



# THE ANTARCTICAN SOCIETY

905 NORTH JACKSONVILLE STREET  
ARLINGTON, VIRGINIA 22205

HONORARY PRESIDENT — MRS. PAUL A. SIPLE

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No. 5

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Dr. Paul A. Siple, 1961-62  
Mr. Gordon D. Cartwright, 1962-63  
RADM David M. Tyree (Ret.), 1963-64  
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RADM David M. Tyree (Ret.), 1965  
Dr. Roger Tory Peterson, 1966  
Dr. J. Campbell Craddock, 1967  
Mr. James Pranke, 1968  
Dr. Henry M. Dater, 1970  
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Dr. Frank Davies, 1972  
Mr. Scott McVay, 1973  
Mr. Joseph O. Fletcher, 1974  
Mr. Herman R. Friis, 1975  
Dr. Kenneth J. Bertrand, 1976  
Dr. William J. L. Sladen, 1977  
Dr. J. Murray Mitchell, Jr., 1978  
Dr. Laurence McKinley Gould, 1979  
Dr. Charles R. Bentley, 1980  
Dr. Robert L. Nichols, 1981  
Dr. Robert H. Rutford, 1982  
Mr. R. Tucker Scully, 1983  
Dr. Richard P. Goldthwait, 1984  
Dr. Mark F. Meier, 1985  
Dr. Claude Lorius, 1986  
Dr. Louis J. Lanzerotti, 1987  
Mr. Peter J. Anderson, 1988

*A Photographic Re-Enactment of WORLD DISCOVERER Cruise WD2004*

*CRUISING WITH PETER HARRISON*

OT

*SCENIC WONDERLANDS*

by

Dr. Paul C. Dalrymple  
Port Clyde, Maine

on

*Thursday evening, 3 May 1990*

*8 PM*

National Science Foundation  
18th and G Streets N.W.

*Room 543*

— *Light refreshments - strong coffee - pleasant people* —

We have to wrap up the year with some sort of an innocuous program, and we would like to show you the exciting scenes and birds and mammals which Bolling, Ruth, and I saw with our own eyes on our cruise through the Falklands, South Georgia. Elephant, Signy, Paulet, King George, Paradise Bay, Neumayer Channel, Lemaire Channel, Drake Passage, Cape Horn, Beagle Channel, Straits of Magellan, and the fjord coast of Chile. Come and see the glories of Antarctica as experienced by tourists. You will see seven different kinds of penguins (Rockhoppers, Magellanics, Gentoos, Kings, a solitary Macaroni - which we shot from at least twenty positions, - Chin-straps, and Adelies), as well as nesting Black-browed and Wandering albatrosses. There are 87 slides of majestic icebergs. We hope to have another rare Byrd with us, as Bolling Clarke is going to try to get here for the meeting just to keep us honest. She will be the one in emerald green.

In mid-March Secretary of State Jim Baker sent a letter to Postmaster General Anthony Frank asking him to support the issuance of a commemorative postal stamp to make the 30th anniversary of the Antarctic Treaty, urging him "to approve issuance of a stamp on or about June 23, 1991." Now we'll wait and see if the Postal Service can do anything in 463 days. It should be touch-and-go if they can make that date.

The last two years have been rough commuting from building a house in Maine to writing these Newsletters and mailing them in Arlington. The good news is that we'll put the screened-in porch on when we go back to Maine next week, and then THE HOUSE is done. With building up until Christmas, then going on the Antarctic cruise, followed by the hospitalization of my 94-year old mother, this has not been the easiest year to get out Newsletters. Several members have written saying they have not received Newsletters this year, yet they are on our mailing list. You can read of our discontent with the Postal Service below. It is ATROCIOUS! You all have a good summer, but please don't come to Maine, as our roads aren't that good, and tourists just shoot up the prices for us locals. We hope to get back to you early in the fall, and may, just may, have a meeting during Orientation Week in early September.

**DELINQUENTS WHO ARE ON THE BRINK OF ERADICATION FROM MEMBERSHIP.**

Fred Alberts	John Guerrero
DeeWitt Baulch	Osmund Holm-Hansen
Adib Barsoum	Susan McDowell
Hal and Margaret Borns	Daniel Morrison
Ray Godin	Donald Scott
Ed and Priscilla Grew	Bryan Small

Single membership - \$10/year-; Married/Pseudo Married couples - \$12/year.

**BRING BACK THE PONY EXPRESS - PLEASE.**

Of all the government operated adventures is there anything worse than the U.S. Postal Service? We doubt it. Inefficiency personified, and now they want to raise the rates again. Gad, it was better back in the era of the three-cent stamps when they had no computers. We rushed out the last Newsletter announcing the 2 April Memorial Lecture, and mailed them the morning of 12 March. The earliest any Washington area member got theirs was nine days later; most got them between two and three weeks later! It's not funny - it's just plain ludicrous. If anyone ever tried to run a personal business the way the Postal Service is run, it would fold in the first month. But they have us right across the barrel and just laugh at us poor souls. Just once I'd like to be given the opportunity to kick the Postmaster General's butt. It would surely relieve a lot of frustrations.

