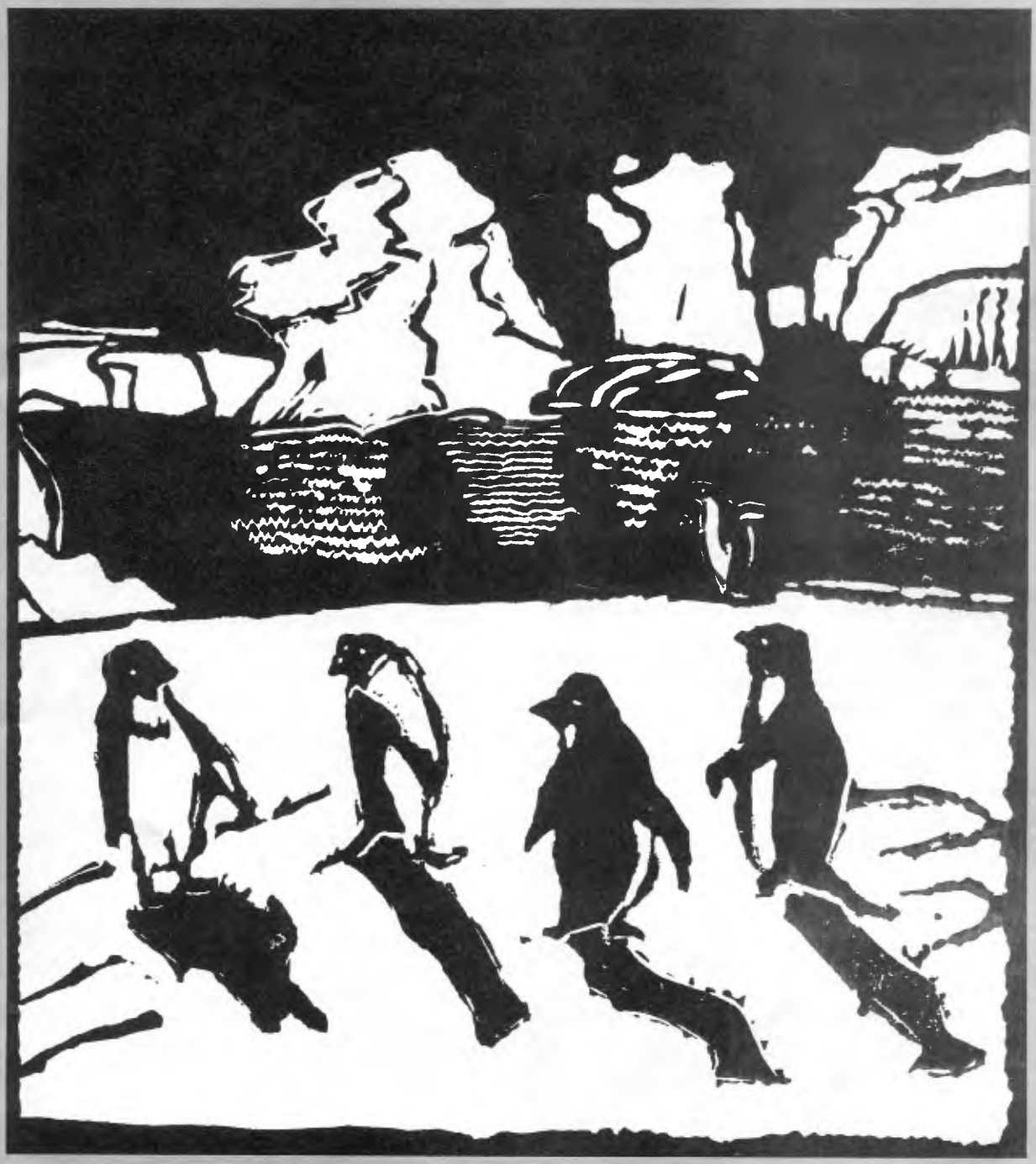
AURORA

ANARE CLUB JOURNAL

No. 3 – FEBRUARY, 1982 $3.00



EDITORIAL

THE response to the October issue of *AURORA* was most gratifying and rewarding. With the help of contributors the journal aims to reach and maintain the high standard set by Martin Betts, Ken Simpson, Frank Smith and other past editors. So again I remind members of the need for their articles, paras., comments etc. Cartoons and sketches are welcomed, and especially black and white artwork suitable for the *AURORA* cover.

The May midwinter edition will commemorate the centenary of Sir Douglas Mawson's birth. The restoration of Mawson's hut Commonwealth Bay continues to concern the many who value the conservation of the few remaining relics of our Antarctic Historical heritage. Comments and suggestion from readers on this subject will be opportune for the May special issue.

It is hoped that all Interstate convenors will send details of arrangements for midwinter functions in the various centres.

All members can take an active interest in *AURORA*. Advertisements are canvassed to assist in production costs; the payment of outstanding membership dues will bring a smile to our Treasurer, and letters and news, unsolicited, will brighten your Editor.

Melbourne members could assist the Club by patronising the functions arranged by the Social Committee; the use of the Hardware Club rooms as a meeting place could eventually promote and perpetuate Anare fellowship, confounding the many who gloomily have forecast that the Club spirit will wither and die because of the Antarctic Division's transfer "overseas".

The Anare Club continues to be **alive and vital** and welcomes, through *AURORA*, new members, particularly those from the 1981 expeditions.

THE EDITOR

AURORA

AUSTRALIA'S ANTARCTIC MAGAZINE

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Published by: Anare Club

Printed by: Vanderstadt Printers, 25 Barrington Drive, Ashwood, Vic. 3147

DEADLINE FOR AURORA MAY, 1982 EDITION

Contributions addressed to The Editor are requested by 16 April, 1982.

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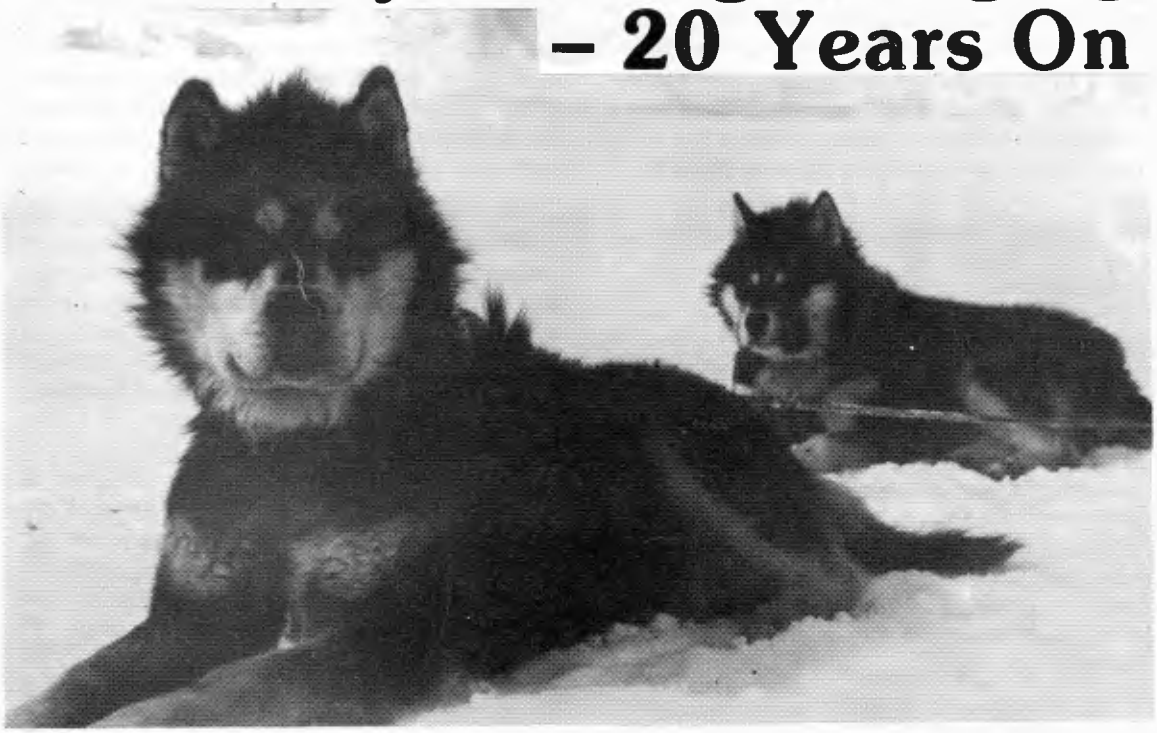
FRONT COVER: "Adelies on Sea Ice" lino cut by Shelagh Robinson.
BACK COVER: "Antarctic Division at Kingston". Two of the three helipads in foreground. Photo Bob Reeves.

Registered by Australia Post
Publication No. VBQ 4948
Anare Club
PO Box 253400
Melbourne 3001

The Joys of Dog Sledging – 20 Years On



Noogis the Magnificent – Photo S. Kirkby

by Syd Kirkby

I HAVE no doubt that the theory of an infinitely expanding universe is correct. I know from personal experience that a mile or even a kilometer is further to run now than it was twenty odd years ago; mountains are all higher and steeper than they were! Just how much the world has expanded was brought home to me at Mawson last year when, after twenty years, I again went dog sledging.

In 1956 and 1960 we had spent months sledging in the Prince Charles Mountains and Enderby Land, and my memory was of it being the only way to travel. I actually enjoyed nice little twenty mile jogs and was not much distressed by one memorable run from about what later became Venture Dome to Mawson – 63 nautical miles – in a day. But that was before miles started to stretch!

At the start of 1980, Dave Hardy and Stuart HIggins of the 1979 party passed on to us a very sound group of dogs organised into two teams of nine, and a batch of most promising pups. From late November 1979 to February 1980 a party from Mawson manned the Mount King field base to complete the Enderby Land program. We used unladen return flights of the Porter to ferry nine dogs (Noogis' Boys) and a sledge to Mt. King, where they became a much enjoyed recreation and transport. At the end of the Enderby Land operation we were to dismantle the Mt. King camp and take it back to Mawson, and I wanted to run the dogs back working independently of, but keeping close contact with the tractors. This would have been a great conditioning run (and good fun) but in the event, was not approved. The dogs were flown home to their chagrin, our disappointment, and the aircrew's intense discomfort! It is difficult to believe that a dog can have as much air in him as he can release when a few thousand feet up in an aeroplane!

By the time we got them back to Mawson, Noogis had his team in pretty good shape and apart from his own dogged insistence on continuously veering right of track, they were working very well. They could even be driven past penguins and seals – albeit with Noogis and three or four of the other right-minded rate payers dragging the rest of the howling hooligans reluctantly away. With "the White Boys" – "Bill's team" – all was not so good however. The four brothers Bill, Neil, Grant and Murray, ran at the head of the team and a finer bunch, physically, it would be hard to find – big and strong and solid ivory between the ears. At

least we thought so, until we realised that Bill was a pretty smart kookie! He was a "day trip dog". He would lead and pull like a champion coming home, which was fine if you could ever get him out to **come** home. His standard procedure to get a spell, was for one of the front four ruffians to pick a fight with the inoffensive youngsters back in the team, or even with even other if things were really bad. This was always good for a few minutes break to quell the riot and untangle traces.

Eventually we sacked Bill, brought "the Black Brothers", Moby, Ahab and Queegueg, from Noogis' team to head up the "White Team", with Moby as leader, and relegated Bill, Neil Grant and Murray to the rear of the team, where they had only themselves to fight with, and could be easily coaxed along with an accelerator. After a couple of monumental brawls with all the white dogs versus the black brothers, things settled nicely and it became a thoroughly effective team. I suspect that Bill just didn't have the temperament to lead, and actually welcomed his demotion from rooster to feather duster.

Throughout winter just about everyone pitched in with caring for the dogs. Tom Maggs, Kevin Shepherd and Jim Vallance as our "doggies" particularly putting in a lot of work. The teams were run nearly every weekend; the pups, Dawks, Jumbuck and Brian, were growing well – the latter to be the heaviest dog on the station when he was less than twelve months old; and we were rebuilding sledges.

No sledge spares had been unloaded the previous summer so we were not in very good shape for sledges. The current style laminated bridges are very poor – they break at the bend, they splay the runners under load, and make quite an effective snow plough; they cause bad wear on the runner inner edges, and they are heavy. Brian Ball did a fine job of making several sets of the old style three-piece bridges – these are a simple two upright and morticed cross piece construction – and we standardised on these with much improvement.

As an aside, something that puzzles me about sledges is that on looking back through my old logs I find that the present sledges are more than half again as heavy as they were. The runners are noticeably heavy, the laminated bridges are heavier, but I wouldn't have thought enough to to make the big difference.

By July the dogs were flat-out with several trips to Auster and Taylor areas – to Safety Island, to Twin Top and inland towards Church Mountains. When not working they were generally out jollying at weekends. Probably the high point in Spring was the run Kevin Shepherd, Tony Everett, Graham Pryde and Kevin Campbell did from Taylor to Mawson in just over 12 hours – and that with one damaged, and one very heavily-laden sledge.

At the end of December we were cleared to depot turbine kerosene, and to re-establish and make a route to Mt. Macklin as a jump-off point for a later traverse to depot at the North Eastern extremity of the PCM Mount Jacklyn area. I believe absolutely in the old addage (coined by I think "Gringo" Collins back in the late 1950's) "if you can see mountains you're too bloody close", so the idea of re-establishing safe routes near mountains with tractors did little for me. We therefore put a Mole Mink onto a cargo sledge to use as a short distance scout vehicle, and saddled up Noogis' team to be our transport amongst any dirty country.

Because we proposed to travel around the clock when possible, we built a detachable platform over the fuel drum load on one cargo sledge, so that the dogs could be carried if we were not stopped often enough to give them reasonable rest. Initially they hated being carried, but settled fairly well, though they would always rather run.

Running dogs and tractors together present the problem in that though their average speeds are much the same, the ways they achieve the average are very different. Dogs travel fast, need a short spell every couple of hours, and then need a good long break of about eight hours a day. Tractors may stop and start frequently, may slowly clatter along for hours on end, but don't need to stop at the end of the day; you just change drivers and keep on going. Ideally the two forms of transport can be complimentary, but need to operate independently. This wasn't possible on our trip, so on the way in, we ended up carrying the dogs for about a third of the time.

Conditions on the way south were quite bad with soft snow, of course a long hard climb and, in some area, very large sastrugi interspersed with drifts of soft snow. With the need to all be back at Mawson well before the first ship to move the iceberg blocking the harbour mouth, we were left with only 25 days for the nearly

REST

Photo S. Kirkby

700 km round trip. In fact we took only 21 days – 13 days out, including four non-travellable days, three days blizzard bound at Mt. Macklin, and 5½ days home.

On the first day, the surface was firm crust overlaying about ten cms of very soft snow – no problem for the lightly laden tractors, but very hard indeed for the dogs who broke the surface at almost every step. Within about 40 kms of the start, they and their drivers were very tired, so we carried them for most of that day. Otherwise they ran home until we reached the blue ice near Rumdoodle where the combination of slippery surface, a strong wind and side slopes made it too hard for them to work. With the exception of Dawks (who when four days from home developed what appeared to be a bowel obstruction and had to be nursed all the way back taking some days to recover) all the team pulled up very fit – just in right shape to go out and conquer new worlds. The men had done pretty well on it too! Surfaces on the way home were generally better, and we made successive days runs of 102 kms, 34 kms, 72 kms, 54 kms, 45 kms.

What are my main impressions of sledging twenty years on?

• It is still a lot of fun; • It is harder; • The dogs are slightly bigger and a bit healthier; they are less mad fighters; they have not quite so much will and endurance; you still find one dog in about ten having all the brains that the others don't have; lead dogs are still bits of prima donnas, with very firm views on what they are talking about when it comes to how to travel; • The sledges are heavier and less durable; the laminated bridges are a frost; the handlebars are still sized for people with a bad go of duck's disease; some equipment has become very complicated and fiddly – for example, sledge boxes, which used to close with two large, durable, cheap, easily operated wood slides, now close with six, small, fragile, costly, difficult-to-operate metal catches; • Rations are very much more palatable, but also need several times as much kerosene and time to cook; not being concentrated rations it is difficult to keep calorie intake as high as sledging needs. Most people eat much less than their day's required ration because they are full before they have used the whole ration;

• It remains the safest, fastest and most reliable means of travel amongst mountains;

• It still welds bonds of affection and respect between men – and between men and dogs.

• IT'S VERY MUCH HARDER!

I guess I shall never sledge again except in my dreams. They will be full of images like the continuous excitement, awe and delight of months sledging amongst the PCM; of sledging on the sea ice in winter; the delicate pinkish

purple hue of the ice and the green blue of the bergs; the pools of breath vapour surrounding a team on a cold, calm day; the misery of knee-deep, soft melting snow, and a grinding uphill drag giving way to the beauty of the Napier Mountains; the satisfaction of working with companions, two and four-legged, eager to do not only a fair, but the very best thing.

I feel rich in having had the friendship and chance to talk and philosophize, and share grand experiences with such fine companions as Streaky, Oscar, Mac, Noogis, Satan, Queegueg, Jumbuck (the bastard!) Bill, Grant, Murray, and Peter Crohn, Bill Bewsher, Vikes Lied, Rick Ruker, Nu Foreman, Bennett, the old GD, Snoopy, Jumbo, Brutus, Fifty/Fifty, JG, Drobo, Bear.

I have enjoyed it all and thank you all.

Syd Kirkby was the wintering surveyor with the Mawson expeditions of 1956 and 1960, and in 1980 returned to Mawson as Officer-in-Charge. He worked on the summer expeditions from 1961 to 1964/65 and took part in the exploration and mapping ranging from Dronning Maud Land in the west to Oates Land in the East. He was closely associated with the Australian Antarctic mapping program from 1960-1977. At present he is Assistant Director, Topography, with the Division of National Mapping in Melbourne. He was awarded the Polar Medal in 1957 and made a member of the Order of the British Empire in 1965.
— Editor

NEW BLOOD FOR MAWSON

IT is understod a swap of dogs between dog teams at Mawson and New Zealand's Scott Base is planned for this summer. At present, male and female dogs from each station may be interchanged to provide new blood for breeding.

GERMAN RESEARCH SHIP CRUSHED AND SINKS IN SEA ICE

THE 4400 tonnes German Research Ship *GOTLAND II* was trapped in ice for some weeks in Yule Bay, on the north-eastern tip of the Antarctic mainland.

