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# EXPLORER'S GAZETTE

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 Uniting All OAEs in Perpetuating the Memory of United States Involvement in Antarctica  
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*Photo Dr. Geoffrey Chen*

*Wayne White after a seven-mile walk in minus 104 degrees weather, on 11 September 2020*

## Meet an Intrepid Texan Who Spends Winters at the South Pole

*By Pam LeBlanc  
5 November 2020*

**R**ockport, Texas resident Wayne White has worked for much of the last three years in Antarctica, where temperatures of minus 100 degrees don't keep him from taking his daily walk or jog.

A few weeks ago, when temperatures hovered in the mid-60s across much of Texas, Wayne White stepped outside and felt the sting of minus 50 degrees Fahrenheit.

That ranked as somewhat balmy, in relative terms, for White, who is wrapping up his third winter as site manager of the Amundsen-Scott South Pole Station in Antarctica. There, he's responsible for the safety of a team of 42 technicians, scientists, and support staff. On an especially

frigid day, as he tugged a jacket tight around his face and crunched across a sheet of white ice that extends for a thousand miles in every direction, he heard a whooshing sound as he exhaled.

"When you breathe out at minus 80 degrees, there's a strange noise," he says during an interview conducted via satellite phone from the station. "That's your vapor freezing as it hurtles out."

White, who lives in Rockport when he's not manning research stations around the globe, tells me conditions look perfect for his daily walk later in the afternoon, after he finishes his weekly status call with the National Science Foundation (NSF). At the South Pole, he's responsible for

**Continued on Page 4**

**PRESIDENT'S CORNER**

Allison Barden—OAEA President

**GREETINGS OAEs!**—As your new President, I have the pleasure of representing this incredible group of people, many whom I consider celebrities of Antarctica. While I am a relative newcomer to the organization, I have met people who have participated in activities that have become Antarctic lore. This is something I find truly exciting about being a part of the OAEA—our experiences on ice is what brings us together, regardless of the amount of time or the decade in which you last visited. I look forward to meeting more of you—through correspondence or future meetings—and hearing your stories. Please reach out to me anytime, and I encourage you all to stay connected with each other, especially during this time.



2020 has been a year that has required everyone on the planet to pivot his or her lifestyles to adjust, often accompanied by hardship. It is challenging to find silver linings and gratitude, but I myself am trying to seek the bits of sunshine between the storm clouds. There is room to be positive, push forward, look to the future, and grow.

In an effort to grow our membership, we are currently working on the ability to pay member dues and donations online, while maintaining current payment processing methods as well. OAEA operates on membership and donations to fund our operational costs and scholarship fund. We accept (and very much appreciate!) tax-deductible donations year-round, so if you are in the giving spirit, please visit the Donor section of the OAEA website. I would like to extend thanks and recognition to Robert Connor—his generous \$1000 donation will completely fund a scholarship in the coming year. Also a big THANK YOU to our donors this quarter: David Lane, James Takos, Carl Forkner, OAEA-NE Chapter, and Bill Rouzer—your donations mean a lot especially in this difficult year. We would like to welcome new members as well.

As you know, we unfortunately had to cancel our 2020 Reunion in Jacksonville, however, in the “Things To Look Forward To” department, George Lusk continues to plan our May 2022 Reunion in San Diego. We are requesting volunteers to help coordinate and suggest locations for the following reunion in 2024.

Additionally, there are open positions for committee members and Chairpersons. If you find the time, energy, and/or resources, I encourage you to become involved.

Finally, I would like to recognize the many parts of this machine that keep it plugging along. For one, my predecessor, outgoing Prez and current VP Ed Hamblin,

who gently ushered me into this position and continues to help guide me as I learn to take the reins. Also thanks to Marty Diller, Bill Rouzer, Rob Gaboury (Gabby), John Lamont West, and Billy-Ace Baker for keeping this moving forward. Additionally, none of this would happen without the Board of Directors, Committee Chairs, Volunteers, Donors, and Members. Thank you!

Happy holidays to you all—stay safe and healthy!

*Allison Barden*

Better known as “Sandwich”



**GROWLERS & BERGY BYTES**

*Feature Stories, Odds & Ends, Collected, Compiled, Edited, & Written by Billy-Ace Penguin Baker*

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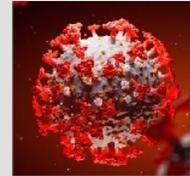
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## Antarctica Reports First COVID-19 Outbreak

By Carolyn Crist

24 December 2020 -- Antarctica reported 36 COVID-19 cases this week, which means the coronavirus is on every continent.

The General Bernardo O'Higgins Riquelme research base on the northern tip of Antarctica near Chile confirmed that 26 Chilean army personnel and 10 civilian maintenance personnel tested positive, according to CNN.



COVID-19

In addition, three people tested positive for COVID-19 on a military ship that provided support to the research base between 27 November and 10 December. Crew members were tested for the virus After arriving at Chile's Punta Arenas port on 10 December.

The research base personnel who tested positive were evacuated to Chile and are now being isolated and monitored there, according to the BBC. So far, the staff hasn't recorded any complications associated with COVID-19.

No other countries with a presence in Antarctica have publicly reported COVID-19 cases there, according to USA Today. Most countries have reduced the number of scientists and staff working there as a precaution, but hundreds of people still travel to and from the continent for routine operations. The U.S. National Science Foundation is aware of the positive cases at the Chilean research base, according to NPR.

“Personnel at U.S. Antarctic Program stations have had no interactions with the Chilean stations in question or the personnel who reside there,” a spokesperson told NPR in a statement. “NSF remains committed to not exchanging personnel or accepting tourists at USAP stations.”



General Bernardo O'Higgins Riquelme research base

***Texan who spent winters at South Pole From page 1***

the safety of the crew, as well as maintaining the station itself and all NSF facilities. He makes rounds daily, checks on facilities, and the crews well-being, and generally makes sure things are running smoothly. "There's nice sun and not much wind today," he says. "Nothing but ice, nothing alive."



*Photo by Mike Lucibella*

***White at the geographic South Pole on 14 December 2018. Antarctic explorer Roald Amundsen and his team arrived there on the same day in 1911.***

White, 64, has grown accustomed to the extreme climate of his temporary home, where the sun finally came up in September after nearly six months of complete darkness. While working ten- to twelve-hour stints at the South Pole, he endures wind chills of minus 134 degrees, subsists mainly on frozen foods, and sleeps in what he describes as a jail cell-size cabin.

"When you get to minus 80s or 90s ... it's amazing how fast you start to freeze and it starts to hurt," he says. "In just minutes you'd lose your face, your ears, your feet."

From April to September, the station plunges into total darkness, and temperatures regularly hover around minus 100 degrees Fahrenheit. That doesn't stop White, who has been at the station since January, from getting out for his daily walk or run, always solo. In almost three years on the job, he's never passed a day without venturing outside. White records every session, and so far has logged more than four thousand miles on the ice. "I go in any kind of weather," he says. "It doesn't matter how bad it is."

Before he heads out the door, he signs a dry-erase board (which features the handy notation "If no return, look for frozen pile when sun returns in September") to let his crew know he's out exercising. When getting dressed to go out, he chooses from utilitarian gear used by the military in extreme cold, a heavy canvas anorak like the one explorer Roald Amundsen wore when he was at the South Pole in 1911, or, on the most miserable days, an Inuit jacket made of Siberian wolf fur. He knows how to read the wind, stars, and snow to find his way back, even in utter darkness or whiteout conditions. "One of the worst things you face here is the wind," White says. "The wind works its way in, and you get frostbite on your nose and face."

The station where White works sits on two miles of constantly moving ice near the geographic South Pole. Several other buildings are scattered within a kilometer. Sure, the crew endures complete darkness for months on end and no one can fly in or out between February and November, but aside from inconveniences such as the short daily windows of reliable Internet connectivity, an absence of TV and streaming video, and an inability to vote in the 2020 election because there is no mail service (some crew can vote by fax, depending on rules of their home state), it's really not so bad, White says: "I have learned to love this ... I love the harshness of this place and its history."



*Photo by Dr. Yuya Makino*

***White (far left) donned his wolf furs in September for the official photo of the South Pole 2020 winter crew. This photo will hang on the wall at the South Pole research station for as long as the U.S. has a presence there.***

A hint of light first appears to the station's inhabitants near the end of August, a pale smudge along the horizon. A few weeks later, the station hosts its annual Sunrise Dinner. At this year's event, White congratulated his team on making it through the winter at the remote station, an accomplishment only about 1,600 people can claim. Every success is the crew's, he says; every failure is his own. Then he touched on the much different world the crew would find when they fly out in November. "We're going home to a new world, a world that isn't quite the world that we left," he told them.

Nobody at the station wears a mask—with no outsiders since February, there has been no need—and the crew doesn't social distance. "Some people will say to me, 'You're lucky to be down there during this,'" White says. "But I say it's hellish. We can't do anything for people back home. We've had deaths, unforeseen divorces, hurricanes, and fires back home, and we can't do a goddamn thing to help ... I'd much rather be home than dealing with it here."

White, who has served as station manager at nearly twenty other posts around the world, from Ascension Island in the South Atlantic to Wake Island in the western Pacific, is a member of the prestigious Explorers Club, alongside astronauts and deep-sea divers. He will return to Rockport in mid-November. When he does, he'll become the first person to serve as winter manager of the station three times, marking a collective two and a half years at the South Pole. In the 64 years the United States has had a presence at the South Pole, only two other winter managers have lasted two seasons; White is the only one to make back-to-back winters. The South Pole time, he says, is just "a chapter in a pretty goddamn adventurous life."

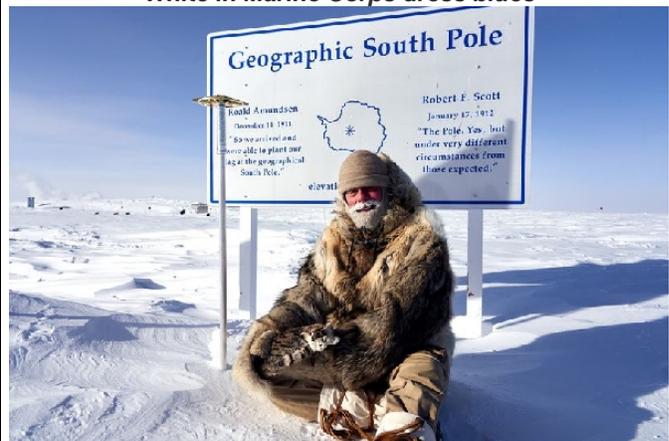
White was born in Maryland and grew up in Iowa. He earned a degree in geography from California State University, then got a master's in public health from Tulane University before landing a series of contracts providing operation management and support for research stations around the world. He's always loved adventure and history, and the work takes him to some of the most extreme places on the planet.



*White in Marine Corps dress blues*



*White as a young explorer at Christmas 1961, in a photo taken by his father, Lawrence White.*

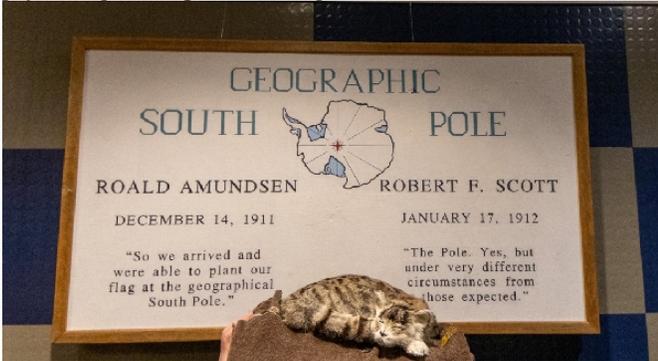


*At the South Pole sign*

But three winters at the South Pole is enough, he says. It's a lonely existence, and White misses his wife of 21 years,

Melissa, who has traveled all over the world with him but never to the South Pole. He also misses their cats, all 18 of them, which were rescued from hard-luck situations. White passes the time by working on his two books in progress, one about the 21 years he's spent working around the globe and another about the South Pole experience, focusing on the psychological impact of living in so much cold and darkness.

He compares life at the station to a space mission. "Imagine you're in an alien world, with temperatures colder than minus 100, and you block the windows with cardboard to not let light out to affect the telescopes." The solitude breeds close connection with his fellow adventurers, however. "I'm used to these types of environments, but the intensity of a South Pole winter and the closeness of South Pole crew—there's nothing like it on the planet," White says.



Wayne's faux cat. Which is really a girl

**Editor's Note:** Wayne has been a Life Member of the OAEA since 2017. A story by Elaine Hood: *Wayne White Going Back To The South Pole* appeared in the Apr-Jun 2018 issue of the *Explorer's Gazette*. Wayne and his wife also attended the 2018 OAEA reunion in San Antonio, TX.



*Photo supplied by Mathew Nelson*

*Hello Friends, on 11 November here at the South Pole we celebrated Veterans Day with a short ceremony. I am having trouble getting to the photos and thought I would send this one from 11 November 2016 shortly after my first arrival. I think it really captures the essence of a group of veterans together at one of the most remote places on the planet. I am second from the left and shortly after that photo was taken I never wore the USAP standard issue "Big Red" again as I preferred the more traditional.*

# FEEDBACK & LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

BB,

Lot of great memories in the Jul-Sep issue of the *Gazette*; especially those centered around time spent with Indian Joe and our favorite DT with the DTs.

