2016 REUNION REPORTS


By Marty Diller
2016 Reunion Committee member and OAEA Secretary

The 2016 OAEA Reunion is now history, and it can be considered to be yet another successful national gathering for the Old Antarctic Explorers Assn. Although member attendance was down markedly from previous reunions, the tours, speakers, and other events kept all attendees busy and engaged throughout. The Norwich Holiday Inn is not a real large hotel, but they did a great job hosting the event. Their biggest asset is their friendly, accommodating and responsive staff; and from the folks manning the front desk, to the restaurant and bar staff and the maids, they all had the care and comfort of our OAEs foremost in their minds. The reunion hospitality room, banquet room, meeting rooms, bar, and breakfast restaurant were all centrally located only a short stroll away from the lobby—allowing our small, but active, group of reunion attendees to conveniently meet and be nearby each other at all times.

Continued on page 4
TO ALL OAEs—I can’t tell you what an honor and privilege it is to be at the head of this organization. With that said, I get to sit in the engineer’s chair while a bunch of great volunteer folks continue to provide the horsepower behind the scenes to keep the machine running. There is a Vice President, Board of Directors, a Secretary, a Treasurer, various standing and ad hoc committee chairpersons, and volunteers for the committees. We have a dedicated publication, The Explorer’s Gazette, and a web site. We have organizational bi-annual reunions headed up by volunteers, and we have regional chapters and regional social groups. All these happen because people are willing to put “skin in the game”. Without all the help, my position is meaningless. I am glad all those folks are they’re doing what they do.

There are some challenges facing the organization, and we need to start thinking outside the box for ideas. Our force is aging; recruiting is hard; there are problems associated with getting the word out to our members who are not technologically interested and don’t have Internet; lack of depth in some of the infrastructure functions; and there are others. I would be kidding everyone if I said all these would be easy solutions and resolved on this watch.

So the good news: Our scholarship fund is solvent and continues with modest growth and annual awards; the 2018 reunion in San Antonio is well on track with Life Member John Lamont West at the helm; and the 2020 reunion in the Jacksonville area is conceptualized thanks to Life Member Dr. Dewey Painter who stood up at the New England reunion and stated he would look at the possibility and help with a reunion in the Jax area.

Things in work include re-appointment (and new appointments) of committee chairpersons, verification and recording of OAE bio information in accordance with the bylaws; redefinition of some of the committee chair positions; and work on business issues from the New England reunion. As everyone unwinds from the reunion, there will be more.

Thanks to all.

Ed Hamblin
OAEA President
E-Mail: ehamblin74@verizon.net
Status of “Ice Eagles”

by Tom Henderson

The release of “Ice Eagles: An Account of American Aviation in Antarctica” will be delayed until the summer of 2017. I did not make this decision lightly as I am well aware that many of the people that I most want to see this film – the ones I have interviewed – are in their 80’s and 90’s. I completed my first edit of the film in late October. It is almost four hours long. I knew that it had to be shortened and that I needed fellow filmmakers to review at least excerpts of it to give me independent advice on what to do. I have grown much too close to the film to judge it with a cold, unbiased eye. The unanimous opinion of the reviewers was that I needed to bring in a professional editor. I did that in late November, hiring a very experienced film editing team in the Albany, NY area. Given the amount of reference material and the current length of the rough cut, we agreed that six months will be needed to finish the work correctly.

I will not simply leave it with the editors and return in six months. I will be meeting with them regularly to review and discuss the progress. I will also arrange a small focus group of filmmakers to review their first cut when that time comes. Input at that point will be incorporated into the final cut. After editing is complete, I will arrange for reproduction, begin distributing the finished film to supporters and make it available on my website.

This will be expensive. The original budget will be exceeded by $8000. However, I really believe that the final product will be much better as a result. I have decided that I will not “go to the well” again and ask for contributions. In any case, I am not allowed to ask for additional funding in the Kickstarter campaign that financed the film. However, I will also not turn down contributions should they be offered.

I should be able to provide one more update in the Gazette before the project is complete. I hope to report good progress.
Reunion Reports  From Page 1

Organized reunion activities began with a morning bus tour to Mystic Seaport on Tuesday, Day 1. That afternoon, the OAEA officers met in two back-to-back meetings, finishing in time to attend a presentation by guest speaker Dick Wolak. Afterwards, a “Meet N’Greet” reception with cash bar and heavy hors d’oeuvres began at 6pm. Wednesday morning started with the Memorial Service, followed by the big membership meeting. At noon, a tour bus departed for the Pequot Museum and Foxwoods Casino. Those who arrived at the casino on the bus were treated to a free, all-you-can-eat dinner buffet. Thursday, Day 3, started with a morning presentation by guest speaker John Lenkey. Afterwards, two tour buses departed at 10:30. One bus headed for the U.S. Naval Submarine Museum and Clyde’s Cider Mill, and the other for a lunch cruise on the Connecticut River. Both tours returned to the hotel in time for the attendees to prepare for the evening’s big event—6pm cocktails and banquet dinner in the main ballroom. A photographer took portrait photos of attendees for the reunion’s memory book, and a group photo. For those who ordered the memory book, mailings began in early January. For those who didn’t order, the $25 book will be available throughout 2017 from Reunion Photographers (www.ReunionPhotographers.net).

Submarine Base New London Museum, USS Nautilus with Andy and Dick Cameron walking on pier.

At the 2014 reunion’s Membership meeting in Norfolk, member Mike Fussell commented that a big reason that he and other members attend these events is to hear others speak about their Antarctic experiences. He recommended that at future reunions, hospitality room sessions should be scheduled to offer an opportunity for attendees to informally share their Antarctic stories and experiences in a group setting. The 2016 reunion committee scheduled two of these informal “Antarctic Tales” sessions, and they were very well attended and thoroughly enjoyed by the participants. Thank you, Mike!

MEETINGS

Our national reunions always mark the turnover of OAEA officers, and this year the membership elected a new President, Ed Hamblin, of Chesapeake, VA. Ed has just completed his second term as an OAEA Director, and in becoming our national president, he has put an exclamation point on his long and active list of prominent positions in the OAEA, including: member of the Executive Steering Committee that established the OAEA; Coordinator, OAEA Tidewater (Va.) Group (2001-present); Chairperson, OAEA Scholarship Committee (2007-present); OAEA Membership Database Administrator (2008-present); Co-Chair, 2016 Reunion Committee; and OAEA Director (2006-16). A retired U.S. Navy Master Chief Petty Officer (E-9) and Command Master Chief, Ed’s Antarctic experience was with NSFA Det. A (McM), winter-over 1974 and summer support ’75-78.

Membership Meeting: President-Elect Ed Hamblin speaks while Secretary Marty Diller takes notes. President Laura Snow is seated nearby.

The new OAEA Vice President is John Lamont West, of Selma, TX, and he takes over from Dick Cameron. John is a former 2-term OAEA President (2004-08), 2-term OAEA Immediate Past President (2008-12), and the Chairperson for both the 2010 and 2018 Reunion Committees. He is a retired U.S. Navy Chief Warrant Officer (CWO-4) and he wintered as a radioman with NSFA (McM) in 1975.

Also elected were Directors Dave Bresnahan, Rob Buettner, and Allen Cox. Actually, Dave (over 40 years in the USARP/USAP) was re-elected to a second six-year term, and hails from Winchester, VA. First-terms Rob Buettner (NSFA, 1977-82 and 1986-87) of Lacey, WA, and Allen Cox (VX-6, 1962-67 & VXE-6, 1978-80) of Oxnard, CA, round-out the list of new OAEA officers. In other changes to the BoD, the outgoing Directors were Russ Livermore (2011-16) and Ed Hamblin, and Laura Snow replaced Jim Heffel as Immediate Past President. Per the OAEA By-Laws, the office terms of this new Board of Directors (BoD) began upon the adjournment of the 2016 General Membership meeting on Day 2.

At the first Officer’s meeting on Day 1, the BoD heard and accepted the FY-2016 Treasurer’s report (see the FY-2016 Accounting Statement published in this issue), and reports by the chairpersons of the Reunion, Merchandise,
and Scholarship committees. The most notable items of new business at the reunion were:

- Member Dewey Painter, Jacksonville, FL, volunteered to help host the tenth OAEA national reunion in his local area in 2020. Watch for future issues of the Gazette for more info on the specific location and date for this event.
- A proposal by B-A Baker, to determine the feasibility of establishing paid subscriptions for the Explorer’s Gazette for members willing to pay for it, was approved. Distribution of the Gazette by U.S. Mail was discontinued in FY-2015. The cost of printing and mailing the quarterly Gazette in FY-2013 was roughly $16 per year, per person.
- A proposal by member Dave Hazard, to save money on the cost of bi-annual OAEA elections by holding them every four years instead of two, was approved. The BoD will revise the OAEA By-Laws to institute this change if it is determined that it will be feasible and cost-effective. A side-effect of implementing this change would be an increase in term length for at least some of officers currently serving on the BoD.

REUNION MINUTES
Details on officer and committee reports, and other OAEA business conducted at the reunion, can be found in the minutes of the three business meetings. The minutes are published separately and are available on the newly redesigned OAEA website for viewing and printing.

RAFTLES
Mary Pellegrino headed the raffle fundraiser, and accepted 30 prizes that were donated by attendees, including seven prizes that were specifically dedicated to raising funds for the OAEA Scholarship program. A total of $1,520 was donated for the raffle prizes, with $350 of that amount going directly to the Scholarship Program. The remainder was sent to the OAEA General Fund.

Guest Speakers
Both Dick Wolak and John Lenkey III made presentations to packed rooms. On the afternoon of Day 1, Dick gave an informative talk about the wooden-hulled Research Vessel
Hero and her crew, and their unique contributions to the U.S. Antarctic Program during many years of marine studies in the area of the Antarctic Peninsula. John Lenkey’s entertaining talk about his involvement in the restoration of the Admiral Richard Byrd monument in New Zealand was on Thursday morning, Day 3. John interjected many interesting personal stories and insights about Byrd and Dr. Paul Siple and their families throughout that presentation.

Dick Wolak

Polar Engineer Jason Weale was the featured speaker at the Thursday night banquet. He is a Program Manager for the Cold Regions Research & Engineering Laboratory (CRREL), and he definitely ended the reunion on a high note with tales of his contributions and Antarctic adventures in South Pole Traverses. These traverses, by tractors pulling specialized sleds carrying fuel and cargo along a 1000-mile trail between McMurdo and South Pole stations, have led to millions of dollars in annual savings for the U.S. Antarctic Program. Jason also shared some fascinating news, not yet officially released, of his recent research into the physical interaction between snow and skis and a discovery that refutes conventional snow-slider friction theory—a revelation that was truly an unexpected plus for our gathering of OAEs! We’re hoping to see more information on this subject in a future edition of the Gazette.

Day Two. In this special ceremony held at every reunion, we honor and remember those who have lost their lives in the exploration of the Antarctic continent, or its offshore islands and waters.

To begin the service, the Westbrook Drum Corps from Westbrook, CT, presented the colors and played our national anthem. They were dressed in authentic Revolutionary-style uniforms and marched to the ancient “beat” of the original drum corps. After a brief introduction, the Master of Ceremony, OAEA President-elect Ed Hamblin, led the members in reciting the “Pledge of Allegiance.” Ed then called on the OAEA Chaplain, Johnny Draughon, who delivered a beautiful Invocation.

Westbrook Drum Corps

The next part of the memorial service is called the “Bell Ceremony.” This is a very solemn part of the memorial service. For this ceremony, four OAEA members—designated Readers—are positioned in each of the four corners of the room. This symbolizes the fact that the members of the Antarctic Memorial Honor Roll came from the four corners of the earth … the North, the South, the East, and the West. Rotating clockwise in turn, the Readers announce the names of the deceased. A bell is rung after each name is read.

OAEA Historian, Billy-Ace Baker, researches, compiles and maintains the list of names that make up the Antarctic Memorial Honor Roll. This year’s Readers were: Laura Snow, the outgoing President of the OAEA; Fred Santino, past president of the OAEA New England Chapter (OAEA-NE); the OAEA Vice President-elect John Lamont West; and OAEA-NE Immediate Past President Nick Pellegrino. The current OAEA-NE President, Dave Hazard, served as bell ringer for this ceremony.

At the conclusion of the Bell Ceremony, members had time to reflect and remember those who gave their lives in

Special Request: Should you have any photos of any member of the Antarctic Memorial Honor Roll, please email them to Anne Hazard at ahazard68@gmail.com

2016 MEMORIAL SERVICE

By Anne Hazard

The 2016 OAEA National Reunion in Norwich officially began with a Memorial Service at 8:15am on the morning of
the exploration of the Antarctic. Many also reflected upon their own experiences on the “ICE” as “Antarctic Reflections” was played. Many felt deep emotions as they remembered.

Chaplain Draughon concluded the service with a Benediction.