The ship was buckled and crushed by the advancing ice; water entered the vessel but could not be cleared by the pumps. The ship sank about 19 December, and the crew of 17 and 25 scientific officers, including New Zealanders, Australians and Canadians, as well as Germans, were evacuated by the five Canadian helicopters carried aboard. It is understood that these personnel were flown to Surgeon Island, north of McMurdo base.

All were reported to be safe and well, some of the crew have been flown home, and the scientists flew on to McMurdo on Boxing Day.

"Cape Pillar" to visit Macquarie Island

THE Division of National Mapping of the Department of National Development and Energy will be surveying the seabed around Macquarie Island in January, 1982. Using the *"Cape Pillar"*, which carried out a similar survey of Heard Island two years ago, soundings will be made in the vicinity of the island, and the positions of Bishop and Clerk, and Judge and Clerk islands will be accurately determined.

John Corcoran, who wintered at Casey in 1980, will lead the seven-man National Mapping party. In addition, a four-man group from the Tasmanian Lands Department will spend time on the island preparing a detailed map.

Terry Pye (Macquarie 1980) will return to the Island on the *"Cape Pillar"* to become the 1982 wintering biologist.

The ship is scheduled to leave Hobart on 14 January and arrive back on 4 February.

Australian Geologists in Northern Victoria Land Summer 1981/82

SIX Australian geologists will accompany some fifty United States and New Zealand Scientists and support personnel in an international geological survey in northern Victoria Land. Ski-equipped United States Hercules flying from McMurdo will establish a field camp at the head of the Canham Glacier, some 600km north of McMurdo. Three Iroquoi helicopters will provide transport from the base camp to the various sites under investigation.

Australian members of the project are: Dr. Andrew Gleadow, Geology Dept., University of Melbourne; Dr. Jim Jago, School of Applied Geology, South Australian Institute of Technology; Dr. Barrie McKelvey, Department of Geology, University of New England; Dr. Robin Oliver, Department of Geology, University of Adelaide; and Dr. John Sheraton and Bob Tingey of the Bureau of Mineral Resources, Geology and Geophysics, Department of National Development and Energy, Canberra.

Bob Tingey, who has been co-ordinating Australian participation in the survey, attended the final planning meeting for the project held at Arizona State University in the United States 9 May last.

Antarctic Heritage! Are we Serious?

– Bill Burch

THIS year, 1982, will mark the centenary of the birth of the world's greatest polar hero; a man revered in Russia for his deeds yet all but ignored in this, his own country.

Scott pleaded with him to join the south polar race – in vain. It has been seriously proposed that the tragic Scott expedition failure could well have become a death-free success had this giant of a man been part of it. Douglas Mawson was a gentle giant, whose perception led him to try and "save the whale" over fifty years ago, by international agreement on hunting. His 1914 Australian Antarctic Expedition pioneered the use of radio from Antarctica.

Fourteen years ago, as President of our Club, I wrote in this journal (Aurora, June 1968) of a proposal to restore Mawson's hut, preferably by bringing it "home from the blizzard". For seven years, general apathy reigned, apart from a few pushes by Des Lugg. In desperation I enlisted the help of the National Association of Apex Clubs. Their stir in 1976 received wide publicity and was probably critical in actually getting the 1978 restoration party going. At the time, you may recall, we were promised annual restoration parties, so that the local seals, penguins and skuas would have a lonely monument to look at.

Does anyone know, or care, that there has been no party down since February 1978, when "temporary weather sealing of roof and outer timber lining of the hut", inter alia, was done?

Do you realise that there are **no** plans for further restoration work in the foreseeable future because of "the demand on logistics for the rebuilding program?" And yet the Minister for Science and Technology has the temerity still to tell parliament "Mawson's hut is a monument of great importance to Australia and it is my intention that restoration work will continue at the earliest possible date."

Two straw polls taken at Sydney and Canberra mid-winter dinners in 1977 produced an overwhelming vote in excess of 90% in favour of repatriation of the hut, yet the "official" club referendum went against by some margin. Was there any real passion for "the cause" among the "restore on site" voters? Or are we all content to let a bunch of bureaucrats shuffle papers until the hut blows out to sea and ceases to be a nuisance?

It was even left to me to fill out the necessary forms so that the hut could be registered as an historic monument by the National Heritage Commission!

Yes I am bloody angry!

We have been sold out by politicians and bureaucrats because the fetid cancer of apathy pervades all. Surely, in this wealthy country we have the imagination and resources at least to emulate four million Norwegians who raised 1000 year old wooden viking boats from fjords, restored them for public display, and built a spectacular A-frame polar museum enclosing Amundsen's ship "Fram" fully-rigged.

I wish to reopen the Mawson's hut issue on the grounds that "the system" has totally reneged on its promised undertaking. I do not accept that the advice of a geologist, engineer, medical officer and carpenter should be used as the criteria on which to base restorative action. **Anything** can be done where there is a will and the push to do it.

Fourteen years ago I felt that our club was best suited to be the driving force behind repatriation of Mawson's hut. Among the many supporters of this proposal we can now number Sir Vivian Fuchs; Dr John Heap, U.K. representative on the Antarctic Treaty Council; Dr Phillip Law, A.N.A.R.E. club patron; Dr Fred Jacka, Director of the Mawson Institute, Adelaide; Mr Mel Bungey, M.P. and Mr. A. J. MacKenzie, M.P.

We should, as a club, force "the system" back to life by firing up the national belly, to generate large-scale support and organise our own repatriation/restoration program. Those of you who felt sufficiently strongly that the hut should be restored on site as to record a vote – why are you not following up your democratic ideals and pressurising for results? A barrage of letters to M.P.'s will force further questions in parliament and probable action.

The Mawson hut project should have nothing

to do with the budget of the Antarctic Division. It must be separately funded by a special vote that commits the government to action, not rhetoric.

West Australians should contact Mr Mel Bungey, M.P.; South Australians, Senator Young, and New South Welshmen Mr A.J. MacKenzie, M.P. But wherever you are, if you have **any** feeling for the visible and tangible history of Antarctica, rise up and prod "the system" into life.

Bill Burch.

Note: Quotations extracted from Hansard, question on notice No. 1746, 1981.

View of the hut showing snow accumulation in interior as at December 1981.

Mawson's Hut Today

B.A. Crawford

IN December 1981 the *LINDBLAD EXPLORER* with passengers including Americans, Australians, New Zealanders and two Japanese film crews (television and video) anchored in Commonwealth Bay in George V Land. A party of 30 went ashore at Cape Denison in perfect weather to inspect the site of Mawson's Base Camp of 1912-13. This is an account of what they saw, and a personal reaction to that experience.

At Cape Denison there is a tiny boat harbour providing easy landing in good weather onto a flat ice-covered "quay". This area is a shallow gently-sloping valley half a kilometre wide, defined on each side by a rocky outcrop. Beyond the outcrop to the east and to the west, the coast of the continent stretches away with the ice-sheet dropping into the sea as steep ice cliffs. In the centre of the valley is Mawson's hut, built in 1912 to house the party of eighteen men.

The hut stands complete with its pine boards extremely weathered by deep snow-scouring of the grain. The main living hut is seven metres square with a pyramidal roof. Some protective *battens are missing* from one of the four windows in the roof. Attached to the north side is a slightly smaller hut, five metres square which was the workshop and laboratory area. On three sides there is an enclosed timber verandah. *Two doors and two windows* in this area are open and wind-blown compacted snow to roof height fills the interior of this hut. Access to the interior of the hut proper would require much snow clearing within the verandah area, so the state of the contents was not assessable.

Outside the hut a number of interesting artefacts lie on the ground. There is a small sledge with its dry leather bindings still intact; an outer timber door lies flat, showing its dried grass insulating lining; old skis and boots, and a broken iron stove lie outside, half submerged in snow. A box contains chemical gear, including test tubes, sealed with cotton wool, and holding dried material of work done seventy years ago. Tins of food are stacked in boxes, some still with labels; a stack of desiccated seal blubber and penguin carcasses are the remains of a food store.

Adjacent to the main hut aerial components lie on the ground. One is a long oregon mast, fractured at its base, reminding us that Mawson's party achieved the first wireless communication from Antarctica. About thirty metres away a small astronomical hut with *many boards missing from walls and roof*, is open to the weather, and within this is a large wooden block marked with latitude and longitude. About a hundred metres away is the magnetograph hut which is quite intact, having been surrounded on all sides by piled-up rocks, assessed by Mawson himself as thirty tons of rock! This hut can be entered by a half-door, and within are two more weather-sealed doors, on the last of which are written instructions signed by R. Bage 1913. Inside there is a

mixture of clothing and food dating from 1912 up to the sixties.

The general environment of the hut in fine weather had a magical beauty. On the west side, the rocky outcrop, forty metres high, is crowded with nesting Adelie penguins and petrels, and surmounted by a huge wooden cross as a memorial to Ninnis and Mertz. Made of oregon timbers 20 centimetres square, the ends being bound with brass strips, it stands four metres high with an inscription carved into the wood at its base. This cross was made by the wintering party of 1913 after the loss of their two colleagues, and erected in the spring. It can be seen far out to sea and overlooks the ice cliffs in both directions.

The rocky outcrop to the east side of the valley has a flagpole, at the base of which is a brass cylinder containing a copy of the Proclamation of Possession signed by Mawson and Davis in 1931 when Mawson led the BANZARE. This was inspected with interest and carefully replaced. Facing up the shallow valley, a kilometre above the hut, is an ablation line in the ice-sheet containing a discoloured moraine line in which rocks brought from the interior of the continent are found.

Australians in the party visiting Commonwealth Bay were deeply impressed with its historical value, not just the hut, but the entire site. If the hut had stood so well for seventy years there appears to be an obligation on our part to maintain it. Structurally it remains sound, and maintenance work last done in 1978 appears effective.

It is evident that regular maintenance is required, as the big problem for the hut is snow-proofing. Mawson himself covered the roof with sail canvas for his second winter. Remoteness is extreme, being 3,000 kilometres south of Hobart. Cape Denison is 143° East long., and our nearest Station is at Casey, 111° East, hundreds of kilometres away. The nearest habitation is the French base at Dumont D'Urville, 100 kilometres to the west.

It would not be surprising if visiting to Commonwealth Bay becomes more frequent. Australians in the visiting party from the *LINDBLAD EXPLORER* felt ashamed that the site has not thus far been given the importance that Scott's and Shackleton's huts receive. These historic huts are well maintained by New Zealand. After all, Mawson's expedition was very successful and deserves *continued honour* for itself and Australia.

There is not even a commemorative plaque at Mawson's hut!

(The author of this article is Dr. B.A. Crawford, Surgeon of the Royal Melbourne Hospital, who has been pleased to meet and assist ANARE expeditioners in their stint of "surgical training" at the hospital. – Editor).

Mawson's Hut as at December 1981

WHAT MAKES A GENTOO CHUCK?

by Pauline Reilly

Pauline Reilly is Past President of the Royal A'asian Ornithologists Union and is an expert on the Fairy Penguin.

WHEN you read a scientific paper, only cold hard facts are presented. No idea is given of the frustrations, excitement and plain hard yakker involved. For instance, take the following from a paper written by Anne Kerle and myself which appeared in the September 1981 issue of the N.Z. Ornithological Journal "Notornis".

"Our attempts to obtain stomach contents produced little result. No recognisable items were collected by stomach pump. Palpation of the stomach after laparotomy indicated it to be empty except for pebbles, and gastrotomy was not proceeded with."

Terribly dull reading, unless you happen to be involved with Gentoo penguins.

Behind the scenes lies another story. Anne and I spent the summer of 1978/79 on Macquarie Island studying Gentoos and, among other things, we sought information on diet. We did not want to take live specimens and the skuas usually beat us to those that staggered ashore to die.

Our stomach pump was ineffective, partly because Gentoos eat fish that are too large to be drawn up. We tried an emetic but the Gentoo declined to chuck.

Then Dr. Bob Millard, who had been assisting us in his spare time, came up with the idea of performing a gastrotomy, i.e. opening of the stomach. He decided, apart from the Gentoo information, it would be as well to have some practice in the hospital. Duly, we had a dry run, Bob impressing on us the need for absolute sterility. Bob (Chippy) Crombie and Brian (Dieso) Harvey had had pre-expedition training, which offset Anne's and my ignorance.

Next thing was to find a good fat Gentoo with a belly full of fish. We already knew their mean weight of 5.7 kg., and decided we wanted a bird at least 200g. heavier. Every two hours throughout the day, we walked a circuit within easy reach of the station, counting the numbers of birds ashore and those arriving. In a few days, we had learned that most arrived from 1500 hrs. onwards.

So next day, we prepared to catch birds on arrival. Simple – with any penguin other than the Gentoo, a nervous bird ready to flee at the least provocation. You sneak up as close as possible and then launch yourself after it, leaping over elephant seals, to catch it in a flying tackle on the beach (if water-worn pebbles can qualify as such). If it happens to be your turn with the long-handled net, you need only make a leisurely sprint.

Once caught, you avoid the beak (pecking savagely), the toenails (determined to etch exposed skin with graffiti), and the flippers (guaranteed to bruise the toughest skin). But at last the bird is bundled into our brilliantly improvised straight jacket. Weight? Well below the mean, and off we go on another sprint.

Eventually, we find a suitable bird, soon christened "Gastro". In haste, we scrub up, don gowns and masks, and "Gastro", still in straight jacket, is placed on the table. Anaesthetist Anne begins applying ether drop by drop to the little odd-shaped mask we had devised. "Gastro" loved it. The drops flowed faster, until Anne's tiny hand (literally) was frozen. Finally he succumbed. Removed from the straight-jacket, his rotund form did not remain supine until strips of elastoplast held him firmly on the table. Dr. Bob proceeded with the operation. After locating the stomach lurking high up under the sternum, he found it to be empty and decided not to proceed with gastrotomy. Gastro was neatly sewn up, and continued to snore away until nearly two hours had passed from the beginning of the operation. He awoke quite quickly, shook his head and then made a quick jab at the person nursing him. Nursing was out for Gastro, and he was placed in a pen for observation.

Our solicitude throughout the night was not appreciated, Gastro thriving as though nothing unusual had occurred and trying to bite anyone within range.

Less than 24 hours after the operation, Gastro was ready for release. A large purple cross painted across his white underpants made for easy identification and we returned him to the beach where he had been collected. He bolted off to a group of Gentoos nearby. One adult detached itself, walked up to Gastro and bent its head to examine the purple cross or perhaps to sniff the ether. But what it found was apparently not offensive and Gastro was accepted.

Next day, the cross was so smudged it was obvious that Gastro had gone for a swim. The following day he was gone. The day after, Anne and I found him at Aerial Cove, strutting round with all the other birds. There's only one way he

could have reached Aerial Cove – by sea. Not far, perhaps three quarters of a kilometre, but far enough to prove he was fit.

You may wonder whether the effort was worth it? Though the results were negative, some day someone may wish to find out the stomach contents of a bird far too valuable to take as a specimen. Provided they have a good-natured surgeon on hand, the method is practicable.

Next time you read the results of field work, deadly dull because that's how editors* want them, try to imagine what could have gone on behind it all. Or better still, ask an author. You will undoubtedly be entertained in language far more colourful than mine. Our experience was far from unique.

Editor's Note: More stories with personal experiences like this, would be welcomed by* **this Editor!

Penguin after operation with cross on chest.

The author outside the new Green Gorge hut during an island walk.

Successful Winter Mail Drop to South Pole Station, June 1981

A TELEX from Chompers Currie, who wintered at the South Pole Station this year (1981), told of the delight in receiving mail and fresh fruit and vegetables from the mail drop – the first ever at the South Pole at Midwinter (June 22).

In the September issue of "Antarctic" details were released of the flight – the longest non-stop flight in Antarctic aviation history – to the Pole and back to Christchurch, 5694 nautical miles. It was also the first time an aircraft had been refuelled in flight over Antarctic waters.

The plane, a C141B "stretched" Starlifter, flew from California to Christchurch. It carried 5.9 tonnes of mail and cargo, including 2 tonnes of fresh fruit and vegetables packed in 32 bundles, with six bundles for the South Pole Station.

Three Stratotankers rendezvoused with the Starlifter at 68°S., the first tanker delivered 30,000 lbs. of fuel to the Starlifter, the second 20,000 lbs., and the third 15,000 lbs.

A drop was made over the William Field drop zone, McMurdo, in total darkness, except for identification lights on the ice. The temperature was minus 36° but the weather was fine with a clear sky and light winds. The drop was completed by 9.40 a.m., and the Starlifter headed for the South Pole, following the Beardmore glacier route, arriving at 11.40 a.m. Whiteout and blowing snow reduce visibility and the temperature was minus 68°C. Two passes over the drop zone were needed, and the six bundles were dropped from the side parachute doors, four on the first pass, and two on the second, and as Chompers said, "right on the nose and over the top on time". This successful mission was completed by noon, and the Starlifter returned to Christchurch at 7.50 p.m., having been in the air for more than 15 hours.

Lt. Col. J. Galyen headed the mission, and the plane carried a crew of 32.

ICE-CORE DRILLING PROGRAMME FOR SUMMER 1981/82

THE ice-core drilling programme which has been underway for more than two decades will be continued at Law Dome, near Casey, this summer, but the four members of the Antarctic Division's Glaciology Section will be flown in during November, and will return on the *Thala Dan* late February.

Two holes are to be drilled at Cape Folger, 30 kilometres north-east of Casey, the sites having been chosen following an extensive ice radar survey of the bedrock in the region last summer. One core will be taken where there is a "hill" in the rock surface beneath the ice, and the other where there is a "valley". The first core is expected to be some 260-300m long, and the other around 300m.

The drilling equipment van and a refrigerated core storage van were shipped to Casey January, 1981. The refrigerated van will also be used to transport the ice cores back to Australia. These vans as well as the living and support vans will be towed to site following the arrival of the glaciological party by air. Drilling will be carried out around the clock (two men working while the others rest).

Personnel involved in this project include Glaciologists Tony McCray and Peter Hicks; Diesel Mechanic, Egon Wherle; and Electronics Technician, Adrian Blake. Tony carried out the ice radar survey at Casey last summer; Egon was responsible for extensive modifications to the drill rig including a winch which will raise the ice cores to the surface up to ten times faster than was previously possible, and an automatic feed mechanism to speed the rate at which drill melts through the ice; Peter, who wintered at Casey last year (1980) will be looking at natural and man-made atmospheric fall-out trapped in the ice; and Adrian (Mawson 1979) will remain at Casey after conclusion of the drilling programme serving as a radio technician.