P.S. Recently Ralph Nader received a letter "addressed to President Bush, proper] addressed to the White House. He returned the letter to Postmaster General Anthon} Frank with a cover letter pointing out that 'this episode does not instill confidence in the Postal Service's ability to distinguish the most famous address in the United States from a random misdelivery' ... "

**NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC SHOULD BE ASHAMED.**

While we are complaining, the National Geographic should be ashamed of itself for its new film, "Antarctica at the Crossroads." It is one of their so-called Explorer films, and presumably many of you have seen it on TV. It seems it's open season on the Antarctic, and every Tom, Dick, and Harriet is out to save Antarctica from the perils of mankind. Everything is so one-sided that it's ridiculous. There is no attempt at all to

show how the U.S. is cleaning up and modernizing such large and old facilities as McMurdo. Recent pictures I have seen of McMurdo have been revelling in depicting a relatively clean camp which anyone could be proud of, but in the National Geographic Society's film they showed shorelines with abandoned equipment rusting away which had to be taken at some old whaling station. The narrator does not tell you where, implying that it's an American base. This is ROTTEN!

There was no mention in the film of the fact that NSF has an initiative expected to total 100 million dollars over the next five years which focuses on safety, health, and the environment. Over half of the current 10M funding is to clean up the debris of past operations and to make present-day operations conform with current regulations, attitudes and technology. The very same ship which took Cousteau and those school kids to the Antarctic on that publicity junket in December, the EREBUS, was chartered for a whole month by NSF to help clean up their operations on the Antarctic Peninsula. There was not one word in the film about any of the many good things the U.S. has done in recent years to sanitize the American bases. For Heaven's sake, National Geographic, give the Devil his just dues. McMurdo was built back in 1955-56, and there was hardly a town/city/hamlet in our country which then was environmentally clean or worried about their disposals. But people now are demanding much more of Antarctica than they are of their own hometown where they live and breathe. Why is Greenpeace so concerned about a few acres on Ross Island when the corridor from Washington, DC to New York City is one mammoth, elongated junkyard (as viewed from the windows of Amtrak)? Gentoos are just more photogenic than ghettos, and it's easier to raise monies for wildlife than it is for humans.

Antarctica captivates people. We recall the late Paul Siple saying back in the 1930's that people who have been there would never forget the experience, and would hold a strong affinity for the continent. That still pertains today. There are many good Antarctic ambassadors, but, unfortunately, there are many short-term "wonders" who are out to save the continent. One piece of literature from an environmental activist came across our desk here in the Nerve Center which I could not believe. People are getting into it who couldn't pass a first-grade examination on Antarctica, yet they are out there on the streets preaching the demise of Antarctica. And it has to hurt when some organization like the National Geographic comes up with such a totally irresponsible film on the Antarctic. The showing we saw was at the National Geographic, and the audience was full of school kids who must have gone home to their parents that night and told them that the U.S. was about to begin mining and oil exploration in Antarctica, ruining it for penguins.

The scientists, themselves, come out as bad guys/dolls in the National Geographic film. Where do they get off condemning them? If there is any one group of people interested in saving Antarctica in its purest form, it has to be the scientists who work there, as it's truly their home away from home. Probably more of them respect and love Antarctica more than they do their hometowns. It's popular to take potshots at Antarctica; it doesn't take much of a mentality to criticize anything - a book, a contract proposal, your in-laws, the Postal Service! But when someone is doing something good like our government is doing, cleaning up its Antarctic bases, let's give them credit for doing it. We should cut off Greenpeace support and send them packing. We understand that their protest demonstration at McMurdo this past season attracted only about one percent of the camp's personnel. That's a pretty convincing message as to how the people at McMurdo really feel about them.

**NSF REPORTS DETAIL ACTIONS AND DEADLINES TO IMPROVE U.S. ANTARCTIC ENVIRONMENTAL**

**PRACTICES.** "The National Science Foundation, which manages the United States Antarctic Program, has issued a unified plan for implementing recommendations made by the Foundation's Office of the General Counsel to bring U.S. activities into compliance with environmental law.

Major actions will include removing from the continent all hazardous and toxic wastes from U.S. bases, installation of equipment to prevent and clean up fuel spills, implementation of waste treatment at NSF's McMurdo and Palmer stations, development of cradle-to-grave waste management plans for each of the United States' three major stations in Antarctica, and cleanup of previously contaminated areas near U.S. bases and abandoned field camps.

In addition, NSF will develop a comprehensive permitting and enforcement program governing the discharge of all pollutants by U.S. nationals in the Antarctic pursuant to the Antarctic Conservation Act. NSF will continue its ban on ocean dumping, except pursuant to permit, and finalization of environmental assessment regulations for antarctic activities.