ATTENDANCE REPORT

By Bev Diller

The 2016 Reunion unofficially opened late afternoon on Sunday, October 10th, at the Norwich Holiday Inn with early registration and check-in. In the end, we had welcomed 106 registered members and guests. We experienced a total of 11 cancellations, the first of which came in early August. Many of the last cancellations were related to Hurricane Matthew hitting the southeast, but we didn’t have any no-shows, and the Committee thanks those who cancelled for letting us know in such a timely manner.

The Reunion Committee was able to either refund the registration fees (over $1800) to those who had cancelled or to donate their fees to the OAEA based on individual desires. This included the registration fees of cancellations even if the individual did not ask for a refund or give specific instructions for the disposition of the fee. One OAE who was not already an OAEA member, joined at the reunion. One OAEA member who had not registered by mail, left in anger when told it would be $120 to attend.

The Reunion Committee had worked tirelessly to present a product that everyone could enjoy, and it was a disappointing surprise that a member was upset by having to pay to attend. Meanwhile, with over 80% of our attendees choosing to go on at least one of the four tours that were offered, and with 125 total seats sold, we think that the tours, at least, were well appreciated. Seeing old friends and meeting new friends is what the reunion was all about, but like all other OAEA reunions, the use of the venue is not free.

The OAEA is a tax-exempt 501(c)3 charitable non-profit, and IRS rules prohibit such organizations from using its funds for the benefit of its members. Even if the OAEA had the money to spend on such expenses, paying for its members to come and socialize, dine, receive clothing and trinkets, etc., is considered by the IRS to be a prohibited benefit.

MERCHANDISE REPORT

By Dave Hazard

Greetings fellow OAEs, the Rookery would like to let you know what has transpired since its birth in 2008. “What is the Rookery?” you ask? It is the name of the OAEA’s merchandise store (and is also called the ‘Ship’s Store’, a Navy term still preferred by Operation Deep Freeze veterans). Since its inception, we have taken the Rookery on the road to every reunion, including the 2016 reunion in Norwich, CT. The store has evolved from selling tumblers and polo shirts, to a diverse selection of merchandise today. We have everything from polo shirts to jewelry for the ladies. We have a selection of colored polo shirts with the OAEA logo and polos with the Puckered Pete logo.

At the Norfolk reunion in 2014, merchandise sales totaled $1,766. In Norwich, with a relatively smaller member turnout, total sales came to $1,063. At the present time, the Rookery still has a $1,000 obligation to the Association—part of the initial $2,000 of OAEA funds spent on inventory in 2008. Once this amount is paid off, I foresee that a portion of the bi-annual profits will be donated to the OAEA Scholarship Fund.

We know that unless they have been to a reunion, many of our members don’t realize we have a Ship’s Store. Hopefully in the future we can get the store on-line. Meanwhile, this issue of the Gazette (page 10) includes a merchandise order form with a contact point for ordering. When you place an order we charge for the item plus shipping, no charge for handling or packaging—a definite bargain in today’s world! Below are prices for a few of the items that we have in our inventory.

ASA Ballcap: $15.00
VXE-6 Polo with Puckered Pete Logo $22.50
VXE-6 Jacket with Puckered Pete Logo $42.50
OAEA Logo Ballcap $20.00

Merchandise Table: The OAEA Ship’s Store shared a room with the raffle prizes (not shown).
2016 REUNION TOURS

MYSTIC SEAPORT & MYSTICK VILLAGE

By Larry & Billie Hunter

Day 1 of the reunion began with a tour of Mystic Seaport and Mystic Village. Thirty attendees enjoyed a return to the 19th century seafaring village in Mystic, CT. The last wooden whaling ship to exist, the Charles W. Morgan, was at the seaport, but out of the water in the shipyard for a continuing restoration. Local volunteers manned each shop in the village while dressed in 19th century garb and explained what life was like in the whaling village. The afternoon found the attendees shopping and enjoying Olde Mystic Village.

The Pequot Museum tour begins

Pequot Museum canoe diorama

Tour organizer Larry Hunter briefs tour members on Seaport attractions

Carl “Pappy” Bush, Tom Dunn, Dick Andersen, and Barry Chase are checking out the Seaport.

PEQUOT MUSEUM & FOXWOODS CASINO

By Larry & Billie Hunter

A museum and casino trip was planned for Day 2, following the Memorial Service and general membership meeting. First stop was the Mashantucket Pequot Museum, two miles from Foxwoods Casino. Thirty-one attendees entered into exhibits on how America was before the European settlers arrived, and the history of the Mashantuckets as it evolved through the years. A 30-minute film in the War Theater related how the Mashantuckets were introduced to the Europeans and the events of the ensuing Indian wars. After the museum tour, the attendees were bused to Foxwoods for an afternoon and evening of gambling, shopping, and of course, eating and drinking. Several attendees left the casino with more jingle than they came with.

SUBMARINE MUSEUM & CLYDE’S CIDER MILL

By Larry & Billie Hunter

One of the tours on Day 3 was a trip to the Naval Submarine Museum at the Naval Submarine Base in Groton, CT. Twenty-nine attendees were able to absorb a history of submarine life in the United States Navy with many interactive exhibits and short films to enhance the experience. Many of the attendees were able to board and tour the USS Nautilus (SSN-571), the first nuclear powered submarine. After leaving the submarine museum, the bus stopped for lunch, and then went on to Clyde’s Cider Mill in Old Mystic, CT. While visiting the cider mill, attendees were able to view the only steam-powered cider mill still in operation in the U.S. Wine tasting, apple cider donuts, apple cider and other culinary delights were available to the attendees.

Clyde’s Porch: Mike Meier, Jean & John Clough and Andy Cameron.
CONNECTICUT RIVER CRUISE

By Marty Diller

The other tour on Thursday was a 2-hour private charter cruise for 37 attendees on the Connecticut River (CR). The attendees enjoyed viewing the fall foliage in the hills during a sunny 50-minute ride to Eagle Landing State Park in Haddam, CT. Upon arriving at the dock in the state park, we immediately boarded the 64-foot passenger vessel RiverQuest. This single deck, twin-hulled, catamaran-style vessel has a cabin area with large windows, with open decks at the bow and stern, and was a stable ride for the scenic tour of the lower CR region. We had a beautiful, clear day for boating (temperature in the low 60s), and both Captain Mark and his First Mate, Cathy, provided entertaining and informative commentary throughout the cruise. Besides the scenic river vistas, the featured attractions in the lower CR valley are the dozens of Bald Eagles that have repopulated the area since the 1950s due to the significant reduction in the use of pesticides. The RiverQuest was well-stocked with binoculars for our use, and we were treated to frequent sightings of the eagles above (and in the trees along) the river and the valley’s floodplain. Deluxe picnic lunches, bottled water, and various sodas were provided for everyone, and I set down either my roast beef sandwich, fruit cup or oversized homemade cookie more than once to grab the field glasses for viewing the eagles and other waterfowl. The cruise came to an end almost too soon, but a high overcast was moving in and the temperature began to drop about 20 minutes before we pulled alongside the dock, so some of us were looking forward to a warmer seat—in the tour bus headed back to the hotel.

Editor’s Note: I wish to thank the following attendees for providing photos for the reunion reports: PK Panehal, Mike Spencer, Jim Kelly, Lennie Bourgeois, Dave Hazard, and John Lenkey. I only regret that there was not enough room in this issue of the Gazette to use all the photos that were provided.
**THE ROOKERY**

**OAEA SHIP’S STORE ORDER FORM**

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**Antarctic Service Medal**

**ORDER TOTAL:** $_____

* AVAILABLE POLO SHIRT COLORS: WHITE, MAROON, NAVY, SPORTS GREY  
  Sizes Medium and up; Add $4.00 for 2XL & 3XL Jackets and Polo Shirts

Make checks payable to **OAEA Ship’s Store** and mail to the below address:  
David V. Hazard (OAEA Ship’s Store)  
340 Lisbon Street  
Lisbon, ME  04250

Phone: 207-353-9068  
Cell: 207-576-4468
Hi Billy-Ace,

I wanted to THANK YOU for printing the introduction of my story, and I really like the way you added pictures.

And I have really enjoyed Peter Otway’s book, *It’s a Dog’s Life in Antarctica*. We email back and forth, about our adventures on the Ice.

Thanks again.

Rich Spatz

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**Editor’s Note: See Rich Splatz’s Blizzard on page 28 of this issue**

Billy-Ace:

I couldn’t make it to the 60th anniversary of the first aircraft landing at the geographic South Pole because I have to work that day but I would surely have been there if I could, just to see Gus again.

I painted *Que Sera Sera* in Quonset Point before VX-6 left for the ice. I had to stay behind because my father died about a week before.

Stan Foster
850-774-1072
stanpcb@aol.com

Aloha Billy-Ace,

FABULOUS NEWSLETTER! Thirty-eight pages! WOW!

Gus Shinn looks fabulous for his age! I only met him once, at the VX-6, 20 Years on the Ice Reunion, Oxnard, Jul 1975. I did get his autograph in the VX-6 Cruise Book.

Many thanks for all your hard work!

Aloha

Bruce DeWald

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Billy-Ace:

It grieves me to pass this along. Walt Coelho died on 22 October 2016 from cardiac arrest. He had been ill for sometime due to having diabetes.

If you do not remember, or didn’t know Walt Coelho, among other things he was a mechanic with us at McMurdo, who attempted to eat 50 hard boiled eggs at one a minute and the rest of us placed bets on whether he would do it or not. (This was because we had seen this done by Paul Newman in the movie, *Cool Hand Luke*). See photos below.

My memory of him was that he had a soft almost soothie voice and loved a good laugh like all of us.

Bill George
WO DF-70

**Editor’s Note: Walt Coelho’s death notice is in this issue of the Gazette.**
Hi Billy-Ace,

I arrived back from my southern journey to find my OAEA membership certificate waiting for me. Thank you.

It is a most impressive document and will soon be framed on the wall of my office.

I have already had one response to the note you included in the newsletter – from R C Knowlton who looked after the dog Lucky for a year in 1963/64. I remember Lucky in 1962/63 summer but did not realize that she had survived the winter.

Spring is well on the way here but I guess the reverse is true for you.

Frank Graveson
Auckland, New Zealand

Billy-Ace:

Thank you so much for the picture of Laura, the pup that went to Hallett.

I remember her well as she was born at Scott Base during the 1963 winter (May 23 to be precise). Her mother was Lady and her father was Butch. Butch was the last of the original Trans-Antarctic Expedition dogs. I last saw Laura in October 1963 while we were waiting at Cape Hallett to be taken by R4-D about 600 miles west to start our long survey journey. In my diary, I noted that I was pleased she had been selected to go to Hallett as she was scheduled to be put down as we had too many bitches. She had a wonderful personality and I’m sorry she did not last longer. (Perhaps Hallett was abandoned the following year after a major fire.)

I keep chipping away at the problems but soon will have to stop researching and start writing.

Peter Otway, another of your OAEA members visited for lunch on Sunday. He is keeping well for an 80 year old wondering if he should finally give up skiing.

Frank Graveson

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Editor’s Note: Thanks for the additional info on Laura. DF-64 was the last winter that Hallett served as a winter-over station. In DF-65 it because a summer only station and was closed in 1973.

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Editor:

Jim Mathews worked in Antarctica for my company when we were ITT Federal Electric (he was part of a subsidiary called ITT Antarctic Services). I’ve been collecting photos and stories for our historical archives and I’ve read several accounts of his LC-130 recovery mentioned on page nine of the Apr-Jun 2015 issue of the Explorer’s Gazette. What an amazing story! I read in the article that he recently came across an old box of photos.

Right now I’m working with a team of former employees who were on our DEW Line contract above the Arctic Circle (opposite pole, but kindred spirits), and I’m helping them archive copies of their photos and stories. I appreciate the history and hate to see the stories and photos get lost over time, and it would be great to work with any former members of the ITT team. This is the first I’ve been able to find a way of potentially reaching Jim. Please share my email with him in case he wishes to respond.

Rick Lynch
Dear Vik:
I have been amused by the antics of Connie’s Penguin Pals and her cat Thistle in several issues of the Gazette (Jan-Mar & Apr-Jun 2016) so I thought I would send my own cat story,
This is our new buddy at the River House - his name is Max. He is 6 months old.
This shot was taken when he was a month old. We found him when he was only about three inches long, up in the huge tobacco barn at the top of the hill. No parents, no space ship—nothing. Just Max. He has a huge capital M on his forehead, so we called him Max.
He survived up in the barn for three months, all by himself. We’d feed him sometimes, but this little guy’s a real survivor. Finally we induced him to come down the hill - to civilization. Now he has his own apartment and is living the life of Riley.
He’s a star, incredibly popular with the guests. I want to make him famous.

Hi, Billy-Ace:
The below photo is a new contribution from Antarctic literature as well as my own and others’ experiences (Scott, Byrd).
It will be out from Balboa Press in a few days. Designed for young adults who might benefit from clarifying a sense of direction in their lives together with healthy doses of planning, problem-solving, critical thinking, observation and reflection.
I could send you the link for the e-book when it is out if you think some members might like to look at it for their grandchildren?
Very best wishes and thanks,

Black Jack

Max the cat

Billy-Ace:
Thank you for sending the Gazette notification. In the obit section the age of Bob Epperly is incorrect—he was 90—not 80.