The holes drilled this summer will be re-measured by a two-man party who will be flown in the following November. Following this year's programme the holes will be filled with a mixture of kerosene and perchloro ethylene to prevent their closure.

In Australia the cores will be studied by the Glaciology Section, Antarctic Division, located at University of Melbourne, the Meteorology Department of the University of Melbourne, and the Bendigo Institute of Technology.

ANTARCTIC HISTORICAL DOCUMENTARIES

A DRAMATISED documentary on Sir Ernest Shackleton's expedition will be made by a combined Television New Zealand-BBC natural history film crew this summer. Background material will be obtained at various locations around Ross Island and in the dry valleys of Victoria Land. The crew will film Shackleton's hut at Cape Royds and its surroundings, Mt. Erebus and the Ross Ice Shelf environs.

The old whaling station at Grytviken, which Shackleton, Worsley and Crean reached after their journey over the mountains of South Georgia, will also be filmed, and the crew plans to visit the Antarctic Peninsula and Elephant Island.

Most of the documentary for logistic reasons will probably be shot in Greenland, a Norwegian ship being chartered which will double as the "Nimrod" and the "Endurance".

The first episode of the 4-episode production will cover Shackleton's experiences with Scott's 1901-04 expedition in the "Discovery" but the main emphasis will be on Shackleton's 1914-17 expedition.

As well as taking these "establishing shots" for the Shackleton film, the film crew's main objective in Antarctica will be to obtain material for a BBC natural history programme. Adelie and Emperor penguins will be filmed at Cape Bird and Cape Royds, and this material as well as the unique features of the dry valleys will be used for David Attenborough's series "Planet Earth".

Mawson documentary

DAVE PARER will be shooting a 50-minute documentary film on the life of Sir Douglas Mawson this summer, and will be sailing to Mawson on the "Nella Dan" on 24th December. It is planned to film a reconstruction of the great Antarctic explorer's sledging journey with Mertz and Ninnis during his 1911-14 expedition. Three members of Mawson 81 party will appear in the film: Paul Butler will play the part of Sir Douglas Mawson and John Peiniger and Rowan Butler will portray his two sledging companions.

The film, which will be made by the Australian Broadcasting Commission's natural history unit in collaboration with the Australian Antarctic Division, will mark the centenary of Mawson's birth in May, 1982.

Flight to the North Pole

A. Jonas (Repstat 1966)

Party at Pole. A. Jonas on right.

WHILE on a trip to Greenland and Iceland in 1979 with my wife, we met a Mexican who had flown to and landed at the North Pole. As promised, he later sent me all particulars when he returned to Mexico. I attempted to book for the 1980 trip but was unsuccessful as they take only six people, so I settled for a trip to Tibet through China. However, on my return I applied promptly for the 1981 trip, and as they had decided to take 10 people this year I was pleased to be able to make a booking. The tours are run and organised by a Dr. Jack Wheeler of Los Angeles (see over page).

You will gather that I like the cold climates, having been to Casey and Macquarie Island with Anare. Later I visited North Cape in Norway, and Point Barrow in Alaska.

I left Melbourne on Monday 6 April, 1981, then at 15.20 in Sydney boarded Qantas flight QF3 which went direct to Vancouver in Canada via Hawaii and San Francisco. I had two nights in Vancouver,then flew to Edmonton, where I had two days before the rest of the party arrived. We all met at the Edmonton Plaza Hotel on Friday evening 10 April, and were introduced and briefed.

11/4/81: We left Edmonton Airport at 07.55 in a 727 Pacific Western to fly to Resolute Bay via Yellowknife. The plane is half cargo and half passenger and only runs once a week. At Yellowknife it was −30°C, and as something froze up in the hydraulics we were there for about two hours. From there we flew to Resolute Bay where it was still −30°C, with a 30 knot wind! As we were still dressed in our normal clothing, we felt the cold.

We were met by Mr. & Mrs. Bezal Jesadason, who run the High Arctic International Explorer Services Ltd., and were taken to their home in heated trucks. The house, where we spent the night, has five bedrooms and two bathrooms, all overheated. Terry Jesadon does all the cooking, and she believes in overfeeding the brutes! Bezal is Indian, hailing from Madras of all places, and he met his wife at Grice Fiord, when he was the Public Works Officer, and she the Schoool Teacher. We were thoroughly outfitted with all outer clothing by these people, and all other wear, etc. was checked.

Extracts from my diary tell my story of the Pole trip:

12/4/81: Sunday. Terry left with the first plane, (a twin-engined Otter fitted with skis) at 14.00, to get the camp ready at Lake Hazen, which is in the far north of Ellsmere Island. She took with her all the food, and was accompanied by a young Inuit helper. We followed in the second plane, leaving at 30.00. We landed at Grice Fiord (75.06 North, 84.30 West) for refuelling, then on to Lake Hazen where we arrived at 02.30 on the 13th. Lake Hazen is at 82° North, 70.20 West.

The camp comprised three small rooms, star-shaped, with kitchen and toilets in the centre. When we awoke, it was snowing fairly heavily and we stayed indoors until the weather cleared. We were then able to go about a mile by skidoo to the Lake, where making holes in the ice we caught Char, a very good eating fish like salmon. The pilots were trying to obtain weather reports, but reception was bad.

That evening we were split into two parties of five, as the plane can take only five passengers plus fuel, and so two trips are necessary. I was to be on the second trip.

14/4/81: The first party left at 08.00, but did not reach the North Pole as it was fogged in.

They had to land sixty miles away, returning very disappointed.

We went back to the Lake to fish again and found Polar bear tracks which we followed for about two miles. We did not catch up with the bear... it had kept going. On returning to camp we helped dig out 25 drums of fuel ready for our trip the next day. The fuel is flown up by a large transport plane in the summer.

15/4/81: Wednesday. After a false start (the fuel plane having generator trouble) we left at 09.30. One plane is loaded with 10 drums of fuel only, and carries a mechanic. Our party of six (5 tourists and leader) are in the other plane plus 4 drums of fuel. We flew straight up the 70th Meridian and landed at 86°15 North to fuel up both planes. Planes land on the sea ice, there are no marked landing fields. The fuelling plane then flies back to Lake Hazen and stands by.

We fly on in perfect sunny weather and are able to land smack on the Pole. The temperature is −40°, bright and sunny, and we are like a lot of school kids. A bottle of champagne was produced, which promptly froze, and we nibbled caviar. The doors of the plane were taken off and Jack Wheeler went up to 8,000 feet and did a free fall of 3,200 feet before opening his parachute, landing just about 20 feet from us, thus being the first man to parachute on the Pole. Navigation is by NAV-COM, fitted in each plane, and this equipment is very accurate.

After one hour and four minutes at the Pole, we returned to Lake Hazen, flying over the spectacular British Empire Ranges and American Ranges.

On our return to Lake Hazen Camp at 19.15 we had a huge dinner and celebration.

16/4/81: Thursday. Everybody arose early as the camp had to be closed up and cleaned. We left at 09.00, flying over the very scenic Ellsmere Ice Cap, then flew right through the Grice Fiord to Jones Sound, landing at the town of Grice Fiord which is supposed to be the most Northern community in the world, other than Army camps, etc. At the settlement there are 102 Inuits and 4 whites, comprising the North West Mounted policeman and his wife, the school teacher and a trained nursing sister. We were interested in seeing how igloos are built, and the Policeman's wife took two of us to meet the Inuit community.

17/4/81: Friday. This morning we were all taken out on the sea ice of Jones Sound looking for seals. Naturally we did not find any as we and the skidoos made too much noise, but a had a good time.

We left Grice Fiord at 13.45 to land at the North Magnetic Pole situated at 77°32 North, 103°56 West, where the Panarctic Drilling Company have a huge drilling rig called McLean Camp, and where we were given a meal and tour of inspection. The rig is right out on the sea ice which is approximately 12 ft. thick, then 1,100 feet of water and 8,000 feet down. This rig is dismantled every summer because of the ice break up and replaced the next winter. This costs approx. 3-4 million dollars each year as most cartage is done by huge helicopters.

On the way to Resolute Bay we flew over Cornwallis Island where we saw the Bechtel Lead Zinc Mine. Tonight we all went up to the Airport to the Arctic Circle Bar to celebrate a most successful trip.

18/4/81: Saturday. Snowing and blowing hard, very cold. Left Resolute Bay at 14.15, returning to Edmonton at 18.30.

19/4/81: Sunday. Edmonton to Vancouver where I had 2 days visiting the famous Burchop Gardens at Victoria. After that, 3 days in San Francisco and then home with Qantas.

Cost of trip: Approx. $4,300 USA Edmonton-Pole-Edmonton. Everything provided except heavy underwear and grog. Plus fares Melbourne-Edmonton-Melbourne.

Our Twin Otter being refuelled at the North Pole 15 April 1981

FIBEX – 76 DAYS ON NELLA DAN

Rosemary Horne

1980 PROVED to be a year of firsts for the Antractic Division with regard to the employment of women expeditioners. Louise Holliday was selected as Medical Officer for Davis and was to be the first woman to over-winter at an Australian Antarctic base, and I was selected as the first female Biologist.

My letter of appointment stated that I was to be given no special treatment, and that although 'facilities' on board *Nella Dan* are adequate, there are no separate 'facilities' for women. The lack of female loos at the bases appears to have been the major obstacle preventing the employment of women expeditioners. The 'problem' however, would seem to have been in the minds of men.

My task as Biologist was to undertake work for the International Survey of Antarctic Seabirds (ISAS). Seabirds are important predators, ranking with seals and whales, of Antarctic krill. By monitoring any changes in the numbers of certain species of seabirds, changes occurring in the distribution and abundance of krill, arising from commercial exploitation, might be detected. During the FIBEX cruise I was to carry out regular observations of the distribution and abundance of seabirds, and while on the continent commence on aerial photographic survey of coastal Adelie penguin colonies.

After a three-day delay fitting new equipment, the *Nella Dan* departed Melbourne on 9 January to begin Australia's contribution to FIBEX. As is usual with ANARE departures, it was a hot and humid Melbourne day – our last for 3 months.

We were all quickly initiated as sailors for we struck a patch of rough weather just out of Melbourne. For a few days my bird observations were rather irregular, however I wasn't the only one to skip meals and stay in my bunk! There was great excitement when we passed our first iceberg on the sixth day. By then the Australian summer weather had well and truly been left behind.

We all settled into shipboard routine and I soon became adept at dropping what I was doing to dash out for a 10 minute bird obs. every hour.

We began the first trawling for krill on January 20 and after some initial hitches were able to have krill for entree for dinner. If you overcame the large beady eyes staring up at you from the plate and the crunchy bits, they weren't too bad. The following day we reached the packice and the sun managed for once to poke through the clouds, while many rolls of film were shot.

At dawn on January 26 we dropped anchor in Davis harbour. The dark, ice-free Vestfold Hills somehow failed to measure up to my expectations of Antarctica, but I am assured by all the returned Davis Bios. that Davis is 'the greatest'.

Once ashore on the LARC and after the all-important mail had been distributed, I set out on my first ever chopper ride. We flew to the Wyatt Earp Islands for a trial run of the penguin census, then back to Davis to develop the film. The hills presented a fantastic sight from the air, and the penguin colonies were clearly visible amid the guano patches.

During the day the weather deteriorated and by the next day we were marooned on *Nella* by a blizzard – just one of those things about Antarctica, but frustrating when there is so much to do and so little time. The weather finally cleared enough by the afternoon of the third and final day to enable a small group to briefly visit the off-shore islands by LARC. Peter McGill and I were dropped off at Magnetic Island, where it is planned to set up a monitoring site to study the two Adelie penguin colonies during the forthcoming ISAS field seasons in 1981/82 and 1982/83. After scrambling to the summit – through slushy penguin excrement accumulated over the years, we photographed the colonies for counting and made notes. The chopper returned to pick us up all too soon and we flew down to the Sorsdal Glacier to complete the aerial photography before returning to Davis.

Unloading completed, we steamed towards Mawson; the weather however, was against us and we were forced to spend three days cruising up and down 'ice berg alley'. Eventually the weather cleared giving us the most superb views of the Casey, David and Masson ranges piercing the ice cap.

During unloading,groups of 'first-timers' went on a jolly to Rumdoodle. The approaching views of the basalt peaks rising sheer from the ice were superb.

Our first objective of course, was to scale

Rumdoodle peak – a must for every visitor. Although it was a steep climb both on the crumbling rock and on scree, the view from the summit was well worth the effort.

Going back down (mostly on our backsides) was much less strenuous and quicker! We rounded the day off with tobogganing races on an old blanket, down the ice slopes near the hut. After our only night on *terra firma* in three months, we reluctantly headed back to the station to allow the next group their jolly.

Back on board the *Nella* for the night was rather an anticlimax, but things livened up next morning when we woke to discover our cabin half-full of snow following an overnight blizzard – and our open window! The blizzard lasted two days before clearing so that unloading could continue. This turned out to be an eventful day as one of the LARCs turned turtle and rapidly sank while being loaded; however, after a dramatic rescue it was recovered. Perhaps we shouldn't have watched the 'Poseidon Adventure' the night before!

The unloading at last completed we left Mawson the following evening – we thought anyway! Going out for the usual bird obs next morning I opened the door on yet another blizzard and discovered that we were back in Horseshoe harbour again! It was 12 February when we finally cleared Mawson, 35 days at sea and halfway through our cruise. Now only the 18 FIBEX crew were on board, and we settled into the routine of the ship stopping for trawling and oceanography twice a day. For the next 14 days we steamed along our proposed cruise track and accomplished most of our planned research.

The *Nanok S* had beaten us back to Davis, but we were glad to receive our mail and to get ashore again – if it was only for a few hours. Reloading took only 24 hours and on February 28 we left Davis in convoy with *Nanok S*.

Heavy pack ice and more bad weather delayed our arrival at Mawson until March 8; the delays preventing the flying programme from being carried out. The returning expeditioners and their gear came out by LARC to Kista Strait where we were anchored. At last we could turn for home, albeit continuing our FIBEX programme until March 15. We had just completed the final trawl when news came that we were to immediately sail to Casey and evacuate an injured expeditioner. Fortunately the weather remained fine and we reached Casey in three days. The evacuation was highly successful and four hours after arrival, we again headed for home. The weather now on our side, continued to be favourable and we docked in Hobart at dawn on March 26. A record of 76 days at sea!

The trip had been exciting and eventful and an experience I would not have missed, but it was good to be home again.

Flights to the North Pole

THE organiser of these trips, Dr. Jack Wheeler of Wheeler Adventures, Beverley Hills, California, USA, is an amazing man who has chalked up a life of adventure and achievement.

An account of his life is given in his book "The Adventurer's Guide", published in 1976. From the age of 14, when he successfully climbed the Matterhorn, he has been climbing mountains, exploring in South American jungles, travelling in out-of-the-way places, and living with primitive people in Indo-China, Africa, South America and the South Pacific.

Dr. Wheeler graduated B.A. in Anthropology at the age of 22; at 26 he received his Master's Degree in Philosophy from the University of Hawaii, and at 32 he received his Ph.D. in Philosophy from the University of Southern California.

Fibex Crew

RAISING THE LARC

by Paul Butler

(Extracts from a letter from Paul Butler, forwarded from Mawson where he was OIC, 1981 Expedition)

THE 11 tonne larc had been tied up alongside the *Nella Dan* by bow and stern lines, and when a large one tonne stack of loose pipes was dropped off centre on the deck of the boat, she keeled over towards the outside. The rest of the cargo slid across as well and tipped her right over. She sat upside down on the surface for some time before bubbling under and hung by the lines under water about a metre. The lines gave way after about 5 minutes and she dropped out of sight nose first. At this time I was getting dressed ready to jump in and attach a line to stop her getting away. "Too late, she cried!"

Anyway, we got a good location on the larc by the bubbles etc. which kept coming up for some time, and decided that it only needed one 10 ton shackle to fasten to one of the shackles already fixed to the boat; I would take a light steel cable down and fasten it on to that shackle, a block complete with attaching shackle could be lowered down to me directly to the site (visibility being an unknown factor) and the larc could be lifted to the surface.

I got everything prepared: had the shackle pins tied to the shackle; had Tommy bars tack welded to the pins to make them easier to screw up in the cold water (minus 2°C); had a shot rope positioned as close to the craft as possible; had a search line attached to the shot line in case I had to search the bottom if she wasn't where she was supposed to be; practised the attendants as "instant expert life-line handlers"; fitted the Poseidon with alcohol; got the interstage heaters on the hookah hoses; tested the Unisuit after carefully waxing and spraying the zipper; arranged a bail-out bottle to take along (as the hookah had no reserve!); got about 45 lbs. of lead . . . I didn't want to be stuffing around with weighting and wanted to be able to use plenty of air in the suit for insulation. I then got the CSIRO mittens and the extra hood ready. I used heat bags in the mittens (one each) and the hood (one on either side). I wore the Poseidon with the undersuit over a pair of socks and woollen singlet, and the ¼" XL hood over the Unisuit hood. The mittens were trigger finger mittens and were nice and snug around the wrist where I'd had a 5" extension attached.

Everything worked very well except for a few little hangups. The dive plan involved a bottom time of **15 minutes** (two increments on the U.S. Navy table . . . one for the cold, the other for my approaching old age.); a standby diver wearing scuba, a work platform off the ship's boat, and a simple task plan of descent, location, attaching SWR, signalling for block and cable, and attaching same to shackle, ascent and recovery. Simple, eh?

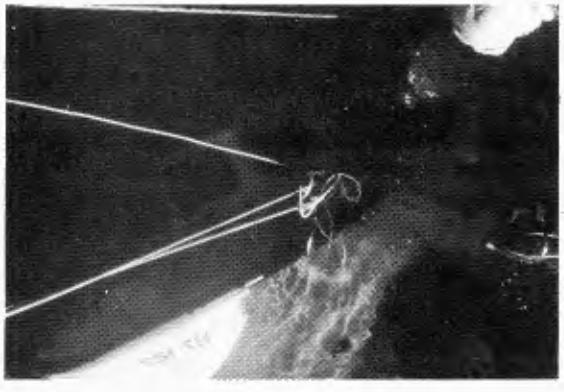
Well, here's a blow by blow account of what **actually** happened:

Entered the water after carefully dressing, smothering beard and moustache in copious quantities of vaseline, and also whatever skin looked like being exposed; gloves on; heat bags in; flooded gloves and extra hood, unwound myself from 25' of rope, floating on surface and descended. Very comfortable, warm relaxed – just a little chilly around the mouth. Heat bag in each glove becoming noticeably warm as depth increased, flood gloves. Neutralising buoyancy all the way, at about 27 metres sight the Larc. Attach light SWR, signal for block and cable. Swim leisurely around inspect craft, which is lying upside

down athwartship the *Nella Dan* in 30 metres. The bottom is firm with light covering of silt and a heavy covering of rubbish, tins, cans, bottles, pipes, tubing. I immediately felt right at home, could have been Kanes Bridge on a very good day! Also quite a few white coloured star fish, but no other marine life. Visibility was about 12 feet, slightly milky.