PP

[ken.henry.311@gmail.com](mailto:ken.henry.311@gmail.com)



Billy:

You are to be commended for putting together such an amazing newsletter. Well done.

In the near future I'll try to produce some photos and articles about what the "home" forces did in Christchurch, New Zealand to support the ice.

Gordon Spence  
[seebeeg@aol.com](mailto:seebeeg@aol.com)

**Editor's Note: I could hardly recognize Indian Joe in the photo in the article. But I found the one below from DF-67 in my collection.**



*Photo from Billy-Ace's personal collection  
CEC Injun Joe Smith on the left and EO2 "CT" Russell.  
McMurdo Station DF-67*

FYI Billy, Somebody is in fact checking you... Gabby:

"In the Jul-Sep issue I think you are confusing LA-V with LAX. No one wintered over at LA-V in DF-IV. The station was closed down after summer support DF-IV.

Regards,

Bill B

[Bjburkart@hotmail.com](mailto:Bjburkart@hotmail.com)

**Editor's Note: I assume that Bill is referring to Ronald Carlson's obit. The LAX-V was a typo that I did NOT catch. I screwed up on the winter-over part. According to his OAEA membership application Ron was scheduled to WO at LA-V during DF-IV, but after the summer he participated in station closing and returned to McMurdo. Thanks for catching my mistakes.**

Dear Editor:

From: Henry Brecher <[brecher.1@osu.edu](mailto:brecher.1@osu.edu)>

Subject: Alexander (Sasha) Fedorov in the Locator Column of the Jul-Sep Gazette.

In your article about Sasha you write about "her" when, in fact, Alexander (and Sasha) are names for males, not females, as is the last name (Fedorov) which would most likely have an "a" added if it referred to a female.

Henry Brecher

**Editor's Note: I appreciate the information, but I am a little confused, so I checked with Google and Wikipedia and came up with the following info:**

The name Sasha is a boy's name of Russian origin meaning "defending men". The energetic Russian nickname Sasha is being used increasingly on its own. Sasha is a unisex name, which originated in Eastern and Southern European countries as the shortened version of Alexander and Alexandra. It is also used as a surname, although very rarely. Alternative spellings include: Саша (Sasha—Russian, Serbo-Croatian), ... I— As far as I can tell, Sasha is a Russian nickname for both (male) Alexander, and (female) Alexandra (the Russian version of the names).

Fyodorov or Fedorov (Russian: Фёдоров, masculine) and Fyodorova or Fedorova (Фёдорова, feminine) is a common Russian last name that is derived from the given name Fyodor and literally means Fyodor's. It is transliterated in Polish as Fiodorow (masculine) and Fiodorowa (feminine), and in Belarusian as Fiodaraŭ.

Now I am even more confused.

Although I can type in Russian (Cyrillic), Which I learned, when I was a Spook (cryptographic technician).



Billy:

This article was in a local monthly paper and I thought it might be of interest to you.

Butch Suchland  
Via Snail Mail

**Editors Note: The article that Butch is referring to is about OAE Bob Johnson's 100<sup>th</sup> birthday that appeared in numerous newspaper across the USA. Subject article also appeared in the Jul-Sep issue of the *Gazette*. Besides Butch several other members sent me copies of the article from their newspapers.**

Billy:

I came to visit my daughter in New Jersey and because of quarantine I am still here.

I am in good health and can't wait to get back to Pensacola.

Thank you for all the great things you do for the Antarctic Explorers. You have great stories in the newsletter. I really enjoy reading them.

Best wishes for good health and happiness.  
Sincerely,

Mary Lou Platt  
Via Snail Mail

**Editor's Note: I should be thanking Mary Lou. In the past she has taken photos of the happening at the Gulf Coast Group OAEA meetings that were subsequently published in the *Gazette*. Mary Lou does not have a computer and she takes photos the old fashioned way, gets the film developed at a big box store, brings the prints to me, and I scan them for use in the *Gazette*.**



Mary Lou at a Gulf Coast Group meeting

Aloha Billy-Ace,

Another fabulous edition!

I particularly enjoyed the lead skua article and the update on Gus Shinn's Birthday. I did send him a card.

Great to see all the USS *Bear* book titles!

Keep up the good work!

Aloha

Bruce

[bdewald63@gmail.com](mailto:bdewald63@gmail.com)

**From the Palmer Station Alumni Facebook Page**

Back to skua stories. First, as Billy-Ace Baker mentioned the latest *Explorer's Gazette* of the Old Antarctic Explorer's Association has a story about South Polar Skua migration from Antarctica to the Arctic. It's a great story, great *Gazette*, and a great organization. Maybe it belongs in your life? Check out the web site: [oaea.net](http://oaea.net)

I saw my first South Polar Skua in the Bering Sea (~60°N)—before I became bipolar.

Zoe Epperly

Billy-Ace:

I received this from Elaine Hood in regards to the story in the *Gazette* about Gus getting birthday cards from all over.

.... How the heck can Gus look in better shape than the rest of us?

He looks like Hugh Hefner in that bathrobe! ....

Billy

[billyblackwelder@gmail.com](mailto:billyblackwelder@gmail.com)

Hello!

Glad to hear that the OAEA is trucking on. Stay healthy and busy. A reunion in 2022 seems so far in the future.

Cheers!

Starr Seesler

[sseesler@yahoo.co](mailto:sseesler@yahoo.co)

**Editor's Note: I think it seems like a long time in the future because we had to cancel the 2020 reunion because of COVID-19. I hope that it doesn't happen again.**

Billy-Ace,

A belated follow up on your comment regarding my card to Gus. I sent, the card using a Station Dedication envelope.

Great birthday article and images – nicely done.

Jerry Marty

[marty90south@verizon.net](mailto:marty90south@verizon.net)

# WINFLY & CHARLES MAGLIONE

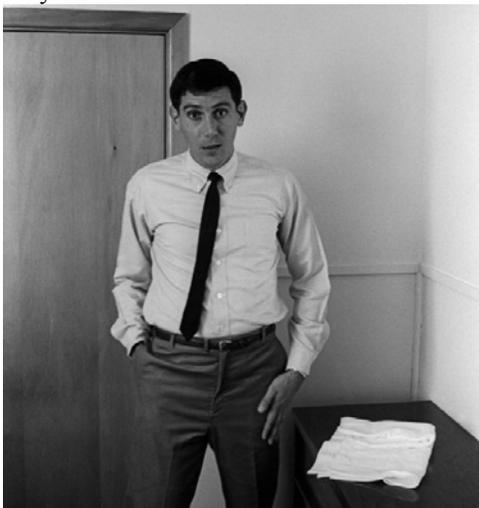
*Edited by Billy-Ace Baker*

**Editor's Note: The following was received by Email from OAEA Life Member Michael Spencer. Who served in VX/VXE6 from 1967 to 1969 as an LC-130 navigator.**

Our dear friend and shipmate, Charles Richard Maglione, passed away on 5 November 2019. "Charlie" as we mostly referred to him, was a navigator like me. When the Navy participation in the Military Airlift Command ended in 1967 quite a few navigators and some pilots were transferred to VX-6. Charlie, David Laizure, Earl Bennet, and I were among the navigators who arrived at Quonset Point in the summer of 1967. Charlie was married, but David, Earl, and I lived in the BOQ.

On 18 June 1967, the first scheduled winter flight to Antarctica was successfully completed when a United States Navy LC-130F of VX-6 flying from Christchurch landed at Williams Field. Although earlier winter flights had been made to Antarctica as a result of medical emergencies, this was the first planned flight. The total distance from Quonset Point to Christchurch is about 10200 miles or 8900 nautical miles. We would typically make stops at NAS Alameda, Hickam AB at Honolulu, and American Samoa so it would take several days and over 24 hours of flight time.

Among the junior officers included in the trip to Christchurch were Charles, Jon Clarke, and me. We got our first glimpse of our quarters in the barracks out near the Christchurch airport. The rooms were pretty sparse, but at least they gave us a towel. Out behind the barracks we found typical VX-6 transportation in this case a 1930 "Ford Model A Town Sedan" belonging to one of the Chief Petty Officers.



*In the sparse barracks at Christchurch with the towel.*



*The Ford Model A.*

Jon, Charlie, and I were too junior to complete the winter fly-in so we were left behind and to our own devices while the others went off to McMurdo. We rented a little car and took off on a sightseeing jaunt. In the picture Jon and Charlie got out of the car for a better look at Governors Bay in the background.



*Jon and Charlie getting a look at Governors Bay.*

Back in Rhode Island later that summer the squadron hosted a party so that all the new comers (1st year) could meet all the old timers (2nd year). I don't remember exactly where this party was held, somewhere down by Galilee or Point Judith is the best I can do. Charlie came with Barbara, smiling as always.



*Charlie and Barbara at the get acquainted party.*

After all the parties, the day finally came for deployment and so we left Rhode Island and repeated the journey down to Christchurch. That first season, Charlie was assigned to the photo aircraft 321. Each plane had two crews so that the planes could keep flying while one of the crews rested. Charlie was assigned to the "B" crew. LTJG Hunter shown in the image standing next to Charles has also recently passed away. The photo plane did aerial mapping all over the Antarctic continent so Charlie got to see much more of the place than those of us doing more regular logistics and supply flights. In Charlie's second year he continued with the photo plane, this time with the "A" crew.



*From the DF-68 VX6 Crews Book*  
**321 "B" Crew. First row L/R kneeling: LCDR Lusk, LCDR Blake, LT John, Second row L/R standing: ADJ1 Licciardi, AE1 O'Connor, LTJG Hunter, LTJG Maglione, ADJ1 Bridger, ABH2 Swinney.**



*From the DF-69 VXE6 Crews Book*  
**321 "A" Crew. (kneeling) AMS2 T. L. Edmondson, ADJC W. D. Bridger, ATN2 C. A. Scorso, Jr., ABH1 E. L. Monroe, DR J. H. Harper. (standing) LT C. R. Maglione, LCDR W. B. Kurlak, LCDR W. R. Hayes, LT H. S. Raleigh, Jr.**

A mountain in Antarctica was named after Charlie. Mount Maglione (77°18'S 141°47'W) is a low mountain 1 nautical mile (2 km) northeast of Mount Ekblaw in the Clark Mountains of Marie Byrd Land, Antarctica. It was mapped by the United States Geological Survey from surveys and U.S. Navy air photos, 1959-65, and was named by the Advisory Committee on Antarctic Names for Lieutenant Charles R. Maglione, U.S. Navy Reserve, a navigator on LC-130F Hercules aircraft during Operation Deep Freeze 1968. In plainer English, Charlie's mountain is located near the coast of Antarctic about halfway between McMurdo Sound and the Palmer Peninsula.

Charlie has a special place in my book of memories because he was such a cheerful soul. I remember him as a walking, talking comedy show with a terribly strong New England accent. Never an "R" to be heard from Charlie; he had us all ready to head down to the "hahbah" for a "beah" to be paid for with "quahtahs". After VX-6 we all dispersed to various other chapters in our lives and I lost track of Charlie. So it was a great surprise when I found him a few years ago living right here in Virginia just a few miles from my home. He like me, had grown older and greyer, but Charlie had never found those missing "Rs" and he sounded just like he did fifty years ago. He was also still a comedian. Charlie and Barbara had two homes in those days, and a little after we met up again they moved permanently to their beach home in Outer Banks of North Carolina.



**Barbara and Charlie**

Charlie's internment was delayed by the COVID-19 pandemic but as of now it will be held on 17 May 2021 at 11 am at the Arlington National Cemetery. The info provided to Barbara is to meet at the administration building at 10:15 with your own car, masks will be required, and anyone over 16 must have a valid ID. If any of you would like to attend and need help with transportation or anything please let me know.

Mike Spencer  
 Fredericksburg VA  
 (540) 424-2526 (voice or text)  
 michael.spencer@cox.net

# OAEA ELECTION 2020

*Submitted By Ed Hamblin  
With Marty Diller*

Like the year 2020, this year's OAEA Election of Officers at least started out normally ... With an OAEA-wide email announcement on 27 May, Election Committee Chair Bob "Gabby" Gaboury notified our members that nominees were being sought for the offices of President, Vice President, Treasurer, and for four of the seven Director positions on the Board. The window for nominations was set to close on 15 August, but by the middle of June, Gabby was sounding the alarm that there had been no volunteers stepping up to fill any of the open positions (except for Treasurer—incumbent Bill Rouzer had announced he'd run for a second term).

Similar to how the appearance of the COVID virus drastically changed our normal way of conducting business (and life in general), the appearance of this snag forced the OAEA Board of Directors (BOD) to scramble and take some drastic actions never before needed to conduct a successful election within the allotted timeline.

First, it was obvious that this election year would call for an additional effort to fill the slate of officer candidates, so several personal contact solicitations were made by the BOD to find people interested in running. In the end, we were just able to fill the slate by 15 August—we had one candidate and only one for each of the open positions.