Hi, Billy-Ace:
The below photo is a new contribution from Antarctic literature as well as my own and others’ experiences (Scott, Byrd).
It will be out from Balboa Press in a few days. Designed for young adults who might benefit from clarifying a sense of direction in their lives together with healthy doses of planning, problem-solving, critical thinking, observation and reflection.
I could send you the link for the e-book when it is out if you think some members might like to look at it for their grandchildren?
Very best wishes and thanks,

John Barell

Billy-Ace:
I hope you and everyone who attended the reunion had safe travels back home.
Thanks to everyone for his or her compliments and we hope you had as great a time as we did! Feel free to send any feedback comments … tho like the last time, Marty swears he’ll never again help run another one!
We hope to see all of you in San Antonio in May 2018 … and even in Jacksonville in 2020!

Bev Diller
bevdiller@comcast.net
Billy-Ace:

Posting all the stuff I have on "Friends of the Stretch D-8" over the last year has triggered lots of memories. Here's one I wouldn't post there and it's something I've never told anyone. It's from our 1975 winter at McMurdo.

As you remember, I tended bar at the club. After closing, the bartender had to bring a rack or two of glasses back to Bldg. 155 to be washed. Usually, I went out the back door. One night there was a big snowdrift near the bar door, so I went out the front door with my glassware. After locking the door, I picked up the racks and turned the corner of the club on my way back to 155. Something caught my eye in a big snowdrift next to the club wall. At first I thought it was just a shadow, but as I got closer I could see it was a person, sort of curled up in the snow. He had his cold weather gear on, but I wasn't going to walk past without checking on him. I shook his shoulder at least once and he eventually looked at me, startled.

My first thought was he was one of the bar customers that night who had passed out in the snow, which worried me, especially since there was little chance of anyone else finding him at that time of night.

He got to his feet and I asked if he was okay. He didn't say anything, but nodded and walked with me into Bldg. 155. After we were inside, I checked his face for frostbite. He had some mild reddening on his upper face, but nothing more. Now, here's the strange part. He never said anything and wouldn't unwrap the scarf around his face when I asked him to so I could check the rest of his face. He just stood there. His eyes looked alert, if a little blank. I could tell that he was my age or younger. I just asked again if he was okay. He nodded again and walked off.

I didn't think that much more about the incident until the next morning. It was weird enough that I thought I should tell someone, but I wasn't really sure what had happened. He hadn't looked drunk and it was possible that he was just out for a walk and, for whatever reason, had decided to sit in the snow for a while. And I didn't know who he was and I didn't recall seeing him in the club that night. I didn't know if I should tell anyone. But, then I thought I might be creating a problem and I didn't want who ever it was to get into trouble. So, all I did after that was keep an eye out whenever I closed the bar or just walking around town.

Now, do you recall any similar events that winter - anyone who behaved strangely like that? We don't have to mention names, but it's one of those things that maybe could have developed into something very serious if I had gone out the door next to bar instead. Or, maybe it was just someone who went for a walk and got a little disoriented.

Jim Mathews

Billy-Ace

It was a great reunion and so good to see you and even met some new folks.

You questioned my nametag about wintering-over in DF-67 with CBU-201 We are both correct. I was assigned to assist SK2. Hanlyik (the Seabee SK) upon arrival on the Ice in October of 66 I was attached to CBU-201. Then was transferred to ASA during winter over.

At the next reunion would live to see the DF-67 cruise book.

Thank you for all that you do.

Regards.

Larry Garofalo

Photo from DF-67 Cruise Book

SKSA Larry Garofalo rings up a sale as SH1 Charles Gauthier tries to add a few little extra items

Editor's Note: I questioned Larry's nametag at the reunion because I knew that CBU-201 did NOT have a winter-over detachment during DF-67. When I got home I checked the DF-67 Antarctic Support Activity (ASA) Detachment Alfa Winter-Over roster and found Larry's name listed. My guess was that he deployed to the ice with CBU-201 and was transferred to the ASA winter-over party.
This is Lionel Wafer, and I’m in Antarctica as you read this. I’m here for the Christmas holidays, and I’m already partaking of the claret and am in very good cheer. I’ve set myself up in an outbuilding at McMurdo so that I can be near the privy. In fact the outbuilding IS the privy. I must tell you, Penguin, me old mate, that they still talk about you down here—in the privy, that is. You seem to be a bit of a legend in this small building. Some of the exploits they credit to you would have curled the toes of my shipmates, Billy Bowlegs in particular. And the parrot story, Good Grief, can that be true? What you did to that parrot, I mean. You would have been at home on my old ship, Matey. Black Jack sent on your e-mail, asking for Christmas stories. Penguin, me old mate, how could I write that sort of thing when I’m so much under the influence?

I got a DUI yesterday, and I was just out walking my pet killer whale, Freddie. How could I write about Christmas in Antarctica when there are so many Billy-Ace Baker stories to thrill the world? I realize that the more controversial ones are not fit for publication in your “FAMILY” magazine, Matey, and that little children reading it would be corrupted—the Santa Claus episode comes to mind, when you imported that actress to McMurdo that memorable Yuletide in the 60s. I realize that you want me to write boring, factual rubbish about Admiral Byrd, and about Antarctic vegetation, and so forth, but I can’t do it, me Hearty, I just can’t, especially right now.

And besides, do you think your readers—quarter after quarter—want to read that, to wade through that, when they can hear the ribald stories of your old friend Lionel Wafer? Maybe they do. Maybe Lionel Wafer stories are way over the top, indecent, perhaps, verging on the disgusting. I assumed all old Antarciticans were like you, Penguin. I’d like to have some feedback. If your readership wants the old boring stuff, then I’ll have to enlist the aid of old Bowlegs.
OAE Dorothy Irene Allan, 90, died on 28 November 2016, in Edmonton, Canada. Dorothy visited Antarctica as a tourist.


OAE Jerry Bass, 94, died on 8 November 2016, in Vacaville, CA. Jerry visited Antarctica as a tourist at age 82.

OAE Albert Willard “Will” Bellais, 82, died on 20 October 2016, at Hospice House in Savannah, GA. Will served in Antarctica with the US Navy as a journalist. Unit and year(s) unknown.

OAE Ernest Alexandre Beaulieu, USAF (Ret), 87, died on 4 December 2016, in Ann Arbor, MI. Ernest served as a flight engineer on USAF C-141s between DF-70 and 74.

OAE David C. Berkshire, 80, died on 13 October 2016, at Kindred Hospital in Houston, TX. David served on the USNS Eltanin as a scientist. Year(s) unknown.

OAE William Henry Bevington, Jr., 76, died on 10 November 2016, in Grand Junction, CO. Bill visited Antarctica as a wild life photographer on a tourist ship.

OAE Dennis George Bianchini, 71, died on 6 November 2016, in Port Hueneme, CA, Dennis served in Antarctica with the SEABEES. Unit and year(s) unknown.

OAE Elizabeth “Liz” H. Boedecker, 91, died on 3 December 2016, in Poughkeepsie, NJ. Liz visited Antarctica as a tourist.

*OAE John Milton Bowling, 71, died on 20 August 2016, in Grand Island, NE. John aka Stinky wintered-over at McMurdo during DF-71 as a radioman first class (RM1) and served as the Teletype repairman.

OAE CPO James A. Boyd, USCG (Ret), 82, died on 25 December 2016, in Lakeland, MI. James served in Antarctica wit the US Coast Guard. Unit and year(s) unknown.

OAE Curtis Brissette, USAF (Ret), 60, died on 13 December 2016, in Columbus, OH. Curtis served in Antarctica with the USAF. Unit and year(s) unknown.

OAE John Canvin Brown, 77, died on 15 October 2016, in Nanaimo BC (Canada). John visited Antarctica as a tourist.

*OAE LTCOL Robert “Bob” Leslie Cantrell, USMC (Ret), 81, died on 7 November 2016, in Virginia Beach, VA. Bob served as a LC-13- Hercules pilot in VXE-6 during DF-69 and 70. Cantrell Peak is named in his honor.

OAE Tony Carter, 80, died on 7 November 2016, in Sutton Coldfield, England. Tony served in Antarctica with the Royal Navy aboard the HMS Protector during the ships first Antarctic patrol of 1955–56, serving as a first-class stoker in the Falkland Islands, the British Antarctic Survey Territory. Tony was an active member of the HMS Protector Association

OAE Donald Raymond Charron, died on 17 December 2016, in North Stonington, CT. Donald served in Antarctica in the USN during Operation Highjump. Unit unknown.
OAE William “Billy” P. Clark, 78, died on 27 November 2016, in Flowery Branch, GA. Billy AKA Willy “P” wintered-over with NNPU Crew III during DF-64 as a CE1 and with NNPU Crew VII during DF-68 as a CEC.

OAE Walter Coelho, died on 22 October 2016, in Grantville, PA. Walter wintered-over at McMurdo with ASA Det Alfa during DF-70 as a CM2.

OAE Green Flavie Cooper III – known as Jerry Cooper, 84, died on 11 November 2016, in Raleigh, NC. Jerry visited Antarctica as a tourist.

OAE LTCOL Byrum “Buck” Wilson Cooper, USAF (Ret), 87, died on 30 December 2016, in Auburndale, TX. Buck visited Antarctica as a tourist to photograph wildlife.

OAE Sue Roberson Crouch, 82, died on 26 October 2016, in Crowley, TX. Sue visited Antarctica as a tourist.

OAE Gloria E. Crum, 90, died on 20 December 2016, at Memorial Hospital in Savannah, GA. Gloria visited Antarctica as a tourist.

OAE John Herbert Dahm, Jr., 78, died on 10 October 2016, in West Nyack, NY. John visited Antarctica as a tourist.

OAE Roger Lee Dennis, 75, died on 19 December 2016, in Middleotn, OH. Roger served on the USS Arneb during DF-61 as a YNSN.

OAE MAJ Clifton Odell Denny, Jr., USAF (Ret), 92, died on 1 November 2016, in Charlotte, NC. Clifton visited Antarctica as a tourist when he was in his 80s.

OAE Tommie Dickey, 71, died on 30 November 2016, in Tehachapi, CA. Tommie worked as a welder in Antarctic. Unit and year(s) unknown.

OAE William Robert “Bob” John Dingle, 95, died on 5 September 2016 in Tasmania. Bob. Bob served as a meteorologist at Heard Island in 1951 and as a meteorologist and photographer at Mawson Station in 1954. He served at Macquarie Island in 1956 and was the officer in charge at Davis Station in 1957 and at Wilkes Station in 1959. In 1962 he served at Byrd Station. In 1967 he served at Plateau Station. From 1968 through 1972 Bob Served on the USNS Eltanin. Bob wintered at five Australian stations and at Plateau Station for a total of six winters. Dingle Lake and Dingle Dome are named in his honor.

OAE Greg Disch, 71, died on 18 October 2016, in Kaleden, B.C., Canada. Greg worked several months in Antarctica putting up research buildings for the Canadian government.

OAE CAPT Chad Doherty, USCG (Ret), 71, died on 7 November 2016, in Annapolis, MD. Chad served in Antarctica with the Coast Guard. Unit and year(s) unknown.

OAE Kenneth Leslie Crammond Dorking, 91, died on 19 November 2016, in Spanish Springs, NV. Ken visited Antarctica as a tourist.

OAE Alfred J. Drago died on 14 December 2016, in Massapequa Park, NY. Alfred served in DF-1 with the Seabees.

OAE HMCS Melvin Richard Epley, USN (Ret), 75, died on 31 October 2016, in Jacksonville, FL. Melvin wintered-over at McMurdo during DF-73 as an HMC.

OAE David Silas Evans, 80, died on 14 October 2016, in Boulder, CO. David served at MacQuarie Island with ANARE during the 1962 austral summer season and was involved with geomagnetic observations.

OAE Zana Ellen (Johnson) Faletto, 64, died on 17 October 2016, in Granburt, TX. Zana visited Antarctica as a tourist.

OAE Betty Ragan Ela, 98, died on 14 December 2016, in Fort Morgan, CO. Betty visited Antarctica as a tourist.

OAE Onnolee Bonnye Elliott, Ph.D., 88, died on 20 August 2016, in Santa Ana, CA. Onnolee visited Antarctica as a tourist on a Russian icebreaker.

OAE Zana Ellen (Johnson) Faletto, 64, died on 17 October 2016, in Granburt, TX. Zana visited Antarctica as a tourist.

OAE Senior Chief George Mackey Fosnaught, USN (Ret), 67, died on November 2016, in Mulberry, AR. George served in VX-6. Years unknown.

OAE Ann Longwell Furr, 71, died on 12 October 2016, in, Columbia, SC. Ann visited Antarctica as a tourist.
OAE Paul S. Goodwin, 96, died on 26 September 2016, in La Cañada Flintridge, CA. Paul visited Antarctica as a tourist.

*OAE Gordon S. Hamilton, 50, died on 22 October 2016, in Antarctica in a snowmobile accident. Gordon was a USAP scientist who had been doing West Antarctic Ice Stream research since the 1980s. Hamilton Glacier is named in his honor. Gordon has been inducted into the OAEA as a Memorial Member.