Look at watch – 10 minutes! Where's this bloody cable? Send urgent thought messages – block and cable appear out of the gloom. Swim over – light cable is jammed and needs a bit of pushing and pulling to get the Kaubener off the shackle, but done in a minute or so. Reach down and pick up the block to attach the shackles. Oh, oh, a slight problem! The block needs to be lifted about 18" to reach the fastening point, and guess what! It weighed about a hundred pounds (well about 45 kgs. anyway!) It was the biggest bloody block in the world, massive! Could not even move it off the bottom let alone hold it up 18" while I screwed the shackle up. Thinks! Time – 13 minutes. Try again. No way! Signal: "coming up". Polaris to surface. Explain situation, obtain a light line, promise it won't take more than a couple of minutes, and plummet away towards the bottom.

Now the stress factors start to appear. Mask develops a leak, and ears decide they need clearing continually. Need a hand to inflate suit, one to clear ears, and another to clear mask, and I'm in a hurry! Then at about 15 metres the heat bags in the gloves start to get hot – very hot! In fact, they start to burn! Frantically try and flood gloves, clear ears, inflate suit – stuff the mask, watch the rate of descent, look at the watch. Looked like a lovely place for an accident, but with usual aplomb and panache bumbled through to the bottom and crashed to a landing; immediately silted the scene out, stumbled over to the shackle and block, frantically tie round turn, two half hitches, flood gloves again (worry about the skin grafts later) signal for raising – just another 4" – "Ok hold it there" – screw in, check quickly, signal "up". Polaris to surface – total time 17 minutes, 45 seconds! Then, the crew decides it's tea time! Everybody out!



I found out later that it took four blokes to carry the block over the side of the ship and attach it to the light SWR cable. How they thought I was going to lug it around the bottom I'll never know! I thought of using the Unisuit to lift it, but my fingers weren't strong enough to hold the thing, and if I'd lost my grip, I'd have been on the surface before I knew anything.

With my usual brilliance and lighting appreciation, I worked out later that the gloves were burning me because the increasing water pressure was pushing them more tightly against the back of my hands, and the snug fit was getting snugger, and if you've every tried to get a mittened thumb under a tight cuff while clearing your ears, inflating your suit and clearing your mask you'll know what a one-armed paper hanger feels like!

Anyway it all went successfully from there on. We got it up to the surface without further drama, hooked up a four point lifting rig, got the craft horizontal, and the Army fellows pumped it dry and towed it ashore where they flooded it with diesolene after draining the gear box, sump etc. A week's work, and it was operating again.

As a result of the dive I've been appointed the official 1981 Anare Mawson Salvage diver, and we're open for business as of now. If anyone has any light salvage work they want done around Mawson, our rates are very competitive!

"Polar Sea" Released

THE United States Coast Guard Ice-breaker *POLAR SEAS* was released from the ice of the Chukchi Sea off the Alaskan Coast in mid May last year. She had been trapped in ice up to 6m thick since February 20 after damaging her rudder on her way home from her first winter cruise to Point Barrow. Coast Guard helicopters evacuated 42 crew members, but 108 men remained aboard, as well as several scientists who continued biological, glaciological and polar communications studies.

NEW PUBLICATIONS

MAJESTIC LIGHTS by Robert Eather

Robert Eather was auroral physicist on the 1963 expedition at Mawson. He received his Ph.D. on the results of his auroral research from the University of N.S.W. in 1965. He then worked with Brian J. O'Brian (another ex-ANARE physicist) at Rice University in Houston, Texas for two years; this was followed by two years with Lockheed Research Labs. in California. Currently he is a Research Professor at Boston College where he has been since 1970.

All his research work has been concerned with the aurora, and this has involved five return trips to Antarctica, as well as about twenty arctic trips. He is involved with the auroral imaging experiment on the first science payload for Space Shuttle.

Besides being awarded the Polar Medal after the Mawson expedition, he has been awarded the U.S. Antarctic Science Medal by the U.S. Air Force and the National Science Foundation.

He has also produced two science-documentary films about the aurora, both of which have won prizes at international film festivals. His recent book **Majestic Lights** is directed to general audiences and covers all aspects of the aurora-history, folklore and legend, poetry and literature, old and new science. It is a large format coffee-table type book, with over 100 colour illustrations and 300 black and white photographs. **The final chapter entitled "The Aurora and Me" describes his 1963 year with the Australian expedition to Mawson.**

(**Majestic Lights** *is available in this country through David Ell Press, P.O. Box 353, Darlinghurst, N.S.W. 2010, at $49.00, plus $5.00 postage. As supplies have to be ordered from the United States, please allow 10-12 weeks for delivery.)*

ANTARCTIC AUSTRALIA by Jutta Hosel

(Currey O'Neil $19.95)

Antarctic Australia is a book that all Antarctic enthusiasts will wish to add to their library. It could be styled a coffee table book in that it is a collection of remarkable photographic studies of incredible beauty.

Jutta Hosel has captured the Antarctic scene in all its moods, concentrating on sea and icescapes, rather than the logistic and scientific aspects of Australian Antarctica.

The book has a particular value in that it summarises the history of Antarctic exploration up to the present time, with particular emphasis on the Australian endeavour. Clearly and concisely written, the introduction takes the reader on a voyage to the Antarctic territory with which the author is familiar.

As one who has accompanied Jutta on three of her Antarctic voyages, I was a little disappointed that she did not introduce some of her personal experiences. I saw Jutta at work in all weathers, never sparing herself to obtain the shots she required, trudging and climbing over rocks, cliffs and difficult terrain, laden like a packhorse with an incredible amount of equipment... always the professional absorbed in the job to be done.

It is a quality production with excellent colour reproduction, and I am sure Mrs. Hosel must be pleased that her superb photography is permanently on record in such an artistic presentation.

As a criticism, however, the captions to some photographs appearing on following pages are distracting to the viewer. The text of the introduction too, could well have been edited with headings, breaking up the material into historical, geographical and narrative content.

I am sure no matter how excellent is the material contained in the text, expeditioners and friends will wish to purchase the book purely for the pictorial record of a unique experience, and the work of an unusual personality and skilled photographer of the modern Antarctic age.

Shelagh Robinson

BOTANY OF THE ANTARCTIC – Visual Aid for Students

A visual aid has been prepared by Dr. Paul Broady of the School of Botany, Melbourne University, together with Neil Barrett of 'Environment Audio Visuals' (76-78 King William Street, Fitzroy 3065). Entitled **Botany of the Antarctic**, it is designed for use at Level 5 School Biology, or at the tertiary level, but it would also be of considerable interest to a general audience. It consists of a set of 60 slides, including ones taken in British, Australian and New Zealand Antarctic Territory, and shows the plant life and ecology of life on and in Antarctica.

ENCOUNTERS WITH SLOTS

A HAM radio report from Mawson appears in the October 1981 issue of *Weather News*, the journal of the Bureau of Meteorology. Peter Barclay (project manager for the implementation of the Automated Regional Operations System) passed on the following dramatic story following a regular chat on ham radio with Peter McLennan, Met. RTO at Mawson, 1981:

"We were on a trip about 160 km south of Mawson, looking for micro-meteorites, when we were halted by a very big crevasse. Our convoy consisted of three Caterpillar D5s (each weighing 19 tonnes) towing living vans, a power van and fuel sleds . . .

A metre wide hole opened up in front of one van. It just disappeared into bluey-blackness, and was so deep you couldn't hear anything hit the bottom. We picked around with axes and spikes and found we were right in the middle of a crevasse field. This was a bit nerve-wracking because whichever way we went we found more crevasses – we didn't know which way to go.

It was eventually decided to peg a track through the field, drive one of the D5s out and winch everything after it. We turned it round on the spot (this took about half a day) and started off. The D5 went across a crevasse about four metres wide covered by snow, but we didn't realise this until one of the sleds was swallowed, pulling the next sled in on top of it.

Luckily the steel cable didn't break, and the D5 DRIVER very smartly dropped the blade on the machine to prevent it being pulled back into the hole. The driver was very experienced, with two previous trips and a lot of traverse work to his credit, but he was really shaken because he realised that he and the machine could have gone down the crevasse.

We were then hit by a blizzard, covering the sleds in about two metres of snow that had to be dug out. Two of us had to work down in the sled tying on the winches – very disconcerting because to get at them we had to dig away the snow bridge that was actually supporting us. We were secured with ropes and harnesses the whole time to stop us falling into oblivion.

After three days we managed to get a winch onto the sleds and started pulling them out. Then we got another blizzard'. All in all it was quite an adventure".

The *Mawson September 1981* newsletter also mentions the incident which was evidently near Hordens Gap. The traverse leader was George Hedanek (Casey 79), and the rest of the party – Don Dettman, Dieso, (Casey 79), Rowan Butler, Elec. Engineer, Heinz Dittloff RTO, Peter McLennan, Met. man, and Pat McShane, Radio Operator.

Casey October 1981 newsletter also has an intrepid tale to tell. The remodelled Foremost Pioneer was being tested out in a short trip to establish a safe route to Browning Peninsula for parties undertaking biological studies in the summer months. It proved to be an expedition into "slot country" as the vehicle dropped one track neatly into quite a considerable crevasse. A recovery party of two D5 tractors driven by veteran Len Harwood (Mawson 78) and Ian Palmer was despatched to recover the stranded vehicle and its trio of intrepid adventurers (sic).

Dr. David Lewis leads New Antarctic Expedition

AS this journal went to press the converted fishing vessel *DICK SMITH EXPLORER* was at Commonwealth Bay. It's team of twelve, scientists and sailors, led by Dr. David Lewis and sponsored by the Oceanic Research Foundation Ltd., were embarking on a programme of research into whale, seal and bird populations, weather patterns, glacier movement, iceberg decay etc.

According to our ham radio friends the expedition was enjoying remarkably fine weather and had not yet experienced the winds for which the area is notorious. Several ex-Antarcticans farewelled the vessel when she sailed from Sydney on 12 December, and no doubt many more were there to wish the expedition well at Hobart,where a short visit was made.

The schooner was converted frm a sail-less motor-driven fishing boat with four berths, into a three-masted vessel with twelve berths and storage space for all the gear and supplies. Volunteers assisted in the conversion task, and among these was Norman Linton-Smith who spent three weeks doing painting and performing such tasks as de-greasing the engine room floor.

DICK SMITH EXPLORER joins the ranks of the little red ships, as it was repainted a *day-glow* red.

Guests with a figure in 1911 sledging gear; left to right: Dr. Fred Jacka, Director of the Mawson Institute; Mawson's daughter Mrs. Patricia Thomas, M.Sc., grandson Mr. Alun Thomas, daughter Mrs. Jessica McLaren; Mr. and Mrs. Reg. Sprigg.

MAWSON WEEK

Brighton, S.A., 27 to 31 July 1981

SOME years ago Brighton Technical High School, near Sir Douglas Mawson's old home in South Australia, changed its name to Mawson High School. With the approach of 1982, the centenary of Sir Douglas's birth, the school decided to hold a "Mawson Week" to remind present students – and parents – of the exploits of a man who, to many of them, had become just a name. The idea was taken up with enthusiasm under the guidance of craft teacher Graham Richards, and a number of former expeditioners were drawn in to assist.

Fred Jacka provided photographs and relics from the Mawson Institute at Adelaide University. These were mounted on display in the school library and administrative centre. Craft students made polar scenes into a ceramic plaque and painted murals – there was even a plaster figure mounted on a snowy bicycle. A mature-age student modelled a head of Sir Douglas wearing his balaclava.

During the week itself, 27 to 31 July 1981, there was a ceremonial unveiling of the plaque and head, and an address to the school by Mr. Reg Sprigg, the geologist, a former pupil of Sir Douglas. Guests present, and entertained to lunch, included Mawson's daughters Pat Thomas and Jessica McLaren, his grandson Alun Thomas, and expeditioners Fred Jacka, John Ling, Robin Oliver and Ken Peake-Jones. At other times during the week films obtained from Hobart were shown, and expeditioners spoke to groups of students, parents and friends. Besides those already mentioned, speakers included Don Creighton, Pat James and Vic Mielnik. A signal was sent to Paul Butler, OIC Mawson, but his reply, received in Hobart on 28 July, was held up by the postal dispute until after the week was over.

The whole affair was well organised, and obviously inspiring to the youngsters. It will be followed up in the centenary year. As the Principal, Mr. R. Geytenbeek, said in his introduction, "it is time we put hero-worship back into the minds of our youth". Judging by the response, Mawson High has made a good start.

Ken Peake-Jones (Mawson 59)

Antarctic Amphibious Association

AN Antarctic Amphibious Association was formed at a meeting held on 25 June, 1981, at Randwick, N.S.W.

An inaugural Committee Meeting was held at Middle Head Barracks on 3 July, 81. The Committee being:–

Major R.T. (Bob Colson, *Acting President/ Secretary*
Captain Craig Mills, *Treasurer*
Captain J. Ward, *Assistant Secretary*
WO1 J. Clapham, *Member*
Cpl. Ray Milan, *Member*
Mr. J. Ford, *Member*

Colonel V.C.Y. Smith has agreed to be President of the Association.

"The charter of the Association will be to foster interest in the amphibious operations in the Antarctic. Further to the main aim the Association would foster general interest in the Antarctic and contribute to various Army Corps museums. In order to achieve these aims the Association will hold regular meetings of an informative and social nature".

It was unanimously agreed that the Association would strengthen its links with the Anare Club and seek to submit articles to "Aurora".

Ex Dukw and Larc operators who have served on an Army Antarctic detachment, are asked to join the Association.

Address: Antarctic Amphibious Association, P.O. Box 309, Paddington, N.S.W. 2021

ANARE HAM RADIO NET

The ANARE HAM RADIO NETWORK has been operating for some weeks now. Since publicising it in the last issue of *Aurora* (October 81), quite a few ex-VKO and past expeditioners have checked in, along with regular current VKO stations.

The net operates each Sunday 0730 to 0830 GMT. The frequency has been changed to 14110 KHz, plus-minus QRM. Net control is usually VKOHW, Herman, at Casey.

For information: KC4AAA Graeme (Chompers), who spent 1981 at South Pole Station, has recently RTA. He will be going back to the States early in 1982 and returns to Australia again in August, when he hopes to be "fronting up" again at Kingston.

The 1982 VKO gang are beginning to be heard on the bands. At time of going to press VKOAN Alan and VKOAU are operating at Macquarie Island.

A full list of VKO stations will be given in the next issue. SOJO VK7JW (VKOSJ Mawson 80) will be operating again from Nella Dan during the geoscience cruise, December 81 to March 82.

DOUG TWIGG

LIFE ON THE DESERT CONTINENT

Paul Broady, School of Botany, University of Melbourne.

(Paul Brody has made four Antarctic trips: 1971-74 with the British Antarctic Survey on the South Orkney Islands; 1978-79, and 1979-80 summer expeditions with ANARE at the Vestfold Hills and Mawson, and 1980-81 summer with the New Zealanders in Victoria Land. Dr. Broady is presently at the School of Botany, University of Melbourne, teaching and researching Antarctic algae, particularly those that grow in soils and rocks. – Editor)

FOR most people Antarctica conjures up images of penguins, seals, whales, icebergs and, if they are aware of the abundant life within the oceans, the teeming populations of krill. The importance of these resources has recently come to the attention of Australians with the signing of the Convention on the Conservation of Antarctic Marine Living Resources following agreement in Canberra during May 1980. It is hoped that this will pave the way for the conservation and rational harvesting of the ocean's riches if a southern fishery develops. However, there is another, quite different side, to the animal and plant life of the southern polar regions, the life on the land.

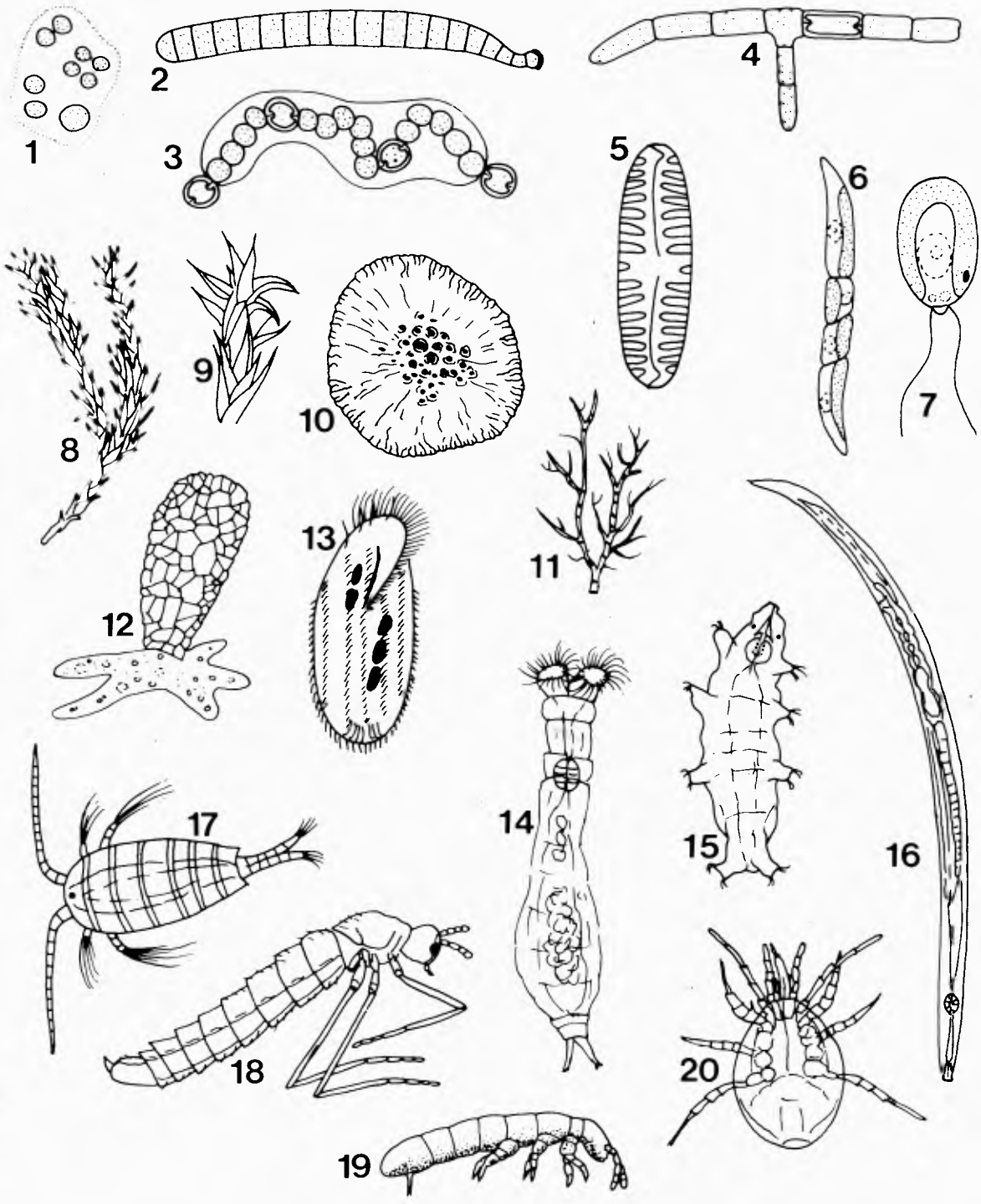
Penguins and seals come out onto the rocky outcrops around the coast during the summer, in order to breed and moult. Flying birds penetrate to exposed mountain ranges a considerable distance inland to rear their young on windblown rock ledges. However, all these animals essentially depend on the life in the sea for their food. In fact, they are all part of the marine ecosystem. The truly terrestrial ecosystem contains all those animals and plants which spend their whole existence actually on the Antarctic continent. In Australia the kangaroos and gum trees are all obvious members of the terrestrial ecosystem. In Antarctica the terrestrial life is by no means so abundant. It can be said to be highly impoverished. The largest animal is but a few millimetres long and the largest plant is a grass which exists as a few scattered clumps covering areas of only a few square metres. What a contrast to the teeming life in the Southern Ocean!

