 139-foot, 361-ton converted Icelandic and North Sea trawler, the SOUTHERN QUEST, (formerly the oil-pollution-control vessel CLEANSEAS I), went down off Beaufort Island enroute to McMurdo Sound on 11 January. She was bound for the Antarctic to pick up the members of the Footsteps of Scott Expedition, when she ran into heavy ice. It is our understanding that she had been traveling with the Greenpeace ship, GONDWANA, a 1,000-ton converted ocean-going tug, which was able to stay out of the heavy ice. United States helicopters at McMurdo were able to evacuate all 21 crew members of SOUTHERN QUEST, so no lives were lost. According to Antarctic, the excellent news bulletin of the New Zealand Antarctic Society, the SOUTHERN QUEST had undergone "a major refit in South Shields. Her hull was ice-strengthened, deflectors were added to protect the propeller, crew accommodation was extended, and the former fish holds were provided with six watertight hatches. Finally more sophisticated radar and satellite navigation equipment were installed. To improve the ship's stability the port and starboard companionways were enclosed." The propeller was also replaced when hairline fractures were discovered in the old one. Before SOUTHERN QUEST departed her berth in the Thames in November 1984, Lord Shackleton and Sir Vivian Fuchs escorted Princess Anne around the (ugly) ship. The trawler departed Port Chalmers, New Zealand on 30 January 1985, taking members of the Footsteps of Scott Expedition and their supplies to Ross Island. She arrived at Cape Evans on 8 February, and departed on 22 February, not knowing that it was to be her one and only successful cruise to Antarctica. Adventure and tragedy walk hand-in-hand in Antarctica - another example follows later in the Newsletter (page 8).

SHACKLETON BY ROLAND HUNTFORD. I wish I could say I had read the whole book - which appeared in England in early November, here in early January - but Christmas got in my way and I never had the opportunity. However, I have read specific sections which had fascination for me, and there is no doubt in my mind that here is another fabulous biography by Huntford. I'm sure that Huntford must be the most thorough polar biographer of all time. All you have to do is to look over the voluminous number of references - 2,167 in 55 chapters occupying nearly 700 pages of text! If there is a weakness, it may be that Huntford is such a thorough seeker of details that he uncovers too much personal information and thus develops personal

biases through osmosis. However, it appears Shackleton will survive this book just as well as he did the demise of the ENDURANCE. He always enjoyed the reputation of being the explorer with whom most polar men would have liked to have traveled, as he never lost a man on any of his adventures, Shackleton never saw a woman he didn't like, and he enjoyed the good life. He was very mortal.

There are a lot of good photographs in the book, and under one portrait it reads, "One of the patrons of the Nimrod expedition, William Beardmore (later Lord Invernairn), after whom the Beardmore Glacier may have been named." It seems that one of Shackleton's lady friends was Elspeth Beardmore, wife of old William, and he had promised her that he would name one of the highest mountains after her, and a glacier after Will. But in the end only the glacier was named, and no one is really certain for which Beardmore benefactor it is named! When Shackleton was thirty-nine he wrote Elspeth, "I feel much older and a bit weary, but perhaps the Antarctic will make me feel young again." So now I know why old Charlie Bentley keeps on going back; he has a little bit of old Shackleton in him!

If you have a smattering of interest in Antarctic history and exploration, this book is a must. We have seen three reviews (Washington Post, London Daily Telegraph, and Edinburgh Daily Telegraph - last two courtesy of that pseudo-American in Cambridge, CS). The London reviewer, David Holloway, was still carrying a chip on his shoulder for what Huntford had done to Scott and used his space to glorify Frank Worsley's Endurance. The Edinburgh reviewer, Alexander Maitland, paraphrasing Huntford, wrote that Shackleton was "a forceful leader, who betrayed no class-prejudices, radiated charm and generosity, and compensated his private failings - mental sloth, infidelity with communicable virtues - journalistic flair, self-assurance, and persuasive oratory." Maitland said "Shackleton will be remembered as a pathfinder rather than a conqueror, a complex, charismatic personality and a great leader." The Washington Post reviewer, Dennis Drabelle, wrote, "Clearly and colorfully written, intelligently organized, shrewd in its judgments of men and its assessments of risks, vibrant with narrative brio, Shackleton is a splendid performance." So BUY. It's available from Atheneum for only \$29.95, which is a bargain nowadays. Now wouldn't it be great for us readers of Antarctic history if Huntford now did a study on Sir Douglas Mawson? Yeah!