OAE Robert Hiram Harnar, Jr., 89, died on 10 December 2016, in San Clamente, CA. Robert visited Antarctica as a tourist.

OAE Sverre (Sven) Hietanen, 96, died on 15 October 2016, in Vancouver, Canada. When he was 16 years old Sverre sailed to Antarctica on a Norwegian whaling ship.

OAE John Trevor Hollin died on 3 October 2016. John was a glaciologist and paleoclimatologist. He wintered-over at Wilkes Station during the International Geophysical Year in 1958 (DF-III). Hollin Island is named in his honor.

OAE Arthur Stephen Wynn Hughes-Games, 95, died on 25 November 2016, in Okanagan, BC, Canada. Wynn visited Antarctica as a tourist.

OAE LCDR Lewis “Tom” Hunter, USN (Ret.), 79, died on 22 December 2016, in Virginia Beach, VA. Tom made two deployments to Antarctica. Unit and years unknown.

OAE Benjamin Paul William Johnson, 62, died on 20 October 2016, in Seattle, WA. Benjamin worked two seasons in Antarctica as a heavy equipment operator. Unit and years unknown.

OAE Robert Kenneth Jones, 87, died on 22 October 2016, in Stratton Mountain, VT. Robert visited Antarctica as a tourist.

OAE George “Duke” Matthew Jonkel, 89, died on 20 November 2016 at Bay Medical Center, Panama City, FL. Duke traveled to Antarctica for a specific penguin species study, international research following the treaties resulting from the International Geophysical Year.

OAE Lissa Kelley, 61, died on 16 November 2016, in Nashville, TN. Lissa visited Antarctica twice as a tourist.

OAE COL Jack Lanterman, USA (Ret), 99, died on 12 December 2016, in Silver Spring, MD. Jack served in Antarctica as a US Army pilot. Unit and year(s) unknown.

OAE Benjamin Johnson Mann, Jr., 72, died on 23 October 2016. Benjamin served in Antarctica with the US Coast Guard. Unit and year(s) unknown.


OAE Donald Albert Mersinger, USN (Ret), 89, died on 23 November 2016, at Waterbrooke Assisted Living of Elizabeth City, VA. Donald served during Highjump. Unit unknown.

OAE CDR Donald E. Minnich, USN (Ret), 88, died on 22 October 2016, in Virginia Beach, VA. Donald served on the USS Pine Island during Operation Highjump.

OAE Kendyl Kurth Monroe, 80, died on 14 November 2016, in Bethesda, MD. Kendyl visited Antarctica as a tourist.

OAE Joseph Moreno, 87, died on 16 October 2016, in Tracy, CA. Joseph served in Antarctica in the Navy on the USS Mount Olympus during Operation Highjump.

OAE Marion Scott Murphy, 95, died on 30 November 2016, in Pasadena, CA. Marion visited Antarctica as a tourist.

OAE Bogdan Nedelkoff, M.D., 95, died on 23 November 2016, in New Albany, IN. Bogdan visited Antarctica as a tourist.

OAE Andrew “Andy” Louis Nelson, 95, died on 23 November 2016, in Seattle, WA. Andy visited Antarctica with a University of Washington group. Year(s) unknown.

OAE Mary (nee Flanagan) Nordlund, died on 21 October 2016. Mary visited Antarctica as a tourist.

OAE Etta Otto, 88, died on 28 October 2016, in Bakersfield, CA. Etta visited Antarctica as a tourist.

OAE CPO Harold Page, USN (Ret), 87, died on 5 November 2016, in Winter Park, FL. Harold served in Deep Freeze. Unit and year(s) unknown.
*OAE CDR (CEC) John Ellery Perry Jr., USN (Ret), 79, died on 1 September 2016, in Fairfax, VA. While assigned to the National Science Foundation from 1971–1973, John served as Special Projects Officer and was responsible for overseeing the construction of a new geodesic dome that served at South Pole Station until it was dismantled in 2009. He later was instrumental in preserving parts of this innovative design at the SEABEE Museum in Port Hueneme, CA. In 1971 he received the Navy Commendation Medal in recognition as his service as Officer-in-Charge of Navy Construction Battalion Unit 201 during Operation Deep Freeze from 1969 to 1971. He also wintered Over as a Lieutenant while serving as Public Works Officer for Naval Support Force Antarctica Detachment Alfa during DF-68 (1967–1968). Perry range is named in his honor.

OAE Mark David Phillips, 48, died on 17 October 2016, in Indianapolis, IN. Mark served as a chef at McMurdo Station for three seasons. Years unknown.

*OAE Charles “Chuck” E. Ratliff, 77, died on 13 August 2014, in Ecorse, MI. Chuck served in VX-6/VXE-6 from 1957 to 1960, and 1962 to 1969

OAE Lois Ruth Kunkel Roth, 95, died on 7 November 2016, in Salt Lake City, UT. Lois visited Antarctica as a tourist.

OAE Evelyn Jane Rousser (nee Barricklow), 74, died on 28 October 2016, in Riverside, CA. Evelyn visited Antarctica as a tourist.

OAE Larry Ryden, 74, died on 18 October 2016, in Grand Portage, MN. Larry served in Antarctica with the US Navy. Unit and year(s) unknown.

OAE John A. Shelton, 82, died on 29 October 2016, in Haysville, TN. John served in Antarctica. Unit and year(s) unknown.

OAE Julia Margaret Simpson, 50, died on 31 October 2016, in New York, NY. Julia visited Antarctica in 2013 as a tourist on the National Geographic Explorer.

OAE Andrew “Drew” Slater, 44, died on 1 September 2016, in Boulder, CO. Drew served in Antarctica. Unit and year(s) unknown.

OAE CECS Joseph Allen Smith, USN (Ret), 87, died on 19 October 2016, in Bartlett, TN. Joe (aka Injun Joe) wintered-over at Little America V with MCB(Special) during DF-I (1955–56), and at McMurdo Station during DF-63 and DF-67.

*OAE PTCM Freddie Philmon “Phil” Spainhouer, USN (Ret), 91, died on 25 August 2014, in Dallas, TX. Phil served in MCB-(Special) at McMurdo during DF-I (1955–56) as a PHCA.

OAE Charles Tyne Stokoe, 95, died on 18 November 2016, in Kelowna, Canada. Charles visited Antarctica as a tourist.

OAE Robert Valliere “Bob” Strause, 95, died on 6 December 2016, in La Costa, CA. Bob visited Antarctica as a tourist where he traveled with Sir Edmund Hillary and walked among the emperor penguins.

OAE Dr. Ervom. Lynn Suydam, 75, died on 19 October 2016, in St Louis, MO. Lynn wintered-over at Palmer Station during DF-67 as a USARP biologist. Mount Suydam is named in his honor.


OAE Dr. Russell Dean Tyler, 90, died on 27 November 2016, in Santa Barbara, CA. Russell visited Antarctica as a tourist.

OAE Robert Wagner VanWyck, 88, died on 24 December 2016, in Nashville, TN. Robert deployed to Antarctica as part of a team to resolve problems in the operation of the PM-3A nuclear power plant installed at McMurdo. Year unknown.

OAE Ronald Francis Waller, 79, died on 26 November 2016, in Torrance, CA. Ronald visited Antarctica as a tourist.

OAE Mary Joyce (Pulliam) Watters, 84, died on 8 November 2016, in Chico, CA. Mary visited Antarctica as a tourist.

OAE Jean Burris Wattley, 103, died on 27 October 2016, in Lexington, SC. Jean visited Antarctica as a birder with the Audubon Society. Year(s) unknown.

OAE Emily Wilson, 54, died on 2 December 2016, in Aurora, CO. Emily wintered-over in 2010 at South Pole station as the station medical officer.

OAE Dr. Bruce L. Wing, 78, died on the 8 December 2016, in Juneau, AK. Bruce worked in Antarctica as a NASA scientist. Year(s) unknown.

OAE Daniel R. “Dan” “Zink” Zinkiewicz, 73 died on 6 November 2016, in Huber Heights, OH. Dan served onboard the USS Atka. Year(s) unknown.
And let us consider how we may spur one another on toward love and good deeds, not giving up meeting together, as some are in the habit of doing, but encouraging one another—and all the more as you see the Day approaching. (Hebrews 10: 24-25)

Back in October the membership of OAEA gathered in Norwich, Connecticut. The 105, or so, of us who were gathered there experienced a great event and opportunity to enjoy the fall colors in New England. Old friendships were rekindled and new friendships made—all sharing a common experience from “The Ice.” There were lots of stories … LOTS OF STORIES. Most true, some … almost true. We learned about new techniques in traversing, restoration of a memorial in New Zealand, had the opportunity to pick up a new novel about the ice … . In short it was a wonderful time. What amazed me was learning that there are more than 2,000 of us in the organization—think of the stories. Even Jesus gave us a personal example, “And he came to Nazareth, where he had been brought up: and, as his custom was, he went into the synagogue on the Sabbath day, and stood up for to read.” (Luke 4: 16 NIV)

My calendar is marked for San Antonio, May—catch that —May 2018. How about yours? Let us “not give up meeting together, as some are in the habit of doing, but encouraging one another …” Hope to see you in San Antone!

May the blessings be!

Johnnie Draughon
Several of us from the Southern California area got together on 10 December for a Christmas brunch at Polly’s Pies in Laguna Hills, CA. Gabby presented a DVD of Cy Buehler’s 100 or so slides of some of his travels that Millie had given him at a previous meet up.

Ron and Faith are heading for Dubai for a bit of liberty over New Years.

The rest of us are pretty much sticking close to home over the holidays.

We had a very enjoyable brunch, lasted about two hours and we all headed back to our homes.

The next meet up date and date is yet to be determined.

Gabby

Left To Right Rear Row Ron Stone, Bill Rouzer, Bob Gaboury, Jack Kane
Front Row CoCo Rouzer, Millie Buehler, Faith, Linda Gaboury and grand daughters Kayden Coylene & Riley Coylene
TIDEWATER GROUP GET TOGETHER
by Ed Hamblin

Saturday, 1 October, and the week before the reunion, a few of us got together for our quarterly lunch at Terrie’s. As always, it was about no business, just a couple of hours of socializing. Of course, the big buzz was about the reunion, and plans were hashed and rehashed. Present and accounted for were Brad Miller, Bill Raymus, Herb Schaefer, Wayne Rogers, Jerry & Karen Gustin, Cliff & Jean Dickey, and Ed & Linda Hamblin. The following week, just before the reunion in Connecticut, we were hit pretty hard in the local area by Hurricane Matthew. Although it didn’t make landfall here, it dropped torrential rains and hit us with plenty of near hurricane force wind gusts. It affected travel plans up to CT for most of us, and one of our area-planned attendees was forced to stay home due to flooding. We did “field” eight folks from Tidewater at the reunion, and by all accounts everyone had a good time once we got over the weather on the way up.

Tidewater also said goodbye to one of the area OAEs who used to be a regular. Bob Cantrell, LtCol, USMC passed away in November at the age of 81. Bob had been assigned to VXE-6 from 1969–1971 as a pilot/LC-130 aircraft commander on BUNO 320. He was a fun guy to be around, and could get us going with his stories, especially of his early years in flight training and as a new pilot.

By the time you see this, we will have had our January meet up; the next one beyond that will be Saturday 1 April at Terrie’s Breakfast & Lunch, 3320 N. Military Highway, Norfolk (airport vicinity) at noon. We set up in the back area. If you are not part of the Tidewater area e-mail tree and would like to be added, POC is Ed Hamblin (ehamblin74@verizon.net, PH 757-405-3362). Hope to see you there.

BUNO 320 Crew: Kneeling L to R: PH2 Donigan, AMS1 Waldrop, MAJOR Cantrell, LCDR Schimansky, LTJG Springgate. Standing: PH1 Regina, SSGT Whaley. ABH1 Sticker, ATN2 Teghtmeyer, ADJC Barks

PICTURES AND STORIES FROM DAYS GONE BY

Announcing
The PAN AM 'Pioneer Flights' Collector Plate Series

**PANAM Stratocruiser spans the Antarctic.** A first edition plate from the talented brush of Theodore Giavis. While on active duty with the Air Force during World War II, Giavis was asked by General Twining to do a pictorial essay on the men and aircraft of his unit. It was while on this assignment that he perfected his precise technique that faithfully captured the unique characteristics of each aircraft in the PANAM Pioneer Flights collector plate series. The individual plates were available in 1959 for $29.95 each plus $2.50 per plate for shipping and handling.
Dispatches from Continent Seven
AN ANTHOLOGY OF ANTARCTIC SCIENCE
edited by Billy-Ace

BOOK REVIEW


About the Author
Rebecca Priestly is an award-winning science writer and historian, with degrees in earth sciences and a doctorate in the history and philosophy of science. She is a science columnist for New Zealand Listener, and senior lecturer in the Science and Society Group at Victoria University of Wellington. She first traveled to Antarctica on the Antarctic New Zealand’s media program in 2011, and in 2014 filmed lectures there for Antarctica Online, an innovative course available to students around the world. Her books include the Awa Book of New Zealand Science, winner of the inaugural Royal Society of New Zealand Science Book Prize.