Why is the life on land so poor? Definitely the climate doesn't help! Cold temperatures, down to –60°C or so during the long, dark winter, the short, cold summer, and the extreme aridity, equivalent to desert areas in other parts of the world, all combine to make conditions very inhospitable. Also, Antarctica is an isolated continent. The tip of South America is the nearest, more temperate land mass. Great stretches of ocean are not easily crossed by possible colonists. Since the ice-cap receded, exposing rock and sand, only the smallest of animals and plants have been able to establish themselves on these outcrops. The winds and migrating birds have probably been the major agents bringing these organisms to Antarctica.

Only about three per cent of the Continent is not covered by a permanent ice-cap. It is on this small area that life has a toe-hold. The most highly evolved plants are two flowering species, one a grass and one a "pink" but these grow only in the most northerly parts of the Antarctic Peninsula where conditions are relatively warm and moist. In the southerly harsher regions, mosses, at most a centimetre high, are the "royalty" of the plant life. These are by no means widespread. A few square metres here and there grow only where there is some water coming from melting snow and ice. After walking kilometres over dry desert wastes it is like coming upon a rich oasis if you stumble upon a small patch of green! Imagine the conditions they survive; deep frozen during winter, frozen and thawed repeatedly over summer, completely dried out when the water supply ceases and battered by blizzards. Small wonder that they can only manage a few millimetres of growth each year!

Mosses are familiar to anyone who has examined the cracks between paving stones; those patches of green are quite possibly the same plant as one that grows in Antarctica. For the more ghoulish amongst us, the ones who examine old gravestones, the circular colonies of lichens are also well known. Here is another Antarctic plant. A combination of two organisms – algae (primitive plants) and fungi (decomposers, look in your compost heap) – they are capable of withstanding extremely rigorous conditions. Most of the time they are dry and crusty, but a few flakes of melted snow will soon have the plant "all systems go". Some lichens are very colourful, especially near nesting birds where they are richly fertilised. Bright orange and yellow patches scattered over boulders are like jewels and contrast brightly with the drab brown rocks and the blue and white of sky and snow. Growth rates of a fraction of a millimetre a year make some of the larger specimens centuries old!

If the mosses are the "royalty" of the plant life the algae are certainly the "rank and file".



Figs. 1-11: Plant life. **1-4:** Blue-green algae (x 1000). **5.** A single cell of a diatom, a brownish-coloured algae (x 1000). **6 and 7:** Green algae (x 1000). **8.** A moss plant (x 3). **9:** Moss, close-up of 'leaves' (x 10). **10:** A lichen, a 'crustose' type growing flat against a rock (x 1). **11:** A 'fruticose' lichen, with a branching structure (x 1). **Figs. 12-20:** Animal life. **12:** A single-celled protozoan, an amoeba, partly housed in a shell (x 2000). **13:** A single-celled protozoan, with 'whip-like' cilia (x 1000). **14:** A rotifer (x 200). **15:** A tardigrade (x 100). **16:** A nematode (x 100). **17:** A copepod from a lake (x 15). **18:** A wingless midge (x 20). **19:** A collembolan (x 25). **20:** A mite (x 80).

Only on this continent is this lowly type of plant the most widespread, even without taking into account its occurrence in lichens. Most are microscopic in size, the smallest is about two thousandths of a millimetre long. The largest forms green crumpled sheets a few centimetres in diameter, especially around penguin rookeries where there is plenty of nitrogen and phosphorus in the guano. The most frequently encountered algae come from a group known as "blue-green algae". These are related to the first plant life to appear on earth about two and a half thousand, million years ago. Algae are widespread in Antarctica because they can tolerate a very wide range of conditions, from being submerged permanently in lakes to being on the most exposed of dry rock surfaces.

They occur in most places, if you know where to look for them! At the bottom of lakes and ponds they form thick felt-like growths over the sediments and others can swim in the water above. Some of Antarctica's lakes are extremely salty, up to nine times saltier than sea-water, and dropping to −19°C without freezing. Algae even occur in these. Out of the water they are found growing richly amongst the mosses and forming crusts over moist sand. A particularly common type *(Nostoc)* can grow where the sand holds little of the plant nutrient called nitrate, which contains essential nitrogen. Instead it is capable of extracting the gas nitrogen from the atmosphere and using this to build more cells.

The strangest of the algae are those that are hidden away under and inside stones and rocks. Most sandy areas of Antarctica look completely barren but over these may be a scattering of quartz stones. Overturn a stone and you will probably see a vivid green coating on the undersurface. These algae are there because the quartz will allow a small amount of light to penetrate to the sand below. Also, the sand below the stone is moist, this is essential for growth, whereas the exposed surface sand is bone dry. Most of the thousands of boulders dumped by the retreating glaciers also look lifeless. Go and hit one of these with a hammer a few times and bright green patches might appear. Not magic – but algae revealed from under thin flakes of rock chipped off by hammering! Here again, some light can penetrate through the rock flakes and some water can be conserved in the narrow fissures below. These algae grow where the tiniest amount of water is retained.

Neither are snow and ice barren of plant growths. Small melt holes in the surfaces of glaciers may contain healthy populations of algae. Snow fields are sometimes tinted red, yellow or green over large areas due to specialised "snow algae". In stark contrast, perhaps one of the most bizarre places on the whole Continent is the summit crater of the 12,000 feet high volcano, Mt. Erebus. Here, hot fumaroles, pouring forth steam from vents in the ground, have algae which can grow at about +70° centigrade around their margins. In Antarctica! Nearly unbelievable!

Those are the plants, what of the animals? The most majestic animal the world has ever seen, the massive Blue Whale, swims in the southern polar seas. On the land a midge, no more than four millimetres long, is the largest animal, colonising the northern parts of the Antarctic Peninsula. And a strange midge indeed, it is wingless! You could imagine it as been designed by a fly-plagued Australian! However,the lack of wings makes it much less likely that this insect will be blown out to sea, to certain death. Evolution never ceases to amaze!

Other tinier, more primitive, animals abound amongst the mosses and the algae, both on land and in the lakes. Closely related forms are found on all the other continents but those in Antarctica survive where most others would not. They can be frozen and dried and still resume their lives when the sun's rays melt a crystal of ice and bring their microscopic world back into action again. All are well adapted. Some mites, eight-legged spider-like creatures, contain an antifreeze. They still move at temperatures well below freezing. Collembola, which are little more than a short intestine on six legs, spend their time eating anything around them, extracting nourishment from a few algae here or the body of a dead companion there. Tardigrades have hooks on the ends of their eight legs which help them grope their way amongst entangled filaments of algae and over moss leaves whilst sucking out the contents of the plants with their hypodermic-like mouths. Minute, worm-like nematodes thrash about in drops of water and water-fleas and rotifers strain algae from the lakes and ponds. The smallest animals, the Protozoa, consist of just a single cell and include the amoeba, well known by anyone who has studied biology. During the short summer those few patches of moss and the lakes and ponds really do support a microcosm of active life. Living, dieing,

eating, killing and breeding they only crystalise into stillness when the cold winter arrives.

But, you might well ask, what is the importance of this impoverished fauna and flora? Why do biologists spend summers and whole years in Antarctica studying the life on land? There is no apparent economic advantage produced by this effort. Is it really worth worrying about what might happen to these sparse and delicate life-forms if the human presence in Antarctica increases to threatening proportions?

I think its major importance lies in its uniqueness. Nowhere else on earth is there such a collection of organisms living in such an environment. For our knowledge of life on earth to be complete it must include Antarctica as well as the other continents. At present our knowledge of Antarctic life lags behind.

Antarctica is also as much a heritage for future generations as are the rain forests elsewhere. Unlike the latter, human impact on the land has not yet been devastating but, like the latter, damage done is probably irreversible. A substantial proportion must be preserved for the amazement, interest and study of our children.

There could be practical advantages coming from Antarctic biological studies. It is often said that the relative simplicity of Antarctic terrestrial life makes it good subject material for ecologists investigating the ways in which plants and animals interact with one another and their environment. Ecological theories established with relative ease by study in Antarctica might be applicable elsewhere. Measuring the growth rates of the plants and looking for new colonisers may provide clues to climatic changes. Important information on the early stages of soil formation could come from examination of recently deglaciated areas. Knowledge of the host of ways in which the organisms are adapted to their particularly harsh environment may help us in growing better crops or by providing medically useful chemicals. Presently no-one knows the potential.

Threats to the delicate, slow-growing life on land come from increased human involvement on the Continent. Of immediate importance is the expansion of research stations. More buildings and more personnel inevitably lead to damage. A careless boot print can wipe out decades and even centuries of growth. A new building can disturb a substantial proportion of an area's vegetation. Even biologists damage the plants and animals they are studying.

Less immediate, but nonetheless possible, are the increase of tourism and the introduction of mining and oil industries. From 1991 the Antarctic Treaty will be exposed to renegotiation at the call of any one of the nations involved. The world economic climate may then be such that changes to the Treaty would be sought in order to allow industry to profitably move in. Hugely expanded aircraft, shiping, accommodation and industrial facilities would be required.

Most of these would have to be placed on the two or three per cent of ice-free land. Power generation would have to be multiplied and rubbish and sewage disposal would be a problem. Disturbance and destruction to both marine and terrestrial life could be huge.

However, there is concern for the continued health of Antarctica's undisturbed areas, and it is increasing. Under the Antarctic Treaty certain areas of particularly interesting vegetation are "Specially Protected Areas" where permits are required before entry. Where investigations are in progress "Sites of Special Scientific Interest" are designated in order to protect from intruders. Guidelines for the protection of the environment have been provided for expeditions and tourist groups. Biologists have to obtain permits in order to export samples from Antarctica. Environmentally concerned groups such as Friends of the Earth and the Australian Conservation Foundation have produced policy statements regarding Antarctica.

Obviously, the future is uncertain. We can probably be sure that the human presence will remain at least at its present level and large increases are possible. So, how can we help ensure the survival of significant areas of the natural fauna and flora? Detailed mapping of vegetation and the establishment of more, larger protected areas would be an important first step. The clear marking of these would have to follow if the activity of people in their vicinity increased. Governments and industry would need to be made aware of the problems and shown that a large number of people were interested in conservation in Antarctica.

However, at the present it is the expeditioner who is the main inhabitant of this Continent. It is the responsibility of him or her to be aware of the fragile life-forms and, wherever possible, to avoid disturbance and damage. Whether cook, builder or biologist, respect for all Antarctic plants and animals is the only way an example can be given for the conduct of future human inhabitants.

AN ANARE MAN VISITS GOUGH ISLAND

– R.J. Tomkins

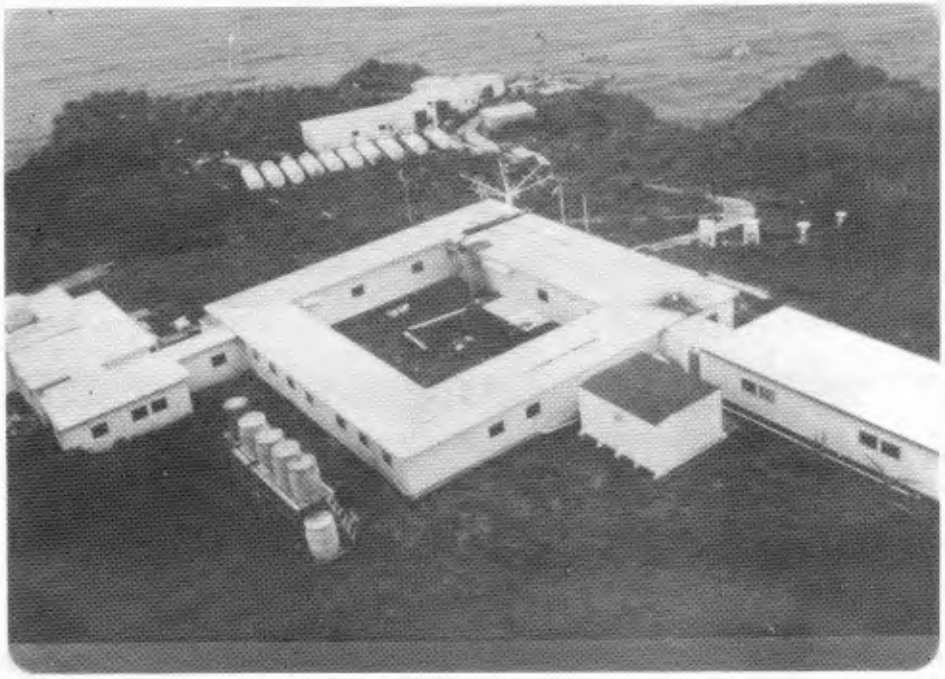
THE moment I saw Gough Island (21 October, 1980) I knew it was my "second home" – after all, anyone who has done much field work on Macquarie Island must love low cloud, rain and wind... and there is plenty of that on G.I. A tiny island approximately 450 km south of Tristan da Cunha, it is midway between South Africa and South America, at latitude 40°S. Cliffs on all sides rise vertically from the sea, disappear into the cloud and peak at 910 metres. Only a few beaches are worth landing on, and access inland is practical from only one of these. In fact, it was on this beach in the Glen that the British scientific expedition of 1955/56 established their base. Now days the station is on a shelf 50 metres or so above the rocks on the south east side of the island; the previous base site was too sheltered, and gave misleading meteorlogical data.

The island belongs to the U.K., but the South African Government has operated a met station there for the past 26 years. Met. is the only scientific activity carried out year round, and to do this a team of 4 met. men, 1 diesel mechanic, a male nurse, one radio officer and one radio technician occupy the base for twelve months commencing October/November. Changeover period lasts from two to four weeks and is hectic! Biologists from South African universities radiate from the station and collect information on seals, birds, vegetation and what have you. During the changeover a team of tradesmen (these are the same core of men who did such a magnificent job in building the new SANAE in one summer a couple of years ago) from Public Works Department do routine maintenance (sorry men, the winterers still have to paint the outside . . .!) and erect new installations. During my changeover visit they built a wooden helipad (a complete platform had to be built as the spongy "soil" cannot be relied upon to support loads on a small surface area) as part of the Dept. of Transport's ongoing modernisation programme. Next year choppers based on the *S.A. AGULHAS* will restock G.I. This will eliminate the multiple handling of boxes currently necessitated by the pontoon/crane/deck/manhaul trip from ship to shore. I only hope the pilots can fly in the wind and land on a pitching ship.

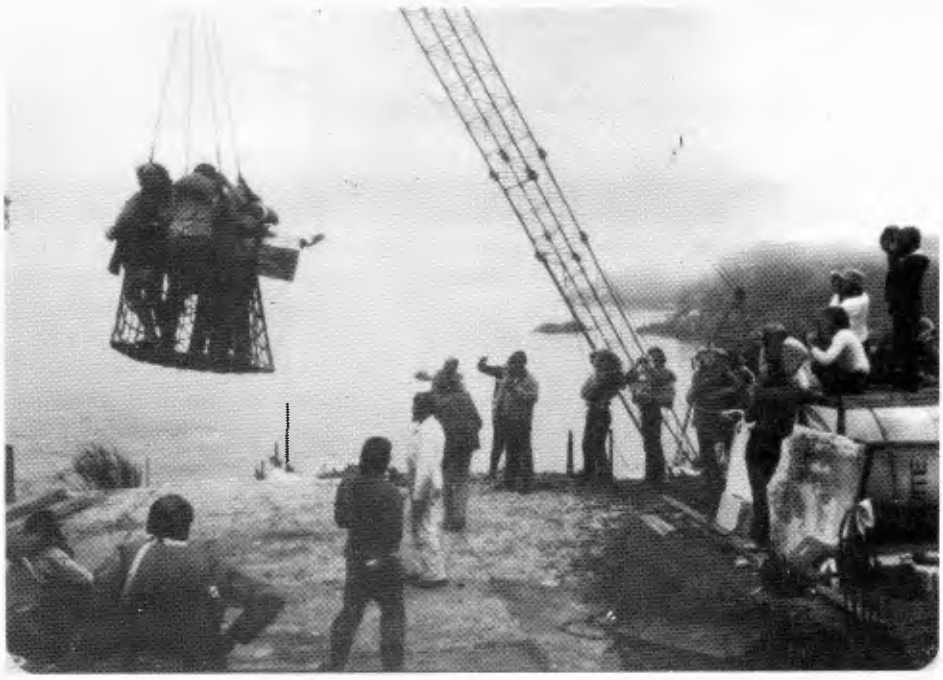
The tradies consist of the usual capable and experienced gents who work long hours in wet conditions, and relax in the traditional manner. They are paid overtime, and receive pay in lieu of weekends and holidays. The winterers receive only their usual basic rate plus bonus during changeover period, but like all winterers they are expected to help tradies, train their replacements, as well as do their own work. The most memorable aspect of the personalities at the base was the unabashed enthusiasm with which the relieved group met us as we landed on the dock, introduced themselves and welcomed us to the base. That set the pace for a very friendly and happy stay on the island. It was the most hospitable greeting I have ever had to a field station.

