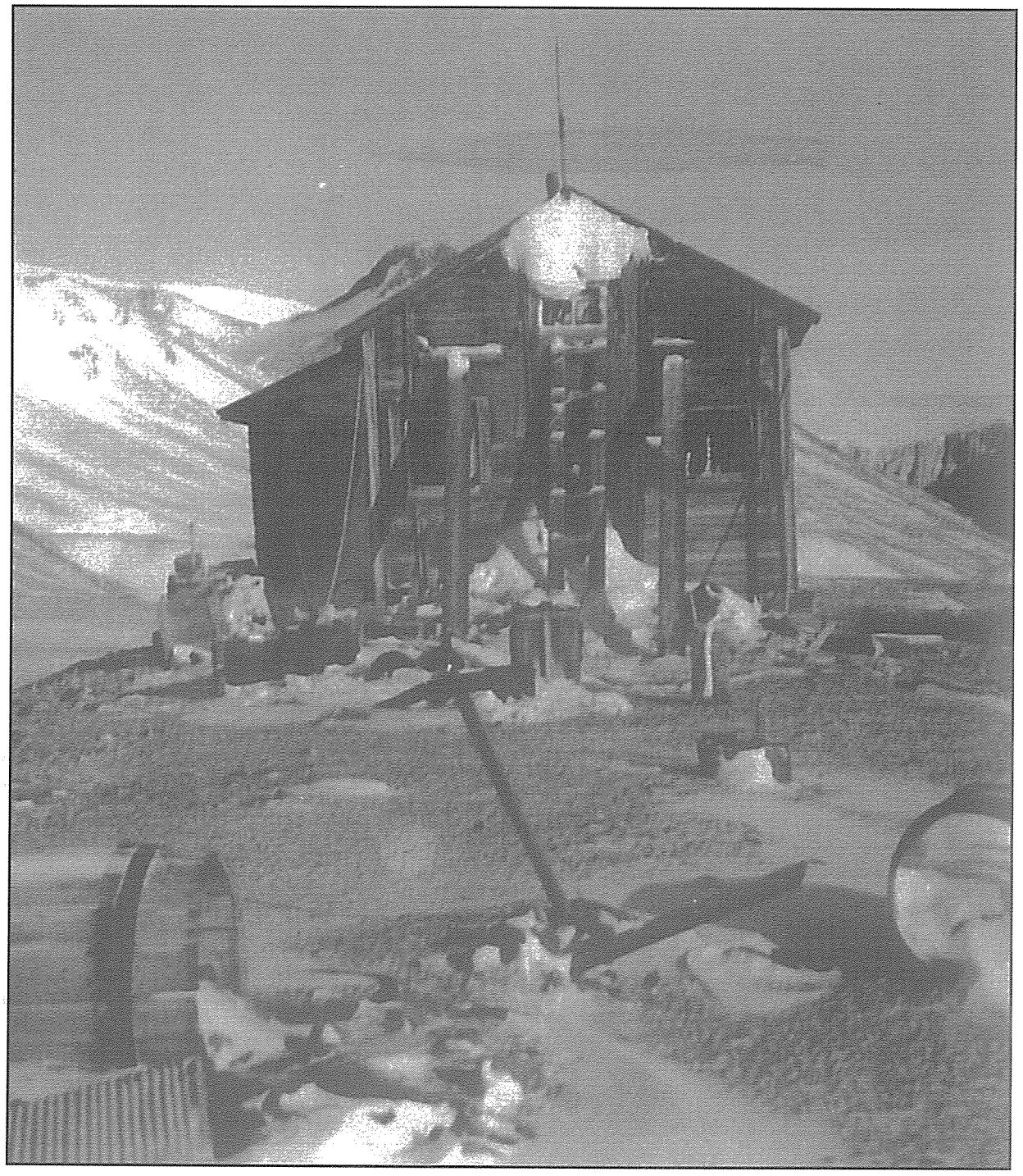
BAS Club



December 2001

Newsletter No 46

British Antarctic Survey Club

c/o British Antarctic Survey
High Cross, Madingley Road
Cambridge CB3 OET
England

ALL ENQUIRIES in the first instance should be directed to the **Secretary, Dr Bill Block**
Tel: 01223 221556; fax: 01223 362616: email: wcb@bas.ac.uk

Communications to the Officers listed above may be sent **c/o BAS Club** address, except for the Membership Secretary and Newsletter Editor.

All enquiries about membership and changes of address should be sent to the **Membership Secretary, Keith Holmes, 3 Capel Close, Oxford OX2 7LA**. Tel: 01865 318914; phone and automatic answerphone & fax- after 16 rings 01865 558573: **e-mail kdhox@hotmail.com**

Please send material for the **NEWSLETTER** direct to the **Editor: Bob Burton, 63 Common Lane, Hemingford Abbots, Huntingdon. PE28 9AW: e-mail: rwburton@ntlworld.com**

It would be appreciated if material for the Newsletter can be sent on a disk or as an e-mail attachment, preferably in IBM compatible format, e.g. MS Word. For those who do not use a personal computer, please deliver as a typed manuscript.

Closing date for May Newsletter 28 February 2002
Material received after that date may not be published in that issue.

2002 AGM and REUNION

The Royal Agricultural College, Cirencester, on 22 June 2002.

For details, see page 9 and the enclosed flyer.

Stop press: Visit the **BAS Club website** at: www.antarctica.co.uk/basclub

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Cover

Otto Nordenskjöld's hut on Snow Hill Island.

EDITORIAL

After a professional lifetime devoted to writing books (well, nearly; it hasn't ended yet because I don't get thrown on the scrapheap at 60 like my friends at BAS), I try to excuse my shortcomings by stating that 'every book should have a few mistakes because it gives people such pleasure in finding them'. This holds for editing newsletters. The exceptions are when readers find that they have been personally misunderstood, misidentified, misspelled or simply missed out. Then pleasure turns to distress, sometimes acute. In the last issue, I described how working (using the word in its broadest sense) on a cruise ship was a good way of meeting old friends. I then recounted who I had come across while lecturing on the cruise ship *Explorer* last year.

I had racked my brains trying to remember everyone who I had bumped into and where, because it would be so easy to overlook a brief encounter on a jetty or in passing boats. Indeed, it was easy. I soon received an e-mail note from Gordon Liddle pointing out, more in sorrow than anger I hope, that I forgotten him. He is not easy to overlook and, as South Georgia Operations Manager, he is not without stature in southern latitudes. Unfortunately, my memory had failed to make the long trudge one Saturday morning up Philomel Hill to Gordon's home.

So where will the brickbats come from this time? It was only at the last minute that I realised I had left out the 'BAS News' section which is now on pages 12-19. That would have upset a good few people, including the Club's Chairman and Secretary. Having averted that disaster, I can face other shortcomings with equanimity.

Bob Burton

BAS Club News

Annual General Meeting
Minutes of the 26th AGM of the BAS Club held at St Martin's College, Lancaster on 14 July 2001 commencing at 6.00pm.

The President, Dr R M Laws, took the chair and before opening the meeting a minutes silence was observed in memory of Dick Boulding, a member of the Club Committee, and all those members who had passed away during the last year.

Dr Laws welcomed 49 members to the meeting.

1 Apologies for absence
The Secretary reported that he had received 50 apologies for absence from members in addition to those of the Chairman (Dr P D Clarkson) and the Newsletter Editor (R W Burton). [A list is appended to these minutes.]

2 Minutes of the 24th AGM
Copies of the minutes were distributed to all present and they were signed by the President as a true and correct record of the meeting.

3 Matters arising
There were none.

4 Chairman's Report
First I must apologize to all of you because, as you will not have failed to notice, I cannot be with you this evening and our President, Dick Laws, has kindly agreed to chair this AGM on my behalf. The office of President is an honorary position that carries no formal duties but Dick has acted as my back-up on two occasions now and I am very grateful to him. I am actually in St Petersburg at the 24th Antarctic Treaty Consultative Meeting. However, I can assure you I would much rather be with all you instead of listening to the tedious exchanges of diplomats, politicians and lawyers expounding at length on Antarctic matters about which they frequently know very little.

As usual, the Committee has had a fairly unexciting year but we have dealt with various matters that have taxed our collective minds. One that has frequently come to the fore has been the use of Internet technology and the extent to which we should embrace it. In my view we should be doing so but not exclusively because we must cater for all our members and not all of them are connected to the net. I am sure that Keith Holmes, our indefatigable Membership Secretary, will say a little more about this. Keith has brought new enthusiasm to the Committee and we all owe him a vote of thanks.

Dick Boulding also brought his enthusiasm and new ideas and was poised to take on some of the secretarial responsibility for running the Club. Very sadly, as I am sure you know, his life was cut tragically short by cancer and he died on 13 May this year. We have lost a good friend and colleague who is deeply missed.

A major surprise was the re-surfacing of Derry Print Limited who had printed Newsletter no 40 and provided a very unsatisfactory service. This was essentially a financial matter and I am sure John Bawden, our Treasurer, will mention this in his report. It is sufficient for me to say that we were forced to decide that discretion is the better part of valour and to negotiate a compromise payment for the outstanding invoice. Although I dealt with Derrys on this, I should like to thank John for drafting the initial broadside letter that was fired back to the printers.

I am very pleased to report that the Chairman's impassioned plea for help on the Committee has drawn a number of responses, not all favourable, but at least they were responses. I am delighted that we have received some new nominations for the Committee and I look forward to meeting the new members at the first meeting of the new Committee, assuming that I am re-elected!

At this point it is probably appropriate to close my statement to the AGM. In so doing, I should like to express my thanks to the members of the

Committee for the work that they do on your behalf and in their support for the Chairman. As you would expect, it is great to work with a bunch of Fids.

Finally, I thank you all for coming and I wish you all a very happy and enjoyable evening. The highlight later this evening will be the presentation of one Fuchs Medal to Alex Gaffikin. The second medal awarded this year is to Janet Thomson who cannot be here this evening. Her presentation will be at BAS on the afternoon of Wednesday 10 October 2001, immediately following the Laws Prize Lecture and presentation to Gareth Chisham.

5 Secretary's Report

Bill Block reported that the Committee had met five times during the past year. The main non-routine business had centred on the development of the Management Plan, which he had drafted for the Club earlier. Particular components had been implemented including the establishment of a centralised computer database of members and increased communication with members, especially via e-mail (two notices had been sent out in this way recently).

Two other matters were currently being pursued, namely, the appointment of separate Secretaries for the Fuchs Medal and the Laws Prize Committees to reduce the work load of the Secretary and the development of a Club web page linked to the official BAS web site. It is also planned to provide some paid secretarial assistance to help in the general administration and running of the Club in the near future.

The Secretary had organized the dispatch of the winter (December) and spring (April) Newsletters to members and thanked Anne Todd, Ricky Chinn, David Limbert and Bob Burton for their help in this task. In December, the Secretary undertook a reconnaissance of St Martin's College for this Reunion and conducted the initial negotiations with the College; he hoped that the Reunion would be an enjoyable and successful one. He reported that members continued to feature amongst those awarded the Polar Medal and clasps, and that Andy Alsop had received a MBE in the New Year's Honours.

It has been decided that the Club Secretariat should remain at BAS HQ, at least for the time being, and that the Club is most grateful to Professor C G Rapley, Director BAS, for this continued support of the Club. Fuchs Medals had been awarded this year to Alex Gaffikin (meteorologist at Halley station), who was attending the Reunion and to Janet Thomson (geologist and head of mapping). The Laws Prize had been awarded to Gareth Chisham (Physical Sciences Division) for his work in solar terrestrial physics.

There were no questions of the Secretary's report.

6 Newsletter Editor's Report

Bob Burton sent his apologies for absence but the family holiday in the sun had claimed priority and the Secretary presented his report to the meeting.

Newsletter 44 was produced on QuarkXpress software at BAS under the tutelage of Roger Missing, and we are grateful for his expert tuition and the support given by BAS. This Newsletter came out rather later than expected, partly because of the priorities of Roger's work load, but also because of some teething problems. However, this experiment was judged a success because sending the Newsletter to the printers in its complete form, with all text and illustrations in place, clearly saves time and money. There is also more scope for making the design more interesting but, most importantly, we have found that there is a saving of nearly half the printing costs. The cost of tuition and subsequent purchase of the Club's own QuarkXpress package, now installed on the Editor's computer, has been covered in two issues and, from now on, there will be substantial annual savings. At the moment there has not been much saving in time because the Editor was still learning how to use QuarkXpress (one faulty 'Save' resulted in losing the complete Newsletter!).

We have changed the naming of Newsletter issues from 'Winter' and 'Spring' to 'December' and 'May' to avoid confusion in the southern hemisphere. Hopefully, this narrowing of the timescale from three months to one month will encourage prompt appearance!

Material still comes in at a satisfactory rate, but please submit tales of your times 'down South' or tell us what you are doing now. The more that comes by e-mail, the better.

7 Treasurer's Report

Before John Bawden presented the accounts for the year 2000, he said that as many of those present would know, he took over the Membership Secretary's duties following the illness of Munro Sievwright. He wished to take this opportunity to say how grateful he was to Keith Holmes, who kindly agreed to take on this role from January of this year, after being on the committee for only a few months. Given this situation John was happy to continue as Treasurer, if re-elected. The membership now stands at 787, which was due largely to Keith's great efforts in recruitment. 9% of members continue to pay their subs by cheque. As his annual plea, John said that it would be helpful if as many as these as possible could change to payment by Bank Standing Order.

John Bawden then presented the 2000 accounts, which had been distributed to members at the meeting. He drew members' attention to a few points. On the income side, most entries were self explanatory. He would refer to the sale of Mex Merson's books later. The uncleared cheque refers to postage for Newsletter No. 44. On the expenditure side, it was agreed in Committee that the Newsletter should be prepared using QuarkXpress (a Desk Top Publishing package) which will result in considerable savings with the printers. The expenditure incurred under the item 'training on QuarkXpress' was for Bob Burton, the Newsletter Editor.

The item 'Safe custody at Natwest' referred to the Fuchs Medals in safe keeping at the bank. The Committee had agreed that the cost in the year 2000 and onwards would be debited to the Fuchs Medal Fund. The BAS Club has since been credited with this amount.

The balance carried forward to 2001 is £9100. John pointed out, however, that this figure was somewhat illusory. Those members who were either at last year's AGM or read his report in Newsletter 44, will recall that an uncleared cheque in the 1999 accounts referred to a payment of £2087 made to Derry Print for Newsletter No.40 against their invoice for £3691. In his report the Chairman referred to this matter, but John felt that he should give more detail. The committee did not consider that the increase over and above the estimate of £1670 had been wholly justified and made a payment of £2087 on 21 September 1999, stating this was in full and final payment, which represented a substantial 25% increase on the quotation and which the Committee considered to be more than fair and reasonable given all the circumstances surrounding the production. That cheque was not cashed and no further action was taken. In April of this year, some 18 months later, a letter was received from Derry Print requesting the Club to pay the full amount within 14 days in order to avoid any legal proceedings. This was followed by a Solicitor's letter saying that unless payment was received, proceedings would commence for the sum, interest and court costs. A further letter was sent to Derry's. After negotiations between the Chairman and Derry Print, a settlement of £3200 was agreed, a reduction of £491.

As was said earlier, the Club's funds at the end of 2000 were £9100. However, taking into account the uncleared cheque in the 2000 accounts and the payment to Derry Print in 2001, the net surplus can more accurately be given as £5513. John considered that this continues to represent a very healthy financial position for the Club.

Turning to the Reunion Account for last year, it was noted that there was a small surplus of £22.

John said that the accounts for the three Funds were self-explanatory, except that he wished to say something about the Benevolent Fund. Many members will know that Mex Merson died in 1999 and his partner wished that his Antarctic books be sold and that the proceeds be credited to the Benevolent Fund. Two books were auctioned at last year's Reunion. The total realised from all the books was £952. The donation of £25 was from a member who was unable to attend the Reunion dinner.

There were no questions of the Treasurer.

Approval of the accounts was proposed by

REUNION ACCOUNT 2000

Income		Expenditure	
Receipts for dinner	2684.00	Dinner and wine	2644.54
Credit from Fuchs Medal Fund	44.00	Postage	16.91
		Refunds	44.00
		Surplus	22.55
	2728.00		2728.00

FUNDS at 31 December 2000 (held in Nationwide Building Society Deposit Accounts)

Laws Prize			
Balance at 1.1.00	2951.52	Prizes	160.00
BAT contribution 1999/00	350.00	Lecture refreshments	63.90
Interest 2000	39.12	Balance at 31.12.00	3116.74
	3340.64		3340.64
Fuchs Medal			
Balance at 1.1.00	2214.49	Medal engraving	66.74
BAT contribution 1999/00	350.00	4 Dinners at 1999 Reunion	88.00
Interest 2000	29.58	2 Dinners at 2000 Reunion	44.00
Donation	30.00	Balance at 31.12.00	2425.33
	2624.07		2624.07
Benevolent Fund			
Balance at 1.1.00	4384.49	Balance at 31.12.00	5926.74
BAT contribution 1999/00	500.00		
Sale of Mex Merson's books	952.00		
Donation	25.00		
Interest 2000	65.25		
	5926.74		5926.74

BAS CLUB
Income and Expenditure Account for the year ended 31 December 2000

Income			Expenditure		
Funds at 1.1.00			**Newsletters:**		
Natwest Current a/c	595.27		Envelopes/address labels	84.29	
Natwest Cap.Res	7346.46	7941.73	Printing	1610.00	
			Postage	856.77	
			Training on QuarkXpress	379.50	2930.56
Subscriptions					
Standing Orders	3349.00		Recorder fees		200.00
Cheques/cash	308.00	3657.00			
			Reunion 2000		2705.45
Sales:					
Ties	42.00		To. Benevolent Fund re.		
Badges	25.00	67.00	sale of Merson's books		50.00
Reunion 2000		2728.00	Postage, telephone, stationery		27.05
Sale of Merson's books		50.00	Committee travelling expenses		89.99
Address labels		10.00	Safe Custody at Natwest		23.50
CR. from Fuchs Medal Fund for 4 dinners at 1999 Reunion		88.00			
Interest. Cap. Res		198.28			
			Funds at 31.12.00		
Uncleared cheque		386.63	Natwest Current a/c	1555.35	
			Natwest Cap.Res	7544.74	9100.09
		15126.64			15126.64

I have sample checked the accounts from the information furnished and I confirm that the above statements are a true record of income and expenditure for the year ended 31 December 2000

Signed Irene Burns (Irene Burns, Accounts Secretary, Scott Polar Research Institute)

T Whittaker, seconded by P Rowe and accepted unanimously by the meeting.

8 Membership Secretary's Report

Keith Holmes informed the meeting that the Club currently has about 780 fully paid-up members, which is a healthy increase of about 5% on this time last year. Only a handful of members had been lost through resignation or change of address, and a dozen or so who had drifted away, either by failing to pay their subs or not notifying a change of address, have been retrieved.

Sadly we have learnt of the deaths of six members - Colin Bertram, Dick Boulding, Martyn Bramwell, Richard Kenney, Derek Parsons and Vic Russell. He also mentioned in passing that we are aware of the death of three other Fids (Ted Gutteridge, Len Thomas and Ian Ross) who were not members.