STEPHEN J. PYNE, A MAN WITH WORDS. At the cocktail party preceding Mark Meier's Memorial Lecture last fall, an Antarctic author asked me who I thought the best Antarctic author was. It caught me off-guard, although I said I thought the best magazine article on Antarctica in the past decade was probably written by Katherine Bouton in The New Yorker. For Antarctic biographers I would have to cast my vote for Roland Huntford, who surely does a tremendous amount of researching/probing. But historian Stephen J. Pyne is coming out with an Antarctic book in 1987 entitled The Ice: A Journey to Antarctica which should be a great book, as Steve has a great way with words. I bugged him to let me have a copy of his presentation at the November 1985 Polar Symposium at the Smithsonian when they opened the Wilkes' Exhibition, and he reluctantly-, begrudgingly sent it to me just to get me off his back. My apologies to Steve for being obnoxiously demanding. His whole lecture was of the finest kind, and because we have a lot of Scott-Amundsen-Shackleton in this Bergy Bits, let's hear what Steve said at the Smithsonian about this era and events:

The tragedy of the Polar Party was only one of many that accompanied the TERRA NOVA expedition. The hardships and adventures of the Polar Party are rivaled (and in some cases exceeded) by those of Raymond Priestley's Northern Party and the nightmarish Crozier Party of Edward Wilson and Apsley Cherry-Garrard. As physical adventure the experiences of the

TERRA NOVA expedition are matched by Ernest Shackleton's NIMROD and ENDURANCE expeditions, by the saga of Douglas Mawson's solitary odyssey, by the exploits of Amundsen. Yet the story of the Polar Party has dominated, even paralyzed, Antarctic literature and history. The reason is that, even as he knew death approached, Scott left a legacy of writings— his diary and letters— that took Antarctic exploration out of the category of simple adventure, or even of science, and created for it a moral universe. Scott's writings claimed the status of moral epistles. The inevitable comparison of Scott to Amundsen is thus problematical. While Amundsen triumphed as a practical explorer, Scott succeeded as a moralist. The story is complicated, too, because Scott has become a British Custer, and the fate of the Polar Party, a British analogue to the massacre at the Little Big Horn. Hero or fool, attitudes towards Scott seem to reflect the contemporary state of British self-esteem and change with each generation.

FLOOD GATES ARE OPEN? It looks like Antarctica has a price, and if you have enough greenbacks, Adventure Network International (ANI) will get you wherever you may want to go. This past austral summer, ANI has taken at least two teams of Canadian and American climbers to Vinson Massif (16,863'). The teams were flown from Punta Arenas, Chile, to the base camp at the foot of the mountain in a Twin Otter of Antarctic Airways, crewed by the British polar specialist, Giles Kershaw, and flight engineer, Rick Mason. The expedition was organized by ANI which currently operates research vessels, land-based camps, and expedition services. ANI was formed by Michael Charmer Dunn of the U.S., and Patrick Morrow and Martyn Williams of Canada. The expedition was assisted by the Chilean Air Force, which airdropped fuel and supplies, using a C-130 Hercules. The Twin Otter can carry only eight passengers because of its internal 250-gallon ferry tank (which provides a 12 1/2-hour endurance at 135 knots). There doesn't appear to be much of a margin for error, as the trip takes six hours each way! The Canadian team was the first to climb this summer, followed by an American team. Kershaw, himself, got to make an ascent when one of the climbers was forced to withdraw. Kershaw, who in real life is a Boeing 737 captain with UK charter operator, Britannia Airways, was scheduled to take several more U.S. teams to the mountain before starting another Antarctic expedition from Hobart, Tasmania early in 1986. According to the magazine article sent to me by Charles Swithinbank, "The prime objective of ANI's activities is to open up the region to explorers and private travel. Until now the continent has been the preserve of government agencies." How about that? Poor old Vinson Massif - I bet it wishes it wasn't the highest. Can Holiday Inn be far behind?

EIGHT U.S. TOURISTS MEET THEIR MAKER IN ANTARCTICA ON NEW YEAR'S EVE. A 48-hour charter excursion for eight from Punta Arenas to Lieutenant Marsh Air Base in the South Shetlands Islands costs about \$7,000, but the one made on New Year's Eve by the Chilean-owned Aeropetrel charter company also cost the lives of eight "relatively older men" and the two-man Chilean crew. They were not able to land the twin-engine Cessna 404 on their first pass - presumably because of fog - and crashed into Nelson Island, six miles away. The eight were a microcosm of America - school teachers, engineers, librarian, and even a retiree. Marsh has 30 permanent residents, and has had about 300 tourists in recent years, accommodating about 40 visitors at one time. Aeropetrel has been operating Antarctic tourist flights for the past six years. People who don't know what to do with their money should really go white water-rafting, not flying off to Marsh to see penguins and sea lions which they can always see safely on PBS.