The design of the station is simple. Everything except the generators, fuel, food and incidentals are joined by a corridor in a big square. The lads say it rattles sometimes, but in this mild climate it doesn't worry anyone. Each man has his own sleeping room complete with door. Flushing toilets and hot showers make for a pleasant life. Need it be said that the kitchen is the heart of the station, (everyone cooks, on a roster system) and heating allows living and working indoors to be comfortable.

My sole activity on the island (apart from dodging work) was to prepare a study plan for the Wandering albatross. Three sub species exist: the largest in size breed on sub-antarctic islands (e.g. Macquarie, Marion, Sth. Georgia), intermediate sizes breed in the New Zealand region (e.g. Aucklands, Campbell and Antipodes), and the small version breeds on Gough, Tristan da Cunha and possibly Amsterdam-St. Paul Islands. Most have been killed by the generations of human inhabitants on Tristan da Cunha, and thus the population on Gough is the stronghold for this sub-species, and not much is known about it as no biologist has over-wintered on G.I. But Wanderers are only one small aspect of the avifauna there. The rather attractive Yellow-Nosed albatross breed in their hundreds almost outside donga windows, and the titillating "pew-eee" of the Sooty albatross drifts down from the mountain gullies. On any rainy night at least six species of "night birds" . . . shearwaters, petrels, Storm petrels, prions . . . can be seen and heard flying around the lights of the Base. Unfortunately on some very misty calm evenings the lads told me they had to turn off non-essential lights to prevent these night birds flying into the buildings. On



Home is corridors and a snug kitchen (and a courtyard for BBQ, and sunbaking!)



Landing at Gough Is. is always "interesting", as all personel and equipment are conveyed on a sausage pontoon from S.A. Agulhas to the foaming cliff base, where they are winched up. Equipment is then trolleyed uphill to their Stores, while we hardly had time to relocate our stomachs before being given a very warm welcome.

the worst nights several hundred might kill themselves in this manner. This provides our old friend, the skua, with a slaughterhouse bonanza, and it is unusually active at night. The deep peat-like vegetation on the coastal plateaux and lower slopes are unbelieveably full of bird burrows . . . it is dangerous to man and bird to walk off the tracks! The calls of these hundreds of thousands of night birds heard at night from the top of the island, sounds like the roar of a distant busy freeway. It is incredible!

As always it was enthralling to sit quietly and watch the young Fur seals frollic in the intertidal pools, to the raucous cackle of nearby territory-defending Rockhopper penguins. A small number of Elephant seals breed on the other side of the island, and a special trip by Zodiac, or an intrepid climb down cliffs is needed to reach them.

A few of every ornithologist's favourite bird, the Giant petrel, hassle the Wanderers below the stern of the S.A. "Agulhas" whilst at anchor, and they breed in very small numbers in scattered locations on Gough. Antarctic terms had recently returned from their winter migration, and several chases along the cliffs were fun to watch, but their shrill chattering call proved frustrating to document on a tape recorder. Two land birds (Gough Bunting and Gough Moorhen) are unusual and captivating residents. Among trees in some gullies the delicately coloured light brown and whitish grey Brown noddies chased each other swiftly and eventually nest. This must be the most southern location of their breeding range.

Ther were many days of sunshine. These transformed a bleak dark green wall between the undergrowth and intimidating cloud base into a glistening curtain of shades of green and brown, leading you among low trees and tall free ferns, along green padded gullies, through clear rock-based streams, up slippery slopes to the top . . . and a spectacular view of this delightful island, surrounded by a crystal sparkling blue sea.

Too soon, after four weeks, we returned to Cape Town aboard the S.A. "Agulhas". She is owned by the South African Government, and is used exclusively for resupply and research activities. She was launched only recently and weighs 5353 tons gross, and, of course is painted the familiar red and white. Relationships between expedition staff and the ship's company was hardly comparable to that between ANARE and "our" Danes; but the comfort, design and appointments of the *S.A. Agulhas* surpasses even that of *Thala Dan*. Sorry, I have no tales to tell of 51° rolling in storms – we had flat sunny weather on each of the five day trips there and back.

I visited Gough Island as a guest of the Percy Fitzpatrick Institute of African Ornithology, and I wish to thank the Organisation, especially, personnel of the Dept. of Transport, and particularly the expeditioners of Gough Island, (25th and 26th) for a most enjoyable and informative stay on Gough Island.

Letters to the Editor

from Bob Tingey, ARPAC Co-ordinator Earth Sciences, Bureau of Mineral Resources, Geology and Geophysics, Canberra.

Marine Geoscience Research Programme for 1981-82 Summer

Dear Mrs. Rob,

I refer to the article on "Marine Geoscience Research Programme for 1981-82 Summer" in the October issue of "Aurora", and write to point out that the seismic and magnetic surveys will be carried out by a BMR team supervised by Roy Whitworth, a one time ANARE geophysicist. As you know, BMR has been involved with ANARE for very many years, and this marine program is a continuation of that involvement. The initiation of the program was overseen by the Antarctic Research Policy Advisory Commission and the program objectives match up closely with the priorities identified in ARPAC's first report to Government. The marine surveys are a very large enterprise that will take a number of years to complete even at a reconnaissance level.

With warmest regards,

BOB TINGEY

from R. Sherwood, Perth.

Dear Mrs. Rob,

Firstly I must start with an apology for not forwarding a mid-winter dinner report, but I did not realise that this was expected.

Perth had a very successful mid-winter evening held at the Grove Restaurant in Gosnells. We were pleased to have quite a few new faces join us this year for a four course dinner which was a mixture of a-la-carte and smorgasbord.

A few past expeditioners "volunteered" to give us an impromptu account of some of their Antarctic experiences. A thoroughly relaxed and enjoyable evening was had by all.

Wishing you all the best, fond regards,

RON SHERWOOD (Mawson 79)

Letters to the Editor (continued)

Macquarie Island Earthquake 1977

from Kevin McCue, Engineering Seismologist at the Geophysical Observatory, (a section of the Geological Survey of the Minerals and Energy Department) Port Moresby.

Dear Mrs. Rob,

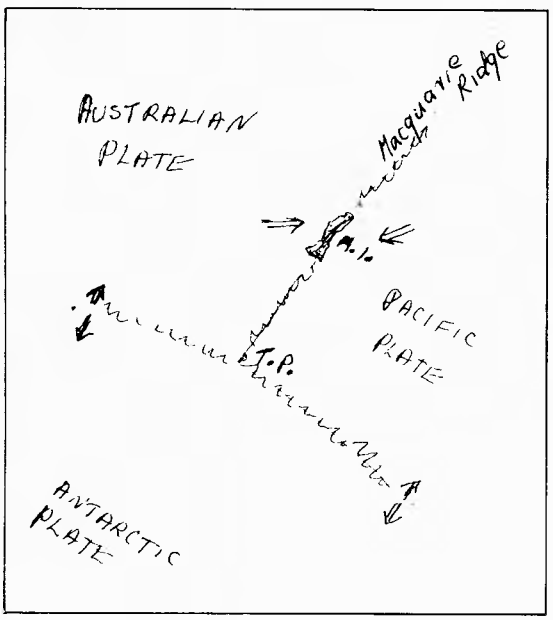
Together with the geophysicist from Dumont D'Urville, I did a fault plane solution for the 1977 Macquarie Island Earthquake which was mentioned in the October 81 "Aurora".

The enclosed diagram is called a fault plane solution or focal mechanism solution.

The cross at the centre represents the earthquake focus, and the circles represent seismograph stations all over the world, the closer stations are the circles furthest from the focus. A solid circle is drawn when the seismogram shows that the first ground motion at the seismograph was up end, the open circle when the ground moved down first.

Two orthogonal lines can then be drawn separating (most of) the compressions (c) from the dilatations (d). One of these is the fault plane, in this case probably the NS oriented line. This fault plane dips at about 45° to the east. The diagram also gives the direction of the principal stresses, in this case the stress acts horizontally in a NE-SW direction as shown by the arrows. This solution is typical of those found for other Macquarie Ridge earthquakes.

a cartoon sketch of the regional tectonics is shown below.



Macquarie Island is just north of a triple point (T.P.), the junction of three tectonic plates: the Pacific, the Australian (or Indian) and the Antarctic. The ridge morphology and earthquake epicentres delineate the plate boundaries. The Australian and Pacific Plates are obviously colliding at this their southern junction, just as they are at Bougainville, which is close to their northernmost contact, the rate of collision is much faster, however, in the north. Furthermore, the Pacific Plate overrides the Australian Plate. Amazing, all this from one earthquake.

I have always maintained an interest in Macquarie Island.

Keep up the good work Mrs. Rob, my regards to fellow south bound travellers. Fondest regards,

KEVIN McCUE (M.I. 1969)

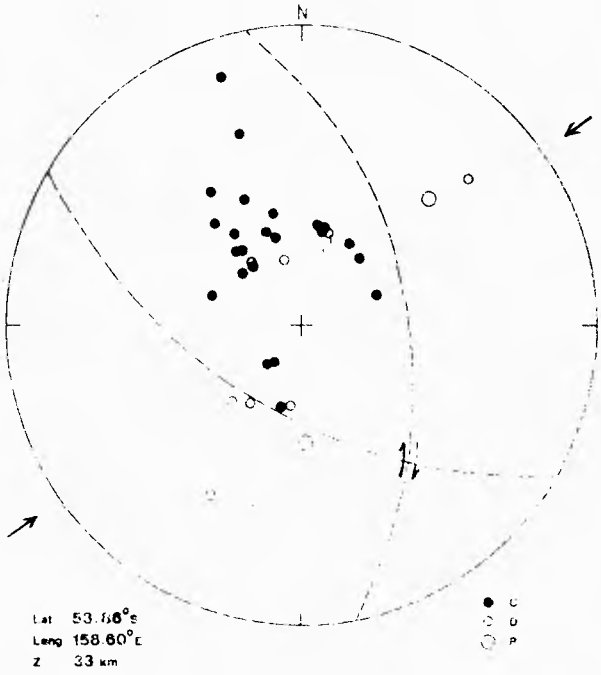


FIGURE **Macquarie Ridge Earthquake** 21/07/77

AUSTRALIAN PARTICIPATION ON THE 26th SOVIET ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION

by Ross Walsh (Casey 79)

FROM January to February, 1981, I was fortunate to work as a glaciologist with nine Soviet expeditioners on a traverse from Mirny to Dome C. This was the fourth occasion on which an Australian had participated in the Soviet traverse as a guest of the Soviet Arctic and Antarctic Institute: on the previous expeditions the Anare representatives were Neal Young (1976-77, 1977-78) and Vin Morgan (1978-79). Neal and his comrades were responsible for the establishment of the traverse route which wends the 374 kilometres from Mirny to Pioneerskaya (elevation 2800m) and then follows approximately the 3,000 metre contour for 1142 kms from Pioneerskoya to Dome C. Vin and myself were thus able to follow a marked route and remeasure the satellite stations which are sited at 50 kilometre intervals.

The general aim of our field work is to reach an understanding of the characteristics and dynamics of the Antarctic ice sheet. One of the principal aims on the Soviet traverses was a study of the mass budget of the ice sheet, and in particular at what rate, if at all, the ice sheet is advancing or receding. To achieve these aims, we require accurate ice velocities along a line, which one determined by the difference in position of the satellite stations over a number of years and determining the amount of snow that has fallen on an area over a period. This is obtained simply by measuring to the top of poles, which are placed at 2 km intervals, and serve as route markers.

We sailed from Melbourne aboard the *Nanok S* on 18th December, hoping to arrive at Mirny on 9th January, after calling in to resupply Casey. After very smooth sailing, we reached Casey on the 28th and departed on 4th January. By night-time the ship had entered quite solid pack ice, in which we were encased for four days. On leaving the pack we sailed through a Japanese whaling fleet, which (a little further south than it should have been) was busily catching and processing Killer whales. That encounter left a sour taste, to say the least!

By midday on the 11th we were finally within helicopter range of Drygalski Island, about 20 kilometres off Mirny. The *Nanok S* captain, the Expedition Leader, Attilla Vrana, and myself were flown to the *Bachkiria* which was moored off Drygalski Island. We were welcomed aboard by the ship's Captain Rodin and Mr. Serdyvkov, who is Deputy Director of the A.A.R.I. My first attempt at conversational Russian proved a little fruitless, but fortunately Captain Rodin spoke fluent English. With the language barrier removed, international friendship and co-operation were toasted many times. Two convivial hours later (at a guess!) *Attilla* and the *Nanok* captain were flown back to *Nanok*, leaving me to continue the socialising with a few hundred Soviet expeditioners on board the *Bashkiria* who were eagerly awaiting their departure for home. The friendliness and courtesy extended to their guests was a Soviet hallmark which never faltered all the time spent with the 26th Expedition.

The *Bashkiria* is one of two passenger/cargo ships chartered by the A.A.R.I., having a displacement of about 7,000 tons, and accommodation for 300. For Antarctic use it's usual territory is the Mediterranean, but is chartered from the Black Sea Shipping Company for a few months each year. The Soviets, I understand, had three passenger/cargo ships, a fuel tanker, an ice breaker and two research vessels for logistic support. During the summer about 600 Soviet personnel are in Antarctica and about 300 wintering, and with their bases situated throughout the Continent, the task of resupply is not an enviable one.

I was flown to Mirny a couple of days later in an M1-8 helicopter, and was taken on a couple of "joy" flights over Mirny while waiting for mechanical repairs on the traverse vehicles to be completed. The vehicles for our traverse were part of a convoy of 13 which had recently resupplied Vostok.

Mirny is home for about 250 men during the summer and 75 during the winter. The station consists of two groups of buildings sited on the only available rock outcrops about a kilometre apart. The original Mirny station (1956) is located halfway between these groups, the tops of the buildings barely visible above the ice, having suffered a fate similar to that of Wilkes.

While installing the traverse equipment in the vehicles, I realised, after asking where the

24 volt d.c. supply was located and being shown the toilet, that my conversational Russian was still well short of being comprehensible!

Preparations complete, we started our traverse on 19th January, after a farewell drink or two with the Mirny personnel. The Russian members of traverse party comprised nine men:– two glaciologists, two mechanics, a doctor who also functioned as cook, a radio operator, a navigator and two geophysicists who were to inspect and repair the 9 existing remote automatic magnetic stations located at about 150 kilometre intervals along the route, and to install a new one 10 kms east of Dome C. We left Mirny with a drilling crew of eight who were to travel with us as far as GM13 (intersection of the Australian traverse South of Casey with the Soviet traverse). While we continued on to Dome C, they were to drill down to 100 or so metres and then travel back to Mirny with us, after meeting up again at GM13 on the return journey.

Kharkovchanka

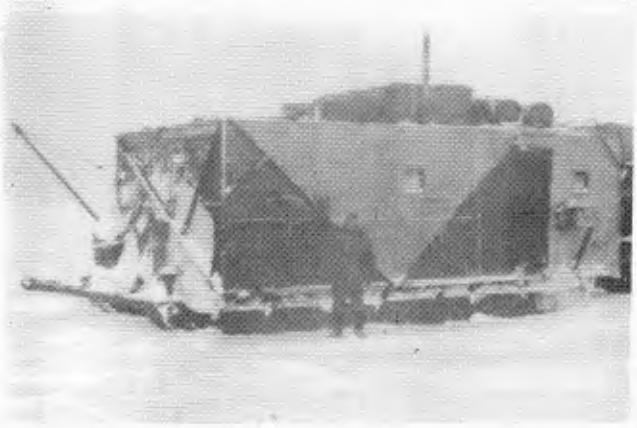
TRAVERSE VEHICLES

Each party had a Kharkovchanka towing a 20,000 litre capacity fuel sled, and an ATT towing a living van. The Kharkovchanka is a tracked vehicle weighing about 40 tonnes, and is based on a tank chassis. It has a separate driver's cabin, and a living compartment which is of aluminium construction measuring 3 by 7 metres, and comprising a generator room, radio room, science compartment (a converted kitchen area), sleeping accommodation for 6 men, and a bathroom, complete with a flushing toilet.

The ATT is an ex-army tracked transporter weighing about 20 tonnes which was first built in 1955. It is capable of towing about 40 tonnes but was only pulling the 12 tonne living van. The living van measured 4 by 8 metres and comprised a kitchen, generator room, bathroom and sleeping accommodation for 7. Although only a five-year old design, it seemed very archaic when compared to the Kharkovchanka living compartment. It was made almost entirely of timber, and had a kerosene-fuelled heater. One only small ventilation/escape hatch was located in the kitchen, and quite often the heater's chimney became choked, so that travelling in the living van could at times be rather nauseating. After repeated attempts to clear the chimney failed using the traditional methods of bashing with a hammer and prodding with a broom handle, a mechanic came up with what he thought was the ideal solution – firing a flare into the chimney. The fact that we ate soot-impregnated food for the next few days seemed to dissuade any such future attempts.

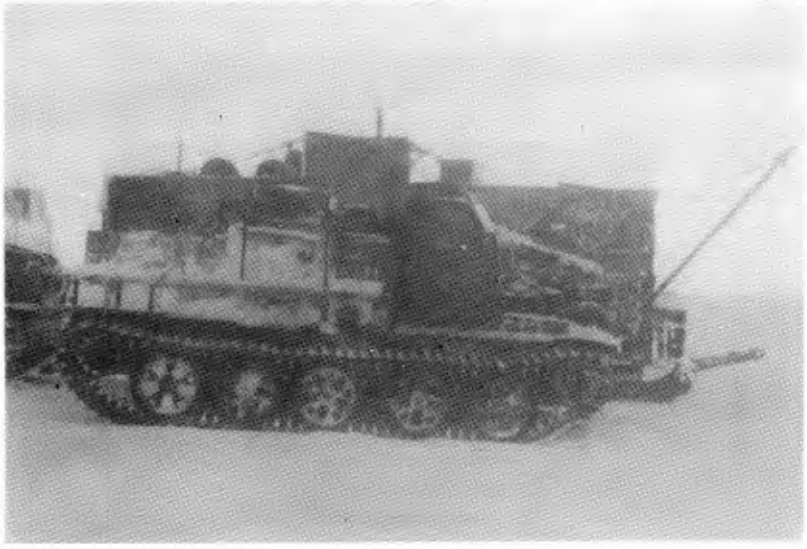
TRAGIC FIRE

Communication between vehicles was by radio, but between the living van and the vehicles, by flare. On the return trip, three days out of Mirny, the drilling crew's living van caught fire following an explosion in the kitchen. Flares were fired for about 5 minutes before one of the drivers finally saw one and stopped. By this time the living van was well alight and could not be saved. One of the crew died and another was badly burned.