Further, it was obvious that a normal mail-out of voting ballots to the membership would be pointless; for all intents and purposes, the election was already decided, as there was only one candidate for each open position. So, this raised the issue of the cost of a membership ballot mail-out – the cost of printing and postage to our entire active membership list is in the vicinity of \$1,500. After some discussion to determine a viable way ahead, the BOD decided that in such a case, it would be appropriate for the BOD to decide the election. On 14 September, our voting members were notified by either mail or via one of our business e-mail services of our intent, the bylaws were amended accordingly, and a mail-out ballot was sent and voted on by the thirteen BOD members to elect the new officers. All this took place in time for the election to be completed as scheduled on 15 October.

The newly elected officers are: President Allison Barden; Vice President Ed Hamblin; Treasurer Bill Rouzer; and Directors Chip Lagerbom, Charlie Thompson, Yolonda Washington, and Journey Washingtonhigh. Because the 2020 reunion was cancelled due to COVID-19, the official turnover (installation) of officers took place via a Zoom teleconference on 13 November—the same date originally scheduled if the reunion had happened.

All the newly elected officers have impressive and varied Antarctic "credentials". From 2003 to the present, Allison Barden has made nine summer trips to the ice and has two

winter overs. Ed Hamblin wintered over at McMurdo during DF-74, followed by two more summer deployments, and has been an Association officer since 2006. Bill Rouzer spent summer season 74–75 on the ice as Supply Department Material Division Officer and has been Treasurer since 2015. Chip Lagerbom spent the 91–93 summer field seasons doing glacial geology research in the Dry Valleys. Charlie Thompson spent summer seasons 75–78 as VXE-6 Flight Engineer, working with the recovery of three downed LC-130 aircraft from Dome Charlie. Yolonda Washington and Journey Washingtonhigh (mother and daughter) traveled to the ice in 2018 as part of a Citizen's Science Research program and participated in program research on micro plastics in Antarctica.

Just because the election is over doesn't mean the BOD can rest until the next cycle. This cycle got us some feedback that there is a real interest by the membership in "electronic" nomination and voting options for future elections. We also have to explore strategies to generate more membership interest in running for office in future elections; for without interest and participation, the organization will suffer.

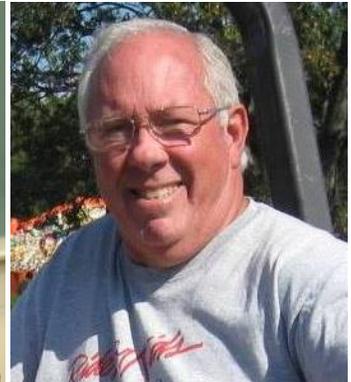
It appears our new officers have their work cut out for them; there will be plenty of internal discussion to come, with probable future bylaws amendments to cover eventualities. For those who provided feedback during the election, thank you. Those have been saved, and will become part of future deliberations.



*Credit OAEA 2018 Reunion Memory Book  
OAEA President Elect Allison Barden*



*Credit OAEA Web Site*  
**OAEA VP Ed Hamblin      OAEA Treasurer Bill Rouzer**



*Credit NE Chapter Database*      *Credit Charlie's Facebook*  
**OAEA Directors**  
**Chip Lagerbom      Charlie Thompson**



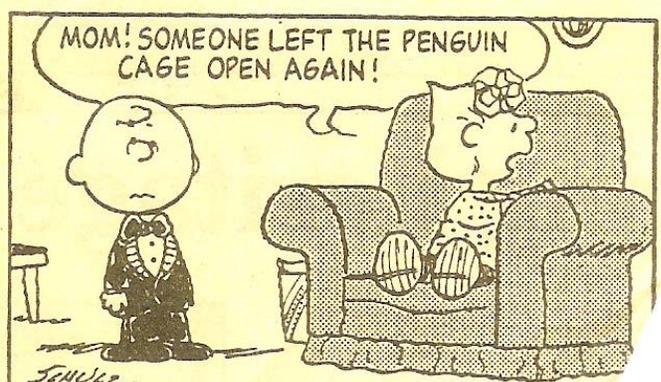
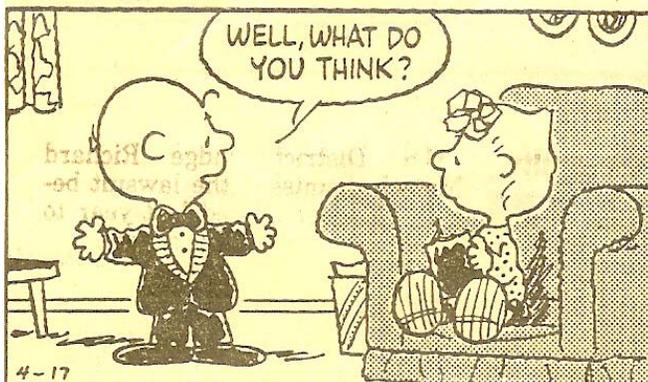
*Credit Explorer's Gazette Volume 20 issue 2*  
**OAEA Directors**  
**Yolonda Washington & Journey Washingtonhigh**

**Editor's Note: John Lamont West was appointed by the OAEA President to serve as the Parliamentarian. A position that has been unfilled since the death of Jim Eblen.**



*Credit DF-75 Winter-over Crews Book*  
**OAEA Parliamentarian**  
**John Lamont West**

**Peanuts by Schultz**



# ANTARCTIC



# ADVENTURES

Written by Yolonda Washington



Journey and her mother Yolonda

## Stanford Multi-Drone Aerial Surveys Of Antarctic Penguin Colonies

Greetings Fellow OAEA members!

Normally the next installment of *Antarctic Adventures* would be here. We are up to Part Seven of our adventure. However, I was lucky to have a guest writer who gave me permission to send his article to you for submission in the newsletter. I found it interesting that he mentions McMurdo Station and Point Blue Conservation Station. My daughter and the author have some things in common, they both go to Stanford University, they both enjoy research and they both love Antarctica. Here is the guest article; we will be back next issue with Part Seven of our adventure.



Panoramic image of an Adeline penguin colony in Antarctica. (Image credit: Parker Levinson)

28 October 2020  
By Taylor Kubota

Stanford path-planning algorithm enables autonomous multi-drone aerial surveys of Antarctic penguin colonies

A new multi-drone imaging system was put to the test in Antarctica. The task? Documenting a colony of roughly one million Adeline penguins.

Stanford University researcher Mac Schwager entered the world of penguin counting through a chance meeting at his

sister-in-law's wedding in June 2016. There, he learned that Annie Schmidt, a biologist at Point Blue Conservation Science, was seeking a better way to image a large penguin colony in Antarctica. Schwager, who is an assistant professor of aeronautics and astronautics, saw an opportunity to collaborate, given his work on controlling swarms of autonomous flying robots.

—Farrin Abbott



Stanford researchers discuss their multi-drone imaging system, which was tested in Antarctica to help survey colonies of approximately one million Adelie penguins.

That's how, three-and-a-half years later, Schwager's graduate student, Kunal Shah, found himself at the famous McMurdo Station, ready for the first Antarctic test flight of their new multi-drone imaging system, which coordinates the flight of multiple high-end autonomous drones—but can also work with hobby drones.

The project did not have an auspicious start. "My hands were freezing. The drone batteries were too cold to work. The drone remote control was too cold. My phone was too cold and was flashing warnings," recalled Shah. "I just thought, 'I'm down here for two-and-a-half months and this is day one.'"

Undeterred, Shah and his colleagues quickly adapted and their system, which is the subject of a paper published 28 October in *Science Robotics*, repeatedly produced detailed visual surveys of approximately 300,000 nesting pairs of Adelie penguins over a two-square-kilometer area at Cape Crozier—roughly equivalent to the size of the country of Monaco—and another smaller colony of about 3,000 nesting pairs at Cape Royds. Whereas previous human-piloted drone surveys of the Cape Crozier colony took two days, each round of the new survey, completed in collaboration with National Science Foundation (NSF) and U.S. Antarctic Program (USAP), was completed in about two-and-a-half hours, thanks to a route planning algorithm that coordinated two to four autonomous drones and prioritized efficient coverage of the colony.

"Just moving all of that equipment down to a remote site and being able to prepare it, field it and deploy it with nothing other than tents and a small warming hut at your disposal, that's really phenomenal," said Schwager, who is senior author of the paper but, to his disappointment, was not able to join the field team. "It really goes to show how practical autonomous robotic systems can be in remote environments."



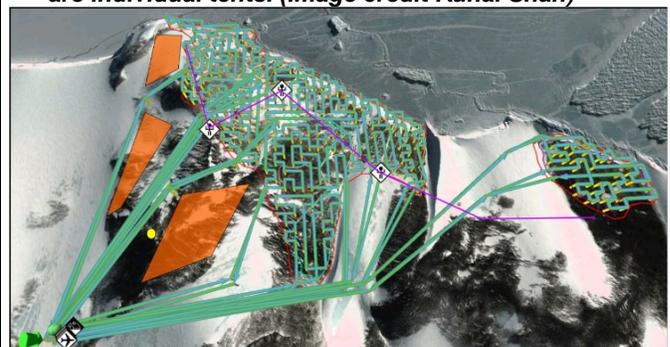
**Adelie penguin colony at Cape Crozier (credit by Parker Levinson)**



**A drones-eye-view of the field camp where Stanford University graduate student, Kunal Shah, and colleagues lived for over two months. The larger structure is the warming hut, where cooking and battery charging took place. The smaller structures are individual tents. (Image credit Kunal Shah)**



**One of the drones used by the researchers to survey the penguin colonies. The drones operated autonomously and collaboratively by turning off an advanced path planning algorithm. (Image credit Parker Levinson)**



**Visualization of autonomous drone routes determined by the Stanford University path planning algorithm over the Adelie penguins at Cape Crozier, which covers roughly two square kilometer. (image credit by Kumal Shah)**

### Speed Is Essential

Aerial surveys of penguin colonies have been conducted before, usually with helicopters or a single drone. The helicopter method produces great image quality but is

expensive, fuel-inefficient and risks disturbing the birds. The single drone survey is time-consuming and—because the drones must be launched from a safe distance, about five kilometers (three miles) from the colony—difficult to navigate. Another shortcoming of drones is that they must fly to, over and back from the colony with only 12-15 minutes of battery life. The continuous threat of sudden changes in flying conditions further adds to the importance of a fast survey.

The use of multiple drones circumvents these challenges, and it was made possible by a unique route planning algorithm developed by the Stanford researchers. Given a survey space, the algorithm partitioned the space, assigned destination points to each drone and figured out how to move the drones through those points in the most efficient way, limiting backtracking and redundant travel. One crucial additional requirement was that each drone exit the space at the same place where it entered, which saves precious flight time. The algorithm also maintained a safe, constant, distance from the ground despite the changes in elevation, and had a tunable image overlap percentage to assure a complete survey. Unlike the back-and-forth action of a robotic vacuum, Schwager described the algorithm's paths as "organic and spidery."

"The process was quick. What had been just the algorithm's squiggles on a screen the day before turned into a massive image of all the penguins in the colonies," said Shah, who is lead author of the paper. "We could see people walking around the colonies and all the individual birds that were nesting and coming to and from the ocean. It was incredible."

### Life In Antarctica

The field camp for this research consisted of four polar Scott-type tents (named for Antarctic explorer Robert Falcon Scott) and a warming hut, where cooking and equipment charging took place. There was a chore list, which included cleaning off the solar panels and gathering snow to melt for water. The researchers soon learned that they could not run the water heater while charging the drone batteries and that storing technology up high and food down low helped regulate the temperatures of those items. A highlight for Shah was cooking, which required some extra creativity due to the near-complete lack of fresh ingredients.

"I was born and raised in California, so not having an avocado for more than a day can be distressing," joked Shah. "So, imagine not having one for three months."

Still, Shah demonstrated his culinary skill by cooking a pizza and a pumpkin pie for Thanksgiving – complete with penguin-themed decoration.



**A close-up of the pumpkin pie that Shah made for Thanksgiving. (Image credit: Kunal Shah)**

Living under the ever-present Antarctic summer sun and dealing with ice seeping through the edges of the tents was challenging, but Shah found the stark, secluded, setting uniquely moving.

"It's this raw environment that's completely disconnected from humanity and appreciating that on a deeper level was really nice," said Shah. "Just being at this top of this hill, overlooking the penguins and seeing orcas in the background ... you have this feeling of serenity and quiet that you really don't get anywhere else. That was the most beautiful part of the whole experience."

### Eyes In The Sky

The researchers envision other uses for their multi-drone system, such as traffic monitoring and tracking wildfires. They've already performed tests in some varied settings. They have flown over a large ranch in Marin, California, to assess the vegetation available for livestock grazing.

They also took their drones out to Mono Lake near the California-Nevada border to survey the California gull population that lives near Paoha Island in the lake's center. Like Antarctica, the Mono Lake test had its own challenges—the birds were smaller, the researchers had to boat out to the site before releasing the drones and there was a risk of losing drones in the water (which, fortunately, did not happen).



**Adelle penguin colony at Cape Crozier (credit by Amelie Lescroel)**



***The researchers testing their multi-drone system by surveying the California gulls at Mono Lake. (Image Kunal Shah)***

For their part, the penguin biologists remain focused on measuring population size, birth rates, and nesting density and will conduct a second round of penguin observation this year. Due to the pandemic, however, the Point Blue Conservation Science team will be on their own this time.

Thinking about the big picture—in the figurative sense—the researchers hope their system stands as evidence for the positive potential of autonomous robots and systems.