The planned actions, described in two reports issued by NSF, flesh out deadlines and schedules for carrying out environmental improvements proposed under a multi-year safety, environmental and health initiative for Antarctica. NSF recently received approval from Congress and the President to implement a \$30 million environmental improvement program under this initiative over a four-year period beginning in fiscal year 1990.

'A National Science Foundation Strategy for Compliance with Environmental Law in Antarctica', a report prepared by NSF's Office of the General Counsel at the request of NSF director Erich Bloch, assesses which environmental laws govern United States activities in Antarctica, and makes recommendations to improve compliance.

'We considered not only actions needed to bring the United States Antarctic Program into compliance with today's requirements, but also steps to meet standards undergoing development,' said Robert M. Andersen, deputy general counsel of NSF and head of the Antarctic Environmental Compliance Task Group. 'We analyzed what should be done in addition to what must be done.'

**RETROGRADING AT U.S. ANTARCTIC BASES.** There are large retrograding and back-loading programs going on in Antarctica which John Q. Public does not hear about because media personnel seem to want to write about the other side. In 1988-89, 1,424,487 pounds were retrograded from McMurdo, and during the past austral summer another 1,836,979 pounds were shipped back on the MV GREEN WAVE and the MV EREBUS. The breakdown on this year's retrograde shows 86,500 pounds of explosives, 12,800 pounds of recycleables, 267,890 pounds of old rolling stock, 680,675 pounds of scrap metals, 3,600 pounds of radioisotope thermal generators, 22,700 pounds of radioactive wastes, 184,134 pounds of hazardous waste, and 578,680 pounds of other scrap.

At McMurdo they introduced separate containers for plastic, metal, and burnable trash, and began macerating McMurdo waste water (from toilets, showers and the kitchen) before allowing it to enter Winter Quarters Bay (a dilution system is going to be installed). NSF chartered the 180-foot supply ship EREBUS for a month to take away construction debris and other accumulated trash from Palmer and old Palmer. The EREBUS also visited East Base to survey the 50-year old abandoned base. It is interesting to note that they planned to go ashore there on the 50th anniversary of the late Admiral Byrd stepping ashore on 11 March 1940 but weather conditions prevented them from going ashore until the next day (which happened to be the 43rd anniversary of the late Captain Finn Ronne stepping ashore there to

establish his research station).

While we are talking about good things, all U.S. Antarctic stations are planning large Earth Day celebrations on 22 April 1990. At McMurdo booths will be set up in the big garage explaining the importance of environmental protection and what they are doing about it. The Navy will hold training on workplace environmental concerns. And there will be contests to choose the best ideas for improving the McMurdo environment, one for wintertime, one for long-range. And there are many other environmental initiatives which will be done, at McMurdo and the South Pole and Palmer.

**GENTLEMAN JIM EYES 9TH EDITION OF HIS GEOLOGY TEXT BOOK.** Jim Zumberge announced on 7 February that the time had come for him to hang it up as a university president and to start enjoying life in his Wyoming cabin. At age 66, he contemplates some teaching and some writing, including the ninth edition of his geology text book. If he keeps working on that book, who knows, he may finally get it right. No matter what he does, he will probably find it a great respite from fund-raising, where he supposedly devoted 80% of his university time. Recently he saw the University of Southern California top its goal of \$567 million dollars, which should mean many more fleet-footed running backs for the Trojans. Incidentally, it is believed that Jim holds the record for having been to more major college football bowl games on New Year's Day than any other university president. At least he was cited for it in Sports Illustrated about six years ago.

The Los Angeles Times called Jim "a former Antarctic explorer," although he was strictly a scientist. He also was an Antarctic innovator with great foresight. This writer recalls being at Little America V in 1957 when Jim arrived on the scene to initiate his studies on Roosevelt Island. We who had wintered over with something less than full support from the Navy were given a quick lesson by Zumberge on how to get along with the Navy. When he packed his instrumentation for a trip, he included a footlocker with choice alcoholic beverages which were suitable for the delicate palates of discerning Navy throats, and Jim soon owned the whole damn camp.

After being the life of one of our Saturday night parties, Jim was still able, with a few short hours of sleep to perform admirably playing the Wurlitzer and singing hymns in our chapel service. His versatility was amazing, and it was obvious that he was destined to go much farther than to Roosevelt Island. His love for Antarctica never waned, and in the Los Angeles Times interview it was said that he "would play the accordion and dance on tables during three expeditions to Antarctica." He also probably danced on all walls and the ceiling!