Living Van

Interior of Living Van



ATT

TRAVERSE MENUS

It was generally a 12 to 14 hour travelling day with a two-hour stop for lunch, which was always a two-course meal. The food was quite a departure from the normal Australian fare as the following two days menu might suggest:

Breakfast – semolina porridge; Lunch – meat and potato soup, cold meat or cold whole small fish with hot potatoes; Tea – Potato and cabbage soup, fried liver or cold whole small fish with hot potatoes and cabbage. Breakfast – leftovers from the previous night; Lunch – Potato soup, meat and macaroni; Tea – Meat and potato soup, liver and mashed potatoes.

The result of two months on this style of food was a weight loss of 13 kilograms – about which I was not entirely unhappy.

We arrived back at Mirny on 19 March, having covered a little over 3,000 kms in the 57 days. In that time our ATT's gear box was replaced, and the drilling crew's Kharkovchanka, which at one stage consumed 75 litres of oil in an hour, was towed the last 400 kms.

We sailed from Mirny the following day aboard a scientific research vessel *Professor Viese*, and after calling in at Kerguelen and Molodozhneya, arrived in Antwerp on 28th April, where a few days were spent sightseeing before flying back to Australia.

I was very grateful to have had the opportunity of working with the Soviets; it was an interesting and rewarding experience.

CLUB NEWS

SALEABLE ITEMS:

The ANARE CLUB has the following items for sale to members; new stocks have just arrived:

Club Tie	$9.00 ea.
Club Lapel Badges	$3.00 ea.
Club Cloth Badges	$3.00 ea.
Club Tee Shirts (state size)	$5.00 ea.
Club Wall Plaque	$15.00 ea.
Post Cards (coloured)	20¢ ea.

Orders please to the Treasurer, Box 2534W, GPO Melbourne, 3001.

PAYMENT OF SUBSCRIPTIONS

Included with the August 81 edition of "Aurora" each member and subscriber was given a Statement of Account advising of his/her financial status in the Club. To date, about two-thirds of the membership have responded and forwarded their dues to the Treasurer. It would be appreciated if the remainder would send in their subscriptions as soon as possible.

As you are aware, the production of the Club journal "Aurora" consumes the major proportion of fees received, and for this reason we are appealing to those who have not yet paid to do so now.

Doug. Twigg, Treasurer.

MISSING PERSONS – addresses required

Mail addressed to the following members has been returned to the Club, indicating that addresses have changed, but the Club have not been notified.

Anyone knowing the present whereabouts of these members are asked if they would please inform the Secretary (Box 2534W, GPO Melbourne) or perhaps ask the "missing person" to contact the Secretary as to his current postal address:

G. ACKERMAN
G. BAILEY
J. BALDWIN
R. H. BEST
N. BOSTON
C.J. BRENNAN
B. BRUCE
J.R. CANHAM
A. CLARKE
T.J. CORDWELL
W.D. COWELL
R.C. CRESSWELL
P. CRONLY
J. DOOHAN
H. DOWN
R.A. ROALE
R.J. FRANCIS
C.I. FRISBY
L. GIBNEY
M.J. GOODSPEED
I.J. GOUGH
R. GUREVITCH
D. JAMES
A.P. LANGWORTHY
J. M. LECKIE
J. LINDEN
G. MAHON
K.C. MARTIN
R. McCLOY
R. McGINLEY
J. McLACHLAN
C.G. McMASTER
N. MOFFATT
M. MURPHY
K.J. O'LOUGHLIN
E. ONISZK
A. PAPIJ
R. PARSONS
R. PEDERSEN) Denmark
J.A. PEDERSEN)
R. PETKOVIC
A. PIERT
J. PORTER
J.H. RANDELL
G.M. REID
J. RIVERS
A. ROBERTS
P. SEXTON
K.P. SHEPHERD
J. TANN
C.P. TEPPER
V. THOMSEN (Denmark)
M. TIERNEY
R. TIPPET
M. TOLHURST
J.A. TOWNLEY
J. TRETHEWEY
J.C. MARSDEN
P. VARMA
R.A. WATSON
C. WHITEHEAD
B.G. WILKINSON
J.B. WILKINSON
R.R. WILSON
D. WOOD
J. YOUNG
A.J. ZACHARIA

SOCIAL EVENTS – Adelaide Branch

TREVOR GADD advises that a barbecue was held at Peter and Joy Fawcett's home on 25th October, 1981.

"Although only about 25 adults and children "braved the beautiful sunny weather" an excellent time was had by all.

We look forward to receiving further news of Adelaide activities.

HARDWARE CLUB ACCOMMODATION:

THE HARDWARE CLUB, Hardware Street, Melbourne, has given the Anare Club the use of a room for meetings, storage of files, etc.

In return, Anare Club councillors are to become full members of the Hardware Club paying an annual subscription of $25.00 each. However the Anare Club will subsidise councillors to the extend of $15.00 each, which will be considered as rent for the office and room space granted. This means that each Councillor and Executive of the Club will pay $10.00 yearly.

Members of the Anare Club are invited to make use of the facilities of the Hardware Club and it is hoped that it will become a meeting place, especially for interstate visitors. Frequent users will be expected to become full members of the Hardware Club, and future club functions can be held in the ample recreation space.

1981 CABARET BALL – (Expeditioners Farewell

This annual event was poorly supported by members, and due to some members failing to turn up, even though booked, the Club suffered a considerable loss.

It was interesting to note that outside the Club Council and their immediate guests and friends, only about four club members attended the function. Considering a Victorian membership of over 300, this was a disappointing response, and the Council will be reluctant to arrange similar functions in future.

However, the reduced attendance in no way detracted from the enjoyment of the excellent band, meal and surroundings provided by the "Stoke House".

Club President, Dick Saxton, welcomed all present with special mention to Expeditioner, Dave Pottage (Met.) who heads off to Mawson this year (1982). The consumption of ample liquid refreshments did not affect the enthusiasm and verve of some members, who were still capable of dancing on the balcony at 1 a.m. in the rain!

TOOLANGI BARBEQUE MARCH, 1982

In view of the lack of support last year by members, this year's barbeque will be conducted along different lines.

Midwinter Dinner, 1982 – Friday, 18 June, at Manhattan Receptions, St. Kilda Road.

To combat expected rising costs, the Club Council has again secured the same venue as last year, which from all accounts seemed to please most members. We hope to keep costs in the $19.00 per head region, and this year will extend the bar an extra hour on a cash sales basis.

ALASKAN AFFAIR HOLIDAY, 1982

(Ref. October, 81 "Aurora")

Some enquiries have been received, but more support will be required if this group holiday is to be a "goer". If you are interested please contact the Social Secretary **now.**

SOCIAL FUNCTIONS – POLL OF MEMBERS' PREFERENCES

The Division moving to Tasmania has meant the loss of many club members and their support. The Club Council, therefore, is keen to seek members' views on the type of social functions required from 1983 onwards: To this end we are conducting an informal survey, and would appreciate members' opinions on the following suggested functions:–

Midwinter Dinner, 1983

OPTIONS:

(1a) Deluxe sit-down meal, all drinks supplied at luxury hotel $25-$30 per head) (Members only)

(1b) Same setup as above, but with mixed couples.

(2a) Medium Price sit-down meal ($18-20) (Members only).

(2b) Same as above but with mixed couples.

(3a) Budget priced Smorgasbord BYOG type dinner ($9-$10 per head) (Members only).

(3b) Same as above but with mixed couples.

(4a) Any other suggestions in regard to function.

We always seem to have a few "knockers" in the system, so please put your suggestions in writing if you would like things changed.

Ian Mackie (Social Secretary)

Burt Goldenburg Wilkes 62 catching King Salmon Kenhai River, Alaska

Famous Knik Glacier, Alaska

REFERENDUM ON CONSTITUTIONAL AMENDMENT: This postal referendum resulted in a vote for the amendments with no dissenting votes received.

VALE

KEITH "BLUE" McDONALD, radio operator, (Macq. 59, M. 61, 63, Casey 69) died of a heart attack on an oil drilling platform near Singapore. A funeral service was held in Melbourne on November 30, 1981, and several of his old mates from interstate attended. "Blue" made many good friends, not only in Anare and radio circles, but also in the Navy where he served for about twelve years.

From Canberra comes the sad news of the death of **PETER E. MANN** who was a geophysicist at Macquarie Island, 1955. Our sympathy goes out to his wife Rae and family.

The tragic death of **BOB DOVERS** in early December, 1981, at Shell Harbour, N.S.W., came as a shock. Bob's Antarctic service goes back to Heard Island days (1947, 48). He was OIC at Mawson in 1954, was at Macquarie in 1950 and Dumont D'Urville in 1952. An abituary by Lem Macey will appear in the May issue.

MRS. M. McDONALD – "Mrs. Mac" who served the Antarctic Division as Welfare Officer from 1949 to 1966, died at Mornington, Vict., on January 13. Her passing in her 83rd year will be mourned by the many ex-expeditioners and their families she helped and advised during her long years of service.

Dr. P.G. Law has submitted the following tribute to the late Mrs. Mynye McDonald –

"MRS. MAC"

IN 1949 the Antarctic Division was plagued with complaints from expedition men and next of kin about the unreliability of despatch and delivery of personal radiograms. The responsibility for these until then had devolved upon the typists in the office.

I decided that the task was too important to be left to junior staff, so sought approval for the creation of a special position, "Cables Officer", and advertised accordingly. From the applicants I chose a middle-aged widow, Mrs. Mynye McDonald, who seemd to me to have the necessary personal attributes for the job. This was one of the best appointments I ever made. "Mrs. Mac", as she was always called, took into her capable and sympathetic hands the broad responsibility of attending to the "cabled" correspondence between men and their next-of-kin, and of dealing, within the limits of her sphere of activity and influence, with all kinds of personal problems and matters of morale concerning the men and their loved ones. She became the best known and best loved person in the office and stayed with the Division for 19 years.

Mrs. Mac reminded men of their wives birthdays, ordered gifts and anniversary flowers (often at her own expense!), smoothed out misunderstandings, visited wives in times of family misfortune, and operated on a scale of wide involvement that went far beyond the call of duty.

In 1948 Trevor Heath, Secretary of the ANARE, had introduced the system of using Bentley's Complete Phrase code, an international code for cable and radio communication. A copy of this code was supplied to each station and to Head Office.

Mrs. Mac built up, over the next few years, an elaborate supplementary code designed specifically for the unique requirements of ANARE men. In the end there was a very comprehensive "shorthand" for personal communications that greatly extended the "wordage" that men could fit into the rather inadequate free "cables allowance" provided by the Government. It stands as a monument to her.

Some thousands of ANARE next of kin and expeditioners remember with affection and gratitude the friendship, warm sympathy and devoted attention to their needs that Mrs. Mac gave them, and deeply mourn her passing.

Phil. Law.

1982 MACQUARIE ISLAND WINTERING PARTY

Officer-in-Charge
E.J. Upton, Kalimna, Victoria.
Medical Officer
L.D. Fletcher*, Attadale, W.A.
Geophysicist
I.J. Ferguson, Canberra, A.C.T.
Biologist
T. Pye, Croydon, Victoria
Physicist (UAP)
M. Mallis, Reservoir, Victoria
Electronics Engineer
A. Nutley, Hornsby, N.S.W.
Senior Tradesman Gd. 2
A. Bruehwiler, Mornington, Victoria
Carpenter
R. Besso, Gnowangerup, W.A.
Senior Electrical Fitter
P.J. Munro, Granville, N.S.W.
Comm. Officer Gd. 2
K.L. Bennett*, Tewantin, Queensland
Comm. Officer Gd. 1
L.J. Harmon (female), Modbury North, S.A.
Radio Tech. Officer Gd. 1
R.M. Phillips , Thora, N.S.W.
Radio Tech. Officer (Met.)
P.A. Rowell, Virginia, S.A.
Met. Observer Gd. 3
R. Sleeman, Wagga, Wagga, N.S.W.
Met. Observer Gd. 2
P.S.G. Hedt*, East Doncaster, Victoria
Met. Observer Gd. 2
A.S. Jennings, Portland, Victoria
Met. Observer Gd. 2
M.A. Dreimann, Salisbury, S.A.
Met. Observer Gd. 2
D.J. Morrison, Narrandera, N.S.W.
Chef
D.J. Conder, Highett, Victoria.

* Anare Winterers from previous years.

MACQUARIE ISLAND SUMMER PARTY 1981-82

R.D. Seppelt, Botanist, Antarctic Division
D.J. Montgomery, Tech. Officer (Biology), TASPAWS
S.J. Cronin, Trainee Ranger, TASPAWS
G.H.Y. Thomas, Geophysicist, BMR
M. Fimeri, Electronics Engineer, Antarctic Division.

MACQUARIE ISLAND

by Paul Musk (1977)

Many wonderous things are seen,
In landscapes here of grey and green
Curtains of cloudmist, curtains of light,
One veiling daytime, one brightening night.

Lichened sentinels of stone,
Grass topped, ancient and moss grown,
Sombre faces, guarding what?
Lonely isle that time forgot.

Where aeons past the ocean played,
Now the rabbits home is made,
The plateau with its many faces,
Seems to scorn man's puny paces.

Awesome breakers still attack,
Hissing in and sucking back,
Hurling flotsam from their maw,
Long-dead sailors wooden spore.

Round rocks that made the sailors pray,
Kelp-skirts twirl like a girl's at play,
Stones crack under the giant's hand,
Slowly, slowly, turn to sand.

Where Albatross and Petrel mated,
Green and super-saturated,
Bones and feathers tell a tale,
Some survive but many fail.

Weathered cross beside a lake,
Sadly caused by one mistake,
Wind and water howl and rave,
Serenade the lonely grave.

Streams gurgle down old glacier tracks,
Wild cats make their swift attacks,
The skuas watch from way on high
And gullies echo the victim's cry.

No artist skilled could hold a candle,
To winter's soft-flung snowy mantle,
The island dons another face,
Becomes a cleaner, brighter place.

The pebbled shores are thronged with life,
Impervious to the wind's cold knife,
In friendship now, the seals fight,
Like sea-ghosts in the wintery light.

The penguins watch like wise old men,
For soon it will be spring again,
The breeding bulls will storm ashore,
And clear the beach with a single roar.

It's true the weather's often bad,
The lengthy parting sometimes sad,
You miss the flowers, the sun, the trees,
But what rewards, what memories!

P.V.M.

HOBART AND EARLY SOUTHWARD EXPLORATION

(History Illuminated)

Major F. Bond

TWO of the many reasons for the establishment by the Establishment of a British colony in New South Wales seem to have been firstly, the stupidity of the political wisdom evidenced in the formulation of the Treaty of Utrecht (1713), and secondly, the stupidity of the strategic wisdom displayed by the British military authorities in rejecting an application for a permanent Commission in the British Army by George Washington.

The War of the Spanish Succession was brought about when Charles II, the last of the Spanish Hapsburgs, lost his will to live and in 1700 made a Will leaving Spain and its possessions to the Bourbon, Philip of Anjou, a grandson of Louis XIV of France, who said "A Bourbon, bon! bon!", and went on eating bonbons.

This was a bad thing. It upset the Balance of Power. So, expecting trouble, Louis seized the Dutch border fortresses and recognised Bonnie Prince Charlie as King of England. This upset William III, Stadholder of Holland and King of England no end, as William had previously defeated the Catholic James II at the Battle of the Boyne (1690) and this led to the present problem in Northern Ireland.

William formed the Grand Alliance, England, Holland, Austria, Brandenburg-Prussia, Hanover, the Palatinate, Savoy and Portugal, and demanded that Archduke Charles, a Hapsburg, become the King of Spain. The war lasted from 1702 to 1713, and since William died almost before the war was properly under way, Queen Anne pursued the struggle with vigour.

During this period, recruiting sergeants, accompanied by fife and drum, drummed up recruits with the song:

"Marching with Marlborough,
Marching with Marlborough
Who'll come a marching with Marlborough
and me?"

The tune is identical note for note, and musical phrase for phrase, with one better known by Australians to the words "Waltzing Matilda", but in Australia the tune is credited to a New South Welsh lady.

In the colonies the war was called Queen Anne's War, so, rather like the houses of the time, it was Queen Anne at the front, and Mary Anne at the back.

As a foot soldier of the Duke of Marlborough and Prince Eugene of Savoy, you trekked to Blenheim, you trekked to Ramillies, you trekked to Oudenarde and you trekked to Malplaquet. In the colonies, you trekked to Port Royal and you trekked to Quebec. So when the combatants ran out of money they signed the Peace of Utrecht.

At Utrecht, the Bourbons retained Spain, and France still held the valley of the Missisippi. Britain got Newfoundland, Nova Scotia, Hudsons Bay, Gibraltar and Minorca. Austria got the Belgian Netherlands and the Elector of Brandenburg became the first Hohenzollern King of Prussia. Britain also got the Asiento, the right to carry African slaves to the American Spanish possessions.

This was a bad thing, as in 1739 Captain Jenkins got his ear cut off during a Spanish attack on his ship, and this caused the War of Jenkins Ear, which was the prelude to the War of the Austrian Succession, or in the colonies "King George's War", because Queen Anne was dead.

Louis XIV had died two years after the Treaty of Utrecht, and was followed by his five-years old great-grandson Louis XV, the noted French meteorologist "Après moi, le déluge".

In the war, Prussia, France, Spain and Bavaria were in conflict with Austria, Great Britain, and Holland. As in all good French detective novels it was a case of "cherchez la femme". In this case it was Marie Theresa of Austria. However, in the Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle (1749) Frederick II of Prussia gained Silesia from Austria, and everything else remained as before.

This was a bad thing, because Colonel William Pepperell and a force of British colonists had captured Louisberg in 1745, and discontent started in the American Colonies when at the peace they had to give it back to the French.

After this indecisive war, George not wishing to hand over Hanover, Britain entered into an agreement with Frederick, so when the colonial war between Britain and France started in 1754, for the decisive Seven Years War 1756-63, Austria and France faced Prussia and Great Britain. Frederick the Great, aided by English gold, defeated France in Europe. Britain almost annihilated the French navy.