GIRL SCOUT ROBIN MOYLE ENRICHES ANTARCTICA. We asked Robin Moyle (see Bergy Bits for September 1985) if she would send us one of her poems from Antarctica. With a nice letter written in late November she sent one which we would like to share with you.

ANTARCTICA

A vast white land
Its beauty is crippling
and leaves me numbed.
I am
but tolerated
and dictated only by fate.
Sensory engulfment
Blinding horizons
An intoxicating perfectness
A terrifying power.

Thin dry snow sweeps across the crust
and
like fine sandpaper
it tries to smooth the scratching, swirling winds that fill the air.
Isolation.
Paralysing cold and moody weather.
Eerie calls of seals,
odd shadows on ancient ranges,
mirages, and the savagery
of a lone skua.
Each, an individual key
to the grand piano.
Capable of a delicate sonata
or,
of unleashing a violent overture.

MOULTON THE YOUNGER FINALLY RETIRES. After making over thirty trips to Antarctica in the past thirty years, Ken Moulton has somewhat reluctantly hung it all up. Whether he can live without McMurdo is a very moot question, especially at Christmas time, when he usually escaped the maddening commercial holidays of today. Ken isn't really certain how many trips he has made to the Antarctic; he lost count after he ran out of fingers and toes, but he knows he made over thirty, because some years he made multiple trips which more than compensated for any off-years he may have-missed. So Moulton holds the American record, and old age will probably catch up with John Katsufakis, Tony Gow, Charlie Bentley, George Denton, Phil Kyle, Bill Cassidy and other home-escaping reprobates before they can catch Ken. But he doesn't hold any world record for Antarctic trips, as Bob Thomson of New Zealand has an all-time lock on that, going to the continent so often that one suspects he must have a favorite female penguin down there. As most of you know, Ken is the second family member to go to Antarctica; his brother Dick was a dog-team driver on the U.S. Antarctic Service Expedition, 1939-41. So between the two of them they cover a lot of Antarctic history. Ken should now find a way to get his daughter to go to Antarctica, as the continent won't seem the same without a Moulton.

They had a four-star farewell party for Ken in the former Executive Dining Room of NSF on the top floor of their building in mid-December. It was one of those prim and proper farewells, strictly in keeping with the image that Ken has developed and nurtured down through the years. There wasn't any roasting, because they couldn't

find any skeletons in his closets; he evidently has led a completely moral, error-free, dull life. They should have checked with his ex-wife! They gave him some really nice presents, one being a beautiful wall clock whose face was a map of Antarctica, attractively mounted with words from the Antarctic Treaty on a plaque below the clock. The clock was probably set on McMurdo time so he won't get lost timewise. There was some speculation that the Division of Polar Programs might fold up when Ken retired; however, they survived the retirement of Mother Superior, Helen Gerasimou, so they should be able to get along without Ken. But it won't seem the same without the 1985 departees: Mort Turner, Richard Cameron, Price Lewis, Frank Williamson and Ken Moulton. There is only one Antarctic remnant from the IGY in NSF, Ron Taylor, a meteorology program manager in atmospheric sciences. Ron was a meteorologist at Little America V in 1957. Don't let Ron's young looks confuse you - he is just well preserved from sipping all that fine California wine!

National Science Foundation gave Ken their highest award, the Foundation's Distinguished Service Award. I asked him for a copy of the citation, because I thought his myriad number of friends might like to read it. Ken said he was very embarrassed by all the flattering things it said about him, but when I checked through channels, I found out it was a direct copy of what Ken had written for himself.

DISTINGUISHED SERVICE AWARD

The U.S. Antarctic Program and its research segment known by the acronym USARP are the outgrowth of the International Geophysical Year (IGY) and reflective of U.S. interests and initiatives in Antarctica that are also embodied in the Antarctic Treaty of 1959. Mr. Kendall N. Moulton began his outstanding career in Antarctica at the time the support stations for the IGY were established in 1955.