“Humans could never leap into the sky and count 300,000 penguins or track a forest fire,” said Schwager. “I think that teams of autonomous robots can really be powerful in helping us manage our changing world, our changing environment, at a scale that we never could before.”

The researchers from Point Blue Conservation Science are also co-authors of the paper. The NSF funded this work.

To read all stories about Stanford science, subscribe to the biweekly Stanford Science Digest.

Go to the web site to view the video:  
<https://youtu.be/w4d7MPYgNA4>

### **Media Contacts**

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Phone: (650) 724-7707, email: [tkubota@stanford.edu](mailto:tkubota@stanford.edu)

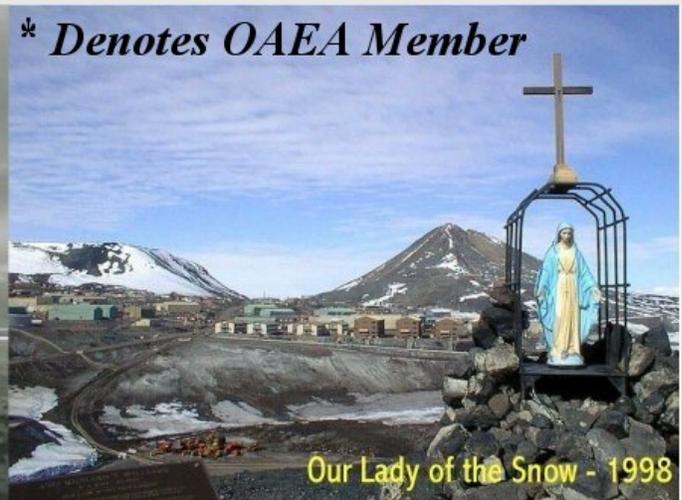
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**Antarctic Adventures to be continued  
—NEXT ARTICLE:  
Part Seven—Neko Harbour! Antarctica Proper!  
And  
“You want me to climb WHAT!”**

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Our Lady of the Snow - 1959



Our Lady of the Snow - 1998

\* Denotes OAEA Member

## IN MEMORY

OAE Roger Arlington Bailey, 73, died on 21 October 2020, in Middletown, CT. Roger served in the U.S. Navy as a hospital corpsman and made two deployments to Antarctica. Unit and years unknown.

OAE Robert E. "Bob" Benoit, 86, died on 18 November 2020, in Blacksburg, VA. Bob conducted research in Antarctica as a USARP biologist during DF-67 and 68. Benoit Peak is named in his honor.

OAE Frank Thomas "Tom" Berkey, 81, died on 13 September 2020, in Portland, OR. Tom was the USAP principal investigator for observation of the ionosphere from Siple Station, 1982–83, and from South Pole Station, 1984–85. Berkey Valley is named in his honor.

OAE Betty Jane "BJ" Boudreau, 94, died on 10 October 2020, in DeWitt, NJ. In 1968 BJ became the first American woman to set foot on the heartland of Antarctica.

OAE BMCM Richard Standish Brackett, USN (Ret), 88, died on 1 December 2020, in Rocky Mount, NC. Richard, called Pete by those that knew him, served in Antarctica. Unit and year(s) unknown.

\*OAE Craig W. Brown, 83, died on 28 November 2020, at Stafford at Ridgemont, in Port Orchard, WA. Craig wintered-over at South Pole Station during DF-63 (1962–63) as a USARP weather guesser.

OAE Judith 'Judy' Brown, 65, died on 19 October 2020. Judy visited Antarctica as a tourist.

OAE David Charles Burwell, 94, died on 4 October 2020, in Carlsbad, CA. David visited Antarctica as a tourist.

OAE Martha Caldwell, 103, died on 11 November 2020, in Gastonia, NC. Martha visited Antarctica as a tourist.

OAE Diana Hardman Campbell, 74, died on 18 September 2020, in Salt Lake City UT. Diana visited Antarctica as a tourist.

OAE PH Ray Leland Clark, USN (Ret), 90, died on 25 November 2020, in San Jose, CA. Ray wintered-over during DF-62 in VX-6 Det Alfa.

OAE Kent LaVor Colby, 75, died on 18 October 2020, in Kanab, UT. Kent worked in Antarctica for more than a decade with the USAP where he worked in communications and eventually as Senior Technical Project Manager at McMurdo Station for the Raytheon contractor.

OAE Robert D. Condon "Bob", 90, died on 12 December 2020. Bob served on the USS *Atka* while in the US Navy.

OAE Willis "Bill" A. Cox, 86, died of Covid-19 on 25 October 2020, in Spokane, WA. Bill deployed to Antarctica while in the USN aboard the icebreaker USS *Burton Island*. Year unknown.

\*OAE CMCS Gerald "Jerry" Hal Damschroder, USN (Ret), 83, died on 20 November 2020, in Oakhurst, CA. Jerry wintered-over at Hallet Station in DF-63, and at Plateau Station During DF-66. Damschroder Rock is named in his honor.

\*OAE James Donnan "Cubby" Culbertson, 87, died on 19 October 2020, in Corpus Christi, TX. Cubby deployed to Antarctica as an AD1 on the icebreaker USS *Staten Island*, during DF-61.

OAE John A. Dawson, 85, died on 11 December 2020, in Bala Cynwyd. John was a scientist observing the aurora australis, the southern cousin to the aurora borealis, at the Amundsen-Scott South Pole Station in DF-III (1957 and 1958). Dawson Peak is named in his honor.

OAE Rhea Ver Jean Dow, 93, died on 27 October 2020. Rhea visited Antarctica as a tourist.

OAE Mary Elizabeth "Betty" Dowse, 99, died on 19 September 2020, in Rangeley, ME. Betty visited Antarctica as a tourist.

OAE Sharon L. Duell (nee Dozer), 79, died on, 30 September 2020, in Newburgh, IN. Sharon visited Antarctica as a tourist.

OAE Douglas Dunn Jr., 87, died on 19 September 2020, in Florida. Doug visited Antarctica as a tourist with his wife Rusty.

OAE Donna M. "Rusty" Dunn, 88, died on 29 September 2020, Florida. Rusty visited Antarctica as a tourist.

OAE Randall Stokes Edwards, USN (Ret), 103, died on 6 October 2020, in Lakeland, FL. Randall was a Japanese POW during WWII. He visited Antarctica as a tourist when he was 96-years-old.

OAE CPO Earl Thayer Ellis Jr., USCG (Ret), 79, died on 10 November 2020, in Voorhees, NJ. Earl deployed to Antarctica while serving on the USCGC *Eastwind* during DF-61.

OAE Peter C. Espenschied, 83, died on 7 September 2020, in Washington, DC. Peter served as a USARP aurora scientist at the Byrd substation during DF-61. Espenschied Nunatak is named in his honor.

OAE Louis Fodor, 86, died on 15 November 2020, in Cleveland, OH. Louis visited Antarctica as a tourist.

George E. Frederickson, Jr., 75, died on 6 October 2020, in Clearwater, MN. George was an amateur radio operator having talked to every country in the world and served as a Radio Relay Operator for Antarctica. Year(s) unknown

\*OAE CEC Robert "Bob" Joseph Gaboury, USN (Ret) 80, died from Covid-19 on 22 December 2020, in Camarillo, CA. Bob AKA Gabby wintered-over at McMurdo during DF-75 as the CPO in charge of the "Penguin Power and Light" base electricity power plant as a SeaBee. Gabby was the OAEA website manager and has been the chairperson of the OAEA election committee for numerous years. He was a member of the OAEA West Coast Group.

\*OAE Donald Edward "Chief" Germain, died on 21 November 2020 on his 84th birthday, in Derby CT. Donald served during DF-II as a BUL3 in MCB-1. He was a member of the OAE NE Chapter.

OAE Fred Peach Goodwin. 85, died on 22 October 2020, in West Lebanon, NH. Fred deployed to Antarctica as a crewmember aboard the USCGC *Eastwind*, during DF-I.

OAE Wilfred "Bob" Guillemette, 92, died on 21 November 2020, at the Maine Veterans Home in Scarborough, ME. Bob served on the USS *Merrick* during Highjump (1946-47).

OAE Dr. George Haborak, 84, died on 26 October 2020, in Richmond Hill, GA. George visited Antarctica as a tourist.

OAE Robert L. Haley, 72, died on 4 November 2020, in Coffee Pond on He served on the USCGC *Edisto* and deployed to Antarctica during DF-68.

OAE William D. Harrison, 84, died on 30 October 2020, in Fairbanks, AK. Will, as he was known, was a scientist who investigated ice dynamics at Whillans Ice Stream in DF-92, 93, and 94. And the Siple Ice Dome in 2001-02. Harrison Ice Ridge is named in his honor.

OAE Jerome L. Heard, M.D., 94, died on 22 October 2020, in La Mesa, CA. Jerome visited Antarctica as a tourist.

OAE Judith Moore Henningsen, 77, died on 18 October 2020, in Montgomery, TX. Judy visited Antarctica as a tourist.

OAE CDR Fred Holt, USN (Ret), 84, died on 26 October 2020, in Columbus, GA. Fred was the commanding officer of VXE-6 from July 1974 to December 1975. Mount Holt is named in his honor.

OAE John Robert Hopkins, 79, died on 15 October 2020, in Richmond, VA. John visited Antarctica as a tourist.

OAE Joel Hunter, III, 87, died on 17 November 2020, in Bethesda MD. Joel visited Antarctica as a tourist.

OAE Sidney Charles Johnson Jr., 72, died on 27 April 2012, in Bennington, KS. Sidney served in VX-6 from DF-64 through DF-66 as an as an AMH3.

OAE Grace Carolyn Kammerer, 83, died on 17 October 2020 at Canterbury Woods Continuing Care Retirement Center in Williamsville, NY. Grace and her husband visited Antarctica as tourists letting penguins peck their boots.

OAE Larry Paul Kelley, 76, died on 24 October 2020, in Hart, MI. Larry visited Antarctica as a tourist.



OAE Shirl Kenney, 85, died on 24 September 2020, at Shady Rest Care Center in Cascade, IO. At age 70 Shirl cycled in the Antarctic Marathon, achieving the rare status of biking on all seven continents.

OAE Dieter Klagge, 85, died on 6 September 2020, in Chicago, IL. Dieter visited Antarctica as a tourist.

Warren W. Knapp, died on 3 October 2020, at Cayuga Medical Center in Ithaca, NY. Warren was a weather guesser. He earned his bachelor's, master's and doctorate degrees at the University of Wisconsin-Madison. His PhD thesis was based on his work at the Antarctic Research Center in Melbourne, Australia.

\*OAE Gary S. Koech, 82, died on 7 October 2020, at Warren General Hospital, in Warren, PA. Gary wintered-over at McMurdo during DF-60 as an AD2 in VX-6 Det Alfa.

\*OAE Harry Frank Kohles, 86, died on 2 April 2020, in Metairie, LA. Harry served on the USS *Edisto* during DF-I as an engineman second class.

OAE COL Narinder "Bull" Kumar, India Army (Ret), 87, died on 31 December 2020, in New Delhi India. Bull was a member of the Antarctica Task Force of India in 1981.

OAE Robert P. Lambert, 84, died on 14 November 2020, in Elmira. Bob visited Antarctica as a tourist.

\*OAE Robert Alcide Leduc, 72, died on 5 January 2019, in Lewiston, ME. Robert served in VXE-6 as a YN2 and made two deployments to Antarctica during DF-69 and DF-70. He was a member of the New England OAEA Chapter

OAE Sek Gee Lee, 85, died on 24 October 2020, in Silver Spring, MD. While in the USAF Sek Gee deployed to Antarctica as a radar and communications technician. Unit and date(s) unknown.

OAE Douglas Longyear II, 92, died on 21 September 2020, in Newport Beach, CA. Douglas visited Antarctica as a tourist.

OAE Barry Lopez, 75, died on 25 December 2020, in Eugene, OR. Barry was a writer, and visited Antarctica on an icebreaking vessel. Name of ship and date(s) unknown.

OAE Dominick Robert Lozito, 93, of Canton, CT, died on 4 December 2020, at Charlotte Hungerford Hospital due to complications of COVID-19. Dominick served in Operation Highjump while in the US Navy.

OAE Ruth Bella Lurie, 79, died on 8 December 2019, in Boulder, CO. Ruth visited Antarctic as a tourist.

\*OAE Warren David McGowan, 92, died on 17 December 2020, in Godfrey, IL. Warren served in Antarctica during Operation Highjump onboard the USS *Mount Olympus* while in the US Navy.

OAE Ian Roderick McLeod, 89, died in September 2020, in Hughes, Australian Territory. Ian wintered-over at Mawson Station in 1958 as part of ANARE. During 1960-61 he spent the summer at Davis Station, and was back on the ice again in 1969-70. McLeod Island, McLeod Massif, McLeod Glacier, and McLeod Nunatak are all named in his honor.

OAE Katharine "Penny" Frankenthal McMillan, 86, died on 1 September 2020, in South Burlington VT. Penny was a certified travel agent and owned Quality Travel, Inc. As such Penny and her husband traveled to all seven continents. She even took an accidental swim in the Antarctic Ocean.