The Author on the ICE. Just a single day on the ice gave Rebecca Priestley a new found respect for Antarctica’s early explorers. At minus 20°C, on a 1300-metre-high, ice-free plateau in the Dry Valleys region of the Transantarctic Mountains, I hit my limit. While the geologists I was with seemed unconcerned by the conditions, I ached with the cold. My limbs became heavy and even breathing felt difficult.

REVIEW
By Rebecca Gray

I was pretty excited about this book, having enjoyed Rebecca Priestley’s previous science anthology work, and I was not disappointed. Antarctica is a fascinating place that most people will never set foot on, and this anthology gives a great sense of what travelling and working there would be like.

The book is arranged into roughly chronological sections covering the first voyages attempting to “discover” Antarctica, early accounts of scientists and explorers who made it onto the continent, the growth of scientific endeavours from the 1950’s onwards, and finally a collection of recent writing on what study in Antarctica can tell us about climate change and our possible future. Rebecca Priestley has selected, edited, and introduced each piece of writing to show us who each writer is, where they are and what’s going on at the time that their narrative takes place.

Although “edited” is an obvious description of Priestley’s part in the book, I kept thinking during the earlier historical sections that “curated” would be a more accurate term. As I read, I felt like I was being shown through an exhibition about the history of Antarctic exploration—each piece following on from the next but from a different perspective, well-contextualised and interspersed with pictures and occasional poems. The inclusion of modern poetry is an interesting choice, one that I appreciate in part because it allows small insertions of female perspectives into the inevitably male exploration narratives. I found the poem that starts the book off, ‘The frozen pages’ by Gregory O’Brien, particularly engaging: it gets the book off to a philosophical start, setting the scene for readers to consider the importance of the stories that follow.

Our Tent After our first days work geologising we met in the Polar Haven tent, crammed around a small table and vying for position nearest the stove that cooked our food and warmed the air. But no matter how warm it got inside, the temperature reached 7°C – the cold rose up through my boots, into my feet and up my legs.
The early efforts to reach Antarctica—so distant, so mysterious, and so very, very cold—took place in the age of European colonial voyages. James Cook and his crew circumnavigated the area while making scientific observations. French lieutenant Jospeh Dubouzet mused about whether “taking possession” by planting a flag in a new place was ridiculous, before asserting that in this case it wasn’t, and describing the excellent Bordeaux wine used to toast their conquest. James Clark Ross delighted in going around naming things after his colleagues and benefactors. The major difference was that there were no people already living on Antarctica. Therefore the efforts to claim and conquer parts of this last continent did not involve any direct human conflict. There are, however, numerous instances of penguins having a bad time in these early encounters! Just before their otherwise peaceful act of flag-planting conquest, Dubouzet and company had cleared the area by hurling away all the resident penguins, who were “much astonished”. No doubt.

The writers give beautiful descriptions of the unusual and wonderful things they are seeing, while also conveying the discomfort and visceral struggle for survival. I had no idea that the aviator Richard Byrd had worked on Antarctica, but his story about nearly locking himself out while doing a solo meteorological measurement was brilliantly told and quite nerve-wracking. As things took a turn for the worse in Robert Falcon Scott’s 1912 diary excerpt (presented as a story about collecting geological samples) I suddenly realised “ohh, we must be approaching the part with ‘I am just going outside and may be some time’”. Actually that exact quote from Captain Oates was not included, but I am sure I will not be the only reader who anticipates it, and realises in the process that the story of Scott’s fatal final expedition has become iconic.

The Ice Islands. Drawing of icebergs, in the Southern Ocean, 9 January 1773. By William Hodges, expedition artist on James Cook’s second Pacific voyage,

I was somewhat less gripped by some of the more modern excerpts about doing science in Antarctica—not due to any fault of the authors, for each piece is a good example of science writing and explains a particular aspect of physics, biology or cool technical gear very well. I think this is a personal preference: as a social researcher, I found the stories in which the scientist described their personal experience more immersive, while the technical explanations were interesting but easier to skim over. I particularly enjoyed the rather chipper-sounding physicist Colin Bull describing his team’s experiences in the 1950s (struggling across a windy valley while laden with gear, he finds himself repeating a quote from a colleague: “Only another ten thousand feet of this excruciating garbage”), and atmospheric chemist Rhian Salmon’s chatty blog from the early 2000s about a typical day while wintering over. My interest picked up further for the final section relating to climate change: scary and very important.

I will be passing this book on to the earth scientist in my household, who is certain to find different aspects of the stories more interesting. This is therefore an endorsement: people will take different things out of this anthology, and that’s great. Recommended.

Colin Bull surveying Peak Alpha in the Dry Valleys

Editor’s Note: Colin Bull was a life member of the OAEA. He died on 7 September 2010 while on a cruise ship to Alaska.
NEW OAEA MEMBERS

The below listed personnel have joined the OAEA since the previous issue of the Gazette.

Thanks to Jerry & Sandy Horton, Johnnie, Nash, John Lamont West, Margaret McLaughlin, Billie & Larry Hunter, New England Chapter, OAEA Guest Book, and NZ Antarctic Society Newsletter for recruiting new members or for providing names and contact info for prospective members.

If you know of any OAE, or anyone interested in Antarctica, who is not a member of the OAEA please send their contact info to the OAEA Membership Chairman at upizauf@aol.com or 850 456 3556

*Denotes Associate Member
§Denotes Upgrade to Life or Renewal of Annual Member
ΦDenotes Upgrade to Regular Member

Allen, William CIV  *Annual Groupie
Bevan, Beau CIV  Annual USAP McMurdo SS 2016-17
Dryfoose, “Sam” NOK  ΦLife Widow of “Buz”
Graney, Wm. PC2  §Annual NSFA SS 1979-83
Graveson, Frank CIV  Life NZARP Scott Base WO & SS 62-64
Hallett, Diane RMC  Life NSFA Det Alfa WO McMurdo DF-93
Hamilton, Gordon CIV  Memor Killed in Snow-Mobile Accident
Marsh, Walter ETRSN  Life USS Glacier 60-61
McLaughlin, Pat NOK  Life Son of George
McLaughlin, Matt NOK Life Son of George
Nash, Johnnie CUCM  Life WO McM DF-75
Pinnnow, R. ADJ2 Life VXE-6 1971-73
Svensson, John CN  Life ASA WO McMurdo DF-64
Vatne, Marsha EO3  Annual NSFA SS 84-88 Converted to MA2
White, Rolinda CIV  *Life Wife of Russell
Woske, Chuck SMSGT §Annual 109th AS NYANG 1999-02

REUNION & MEETING INFORMATION

Send reunion notices to Billy-Ace Baker at 850 456 3556 or upizauf@aol.com for publication in the Gazette

Naval Nuclear Power Unit (PM3A): Albuquerque, NM: 30 April – 5 May 2017. POC Bob Flint at 505 835 5358.


MCB-1: King Of Prussia, PA: 13–16 October 2016. POC Peter Dowd, 89 Edward Rd, Marshfield, MA 02050, or: 781 837 0393, or mcb1reunion@verizon.net.


OAEA: San Antonio, TX, 9-11 May 2018. POC John Lamont West: at westjl42@aol.com or 956 229 9797.

OAE LOCATOR

Send locator information to the editor by email at upizauf@aol.com, or by snail mail to 10819 Berryhill Road, Pensacola FL 32506, or by phone at 850 456 3556.

• Gary Schreffler is looking for anyone who served on the USS Glacier during DF-I and/or DF-II. Gary acquired 32 rolls of 16 mm color film that was shot by the Glacier Chief Engineer LT Pierce Matthews. Gary has created an hour long DVD from the film and he would like for someone from that time frame to view it. Gary can be contacted by email at: talachan@verizon.net.

• Lennie Bourgeois is looking for anyone who knew, or has any knowledge of, Willis Darden. It is not known what unit Willis served with on the ice or what years he was there. Lennie can be contacted by email at: wlb@valp.net, by phone at: 850-678-8998, or by snail mail at: 189 Seminole Ave, Valparaiso, FL 32580.

Editor’s Note: I was not able to find Willis Darden on any of the numerous Deep Freeze rosters that I have access to.

• Jack Garman is looking for an Antarctic Support Activity Deep Freeze 63 cruise book. Jack can be contacted by email at: jgarbuf33@mail.com, by phone at: 281-733-8519, or by mail at: 104 Civil Drive, League City, TX 77573-3422.

• Ruth Boere is looking for the name of her birth father. According to her birth certificate he was a 23 year-old American with Operation Deep Freeze. He was 5 foot 6 inches tall, average build with dark skin and brown eyes. He was a storekeeper and was in Christchurch during the 1962–63 season. Her mother Colleen Wallis will not tell Ruth her father’s name. Ruth can be contacted at: hansand ruth@actrix.co.nz, or 75 Candida Road, Swanson, Waitakere, Auckland 0614, New Zealand.

• James Golden is looking for a TF-43 DF-IV cruise book. He can be contacted by phone at: 301-464-0724, by email at: j1mgolden@comcast.net, or 2405 Belair Drive, Bowie, MD 20715.

Editor’s Note: I am also looking for a copy of the TF-43 DF-IV cruise book.

• Frank Graveson is looking for information about the dogs of Deep Freeze. Frank can be reached by email at: frank.graveson@gmail.com or 8A Cambria Rd Devonport Auckland 0624 New Zealand.

• Michael Bruner is trying to help a Kiwi friend of his track down an American, by the name of Frederick Woertler who served on the USS Glacier during the 1956-58 period. Frederick was an enlisted man and was in communications. Mike can be contact by email at: michael-bruner@msn.com, or by snail mail at: 1A Searidge Lane, Scarborough, Christchurch New Zealand.

MERRY CHRISTMAS FROM THE PENGUIN MARCHING BAND
Contributed by Kiwi Stella AKA Stella Leek
Did I ever tell you about the time I was lost in a blizzard? I thought I had not. Well, have you ever been to the part of the world, where you count the days that you are not experiencing a BLIZZARD? You know; about every fourth day or so. Well, anyway it was 1967, and I was living at a very remote part of this planet, called Antarctica. And not just Antarctica, I was living towards the middle of the continent, I was at the loneliest US scientific base in the world. Called Longwire, this was to be a two-man station during the winter. (Remember I said LONELIEST) My job for the Antarctica summer was to run this station. That means every thing to do with the station, from the generators, heating system, water system, you name it. Along with a Tucker Sno-Cat and Trackmaster, it was my job to fix it.

Let me tell you a little more about Longwire, it sets at around 5,000 feet and is located in Marie Byrd Land, the nearest help, (if you needed help) would come from McMurdo Station, some 885 miles away. The first thing you would do, is see if you could make any communication with McMurdo, You just can’t call 911, 911 had not been invented in 1967. You might say, you are shit out of luck. A lot of the time or should I say most of the time you will find it difficult to radio McMurdo, much less any other part of the world. Antarctica has what is called a blackout, this is what you can expect living in the ICE AGE. Don’t expect a C-130 from McMurdo to be able to fly to you. If the weather is bad, (which most of the time it is), it just might take a couple of days or more before they could reach you. And by then, you might as well kiss your ass goodbye. But anyway Longwire is located on/ in Byrd Glacier, which is 85 miles long and 15 miles wide; it flows between two mountain ranges and ends up forming the Ross Ice Shelf. Which means that you are moving, glaciers are always moving. Some parts of Byrd Glacier, measurements have shown up to 7 1/2 feet a day of movement. Did I tell you? Byrd Glacier is about five thousand feet thick? That’s a lot of ice. One big ice cube moving with tremendous force. Sculpturing the land around it, as it moves forward.

So anyway I am driving a Tucker Sno-Cat, Tucker Sno-Cat is manufactured in Medford Oregon, this one that I am driving is left over from the previous years trans Antarctica exploration, this is one of the snow cats that was made to fit inside a C-130 airplane thus landing out in the middle of nowhere and driving this snow cat out the rear of the plane, where this giant door opens down to the surface of the glacier.

I am starting to realize that at this point in time that I have flown to where there is still an ice age. It is interesting to know that a long time ago (like millions of years ago) Antarctica was a tropical continent. While I wintered at McMurdo, I remember Boris Lopatin a USSR exchange scientist, (he was a geologist) showing me a rock he had found, which shows that ferns had grown here in Antarctica. You can see today where we live, how the glaciers of millions of years ago came through and carved out the mountains and rivers and hills. It is all so very beautiful. You can really see the glacier work from a hill near my house.