The increase in membership arises from a vigorous recruiting campaign in which about 120 Fids were invited to join. The conversion rate of about 30-35% reflects an average membership rate among the older members. It is noteworthy that more recently wintered Fids are less inclined to join the Club.

Just under 600 of the members are Fids who wintered, 50 are known to have worked on the ships, eight in aviation, about 40 had supporting roles in headquarters and elsewhere, and at least 70 spent summers in Antarctica.

In response to an enquiry in the Newsletter more than 270 members have provided an e-mail address. This is a great help in dealing with administrative matters, and the Secretary is inclined to use this list for selective distribution of notices, but without prejudice to non-wired members.

About 675 members live in Britain, of whom 86 are in Scotland and 26 in Wales. Roughly 170 live south of the Thames-Avon line and a similar number live around and east of Cambridge. About 160 live in a Midland belt extending from London to Manchester; there are about 30 in the NE and 40 in the NW.

Following this report, there was a lively discussion concerning the recruitment of new members, especially current Fids. Apart from informing new Fids at the BAS Briefing Conference each year and mail shots to returning Fids, members suggested that e-mail could be used to send information to Antarctic bases and thereby invite Fids to join. The Secretary informed the meeting that bases were sent details of Club, the Fuchs Medal and the Laws Prize annually, but perhaps a more vigorous recruitment campaign should be undertaken. A further suggestion was that the Newsletters should be sent by e-mail to the bases; the Secretary felt that the cover and contents pages could be sent in this way and indicated that each base received copies of both Newsletters each year.

9 Election of new Committee members

The President outlined the current situation to members. Three Committee members retire at the end of their 3 years of service: Peter Clarkson, John Bawden and Alan Smith; Bill Block will stand down as he indicated at the previous AGM; there is an additional vacancy due to Dick Boulding's death - making a total of five vacancies.

Peter Clarkson and John Bawden were willing to stand for re-election and the Committee had nominated them. In addition, and most welcome, three nominations for new Committee members had been received:
Julian Paren (BAS) - proposed by John Shears, seconded by David Wynn-Williams.
Terry Allen (Chesterfield) - proposed by Keith Holmes, seconded by J E Tait.
Roger Worland (BAS) - proposed by Cynan Ellis-Evans, seconded by David Wynn-Williams.
In the absence of further nominations, it was proposed that these 5 nominees be elected to the Committee and this was carried *nem. con.*

The meeting was informed that Bill Block had agreed to be co-opted by the new Committee and continue to act as Secretary for the year during which it is planned that another Committee member would take over from him. Alan Smith was willing to continue as Reunion Organiser, if co-opted by the new Committee and Anne Todd had expressed her willingness to be co-opted if required. David Wynn-Williams will retire from

his co-opted position and was willing to remain as an adviser as appropriate.

Thus the new Committee will total nine members, as required by the Constitution, in addition to the President§ and co-opted members* (maximum of five) as follows: §Dr R M Laws, Dr P D Clarkson, *Dr W Block, Mr J Bawden, Mr R W Burton, Mr K D Holmes, Dr T R Allen, Mr R K Headland, Dr J Paren, Dr J Shears, *Mr A Smith, *Miss G E Todd, Dr M R Worland.

10 Any other business

John Bawden passed on Best Wishes to all members from Lady Eleanor Fuchs.

There being no further business, the meeting closed at 6.43pm.

Appendix

The Secretary had received apologies from the following members:

Airey, Len; Andrews, Chris; Bielby, Derek; Bryants, Rob; Burke, Dave; Burns, Mike; Chappel, Bernie; Chellingsworth, Steve; Clapp, Ted; Coggan, Roger; Fisher, Peter; French, Dave; Fry, John; Gibbs, Peter; Gilpin, Brian; Hamar, Dan; Harbour, Richard; Harris, Michael; Headland, Bob; Hill, Ken; Jarvis, Eric; Jones, Keith; Kennett, Peter; King, Peter; Levack, Iain; Lurcock, Pat; Martin, Arthur; Miller, Tom; Morgan, Ivor; Norman, Shaun; O'Gorman, Fergus; Paren, Julian; Rae, Joanna; Rhys Rones, Rod; Lewis Smith, Ron; Sanders, Mark; Shears, John; Smith, Robert; Smith, Ron; Stonehouse, Bernard; Summers, Brian; Tallowin, Jerry; Thompson, Robert; Vallance, Stephen; Wainwright, Phil; Willey, Ian; Worland, Roger; Wright, Alan; Wynn-Williams, David.

From The Treasurer

Membership and Subscriptions

If anyone knows the whereabouts of the following members, please notify Keith Holmes (address on the inside front cover):

R.F.Airey; A. Best, P.V.Mansell, J.G.H.Maxwell, H.M.Noble; A.S.Rice; A.M.Swain

With reference to the second column on Page 3 of Newsletter No 45, Dr. R.J.Adie is an Honorary Life Member and no subscription is payable. The error is regretted. Lady Eleanor Fuchs is also an Honorary Life Member.

BAS Club Reunion 2001

This was held at St. Martin's College, Lancaster on 14 July. 58 members and 25 guests attended, including one from Australia and two from Canada. Apologies for the reunion were received from 68 members.

The following bases were represented:
Base A - Port Lockroy
Base B - Deception Island
Base BI - Bird Island
Base D - Hope Bay
Base E - Stonington Island
Base F - Argentine Islands/Faraday
Base G -Admiralty Bay
Base H - Signy Island
Base KG - Fossil Bluff
Base M - South Georgia/King Edward Point
Base N - Anvers Island
Base R - Rothera
Base T - Adelaide
Base W - Loubet Coast/Detaille Island
Base Y - Horseshoe Island
Base Z - Halley
Base X - Stanley Office
BAS HQ - Cambridge

The years covered were from 1948 to the present day.

It was fascinating to listen to people's experiences travelling to and from the Antarctic.

Travelling time varied from three days by air to weeks/months on the following ships:- both *John Biscoes*, *Bransfield*, *James Clark Ross*, both *Shackletons* and the *Dan* ships.

The meal was good and the wine was flowing. Judging by the noise level and the fact that the bar remained open until well after midnight (when I left), a good time was had by all. It is a pity that more members do not attend.

In typical FIDS' fashion people were up early for breakfast and continued their catching-up/reminiscences/arguments etc. before leaving for their various destinations.

Members attending were:-

Aitkenhead, N.	Amos, C.
Bailey, R.	Baker, M. J.
Ball, D. A.	Barker, J. P.
Bawden, J.	Block, W. C.
Blundell, G.	Bowra, G. T.
Brading, C. G.	Burton, P.
Cannon, R. J. C.	Chinn, E. J.
Cordall, P. A.	Cotton, J. P. D.
Doyle, K. C.	Etchells, W. A.
Fleet, M.	Gaffikin, A. J.
Gibson, K. V.	Hodges, B.
Holmes, K. D.	Hooper, P.R.
Jackson, A. L.	Jones, B. G.
Juckes, L. M.	Keville, J. A.
Laws, R. M.	Lax, K. C.
Leach, M.J.	Limbert, D.W.S.
Madders, C.	Madell, J. S.
Massey, P. M. O.	Nurse, W.
Palmer, C. H.	Pawson, K.
Precious, A.	Richardson, T. H.
Roberts, A. M.	Rowe, P. J.
Ruffell, C. H.	Skidmore, M. J.
Skilling, J.	Smith, A.
Smith, J. P.	Spencer, D. A.
Stammers, J. W.	Swithinbank, C. W. M.
Tyson, L C.	Wearden, A. J.
Whitaker, T. M.	Whitcombe, T. D.
Whiteman, P. I.	Wincott, A.

2002 AGM and REUNION

This will be held at the Royal Agricultural College, Cirencester, on 22 June 2002.

The cost of the Reunion Dinner, en suite accommodation for one night, and full English breakfast will be £64.00. Tea and coffee making facilities are available in all rooms.

For members not requiring accommodation, the cost of the dinner will be £30.00.

There will be silver service at the dinner which will have three courses plus cheese and coffee with a ½ bottle of wine per person or soft drinks. There will also be a Bar.

The College is situated on the outskirts of Cirencester and is easily accessible by road and rail. The main college building is styled on an Oxford college with a central courtyard area. The lounge and bar are in an original 17th century tithe barn.

We would like to see as many Club Members as possible and would urge that you make every effort to attend to make the reunion a success. Please note that this is the nearest date possible to Midwinter's Day.

Alan Smith Reunion Organiser

Antarctic Reunion, Stonington, USA

Stonington, Connecticut, was the venue for an excellent reunion on the weekend of October 13 and 14, attended by 70 Fids, friends and guests.

The event had been planned as a follow-up to the Marguerite Bay 2000 cruise (see BAS Club Newsletter 43, page 3) with the idea of getting to know the port from which Captain Nathaniel Palmer set out on his famous 1820 sealing expedition in the sloop *Hero*. Hopes that this would also lead to the establishment of closer links between those concerned about the Historic, Listed, American and British huts on Stonington Island were amply satisfied, thanks to the stirling efforts of Ronne veteran Bob Dodson.

Kevin Walton, Dick Butson, Bernard Stonehouse and Ken Blaiklock represented the original 1946-49 winter Fids, and we were honoured by three veterans of the Ronne Antarctic Research Expedition: Jackie Ronne, Georges de Giorgio and Bob Dodson, together with several family members. Thirty-four people from the Marguerite Bay 2000 cruise made the journey, including nine non-Fid passengers. In addition we were delighted to have the company of Guy Guthridge, Director of the Office of Polar Programs at the National Science Foundation, Michael Parfit, a writer for the National Geographic Society, Ben Koether, the Chairman of the Trustees of the Glacier Society, and Mark and Sue Hamilton of Inuit Sled Dog International.
The programme began on Saturday at the pretty

village of Stonington where participants strolled around the old streets on a perfect autumn day, enjoyed the autumn leaves, and visited the Lighthouse Museum and the Nathaniel Palmer House. Both of these contain fascinating material about the sealing era, and the House itself contains several Antarctic exhibits and reveals what an extraordinary person Nathaniel Palmer was. They are owned and cared for by the Stonington Historical Society, through whom the visit had been co-ordinated, and to whom we are all grateful. In the late afternoon the Society's archivist, Mary Thacher, showed us around the new Library and Archive building, where we saw some of the large and growing collection of documents relating to Palmer and the history of Stonington.

At the same time, Mrs Happy Smith, from the nearby Stonington Vineyards, kindly arranged a very good wine and cheese reception in the grounds of the House. In addition, Mark and Sue Hamilton had brought eight of their huskies to show us. This was a fine opportunity for them to meet, in particular, the Waltons, the Bellars and the Wainwrights who had initially contacted them through the Fan Trace Magazine which Sue edits.

Saturday concluded with Dinner at the Mystic Hilton Hotel.

Sunday was a day of presentations and discussions lasting from 9.30 to the formal close at 5.30, when nearly 50 people were still present, and informally until nearly 7.00 when the doors were finally shut.

Guy Guthridge opened with a tour de force of the recent and current American Antarctic Program, and showed a short video of beautiful artistic, poetic and philosophical observations which made a strong impression on everyone. This led seamlessly into a lively account by Michael Parfit of the American-British operation which had documented, salvaged and cleaned-up the Stonington bases in 1992 (National Geographic Magazine, March 1993, pp 110-26). For many of us his evocative video had the effect of rounding off our abortive visit last year when we got within 12 miles of the base. Bernard Stonehouse added to this by saying that, although the impact of modern tourism on the wildlife was largely benign, the fabric of the Stonington huts, and particularly the nails, had deteriorated in the last five years. This makes them particularly vulnerable to the notorious katabatic winds described earlier.

We then had an inspired account by Ben Koether of his experience, some 40 years ago, as a junior officer on the U.S.S. *Glacier*, followed by the story of how he was nominated (at just such a reunion) to save the vessel for posterity, and the exemplary account of how the *Glacier* Project was set up and acquired title to the ship. The restoration project is now under way in California; he expects to have her seaworthy in about five years' time, and hopes to sail her to London through the Northwest Passage. Thereafter she might become an ideal working vessel for high quality cruises to the Arctic and Antarctic.

After this, many of us were thinking how timidly we British regard such opportunities, but then Kenn Back took to the podium to tell us about the UK Antarctic Heritage Trust's achievement, with BAS, in restoring the FIDS base hut at Port Lockroy and making it a major tourist attraction fully compatible with the strict standard of the Environmental Protocol to the Antarctic Treaty. Nevertheless, as a volunteer who had manned the hut last season, he noted the need to re-invest more of the revenue in maintaining and improving the building beneath its cosmetically fine exterior.

In the afternoon Kevin Latady treated us to a showing of the incomparable slides which his late father Bill produced while in charge of the photographic side of Finn Ronne's Antarctic Research Expedition of 1946-48. We all shared Kevin's obvious delight in seeing the sparkling colour images and listening to the stories that they prompted from the six veterans in the audience. Next it was the turn of Peter Kennett to give us a fine presentation of life at Stonington with BAS in 1963, and finally Chris Edwards rounded off with another outstanding portrait of Fids life, this time in 1974, the last year that Base E was occupied.

Brigid Wainwright then told us about her project to compile an electronic database and photo-album of the thousand or so dogs that served

BAS during the dog-sledging era. She already has an impressive portfolio of dog details derived from the dog cards in BAS Archives, and can illustrate many family trees on demand. These data are linked electronically to biographical notes and photographs, and she appealed for participants to come forward with slides and photographs (which she will scan and return), and other material to help build up a worthy record. Keith Holmes is working on a linked project to document the dog teams.

Around the edges of the large conference room, participants had displayed a marvellous array of photographs, maps, photo-albums and papers about the history of Stonington and its dogs, together with promotional material to support some of the audio-visual presentations. These triggered more discussion and reminiscences of the kind which had earlier been described by Kevin Walton, the doyen of the gathering, as 'endless', and indeed they were still going on at breakfast-time on Monday.

We hope that this reunion will encourage others to follow his example in writing them down and illustrating them.

If you would like to help record and conserve the Fids experience, or would like more information about the reunion please contact me:

K.D.Holmes, Capel Close, Oxford, OX2 7LA
Tel: 01865 3189143. e-mail kdhox@hotmail.com

For information about the bodies mentioned above, visit the following websites:

The National Science Foundation
www.nsf.gov/home/polar
The USS Glacier Restoration Project
www.glaciersociety.org
The UK Antarctic Heritage Trust
www.heritage-antarctica.org
The Stonington Historical Society
www.stoningtonhistsoc.org
Stonington Vineyards
www.stoningtonvineyards.com
The Fan Hitch www.qimmiq.org
Kevin Walton's Books www.theknellpress.co.uk

K.D.Holmes

Participants at Stonington Reunion

Allen	Terry & Julia
Ashworth	Harrry & Pat
Back	Kenn
Bellars	Andrew & Penny
Blaiklock	Ken
Butson	Dick & Eileen
Clennell	Jon & Sue
De Giorgio	Georges
Dixon	Constance
Dodson	Robert & Robbie
Dombro	Ed & Amy
Edwards	Chris & Sue
Elliott	Mike
Fields	Richard
Guthridge	Guy & Lynn Simarski
Hall	Chris
Hansen	Ingrid
Harris	Dick
Harrison	David & Ruth
Hill	Brian & Cathy
Holmes	Keith & Christine
Johnson	Frank
Kennett	Peter & Jean
Koether	Ben & Joan
Latady	Kev & Nancy
Little	Brian
Lloyd	Kenneth & Maggie
Malaniak	Maria
Marlow	Sarah
Marsh	Tony
Marsteller	Phyllis
Massey	Chris
Morgan	Ivor & Bärbel
O'Gorman	Fergus
Parfit	Michael
Pearce	Adrian
Pearce	Cliff & Jackie
Ronne	Jackie & Karen Tupek
Rowley	David & Delyse
Skidmore	Mike
Smith	Graham
Stonehouse	Bernard & Sally
Street	Colin
Wainwright	Brigid
Wainwright	Phil
Walton	Kevin & Ruth
White	Stuart
Willey	Lew

THE FUCHS MEDAL

The following speech was made by Dr Peter Clarkson (Chairman, Fuchs Medal Committee) at a presentation on 10 October at the BAS HQ.

Janet Wendy Thomson

In 1964 Janet graduated in Geology from Bedford College, London University and joined the British Antarctic Survey, based at the Department of Geology, University of Birmingham. She was employed to complete the laboratory studies of rocks collected by others. In 1967 she completed her MSc thesis entitled *The petrology of Signy and Coronation Islands, South Orkney Islands* and published her first paper under the name J W Brown. Later that year Janet and Mike were married and Miss Brown disappeared from the future literature.

Surprising as it may seem to many of you here today, in the 1960s and 70s women were not allowed to go south with BAS, so all Janet's early geological work was based on other people's collections. This situation was far from satisfactory for Janet and so in 1975 she resigned from BAS. However, her work had not gone unnoticed and she was invited to join an American geological field party in the South Orkney Islands as part of the United States Antarctic Research Program (USARP). She immediately showed her worth as a hard-working and first-class field geologist.

If I remember correctly, Janet's career nearly came to an abrupt end on that trip. The party was in a Zodiac motoring into a bay to make a landing. There were two beaches at the head of the bay and there was a brief discussion about which one to visit. The decision was quickly made because one beach was covered in penguins so the other was chosen. Penguins are pests to geologists; not only do they restrict your movement and invariably sit on the outcrop that you wish to examine but their guano covers everything making it difficult to see the rocks properly. Just after landing on the other beach they heard a tremendous roaring and crashing noise; a major rockfall above the other beach had annihilated the penguins.

During Janet's absence from BAS, Charles Swithinbank had been appointed Head of Earth Sciences and the component parts of the division had come together in the new HQ building (the original Fort Lego) in Cambridge in April 1976. Following her success in the Antarctic, Charles persuaded Janet to return to BAS in 1977 to a new position in charge of a programme to publish geological maps. Janet quickly learned the necessary new skills and techniques and ensured that the geological maps produced were of the highest quality.

This change did not mark the end of Janet's field career. In the 1983-84 season, BAS took the first women south on a BAS ship and Janet was able to join a BAS geological party in a ship-borne programme of landings from RRS *John Biscoe* along the west coast of the Antarctic Peninsula. In the 1984-85 season, she was again invited south with the Americans, this time with a party from the US Geological Survey working in the English Coast region of eastern Ellsworth Land, one of the few areas of Antarctica that was still geologically unknown at the time. It was on this

trip that they found a very small nunatak in the middle of nowhere that contained *Glossopteris* plant fossils, considerably older than any other outcrops in the region. This was a vital find but was almost impossible to relate to anything else and, in the prevailing weather conditions, the geologists had no idea where they were. Its importance, geologically, demanded a name and it is now officially called 'Erehwon Nunatak', being "nowhere" spelled backwards. Janet is certainly one of the first British women to undertake fieldwork in Antarctica and on this trip to eastern Ellsworth Land she was probably the first British woman to travel extensively overland on the continent.

In the 1985-86 season, Janet was again able to go south with BAS for a programme of geological landings from RRS *Bransfield* along the west coast of the Antarctic Peninsula. I was also on this trip and one day the ship was anchored inshore at Foyn Harbour. It was an absolutely perfect day and we left in the Geminis to work. When we returned we learned that members of the crew had been skinny-dipping alongside the ship but that they had had to wait until the geologists (Janet) had disappeared from view!