Zumberge came from Minnesota, and was a geology professor at the University of Michigan and Duke University before becoming the founding president of Grand Valley College in Michigan. From there he became dean of the College of Earth Sciences of the University of Arizona; then Chancellor at the University of Nebraska in Lincoln; then on to the presidency of Southern Methodist; and finally, in August 1980, the ninth president of the University of Southern California. Being a geologist, being at Michigan, being a university president, being at the University of Arizona, he was sort of a Latter Day Larry Gould. And both are great speakers, and, as nearly all of you know, both served as past chairmen of the National Academy of Sciences' Polar Research Board, and as past presidents of SCAR (Scientific Committee on Antarctic Research). The only thing which prevents Jim from being the Dean of American Antarcticans is Larry Gould's reluctance to give up his hold on the reins. Larry just might decide to live on forever, which we all hope he does. I'm sure Zumberge would be honored to walk in Larry's shadows for the rest of his life.

Jim told a very funny story about himself to an Antarctic Society gathering about a dozen years ago. It seems that after he became president of the University of Nebraska, an Arlington, Virginia friend told him that when he visited Washington, he should stay at his home. Jim graciously thanked his friend for offering his hospitality, but said he would decline, as he had this nasty habit of getting up very early to go jogging. Jim's friend said that would be no problem, he would give Jim a key, and he could get up at any weird hour when he might feel so inclined, and that he would pay no attention to him. Jim decided that this beat paying a hundred dollars a night for a room, and subsequently stayed with his friend. And as advertised Jim got up in the wee hours of the morning and went running in the dark. He didn't carry a ball of yarn with him, and it soon became apparent that Jim had no idea where he was, nor did he know the street address where he was staying. Fortunately for him, there was a garbage collector starting his rounds, and Jim hailed him, asking him if he could take him to a pay phone. To compound the situation, Jim had no money, and had to borrow a dime from the garbage collector to put through a collect call to his secretary back in Lincoln in the middle of the night. She finally answered the phone, and Jim quickly said, "Don't ask any questions, just tell me where I stayed last night," and she was able to tell him.

Then Jim went back to the garbage truck, told the guy the address, and asked him if he would mind driving him there. At this point in time, the garbage collector would have driven Jim anywhere just to unload him. After they got to his friend's house, the garbage collector looked at Jim and said, "Buddy, you're one of the queerest persons I ever met in my life. I don't know what you do for a living, but you are as crazy as those people to go to the Antarctic." A true story, but naturally much better when told by Jim.

Forrest Shumway, Chairman, Board of Trustees, USC, said he regretted Zumberge's decision to retire because administrators with his combination of credentials are "rare birds." He evidently was really a rare bird on campus, as one professor, according to the article, offered students "\$5 for a Zumberge sighting and rarely has to pay the wager." One long-time faculty member who didn't want to be identified said, "No one knows him well enough to hate him. He doesn't evoke strong feelings on either side." But during his administration the student body increased 6 percent, to 29,157; full-time faculty increased 18 percent, to 2,196; the endowment grew from \$154 million to about \$460 million; annual operating budget doubled to \$1.3 billion. Since his presidency the University of Southern California has started or completed twenty new buildings, including the Norris Cancer Hospital. And the university began programs in neuroscience, molecular medicine, and urban planning. Examiners from the Western Association of Schools and Colleges accredited USC in 1987, said the campus appeared to "lack intellectual excitement and vitality," but praised the school for making "striking improvements overall." Sounds to me like a college presidency is a no-win situation, and that Jim earned every single cent of his \$205,000 salary. However, Jim doesn't really have to live within that paltry salary, as he is also paid for serving on several corporate boards.

Zumberge was quoted as saying, "As a scientist, my world was a thing world. I'd knock on rocks, look at a piece of ice, or measure a lump of snow. They didn't talk back and I didn't have to impress them. But as I moved from the thing world to the people world, I had to be more conscious of interpersonal relations." Jim won praise for trying to shed USC's image as a party school that is ideologically conservative. One big issue during his administration, in addition to USC being put on probation by the National Collegiate Athletic Association, was efforts to improve the surrounding neighborhood, and to link the campus to the downtown business district. Jim established a council of area residents and businesses

to discuss the development. When you think things are bad, give them to a committee.

Jim has one wife, Marilyn, four grown children, and lives in the university's official presidential mansion in San Marino. It is expected that it could take up to a year for his replacement to be discovered or unearthed, as the case may be. Then the Zumberges hope to move to Pasadena. As many of you know, Jim underwent surgery in 1985 for prostate cancer, but he claims that he has fully recovered and that his decision to retire was not prompted by health concerns. Whatever Jim does, even if nothing, he will do it with class. He is truly Gentleman Jim. But he should stop and smell the roses.