I got side tracked: I will get back to what I wanted to tell you, I was driving the Sno-cat from Longwire to Byrd Station, about 15 miles away. The road/trail is in a straight line; I do not really like using the word road when in this part of the world. The reason it is a straight line is the fact that there would not be any other reason than to make it straight. I will use the word road and you can decide for yourself. This straight road of about 15 miles is marked with bamboo poles, driven into the snow and are five feet tall with a cloth flag at the top, (these flags at the top of the poles, is really a joke, the winds tears them apart in no time at all). These poles were originally spaced about 30 feet apart. Well its been a year since this was done, now you see some poles still at five feet and then you see some that are a foot above the snow and then there are areas along this 15 mile straight road that you will not see any poles, (they are either under the snow or the wind has blown them to smithereens), then you stop seeing the poles, you hold your breath until you once again see a pole, (thank God). When you encounter such a thing while living in Antarctica, it makes you realize, that you really are
living in the ice age. It is almost like being taken back in time.

I forgot to tell you! There is no radio in the Sno-Cat, and I am not talking about AM/FM radio. Things were a lot different forty-nine years ago, hard to believe sometimes. No cell phones, no computers, but I will say that part of the research at Longwire included a computer, but our computer took up a space the size of most bedrooms. I am a at the most windiest, coldest, driest, isolated place on the face of this earth. What the hell am I doing here? Don’t get me wrong, I loved it, I loved every part of it, the twenty-four hours of daylight, seven days a week, for about six months and I even enjoyed the dark Antarctica night which last six months of twenty-four seven of darkness, and it gets real dark when the sky is covered in clouds, there is no stars no moon to light the sky, I should say that it is not dark, but rather say it is black. In other words, you can’t see anything.

And all I can say is it is like being on another planet and that planet is in what we call the ice age.

So I am driving along and the next thing I know is that I’m driving in a big blizzard. I forgot to tell you about the lack of light in the sky this time of the year. Its like, just before the sun is totally gone from the sky, while you can still see a little bit, oh yes, this is twenty-four seven (24–7). Well, I am at the point of no return, (about 8 miles out) and I know I must drive in a straight line and I know my speed and how many miles away Byrd Station is. You might think that if I had a compass, (like flying an airplane) I would be able to keep on course. Well, that would be just fine and great, except for one thing, compasses do not work when you are in the area of the South Pole, and compasses just go crazy. You know, something to do with the magnetic poles of the earth. About now I am wishing to myself that those bamboo poles with those targeted flags, that were mostly blown away by the constant winds of Antarctica had been replaced, but they have not. I also start thinking that perhaps I am not playing with a full deck. And then I think, I’m probably not playing with a full deck, why else would I be here?

Perhaps by now you are wondering what on earth got me going to write this true story. A man by the name of Peter Otway, who lives in New Zealand, wrote a book about his adventures while he lived in Antarctica in 1960–1962. I am in the process of reading his book that he wrote in 2015. Peter and I have a lot in common. I will tell you more about Peter later.

So I am driving this monster Tucker Sno-Cat! You most likely have never seen a Sno-Cat like this. It is basically a very stripped down RV. The part that you drive and live in is a rectangle about 20 feet long and about 8 feet or so wide with a height of 5 feet and it is painted flat black, and has written on both sides in big letters: United States Antarctic Research Program. The reason it is painted black, is to attract any kind of heat you can get, to help heat your living quarters. So here you have this rather large rectangle box that is setting on top of four very large pontoons with these steel tracks going around these pontoons. Now to get inside this Sno-Cat you have to climb up on top of the pontoon to get to the door. By the time you get seated, you find that you are up pretty high off the surface of the glacier. You will have to remember that this is 1967 and nothing like this had ever been built. And it was built to be put in an airplane. So what do we have inside the snow cat RV? Four seats, one for the driver/mechanic, and three other seats for the scientists. There are four very small bunk beds; there is a two-burner stove, which runs off the diesel fuel that the snow cat runs on. And there is a heater that you run when the engine is off, and it also runs off diesel. And there is a desk/table built into one of the walls. And a couple of storage compartments with latched doors. The reason for the doors on the cabinets is the fact that when this thing is moving, how should I say it, not the best ride. But please remember this; this snow cat needs a baseball field to turn around. And remember that the Tucker Sno-Cat will go where other snow cats are not capable.

Byrd VLF Longwire

Back to the blizzard, I had been driving for about an hour and half, and I knew that I should have arrived at Byrd Station by now, (note Byrd Station is below the surface of the glacier just like Longwire was) (so there is not much to see, when trying to find the station even on a clear day) but with no visibility and not being able to see if those bamboo poles are there or not, some words came to my mind and perhaps I even said them aloud, even though I was alone, yes very much alone, I might as will be on another planet. Alone, alone. Being I could not see anything and did not know where I was, I decided to get out of the Sno-Cat and see what, if any thing, I might see. This turned out to be a good thing. I walked to the back of the Sno-Cat and looked from where the Sno-Cat had been, and realized that my tracks were disappearing before my very eyes, this was not a good thing. I thought to myself, I better get turned around before my tracks are blown away by the very high winds of this blizzard. Remember I told you it takes a baseball field to turn this damned Sno-Cat around. I think even though it was very cold and with a wind chill factor that made it even colder, I believe that there was moisture under my arms. Which was not normal for people who live in Antarctica. In fact we did not shower more than once a week, and no one stank. Ever
wonder why we showered just once a week, when there is all this snow, its simple, you need heat to melt all that ice and snow to get water, and that becomes a major under taking. I will tell you about making water in Antarctica at a later date.

So I was able to find some tracks and finally some of those bamboo poles with what was left of a flag on top, and drove and drove and finally found myself back where I had started at Longwire. Where I climbed down the shaft into the arch that was below the surface of the glacier that contained the station. I believe at this point I had a couple of beers and then perhaps another couple of beers and a few cigarettes, I smoked back then and drank, I no longer drink or smoke.

I never was really scared, perhaps because of my age, and thinking that I was a “hacker”, and I do not use the word hacker as to hacking into a computer. We were young, strong, had that Can Do attitude, and wanted to be part of a very unusual adventure back to the ICE AGE. I felt that I could survive anything along with the fact that I was probably full of shit half the time. Or at least half full of beer.

I figured that if worse came to worse I would just stay put, (quite moving the Sno-Cat) sit there in the comfort of the vehicle, perhaps for a couple of days and just be fine, at least I had a half tank of diesel fuel, and I could wait until the blizzard stopped and hopping that by then, a search party from Byrd Station would be out looking for me. Well if things turned out different, I might still be in Antarctica buried in the Byrd Glacier for the next million years or so.

I meant to say more about not “sweating” why living on the ice, you do not sweat in Antarctica, you more than likely wonder why; Antarctica is a desert, why? There is no water to be found. No humidity, all is frozen, you can put raw steel outside, and it will not rust.

I will have to tell you about other adventures I had while living on the great white continent of Antarctica, at a later time.

(to be continued)

Editor’s note: Things could have been worse. On 8 May 1965 Carl Disch disappeared from Byrd Station. The below account of his disappearance is from John Stewart’s Antarctic An Encyclopedia, Second Edition.


At 9.15 A.M., on May 8 of that year, during a severe storm and temperatures of minus 44° F, he left the radio noise building to return to the main base, a walk he had already made 25 times that season. A hand-line ran from the meteorology building at the main station to the ladder at the foot of the radio noise building. He had not arrived back at base by 10 o’clock, so a vehicle search party went out looking for him in the area of the hand-line. Indications were that he had not even touched the hand-line. By 11.30 his trail had been picked up, leading west out of the main station and heading for the SW corner of the skiway, about 4 miles away.

The search Nodwell returned to base to re-fuel, and then spent three hours trying to find his trail, to no avail. The wind and snowdrifts were so strong that the tracks of the search vehicle had become obscured, and placed the searchers in danger of not returning safely. At 6.15 P.M. they got back to base, without Disch. At 7 P.M. another search party went out, exploring the area around the hand-line again, the emergency Jamesway hut, and the dump. At 7.50 P.M. all hands made a chain and searched from the end of the dump to the skiway. Flares were fired every half hour from the aurora tower until weather conditions made them impractical, and floodlights were lit from the station.

At 6 P.M. the next day another vehicle search party went out, covering a mile-wide by 9-mile-long area running south of the skiway. They found occasional tracks, with no shortening of stride, and followed them to about four miles south of the station, where they disappeared. A 7.40 in the morning of 10 May an 8-man search party, equipped with two vehicles, an emergency Jamesway hut, and enough fuel and provisions for a week, set out heading south. It searched for about 12 miles south, found no tracks, but left flags along the way. On 12 May they searched the NE and SE sectors of old Byrd Station, six miles away. The next few days’ search was impossible due to conditions, and Disch was declared dead.

Disch Promontory. 83°34’ S, 162°52’ E. A high, ice-covered promontory, extending for 10 km from the E side of Prince Andrew Plateau, in the Queen Elizabeth Range. Named by USACAN in 1966, for Carl Disch.
GUS AND ME

By Maurice Cutler

Once upon a time I had a full head of hair. You'd probably question that statement if you could see me now. It was December 1956, I was 800 miles from the South Pole, I needed a haircut, and the nearest barbershop was 2,400 miles away.

Fortunately I was lucky enough to be billeted in the same McMurdo Sound quarters as our own great Gus Shinn. With Observation Hill as a background, Gus got out his clippers and trimmed my hirsute head in no time, despite the 30F degree temperature.

REAL COOL CUT—A “heat wave”—35 degrees F—Gives LCDR Gus Shinn an opportunity to move his hair cutting business outdoors at McMurdo Station. Nicknamed the “flying barber” Shinn became the first man to land an aircraft at the geographic South Pole. Getting the southern-most hair styling is correspondent Maurice Cutler.

I have to confess I had an ulterior motive in asking Gus for a haircut. As the United Press correspondent covering Operation Deepfreeze II, I was running out of story ideas and “the flying barber” was a natural. The picture of Gus doing his tonsorial thing on me appeared in newspapers across the United States.

More importantly, Gus was responsible for me becoming a witness to history, 60 years ago on Halloween.

I was only 18 years old, a wet-behind-the-ears Australian journalist working for United Press in Sydney Australia. For some unfathomable reason, my American boss, former war correspondent Bob Miller, assigned me to go to McMurdo to cover Deepfreeze II. Less than two years out of high school, I had instead been looking forward to covering the 1956 Olympic Games in Melbourne that November. To this day, I don’t know what he was thinking in giving the assignment of a lifetime to someone with so little experience.

I never did make it to the Melbourne Games. One of UP’s big newspaper clients in Japan was Mainichi Shimbun, a widely read and influential daily. The UP’s bureau manager in Tokyo, Ernest Hoberecht, one of Walter Cronkite’s war correspondent colleagues, sent a request to Sydney asking for a series of articles on Australia’s activities in the Antarctic. The background to this is that Japan has had a strong interest in the south polar regions since 1911 when a Japanese expedition went to the Ross Sea region the same year as Britain’s Captain Robert Falcon Scott. Japan was also going to play a role in the International Geophysical Year (IGY) 1957–58, a huge international scientific research effort to unlock the secrets of Antarctica.
When Bob Miller, came into the newsroom that day in mid-1956, I was expecting that I might be asked to cover a visiting American Congressional party.

“Maurice, what do you know about the Antarctic?” Miller asked. I replied that I had seen the John Mills “Scott of the Antarctic” film, was familiar with that expedition and that was about it. That apparently satisfied Miller and to my complete surprise, he asked me to write three articles for the Antarctic” film, was familiar with that expedition and that was about it. That apparently satisfied Miller and to my complete surprise, he asked me to write three articles for

I contacted the Australian Antarctic Division headed by Philip Law in Melbourne and got enough information for the articles. One of them reflected the Cold War atmosphere of the time by revealing breathlessly that “Russia is planning on building a base in the Antarctic” as a part of the IGY.

During my research I learned that the supply ship Kista Dan would be sailing to re-supply the new Australian base at Mawson later that year and that I might be able to go along. I went to Bob Miller and asked him whether “on my holidays” in December, not on company time, could I make the trip to Mawson. He said that would probably be all right.

So over the next few weeks I began to think about the Olympic Games and afterwards my summer holidays on an Antarctic cruise.

But one day in September, Miller came into the newsroom and asked: “Maurice, would you like to go to the Antarctic?” I reminded him that he had already agreed that I could go down to Mawson on my holidays.

“No, this is something different. UP New York has just learned that our competitor the Associated Press is sending someone to McMurdo Sound to cover Operation Deepfreeze and we have to match them. You have a couple of weeks to get ready. You have to be in Christchurch by middle of next month to get the flight to McMurdo.”

The next couple of weeks were a blur as I got a passport, inoculations, winter clothing gear, and training in the use of a Rolleiflex camera, the Rolls-Royce of still cameras. Like most correspondents who worked for the perennially cash-strapped UP, I was expected to perform as a photographer as well, getting the princely sum of $5 for each picture published. America’s famous Antarctic explorer Admiral Byrd, who was in charge of the U.S. effort, sent me a letter welcoming me aboard the expedition, and also sent copies of his famous books Alone and Little America. I received my orders from the U.S. Defense Department that accredited me to Operation Deepfreeze II and gave me the “simulated” rank of a Lieutenant Commander in the U.S. Navy for accommodation and other purposes. I may have been the youngest “Lieutenant Commander” in the history of the U.S. Navy.