In addition to publishing a considerable number of papers resulting from her fieldwork, Janet was busy compiling the BAS 500G series of geological maps. These cover BAT in six sheets at 1:500,000 scale and represent a synthesis of the known geology at that time. Janet also compiled the *Tectonic map of the Scotia arc* that later won a major prize from the International Association of Cartographers. Her formidable reputation for accuracy and attention to detail must have been the bane of the printers. When the first proof of the first of the BAS 500G sheets arrived it looked pretty good but Janet went over it with a toothcomb and returned it with more than 200 corrections!

In 1988 Janet took over responsibility for all BAS mapping, and in 1989 established the Mapping and Geographic Information Centre (MAGIC) at BAS, taking over responsibility for topographic mapping in BAT from the Directorate of Overseas Surveys. Under her direction, as Chief Magician, MAGIC has become a dedicated and very expert group serving all geographic data requirements throughout BAS. In this capacity she has also been south with BAS as part of the MAGIC field programme in 1998-99 (travelling on a carpet perhaps?) and as an observer on an American aerial photography and GPS survey campaign in the Transantarctic Mountains.

Thus, Janet has evolved from a geologist working on the rock collections of others to the head of a unit that underpins the work of most other people in BAS by providing the maps that they need for either science or logistics. An impressive career but it has not stopped there.

Since about 1990 Janet has been the UK representative on the SCAR Working Group on Geodesy and Geographic Information. Characteristically she has brought her personal enthusiasm and commitment to the group and has become a key figure in international collaborative mapping projects. She ensured that BAS played the leading role in the development of the Antarctic Digital Database (ADD), the first seamless digital topographic map of the continent. This was published first as a CD-ROM and manual in 1993 and version 3.0 is now available on the internet. The ADD has underpinned international projects such as BEDMAP (mapping the sub-ice topography and ice-thickness of the continent), RAMP (Radar Antarctic Mapping Project) and MAGMAP (Magnetic Anomaly Map of Antarctica). Other major activities have included a series of satellite-image-based maps in collaboration with the Institut für Angewandte Geodäsie (Germany) and the compilation of the international SCAR Composite Gazetteer of Antarctica. Toponymy (place-names, not archery: that's toxophily) is a politically sensitive area and Janet has done much to ensure that the wording of SCAR proposals on this matter would be acceptable to the Antarctic Treaty Parties.

When Sir Vivian presented the Medal he would first emphasise all the good attributes of the recipient that had led to the award of the Medal. Then he would bring him or her back to Earth by recalling some of those incidents to demonstrate that even supermen and women are human and

imperfect like the rest of us. This has been particularly difficult in the case of Janet but in the present situation, with the facility to show some slides, I thought I would take the opportunity to break new ground.

Janet's productivity and leadership, and her contribution to international collaboration were finally acknowledged in 1996 when she received a personal promotion to Grade 7. That was her official recognition by BAS and NERC. We are here today to recognise Janet as a person and as one who has contributed unstintingly to national and international research in the Antarctic. In this respect I would like to mention that, in addition to the BAS personnel who nominated and supported Janet for the Fuchs Medal, there were supporting statements from Drew Clarke in Australia, Roberto Cervellati and Chiara Ramorino in Italy, Ken Jezek in the United States, and Jörn Sievers in Germany. I have known Janet for more years than either of us would wish to remember but I would like to quote here from the formal nomination:

> 'Janet is often perceived by those who don't know her well as somewhat strict and straight-laced. However those who have worked closely with her know that, whilst being very modest and rather shy, she has a dry wit and a good sense of humour and is easy and effective to collaborate with (especially in the field). Above all, in her own quiet way she is an eternal enthusiast for the work of BAS and all things Antarctic, and is always ready to apply her wide-ranging skills to helping others.'

Janet, it gives me very great pleasure to present to you, on behalf of the BAS Club, a Fuchs Medal for 2001.

Citation

A FUCHS MEDAL for 2001 is awarded to Janet Thomson.

Janet Thomson originally joined BAS in 1964 as a Geologist to work on the petrology of rocks from the South Orkney Islands. She resigned in 1975 and joined an American field party to the South Orkney Islands in the 1976-77 summer. On her return she re-joined BAS in charge of producing geological maps. She has done four more field seasons, including one with the Americans in eastern Ellsworth Land. She has published papers on her fieldwork and compiled the series of geological maps of British Antarctic Territory. She also compiled the *Tectonic map of the Scotia arc* which won an international prize. More recently she has played a key role in the Working Group on Geodesy and Geographic Information of the Scientific Committee on Antarctic Research. The Awards Committee was impressed by the support for this nomination, not only from within BAS but also from the international Antarctic community. Thus the Committee has been pleased to select Janet for the award of a Fuchs Medal for 2001.

The inscription on the medal is:
"ROCKS TO MAPS - MAGIC" 2001

The following speech was made by Dr Richard Laws (President of the BAS Club), in the absence of Dr Peter Clarkson, on 14 July at the BAS Club Annual Reunion dinner.

Alex Gaffikin

Alex joined the British Antarctic Survey as what was known traditionally as a 'Met Man' but times have changed. I suppose that with the current requirements for political correctness, the growing importance of science and the burgeoning bureaucracy, we should describe her as a 'Meteorologist'. At any rate, Alex went south in October 1998 to study, observe and forecast the weather at Halley, farthest south and most remote of the BAS bases.

Alex sailed south on RRS *Bransfield* and quickly took an interest in the marine meteorology. Stuart Lawrence notes that 'Alex played a not insignificant role in the fact that the *Bransfield* received an Excellent Award for her final voyage's Meteorological Log Books'.

She very quickly settled into base routine and became a respected member of the base. As a meteorologist she excelled in her work, bringing

a tremendous enthusiasm to what is frequently the monotony and routine of making weather observations. We all know that there are times when the duty meteorologist needs that extra bit of determination to go outside and do whatever is necessary when the weather itself is intent on reminding us just how ferocious it can be. I can well remember an occasion when ..... but this is Alex's day not mine!

Life on base is never easy and it can be particularly difficult at Halley during the long three months of winter without the sun. When you are largely confined to the inside of the buildings it is all too easy for 'winteritis' to appear. Base routine and the lack of sunlight can have a depressing effect but Alex rose above this. Not only did she maintain her own exuberant personality but this rubbed off on others. This happened naturally in part but Alex would also look out for others who might be feeling low and she boosted their morale. She is a very caring person who did much to engender the team spirit on base. Some years Halley has had a daunting reputation as a severe place to live and work but in the last couple of years the base has enjoyed extremely successful and pleasurable winters. Alex can take pride in being the principle catalyst to bring this about.

Winter entertainment on base takes many forms and it is not unknown for the best-organised events to fall flat because people were not in the mood. Alex displayed a rare talent for organising a whole variety of games, quizzes and theme nights. On one occasion she transformed the workshop into a nightclub, allowing her to indulge her passion for dancing at every opportunity. The success of these events was due not just to her organisational skills but her ability to bring everyone into the right mood. One Base Commander remarked specifically on her formidable skills as an organiser while confessing his own difficulties with making even the Gash Rota run smoothly.

Sometimes enthusiasm does not always bring the anticipated results. Alex is very musical and at a New Year party, fortified with Dutch courage, she decided to join the band. She borrowed a guitar and started to play but found it very out-of-tune. She began to tune it but managed to break two strings in the process and then realised, to her horror and embarrassment, that the owner was left-handed!

One lunchtime a group of Fids around the dinner table was teasing Alex. It so happened that both the Base Commander and the Winter Base Commander were off base and, as the longest serving member on base, she was classed as the person in charge. The Fids were badgering Alex to exert her new-found powers and to mark a decision. Alex thought for a while and then banged the table 'Let's make jelly!' So they did and jelly and cream were served for dinner that evening.

Alex has also joined that band of Fids who have given Spanish lessons on base. Needless to say, with this skill, she undertook a South American odyssey on her way home. Alex's skills have not been confined to her job and her life on base. She wrote a regular article 'Bergy Bits' in the Monthly Magazine of the Royal Geographical Society that drew much comment. Here, in her own inimitable style, she was able to provide the outside world with a glimpse of life and science at Halley.

Over the years, many Fids have displayed the same sort of skills and enthusiasm that Alex has demonstrated so ably but relatively few have displayed them all. It is this that has marked Alex as slightly different and rather special. Certainly the Fids who wintered with her felt very strongly that she deserved special recognition and the Fuchs Medal Awards Committee agreed.

Therefore, it is with great pleasure that I present Alex Gaffikin with a Fuchs Medal for the year 2001.

Citation

A FUCHS MEDAL for 2001 is awarded to Alex Gaffikin.

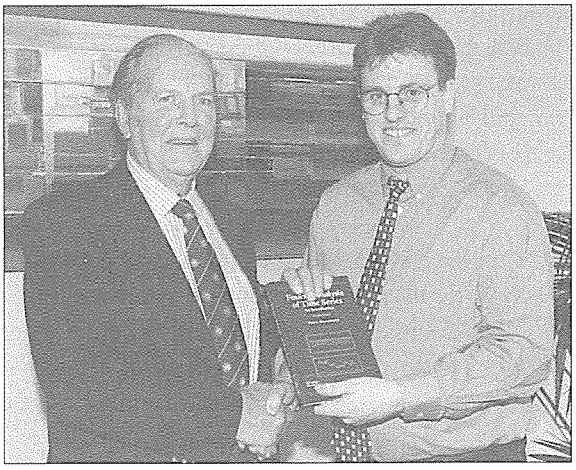
Alex Gaffikin joined BAS as a Meteorologist and spent the 1999 and 2000 winters at Halley. On her way south aboard RRS *Bransfield* she assisted the officers with the weather observations,

resulting in an Excellent Award for the ship's Meteorological Log Books. During her time at Halley she excelled at her job, bringing tremendous enthusiasm to what is frequently the routine and monotony of making weather observations. She wrote a regular article 'Bergy Bits' in the Monthly Magazine of the Royal Geographical Society to provide the outside world with a glimpse of life and science at Halley. She displayed a rare talent for organising a whole variety of games, quizzes and theme nights to maintain morale during the long winters. Her caring nature and constant exuberance ensured that all on base enjoyed two extremely successful and pleasurable winters. The Awards Committee agreed with the nomination that she is slightly different and rather special and has been pleased to select Alex for the award of a Fuchs Medal for 2001.

The inscription on the medal is:
ALEX GAFFIKIN "Ace Halley Fid for met and morale" 2001

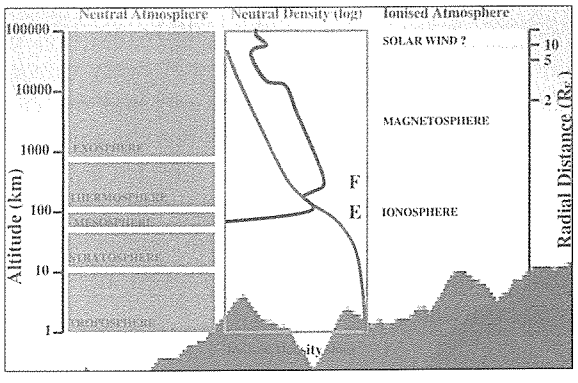
THE LAWS PRIZE

Pole to Pole via the Sun



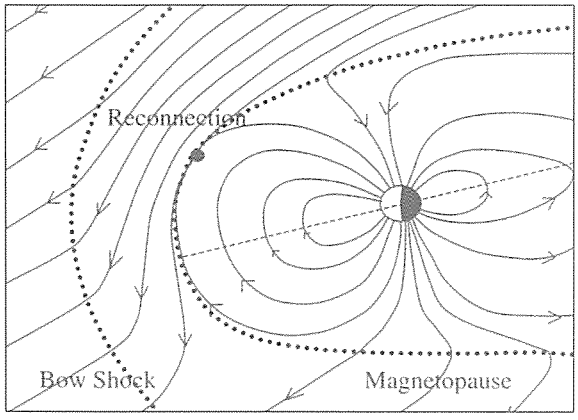
Dr Gareth Chisham (BAS Physical Sciences Division) won the Laws Prize for 2001 and was presented with the prize of books by Dr Richard Laws CBE FRS, President of the BAS Club, at the annual lecture on 10 October at BAS, Cambridge. Gareth was chosen by the Committee for his research in solar terrestrial physics, which has contributed significantly to discovering how energy from the solar wind couples to the earth's magnetosphere and ionosphere.

In his lecture, Gareth described the outer limits of the earth's atmosphere and the sun-earth connection and how remote imaging of geospace is undertaken from the ground, which highlighted the great importance of conjugate (combined Arctic and Antarctic) polar observations.



The structure of the earth's upper atmosphere and geospace.

The solar wind, a complex stream of high-energy particles from the sun's surface, impinges on the



How the solar wind interacts with the magnetosphere.

earth's magnetosphere at altitudes around 60,000 km above the earth's surface.
This interaction of the solar wind and the magnetosphere is critical to space weather and the transfer of energy to the ionosphere. Gareth used data collected by the Halley SHARE (Southern Hemisphere Auroral Radar Experiment) radar and SUPERDARN (Super Dual Auroral Radar Network) to examine how magnetic fields within the solar wind and the earth's magnetosphere 'reconnect', and how this affects the ionosphere. His work is helping to resolve a 30-year controversy regarding a fundamental aspect of the reconnection process.

The Laws Prize is awarded annually to an outstanding young BAS scientist who has proven aptitude for research and is likely to continue to make a significant contribution in the future. Gareth Chisham enthusiastically communicated his scientific work to a packed audience at the Survey, expertly holding the attention of all whilst explaining the intricacies of solar terrestrial physics – no mean achievement!

Bill Block

BAS take over KEP again

The new Applied Fisheries Laboratory at King Edward Point, South Georgia was officially inaugurated at a ceremony on 22 March 2001 by the Commissioner for South Georgia and the South Sandwich Islands, His Excellency Donald Lamont. Amongst those present were the Director of the BAS, Professor Chris Rapley, Commander of British Forces in the Falkland Islands, Air Commodore John Cliffe, and Dr Inigo Everson (BAS marine biologist after whom the accommodation block was named) together with military personnel, media representatives, and staff and contractors of the British Antarctic Survey.

The ceremonies included the naming of the James Cook Laboratory and Everson House, numerous speeches, a lunch with champagne air-dropped into Cumberland Bay and brought ashore by rigid raider, a service at the old whalers church in Grytviken, and the laying of wreaths on the graves of Sir Ernest Shackleton and a young Argentine sailor who was killed during the retaking of South Georgia in 1982. It was an event for the history books, coinciding as it did with the relocation of the military garrison to the Falkland Islands after 19 years at King Edward Point. BAS now has the responsibility to maintain the UK presence in South Georgia. The project to design, transport and build the new facilities was a race against time, given early delays and the worst summer weather at King Edward Point for years.

The research station will be the centre for studies designed to provide sound scientific advice on sustainable management of commercial fisheries around the island - the main source of income for the Government of South Georgia

and the South Sandwich Islands. Initial research will focus on five commercially exploited fish species (Patagonian toothfish, icefish, Martialia squid, stone crabs and krill). Around 20 vessels registered in a number of countries including the UK (Falkland Islands), Chile, Uruguay, Spain and South Africa are licensed to fish within the 200 nautical mile management zone. This new fisheries science programme is a considerable step forward in managing valuable fish stocks in a way that sustains the populations of penguins, seals, whales and seabirds.

On the occasion of the inauguration, Baroness Scotland, the Foreign Office Parliamentary Under Secretary of State, wrote officially: 'The occupation of these facilities will mark BAS return to a permanent presence on the island, and heralds a new phase in the administration of South Georgia. I am sure that the Survey's research into the biology and ecology of the various fish species around South Georgia will bring considerable benefits to the development of long-term sustainable fisheries in the region, and benefit the UK's input to the Antarctic Fisheries Commission (CCAMLR). The establishment of new facilities on South Georgia will augment BAS existing role in providing a first class programme of science in the Antarctic. This reaffirms Government policy that BAS should be the primary means through which the UK can continue to maintain its presence and profile in Antarctica.'

BAS Press Release

Fire destroys Rothera lab

The Bonner Laboratory at the Rothera Research Station has been completely destroyed by a fire that began in the early hours on Friday 28 September. The cause of the fire is still unknown - investigations and an enquiry are underway. The 21 wintering science and support staff were safe.

The following is an eyewitness report of the fire by Steve LeBretton:

'I went to bed at about 1 am and literally two minutes after getting into bed the fire alarms went off. As normal I considered ripping the alarm off the ceiling but instead got dressed and went to muster at the main building. The normal drill is that everyone checks in, two people rush to the fire with extinguishers while others get into BA kit in case anybody is unaccounted for. When the first fire team radioed back to say that there were flames, all the people in BA kit, including me, went down to the lab. Nothing could be done to stop the fire but luckily some of Dave B's research stuff and Rayner's photo album were rescued. Once we were all accounted for we went back up the main building to get a good seat by a window. Mike called all the people who would be able to help in practical ways to see if we could do something about fighting the fire so from then on we were busy getting pumps and filling the fire engine from the sea, getting the snow blower running and doing all we could to stop the fire.

I think we all knew it was not going to do much good but it was worth a go so we had the snow blower throwing snow over the building and had a pump pumping sea water from the sea across the runway to the fire engine and then every five minutes we could use the fire engine to pump the water to the fire hoses. All this time we were battling winds of up to 90mph while working on the runway that was sheet ice. The wind was so strong that at times we had to crawl on all fours to move on the ice and slowly the fire engine was getting blown side ways down the runway. The snow blower could not blow the snow far enough to really cover the building in snow but then it ate a big rock and bent the auger so that was the end of snow blowing. Because the distance from the sea to the fire we could not get enough water to the fire and the wind meant that we could only use the hose with the wind. At about 10 o'clock in the morning we had a break and made a new plan that meant starting up some of the machines in the hanger to carry water to the fire engine before throwing the water to the fire. By the time we had got everything ready the fire had truly caught hold and we had to give up as the flames had started to lick through the roof and air vents. From then on we all just stood back and watched it burn.
It all finally went down at about 1-2pm and then

at about 3.30pm a couple of gas bottles went up. I heard the first one and went to the library window just in time to see the second one fly 70 feet in the air with a huge boom. By then the roof and walls had collapsed and the flames were dying down. Everybody was very tired. So now everybody is trying to sort out everything from the fire. All the science people here, Dave B, Mairi and Rayner are trying to work out what data they have got on the computers and what has been lost overall along with what substances have been burnt. All the people who have had machinery involved in the fire are now trying to sort it all out and fix the broken equipment. Everyone has to write a report on his or her version of events and generally there is a lot to do. HQ has been on the phone all the time and have been busy trying to work out what to do with the next season. So there we have it. We all did as much as possible and all our emergency procedures went better than we ever could have expected.'