Clive defeated Dupleix in India. Wolfe captured Quebec.

In the colonies, in 1754 the British Ohio Company had sent a small force to build a fort at the junction of the Monongahela and the Allegheny rivers.

In May 1754 Lt. Col. George Washington with a regiment of Virginians defeated a French and Amerindian force at Great Meadows, but was later forced to withdraw from Fort Necessity. On his return to Virginia he learned of a British order, which made every regular army officer superior to all officers of the militia. Washington had himself exempted from this order, and ended the war as a Brigadier-General, but his application for a regular commission was not granted.

On the signing of the Treaty of Humbertusberg at the end of the Seven Years War, the British public debt was £140,000,000 and it was decided that the colonies should help to pay it off, since the defence of the newly acquired Mississipi and St. Lawrence valleys would require 10,000 regular soldiers to keep out the French, Spanish and Indians. The taxes imposed to raise half of the cost of providing this force gave rise to the cry "no taxation without representation". This led to the "Boston Tea Party" and the War of American Independence. The British colonials, Englishmen, Irishmen Scots and Welsh, under George Washington defeated the Hessians sent by GeorgeIII's British Parliament.

To have sent convicts to Canada would have upset the newly loyal French Canadians, so a new colony, New South Wales was decided upon.

Even the rolling English drunkard who made the rolling English roads, transformed after 1788 into a rum-sodden exconvict meandering through the mud of Sydney Cove by the light of a whale oil or seal oil lantern, could be described as a lad an' his wonderful lamp. However, the Genie who appeared on rubbing Aladdin's Wonderful Lamp could not do much to improve the gene pool of the population of Sydney at that time.

Most of the first fleeters were not the best. Some writers would stop at this point, but this writer wishes to say they were not the best skilled labourers either mechanically or agriculturally. Hopeful modern day Australians search to find a convict ancestry. Of course they may find they are descended from warders.

The decision to establish a British settlement in New South Wales was as we have said one result of the loss of Her Majesty's recently revolted colonies in the New World.

The instructions issued to Governor Phillip forbade official trade between the colony and the settlements of the British East India Company. Official trade was to be only the exploitation of the Pacific Islands for livestock, flax and women. Private trade in the Pacific region was not permitted because this region was also part of the East India Company's preserve. So trade possibilities were pretty well jammed up. It was natural that, with little success in agriculture, most could only suck seed issued for planting, thoughts turned to the sea for a possible livelihood.

In golfing terms, to get out of this bunker, Captain Ebor Bunker, a bit of a bore, he bore down on his employers, Champion of London, to champion the cause of whaling by outfitting the "Albion". This venture proved successful. Later he took part in establishing the first settlement in Van Diemen's Land and caught three sperm whales on the return trip to Sydney.

The first settlement in 1803 under Lieutenant John Bowen was made at Risdon Cove, but Colonel David Collins founded Hobart Town, or Hobarton in 1804. In 1855 officialdom had a mania for calling the island Tasmania.

It was in 1826 that the Derwent Whaling Club was formed, and whaling and sealing started in earnest.

On 11 July, 1810, Captain Frederich Hasselburg hassled the "Perseverance" with perseverance southwards and discovered and named Macquarie Island where he now has a name to bay about. It was swarming with seal, and that set the seal on its fate, for soon the sealers arrived, and later introduced cats and rabbits.

Some whaling ships made remarkably long voyages, and in 1831 Captain Samuel Harvey reached 72°S, but made no mention of seeing any pack ice on his voyage to what is now the Ross Sea.

In 1819, the English Captain William Smith had forged his way south in the brig "Williams" and sighted land in lat. 62°40'S, long. 60°W. He reported this to the British Admiralty, which properly equipped the "Williams" for work in this brand new field, and sent Lieutenant E. Bransfield in her to chart the land which he named, Trinity Land. This was the first official sighting of Antarctica, though there are some American claims to sightings in the same general area.

In the field of magnetic field exploration the British Government, through the Royal Society and Major General Sir Edward Sabine, Superintendent of Colonial Magnetic Observatories, arranged for the Rothbank Observatory at

Hobarton to record magnetic data from 1840-1855. These records are available in the Tasmanian Government Archives, and the observatory building is near where the house of the Governor's Secretary now stands in the grounds of Government House. This was the most southerly land observatory of the period, although two ships under Captain James Cross undertook magnetic observations in the Antarctic Seas.

Esquimeaux, Lapps and members of the Caucasian Race have known the "Northern Lights" from the dawn of northern hemisphere history. The name "Aurora Borealis" or northern dawn is often attributed to Pierre Gassandi (1621) but Dr. George L. Siscoe indicates that the term goes back to correspondence between Galileo and Guiducci in 1619.

In 1964 Dr. L.S.B. Leakey discovered **homo habilis** in the Olduvai George, Tanzania in earth which was dated at 1,800,000 years old. This individual seems to be one of the first of the **hominids** to display the characteristics of the thumb of **homo sapiens**. Thus early man in southern Africa may have seen the Southern Lights, the Aurora Australis seen by Captain James Cook, before northern man existed.

Medical evidence indicates that the human foetus goes through all the stages of the ascent of man. At birth the human baby is characterised by four leaky orifices.

Our history of early southward exploration has reached the leaky beginnings of the search for the land of the southern dawn.

by Mrs Rob

Dick Marks (Wilkes 66) writes that anyone travelling through Tamworth, N.S.W. will receive a warm welcome at "our idyllic bush hideaway" – "we're the only Marks in the telephone book. Plenty of spare beds". Dick was pleased to see news of Doc. Elkington in the "Wandering Explorers" column, and says it is great to be reminded of the good times they had down South.

Col Christiansen (C. 75, M. 71) was married in Sydney on 28 November to Janina Rozansk. Col., who works with Dept. of Communications, lives at 32 Kywong Road, Berowra, N.S.W.

SHAGGS and **NODDY SHERWOOD** (Ron, Mawson 79) have a son named Adam or "Little Shaggs", born 20/4/81. Ron says he has started his own plumbing business in Perth called "Sherwood Plumbing", and any ANARE visitors to the West are always welcome at 51 Raeburn Road, Roleystone – (09) 397 5041.

From Toowoomba comes news of the birth of a daughter, Sarah Elizabeth, to Nancy and **Mike Heap** (M. 74, Casey 72). I understand Mike has received a promotion and will be returning to Brisbane next year.

Grahame Goller (Casey 72) was married to Georgie on 24 October. Grahame has changed professions and is now doing psychiatric nursing at Royal Park.

John Simounds (Chef, C. 76, Davis 79) was married to Barbara Clark in Adelaide on 28 November. "Simmo" catered for the wedding breakfast himself, and I understand the smorgasbord spread was absolutely sumptuous.

Rod Hutchinson (C. 75, Macq. 79) was married to Julie Koster at Croydon, Vic., on November 29. Rod & groomsmen were resplendant in grey top hats and tails, a far cry from the weather man in jeans I watched releasing balloons at Casey.

A letter from **Dr. Peter Guy** (Mac. 74, M. 75) tells that he is now in practice at 249 Brunswick St., Fortitude Valley, Brisbane (Tel: 52 2751) and has a big house for any passing Anare chaps who need "a kip". He would like to hear from Anare friends, and adds that his wife's name is Evelyn. Peter spent two years in Bougainville and some time in Sri Lanka where he studied acupuncture.

I gleaned from the Met. Bureau's paper "Weather News" that Kerry and **Greg Brown** (Davis 78) have a baby son. Greg is stationed at Darwin. (Would like to have news of you and the family, Greg.)

Paul Musk (Macq. 77) writes from Brisbane and says he has just completed his first year of a two-year teaching course. He recently met up with **Tom Ware** (R.O. Macq. 77) who is pursuing an interest in public speaking. Paul passes his regards to all old friends.

Jim Coverdale (D. 79) is working in the Solomon Islands as a foreman carpenter. Seems to be quite an Anare community in the South Pacific islands.

Lex Brown (C. 71) has been seconded for a two-year period to the Environmental Protection Agency of the Hong Kong Government. He will be returning to his lecturing job in the School of Australian Environmental Studies at Griffith University, Brisbane, in 1984. He and wife Lesley have two children, Tuki (8 years) and Tani (2 years). Are there any other club members in Hong Kong or near about? If so Lex would like to hear from them.

I was delighted to hear from **Dave Powell** (C. 69) who is with the Arabian Bechtel Co. Ltd., PO Box 4103, Riyadh, Saudi Arabia. Dave writes that he has been in Saudi Arabia over 4½ years, with the first three years on the Jubail Project down on the coast. He is now working on the construction of the world's largest International Airport. Some of the Americans he has met have spent time at McMurdo, but he hasn't come across any ex-Anare men in the Saudi Arabian scene. He says the surrounding country-side sometimes looks like Antarctic scenery – "of course it's not white, but a very pale orange, and in summer the sky also looks the same – a bit like being in a whiteout with orange goggles and not feeling cold!" He asks to be remembered to anyone "who can recall my face".

Recent visitors to Mt. Hotham tell me that Ranger **Geoff "Strider" Morgan** (M. 76 and D. 74) is accompanied around the mountain by a large St. Bernard dog. Am wondering who looks like who?

Ian "McIpso" McIntosh (M. 75, 77, C. 73) now lives at Howrah, Hobart, as Ian is working for Electrolytic Zinc Co.

I hear that another Ipso chap, **David Robinson** (M. 80) is working with the Navy Department in Sydney.

A most interesting letter arrived from **Will Twycross** (D. 79) from the Tibetan run hospital where he has been working at Dharmsala, at 5,000 feet in the Himalayan foothills. Most of his patients are Tibetans and the main medical problem is TB. He says the Tibetan people are a real pleasure tc work with and work for, so he has had a very happy time. When he does have time off he has been climbing a few of the smaller (15,000 ft.) peaks, but of course when the monsoon ended. Will gives his address from 2/2/82 to 2/8/82 as C/- North Staffordshire Maternity Hospital, Hilton Rd., Harpfields, Stoke-on-Trent, ST46SD, U.K.

It was good to hear from one of the old sweats, **Ken Peake-Jones** (M. 59) who is raising beef cattle on a small farm thirty miles from Adelaide, having retired from teaching six years ago. His wife June, is senior librarian at Birdwood High School, and two daughters attend the same school. His son David is doing Science at Adelaide University. Wendy and Bruce Petersen (D. 75) have a baby son, Nicholas, born in September, in Melbourne.

Chris Gamgee (C. 75) had a trip to the United States during 81, but says it was a rushed "working" visit, not a holiday.

In a recent chatty telephone call from New Guinea **Brian Harvey** (M.I. 79, M. 77) gives news of a change of address: he is now at Goroka, and mailing address is care of Ela Motors, P.O. Box 73.

Charles Tivendale (M. 80, D. 71) has moved houses, but not suburbs, his new address being 59 Shafer Road, North Blackburn.

Greg Hoffmann (M. 76, D. 78) has moved to a property in the countryside – Bessie Creek Rd., Nar Nar Goon North, 3812. He and wife Liz are very busy with their team of horses.

Terry Weatherson (C. 72, M. 74, 70) will be missed at the Antarctic Division, Kingston, where he was in charge of the Radio Section. Terry has taken up an appointment with the S.E.C. in the Latrobe Valley, Victoria.

Phil Pritchard (Mac. 79), who is a Recreation Officer with Wyong Council, N.S.W.) is building a house at Berkeley Vale. He can presently be found at 67 Gilbert St., Toowon Bay.

Babies born during the festive season included twins, a boy and a girl, to Ann and **Ron Brown** (C. 78) – a New Year's Eve delivery; and to Di and **Peter Keage** (C. 76) a daughter, Hannah, on 23 December, 81. Peter has just built a 16 ft. Canadian canoe and plans to take baby still water canoeing on a glacial tarn in Tasmania during the summer months!

Talking of babies, our old friend, **"Snow Williams"** (W. 59, M. 62) who is an expatriate in New Zealand, says his son David was born on Australia Day, 1981. Good Management, what!

News of Met. Men:

Graham Whiteside (D. 1980 and C. 75) has been posted to Oodnadatta.

Ron Gosman (C. 80) is now at Forrest, W.A. Leo Farrell (D. 69) has moved to Darwin.

I was intrigued to read that **Ian Cabrie** (D. 71), now stationed at Alice Springs, is building an 8 metre trimaran. Am wondering where he will eventually sail it (?)

Mike Holmes (M. 79) is at Regional Office, Brisbane.

Mike Phillips (C. 78, M. 75, 71), **Graeme Taylor** (Mac., M. 75) and **Lloyd McMurtrie** (C. 72, D. 80), will be at Giles from January 1982. This will be one of the most experienced crews to go to Giles in recent times, and I guess too they will knock up a lot of fun.

From "Weather News" I gleaned that **Peter Bannister** (Mac. 79) is now at Mt. Isa; **Joe Broadhurst** (C. 77) at Broome, **Ken Batt** (Mac. 80, C. 77) and **Peter Horton** (D. 76) have been posted to Brisbane.

News from all these outposts would be welcomed during the year!

News comes of one of the "greats" of Anare exploration – **Nev. "Gringo" Collins**, ex dieso (Mawson 57, 60, Wilkes 62, Vostok traverse Amery Ice Shelf 68). Nev. is doing a training officer job at Mt. Hagen, New Guinea. He was in Tanzania and expects to be at the next Melbourne midwinter dinner. Nev. writes "I wonder how I will be able to take the morning traffic hassle if I ever chuck this training job in developing countries, each move seems to take me to a **less** developed nation".

This reminded me of 1968 when "Gringo" was one of the four troglodytes who spent the lonely year on the Amery Ice Shelf. I was inspired to send limericks to the party (as well as to the other stations) through Norma Ferris on "Calling Antarctica". One of my efforts read: *(in retrospect rather feeble!)*

Four men on the Shelf led by Corry,
Assure us there's no need to worry;
Though hemmed in by blizzard,
They still think it's wizard,
They're listening to Neville's life story!

Neville and wife Pat give their address as P.O. Box 1, Mt. Hagen, Papua New Guinea. Daughter Linda, by the way, is living in Melbourne.

Kevin McCue (M.I. 69) spent Midwinter 81 at Port Moresby with Peter Hill (M.I. 73, M. 75) and several ex B.A.S. and Kiwis from Scott Base. Kevin has been in P.N.G. for 3½ years and says he has run into ex-Anare people all over the world", particularly before my red/black checked Anare issue shirt wore out".

It was good to have news of so many wandering explorers from near and far. When writing it would help if you could include your years of service and Stations – sometimes my memory fails me! Please forgive and correct any mistakes that may have occured.

MRS. ROB

HOME FROM HOME

A FEW of the old sweats were reminiscing at the bar of their favorite pub in Hawthorn. They talked of old times down South, their mates some of whom had long since "departed", and especially of Joe who had died the previous year. "Wonder what he's up to now", "He always said he would come back and haunt the Station, wouldn't put it past him, a real character, but strangely enough he believed in spooks". "Well, how about trying to contact him", "anyone know a medium?" "Ask your wife, she goes to seances".

And so it was arranged, and the quartet turned up at the seance. Lights out, concentration, medium in trance... the lot.

And then, a voice... it was Joe.

"How are you, you old bastard... what's it like over there?"

"Marvellous", said the voice, "Couldn't be better. I've a fine home, on a water frontage. Plenty of fishing, swimming, surfing, good sport, lovely little wife, marvellous tucker".

"Gee, that's great, glad you made it, but didn't think Heaven would be like that."

"Who said anything about Heaven".

"Well where are you then?"

"I'm a Gentoo penguin on Macquarie Island. Ark Ark Ark!"

Anare Base Ballads

(a regular feature)

MACQUARIE ISLAND 1976/77 produced a wealth of POETRY, inspiring almost every member of the team to write both humourous and sentimental verse. There is enough material to publish a poem in every forthcoming issue for years to come.

An anonymous contribution written at Caroline Cove:

CAROLINE

In the flickering light of a tilly,
Crouching around the stove,
Watching for steam from the billy,
In the hut at Caroline Cove.

I strained my ears to listen,
As the radio crackled to life,
With news from the one I was missing,
A message of love from my wife.
I couldn't have been more delighted,
At the words from the forest phones depths,
A father was proud and excited,
At the news of his young son's first steps.

And that is the reason, my brothers,
That the hut looks over the sea,
Yes Caroline more than the others,
Is a special place for me.
But each time I think of Macquarie,
And all of the places I've been,
I know that I'll always be sorry,
This milestone of his passed unseen.

SONG OF THE NELLA DAN – 1978-79

(with apologies to Botany Bay)

Farewell to old Melbourne for years
Farewell to the Websters and Jim
To make very damned sure that there's tears
We'll drink sixty cases of gin.

Farewell to the boss and the office
Farewell to supply section too
The way that they locked up the coffers,
There'll be no more bumf in the loo.

Farewell to the wives and the sweethearts
You all will be sorely missed
To avoid the hurt there are theories
See some blokes stay permanently pissed.

We're off on the good ship Nella
She's all painted up red and trim
She's just like a ten o'clock fella
Could not fit one more tin in.

Helmuth the skipper's a Viking
A very intrepid young salt
If the ice doesn't part to his liking
By Christ he gives it a jolt.

There's two Arnies up on the bridge
Two very dependable mates
If locks can be kept on the fridge
We've got a rough show with our fates.

Our engines are really a treat
Loved and nurtured by Anker and Arlie
They purr and give off much heat
No wonder we're six days early.

The stewards and galley crew spoil us
Yarn, Bjorn and Freddie, the lot
But when it's steak night with gravy,
The cook's boots go into the pot.

Joe lives in his radio shack
He's an expert on dashes and dots
He's constantly taken aback
Through dealing with all of us clots.

Gallant leader is our Atilla
He's usually in a good mood
All round he's not a bad fella
As long as you keep up the food.

Now Marty's our trusty young Lieuy
Who's job we surely don't want
When not pestered for fags or for chewy
He's found yodelling at the font.

Hope the fliers and larkies are top class
And without many curses or moans
Through skill but mainly arse
They transport us into our homes.

Now here's to the intrepid expeditioners
The Mawson and Davis lot
We'll become known as the great 79ers
Let's buy each other a pot.

ANON

A limerick packs laughs anatomical,
Into space that is quite economical.
But the good ones we've seen
  So seldom are clean,
And the clean ones so seldom are comical!

ENCOUNTER! *Photo by R. Marnock*