Coincidentally, my Tasman Empire Airlines Viscount flight to Christchurch was scheduled to leave just before a Qantas Constellation arrived in Sydney from London with my sister who was a Qantas “flight hostess.” The airport “beat” reporter for the tabloid Daily Mirror had fun with a sob story: “Mother loses Son but Gains a Daughter” complete with pictures of my wave goodbye and sister Shirley greeted by Mum. The Mirror’s competitor Sun played it straight with a headline “He’ll Tread Scott’s Path.”

Now at this point, I had never seen snow. The first snow I saw was looking down on New Zealand’s southern alps as my aircraft headed into Christchurch. It was a misty, rain swept drive into the city. The lush green countryside and the uniformed schoolchildren running in the rain suggested England to me; although Christchurch was the first foreign city I had visited. I checked in at Warner’s Hotel on Cathedral Square, my first stay in a hotel.

The next day I went around to the Christchurch Press, the city’s leading daily to meet Chief Reporter Jim Caffin who was also UP’s “stringer” or local correspondent for the South Island. He briefed me on plans for the British Commonwealth Trans-Antarctic expedition during the IGY. New Zealander Sir Edmund Hillary and Britain’s Dr. Vivien Fuchs would attempt the complete crossing of the Antarctic continent, a venture that Sir Ernest Shackleton failed to accomplish during World War I. Caffin and I then went to the United States Navy headquarters where we met Admiral George Dufek, commander of Operation Deepfreeze, the U.S. Navy’s support to U.S. scientists and the plans to establish several new bases in the Antarctic, most ambitiously one at the geographic South Pole. No one had been there on foot since Scott left on his ill-fated return journey to McMurdo Sound in 1912. There had only been a handful of flights over the Pole, most notably by Admiral Byrd in the 1920s and 1930s and by pilots of the Navy’s VX-6 squadron during Deepfreeze I the previous year.

Admiral Dufek briefed us on the dangerous flight schedule to get aircraft from New Zealand to McMurdo Sound and his plans to land a plane at the Pole in advance of building a scientific base there.

A young correspondent getting ready to fly With VX-6 from Little America to McMurdo

In addition to the Navy squadron VX-6, an Air Force Troop Carrier Wing of several huge C-124 Globemaster transports had assembled at Christchurch to carry heavy equipment and passengers in their barn-like, unpressurized cabins.

Over the next few days I met the growing media corps, representing the two major U.S. television networks CBS and NBC, the New York Times, Life Magazine, the National Geographic and myself and my “opposition” the genial Don Guy of the Associated Press. The dean of this group was Walter Sullivan, the Times’ science editor who had just published a book on Antarctic exploration Quest for a Continent. In addition to famed photographer Albert Fenn, Life Magazine accredited Scottish author Robbie Robertson who had written the best sellers Of Sheep and Men, and Of Whales and Men. Robertson managed to squeeze into his luggage two cases of Ballantines Scotch whiskey.

This was quite a feat because McMurdo Sound and the American ships were all officially “dry.” Fenn introduced this barely-legal drinker to the art of making a martini.

Scientists, who would live at the seven U.S. bases including McMurdo, Little America, Byrd, and Cape Hallett, began to arrive in Christchurch. During the coming Austral summer, the population in Antarctica would rise from a handful of “winter-overs” at McMurdo to several hundred persons.

The previous year during Deepfreeze I, U.S. bases were established at McMurdo Sound and Little America to the east on the Ross Ice Shelf. No one had lived at McMurdo Sound since Shackleton’s beleaguered Ross Sea party left in 1917. Little America had not had any habitation since Byrd’s 1935 expedition.

I had flipped a coin with Don Guy of the AP to see who would get the one press seat on the Navy R5D when the first wave of aircraft flew south. I lost and had to wait to go on a later USAF Globemaster.

The influx of Antarctic personnel transformed Christchurch from a sleepy provincial city to a bustling hive of activity, especially at the airport where U.S. Navy and Air Force planes were lined up ready to head south when the weather improved in late October. The presence of so many Americans also intrigued the local population, especially the young women. This factor also nearly aborted my Antarctic exploits even before they began.

My local correspondent Jim Caffin had been filing stories on Operation Deepfreeze to New York for a couple of years. Just after I arrived he had heard that the U.S. Air force had to put on extra guards at their Christchurch base because of the numbers of young women who were showing up to meet the American airmen. Caffin wrote a short article on this subject and just before sending it, showed it to me. It looked innocuous enough. But at 18, I don’t think I fully realized the impact it might have when the wives and girlfriends of the American airmen back home read it. It was a three paragraph item that appeared in just about every UP newspaper in North America with headings such as “Heaven will protect the working airman.” And it drove the U.S. Air Force Colonel into a frenzy. He persuaded Admiral Dufek that UP would not go down to “the ice” on one of his planes.

As a result my departure for McMurdo was delayed until our New York and Washington bureaus put pressure on the Pentagon and the Admiral to revoke the Colonel’s decision. Jim Caffin graciously agreed to press the point that the story originated with him and not me and in the end the Colonel and the Admiral relented. When I later visited the Air Force mess in Christchurch, I noticed that a framed copy of the article was displayed prominently above the fireplace along with a baseball bat, presumably for protecting the airmen from the local ladies.

Gus and Dr Ike Taylor, McMurdo medical office and father of singer James Taylor
But the delay and losing the coin toss saved me from a very uncomfortable experience as the first flights left for McMurdo Sound. I went out to the airport to see them off and photographed a number of the crews, including one plane that crashed on arrival at McMurdo killing several U.S. Marine Corps fliers. My friend and competitor Don Guy of the AP who was on a plane coming in behind the ill-fated Marine Neptune, with nearly empty fuel tanks, saw the wreckage of the plane at the end of the runway and rushed to the scene as the survivors were being recovered.

The planes from Christchurch had left in good weather, but by the time they had passed the six hours point of no return the weather closed in and there was a “white out” over the ice runway. When I arrived there a couple of days later, the bright orange tail of the Neptune was sticking out of the snow. Nearby was a Globemaster transport that had also crashed on landing. The possibility of accidents involving by planes and helicopters, and there were several, was a constant companion during my three months in Antarctica.

Fortunately, the Navy R4Ds and R5Ds of VX-6, including Gus at the controls of Que Sera Sera, made the perilous 18-hour flights without too much trouble, although the Skymaster carrying Don Guy landed “on the fumes” in the wake of the ill-fated Neptune.

I arrived in McMurdo a week later just as plans were being finalized for the attempt to land an aircraft at the South Pole for the first time. Gus and his Que Sera Sera crew were chosen for the historic flight.

Admiral Dufek held a news conference to outline his plans for the Pole landing and the construction of the Pole station that would follow. You might recognize that young fellow in the green shirt and a full head of hair just below the Admiral’s finger in Dave Boyer’s photograph that appeared in the National Geographic.

Although Admiral Byrd had flown over the Pole during two earlier expeditions, no one had landed there or at any similar location in the world. The flight involved flying 800 miles, across the Ice Shelf, up the Beardmore Glacier to a 10,000 foot plateau in unpressurized aircraft and then touching down on skis on ridged ice and snow in temperatures colder than 50 degrees below zero Fahrenheit. The engines could not be turned off and small jet bottles would be attached under the wings to give greater thrust on take-off, especially if the skis became frozen to the surface while at the Pole.

Admiral Dufek announced that he would lead the seven-man crew aboard Que Sera Sera. This was appropriate since he had been on every U.S. Antarctic expedition since 1939 when he was the navigator on Admiral Byrd’s flagship USS Bear. We journalists would watch the landing from a hovering Globemaster carrying emergency supplies which we would drop to them should Que Sera Sera not be able to take off.

No one had set foot at the bottom of the earth since a weary Captain Scott and his four companions arrived in January 1912 to find that they had been beaten there by the Norwegian Roald Amundsen and his party who had attained one of exploration’s holy grails almost a month earlier. Scott’s group perished on the return trek to McMurdo Sound and three of them are still entombed in the Ross Ice Shelf where searchers buried them. In all, less than 50 people had seen the Pole in history at that time, and most of them from the air in the seven previous over flights. I was about to become the first Australian to see the bottom of the earth and the first British subject (as Australians were then) since Scott.

Our attention was diverted somewhat by momentous international news. On shortwave radio we followed the Suez crisis and the Russian invasion of Hungary. Our only consolation was that if it led to a nuclear war the Antarctic was about as good a place to be as any. Unfortunately we journalists realized we would have to fight for space in newspapers against a potential World War III and the U.S. Presidential election. We also faced significant communications problems because our news stories had to wait until the expedition’s operational traffic was carried. The first eyewitness reports of the South Pole aircraft landing didn’t get into the world media until a couple of days after the event and were pushed off the front pages by the world crisis.

Brilliant clear weather on 31 October gave the green light to Admiral Dufek and he ordered the Pole landing to go ahead. The Admiral’s “gooneybird” R4D, the military version of the DC-3, was to take off from McMurdo and chug up to the Pole at around 110 knots. A faster Air Force Globemaster and a Navy Skymaster that could do 185 knots, would take off an hour and a half later, carrying emergency supplies and news correspondents and photographers.

These two larger aircraft would circle the Pole while the Admiral’s plane landed on the Polar plateau and be on standby in case of an emergency. The ski-equipped R4D, full of aviation gas, with the “McMurdo Barber” Shinn at the controls, trundled down McMurdo’s ice runway and headed south, down McMurdo Sound and quickly was over the Ross
Ice Shelf, a flat estuary of ice fed by glaciers tumbling down the adjacent mountain ranges from the Polar Plateau. The route was essentially that used by Scott and earlier by Sir Ernest Shackleton: following the Royal Society range down the western side of the Shelf to the Beardmore Glacier. The Shelf, a blend of white and blue ice, stretched hundreds of miles to the east. We took off in the Globemaster behind them a couple of hours later.

When we reached the Beardmore Glacier, we turned right to climb up to the Plateau from the sea level Ice Shelf. At 2,750 meters, we cleared the mountains lining the Glacier and then moved to 3,500 meters at the top of the icy staircase and the beginning of the Plateau. While most of the scenery on that 400-kilometer long river of ice, looked like giant scoops of ice cream, there were mountainsides with exposed brown and black rocks in alternate layers.

As we looked below it was hard to visualize Scott and Shackleton and their men dragging sledges up the icy jumble of the Beardmore. We were about to accomplish in a few hours what took them six weeks to achieve. It was also hard not to think about the fate of Scott’s party who died on the return within a few days march of McMurdo.

By this time our faster Globemaster had passed over Gus and the Admiral in the R4D and we swept ahead to be ready at the Pole for the arrival of the crew who would attempt the first aircraft landing at the bottom of the earth. The ceiling and visibility were unlimited over what appeared to be a smooth carpet of snow. In reality there was no guarantee that it would provide a soft landing because the surface was subject to the wind-carved “sastrugi” ridges which are difficult to see. As Admiral Dufek wrote later: “Overhead the azure sky is cloudless—over our right wing the sun glares so fiercely it is impossible to look into it. Ahead to the horizon stretches the monotonous flat white of the Polar Plateau, elevation about 11,000 feet.”

“We are over the Pole,” Admiral Dufek wrote. “The plane is flying a box – each leg one mile – for the navigator to check his sun lines and pinpoint the Pole. The Globemaster is in sight. We are in voice communication. The navigators agree that their position is within 2,000 yards of the Pole. The Skymaster developed engine trouble over the Polar Plateau and had to turn back to McMurdo.”

A few hundred meters above, looking out of the Globemaster’s porthole windows, we too caught sight of the R4D, flying the box at around 400 feet as Gus Shinn looked for the smoothest spot to set his plane down. Although flying conditions were perfect, the two planes were creating contrails, cloudy tails that soon covered the Pole and forced the pilots to rely on instruments.

Down in the belly of the Globemaster we couldn’t hear our pilot Major Ellen talking to Shinn. The Navy pilot in the smaller plane radioed: “My instrument panel is lighting up like a Christmas tree.” Red warning lights were flashing on and off as pressure gauges dropped and oil streamed out over the cowplings of both engines.

Shinn was gratified to hear Ellen’s response: “Don’t worry Gus. If you can’t get off, I’ll belly-land this baby and give you a warm house to live in.”

“I’m glad I didn’t hear my pilot making that offer. About an hour later it might have come into play.

“I’ll make three passes,” Shinn told the Admiral. “One at four hundred feet, one at two hundred, and then drag the surface at one hundred feet. If it looks all right, I’ll come in for a landing.”

After the last pass, the plane came in smoothly, touched the surface, bumped a little, and slowed to a stop. It was 8:34 p.m. 31 October, New Zealand time, almost eight hours after takeoff from McMurdo. The temperature was 58 degrees below zero Fahrenheit. With a 10-knot wind I wouldn’t want to even think about the wind chill factor.

Above in the Globemaster we were having trouble keeping warm in the cargo bay of the huge transport. I was lucky enough to be able to see Gus Shinn’s landing in the R4D in my camera’s viewfinder. And even more fortunate, the windows were not frosted up to much extent, despite the freezing temperatures inside our plane and my camera had not frozen up. This photograph which was distributed by United Press Newspictures became the official U.S. Navy photo of the landing. The picture is from my original, showing the wing of our C-124 and its shadow on the Pole above Gus’s aircraft.