From the BAS website

Members' Letters

Dear Bob

I am 80 this year but I still like to keep in touch. I owe FIDS so much; it led to me staying at Mawson two years and doing a dog trip in Enderby Land 1958/59, Mnt. King was named after me. My time at Hope Bay 1951/52 was a great help in me going to Mawson, I enjoyed helping look after the huskies. It was interesting reading about our hut in the latest newsletter, was good to know it is still in use. Sorry BAS are not using it and very sad our wonderful dogs are not sledging these days. My wife is not in the best of health. I am still very fit and typing out my diaries for BAS records, a slow job brings back memories. All the best to my old mates, wish I could see you all again, Kind regards.
Best wishes.
Peter King
(Hope Bay 1951/52. RRS *John Biscoe* 1953/57. Macquarie ANARE 1948 & 1979. Mawson 1957 & 1958 (IGY). Casey 1977)

(See Feature on pages 38-40)

Dear Bob

Norman Thyer's letter in the May issue (No. 45) will probably raise some hackles and certainly would if huskies could read it. But thanks to him for bringing attention to Liane and Louis Molgat's splendid letter on the lives of Pris and Biff, the last of the BAS dogs, and I hope they are still OK. The porcupine story is so typical of these dogs' utter disregard for danger and discomfort!

We are discovering more through recent research what mankind owes to its relationship with animals (dogs in particular) over the past 100,000 years or so, and what faculties we have largely lost in the present mechanistic world. Rupert Sheldrake, a Research Fellow at Cambridge, summarises his findings in his book 'Dogs that Know When their Owners are Coming Home (and other unexplained powers of animals)'. In particular their telepathic ability to receive messages from the minds of other 'bonded' owners or their own kind is exemplified. I regret that we did not appreciate this in the search journeys in Marguerite Bay in the winter of 1957/58 or we could have taken a pair of the returned dogs from the lost party and watched them intently for signals - a lost opportunity perhaps. Signals beyond the grave have not been proven. But when Bobby the dog of Grey Friars in Edinburgh lay on his master's grave for years until he too died, was it dog loyalty or the strong morphic field that connected them after death? On morphic fields Sheldrake says 'these links, acting like invisible elastic bands, also underlie the sense of direction that enables animals and people to find each other'.

Dogs in the service of man is an unending story and one that FIDS/BAS can be truly proud of. Those that shared the exhilaration of the bonded unit between man and his dogs in the Antarctic experienced an atavistic affinity that goes way back in time to Man the hunter and gatherer. Recently the Aborigines cried out at the culling of dingoes on Fraser Island: 'They are our spiritual brothers'. The trouble was they were being fed by tourists and the balance was upset. But management of wildlife is today essential. I quite agree, Norman, the deer and the dog both have equal rights and Man must intervene if necessary.

Yours,
Peter Gibbs

Dear Bob

I was disturbed to read a letter from Norman Thyer in the May newsletter in which he states that BAS dogs were savagely beaten with a wooden whip-handle.

I spent two years at Hope Bay which, I believe, was the biggest dog-sledging base in the world.

Never did I see or hear of the treatment Thyer describes. I am sure that if any of us had witnessed such treatment we would have intervened to stop it.

Can Norman Thyer cite any examples or produce any evidence to support his alarming assertion?

Yours sincerely,
Tony HH Richardson

Norman Thyer replies:

In a local newssheet, I came across the question: 'The residents of which continent have the highest IQ per capita in the world?' The answer was: 'Antarctica, where the research scientists hang out. (This survey does not include penguins, who merely dress well.)' This may be the case now, but I consider some of my colleagues in FIDS 50 years ago to have been below average in this respect.

Nevertheless, such men were sometimes given responsibility for the dogs, and one of them stubbornly maintained that the only way to train a recalcitrant dog was to beat the hell out of him. And when four or five men, with varying degrees of intelligence and tolerance, have to live in the same room for 8 to 10 months at a stretch, the means of resolving differences of opinion are limited.

We had dogs on the bases even though there was no sledging programme, and the opportunities they had for exercise, as a change from being chained toa span, were few and brief. They were there, not for their own benefit, but solely to serve our needs, much as many of us were trained in childhood and youth that it was our duty to serve the ruling 'establishment', and, if called upon, to die for it under the guise of 'King and Country'.

In the May 2001 Newsletter, David Walton, in his review of 'Foothold on Antarctica', tells of someone whipping dogs into submission, and sailors shooting penguins for the fun of it - something that some of my FIDS colleagues used to do, including the one who also shot dolphins that were frolicking under the bow of the *John Biscoe*. I remember a neighbour of ours in the 1940s, whipping her bitch for trying to associate with other dogs when she was on heat. But as a child, I was not allowed to challenge the authority of adults who supposedly knew better.

However, standards of acceptable behaviour have changed. In ancient Rome,entertainment comprised feeding Christians to lions and duels between gladiators. In Britain comparatively recently, it comprised public hangings and cock fights - though one may wonder whether watching wars and other violence on TV is any better. Until 50 years ago, Antarctica was treated as a place to be exploited rather than conserved, and few people criticised whaling. Greenpeace pioneered the protection of animals for their own sake rather than for human use. Even today, bullfights, rodeos, trophy-hunting and fox-hunting are controversial, and supporters of these activities regard their critics as cranks.

But in general, the trend has been a hopeful one. One day, we may even become really civilised.

Norman Thyer

Dear Bob

I was in the 1965/67 Air Party and was involved in the assembly of the Pilotus Porter that arrived crated on the *Perla Dan*.

There were Fids *en route* for Halley Bay and I am sure they would not have missed an opportunity for a few photographs. I have none at all of this operation and would be grateful if anyone could loan me what they have, slides or prints, to copy and return.

Yours sincerely
Alf Coggles
Flat 46, Clift House
Langley Road
Chippenham
Wilts SN15 1PZ

Dear Bob

Great to see the BAS Club News here in our corner of the world. Thank you for continuing fine efforts. I can receive an email edition if I have to, but there is something 'hard to beat' about the paper version!

I am getting serious Antarctic withdrawal symptoms after a serious climbing accident kept me from doing my usual USAP stint in 2000-1. That would have been summer number 15 after four BAS, four NZARP and six USAP summers since 1966!

Never mind: physio., exercises and recovery continue and I am seeking a field job for 2001-2002. These, unfortunately, may be hard to get as NSF is using most of its air capability to send a new base to South Pole.

The Normans were honoured with a brief visit from that naughty Doctor Allan of Adelaide together with Julia, his wife. I have e-mail contact with Ali McArthur in Melbourne and I understand Doc Mike Holmes lives in Dunedin.

Through your column, may I send greetings to all Deceptionaires (Eruption year 1967) and Stoningtonites (1968-69), and ask any Kiwi Fids to email me:

With best wishes,
Shaun Norman

(In response to my request for more information on 'USAP stints', I got the following reply. Ed.)

G'day Bob
Yes, just received my newsletter, thanks very much. It was a lovely edition and transported me back to the old times.

With regard to USAP employment, NZ guides are normally contracted directly by groups who need a 'minder'. Jobs are usually 8 weeks, flying down to MacMurdo in November and home in the new year. Typically the groups are University Geology/Geophysics/Glaciology teams who are going deep field, usually by Herc.

Thus, I have spent a lot of time in the TransAntarctics around the Nimrod Glacier; head of the Byrd Glacier and on the plateau behind the Dry Valleys. Much of the new work is detailed, rather than the recce style of geology we used to do out of Stonners, so it gets cold, then colder, standing, waiting!

Whilst we still use Skidoo Alp 1s, 2s and Skandics, some of the key programmes attract incredible air support. I was lucky enough to be involved in a two year geology programme that set up its own field base to feed up to 15; received about 12 Herc flights and also had two Squirrel Helicopters fly in for close on 100 hours of close support! A far cry from two guys, nine dogs, five months, 1500 miles and Eklund Island here we come!

Another programme envisaged setting up a string of GPS towers the length of the Trans Antarctics - almost to the Horlick Range! I can tell you, there is nothing more breathtaking than helo flying at 10,000ft at 3am along the TAs - the vastness, lit by a low sun, is sublime.

Other highlights include 45 days on top of and inside Mount Erebus with an average -29C! Also flights to Pole and Vostok.
I have been lucky!

Cheers
Shaun

Dear Bob,
We have moved to Sidney on Vancouver Island, a few miles from Victoria, the capital of British Columbia. We moved here from Calgary some years ago but omitted to notify you, and I have just received some missing back issues which I read with great interest. It is great to find out what my fellow Fids of the late 50s are up to, but sad to read that some are passing on. A sobering thought is that the time-span from those days to the present is about the same as from the Scott - Shackleton era to the time that we went South!

Seeing some familiar names in print led me to recall a couple of anecdotes about them.....

It was good to see that Peter Gibbs' attempts at writing poetry have improved considerably since our days preparing to go South. We attended a survey course at a London University field station at Ascot, where Alfred Stephenson introduced us to the art of observing heavenly bodies (one participant claimed that he was made to attend under false pretences - all he got to see were stars, not starlets!) The field station was the base for various other scientific disciplines, and one evening as we were returning through the grounds from making our celestial observations, we bumped (literally) into a girl with a butterfly net, searching for nocturnal bugs. This prompted Peter to pen the lines:

I thought I saw a pretty girl
A-walking through the mist
I looked again, and saw it was
An entomologist!

I endorse all the comments about the late Graham Hobbs. Among all his other great attributes, he had a very self-effacing sense of humour. I was on the *John Biscoe* when he was dropped off at his new Base O, and fondly remember his comments when he unpacked the trunk of geological instruments that had been carefully put together under the eye of Ray Adie at Birmingham. All items were brand new, and carefully wrapped in tissue paper and cotton wool. Graham unwrapped each item reverently, as if they were treasured, fragile gifts - dip needles, compass, plane-table, microscope - even a new hammer. He shook his head in wonder and disbelief, and said 'Fancy giving an idiot like me stuff like this!' Except that he used a more Fid-like word than 'idiot'!

Since moving to the balmy Pacific coast of Canada, I've taken up sailing instead of skiing. Highlights so far include passages from Tonga to New Zealand, and Gibraltar to the Azores. No Bill Tilman stuff - balmy climes only! Local sailing around British Columbia's Gulf Islands is excellent - we even see killer whales that are resident here quite frequently. Any former Fids or BAS who venture this far are welcome to visit and come out on the boat.
Kindest regards
Bryan Holmes

Dear Bob

Your readers may like to know of an unbeatable offer. The photographs taken by Frank Hurley during Ernest Shackleton's Endurance Expedition are legendary. Now, for the first time, all 400 of Frank Hurley's photographs are available in a hardback book, including some previously unseen and colour photographs.

The book is called 'South with Endurance - The Photographs of Frank Hurley'.

The RRP is £35. However, I can obtain this book through a book club for the AMAZING PRICE OF £14. The bad news is that the book is so heavy that UK inland postage and packing comes to a further £8. However this still makes the book a snip at only £22.

This is a fantastic opportunity, so good in fact that I would like to offer it to members of the BAS Club. The book club only has a limited stock. Due to the significant cost of shipping, I can only forward this book to UK addresses.

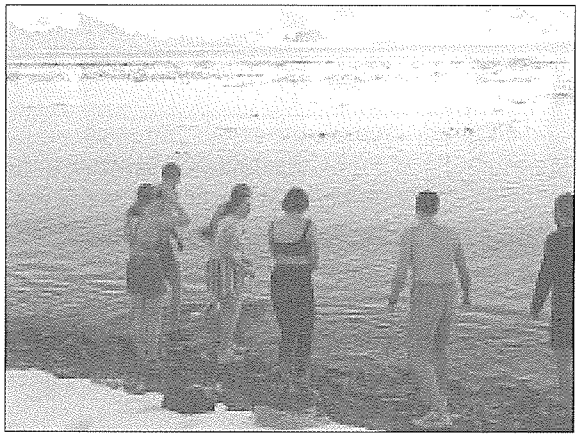
If you would like to order one or more books, please contact Chris Hill, telephone (01223) 221630. E-mail chris.hill@iee.org.

To secure an order, I will require a cheque for £22 per book in advance, made payable to 'Mr C. Hill', with full details for onwards shipping, i.e. full postal address and contact phone number. Please send to :
Chris Hill, British Antarctic Survey, High Cross, Madingley Road, Cambridge, CB3 0ET.

This will be done on a strictly 'first come-first served' basis in the event that the book club run out of stock. It goes without saying that if stock runs out, your cheque will be returned to you uncashed.

Chris Hill

Midwinter dip at South Georgia



Very rugged, but did they actually go in?

As midwinter approached, the thoughts of those at King Edward Point inevitably focussed expectantly on the preparations for Midwinter's Day. A swim in the morning had been suggested, though conveniently the subject had not been raised for a few weeks and nobody seemed desperately keen to push the issue!

Events in Tristan da Cunha were to change all this after the island suffered a devastating storm, in which property was destroyed and livestock lost. Gordon Liddle (SG Government Operations Manager) was soon in contact. Even before the e-mail was opened, it was all too apparent that Gordon (a veteran of KEP Midwinter swims) was rallying those of unsound mind to take the plunge and help with the fundraising for Tristan da Cunha. All who were fit answered the call and signed up immediately, or shortly after some gentle persuasion with a variety of archaic flensing tools from the whaling station at Grytviken.

At the appointed time on a clear and crisp 21 June, all personnel assembled on the shore of Cumberland Bay East. The BAS team were joined by the museum curators Tim and Pauline Carr plus Richard McKee, the Marine Officer, and Miranda Cheek. Having ensured that we had given the outfall a wide berth (not wanting to be accused of cheating), we took the plunge amidst a peel of nervous laughter and a few shrieks of delight. On the shore, Howie Owen, who was convalescing under doctor's orders, was on hand to offer 'words of encouragement' to the bathers. A suitable shelf on the seabed assisted with heads going under and, after a short spell of madness, peace and tranquillity returned to the bay. Over £200 was raised at the Point and this was matched pound for pound by South Georgia Government. Additional fundraising in Stanley and donations by Falkland Islands and South Georgia governments brought the total sum raised to over £50,000.

What perhaps was not fully appreciated in Stanley, was the fact that all the footprints in the snow coming out of the sea led in one direction. For a few weeks it remained a closely guarded secret that the Swedish contractors' sauna had been recommissioned for the swim!

Richard McKee, Marine Officer, KEP

The wintering-Fid database

Unfortunately a gremlin crept into my article in Newsletter 45 and a number of sharp-eyed readers spotted that the base codes for Hope Bay (D) and Deception Island (B) had been transposed in the legend. I would like to thank those who wrote to me about that and other details, and to offer a revised table (on the next page), which also shows the numbers who wintered in the years 2000 and 2001.

K.D.Holmes

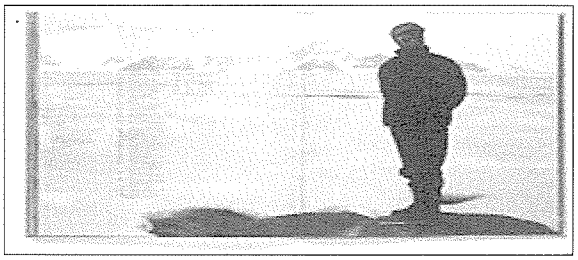
Key for table on the next page:

A-Port Lockroy	**H**-Signy	**R**-Rothera
B-Deception	**J**-Prospect Point	**T**-Adelaide
C-Cape Geddes	**KG**-Fossil Bluff	**V**-View Point
D-Hope Bay	**M**-South Georgia	**W**-Detaille
E-Stonington-	**BI**-Bird Island	**Y**-Horseshoe
F-Faraday	**N**-Anvers	**Z**-Halley
G-Admiralty Bay	**O**-Danco	

	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	J	KG	M	BI	N	O	R	T	W	Y	Z	Sum	Cum
1944	9	5																		14	14
1945	4	4		13																21	35
1946	4	4	4	8	10															30	65
1947		5		9	11	4		4												33	98
1948	4	4		7	11	4	5	3												38	136
1949		4			11	4	6	4												29	165
1950	4	4				4	4	5			5									26	191
1951		4				5	5	5			5									24	215
1952	5	6		11		4	5	5												36	251
1953	5	5		10		5	5	5												35	286
1954	5	5		12		10	5	5												42	328
1955	4	6		12		9	5	7					6					8		57	385
1956	5	6		12		9	6	8					6	6			8	10		76	461
1957	6	6		12		11	8	8	6				5	6			10	9		87	548
1958	5	7		14	6	11	7	6	5					5			9	7		82	630
1959	5	6		19		11	10	9										6	12	78	708
1960	5	11		17		20	8	6										4	16	87	795
1961	5	11		14	11	13		5		3						6			25	93	888
1962		13		9	10	13		8		4						11			21	89	977
1963		10		7	11	14		8								12			24	86	1063
1964		10			11	15		11								21			30	98	1161
1965		8			13	14		11								9			32	87	1248
1966		9			12	13		12								7			28	81	1329
1967		8			12	11		11								10			38	90	1419
1968					13	12		14		5						10			30	84	1503
1969					15	12		13		4						14			28	86	1589
1970					15	12		10		4	10					11			26	88	1677
1971					17	12		11		4	13					7			23	87	1764
1972					17	12		16		4	22					8			22	101	1865
1973					16	11		16		4	22					8			21	98	1963
1974					11	11		11		4	20					13			18	88	2051
1975						11		13		4	23					10			18	79	2130
1976						11		16			22				4	9			17	79	2209
1977						9		13			21				16				21	80	2289
1978						10		12			19				12				17	70	2359
1979						13		12			18				12				17	72	2431
1980						17		18			18				13				16	82	2513
1981						14		16			12				13				15	70	2583
1982						13		13							13				19	58	2641
1983						12		12							12				28	64	2705
1984						11		16				3			13				19	62	2767
1985						13		13				3			14				18	61	2828
1986						10		14				3			14				18	59	2887
1987						10		15				3			26				17	71	2958
1988						11		12				3			17				19	62	3020
1989						11		13				4			15				20	63	3083
1990						10		15				3			14				29	71	3154
1991						10		13				3			14				30	70	3224
1992						10		12				3			15				18	58	3282
1993						10		14				3			15				17	59	3341
1994						10		13				4			15				17	59	3400
1995						9		11				3			15				17	55	3455
1996												3			16				17	36	3491
1997												3			21				16	40	3531
1998												3			23				18	44	3575
1999												3			22				16	41	3616
2000												4			21				16	41	3657
2001												4			21				16	41	3698
	75	**161**	**4**	**186**	**233**	**521**	**79**	**523**	**11**	**40**	**230**	**58**	**17**	**17**	**406**	**166**	**27**	**44**	**900**	**3698**	

Does not include Bonner and Stonehouse on S. Georgia in 1954
Hoskins is recorded twice by Fuchs in 1957
Two people spent part of winter at Belgrano in 1978
Four of those officially booked at Base E in 1969 spent all the year at Horseshoe Island
Three died at F in 1976 before midwinter
There were no winterers at M in 1982

Notes from from a cold climate

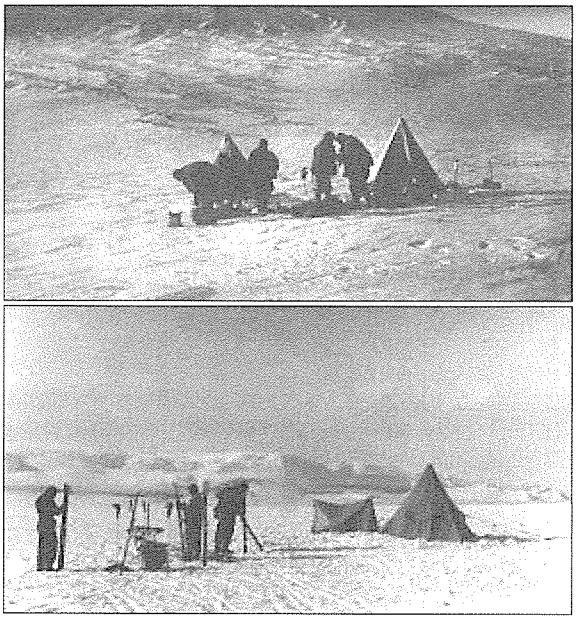


This book was published to coincide with the world première of Sir Peter Maxwell Davies' Antarctic Symphony on 6 May 2001.