**OBITUARIES.** ALBERT ARMSTRONG was a man whom we wish we had taken the time to get to know better, as he was quite a man in his own right. His Antarctic connection was that he designed some of the original buildings at McMurdo, including the dispensary. He was in his mid-nineties, and each year he would order at least four Antarctic calendars for women in his life. Albert claimed they were relatives, but we thinketh he did not really have that many relatives. We used to talk to him occasionally over the phone, and he was very enthusiastic about the Antarctic. Thanks to the Navy at McMurdo, they provided us (for him) with a set of black and white photographs of buildings at the station, which made him extremely happy. Once upon a time he had a magnificent voice, and actually sang in operas. He had a very keen memory, and he reminisced about Baltimore at the turn of the century as if he were talking about yesterday. Ken Moulton was a good friend of his, and frequently visited with him. We have lost one of our nicest members.

EDWARD FIREMAN was a physicist at the Smithsonian Astrophysical Observatory in Cambridge, Massachusetts, and was only 68 years old when he died of a heart attack on 28 March 1990. We never knew Dr. Fireman, but he was a leading authority on the analysis and dating of extraterrestrial materials and space debris. He devised a method for measuring the age of Antarctic ice samples taken from deep cores and subsurface layers. These age determinations contributed greatly to refining the record of the earth's climate over the last 200,000 years. His analysis of radioactive isotopes in meteorites revealed how long these objects had been exposed to cosmic-ray bombardment while travelling through space.

Edward's laboratory experiments, which usually entailed grinding up, pulverizing and heating small samples of material to release measurable traces of gas, were conducted in a labyrinth of glass tubing, vacuum pumps, and Bunsen burners. Recently he had participated in a search for solar neutrinos, using unusual devices placed at the bottom of the 800-foot deep Homestead Mine in South Dakota. With the earth above acting as a natural filter, Fireman's detectors measured the flux of other radiation that might be mistaken for elusive neutrinos, highly energized particles that originate in the sun's core and penetrate deep into the earth.

He was quite a man. He is survived by his wife Rita (57 Clifton Road, Newton Centre, Massachusetts 02159), two sons, and a daughter, plus the usual assortment of brothers/sisters, and a bevy of grandchildren.

JANE MCCLARY, wife of Nelson McClary of the Ronne Antarctic Research Expedition, may be better known to most of you as Jane McIlvaine, her name when she wrote "My Antarctic Honeymoon" for Jennie Darlington. This book created quite a stir among Antarcticans in the mid-1950's, as it presented another side to what happened on the Ronne Expedition. As it was the first time women had ever wintered over on the ice, it was bound to be popular, and when there was a little spice and vinegar on the expedition, it made the book all that much more popular. And when the Brit, Kevin Walton, came out with his book on what happened over the hill on Stonington Island at their base, one might say there was a trilogy on the year's happenings.

In the course of researching material for the book, Jane McIlvaine met Nelson McClary, and subsequently married him.

There are a couple of stories about that book which are sort of funny, and one I must share with you. A lot of us went to the Antarctic back in 1956-57 on the US CURTISS, an old seaplane tender which had survived a direct kamikaze hit in World War II, and it was great cruising from San Diego to Port Lyttleton, then on down to McMurdo, and finally over to Little America V. We had many distinguished scientists aboard, including the director of the U.S. program, Larry Gould. One day Larry came across Paul Humphrey, then of the Weather Bureau, leaning over the rail with a book in his hands. Larry walked up to him and said, "What are you reading, Paul?" And Paul answered, "My Antarctic Honeymoon." Then Larry asked if he could see it, and Paul handed it to him. He proceeded to riffle through its pages, and just when Paul thought he was going to get his book back, Larry tossed it overboard, saying, "You shouldn't be reading books like this, Paul!"

Jane McClary was a very well-known author. Her "A Portion for Foxes," a romance set in the hunt country, appeared in 1972 and eventually was translated into ten languages. And her "To Win the Hunt," a charming and informative book on the peculiarly intense pastime of riding to hounds in Ireland, is full of accounts of the wondrous happenings that make up everyday life in the countryside of yawning ditches and big banks, impervious hedges and stone walls where foxes are pursued in the Emerald Isle. Jane also wrote a number of children's stories.

We had the pleasure of meeting Jane and Nelson at the home of one of our past presidents, Bob Dodson, several years ago. She was a most attractive woman, to say the least, and was most stylish. She sort of personified "class". And, as with so many of our members, she died of cancer, age 70 on 30 January 1990. Survivors included her husband, (Box 326, Middleburg, Virginia 22117), and two sons. Previously, in 1971, she had lost a daughter at sea during a transatlantic sailboat crossing.

GILES KERSHAW, although not a Society member, was a well-known Antarctic flyer who was a friend of the adventurers, and would always fly them anywhere for a price. But the 41-year old pilot was killed on 5 March when he was piloting a gyrocopter-type aircraft off the yacht SOL on a private expedition. He crashed on the Jones Ice Shelf, east of Adelaide Island, off the west coast of the Antarctic Peninsula. It is believed that he was on a photographic mission when the craft got suddenly flipped over by a strong gust of wind. There were no other casualties. It is our understanding that his widow, Anne, requested that he be buried at Rothera, the British base on Adelaide.