John Michael Madey died on 5 July 2016, in Hawaii. John was an amateur radio operator (K2KGGH). In 1956 when he was 13 he helped his brother Jules (K2KGGJ) run HAM radio patches between personnel in Antarctica to their families in the USA. Jules is a Life Member of the OAEA.

OAE Anthony J. Marnell, 93, died on 17 November 2020, in Mt Pleasant, SC. While in the US Navy Tony deployed to Antarctica in Operation Highjump, Unit unknown.

OAE Margaret Lee "Peggy" Martin, 88, died on 12 September 2020, in Waterville, OH. Peggy visited Antarctica as a tourist.

OAE Patrick Morris Meyer, 76, died on 16 November 2020, in Cambridge, MA. Pat visited Antarctica as a tourist.

OAE Carmella Miedowicz, 86, died on 2 November 2020, in Lake Havasu City, AZ. Carmella visited Antarctica as a tourist.

OAE George Morstatt, 91, died on 2 October 2020, at Treasure Coast Hospice House, Fort Pierce, FL. George served as a Boiler Technician, 3rd Class Petty Officer on the Flag Ship USS *Mount Olympus* AGC-8 during Operation Highjump, Task Force 68 under the command of Task Force OIC Rear Admiral Richard Byrd.

OAE James L. Neel, USN (Ret), 83, died on 16 November 2020, in Muskegon, MI. Jim served in Antarctica with the SeaBees as a heavy equipment operator. Unit and year(s) unknown



OAE Patricia "Pat" Ann Nicol, died in October 2020, in Toronto, Canada, Pat visited Antarctica as a tourist.

OAE Frank Noel, 86, died on 21 November 2020, in Merose, MA. Uncle Frank, as he was known, served on the USS *Edisto* during DF-I where his older brother "AJ" was already on board, soon to become his shipmate. During his time in Antarctica he was also given a small lot of land called Penguin Patio. Editor's Note: Penguin Patio is not listed in *Antarctica An Encyclopedia*. This sounds like a candidate for Baker's *Laws of Antarctica*.

OAE Wilden Lester "Bill" Nuss Jr., 82, died on 31 October 2020, at Mount Nittany Medical Center, State College, PA. Bill served in Antarctica with the SeaBees as a construction electrician. Unit and year(s) unknown.

OAE Ralph F. Ormsby, 97, died on 13 December 2020, in Levittown, NJ. Ralph served in Antarctica while in the SeaBees. Unit and year(s) unknown.

OAE LtCol Nicholas "Nick" A. Orsini II, USAF (Ret), 91, died on 31 October 2020, in Queensbury, NY. Upon retirement from the Air Force Nick worked for the US Geological Survey. He was responsible for installation of seismic stations in Antarctica. Year(s) unknown.

\*OAE LCDR Robert Alan Palombo, USN (Ret), 82, died on 18 October 2020, in Scarborough, ME. Ed served in VX6 & VXE-6 during 1968 and 1969 as a LC-130 and R4D pilot when he as a LT and LCDR. He was a member of the OAEA New England Chapter.

OAE Jerry Reiners, USN (Ret), 74, died on 30 November 2020, in Kansas City, MO. Jerry succumbed to COVID-19. He was a SeaBee and served in Antarctica during Operation Deep Freeze. Unit and year(s) unknown.

OAE Katherine Payne Rigney, 96, died on 3 November 2020, in Oak Crest Village, Katherine visited Antarctica as a tourist.

OAE MCPO Craig William Ruesch, USCG (Ret), 69, died on 11 December 2020, at the War Memorial Hospital in Sault Sainte Marie, MI. Craig deployed to Antarctica aboard the USCGC *Polar Star*. Year(s) unknown.

OAE Edward Charles Shinn, 80, died on 11 December 2020, in Sunapee, NH. Edward served in Antarctica with the SeaBees. Year(s) unknown.

OAE Thomas Charles Sinner, 73, died on 16 November 2020, in Covina, CA. Tom worked in Antarctica as a carpenter supporting scientific researchers. Year(s) unknown.

OAE James E. Straut, 84, died on 17 December 2020. James was the ITT manager of Antarctic Services for 10 years.

\*OAE Dr. Ronald Craig Sullivan, MD, 82, died on 17 October 2020, in Islip, NY. Ron served as the DF-67 winter-over medical officer and OIC of South Pole Station. Sullivan Peaks is named in his honor.

OAE CMSgt James Earl Sutterfield, USAF (Ret), 78, died on 6 November 2020, in New Plymouth, ID. James served in Antarctica as a C141 crewmember during DF-75.

OAE Alex Trebek, 80, died on 8 November 2020, in Los Angeles, CA. Alex visited Antarctica as part of a Lindblad Expedition on 3 January 2011 for the purpose of supporting environmental conservation.

OAE James Watkins, 72, died on 11 December 2020, in Venice, FL. Jim specialized in directing the design and construction of buildings and observatories in Antarctica. Year(s) unknown.

\*OAE CDR James Edgar Waldron, Jr., USN (Ret), 95, died on 5 October 2020, in Henrico, VA. Jim wintered-over at LAV during DF-II and spent 16 months on the ice flying 125 hours over Antarctica. He won an Air Medal for rescue of scientist who had fallen into a crevasse. Waldron Spurs is named in his honor. He was a member of the OAEA Tidewater Group.

OAE Jay H. Watson, 84, died on 27 November 2020, in Snow Shoe, PA. Jay served on the USS *Arneb* during DF-I as an Aviation Boatswain Mate.

OAE Carl Watters, 72, died on 20 October 2020, in Venice, FL. Carl completed his seven continent dream with his two daughters. Feeding the Kiwi birds in New Zealand, cruising alongside penguins jumping from icebergs in Antarctica. They enjoyed their last few years together He would also think this is too sappy and has gone on too long but we don't Shiveagit.

OAE John "Jack" Wilson, 64, died on 30 September 2020, of Centerbrook, CT, and formerly of Meriden, CT. Jack deployed to Antarctica as a crewmember on the USCGC *Northwind*. Year(s) unknown.

OAE John M. Zawiskie, 66, died on 27 September 2020, in Bloomfield Hills, MI. John spent time carrying out geological and climate change research in Antarctica. Year(s) unknown.



# Chaplain's Corner

Johnnie Draughon—OAEA Chaplain

<sup>20</sup> And he said to him, "Teacher, all these I have kept from my youth." <sup>21</sup> And Jesus, looking at him, loved him, and said to him, "You lack one thing: go, sell all that you have and give to the poor, and you will have treasure in heaven; and come, follow me." <sup>22</sup> Disheartened by the saying, he went away sorrowful, for he had great possessions." (Mark 10: 20-22 ESV)

Usually when people read the story of the "rich young ruler" their first response is that God doesn't want rich people in heaven. That's obviously not the point because Zacchaeus (the wee little man) chose to give up 1/2 of all he possessed, and his offer was acceptable to Jesus. There are also many sermons about not letting anything stand



between you and God ..., which is certainly illustrated here. While contemplating this story recently something new struck me. Jesus, though he loved the young man, let him go. He did not chase after him. In the church today there is an idea that Jesus meets and accepts us where we are – which he does – but then doesn't really require anything from us. It's ok to continue living just the way we are. However, salvation without heart transforming repentance is what Dietrich Bonhoeffer referred to as "cheap grace." God gave each of us free will and he honors our choices. If we are not willing to allow Holy Spirit to change our lives in order to follow Jesus, then he will not chase after us. Just something to think about.

May the blessings be,  
Johnnie Draughon, Chaplain

## RAY HALL CHRISTMAS CARTOON



ALL MY BOYS IN THE ANTARCTIC  
WANT THE SAME KIND OF PRESENT!

*I wish that I had the time to color some of Ray's cartoons. Anyone out there want to volunteer?*

# THE PHANTOM SWEDE

Text by Ed Hamblin

## The SeaBee & the Storekeeper

The back-story on this cartoon is when the artist (Navy SeaBee Builder Rick Kemper) encountered a situation with one of the Navy Storekeepers at McMurdo on 16 June 1974 where he was stopped in his tracks by what he considered a paperwork drill. For those of you not in the know, Navy SeaBees (short for Construction Battalion) are the Navy's civil engineering and construction forces. At the time of this cartoon, the Navy was responsible for facilities and station support and logistics, and the SeaBees were the Public Works department.

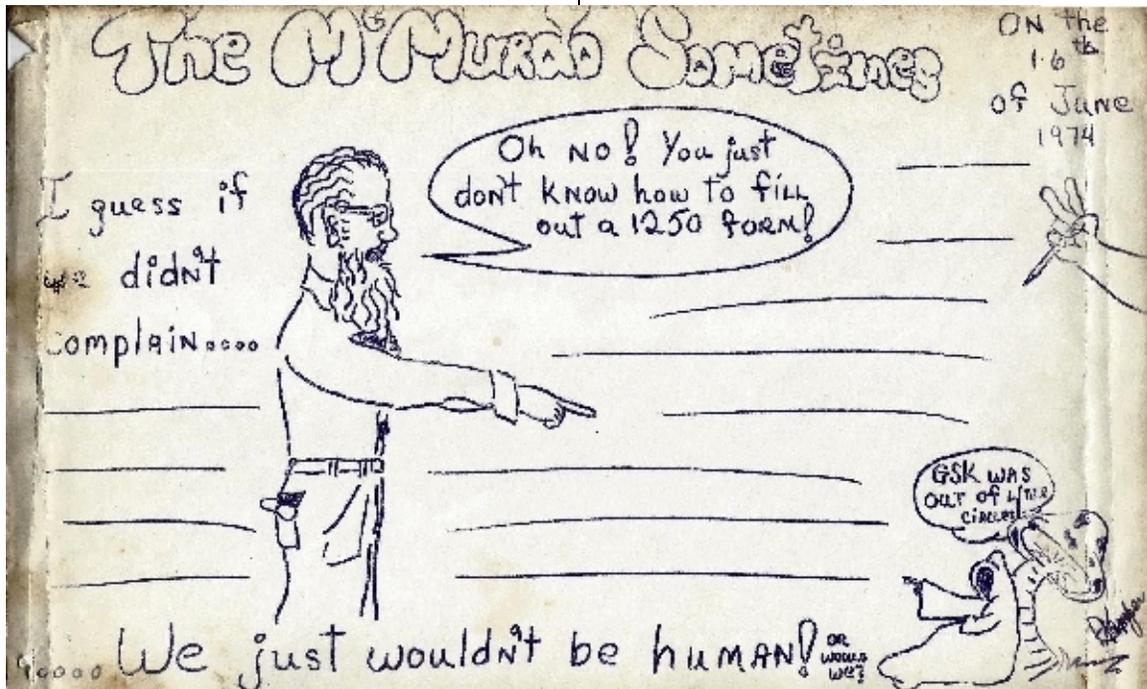
The Storekeepers were responsible for maintaining the five warehouses and three outdoor storage areas for materials of all sorts, literally tens of thousands of items needed and used for operational support of station facilities, equipment, vehicles; everything from spare parts to lubricants to toilet paper. The method to manage this material before computers came along was to maintain a paper stock record on every item that had been a tried and true method in the Navy fleet for years. The user was required to fill out a consumption/requirement form (also known as a "1250"... this was only one of many forms—it was often said the Navy sailed on a sea of paperwork) so the material could be expended off the stock was records and reordered as required for the next ship; or if not available, to be put on order for

immediate use when received. Many of the younger SeaBee maintainers saw this paperwork requirement as counterproductive to operations and a detriment to their own schedule and priorities ... for some of them, roaming the warehouses until they found what they thought they needed and "liberating" it was preferable to filling out the form.

Damn the paperwork, full speed ahead.

In this art, the Storekeeper standing his ground and insisting on the 1250 would be all that was needed would have been SK2 Frank James. Frank was the winter over 74 "proprietor" of the GSK (the general stock and consumables) warehouse. For those of you who have followed the Phantom Swede cartoons, Rick's trademark on his art has been the hooded gnome leaning against a toadstool somewhere along the bottom with small "bubbles" going upward. On this one, although the little hooded gent is there leaning on the toadstool, the bubbles are missing, and he comments "GSK was out of little circles"; and Frank said all he had to do was fill out a 1250.

A further note: Along with all the good stuff in the storage facilities, there were some questionable items in the GSK warehouse and outdoor storage areas, including rakes with 10 foot handles, a 55 gallon drum of grain alcohol, and about two dozen 50 cubic foot crates of Diatomaceous Earth; and although there weren't any 14 foot aluminum canoes readily available, I am sure they would have been on the next season's resupply ship. All it took was a 1250...



# Pingu Keeps 'iPad Savvy' Bird Entertained During Hospital Stay

By Katie Grant  
Consumer Affairs Correspondent



**N**amed Pierre by his caregivers, the Pingu-loving northern rockhopper penguin enjoys watching the classic claymation series while he is being treated for feather molting

A lonely penguin has found a friend in Pingu after zookeepers started showing him clips of the classic claymation character to help stave off boredom.

Due to his feather molting problems, Pierre is currently “not waterproof” so cannot yet be released back into the wild, Perth Zoo said.

## Pingu Fan

While he is being looked after by veterinarians, the zoo has supplied Pierre with his own iPad to help provide enrichment for its charge and make sure his days are enjoyable and fulfilling.