Numbered copies of a limited edition of 1,500 are available to BAS Club members at a special discount price of £20.00 (£25.00) including p&p.

Contact Peter Cameron at Browns Design Associates Ltd, The Flag Store, 29 Queen Elizabeth Street, London SE21 2LP.

Spot the difference



One lot are closer to the mountains??
One lot have their skis out??
One lot have an odd-shaped pyramid tent??

I was struck by the similarity when looking through my copy of Shackleton's 'The Heart of the Antarctic' recently. I came across the top picture facing p 178. It shows some members of the Nimrod Expedition, Professor David, Douglas Mawson, Mackay, Marshall, Brocklehurst or Adams, 7000 ft up on Mt Erebus in March 1908.

The bottom picture is from BAS Base Report K/1969/H and shows three members of a B.A.S. '*John Biscoe* Expedition', from l to r: John Edwards, Martin Pinder and Dave Rinning, at the farthest west camp on the Pomona Plateau, Coronation Island (reached by overland man-hauling) in September 1969.

Hardly a visible difference, except perhaps the small mountain tent in the bottom picture. The Nimrod group would almost certainly have squeezed an extra person into the pyramid tents - they did survive a blizzard on the slopes of Erebus with three people sharing one sleeping bag! Also there are no skis visible in the top picture because, since it was a purely mountain climbing trip, they left them behind at Cape Royds.

Of course what had really changed, but not visibly in the picture, was the clothing and food and the mode of overland travel.

John Edwards

Problems with dogs

Old Fids lapse into nostalgic reminiscence at the thought of their beloved dogs, but Harry Heywood discovered the other side of the coin when working at Government House. He found the following signals about some dogs which had been collected from the bases in 1950 and taken to King Edward Point, South Georgia, to await the Norwegian-British-Swedish expedition. If nothing else, these signals are a comment on the pace of life in the South Atlantic 50 years ago.

To Secfids From Admin Officer, KEP
Dogs have now been tied up for eight months and are becoming very fierce. My opinion they are a danger to the community. Stock already bitten once and on one occasion had it not been for intervention of father one child might have been seriously bitten. Strongly recommend that dogs should be destroyed.

To Magistrate South Georgia From Secfids
Dogs required Anglo-Norwegians and current value 1,000 pounds. Regret therefore cannot consider destruction. Experience has proved that dogs are not repeat not dangerous if properly handled. Personnel must be instructed to exercise them at every opportunity. Children must naturally be kept away.
To Secretary of State From Governor
Have you information about proposed South Georgia Expedition? I have none but if dogs required it is no use moving them from there. I had otherwise intended as they have been great trouble and nuisance.
To Secfids From Magistrate South Georgia
The huskies have killed eight hens and one cock property of Roberts who claims replacement. Should be glad if arrangements can be made replace these at expense FIDS by next voyage Biscoe from Port Stanley.
To Governor From Secfids
Re (A) above. I feel that it is FIDS liability but I doubt if the birds can be replaced. If Your Excellency agrees to replace or compensate I will take the matter up with Agricultural Officer.
To Secfids From Governor
Agree to replace or compensate.
To Agricultural Officer From Secfids
Would be grateful your help to purchase and ship on the third voyage of the John Biscoe, eight hens and one cock. Please see (A) and (B) above.
To The Secretary FIDS From Agricultural Officer
Miss Bender, Moody Valley, has 15 hens to dispose of. But Lady Clifford has the first option on them for culinary purposes. If Lady Clifford takes no more than 7, Miss Bender would add a cock to the remaining 8 and so your need would be met.
To Magistrate South Georgia From Secfids
Am trying to purchase poultry for shipping third voyage.

Editor's note: *Charles Swithinbank tells me that, due to delays, the expedition did not call at South Georgia and so did not collect the dogs. As a result, they were short of dogs. Presumably the dogs eventually made their way back to FIDS bases.*

The South Georgia Association

Some of us who know South Georgia or are interested in the Island have met and decided to form an association devoted to it. The objectives which we propose for this body, which we shall register as an educational charity, are:
· To encourage interest in, and concern for South Georgia in the United Kingdom and other countries.
· To encourage the study of South Georgia and promote the conservation of its natural and cultural heritage.
· To promote contacts and encourage fellowship among those who have lived and worked in or around South Georgia, have visited or are interested in the Island.

Who do we hope will join?
Anyone who shares our affection and concern for South Georgia and wishes to follow developments there.

The Membership Fee will be £15 annually or £50 for a five year subscription.

What shall we do?
We envisage one or two meetings a year in Britain, plus a visit to an organisation, ship or site of South Georgia interest. We will produce a newsletter twice yearly, which will report on events in South Georgia and developments which will affect the Island, and have features on its history, wildlife and other topics.

What next?
Our INAUGURAL MEETING will be held in London at the Linnean Society, Piccadilly, on 14 December at 6.30. We intend then to adopt a constitution for the Association and agree a programme for the year 2002. There will be a pay bar until 9.30.

The Acting Committee is chaired by David Tatham, a former Commissioner for South Georgia, and members include ex-Fids Bob Burton, Angus Erskine, Bob Headland and Dave Rootes.

Contact: Bob Burton (see inside front cover).

Obituaries

Ian Ross and Dick Boulding, Stonington 1966

Illness has claimed the lives of two very different characters who wintered at Stonington in 1966. Ian Ross died on December 1 1998 and Dick Boulding on May 20 2001. Keith Holmes has compiled the following appreciations of the two, with contributions from David Horley, David Matthews, Ken Doyle and John Noble.

Ian Ross

Ian had somehow slipped through the Fids network since I last saw him in New South Wales in the mid 1970s. He was then managing the regional office of Robertson Research – providing services to junior mineral exploration companies during the frenetic boom in Australian mineral exploration. He and I, and David Matthews the third geologist of the 1964 BAS cohort, had joined Robertson after leaving BAS, and it was a happy co-incidence that we again worked together for a time. He was by then married to Barbara, the girl who had waited for him while he went south, and they had two small children, David and Susan. Some years later we heard that he had been seen, alone, propping up a bar in the Philippines – which was not unexpected given the exuberant confidence he had in his ability to discover huge gold and copper deposits. After that there was silence until rumours circulated that he may have returned to his birthplace in Cullen. I checked a lead from Peter Clarkson and Clem Clements a few months ago, and indeed confirmed that he had died there, long-divorced, apparently cheerful and smoking to the end.

Ian Ross was the sort of person who attracted telling nicknames. He was named John but called Ian. In our happy days of initiation to FIDS at Birmingham University we mingled with the crusty veteran geologists and geophysicists who were writing up their discoveries, and Ian soon became known as the Mad Scotsman. On most weekends he would set off in his beloved Mini with a carton of cigarettes and drive either to Aberdeen to see his family, or to Canterbury to see Barbara. On the other weekends I think he did the round trip! This did nothing to soften the effect of the slight offset that one of his eyes had. Curiously, the complete lack of sight in that eye had not been detected in the rigorous Harley Street medical examination that we had all undergone. The physician had looked at the clear glass in one half of his spectacles and concluded perfect vision, whereas Ian cheerfully admitted to us all that no amount of clever optics could improve his sight in that eye.

At Stonington Ian became Ti'Ross on account of his habit of beavering quietly away for hours on some piece of geophysical equipment only to cry out in his strong Banff-shire accent "You ti' Ross" when he realised that he'd connected negative to positive, or got the wiring diagram upside down.

Ian had spent his first winter at Halley Bay – where he had a most terrible experience. In October 1965 he and his companions Dai Wild, John Wilson and Jeremy Bailey were travelling between the Tottanfjella and Vestfjella to set up a depot for Ian's geological programme whilst allowing Jeremy to take readings with the pioneering ice-depth radar equipment. The others were in a Muskeg tractor which was towing two Maudheim sledges with the Hairybreeks clipped on side traces to the steel cable between them. Ian was riding the second Maudheim when suddenly they stopped. The tractor had driven fatally into a crevasse. Ian was alone. The radio didn't work, he had practically no experience of driving dogs, and his nearest companions were about 50 miles away. What happened next may never be fully known. We rarely discussed it at Stonington, but Ian survived and was transferred to us for 1966.

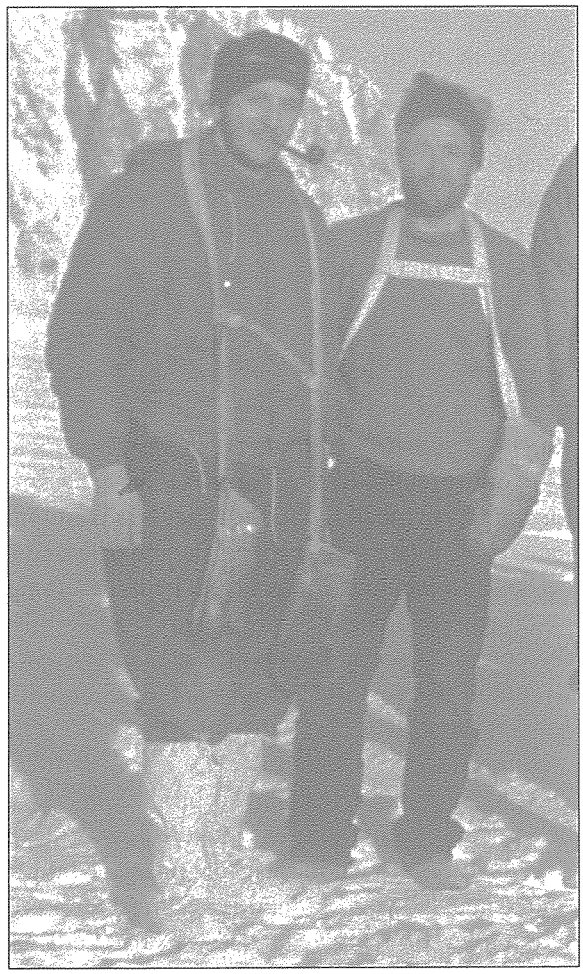
At Stonington Ian threw himself enthusiastically into base reconstruction and then into fieldwork. Almost unbelievably, he shared further tragedy when, in May, two more of his

colleagues died in the field. John Noel and Tom Allan perished in one of the notorious katabatic storms at the foot of the plateau. He participated in the salvage party that retrieved their bodies for burial at base.

Field work continued, albeit with more restricted resources which required us all to help in the burden of depot-laying for the main parties. Ian cheerfully and selflessly played his part in this work. Sledging with him was fun, but to share a tent with this chronic heavy smoker was certainly to draw the short straw, and we were all amazed and horrified at the end of the season to compare the pristine white inner tent that we had used with Ian's orange nicotine-stained item.

Once, in a tent with him and, I think, Dave Horley, I recall us running a bit low on rations whilst holed up in bad weather on our way to the Ptolemy Depot in Mobiloil Inlet. Dave and I watched in fascination as Ian, quietly reading, ploughed through his last tin of cigarettes, one systematically after the other, until the last one went. He then stretched out absent-mindedly for the tiny packet of biscuits that was our day's ration. A day or so later we eventually reached the depot, Ian having driven the Ladies forward relentlessly to reach it before the end of the day. Only the tip of the 10-foot marker pole was showing, but because of his weak eyesight Ian had regularly used binoculars in the field at Halley Bay and was pretty good at spotting such things. Dave and I relaxedly agreed that we could wait until the morning before digging it out, but Ian cheerfully volunteered to do so immediately and single-handedly. His cigarettes were right at the bottom.

Recognising that he was unlikely to achieve much geologically, Ian focussed instead on conducting pioneering geophysical traverses with the equipment he had brought from Halley Bay. It wasn't always reliable and it was often a miserable job to have to stop so frequently to take finger-chilling readings mile after mile, but Ian was determined and cheerful as ever, and he added significantly to our understanding of the structure of the area. Back in Birmingham he was an early user of the huge mainframe computer that filled the basement of a large building and consumed thousands upon thousands of punched cards. In those days one booked processing time days in advance and it took hours to run a set of data. Our life was again punctuated by the cry "You ti'Ross" when Ian realised that some of his cards were out of order or wrongly punched.



Stonington in August, 1966. Dick with his pipe and Ian in his slippers.

Dick Boulding

Dick was very different. What you saw was what you got. Short, sharp, crisp 'Dick' rather than 'Richard'.

He arrived at Stonington early in 1966 to continue the detailed survey work which Neil Marsden had started the previous year in the area stretching from Mobiloil Inlet to the Eternity Range. In 1967 he extended it towards the Eland Mountains. Between them they

contributed hugely to the methodical task of fleshing out the pioneer traverses of Bingham & Rymill, Mason, and Gibbs & Forster. Compared to these earlier exploratory traverses, their work was slow and painstaking. It involved mapping large amounts of detail by traditional plane tabling and compass and sledgewheel traverses, with regular control by tellurometry and triangulation, anchored to astrofixes and midday sun-shots. In this Dick was meticulous.

By instinct he was a careful and systematic planner. He soon appreciated and mastered the fieldcraft which passed from one generation of sledgers to another, chastened as we all were by the loss of our two colleagues soon after Dick's arrival. With two fewer men and unpredictable air support we all had to work particularly closely together that year, and Dick's confident logistics skills contributed much to our success. Rather serious in appearance, sometimes almost foreboding, with a rather gruff voice, it wasn't long in any situation before Dick's square-cut face broke into a huge broad grin and released a deep belly laugh at the absurdity of something he or someone else had proposed. Despite this, the complexities and subtleties of dog sledging with the Spartans often sent him apoplectic with frustration.

Dick worked hard and played hard. After BAS he joined ICI and he spent most of his working life developing databases for pharmaceutical field trials. He was competitive, almost a corporation man for many years. He was also dedicated to his close-knit family, having characteristically decided within nine days of meeting her that Christine Swift was the woman he wanted to marry. They had three children, Ruth, Emma and Guy, whom we saw intermittently at the Marguerite Bay reunions which Neil Marsden and Dave Horley co-ordinated for many years. For some time Dick himself took on the then unsung task of keeping the group together and organising the venues.

Dick was very clubbable. He organised multi-family holidays, enjoyed rugby and sailing, and he played the trombone in a local trad jazz band. When he became involved in the early planning of the Marguerite Bay 2000 Reunion, we thought he was going to retire early to spend more time doing these things. Instead, however, he threw himself into a new career in the IT consultancy business and embarked on generous projects to support his children and their partners, so much so that he had to withdraw from the Stonington trip. But a few years later he emerged again, brim full of enthusiasm, ready to scale down his work load, retire, and get into leisure. He sailed several times with Dave Horley, who recalls Dick always needing to give lengthy explanations of whatever he was doing or had concluded. Whenever a situation had several variables he would invariably devise a 'model' to help the analysis. He was good sailing company since any discussion absorbed much time as they wallowed along at 5 knots. In the last two years he became a JP and sat on the bench most Fridays. He gave his time and energy generously to the youth sections of the local rugby club and brass band.

He was also ready to serve our Club. I sat by him at the AGM last year and was amazed to find that he too - with his cards typically held close to his chest - had put his name forward to become a Committee member. After each of the first two meetings we had a beer together in the evening and talked of how much there was to do, to look forward to, and to enjoy. He would probably have become our Club Secretary but instead he was diagnosed early this year as having cancer of the liver. We understood that the experts thought he might have only three months to live. It was a bit less than that.

I can think of no better epitaph that the words Dick Laws used. He was a good man and we will miss him very much.

Keith Holmes

Ian Ross

When I met Ian, at Halley Bay in April 1965, my first impression was that I would never understand his accent fully. His enthusiasm was such, though, that some of his characteristic sayings soon became catchphrases. My favourite was "It's too much scu ' er", for something that

was not worth the effort, and it seemed to apply to quite a lot of our operations.

Ian was one of a large group, the Lounge Gonkers, who regularly fell asleep around the lounge fire in the evenings. Nothing distinctive about that - but his method of sleeping with one eye open was certainly unique and rather disturbing to some. As Keith has mentioned, that eye was blind and so lacked the closing reflex.

Winter passed, and we were then on the long haul eastward across the Inland Ice to the Heimefrontfjella for the summer field season. The route had markers every mile or so, but after a winter many were missing or had only a foot or so of pole showing above the snow. Navigation could be tricky, but surprisingly Ian was one of the best at spotting missed stakes. There was usually a biting headwind and so when we had covered the specified distance without seeing a flag the rest of us would first stand with hands firmly in mitts, looking vainly around with the naked eye. Ian, aware of the limits of his eyes, would not hesitate to get out his 10x50 binoculars and scan the horizon - and probably spot the next flag, allowing us to move on with confidence.

We set out with three Muskeg tractors and three dog teams, Ian being one of the "Keg" drivers. This was unusual - normally the geologist would already be driving his dog team, to get acquainted with it for the coming season. This seemed a better arrangement, though, as he was familiar with Kegs and a third driver was obviously needed. He had driven dogs around the base on several occasions, and the idea was that he could pick up the finer points from Doc John Wilson, who was with a dog team on the way out. This rebounded on him when the tractor and his three companions were lost down a crevasse a few miles east of Mannefallknausane and he was left alone with the dog team. They were still not fully accustomed to the altitude and were additionally unhappy at having done a particularly long run that day. Now in addition to the shock of losing his companions he found that his life depended on a mutinous dog team who refused to recognise him as one of their known drivers. It took him three and a half days of struggling to get them back the 50-odd miles to the depot at 'Pyramid Rocks' in the Tottanfjella. The sense of loneliness and isolation must have been multiplied each time he went through routines which would normally be shared labour, such as erecting the tent or feeding the dogs at the end of the day and then having to prepare a drink and a meal.

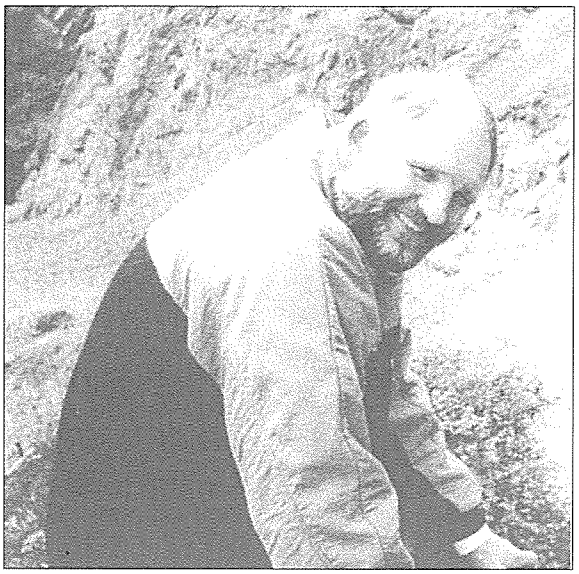
When I next saw him, some days after he had rejoined the others at Pyramid Rocks, he seemed to be in good spirits although within a few weeks this was again being tested. Now sledging with me and the same dog team, the Hairybreeks, we camped on the top of the Milorgfjella massif to be right by a newly-discovered plant fossil locality. The wind got up, the tent ripped, and we struck it to avoid further damage. With sheer drops downwind it seemed unsafe to move, so we began digging a shelter in what snow remained around us. Soon we hit blue ice, but dug on with ice axes. Then we struck bedrock and gave up in despair. It is just as well that the wind eased off within a day, so that we could safely pitch the tent again.