Giles was born in India, but he went to school in England. From childhood he had a tremendous interest in aircrafts and flying, and longed for an aviation career. When he tried to enter the Royal Air Force, he was turned down because of eyesight. But with the support of his parents, he took his private pilot's license, and later worked his way up to a commercial license.

In 1974 he answered an advertisement for a pilot from the British Antarctic Survey and he flew with them until 1979. Then he co-founded Adventure Network, and became quite famous for his support of the Transglobe Expedition. Giles developed a technique of dragging the heels of his skis with the utmost precision along the surface of the snow. Then he would climb back up and look back at his own tracks to see the depths of the impression, revealing the hidden traps.

Giles had been a captain with Britannia Airways, and at the time of his death, was first officer on Boeing 747s with Cathay Pacific. The Times for 8 March 1990 said that he was the first man to fly round the world over both the North and South Poles, during the Transglobe Expedition in 1980-81. We seriously doubt this, as there had to be many military pilots in the late 50's and 60's who flew over both



Poles. Perhaps Trigger Hawkes or Peter Anderson could enlighten us. But regardless, the most daring and competent of modern-day polar flyers is dead. He will be missed.

**AN ELEVEN-YEAR OLD DREAM COMES TRUE.** Back in November 1988, I wrote a piece in these pages about the ending of the all-men era at the South Pole, and proposed that it would be a great idea if men and women were alternated annually at the Pole. My reasoning was based on having a great time there with all men back in 1958, and felt that women should not be denied the same privilege of enjoying a year at the South Pole without men around to harass them. After all, women can do all that men can do, so why discriminate against them?

Well, now there is an all-woman camp in the Antarctic. Buried under eight meters of snow at this very minute are nine German women manning (womanning) Georg von Neumayer Base. Isn't that just great! There are two geophysicists, two meteorologists, two engineers, a radio operator, a cook, and a doctor. They are living and working in twin tabular containers, each 50 meters long. They are all in the prime of life, between 27 and 34 years old, all are single, and they have been described in the press as "extremely ambitious." We bet they are! For everything to come full circle, though, won't they have to send down in an ensuing year a token male cook? After all, the great chefs of this world are MEN.

We read all this good stuff in the English edition of The German Tribune which Tony and Ingrid Malva-Gomes kindly sent us. The article featured the wintering-over doctor, Monika Puskeppeleit, who was triggered for Antarctica by watching a documentary film on McMurdo station in 1979. The nine women came to know one another through the Alfred Wegener Polar Research Institute in Bremerhaven, and they jointly applied to crew an Antarctic research station for a season. They completed a survival training course in the Alps, including working their way out of crevasses and climbing rock faces. They were so impressive in their training that the Research Ministry in Bonn said, "Send them." The authorities admit, though, that they are worried that inter-personal conflicts might arise. However, I am sure that some of them will even survive the whole winter, and then the survivors can jointly write a book about men being a superfluous commodity in Antarctica. Monika feels that the psychological evaluation of behavior by people in cramped quarters has been neglected. If she really wants to do such a study, she should do one on those crazy Boston drivers who are plain lunatics.

Monika is taking her water colors, her flute, books (from Plato and Karl Jaspers to George and others) and recorded music (from Bach to BAP). She knows she is going to miss her jogging, the spring, and windows, but she said, "It will be a dream come true as far as I am concerned." And I could add "ditto" to that!

**ED MOODY'S SLEDS ARE A HOT ITEM.** Ed Moody, former dogteam driver and logistical expert with Admiral Byrd at Little America II on BAE II, has hit the headlines in Maturity Magazine (December 1988-January 1989) and the Boston Sunday Globe (11 March 1990) for his dogsled making in Rochester, New Hampshire. Ed is now 79 years young, has been making sleds for some 67 years, and people, including Ed, say that his sleds are Stradivaris. They are in the Iditarod, a Swiss count uses one, a Dutch airline pilot (don't pilots fly?) has one, and there are some in Japan. These masterpieces are not exactly a labor of love, as Ed was quoted as saying, "Heck, I don't like to work, I like to travel. I'd rather be out with my camera, or hunting or fishing." Though proud of his work, Ed says that he would not have built sleds for a full-time living. "It's old men's work," Ed said cantankerously, "There's no way I could have made a living at it." So he has worked as a logger, a plumber, an electrician, and a carpenter, and he is just as proud of those

accomplishments as he is of making sleds. Ed really prefers racing dogs to building sleds, and he has driven dogs in more places than any living man he knows. Like all of those old Byrd dogsled drivers, Ed spent much of World War II in Greenland on search and rescue missions (for downed planes crossing the North Atlantic).