His experience in polar science support and operations began even earlier when he wintered-over in the Arctic in 1951 with the U.S. Weather Bureau at Donki Station at Thule, Greenland, and later served at Eureka Station on Ellsmere Island. In 1955 Mr. Moulton went to McMurdo Station on Ross Island, Antarctica as a part of the National Academy of Sciences IGY team. In 1957-58 and 1958-59 he served at McMurdo Station as the U.S. Antarctic Program Representative with the IGY Group.

Mr. Moulton came to NSF from the Academy in March of 1959 when the Office of Antarctic Programs was being organized under Dr. Thomas O. Jones. His honest and straightforward approach to problems earned him the respect of all who were associated with him. During his 28 trips to Antarctica, Mr. Moulton represented the NSF at remote U.S. Antarctic stations, aboard the NSF research vessel ELTANIN, with U.S. Coast Guard icebreakers engaged in research projects and at McMurdo and Palmer Stations. In 1966 he was appointed Associate Program Director and was later promoted to Associate Manager in the Polar Operations Section. During the past several years while serving in extended assignments to Antarctica, he was appointed Senior U.S. Representative in Antarctica.

Mr. Moulton has served with distinction in the management of operations and logistics for the U.S. Antarctic Program. He has earned an impeccable reputation for being cost-conscious, honest, and persevering. He is widely recognized in the polar scientific community for his skill in meticulously planning and for his firm, safe, execution of logistic support for field research in Antarctica. He is well-known for his strength of character and integrity together with a rare" gift.of .steadfast composure in the face of adversity.

During Mr. Moulton's career at NSF, the Foundation has been given responsibility

to manage and fund the entire national program in Antarctica. He was one of a small handful of people who took up the complex program management responsibilities dropped by the Department of Defense. It is significantly to Mr. Moulton's credit that the Foundation's performance during and following this extraordinary transition has proven so successful.

It is a pleasure to present the Foundation's Distinguished Service Award to Mr. Moulton.

(signed) Erich Bloch
Director

DEBORAH SHAPLEY'S *THE SEVENTH CONTINENT*. We have been looking forward with great anticipation to Deborah Shapley's book on Antarctica being published, and it was in mid-January. The title of the book is *The Seventh Continent: Antarctica in a Resource Age*. It was published by the Resources for the Future, has 350 pages of all you ever wanted to know about the U.S. involvement in Antarctica, the Antarctic Treaty, and resource issues. It has two appendices, one on the Antarctic Treaty, one on the Convention on the Conservation of Antarctic Marine Living Resources. A pre-publication release said it "is the first authoritative analysis encompassing the historical, legal, technical, and political factors that make the seventh continent the world's last and most challenging- frontier." Deborah was one of the participants in the conference held on the Beardmore in January 1985 in which an effort was made to 'convince the Third World nations that Antarctica was a most unique continent whose natural resources weren't all that available, and that the Antarctic Treaty was still in good working order. Deborah is a well-known journalist who writes on science, public affairs, and national defense topics, and is currently a visiting scholar at Georgetown University's Center for Strategic and International Studies. Her scientific lineage is outstanding, her looks are superb, and her hyperactive professional duties seem to meld into her other roles as a wife and mother. Hopefully she will be one of our winter-spring lecturers.

CLIMATOLOGIST HELMUT LANDSBERG DIES. Helmut Landsberg, age 79, died in Geneva in early December while attending a climatological gathering. Although he never went to the Antarctic, Landsberg had no limitations as a world climatologist, and edited the *World Survey of Climatology*, which included one volume on the polar regions. His death elevates our own J. Murray Mitchell to the role of senior climatological expert in the U.S. It used to be said that when meteorologists met there were only two climatologists, Landsberg and Mitchell. Then this country came up with a National Climate Act in 1978, fathered by Congressman Brown from California - for whom Grace Ostenso labors - and this sort of legitimized climatology as a science, and closeted climatologists then came out of the woodwork. For you folks in Washington, a one-day memorial symposium honoring Dr. Landsberg is scheduled at the Adult Education Center at the University of Maryland on 10 February. An excellent program, which is open to the public, will start at 9 AM. There will be a series of invited papers by some of the best meteorologists and climatologists in this country, followed by a commemorative ceremony. Landsberg was a gentleman and a scholar, and like all great men, he never really retired, he just kept on going, dying in the saddle with his boots on.

ADDENDUM TO SOUTHERN QUEST (page 6). According to the New York Times of 14 January, the crew on SOUTHERN QUEST just escaped onto the ice before being rescued by our helicopters.