Before we escaped to lower levels we snatched a few fossil samples, and that was the only geology which Ian managed in the whole of 1965. However, he had another string to his bow. He had a proton precession magnetometer, driven by those new-fangled transistors. The sensor was towed well behind us, on a little sledge which he had constructed from some broken skis and aluminium Dexion. By the time we got back to Base he had a good data set over several hundred miles.

From there he was back to Port Stanley on the next boat, for the enquiry into the crevasse accident, and then down to Stonington for the period described by Keith.

My most characteristic memories of Ian, though, are not of danger or adventures. I remember him as a resourceful sledging companion and a knowledgeable and helpful fellow geologist. He was a good comrade to work with.

Lewis Jukes



David Brian Jenkins
Halley Bay 1972-1974

Brian was born on 10th November 1948 and brought up at Pontardawe in the Swansea valley. He led a very active life. He played for the local rugby team. In one game he injured his neck when a scrum collapsed on him. He travelled by bus to hospital for a check up. The doctors were horrified to discover that he had actually broken his neck and he was encased for months in a plaster cast extending from the top of his head to his waist. Brian was a good hurdler and became Glamorgan champion and competed in the Welsh games.

When he went to university in London to study physics, he took up diving and caving, spending as many weekends as he could down a cave or deep underwater. Brian's fascination with the Antarctic started while he was at university. He was just too late to apply to BAS so he went to Aberystwyth University for a year to do an MSc in ionospheric physics first.

At the beginning of January 1972, he flew down to Punta Arenas to join the *Bransfield* and sail down to Halley Bay. Brian enjoyed every minute of his time in the Antarctic. He worked as a beastie man. He made the most of every moment out of doors that he could. He was lucky to be in Halley Bay while there were still dog teams. He loved the dogs and used to ski-jor, pulled along by them whenever he could. In his second year the dog teams were taken away, though the base still had two dogs, Muff and Bray. Each year Brian went on a camping trip exploring the hinge zone. He made a cine film and also developed many thousands of slides, especially of aurora, which fascinated him.

Brian returned to UK in the summer of 1974. After 6 months with BAS he returned to Aberystwyth and worked as a research officer developing lamps to measure atomic oxygen in the upper atmosphere. From this work he obtained a PhD in 1981. Next he worked on a LIDAR radar system. He married Moira and had two children, Christopher and Sarah.

In 1986 Brian moved to Malvern to the Royal Signals and Radar Establishment where he became an expert on radar systems developed to avoid mid air collisions. Brian was a perfectionist and was determined to do the best he could in everything he undertook. He would always help anyone in need and made lifelong friends of complete strangers he befriended. He loved his garden, supplying the neighbours with vegetables and collecting material for compost from them.

Brian loved to lead an active life. He was walking his dog on the top of the Malvern Hills in 1990 when he suffered his first heart attack. He took one and a half hours to get himself home, so his heart had suffered a lot of damage by the time he was taken to hospital. He worked really hard to build up his strength again. Brian did have further heart problems and had a triple bypass operation in 1997, but he tried not to let his health restrict him in anything he wanted to do. He died of another heart attack in October 1999 after jumping into a flooded quarry while investigating the possibilities of making a film there. He was doing something that he wanted to do and enjoying life.

Brian would have told you that the best years of his life were those that he spent in the Antarctic. He would have loved to have returned there.

Moira Jenkins

David Alfred Barrett 1933-2001
Port Lockroy 1952, Argentine Islands 1953

In the spring of this year (2001), David and Gemma were enjoying a cycling holiday in Eastern Europe when they were hit by a speeding car. David was killed instantly. Gemma is making a slow recovery from her injuries.

We first met David at Port Lockroy, where he had spent the winter of 1952. He joined us on the old RRS *John Biscoe* for the short run down to Base F, Argentine Islands, where we were to winter. David had been appointed as our Base Leader while still a little short of his 20th birthday, a record which still stands. We were all very young then and David was the youngest.

He quickly won our respect as a leader, as he always led by example. His energy and enthusiasm for every situation overflowed into our lives. His love for every aspect of the Antarctic was infectious and we spent a great year together.

Although Base F was only a five-man met. station, David lost no opportunity to explore our immediate surroundings. We practised our climbing and skiing skills around the local islands and later climbed on the mainland in an attempt to investigate some green mineral bands we had spotted with binoculars, but we could not reach them.

We manhauled to the north in search of seals when our dog food supplies were critically low, camping at the north end of Petermann Island when we were forced back by dangerously thin ice. We found no seals that time, but we did find Charcot's cairn marking where the *Pourquois-pas?* had wintered in 1909.

On his return home, David still had his National Service to do. Most of this was spent as part of an army survey team in the deserts of Iraq and Iran. He met Gemma in 1959 when rock climbing in Wales and they married in 1962. A few years and two daughters (Alison and Rachel) later, the family moved to the Turks and Caicos Islands where David had a one-year survey contract, which turned into five years.

In 1973, David and Gemma, now with a third daughter, Emma, returned to live at Houghton on the Hill, Leicestershire, where David devoted his energy to the education of his family and to the enjoyment of theatre and music, especially opera. On his last, typically energetic, holiday David and Gemma had managed to see three operas in Vienna.

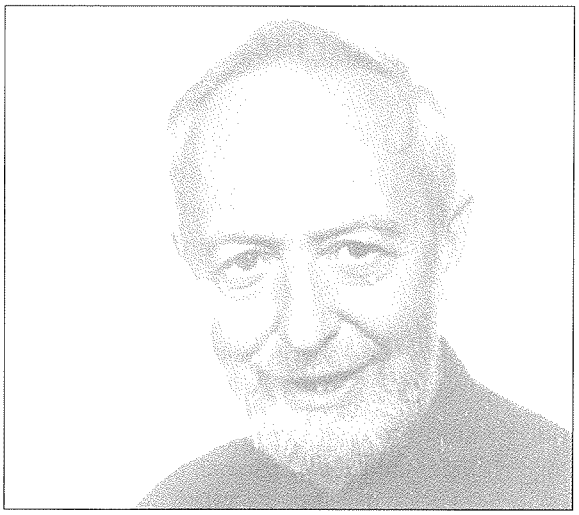
David eventually became a proud grandfather in November 2000, and was enjoying with grandson Harrison all the things that proud grandfathers do.

David's untimely loss comes as a blow to all who knew him. Our heartfelt sympathy goes to Gemma and all her family.

Derek Clarke & Fred Johnson

David G. Evans 1935-2001
Danco Island

David Evans, ex Danco Island and Cape Reclus surveyor, died on the 10th March 2001 after a short illness of an incurable nature. The funeral service was held on 15th March at Semington crematorium, near his adopted home of Bradford-on-Avon. It was attended by his daughters Lenka and Debbie and son Radek, former Antarctic colleagues Eddie Dagless and



Vince O'Neill. Also paying their last respects were many friends and associates from Friends of the Earth and the Quaker movement, in which organisations David took a very active part.

David Evans graduated from Leeds University with a B.A. degree in which he majored in Geography/Geomorphology. He was a very keen potholer before and during his University years. Being a 'Sheffield lad born and bred', he had an excellent area in which to pursue his hobby.

Later, David applied for a position as surveyor with FIDS. After completing a course on surveying, he sailed on RRS *Shackleton* in late 1956. Originally earmarked for Base O, Danco Island, he was despatched, after just two days, to Base O's satellite hut, which was built on Cape Reclus, a rocky promontory jutting into Charlotte Bay and some 30 plus miles distant (as the skua flies) from Danco Island. The Cape Reclus hut was very small and one could just about swing a cat (or a penguin).

I believe it was several months before David returned to Danco Island, where he remained for the winters of 1957 and 1958 and continued with the survey work pioneered and brought to an advanced stage by F.E. (Fred) Wooden. I am not qualified to comment on the quality or otherwise of David's work, but I do know he was a most enthusiastic explorer in every sense of the word. His knowledge of knots and rope-work was professional-like, and this later proved to be invaluable. A meticulous compiler of field notes and diaries, David's chronicles of events during his many field trips were remarkable in that they were extremely accurate, and also made for good reading.

David was never a 'couch potato'; always eager to be out of the base hut and into his world of snow, ice, theodolites, base stations, astro-fixes (frozen fingers!), trig points etc. Like most of us, he was not a cordon bleu chef- more sacre bleu! However, whilst camping he was capable of dishing up a very edible stew of pemmican, dried onions and dehydrated potatoes, followed by a treat of two biscuits and four squares of chocolate! He had a knack of serving up this repast very quickly, if he happened to be the 'inside man'.

He was an avid reader of books on polar travel and adventure, and his taste ranged from James Clark Ross's 1841/42 expedition through Cherry-Garrard's 'The worst journey in the world' to John Gaiever's Norwegian-British-Swedish expedition. But adventure apart, David was an advocate for keeping the Continent clean and he was conversant with ecosystems, in particular the great food web which exists in Antarctica. His literary choice of James Barnes' 'Let's save Antarctica!' and Brewster's 'Antarctica: wilderness at risk' would tend to support this.

David also 'dabbled' in fiction, where his taste was largely in humorous and satirical works. Before setting off on long field trips, he invariably packed a novel of his choice, and after the evening meal, when the three of us had a good 'fug' up of cigarette, pipe tobacco and candle smoke, mixed with steam and kerosene fumes, the reading aloud of a couple of chapters from the paperback novel would begin. We would take turns at reading aloud, until we felt sleepy. David was a very good narrator and I can still remember how well he dramatised 'Juan in America'. He was by far the best at reading us to sleep.

I am sure David Evans lived his life to the full as student, potholer, teacher, explorer, father and activist. He will be missed by his young family Lenka, Debbie and Radek, together with his former colleagues and many friends from all walks of life who are also saddened by his passing.

Vince O'Neill

The Swedish *Antarctic* Expedition, 1901-3 A Link with the Past

The following is an extract from a 25-page account of meeting survivors of this expedition written to commemorate and honour them by Gwion 'Taff' Davies of Operation Tabarin, Port Lockroy and Hope Bay, 1943-46. The full account is deposited in the BAS archives.

This year, 2001, is the centenary of the launch of the Swedish/Norwegian *Antarctic* Expedition led by Dr. Otto Nordenskjöld, 1901-1903. Its purpose was to carry out scientific research and exploration around the tip of South America and Graham Land in Antarctica. The team of Swedish scientists was, who had been on expeditions to Tierra del Fuego in 1895 and to East Greenland in 1890. The expedition vessel, renamed *Antarctic*, was originally the barque-rigged sealer *Cap Nor*, with auxiliary steam engines. The crew of the *Antarctic* consisted mainly of experienced Norwegian seamen, with C.A. Larsen as Captain. Larsen had already won fame in 1893, when, as Captain of the *Jason*, he sailed as far south as 68°10' in the Weddell Sea and discovered the vast iceshelf named after him.

A brief history of the main events of the expedition is as follows:

November 1901: *Antarctic* sailed from Sweden.
February 1902: Nordenskjöld, Bodman and four others landed on Snow Hill Island.
December 1902: *Antarctic* stopped by ice from relieving Snow Hill Island.
January 1903: Gunnar Andersson and two others landed at Hope Bay to fetch Nordenskjöld's party; open water halted their journey, so they returned to Hope Bay, where they wintered.
February 1903: *Antarctic* crushed by ice; scientists and crew escaped to Paulet Island by boat and wintered there.
November 1903. Hope Bay trio and a boat party from Paulet Island reached Snow Hill Island. Expedition rescued by Argentine naval vessel *Uruguay*.

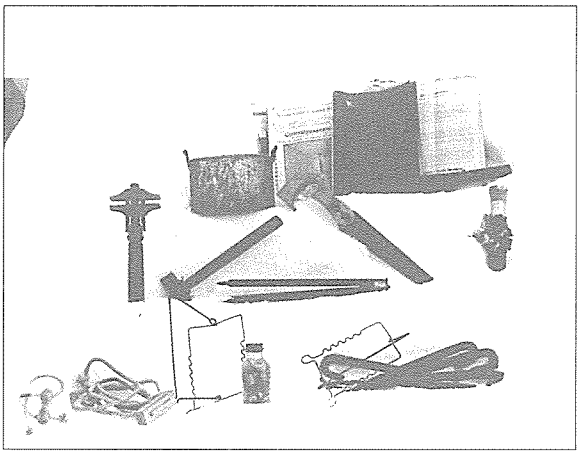
When, in 1945, the Operation Tabarin base at Hope Bay was built, we found remains of Nordenskjöld's expedition nearby. This was the massive stone shelter which Andersson, Duse and Grunden had built around their tent, when they had to over-winter in 1903. Inside we found the remains of a metal blubber stove, packed with some organic material. There was a crow-bar, an old boot and bits of metal, like knives. On top of a hillock nearby there were two slats of wood jammed between boulders - for what, we could not tell. These relics were like memorials to those three men and to the hardships they had suffered 40 years before. All were carefully collected and photographed by our lichen botanist, Dr. I. Mackenzie Lamb (whom one of our party, David James, described as 'the Dr. Wilson of our expedition').

The stone shelter at Hope Bay, to the left of the two wooden slats. Photographed 1944-46.

We could see the stone shelter through one of the windows of our own hut. When blizzards shook the hut we would watch the drift snow swirling and smoking over the stone shelter, and think of those three men huddled inside it. They must have been very cold and hungry, through those eight winter months, living only on frozen seal and penguin flesh.

In August 1945, a 4-man dog sledging party set out from Hope Bay to extend the Nordenskjöld surveys of the Crown Prince Gustav Channel

around Ross Island. The sledging party was: Andrew Taylor, Ian Mackenzie Lamb, Vic Russell and David James. After rounding Ross Island they came to Snow Hill Island, where they found Nordenskjöld's hut still standing (see cover). Inside it they found a cooking pot, a saw, hammer, photographic frames, dividers, Swedish papers - and candles. They burned the latter as fuel in their tents, when running out of paraffin for cooking. They also found a food depot on nearby Seymour Island, left there by the Argentine vessel *Uruguay* after it had rescued Nordenskjöld's men. This had corned beef, meat paste, beans and sugar, all of which the sledging party ate on their journey back to Hope Bay, when their own rations ran out. They could tell that the hut had been abandoned in a hurry when the Argentine rescue party arrived unexpectedly in 1903. This visit is well described in David James' book *That Frozen Land.*



Relics from Nordenskjöld's hut at Snow Hill Island, recovered by Operation Tabarin.

In 1946, I wrote to Captain Ole P. Duus in Norway of the Paulet Island party and he gave me the names of the Swedish survivors: Professor J.Gunnar Andersson (Hope Bay), Professor Gösta Bodman (Snow Hill), Professor K.A.Andersson and Professor Carl Skottberg (Paulet Island). In March 1947 I decided to go to Sweden to meet them. On arrival at Göteborg I was visited at my hotel by Professor Andersson. I took to him at once, and wrote in my diary afterwards: 'He is a very fine old man.' I showed him photographs of the Stone Hut in Hope Bay and its relics, and he was delighted. He talked about some of their experiences at that time: how they camped in fine weather on an ice-floe in the Erebus & Terror Gulf, within sight of Snow Hill - and nearly drifted out to sea. He recalled how Jonasson, of the Snow Hill party, had a similar narrow escape, when he had to drive his dogs over an opening lead in the ice. He said that both the *Antarctic* and the Argentine *Uruguay* touched bottom on the neck of land between the Naze and the Nazelet and he remembered finding fossils there. Prof. Andersson thought that Antarctic weather was the world's worst, because of the high winds. He disagreed with the Norwegian glorification of Amundsen, for he put Scott next to Ross, and then Shackleton. He considered Shackleton's work as the triumph, as Scott, according to Gordon Hayes, went over the same country - instead of exploring some other part of Antarctica. Shackleton was his hero, he said.

When I showed him my photographs of our Tabarin crowd in Hope Bay, he had a good laugh, especially at the one of Tom Berry sitting on Chippy Ashton's best saw (which did not amuse Chippy). He said that Andrew Taylor looked a jolly man, while "Fram" Farrington, with his splendid beard, looked like a Russian monk. When I showed him a picture of 'Doc' Back fishing, he said that his hair looked like a fur cap; he recalled how their own footwear gave them cold feet when fishing on the sea ice.

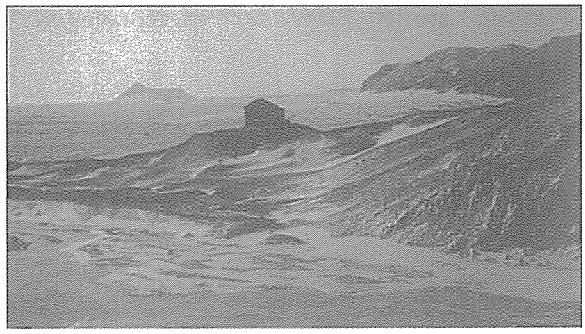
Whilst in Stockholm I visited Professor Skottsberg. He said that on Paulet Island they had to get their drinking water from a freshwater crater lake, 400 feet high. The lake ice was sometimes 7 ft. thick. In summer, there were thousands of penguins there, and the water was often very soupy after them, with all their droppings. It was a long, hard climb to the lake, but it saved having to burn blubber to melt ice.

The blubber stove was well-screened from their sleeping quarters, because of its smoke. Amongst the gear salvaged from the *Antarctic* was a heavy blacksmith's bellows. Capt. Larsen had been unwilling to haul this heavy and bulky thing across the sea-ice to Paulet Island - but as the blacksmith was so insistent, he let him bring it. That blacksmith had the foresight to know how useful it could be, for when they got settled ashore he used it to fire a cooking range big

enough for feeding all hands together. But for that, each man would have had to cook for himself – 'weekly boat fashion', as I put it then. When they caught a seal, they sewed the skins together and laid them onto canvas stretched over spars, to cover the roof. They had just finished covering the seaward side when the *Uruguay* rescued them. For sleeping bags, each man had a canvas one with a blanket in it, and one change of underwear. When stocking up for the winter they caught about 10,000 fish; they had these for their breakfasts, with only one full meal a day.

Another member of the Paulet Island party, whom I met in Stockholm, was Dr. K.A. Andersson. He said that the shelter which they built there was made with two stone walls, packed with penguin droppings in between. The smoky galley was at its far end. They slept ten-a-side. There were 20 men all told – five Swedes (including Dr. Andersson and Dr. Skottsberg), eleven Norwegians, and two Englishmen (one a Falkland Islander). Their ages ranged from their early twenties to mid forties, of whom five seamen were married. The only time that they ever had full stomachs was when they caught a seal, then they had blood-pudding - but that was very seldom. (Dr. Andersson told me that, at Hope Bay, he and Duse once drank warm seal's blood). The seals came up at night, and that was when they caught them. It was very cold inside the hut, with temperatures down to –20°; even so, the rime used to melt at times, and run down the walls inside.