Ed perfected his four main sled designs years ago. He now uses nylon cord as a fastener rather than leather thongs, and laminates the bottom of sled runners with plastic. Asked what distinguishes his sleds from others, Ed says it is white ash he uses in their construction. Other sled builders "aren't picking the right kind of wood," he says. "Picking quality wood is getting to be a lost art." Ed bends his ash in wide copper pipes that fill with steam from a stove he made from an old beer keg. To waterproof the wood, he soaks it first in Danish oil, then coats the whole sled in polyurethane.

He has ten sleds on back order, but he spends a lot of time repairing his old sleds. Ed's pride shows through despite the crusty, utilitarian picture he paints of his craft. "There's no money in it," he says, "so you might as well have the satisfaction of building something that looks good." I have one question for old Ed - "Why in hell do you sell them for only \$500 when you could get \$1250 without batting an eye?" His name must be worth \$500 alone, and then it's not illegal in this country to make a little money on the side. In this era when school kids have to have \$200 sneakers or else they won't leave the house, certainly \$1250 for a great dogsled seems cheap to me. Ed, get with it, this is 1990!

**ANTARCTIC BOY SCOUT DOUG BARNHART (1984-85) TALKS ABOUT PAST AND PRESENT.** While we were gathering lecture material for our Antarctic cruise, we thought we should prepare one on Scouts of Antarctica, as they are a most unusual lot and have been overachievers, starting with James W.S. Marr who went south with Sir Ernest Shackleton on his last expedition. So we wrote all of the American Scouts, including the girls, and got excellent responses, one of which we would like to share, in part. Doug Barnhart's response made us feel good about the program, and when he talks about his and his wife's future plans, we got an even warmer feeling about the kind of young people they are sending to the ice. We are proud of ALL of them!

Each of us can greatly impact the fate of our fellows and therefore we have a great responsibility to act justly and wisely. Numerous experiences convinced me of this. These experiences ranged from practical problems of travelling in nations where few of the ship's crew spoke the language to moments of reflection while looking out over the polar plateau. That heartfelt realization is the greatest benefit that I derived from my adventure, for it will serve me wherever I am.

That early involvement with research has helped determine my career path. I am currently a second-year medical student at The Johns Hopkins University. My career goal is to become an academic physician which will involve research and teaching as well as seeing patients in a clinic. This interest in research was fostered by my involvement in the Antarctic research program. My career has been influenced by the people that I met and the things that I saw while enroute to Antarctica, especially in South America. The needs of the people in those countries are great, and my brief experiences there have challenged me to seek a career in which I could help improve the health of people like them. My wife and I are currently contemplating being medical missionaries. How this will amalgamate with my academic interests remains to be seen, but I believe a good combination will be found.

### **IS IT SWITHINBANK'S SECOND LAW OR IS IT JUST PLAIN OLD JOCKEY SHORTS?**

In a

recent Newsletter we presented Swithinbank's Second Law which succinctly says that all offspring of Antarctic wintering-over males who are born within one year of their stay on the ice will be female. Now a Doubtin' Thomas has surfaced, and his name is Art Ford, veteran Antarctic researcher of at least twelve austral summer seasons. He has raised the very serious question as to whether it is due to jockey shorts. He wrote, "As medical researchers pointed out long ago, the relevant male core temperature can be kept sufficient for female progeny merely by wearing jockey shorts. Having been a participant on a 1986-87 British Antarctic Survey/U.S. Geological Survey study of the Black Coast of the Peninsula, and issued BAS clothing in Cambridge, including jockey shorts, I know that such technology exists in the UK, at least now." Art Ford is sort of a Latter Day Paul Siple, as he too was an Eagle Scout, and like Paul, fathered only daughters, although both of Art's daughters were conceived, packaged, and delivered prior to his going to the ice. It's interesting to note that there were no Ford offspring after he started going to the ice!

Swithinbank has submitted more supporting material for his Second Law, this from Nature in an article about the sex lives of North American salamanders, which are profoundly affected by the temperature of the water in which they breed. Charles wrote, "As in human populations in cold places, 'raising the temperature leads to greater male participation'. Too right it does! Participation, yes, but not paternal chromosomes. The highlighted sentence indicates the important thing, that the incorporation of paternal chromosomes is sensitive to temperature." This Newsletter with all this good stuff is getting to be just like the New England Journal of Medicine!

### **ABOUT PENGUINS AND OTHER BIRDS.**

A mysterious disease or poison has killed more than 60 percent of the extremely rare Yellow-eyed penguins on the coast of New Zealand's Otago Peninsula during the first two months of this year. And the magnificent Royal albatross may also be in danger. The bizarre ailment has killed only breeding adults, while the survivors are not only healthy, but vibrant. All of the dead penguins had empty stomachs, raising fears that something had gotten into the food chain. Walter Sullivan wrote in the New York Times on 20 March that radio beacons attached to Wandering albatrosses have revealed that circular foraging flights by the birds sometimes exceed 9,300 miles (more than eight times the distance that had been assumed), and that in some cases they cover 560 miles a day! One monitored flight lasted 33 days, and males were seen to sit on an egg for at least 55 days before the old lady returned. What do you think, guys, was she really after food all of those days or was she having a spree? You know once the egg is hatched, foraging trips then last only two to four days! This was all written up in the 22 February issue of Nature. The Wanderers weigh about 25 pounds fly up to 50 miles an hour, and can sustain a speed of 35 miles for a distance of 500 miles. They would put Art Ford's Model A to shame.