“His welfare is our top priority, so to ensure he is able to still see and hear penguins of his type, we’ve started playing him rockhopper penguin documentaries and showing him live streams of the rockhopper penguins in international zoos,” Perth Zoo said.



**Pierre the penguin has found a friend in Pingu while he is out of action (Photo: Perth Zoo)**

Named Pierre by his caregivers, the Pingu-loving northern rockhopper penguin has become “iPad savvy” while being treated for feather molting problems in a wildlife hospital at Perth Zoo, Western Australia.

## On His Own

Northern rockhopper penguins are classified as an endangered species, with an estimated global population of fewer than 240,300 breeding pairs. Pierre is the only penguin of his kind being cared for by a zoo in Australasia after braving a long-distance swim from islands in the Indian or South Atlantic Ocean and washing ashore on a beach in south-west Australia.



**Down on the Ice**

Pierre has also taken to watching the children’s claymation programme Pingu, which features a family of anthropomorphic penguins living in the South Polar Region. The show focuses primarily on the titular character, a mischievous young penguin, and nearly all the dialogue comprises nonsensical babbling, quacking, and clucking.

Confirming that Pierre is a “fan of Pingu”, Perth Zoo said the programme is “on high rotation on his watch list”.

It added: “We are currently working with our international zoo colleagues to find a suitable home to ensure he has company as he continues his rehabilitation.”

## Endangered Penguin Loves To Watch Show About Penguins

“Pierre” somehow found his way to Australia and he is the only rockhopper penguin on the continent. (CNN)—It can be a little lonely when you’re the only endangered rockhopper penguin being cared for at a zoo in all of Australasia.

“Pierre” made a daring journey from islands in the Indian or South Atlantic Ocean and was found washed ashore in southwest Australia, according to Perth Zoo. The little fellow is in rehab because he’s having some feather

molting issues and is no waterproof, so he isn't able to go back in the water. Since he doesn't have any of his kind to play with he's taken a liking to a children's claymation series about a family of penguins called "Pingu." His caretakers pull up the videos on an iPad and he waddles over to watch them. They say "Pingu" is at the top of his watch list, according to a Twitter post from the zoo.

He also enjoys documentaries about rockhopper penguins and watching other rockhoppers live streaming from across the ocean at the Kansas City Zoo in the US and Edinburgh Zoo in Scotland Perth Zoo says rockhopper penguins are one of the rarest penguins in the world and the global population is thought to include less than 240,300 breeding pairs. They're known for their distinct bushy eyebrows and prefer to hop around on rocks rather than using their bellies to slide on ice.

The zoo is working with its international colleague so Pierre can find a new place to recover and make new rockhopper friends.

**A sick penguin is spending his recovery time watching TV shows about other penguins so he doesn't feel lonely**

A sick penguin is watching shows and documentaries about fellow penguins while recovering at an Australian zoo.

Pierre is an endangered northern rockhopper penguin that is experiencing feather molting issues.

Since his coat isn't currently waterproof, Pierre is rehabilitating in isolation at Perth Zoo. To keep him company, staff let Pierre watch Pingu—a children's show about a family of penguins—on an iPad, along with zoo livestreams.

When you're under the weather, there's nothing like staying home and watching TV to make yourself feel better. One Australian zoo recently discovered that it also works wonders for penguins.



*Pierre is currently in rehab at Perth Zoo.*

He was discovered on a beach in southwest Australia after braving "a record-breaking swim from islands in the Indian or South Atlantic ocean," Perth Zoo spokesman Jorden Teo told Insider.

Pierre was then transferred to Perth Zoo, where it was discovered that his coat wasn't waterproof due to feather molting problems—which meant he couldn't be released back into the wild right away.

Since Pierre is currently in isolation as he continues to recover, the zoo's veterinary team wanted to find a way to enrich his days.

So they began playing him shows on an iPad, including penguin documentaries and livestreams of rockhopper penguins at Kansas City Zoo in the US and Edinburgh Zoo in Scotland.



*Pierre is currently recovering in isolation, so zoo staff have been showing him TV on an Ipad.*

Pierre has also become a big fan of Pingu, a claymation children's TV series that follows a family of penguins.

"As you can see Pierre showed some genuine interest in watching the shows on the iPad," Teo said. "He is quite an inquisitive penguin and has taken interest in most of the enrichment activities that he has experienced whilst under the care of the experts at Perth Zoo."



*Pierre loves watching Pingu, a children's show about a family of penguins.*

Teo said Pingu is "on high rotation" on Pierre's watch list, although he probably doesn't realize that he's watching a fellow penguin.

"In regards to watching Pingu, he is responding more to the color and movement, and wouldn't necessarily identify the cartoon as a real penguin," Teo added.

Either way, it's still important that Pierre sees and hears penguins of his type as he continues to recover.



**Pierre also watches livestreams of penguins at zoos around the world.**

"We are spending a lot of time with him, providing enrichment and ensuring his days are fulfilled," Teo said. "Enrichment activities are important for all animals. It engages them, ensures all their senses are stimulated, and helps us provide the best possible level of care."

Pierre has been in Perth Zoo's care for about a month, and has quickly become a favorite among the staff. Along with binge-watching shows on his iPad, Pierre also enjoys checking himself out in the mirror and "having a light water mist," Teo said.



**Pierre has been in Perth Zoo's care for about a month.**

Pierre continues to recover from what is known as arrested molt, which means his annual feather molt stopped before it was complete.

"This could have been because he wasn't getting the right nutrients to sustain his molt, or environmental conditions were not favorable," the zoo said in a statement on its website.



**Pierre is currently the only rockhopper penguin being cared for by a zoo in all of Australasia.**

Teo told Insider that Perth Zoo is currently working with its "international zoo colleagues" to find Pierre a home where he can live with other rockhopper penguins while he continues to recover and become waterproof.

Until then, there's always more episodes of Pingu.

## The Penguin Watching Pingu So He Doesn't Get Lonely

*By Calum Leslie Newsbeat reporter*

**A** penguin watching Pingu on an iPad to stop him feeling lonely should be the ultimate evidence we really can expect anything in 2020.

And it's actually, legitimately happening at Perth Zoo in Australia.

The penguin, which's been called Pierre—because at this point why not—was found washed up on a beach in the south west of the country.

He's an endangered Northern Rockhopper penguin, and the only one in care anywhere in the whole of Australasia.

Pierre's keepers—who we assume are the ones taking care of the Netflix subscription—were worried he'd not get enough socialising while he gets healthy enough to return to the wild.

So they're showing him the cartoon, along with live streams of other rockhoppers around the world - including the ones at Edinburgh Zoo.



**Apparently Pingu spoke "Penguinese" in the show  
Image copyright by CBBC**

## He's Not Waterproof He Can't Swim

"Pierre should be in the Indian or Sub-antarctic Oceans at this point," Danielle Henry from the zoo tells Radio 1 Newsbeat.

"He's not meant to be here, and he wasn't in the best health when he came to us," she says.

Pierre's feathers are meant to moult once a year, which means they fall out as a brand new lot grow in.

But they aren't really doing that at the minute. It means he's not waterproof. And you don't have to be an expert to see how that could be a problem for a penguin.

"We think he's about a first year bird so he's really quite young," says Danielle. "For some reason his new feathers got half way through and completely stopped."

"Pierre can't swim, he can't fish for himself. So he needs a helping hand."

## He Doesn't Realise Pingu's A Penguin

We can't imagine why Pierre didn't see the similarity

That's the science. But the big question you've had since opening this story is, does he even like Pingu? Right? Worry not.

"He's absolutely loved it," says Danielle. "But he probably doesn't realise that Pingu is a penguin. He's just responding to the colour and the movement."

"From his behaviour we can tell he's enjoying it. He's vocalising really well. And that's exactly what we wanted him to do."

Yes, we think we can say it. He's talking to Pingu.

Danielle says the plan is still to get Pierre back into the wild.

But experts have told them it could take two to four rounds of molting.

"In the meantime, we are hoping we can get him into another zoo where there are other rockhopper penguins," she says.

That might be not a bad plan for Pierre. Because while a quick search tells us there are 157 episodes of Pingu out there, they last for just over five minutes.

And after living with lockdown, we're confident enough to say any binge watching can get pretty repetitive - even in penguin.

**Editor's Note: This article was edited and composed from articles by Katie Grant a Consumer Affairs Correspondent and Newsbeat Reporter Calum Leslie.**

# New England Chapter 2020 Directors Meeting



By Marty Diller,  
New England Chapter Secretary-Treasurer

All regular New England Chapter meetings were cancelled this year due to the coronavirus pandemic, and plans for a Spring 2021 membership meeting are also in jeopardy, pending the country's ability to accomplish widespread COVID-19 vaccinations before March. Meanwhile, the Chapter's By-Laws require its Board of Directors to meet in the fall every year. Fortunately, electronic means of holding meetings have become the norm, and the Chapter BoD employed Zoom video-conferencing technology to "virtually" meet on 14 November for a one-hour meeting.

## Chapter Election

As stated in the January-March 2020 edition of the *Explorer's Gazette*, the primary focus of Chapter business this year was conducting the Election of Chapter Officers, which occurs every four years. Our two Chapter Directors, **Larry Hunter** (VXE-6, DF-70-73) and **Jim Kelly** (ASA Det 'C' D-72-74) had both served two consecutive terms of office and per the By-Laws, were not eligible to serve another term. Similar to OAEA National's election, volunteers for leadership positions in the NE Chapter were not easily forthcoming, but in the end, three candidates for these two Director positions were identified:

- (1) **Rick Canfield**, Shoreham, VT (ASA, ITT (electrician); w/o McM 1981 and '83; s/s 1982-83);
- (2) **Ron Gilchrist**, Narraganset, RI (CBU-201, DF-67-71), and
- (3) **Dick Kopplin**, Gales Ferry, CT (RMCM, USN (Ret.); ASA DF-71 s/s Brockton Station; w/o McM DF-71).

**Canfield** and **Kopplin** won the two Director positions in a close race. For the President and Vice President positions, **Dave Hazard**, Lisbon, ME (ABCS, USN (Ret.); VXE-6, DF-70-74) ran unopposed for a second term as President. **Bill Highlands**, Shrewsbury, MA (CWO4, USN (Ret.); Hallett Station (w/o 1958) DF-III, & IV) ran unopposed for VP. The outgoing VP, **Russ White** of W. Boylston, MA, had stepped down. **Nick Pellegrino**, W. Greenwich, RI (VXE-6 DF-71, & 72) remains on the Board as Immediate Past President. Nick's wife, OAEA Associate Life member

**Mary Pellegrino**, chaired the Chapter Election Committee again this year. The Secretary-Treasurer is elected to serve until a new Secretary-Treasurer is elected.



**Rick Canfield**



**Dick Kopplin**



**Dave Hazard**  
Unopposed for second term  
as President



**Bill Highlands**  
Unopposed as Vice  
President



**Nick Pellegrino**  
Immediate Past President

**Mary Pellegrino**  
Election Committee Chair

## Chapter Business

### 1. Officer and committee reports included:

(A) **Membership Health** (Secretary): Since the October 2019 meeting, we gained 3 new Life members and suffered 7 member deaths. Current member total is 209.

(B) **Finance Report** (Treasurer): The Chapter realized an overall gain of \$742 for FY-2020. Primary sources of income included donations and dues; primary expenses were for donations and administrative supplies.

(C) **Merchandise Committee:** Chair Dave Hazard reported there has been no activity on Chapter merchandise. For the OAEA national Ship's Store, he will work with the OAEA Webmaster to update the Ships Store webpage: <https://oaea.net/ships-store>.

(D) **Education Committee:** Chair Fred Santino reported he intends to replace the Chapter Facebook page with a new page; he is also requesting assistance from any web-savvy OAEA member in this endeavor.

### 2. New Business:

(A) **Donation of \$1,000** from the estate of deceased member Charlie 'CB' Bevilacqua. In December 2019, the Chapter received this generous donation in accordance with CB's wishes. The Board discussed appropriate use of this gift and decided it would be disbursed through the following donations:

- (a) \$500 to the Seabee and Memorial Park, Davisville, RI;
- (b) \$250 to the OAEA Scholarship Program;
- (c) \$250 to the Canterbury Museum, Christchurch, NZ to support their Antarctic Gallery.

(B) **Petitions for At-Large Chapter membership.** The Board unanimously approved accepting these two petitions by OAEA members:

- (a) **Spencer Ervin** (LTJG; USS *Arneb*, DF-I); he recently moved from New England (ME) to PA;
- (b) **CDR Ben Koether, USN (Ret.)**, Ft. Lauderdale, FL (USS *Glacier* (AGB-4), DF-60, & 61. Founder and chairperson of *The Glacier Society*). Ben was a former CT resident.

## Meeting Schedule

At this point in the 2020 coronavirus pandemic, the Chapter's leadership agrees that the next meeting will not be scheduled until after the vaccine inoculation program—which at the time of this report is in "Phase 1A"—is in its last phase and has been made widely available to all adults. The Chapter has made a deposit to hold a reservation for a meeting on Saturday, 26 June 2021 at Conrad's restaurant in Walpole, MA., and current media reports indicate the vaccine will be available for all citizens by that date.