After seeing Prof. Skottsberg, I had a visit from the fourth Swedish survivor, Prof. Gösta Bodman, of the Snow Hill party with Dr. Nordenskjöld. He said that the first thing that they put up there was a 9 ft. x 9 ft. weather screen, and they sheltered in that until their hut was built. The six-man party included two seamen and four scientists, of which he was the meteorologist. They had to tie down the hut roof with ropes tied to wooden staves buried in the gravelly ground and which soon froze hard. He thought that they made a pretty good job of it, considering how untrained they were, with so few men and tools to do it. He spoke of 'black blizzards' (what he meant I cannot recall) and said that the strong winds made the place feel far



The wintering quarters on Snow Hill Island, photographed 1945.

colder than it would have done in calm weather.

I can hardly end this better than by quoting a passage from David James' *That Frozen Land*:

'It is almost impossible for anyone who has wintered in the Antarctic adequately to express his admiration for the toughness, resource and guts of these Swedes. They had wrested a living out of the most cruel continent in the world, and the happy conclusion of their efforts was thoroughlydeserved. It is quite natural that every country should have an especial esteem for their own heroes of this sort, but it is a thousand pities that we are quite so selective in this respect. There is nothing in Nordenskjöld's expedition which is not fit to rival Scott and Shackleton at their noblest. Great work was accomplished too. The east coast of Graham Land was explored and proved to be continuous as far as the Antarctic Circle, while the complicated systems of islands and channels from Joinville to the Barrier was unravelled. Ross' Mt. Haddington, too, was proved to be on an island, and Nordenskjöld named it after Ross. It was separated from the continent by a magnificent channel named after Prince Gustav.'

On the cover of his book *Antarctic*, J. Gunnar Andersson summed up his feelings about that noble old vessel:

Stolt har hon levat, Stolt skall hon dö.
Proudly she lived, proudly she died.

His words also describe the spirit of those men of Nordenskjöld's expedition who sailed on her.

Gwion Davies

The very model of a modern meteorologist

This article is dedicated to everyone who has stumbled around in a blizzard looking for the Stevenson screen or has been carried away by a Sonde balloon - some things don't change!

From October 1998 to March 2001 I worked as a meteorologist at Halley. I have a degree in physics but the job advertised for anyone with qualifications in meteorology, physics or electronic engineering. Most of us are physicists and engineers who learn how to do weather observations in Cornwall before we leave. I have been asked to tell you a bit about what the work is like for us now and what has changed.

Oddly enough, shortly after been asked to write this article I was given the long and laborious task of reading every Met Report from Halley since the IGY and typing all the main points into the computer. So for the past few days I have been giggling at the photographs, the rants, the poetry and the numerous spelling mistakes that make up the Halley Met Reports.

First off..... the things that haven't changed. We are still utterly convinced that the met. equipment we have is old, poorly calibrated, lacking the necessary spares and (as quoted in the 1976 report) 'should be shipped back to the UK and sold to some gullible scrap dealer as soon as possible'. No! I am only kidding - it'snot that bad - we have long since stopped using thermographs, hygrographs and recorders. Nowadays virtually all the readings are taken automatically by the instruments and recorded straight into a PC. We still have thermometers and barometers but they are only checked twice a day as a sort of backup.

When I first arrived on base I was sent out at midday to read the regular thermometers in the Stevenson Screen - this was so we could compare them to the Platinum Resistance Thermometers, also in the Screen, which were connected to the Automatic Weather Station. Despite the numerous computers now in use there is still a lot of 'hands-on' work. This includes measuring the snow accumulation stakes - a chore you must all be familiar with! At the moment there are 10 stakes about 300m east of the meteorological platform. Three times a week we trudged out to these stakes. The main problem for me was that during winter I could never find them! I tried everything; I hung a flag, attached metallic strips or wrapped reflective material around it but the frost just covered it up and the flag disintegrated! One fateful day I set off to measure the stakes and wandered aimlessly around the clean sector for over a hour! I ended up getting exceedingly lost until I found the SHARE Array - which lies 500m south of the base. When I got back to the met. platform, Karen (senior meteorologist) looked at me in disbelief and suggested tying a piece of string to me next time. (I hasten to add that when I say 'lost' I could see the lights of base all the time - I just didn't know which buildings they belonged to).

I had been warned about the problem with the Screen filling up with snow and so took a brush out with me. Unfortunately, me being a physicist and a pretty theoretical one at that, I had no idea what a PRT actually looked like and I grabbed it with my left hand while I swept out the snow. Luckily my boss noticed the suspicious maximum temperature spikes around midday. Otherwise I could have unwittingly speeded up concern for global warming.

But here is one to make you all jealous! By the time I left Halley I could prepare and launch a sonde balloon, all by myself, in less than half an hour! This is largely thanks to the fact that we now use helium that is stored in a heated caboose on the surface and that the sondes now use GPS to send back their position. No more radars or exploding hydrogen generators.

Of course, computers now calculate CLIMAT messages, ozone amounts, statistics - you name it - automatically and this makes it all more accurate and quick. Needless to say everything still gets buried in the snow at an alarming rate and we are constantly measuring instrument heights, raising masts and digging things up.

When I wintered there were three of us in the Met team at Halley and two at Rothera. At Rothera they also have a summer weather forecaster who helps with planning the plane flights. Most of us still do two years and, out of the last

12 'metmen' at Halley, seven have been women.

Probably the most high-tech bit of equipment on the platform is the satellite picture receiver. We get five or so satellite pictures from the NOAA satellites a day. They show very clearly the impending depressions and we can watch the ice shelves calving in great detail.

Science is now the main concern of BAS - more so than geographical exploration and so we spend a considerable amount of time working on Meteorology projects. However, there is still an awful lot to do on base that isn't science related and the Met teams help out with base work. We ourselves get help with the science from the other winterers - especially since everyone takes it in turn to do nightwatch for a week which includes the 0300 and 0600 weather observations.

The current wintering team is Dan, Liz and Cathy at Halley and Ian and Felicity at Rothera. I am sure they would love to hear from anyone with stories of what it was like when they did meteorology on FIDS.

Thanks again for the Fuchs Medal.

Alex Gaffikin

Visiting the neighbours

Early in the morning of Sunday 11 March 1956, the Christian Salvesen whalecatcher *Southern Main* from Leith Harbour, South Georgia, hove-to off Base 'H', Signy Island. The gunner, Captain Arne Kristiansen, had been instructed to recce the prospects for sealing in the South Orkneys. There had been no advance notice of the visit nor radio contact between ship and shore.

On base, Sandy Hall was doing the 9.00 am met. observation, I was in the kitchen starting my week as cook while Wink Mander, Alan Grant and Stan Ward were just getting up. A shout from the met office - 'Good God, a ship!' - got everyone moving faster than usual for a Sunday morning. In those years, unexpected vessels did not turn up at Signy.

After a quick breakfast everyone except Wink, who was feeding the puppies, went out in the dinghy and were welcomed aboard. Captain Kristiansen and his mate, Mr Lauritsen, were then brought ashore for a tour of the base. They were in awe of the dogs, but interested in the remains of the whaling station. The name of the hut, Tønsberg House, pleased the gunner, whose home was in Tønsberg, Norway. Base whisky was brought out for toasts - 'skaal'! Everyone then returned to the ship bearing gifts: boxes of cigarettes, tobacco and a bottle. During lunch, the idea of visiting the Argentine base, 30 miles away, cropped up and the captain was persuaded to make the return trip. Time was short and, as the catcher's own boat was apparently immovable, the base dinghy was quickly hauled aboard and the vessel set oft eastwards, leaving the base empty. Steaming at up to 15 knots, it made good time, rounding the Robertson Islands, keeping well south of Powell and Fredriksen Islands before crossing the Washington Strait to Laurie Island; it approached Uruguay Cove 2fi hours after leaving Signy.

Orcadas is the oldest base in the Antarctic, continuously occupied since 1903 when the Scottish National Antarctic Expedition handed over their stone-built house to Argentina. In 1946, when FIDS had made the mistake of putting a hut at Cape Geddes, on the north coast of Laurie Island, *Fitzroy* anchored one day in Scotia Bay while Captain Sheppard and Commander Bingham went ashore. They were received warmly in a well equipped new base, far superior to anything built by FIDS in those years. Diplomatic confrontation was avoided and some of the Argentineans were later entertained on board *Fitzroy*. The next year, Cape Geddes was abandoned and a new FIDS base established at Signy Island.

We sat around having difficulties with languages, but were saved by Wink, who had lived near the Argentine base at Hope Bay. A young officer appeared and was introduced to us as the Commandante. Drinks were produced and in spite of language constraints conversation warmed-up. Wink obtained the frequencies, call-signs and times of radio schedules. The Base Leader had an anxious moment when the Commandante handed him a note, but it turned out to be a formal offer of assistance for the captain and was accepted by Mr Lauritsen. Before we left,

a visitors' book was brought out for signatures.

Walking back to the beach across the desolate expanse of bare stones, none of the Signy Fids would have exchanged either the buildings or location for their own hut with its views of Coronation Island. Launching into breaking waves almost swamped the overloaded dinghy,

Captain A. Kristiansen (right) and his mate, Mr E. Lauritsen (left), of the whalecatcher Southern Main *outside Tønsberg House, Signy Island.*

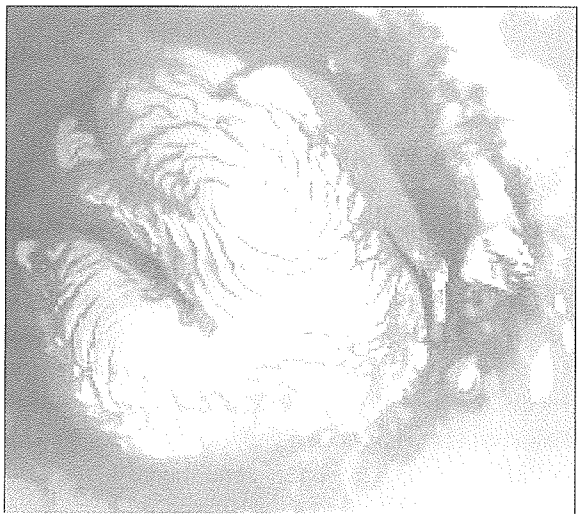
everyone got wet and some ended up in the bottom, but with the mate at the oars and Captain Kristiansen bringing the catcher in closer, it was soon sheltered alongside. We left the cove at 5.15 p.m. and straight away encountered fog and snow, with visibility down to 200 yards. *Southern Main* had radar but progress between small islands was cautious. It began to look as though we might not be back in time for the evening met. transmissions; that would have been embarrassing for the Base Leader! Leaving the fog, the sea became rough and there was brash. As Signy came into sight, about 10 miles ahead, the catcher entered calm water and at about 7.45 p.m. it nosed slowly into Borge Bay.

Hurrying to catch our radio schedule, the dinghy was dropped over the side and everyone scrambled down with their 'loot', only to discover that Stan was not with us! Urgent shouts down companion ways eventually produced him and we cast off. *Southern Main* turned and steamed away in the gathering darkness. Inside Factory Cove, it was choppy, with brash, so there followed ten minutes of anxious rowing to the jetty. Leaping ashore, welcomed by the dogs, Wink disappeared to do the obs. while the boat was hauled onto the old whaling plan - Sandy was pleased to have acquired a length of heavy rope from the catcher. Alan cranked up the generator and Stan sent off the day's weather on time. The cook was relieved to find some coals still glowing in the 'Esse'; he stoked up and produced a good supper. It was Sunday, so there were probably drinks to accompany talk of the historic meeting, but nothing was reported to Secfids!

Lance Tickell

Fids of the future?

The phone rang one day last May. It was NASA, from Texas, asking if I would help them to plan voyages to the planet Mars. I said that I had never been there. No matter, they replied, neither have we.

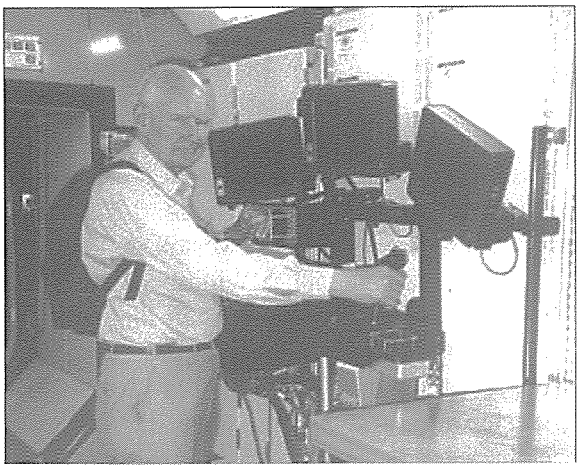


Polar icecap - Martian style

An 88-page briefing document arrived from the Johnson Space Center near Houston. After completing this homework, I attended a fascinating workshop of a dozen people from widely different backgrounds. We were two astronauts, one geologist, three biologists, three glaciologists (I was the only non-American),

four EVA (Extra Vehicular Activity) engineers, and a few others who came and went according to the subject under discussion.

They said that the reason they had invited an aged has-been rather than a current Antarctican (though they expressed it in more flattering terms) was because I dated from an era when polar expeditions were beyond the reach of help or rescue, no matter how desperate the emergency—to the days when, if there was no alternative, a man took out his own appendix or a colleague's injured eye. The present generation, they suggested, might be too spoiled to appreciate the harsh implications of a 30-month mission from which there could be no escape.



Charles pretends to manoeuvre a science module to dock with the International Space Station.

Most of the participants were NASA employees or NASA contractors. To make sure that the newcomers understood their problems, the first day was spent moving from one building to another to meet specialists: for space-suit development, 'habitat' (housing) design, robotics, 'bioregenerative' life support, pressurized (and unpressurized) rovers, EVA training, rock drilling, rock-sample handling and much more. By the end of the day, we were warned, we might be suffering from 'information overload'. Then we were given a 250-page design study to take home.

We visited the *Apollo* control room, now silent as the Moon itself, though the drama of *Apollo-11* was still projected on the wall. After being shown inside a grounded version of the giant International Space Station, we visited the control room where 'mission specialists' were monitoring the real thing. As we watched, a symbol projected on a giant wall-map silently arced it way across South America at 17,500 m.p.h. My jaw felt like dropping at the miracle of it all.

I sat in the pilot's seat of the space shuttle (or a training version of it) holding a joystick much like that of the first aircraft I ever flew. We were hurried on because a couple of real astronauts were due there for training.

I longed to dive into the swimming pool at the 'Neutral Buoyancy Lab' (it was warm) where astronauts train on the jobs they will do during EVAs. Neutral buoyancy is not weightlessness but it is the nearest we can get to it on Earth. The pool is 202 ft long, 102 ft wide, and 40 ft deep. They can sink a whole space-station module beside a shuttle cargo-bay, complete with its long arm to manoeuvre bits from one area to another. While the astronauts struggle in their real space-suits, ordinary SCUBA divers attend them in case they get into trouble.

To appreciate the difficulties of doing anything in an EVA suit, we were made to slide our hands into a pair of gloves in a vacuum chamber and then struggle to mate a nut and a bolt. The pressure difference made arms, wrists and fingers so stiff that I was clumsier than a Halley fid on his mid-winter EVA—and would have lost as many tools.

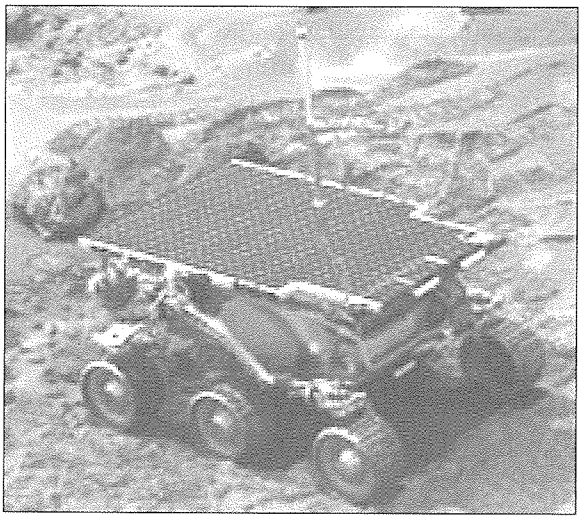
In the Planetary Materials lab they look after (and distribute samples from) 382 kg of Moon rocks collected by the Apollo astronauts, more than 4000 meteorites from Antarctica, and a dozen meteorites that are believed to have come from Mars. To avoid Earthly contamination, all specimens are kept in nitrogen-filled glove boxes under positive pressure. However, there are second and third line precautions. In order to visit this holy-of-holies we had to dress, top to toe, in sterile white garments, then stand in two successive airlock vacuum cleaners to remove any remaining dust.

The relevance of all this to Martian excursions is that NASA aims to take similar precautions to avoid 'forward' contamination from Earthly organisms and then—following a sojourn on the

red planet—to avoid carrying Martian organisms back to Earth. The NASA scientists I met were all very much aware of our parallel (but more tractable) problem of extracting samples from Lake Vostok.

They knew that I had been involved in ice drilling and radio echo sounding in Antarctica, so here was another subject of discussion. On Mars they plan to do both: drilling to search for water, and ground-penetrating radar to determine the depth of permafrost. Naturally, the search for water is a primary focus of Mars exploration. Its abundance and distribution (both as ground ice and groundwater) have important implications for understanding the geological, hydrological, and climatic evolution of the planet; the potential origin and continued survival of life there; and the accessibility of a critical *in situ* resource for sustaining human explorers.

After the guided tour, we spent two days huddled round a boardroom table discussing many things. Half a day at least was on personnel selection for a manned mission. Should the crew be single sex or mixed (visions of a first-born true Martian danced through my mind), leadership types, cultural differences, motivation, discipline, conflict resolution, working hours, training, food (carried from Earth or grown in greenhouses), zero-g adaptation (in transit), and what to do if someone dies. Then much about the practicalities of field work, a safe range of operation, and medical emergencies (a punctured suit or a broken leg).



Skidoo of the future? The Mars Sojourner

One of the two astronauts was Shannon Lucid, a 55-year-old who had been on several shuttle missions and spent longer in space than any other American. After a two-month crash course in Russian, she had spent six months in orbit with two Russians in the *Mir* space station. Her comrades could not speak English. After that experience, I suggested, she had plenty of views on personnel selection. Yes, she replied, she was now in charge of it.

As I write, Mars is closer to Earth (42 million miles) than it has been in a dozen years, so this time we have missed the boat. By the time NASA is ready, it could take six months to fly there and six months to return after a stay on the ground of 18 months. Depending on the relative positions of Earth and Mars, total mission times could be anywhere from 18 to 32 months.

Could future ex-fids one day apply for jobs on Mars? They might almost feel at home. Temperatures outside the 'habitat' could be much the same as they are at Vostok station, with a similar seasonal range. Windspeeds may be similar to those at Halley, though the met man will find that the atmospheric pressure hovers around 6 millibars. Gravity will be such that he will step lightly, feeling a third of his Earth-weight. Each day will last 24.6 hours and each year will last 687 Earth days. Two-way telephone calls will be expensive: depending on the time of year, distances imply that a simple 'How are you?' could take 15 minutes to reach the planet and 15 minutes to be answered.

None of this will happen soon. As to volunteering, current BAS Club members need not apply—we are all too old. But your children, provided that they have not yet reached the age of 10, may be eligible. The watchword is patience. Tell them that it is conditional on finishing their homework every day from now on.