### **SNOWFLAKES.**

That amazing wonder from BAE I, Norman Vaughan, has done it again. At age 84, he not only entered the Iditarod this winter, he finished! All 1,157 miles. And he didn't come in last, either. A couple of years ago he hoped to take a dogteam to the South Pole so he could celebrate his 85th birthday there on 19 December 1990. Anyone who could con the Pope into driving with him and his dogteam with two dogs named Devil and Satan should never be counted out. By the way, what has your grandfather done lately? Alan Campbell, the NSF Visiting Artist, 1987-88, returned to the ice, or at least to Palmer Station and the Antarctic Peninsula, during the past austral summer, spending August through November

in that region. He took 10,000 slides - Holy Cow!, painted many water colors, and did additional oil paintings. He will be having another Antarctic exhibit at the Addison-Ripley Gallery here in Washington, probably sometime in 1991. Based on what he did around McMurdo, this exhibit should be most sensational ..... IMAX is shooting an Antarctic film which will be shown all over the world at the various IMAX and OMNIMAX theaters - something like thirty-five in the United States, sixty-five in the whole world. They have already shot an Australian station, and hope to have the film ready for showing by June 1991. Their operating budget is about 3 1/2 million dollars, but NSF is NOT involved in the funding at all; the U.S. sponsor is the Chicago Museum of Science and Technology. Since it is IMAX, Washingtonians should be seeing it as one of the feature films in an Air and Space Museum theater. Another local site will be the Planetarium in Richmond. Should be just SUPER ..... The Science Museum of Minneapolis is preparing a major Antarctic exhibit. David Chittenden is in charge of the exhibit which is targeted to open in June 1991. It will travel to seven other science museums over the following two to three years. We believe some of the staff at NSF are acting as advisors. Any traveling dog and pony show on Antarctic science which goes to various museums should be good publicity, and, hopefully, will help to educate people on what Antarctica is really like and what goes on there ..... We understand that Jim Caffin may be coming back as editor of Antarctic, the bulletin of the New Zealand Antarctic Society. If this is true, it's the best news we have had in a long time. I don't think there is anyone in the world who knows as much as Jim does about what is going on in Antarctica. He seems to have connections with all of the nations working there, and knows who is doing what to whom and when, as well as how . . . . Look for a hatchet job in Eugene Rodgers' forthcoming book, "Beyond the Barrier", which is being published by the U.S. Naval Institute Press this spring. We are quite upset about it . . . . If you want a source of real bargains of polar books, try Chessler Books (P.O. Box 4267, Evergreen, Colorado 80439). For example, Huntford's "Amundsen's Photographs", \$17.50; Land's "The New Explorers", \$4.00 (I recently paid \$7.50); Lopez's "Arctic Dreams", \$10.00; Lewis and George's "Icebound in Antarctica", \$10.00. You just can't beat their prices. Scientists at Harvard are building a pilotless airplane for research flights through the ozone hole in the upper atmosphere over Antarctica. It will have a wingspan of 60 feet, and be capable of flying as high as 85,000 feet. Its fuselage and wings will be made from strong, lightweight composite material like graphite. The craft will be battery-powered and guided by remote control from the ground at McMurdo. First flights, fall of 1991 . . . . Sill Westermeyer corralled me at our last meeting and asked why I had never mentioned his "Polar Prospects: A Mineral Treaty for Antarctica." Well, we just don't do a real good job covering the waterfront, and were certainly remiss here, as the publication of 218 pages is just excellent. We presume you might be able to get a copy directly from William Westermeyer (Office of Technology Assessment, Oceans and Environment Program, U.S. Congress, Washington, DC 20510, or call Bill at 202-228-6548). . . . Daniel Morrison has proposed that Cerveja Antarctica become the official Society beer at all of our functions. It seems it is brewed by Companhia Antarctica Paulista in Sao Paulo, Brazil. The only problem is that it's not imported into the U.S. So he offers an alternative, Polar Beer out of Venezuela which is widely available in the U.S. Daniel wrote, "In either case, you would have a respectable beer with a good name and would be making a small contribution toward resolving the Latin American debt crisis." .... A local loyalisi by the name of Judith Reusswig will appear on Jeopardy the evening of July 4th. Judy is a good-looking, blonde 4th-grade teacher in the Washington area, and will be resplendent that evening - like she is all evenings - but this time in a beautiful green dress. She wasn't a big winner, but at least will be getting a new Panasonic TV for her efforts. Yes, the MC asked about her trip to Antarctica.