Que Sera Sera lands at the South Pole
I tapped out the following story on my “laptop” a Hermes portable typewriter:

**First Plane Lands At South Pole**  
*by Maurice Cutler, United Press Staff Correspondent*

One Thousand Feet Above the South Pole, Oct. 31 -- (UP)  
I have just witnessed the historic first landing of an aircraft at the South Pole and the first person setting foot there since Scott’s ill-fated 1912 expedition.

A United States Navy R4D (Dakota DC-3) made a successful landing four miles from the presently known location of the South Pole at 2034 hours New Zealand time (0834 GMT Wednesday). With a long vapor trail stretching miles behind it, I saw the small ski-equipped Dakota, named Que Sera Sera, grind to a halt, throwing a wake of snow in its path.

Overhead, a United States Air Force C-124 Globemaster carrying this correspondent circled the area in brilliant sunshine, leaving crisscrossing vapor trails. It carried emergency supplies that would be airdropped should the small plane be unable to take off from the 10,000-foot Polar plateau.

Que Sera Sera--what will be, will be--landed safely in a temperature of around 60 below zero Fahrenheit. The honor of being the first person at the Pole in 44 years went to Operation Deep Freeze commander Rear Admiral George Dufek of Rockford, Ill.

In a message to our plane, Adm. Dufek said he raised the Stars and Stripes for the first time at the South Pole. After 50 minutes on the desolate polar plateau--a flat, white landmass stretching miles to the horizon--the Dakota commanded by Lieutenant-Commander Conrad (Gus ) Shinn of Spray, N.C., took off at 2123 hours local time. It was headed for the support base near the Liv Glacier and the Duncan Mountains.

By this time, we had been circling the Pole for more than two hours at around 800 feet above the surface. But because of the Pole’s 10,300-foot altitude, it was more like 11,000 feet and the Globemaster was unpressurized. There were no “oxygen masks will drop down from the ceiling” messages from the crew. We had to take sucks from a shared oxygen bottle every little while to combat apoxia.

“Let’s get the hell out of here,” Dufek told pilot Gus when he noticed that several of the group had developed frostbite. Shinn had kept the engines running but there was a strong possibility that the plane’s skis might have stuck to the ice surface. That in fact is what happened and the windshield was completely frosted over. Adding to their concern was an engine that was leaking oil onto the snow, Gus then went to plan B, a series of JATO jet propulsion bottles that were attached to the wings. He fired four of the 15 bottles, equal to the thrust of one of the engines. The addition of a “third engine” had no effect, so he fired four more that freed the skis. He had to use two more 30-second bursts of four and three bottles to get the plane rolling across the snowy plateau.

The firing of the last three JATO bottles helped Gus get enough thrust to enable the R4D to stagger into the air at the dangerously slow speed of 60 knots. When the 2200 pounds of empty JATO bottles were ditched the aircraft flew at a more appropriate speed. But one of the engines was leaking oil and it was decided that instead of cruising back to McMurdo, our plane would throttle back for three hours and escort the smaller aircraft down the Beardmore Glacier to a refueling base near the Liv Glacier.

A refueling was crucial because the plane had been in the frigid air for more than 12 hours. Commander Shinn found a “base” that consisted of a few oil and aviation gasoline drums and a tent for the two lonely men who had to service the aircraft. Que Sera Sera finally got back to McMurdo Sound more than 24 hours after leaving.

Because of the severe low temperatures, Admiral Dufek postponed a start on construction of the South Pole base for two weeks. By late November, however, small teams of Seabees were hard at work at the Pole building the base that would be home for 25 men during the following Antarctic winter night. The U.S. has maintained the science base for 60 years now.

But over the next decades, it was the intrepid airmanship of VX-6 crews who followed in Gus’ footsteps that laid the foundation for the achievements of the United States in the Antarctic.

I left McMurdo in late February 1957 after spending more than four months on the ice. I returned 18 months later on Deepfreeze IV for another four months of Antarctic reporting to wind up the IGY. But by this time even flights to the Pole had become routine as the Americans settled in. They’ve been at McMurdo and the Pole ever since and recently opened the third South Pole base after wearing out the first two. Tourists are flocking to Antarctica and walking to the South Pole has become almost a weekly event.

On my final departure from McMurdo in February 1959, I travelled on one of US Navy cargo ships, the USNS Wyandot back to New Zealand. Coincidentally, and appropriately because of my connection to it's day of glory, Que Sera Sera was tied on to the deck, on its way back to the States.

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**Editor’s Note: When he left the Antarctic at the end of DF IV, Maurice Cutler went to Canada where he became a foreign correspondent and political journalist in Ottawa. He was a member of the Canadian Parliamentary Press Gallery for 17 years before working as Press Secretary to Canada’s Finance Minister and later as Official Spokesman for Canada’s Foreign Office. He retired in 1993 after 14 years as Director of Public Affairs for Canada's Auditor General. He and his Canadian wife Fran now live half the year each in Ottawa and his hometown Sydney.**
Sixty Years Of South Pole Flights
A Single Plane Landed At The South Pole Six Decades Ago This Week, Paving The Way For Groundbreaking Science That Continues Today.

On 31 October 1956, a plane descended out of the clear, blue sky at the bottom of the planet. The twin-engine R4D-5 Skytrain, named Que Sera Sera, touched down on the frigid Antarctic plateau just yards away from the unmarked geographic South Pole. Though other planes had flown over the pole, this was the first ever to land there. The people on board were the first to set foot at 90 degrees south latitude since the ill-fated Robert Falcon Scott expedition 44 years before.

The successful flight paved the way for the South Pole to become, in the ensuing decades, the site of world-class scientific research. What was a remote and empty landing ground in 1956 is now the site for sophisticated equipment that conducts long-term monitoring of the Earth’s atmosphere; instruments, such as BICEP and the South Pole Telescope, that study the origins and make-up of the cosmos; and the IceCube Neutrino Observatory, a massive particle detector built into the ice sheet.

But 60 years ago, the solitary plane piloted by Lt. Commander Conrad “Gus” Shinn, a veteran of the U.S. Navy’s Antarctic operations, was the only artificial feature on the icescape. Shinn was accompanied by six Navy men including co-pilot Captain William “Trigger” Hawkes, Captain Douglas Cordiner and Rear Admiral George Dufek. Navigator John Swadener steered them south, J. P. Strider served as crew chief, while William Cumbie manned the radio.

“I was just keeping my mind on where we were and operating the aircraft because there were a lot of unknown unknowns,” Shinn said in a recent interview with the Antarctic Sun.
The seven crewmembers and passengers on the Que Sera Sera who were the first to land at the South Pole. From left to right: Crew chief Petty Officer 2nd Class John Strider, Rear Adm. George Dufek, pilot LCDR. Gus Shinn, navigator Lt. John Swadener, radioman Petty Officer 2nd Class William Cumbie, Jr., copilot Capt. William Hawkes and Capt. Douglas Cordinor

US Navy Photo

Gus Shinn guns the engines as the Que Sera Sera prepares for takeoff on its historic flight to the South Pole.

As one of the most experienced pilots who had served in the Navy’s Operation Deep Freeze, Shinn had flown many missions around the world and in the Antarctic.

“I’ve had a lot of experience with a lot of tricky flying, so it was just another one of them,” Shinn said. “The weather was good, the aircraft was operating [well] and it was just another one of those flights. Of course there’s nobody up on the surface up there to give you a hand if you did get into trouble.”

After taxiing to a stop, Strider stepped out to pull down the plane’s stairs, becoming the 11th person—and first American—to set foot at the South Pole. The admiral and two captains then walked out into the minus 60-degree (Fahrenheit) air, while Shinn and the crew stayed on the plane and kept the engines running. They planted the U.S. Flag at the pole and set up a radar reflector to guide future flights. After about 50 minutes, they climbed back on board the plane to return to McMurdo Station, more than 800 air miles away, their mission—to prove that flights to the South Pole were possible—accomplished.

But when Shinn first gunned the engines to takeoff, he was surprised to find that the plane wouldn’t move. In the hour or so they had been at the pole, the plane’s skis had frozen to the ice.

“We became stuck like if you put your hand on the freezer and it sticks,” Shinn said. “We didn’t think about that.”

Thinking fast, Shinn started to fire the small jet assisted take-off rocket engines on the side of the plane for the extra thrust to dislodge the skis. After igniting all fifteen of the rocket engines, the plane finally broke free and the team was able to fly home.

Many more flights would soon follow as the Navy built the first South Pole station over the austral summer of 1956 and 1957.

Today, flights to the third iteration of the South Pole station are routine. Nearly all of the people arriving at the National Science Foundation’s Amundsen-Scott South Pole Station fly in, as do most of their supplies.

Sixty years after that first historic flight, flights to the South Pole are routine delivering hundreds of people and thousands of pounds of cargo to the station every year.

Simply building the station, which required 12 years to complete and was dedicated in 2008, relied heavily on aviation. It required 925 flights by ski-equipped LC-130 aircraft flown by the N.Y. Air National Guard. At 26,000 pounds of cargo per flight, a total of 24 million pounds of cargo were transported, an almost unimaginable difference from Shinn’s groundbreaking flight.
Gulf Coast Group Chapter Happenings

by Billy-Ace Penguin Baker

Monday 31 October 2016 GCG Chapter Meeting — It really wasn’t a meeting, but was a gathering at the National Naval Aviation Museum at Naval Air Station Pensacola to commemorate the 60th Anniversary of the first aircraft landing at the Geographic South Pole on 31 October 1956. About 45 people, including Diane Shinn, showered up.

A brief ceremony was conducted in Hangar Bay One to commemorate the 60th anniversary of the landing of Que Sera Sera at the geographic South Pole. The guest of honor was Gus Shinn who was the pilot that memorial day. Museum Director Captain Sterling Gilliam, USN (Ret) welcomed everyone and made some remarks about the flight and LCDR Shinn. Sterling then read a letter and presented Gus with a Congressional coin on behalf of Florida Congressman Jeff Miller.
Saturday 5 November 2016 Meeting—22 members and guests showed up for the meeting on a fall day in Pensacola that still felt like summer.

Our guest speaker was Dean DeBolt who is a special collections archivist at the University of West Florida John C. Pace Library.

Dean has a sense of humor. The first thing he told us was a story about his name. Dean being his first name and not a title, but he said that it opens a lot of doors for him because people who do not know him think that he is a dean at the university.
Dean handed out a four page Quick Guide to the West Florida History Center and University Archives. The purpose of the History Center is to collect, preserve, and make available research materials about the West Florida region, its history, people, and development from earliest settlement to the present, including Spanish, British, and French rule. Special emphasis is given to the counties of the Florida Panhandle.

Types of collection available:
- Family papers
- Business records
- Personal papers
- Oral histories
- Newspapers
- Magazines
- Books
- Maps
- Photographs (see note)

The collections are open to any user upon registration. On-site visits as well as telephone calls, letters, and email are welcome. Donations of gifts and research material are also welcomed.

For more information Dean can be contacted by telephone at: 850 474 2213, or by email at ddebolt@uwf.edu.

We did not have a 50/50 raffle or a door-prize drawing.

Our next meeting will be on 3 December at the Rico Mexican Restaurante.

**Saturday 3 December 2016 Meeting**—19 members and guests showed up for our last meeting of 2016. We did not have a guest speaker and there were no first time attendees present.

Marsha Vatne turned in an OAEA membership application and paid her dues for one year. Marsha was in NSFA summer support from 1984–1988.

While everyone was chowing down Duck passed out the door-prize tickets and started selling 50/50 raffle tickets.

Duck asked Danny to draw the tickets. We had two door prizes. A nice penguin mug that was won by Mary Lou Platt and a South Pole postal cover, OAEA decals, and a ceramic penguin trivet that was won by our new member Marsha Vatne.

The 50/50 raffle was won by Pam Landy and she took home $37 as her share.

After the raffles were out of the way Duck asked if anyone had anything they wanted to discuss and there were no takers, so the meeting was adjourned.

Thanks to the Prestons for donating the penguin mug. Thanks to Lennie and Sean for taking the meeting photos.
OAEA FY2016 ACCOUNTING STATEMENT

I certify that the following report is a true accounting of financial transactions conducted by the Old Antarctic Explorers Association during the FY 2016 (1 October 2015 through 30 September 2016) as of 30 September 2016.

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TOTAL INCOME $6539.00 TOTAL EXPENSES $4127.00

GAIN LOSS $2411

FINANCIAL STATUS OF OLD ANTARCTIC EXPLORERS ASSOCIATION, INC.
AS OF 30 SEPTEMBER 2016

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MEMBERSHIP STATUS OF OLD ANTARCTIC EXPLORERS ASSOCIATION, INC.
AS OF 30 SEPTEMBER 2016

Total Membership all categories: 1660
Membership Change – 18
Memorial Members – 67
Commemorative Members – 66
Annual Members – 15
Lifetime Members – 1511
Deceased Members – 317

W. W. Rouzer
OAEA Treasurer
11/30/2016