Charles Swithinbank

Peter Wylie King has been typing his diaries for the BAS archives. Describing himself as 80 years young, he has sent some selections, together with some other articles, which I have amalgamated into this narrative of:

South with ANARE and FIDS
– A 30-year span

I arrived in Adelaide in October 1946 from England. I had served as Radio Officer in the Merchant Navy and as Radio Operator in the RAF during World War II. I had been working as RO on a Norwegian cargo ship which was sold in Shanghai.

I wrote to Sir Douglas Mawson early in 1947 applying for a position as Radio Operator with the Antarctic Expedition then being formed. This was later known as the Australian National Antarctic Research Expeditions (ANARE). My application was sent to Melbourne and I was one of the lucky ones to be selected to serve on Macquarie Island as Radio Operator for the first year in 1948.

We spent the first three months living in tents and building our own station, with prefab. Buildings, and installing our own equipment. The stations had been established for political reasons and also to study the weather, biology etc. We hiked around the island on a couple of occasions to see the seals and penguins. Sadly we lost our mechanic by drowning when crossing a frozen lake (named Lake Scoble after him). He was buried alongside the lake and I re-visited the grave in 1979. The party consisted of 13 men and a new mechanic was flown in from Hobart by Catalina flying boat to restore the full complement.

In 1951 I returned to the UK on holiday. I had been asked to deliver parcel to another Macquarie Radio Operator at Australia House. He suggested I contact SecFids, Frank Elliot, if I was interested in going South again. I had an interview at Millbank and sailed in RRS *John Biscoe* as a W.O/P mechanic for £335 per year. When we got to Port Stanley, the Governor changed my posting from Admiralty Bay to Hope Bay, because of my experience at Macquarie. So I had another very happy two years building huts and installing my radio gear. I also got to appreciate the huskies. I was lucky because my mates handled the radio so I could go out sledging to Duse Bay and as far as Cape Lahrman. Hope Bay was a 11-man base.

I then took over as Radio Officer on the old wooden RRS *John Biscoe* for two seasons. We visited South Georgia and all the British bases down the Peninsula. We had trouble with dense pack ice in the Lemaire Channel, taking two weeks to get through it and nearly losing a propeller in the process! We dry-docked at South Georgia for repairs before returning to the UK for the annual refit in from June to October.

In 1955 I returned to Adelaide and had dinner with Sir Douglas Mawson. I spent the evening with him and his family, looking at my 8 mm colour film and photographs of my time with FIDS. He was very interested and a wonderful man. I was lucky to see him then, as he died when I was down at Mawson Station. He suggested that I go down there and put in a good word for me. So I was fortunate to go to Mawson Station and Phil Law let me stay for two years.

I was selected to go to Mawson late 1956 and was fortunate to fly to New Zealand, then via American icebreaker *Northwind* to visit McMurdo, saw the American station, Scott Base and also Captain Scott's old hut. We met up with RRS *John Biscoe*, now renamed *Endeavour*. She was being used to supply Sir Edmund Hillary for the Trans-Antarctic Expedition. We then sailed round the coast to the American base at Cape Adare and transferred to MV *Kista Dan* off Wilkes base, now the Australian Casey station, then on to stay at Mawson for two years. I spent two periods of two weeks at Taylor Rookery (emperor penguins), flown in by Beaver aircraft. I was also flown in to spend two weeks in the Prince Charles Mountains, Beaver Lake being the site of our camp.

In the second year I helped with the dogs full-time. Three of us – a geologist, a surveyor and myself as radio operator – were flown 300 miles from Mawson to Amundsen Bay by Beaver with sledges, dogs, food and equipment. Two depots were dropped inland on the route of the

proposed traverse back to Mawson. The sledges were flown on bomb racks under the wings and the 13 huskies flew three at a time in the cabin without incident until the last load when I was bitten in the arm breaking up a dogfight just before landing! We took two months to complete the running traverse, noting the positions of the various mountains. We had one named after each of us. Mine was called Mt. King, 1425 m high, in Enderby Land. (*Peter's diary for 5 December reads: 'Had to put the pemmican directly in the dogs' mouth, to prevent it being blown away' – Ed.)*

I was married on my return from Mawson in 1960 but my wife died in 11974. I then re-applied to ANARE to see if I could return South. Much to my surprise I was selected to go South to Casey Station as a Radio Officer in 1977. This I enjoyed very much – things had improved a lot since my earlier trips 20 years previously.

I was lucky to go out on a 3-month ice-core drilling trip, this time in comfortable caravans, complete with electric light, power and bottle gas for cooking on a small gas cooker, so I could still make my bread. The caravans were towed by big D5 tractors (not huskies although we had one left as a pet, Suzie). The four-man station was set up about 50 miles inland from Casey station. It was an enjoyable experience with temperatures to –30° F and winds up to 90 knots.

On my return from Casey station I flew to UK to visit my family and called in to see the Scott Polar Research Institute at Cambridge where I was able to see Captain Scott's stained diary of his ill-fated trip to the South Pole and Dr Wilson's original paintings; this was a great thrill.

My last year South was back to Macquarie Island as Radio Officer in 1979. It was very strange going back to the station I had helped build 30 years previously. I was able to get out on two or three long walks around the island. It was good to see the increase in the fur seal population and bird life, and to get colour photographs of the beautiful sooty albatross. Unfortunately, due to a minor health problem, I doubt if I will be allowed to go South again, so the three clasps on my Polar Medal mean a great deal to me and bring back happy memories.

It was a wonderful eight years spent South. Very satisfying and a worthwhile challenge. I also made some great friends in the harsh conditions - more so than when life is easy.

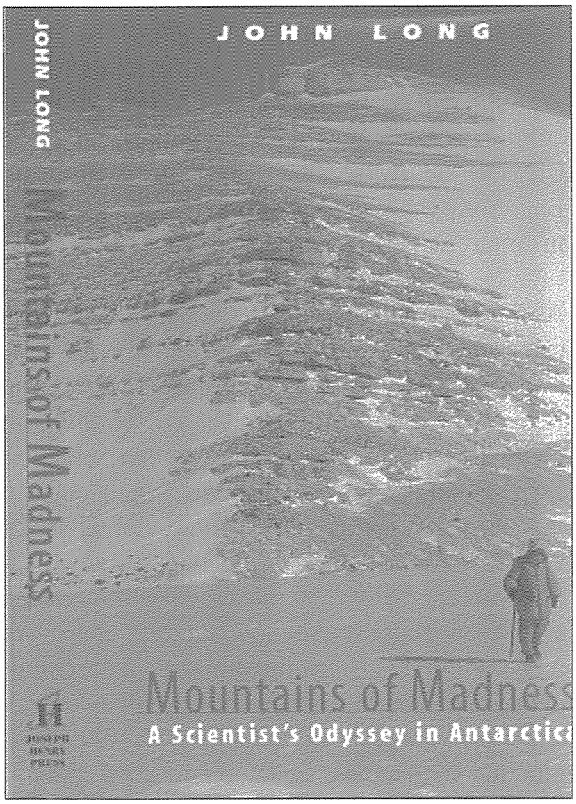
I moved from Adelaide to Launceston, Tasmania in 1984 to be near my foster son and family. I met my wife Charlotte and we married on 8 August 1987. We moved to Devonport and are happy living near the sea.

Peter Wylie King

Reviews

Mountains of Madness - A Scientist's Odyssey in Antarctica

By John Long.
Published by Joseph Henry Press, Washington, D.C. 2001. Hardback £17.95.
ISBN 0-309-07077-5



Many Fids would probably dismiss this book as being yet another offering of personal impressions and recollections from a summer visitor to the southern continent. But it is worth a second glance in my opinion, bringing out the excitement of Antarctic field research and providing a rounded account of the author's search for fossils in the Transantarctic Mountains. John Long, a palaeontologist at the Western Australian Museum in Perth, spent two 'unforgettable summers' (1988-9 and 1991-2) hunting fossil fishes in remote locations in the Cook Mountains and elsewhere funded by grants from the National Geographical Society of America and the Australian Antarctic Division with logistic support of the New Zealand Antarctic Research Programme. During the second expedition, on which the book is largely based, the field party of four people, led by Margaret Bradshaw - a doyenne of Antarctic geology - found fossil fish specimens dating from the Devonian period some 400 million years ago. They collected many new species of fossil fishes (who could not be thrilled by finding such specimens?). The scientific significance of these finds are considerable, by contributing to the solution of global plate tectonics and establishing age correlations across a wide range of Gondwanan countries, but also, and perhaps more importantly, telling us much about past climates which prevailed at that time in what is now Antarctica.

One of the most fascinating aspects of the fieldwork is described in the chapter in Long's book entitled 'At the crucible of shark evolution'. Towards the end of the second expedition, he was camped near Mt. Crean a few kilometres away from an outcrop at the southern end of the Lashly Ranges (named after the two men on Scott's Terra Nova expedition), where Gavin Young had collected a new genus of shark, *Antarctilamna prisca*, some 20 years previously. It was then the oldest known shark in the world to have a cartilaginous braincase. Long was 'fired up' to go searching but frustrated by strong winds and blizzard conditions, which prevented fieldwork for some days! Finally reaching the Aztec Siltstone fossiliferous layer, they collected a highly diverse range of shark fossils, from which he developed his idea that sharks had arisen in Gondwana perhaps in the tropical seas off its northern coasts and underwent an enormous radiation and diversification around 385 million years ago. Such an explosion prompted Long to describe the locality as 'the birthplace of all sharks, the very crucible of their evolution.' This chapter reads like a detective novel, far removed from endless peer-reviewed science and budgetting of the present day, and should be obligatory reading for all

concerned with the resourcing and management of Antarctic science. Scientists should never forget the excitement of scientific discovery and all involved in science should try very hard to retain the 'fun' in research, which provides the motivation and stimulus to generate ideas. Both these aspects are ably demonstrated by John Long in this book.

The question that most Antarcticans probably have to resolve before buying this book is 'What is it that sets this offering apart from the many Antarctic books now being published?' It is certainly not just another account of an expedition with all the trials and tribulations of Antarctic deep field work (the seemingly interminable delays due to weather or logistical problems, the stress of living in cramped conditions with a few companions, the food, the basic 'cost of living' in extreme polar environments, and several others, which many Fids have experienced time and again). The narrative is set firmly in science and the necessary, but often unglamorous, field work which is involved, interspersed with quotations from the writings of selected historical Antarctic explorers and scientists. These add a sense of 'connectivity' to the modern account, linking John Long's experiences and problems with those of earlier years. What perhaps many Fid readers will take issue with is the direct link that he tries to establish with the purely fictional story, *At the Mountains of Madness* by H P Lovecraft (1931), in which a geological expedition discovers a hidden, ancient civilisation in Antarctica at a mythical location close to where Long's party was camping. The modern field party of four geologists took Lovecraft's novel to heart, experimenting with reading the text aloud during 'lie ups' in their tents. The story engendered their own extraordinary feelings, thoughts and emotions and, at times, their own moments of madness, but which Fid cannot fail to recall similar reactions to extreme isolation? Moreover does Long succeed in relating changes in his personal emotions to the environment and his polar experiences? As he writes at the beginning of the preface 'No one goes to Antarctica without coming back a different person.' There is no doubt that many Fids would admit to some philosophical and perhaps spiritual feelings as a result of their Antarctic experiences, but few would have the courage to write about them.

The book concludes with an account of the almost inevitable let down ('base blues') from the field work 'high' and the strangeness of adjusting to normal life on return home. I think the final chapter 'Reflections from the ice' could have benefited from substantial pruning of the speculation therein. The slightly simplistic Appendix 'What I liked and disliked about Antarctica' is more suitable to a kid's story than a serious account of Antarctic exploration and 'Some great recipe ideas from Antarctica' could have been deleted without loss. Irritatingly, we are told that there is a large Emperor penguin colony at Cape Byrd (whereas it is at Cape Crozier) on Ross Island and that Adélie and Emperor penguins are the only breeding species in Antarctica!

As the book is written from the rather specialised perspective of a palaeontologist, it would have been helpful to have a little basic geology of the field work areas to place the whole thing in context. Also an appreciation of other scientific features should have been more in evidence in the narrative. From a presentational point of view, the book lacks a simple map to show locations of the field work areas, even though the endpapers suggest that the author's maps are reproduced! The only illustrations, nine colour photographs, add little to the book's appeal, although I suspect this small number was on the grounds of keeping down publication costs. I found that the first-person account in John Long's unexpectedly entertaining style went some way towards making up these deficiencies. In conclusion, I found it a thoroughly absorbing account of Antarctic field work, very readable and well worth a second glance.

Bill Block

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XMAS CARDS and PRINTS

Once again I am offering last minute Xmas ideas. Also, this year for the first time, and if you have the means, you can view the prints and greetings cards on my new website:
www.antarctic-paintings.com

COLOUR PRINTS

Descriptions and photographs of these prints are available in back numbers of this newsletter as stated.
A3 and A4 are approximate image sizes of prints.

RRS Bransfield - At the Edge of a Wilderness,	A4,	Newsletter 36
RRS James Clark Ross - Lemaire Channel,	A4,	Newsletter 38
Base H - Signy,	A3,	Newsletter 38
Emperors and Chicks,	A3,	Newsletter 38
RRS John Biscoe - Approaching Signy,	A3,	Newsletter 37
Huskies and Sun Dogs,	A3,	Newsletter 37
Twin Otter,	A3,	Newsletter 37
Base F Faraday - Argentine Islands,	A3,	Newsletter 36

GREETINGS CARDS - XMAS CARDS

Eight designs, message inside: - ***Season's Greetings,*** A6 size, complete with envelopes.

1	**Shackleton's Cross, South Georgia**	description in Newsletter 40
2	**Cape Bloody Wild, Elephant Island**	description in Newsletter 40
3	**Wings over Leith**	description in Newsletter 40
4	**RRS James Clark Ross - Lemaire Channel,**	as per print, Newsletter 38
5	**Base H - Signy,**	as per print, Newsletter 38
6	**Emperors and Chicks,**	as per print, Newsletter 38
7	**Huskies and Sun Dogs,**	as per print, Newsletter 37
8	**Base F - Faraday (Argentine Islands),**	as per print, Newsletter 36

One design ONLY with no message inside: **RRS James Clark Ross - Lemaire Channel,** as per print, Newsletter 38

Cards 45p each. Please specify your mix. Supplied in sets of ten which will include two repeats from the eight designs.

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Greetings Cards:- 10 - £5.22, 20 - £10.09, 30 - £15.08, 40 - £19.90, 50 - £25.06 (incl. p & p, 1st class) or phone
Prints: A4 £12.50, A3 £18.50. Prints include packing and FIRST CLASS postage

Available from Mike Skidmore, *Rivendell*, Castle Hill Road, ALTON, Staffs, ST10 4AJ.
Tel: 01538 703017 e-mail: mikeskidmore@themail.co.uk, www.antarctic-paintings.com

Thank you, and a Merry Christmas

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The following selection of books are available from Ian Mathieson, Miles Apart, 5 Harraton House, Exning, Newmarket, Suffolk CB8 7HF. Tel 01638-577627, Fax 01638-5778754. Email imathieson2000@yahoo.co.uk. All books are new and hardback except where stated. Free catalogue on request containing many more new and secondhand books on the South Atlantic Islands including the Falklands, S. Georgia and the Antarctic.

1	Airey, Len	***On Antarctica.*** Private 2001. Four years on remote Antarctic bases. Illustrated	13.50
2	Alexander, C	***The Endurance: Shackleton's Legendary Antarctic Expedition.*** Knopf 1998. With Unpublished photographs by F Hurley. 212pp, illus	22.50
3	Amundsen, R	***The South Pole.*** Hurst reprrnt 1996. Facsimile of 1912 ed. 2 vols in 1. 449pp, 85 photos, map.	30.00
4	Barker, N	***Beyond Endurance.*** L. Cooper 1997. HMS *Endurance* in the Falklands campaign. 272pp, illus	20.50
5	Beeby, Dean	***In a Crystal Land: Canadian Explorers in Antarctica.*** Univ of Toronto 1994. 262pp, illustrated.	10.00
6	Bishop J, et al	***Portrait of Antarctica.*** George Philip. 1988. 50 years of Antarctic photos. 168pp.	10.00
7	Brown, Nan	***Antarctic Housewife.*** 1996 reprint of 1971. Housewife on S.Georgia in 1960s. 190pp, illus.	12.50
8	Burton, R	***South Georgia.*** The Gov of SG and SSI. 1997 29pp colour illustrated booklet.	4.50
9	Burton, R & Venables, S	***Shackleton at South Georgia.*** Private. 2001. 24pp colour illustrated booklet.	3.50
10	Carr, T and P	***Antarctic Oasis: Under the Spell of South Georgia.*** Norton 1998. Large format superb illustrations. 256pp	30.00
11	Cook, F A	***Through The First Antarctic Night 1898-1899.*** Hurst 1980 facsimile of 1900 edition. 478pp, 200 + illus	35.00
12	Elliot, Gerald	***A Whaling Enterprise: Salvensen in the Antarctic.*** Michael Russell Publishing 1998. History of Antarctic whaling and South Georgia. 190pp, illustrated.	19.50
13	Fogg, G E	***A History of Antarctic Science.*** C.U.P 1992. 483pp, illus.	27.00
14	Fuchs, V	***Of Ice and Men: Story of the British Antarctic Survey.*** Nelson, 1995. 382pp, illus.	15.00
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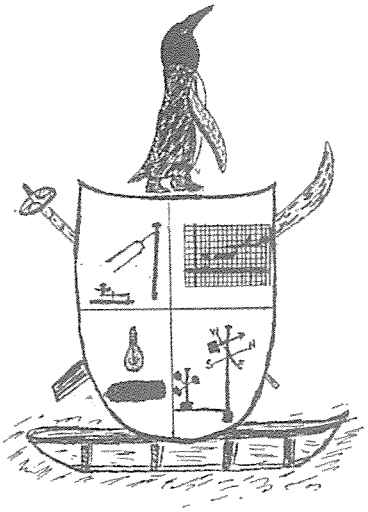
THE MISSING BASE

In 'Of Ice and Men', the nominal roll of wintering personnel omits any mention of Port Lockroy for 1953. To show that they really did exist and put the record right, Arthur Martin has sent this Midwinter's Menu and Programme.



MID WINTERS DAY

1953

PORT LOCKROY

ANTARCTICA

MENU

Crème Poulet

-.-.-

Cotelettes de Crabeater
Oeufs Gentoe Fruites
Saucisse et Bacon

Pommes de terre fruites à Smedley
Choux de Bruxelles

-.-.-

Pudding de Nöel à L'Anglaise
Avec Crème à Nestlé

-.-.-

Pâtisserie

-.-

Bristol Cream Sherry
India Pale Ale
Cafe
Queen Anne Scotch Whisky
London Gin
Myers Jamaica Rum

-.-

Chocolate Wafers
Sweets - Nougat
Port Stanley Rock

PROGRAMME

1330 = "Calling the Falklands"
Radio Programme from London

1400 = Mid Winter Greetings
to Hope Bay Sledging Party

1715 = H.E. the Governor Falklands
Sir Miles Clifford, K.B.E.
C.M.G., E.D., Q.M.
Speaks to Bases

2100 = Inter Base "Round Robin"

-.-.-.-

Games

Chess Draughts
Darts Monopoly
Canasta

BASE STAFF

Geoff. Breach.

Hedley J. Robinson.

Arthur H. Martin

Fredk G. Bird

Stephen Ward