ICE CHIPS. Future Antarcticans are *Nathaniel Bartlett Kellogg*, 1 lbs. 1 oz., born on 2 November 1985 to Antarcticans *Tom and Davida Kellogg* of Orono, Maine. The little tyke was named after Nathaniel Palmer and Bob Bartlett, so let's hope he likes wooden ships and not Barbie dolls. His brother is *Griffith Taylor Kellogg* and, *Benjamin Ethan Wolak*, who checked in at 8 lbs. 2 oz. on 14 October 1985 at the home of ex-Holmes and Narverite *Richard and Toby Wolak*. Dick works in Norwich, Connecticut, as assistant Chairman of Pressure Pak, Inc., manufacturers of pressure cylinders..... *Murray* (Antarctic Service Expedition and thereafter) *Wiener*, a retired bank vice-president who turned into a Master Golfer and Champion Fisherman - or was it the other way around? - was enticed out of retirement to become Vice-President of Marketing for 54 plush condos at Del Rey Colony in Venice, California, and also to serve as Vice-President of Christians Commercial-Builders. This is only temporary; the Wieners will eventually be back in Green Valley, Arizona. Wonder why old warriors find it so hard to really retire..... *Cliff* (South Pole '57) *Dickey* and his wife *Jean* left home in San Diego after Easter (in 1985) and were still traveling at Christmas time! They either love to travel or hate to stay home..... *Art* (South Pole '58) *Jorgensen* has a new job - Vice-President, Marketing and Sales, Image Systems, Inc. of Tucker, Georgia. He and son *Eric* sailed their 37-foot cutter FORWARD down the coast from Jersey to Hilton Head. He has put it up for daily charter, as he lives five hours away from Hilton Head Island, so if you want to charter it, call Red Jacket at home (404)498-6289 and tell him that Scroungy said he should give you a good Antarctic discount. . . . *John Roscoe*, geographer of notoriety and Antarctic bibliographer, spent the summer in Denmark, Norway, Lapland and then joined a Royal Geographical foray into interior Iceland. Relative to Iceland he wrote, "A most interesting aspect was rounding the mountains above Byjafjordur on the north coast and seeing the USCG icebreaker NORTHWIND in the fjord - but with a much different silhouette than when we moved Admiral Byrd's flag aboard in the Antarctic back in 1946." He was entertained on board by Captain Caster and enjoyed it tremendously. John also met the King of Norway on his trip. . . . *Jim Reedy*, retired Navy Admiral who was Commander of the Naval Support Force, Antarctica, November 1962-May 1965, was guest of Father Hesburgh at this year's Navy-Notre Dame game. Jim was a former football great at the Naval Academy, but his presence doesn't seem to help the Academy, as every time he goes to South Bend, the Irish win. Perhaps Notre Dame should have kept Faust and hired Jim to go to all their games! *Steve* (Little America V) *Den Hartog* has evidently sired a great athlete. Sports Illustrated for 13 January 1986 showed a picture, with a write-up, of Dorcas Den Hartog, a junior at Middlebury College, who recently won the NCAA Division III cross-country title in Atlanta. She ran the 5000-meter race in 18:05, 36 seconds, a course record. Now, if old Denny had been able to run that fast back in 1958 when Big Bert Crary fell off the barrier into Kainan Bay, he might have gotten help to Bert a lot faster. Presumably Dorcas gets her athletic ability from her mother! Our congratulations to Dorcas..... *Charles Neider's* Antarctic novel, *Overflight*, is scheduled to come out in October 1986. He also has a new book on Tom Sawyer which got a mixed review in the Washington Post *Karl Kuivenen* has told Guy Guthridge who told Bergy Bits that Michael Parfit's book on Antarctica entitled *South Light* has been published. We have no details as to content, publisher, or price . . . *Mo Morris*, Deep Freeze pilot in 1964-65-66, has a publisher for his second novel, *The Alpha Bug*, - Presidio Press, fall 1986. Mo was the first pilot to fly to McMurdo from South America, made the first flight to Plateau Station, took Admiral Reedy on his "longest" exploratory flight, and so on and so on *Frank Williamson* sort of reluctantly bid adieu to the Division of Polar Programs at the National Science Foundation, and took the position of Director of the Institute of Arctic Biology at the University of Alaska. *Al Palmer*, young boat builder in Pemaquid, Maine, a direct descendant of Nathaniel Palmer, is interested in building a replica of the original HERO and sailing it to Antarctica. All he needs is money! *Jerry Huffman* just out of the hospital after major surgery on his back (3806 Towanda Rd., Alexandria 22303).