**Editor's Note: Although Marty did not include it as part of he report he included the following in his email to me.**

"PS: I've just learned of a new children's book published by a couple of Associate Chapter members (one, Michelle Cooke, who is the author is an expired annual member) who have dedicated the book to OAEA Life member Bob Berube. Denise Porcello (current annual member) asked that I ask you to include the info on the book in the next newsletter.

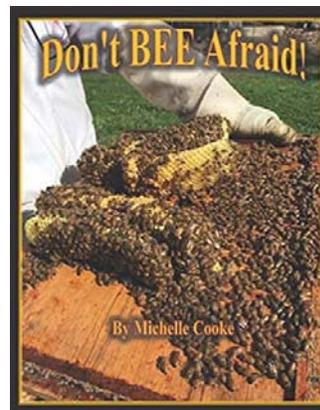
According to Denise proceeds will be donated to a scholarship in Bob's honor!"

In Michelle's words: The purpose of this book is to have people face their fears. I have been afraid of bees my whole life. I realized that the more I learned about them I could see that they shouldn't be feared. I found that bees are key to our survival. The reason we need bees is that they are the critical to the pollination of fruits and vegetables. Most food chains wouldn't be possible. It is my hope that with some of the things that I want to share, that you too won't Bee afraid anymore. Whether it is about insects or about swimming in the ocean, educate yourself and maybe you can face your fear and embrace it.

I wanted to say "thank You" to Farmer Bob Berube for helping me face my fears and truly educating me. Thank you for all the time you have dedicated to all the children in Dracut, Massachusetts as well. I love your motto "The difficult we do now, the impossible takes a little longer". For this reason I am dedicating the book to you and your SeaBees. I also want to say thank you to my family for supporting me facing my fears!

A special thanks to Denise Porcello for having me write this book. Also a special thank you to Susan Fisher for the awesome pictures of the bees.

A portion of all proceeds from the book will be put into a scholarship fund awarded each year for the next several years to the student/child of a SeaBee as a THANK you for the service of their parent.



**Cover of the book. A paperback available from Amazon for \$9.95**

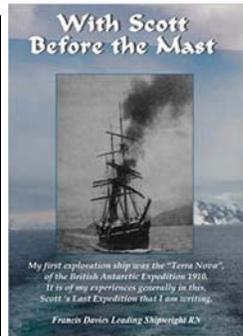
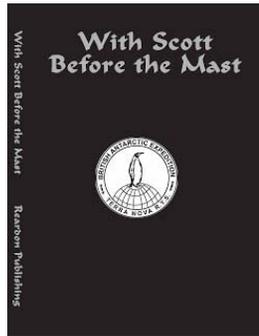


**Bob Berube in Christchurch, NZ soon to depart to the Ice**

# WITH SCOTT BEFORE THE MAST

Compiled by Billy-Ace Baker  
Editor Explorer's Gazette

## BOOK PREVIEW



sea-trunk. Joy Watts has edited his story presented in this beautifully prepared book, all with many photographs and documents, previously unseen.

Davies, a Leading Shipwright, Royal Navy, had been appointed by Scott himself and was soon to show his worthiness as the expedition's 'jack of all trades and master of all'. In his famous book, *The Worst*

*With Scott Before the Mast*. 2020: These are the Journals of Francis Davies Leading Shipwright RN when on board Captain Scott's *Terra Nova*. Hardcover. Available from Amazon. Also available from Reardon Publishing as a special leather bound limited edition as well as a case bound edition. See links at the end of this article.

*Journey in the World*, (Pub.1922) Apsley Cherry Garrard, writes in Chapter IV, "Davies, who was 'Chippy Chap the Carpenter' deserves much credit. He was leading shipwright in the navy, always willing and bright, and with a very thorough knowledge of his job. I have seen him called up hour after hour, day and night on the ship, when the pumps were blocked by the coal balls which formed in the bilges, and he always arrived with a smile on his face. Altogether he was one of our most useful men."



Francis Davies with his wife Ethel



The ship's cat in a bunk of his own was comfortable whatever the weather conditions were—like the rest of the crew

## With Scott Before The Mast

Review by Michael C. Tarver  
Edited by Joy Watts

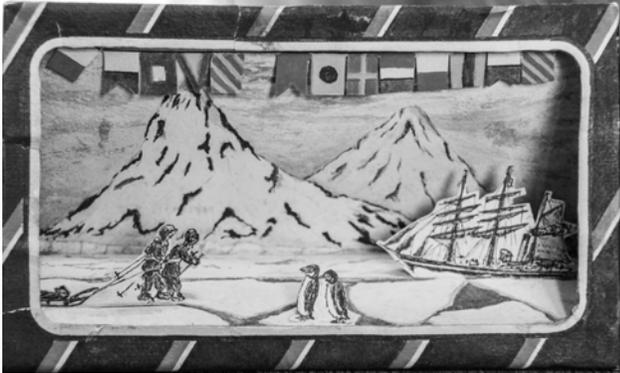
Almost one hundred and ten years have passed since the British Antarctic Expedition 1910–1913 returned to Cardiff, yet this fascinating story still springs surprises. A great niece of Francis Davies, Joy Watts of Plymouth, found herself the family custodian of a seaman's trunk, owned by her Great Uncle, Francis Davies, himself a Plymouth man. Therein, were countless items of photos, letters, bric-a-brac, and memorabilia linked to the voyages aboard the SS *Terra Nova* and the British Antarctic Expedition 1910–1913. A true maritime polar 'treasure chest'.

Among those belongings was his own written account, *With Scott Before the Mast* describing his time with Scott's expedition. It is Davies's own account illustrated with the many items and photographs found in his



Mrs Scott and her son Peter

Throughout the story, it shows that Davies's contribution to the expedition was considerable. From his preparation work aboard ship before leaving London, to when nearly all were lost during the terrible storm in the Southern Ocean, when a hole had to be cut through a steel bulkhead to gain access to the pumps. Then there was the assembly and building of the huts at Cape Evans and the hut for the northern party at Cape Adare, to the shaping of the memorial Cross erected on Observation Hill. It was Davies with his skills throughout the expedition, that were so much in demand.



**Greeting card made by Davies connected to his time on the Terra Nova Expedition**

Davies went on to serve in the Royal Navy during both world wars. In WW2, he was to tragically lose his only son Peter Pennell, named Pennell after Harry Pennell, navigator and relief captain of the *Terra Nova*, who was killed at the Battle of Jutland.

Like Shackleton, Scott was to know of the presence in his team of men, good skilled operators. Men who could be relied upon to deliver their skills in a crisis. Francis Davies, showed that he could be a skilful practical deliverer of whatever was required 'when the chips were down'. His story is well worth reading and this book is a must have addition, for it will sit so well with any collector's library of polar books.

—Michael C. Tarver



**Snow goggles**

**FROM REARDON WEB SITE**

My interview with Captain Scott, he explained what would be expected of me. My principal job, he said, would be the erection of Winter Quarters for the Southern

party, which was to make an attempt to reach the South Pole....



**Painting by Edward Wilson**

He also told me that I would be paid GBP40 a year, adding that if I made a success of the job, he wouldn't say what he would do for me, but if on the other hand, I failed to come up to scratch, I would be for the high jump. The geographic and scientific accomplishments of Captain Scott's two Antarctic expeditions changed the face of the Twentieth Century in ways that are still not widely appreciated over a hundred years later.



**Captain Robert Falcon Scott**



*Seal embryo preserved and given to Davies Dr Nelson as a souvenir*

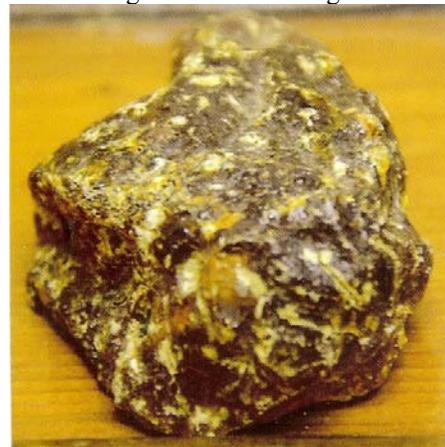


*Francis Davies, Leading Shipwright. Later Lieutenant Commander*

The fact of accomplishment has tended to be lost in speculative argument as to how Scott should have done this instead of that, supposedly to achieve the extra few yards per day to save the lives of the South Pole Party in 1912. Also lost to a generation overwhelmed with information, however, is the sublime sense of adventure into the unknown, which Scott's expeditions represented to his generation. We have forgotten what it is to take the awesome life-gambling risk of sailing beyond the edge of the map into nothingness and rendering it known.



*The National Memorial to Captain Scott and The Polar Party at Mount Wise.*



*Kauri Gum collected by Davies. Much like amber it is the fossilized resin of Kauri trees.*

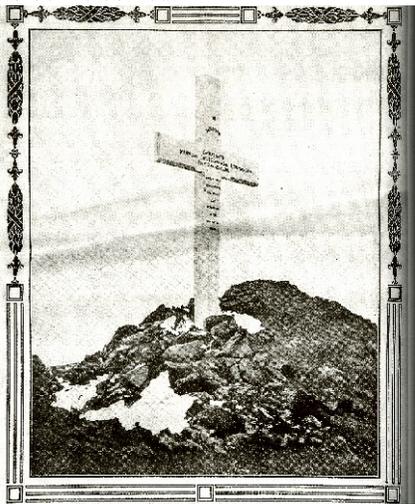
We send robot explorers instead. As a result, after two millennia of maritime and exploration history, we have become detached from the sea which surrounds our island and the tradition of exploration which it represents. With Scott: Before the Mast is a unique account that serves as an antidote to this disconnectedness. It is no fictional 'Hornblower', although it may seem so at times.



**Peter Pennell Davies son of Francis Davies**

This is a true story. It presents one man's account of his part in a great act of derring-do, the assault on the South Pole in 1912. Most records of Captain Scott's British Antarctic Expedition aboard Terra Nova (1910-1913) are the accounts of officers.

With *Scott Before the Mast* is the story of Francis Davies, Shipwright, R.N., and Carpenter. The title says it all but may be lost on landlubbers. Before the mast means 'to serve as an ordinary seaman in a sailing ship'. This makes it a rare and hugely important account, presenting a viewpoint from the lower ranks. Such insight is rarely available and the long overdue publication of this account is greatly to be welcomed.



**The Memorial Cross constructed by Francis Davies still stands today on top of Observation Hill**



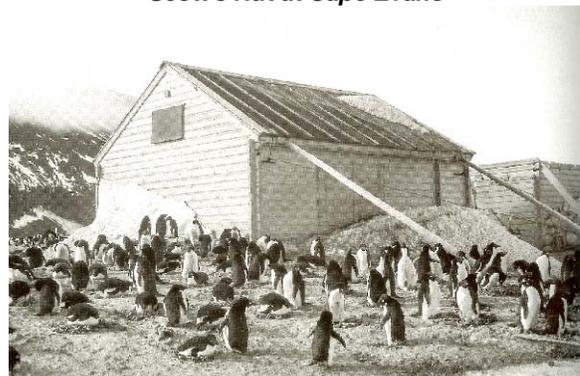
**One of the dogs on the Terra Nova Expedition**

When I first read this manuscript some years ago, I was hugely excited by the refreshing perspective that it gave to a well-aired story. Although an autobiographical period piece, written with an eye to publication many years after the events that it recalls, it is still of great interest.

It tells the often forgotten story of the vast majority of Scott's men, the sailors of Terra Nova; the supporting cast, if you like, to the Shore Parties of officers and scientists. Through a kaleidoscope of memories, this book gets to the heart of the huge logistic effort that was the British Antarctic Expedition.



**Scott's Hut at Cape Evans**



**The other side of Scott's Hut**

## LINKS TO REARDON'S WEB SITE



**Nicholas Reardon**

I have published a new book on the Terra Nova expedition and wonder if you would be interested in it for yourself as we have it as special leather bound limited edition as well as a standard case bound edition.

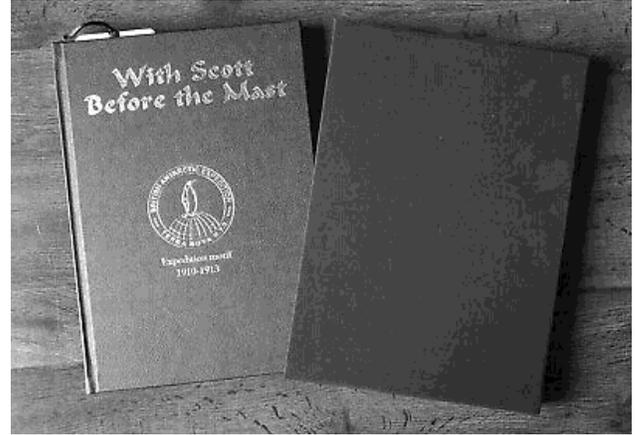
Would you inform the Old Antarctic Explorers Association of the new book: *With Scott Before the Mast*. The links are listed below:

<https://nakedfonts.blogspot.com/2020/06/the-terra-nova-journals-by-francis.html>

<https://nakedfonts.blogspot.com/2019/11/journals-of-francis-davies-leading.html>

<https://nakedfonts.blogspot.com/2020/09/limited-edition-books-on-antarctica.html>

—Nicholas



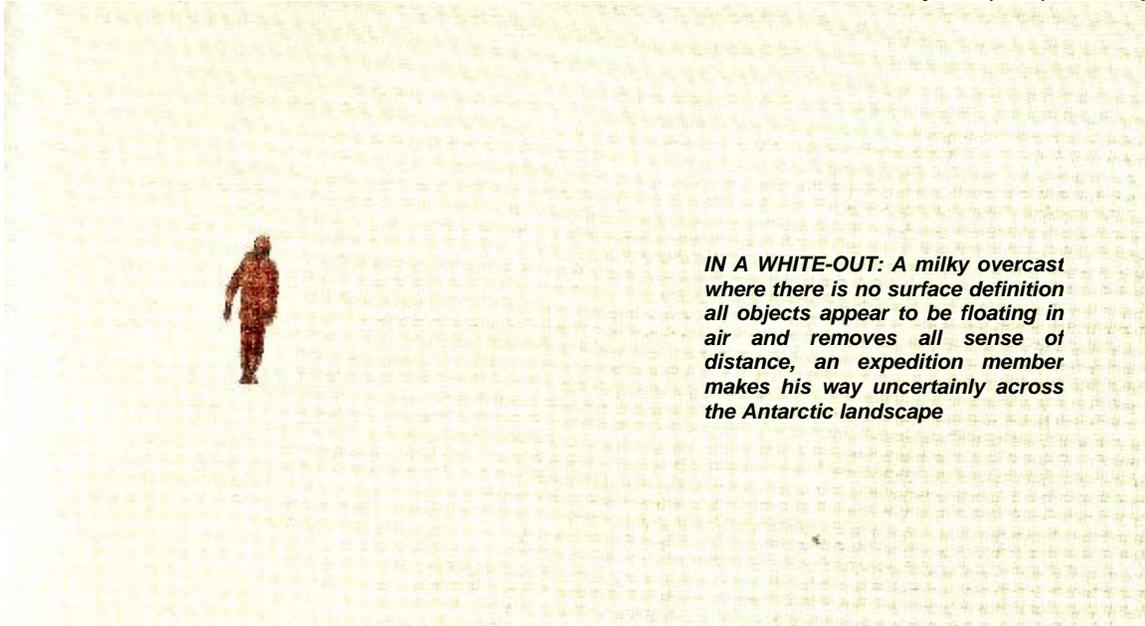
**The boxed limited edition**



*Credit Scott Polar Research Institute  
Expedition members drinking Oxo meat extract on the deck of the Terra Nova.*

# PICTURES AND STORIES FROM DAYS GONE BY THE LIGHTER SIDE OF LIFE IN THE ANTARCTIC

Compiled by Billy-Ace Penguin Baker



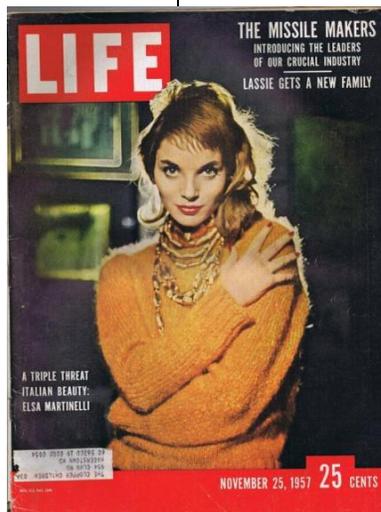
**IN A WHITE-OUT:** A milky overcast where there is no surface definition all objects appear to be floating in air and removes all sense of distance, an expedition member makes his way uncertainly across the Antarctic landscape

**Editor's Note:** This article, by R. B. Robertson, which originally appeared in the 25 November 1957 issue of *Life Magazine* was given to me by Billy Blackwelder AKA The Helo King. The copy that he gave to me was of unknown origin. It had been printed on 8X10 paper that had a black tint. The text was very small and difficult to read and the photos that accompanied the article were unprintable. At this point I decided that I would not be able to use the article or any of the information in the *Explorer's Gazette*.

Several days later I decided to check the Internet to see if I could locate a copy. Low and behold I found an original copy of the magazine for sale and I purchased it. Being that the magazine measured 10 ½ by 14 inches it was larger than my scanner and I was only able to scan parts of each page until I got it all copied. Without going into the gory details I will just say that it was a difficult job, but I finally got it done. Unless otherwise noted all the photos are from *Life*.

**L**AST year at this time an air of great expectancy hung over Antarctica. Platoons of distinguished International Geophysical Year scientists were arriving each week, the U.S. Navy was proudly showing off its big new base at McMurdo Sound, and only three weeks previously the first actual landing had been made at the South Pole itself. When I got there in December, enthusiasm was still high.

Today some of the bloom seems to have worn off and the serious IGY work down there, perhaps overshadowed by Sputnik, has been getting far too little attention. This is especially deplorable because most of the scientists and Navy people are making valuable contributions to our knowledge of the Antarctic. When I got to know them,



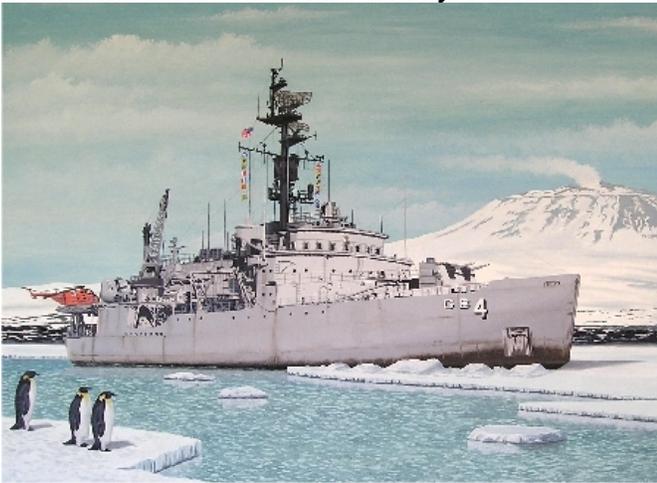
moreover, they turned out to be among the most delightful characters I had ever met.

Take for instance, the magnificent medieval crusader stepped ashore from the USS *Glacier* onto the Antarctic ice "Richard the Lionhearted," muttered an IGY scientist as the new arrival, with the red Cross of St. George on his back, paced up and down. Noticing our presence, the Templar came over to introduce himself. The man beneath the medieval raiment was no warrior. He was a doctor, Captain Earland E. Hedblom of the U.S. Navy Medical Corps, senior medical officer of Operation Deep Freeze and therefore our chief physician on the polar

continent. He was, and still is, responsible for the many hundreds of Americans, military, scientific, and journalistic, connected with Antarctica. Hedblom pointed to his costume.



**The "Crusader," Captain Hedblom (left), chief Deep Freeze medical officer, wears specially designed tunic. With him is Dr. John Findlay.**



*From file photos*

**USS Glacier at McMurdo. Mount Erebus in background**

"Made it all myself" he roared genially. "Every stitch of it. And there's not a better suit of cold-weather gear anywhere in the world." We asked him about the standard naval cold-weather clothing which we were wearing. "It's not bad, not bad at all," he allowed, "but men who are going to develop the Antarctic Continent will need something better, and I think I've incorporated all the best ideas from all over the world into my experimental outfit." He explained these ideas to us, and each idea separately seemed sound and incontrovertible. The Vikings, sailing over thousands of miles of icy seas in open boats, had discovered that an open-meshed fishing net wrapped around them was much warmer than a more solid undergarment, for the air spaces in let kept them encapsulated in a layer of warm nonconductive air. So Captain Hedblom wore a layer of waffle-weave material under his tunic.

An early Antarctic explorer, said Hedblom, had recorded the aphorism: "On the polar trail, to drop and lose a glove means to lose your life." Captain Hedblom's gloves were

secured to his parka by unbreakable straps. But even if he were to lose his gloves, or lend them to a careless and frostbitten friend, his parka itself, unlike the regular naval design, was so constructed that he could, without removing it, withdraw his arms inside it and huddle up in his own private and amply capacious tent. As for the spectacular markings on his dress, they proved their efficacy completely, for we soon found that on a clear Antarctic day we could tell from four miles away not only that a human figure was moving on the ice, but that that figure was our senior medical officer.

When we got to know this picturesque character better, we found that his knowledge of other matters pertaining to the Polar Regions was as deep and well organized as his sartorial lore. Although Antarctica is the healthiest continent on the globe as regards bacteria and viruses, it does have some most unusual medical problems. When the number of men and the various specialties they should practice was being decided for all the remote IGY Antarctic stations which were to be manned through the long Antarctic winter, it was Captain Hedblom who had to think ahead and say, "Hold on a moment. Before you decide on an expert on the aurora australis or a Seabee cook for the South Pole, what are their blood groups? Suppose we need blood transfusions. We've got to have two men in group 0 RH negative on every station."

The last time I saw King Richard he was sitting cross-legged in a tiny tent far out on the Ross ice shelf, over a hole in the ice with a ladder leading down into it. This was the last entrance to what remained of Admiral Byrd's Little America IV, unmanned since 1947, and further in the ice beneath that historic station was the even earlier post of 1940. The crusader, with one companion, was living there, carrying out a further bit of research, this time into the durability of rations that had been canned or frozen many years before. "Stay to supper," he invited me.

"We're having a chicken that died more than 15 years ago and these asparagus tips-if we can get them to thaw. If I can get down the ladder again before suppertime, I may be able to find a couple of cans of beer which have been frozen solid since 1935." Regretfully, I had to decline the invitation.

Of the pure scientists in Antarctica my favorite was the gravity man, a gentleman from the University of Wisconsin who was making gravitational tests throughout the world for IGY. Even before arriving in the polar area, he had drawn attention to himself on board the USS *Glacier* by coming into the wardroom one day singing a cheerful song to the silent amazement and horror of all present. Relations between the scientists and the military were somewhat strained at that time, neither side being quite willing to acknowledge the necessity of the other's presence. The gravity man was now addressed by a senior naval officer.

"What are you going down to the Antarctic for?" asked the Navy man.

"I'm going to make some pendulum observations concerned with gravity," answered the scientist.

"And how long is this going to take you when we get you there?" inquired the officer.

"About 15 minutes for my main observation," replied the gravity man truthfully.

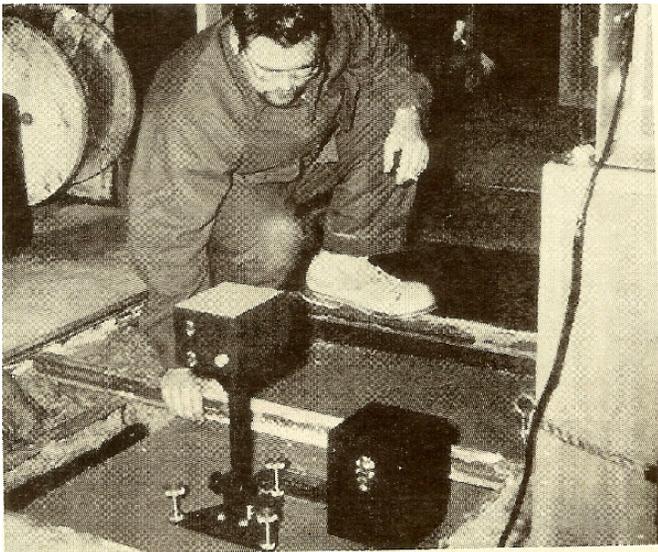
"Good God!" exploded the sailor. "And we are feeding you and transporting you all that way to do 15 minutes' work? What do you hope to get out of this nonsense, anyway?"

"I may change what we know of the shape of the world.

### A Simple Explanation

**S**EVERAL weeks later at the McMurdo Sound base, a meteorologist, a Navy pilot, another scientist and I tried to get the gravity man to explain his work a little more thoroughly.

"It's very simple, really," he began, pulling a stump of pencil out of his pocket and reaching for an old piece of cardboard. "As you all know from your elementary physics,  $T$  equals  $2\pi$  times the square root of  $I$  over  $g$ . But  $g$ —gravity, that is, of course—is not the same all over the world. But if we know  $T_w$  and  $T_m$  where  $w$  is Washington and  $m$  is McMurdo, then it's simple calculation to correlate your pendulum readings in Washington with those we hope to make in McMurdo—that is, as soon as I can wangle a bag of cement out of the Navy so that I can make a platform and set up my equipment. Then we can tie up  $g$  Washington with  $g$  McMurdo, and once we have a fix in Antarctica, we can establish a base reference point in one of the biggest blank spaces on the map of the world. That's all clear, isn't it?" Maybe the meteorologist had a clue to what he was talking about, but the rest of us, after the first nod to indicate that we had once been taught elementary physics, were left far behind.



**The "Gravity Man", Professor John Rose of the University of Wisconsin, checks completed apparatus on its cement base in a McMurdo hut.**

"Now," said the gravity man, "here's the world." He sketched a rough little globe on the cardboard and began drawing both latitude and longitude lines on it. "I've already been round the Equator with my pendulum, and we've got

most of the fixes we want around that way. We've done two surveys from north to south, one through the Western Hemisphere from the Arctic to Central America and the other starting around Oslo and going right down to Capetown. But we haven't tied Antarctica into the present network of gravity stations yet. But if you can steal me a bag of cement from the Navy, I can do it in about 15 minutes."

"And then what?" we asked.

"And then maybe a lot of things," he promised. "The side results of our work will take years to work out, but maybe we'll be the first people to be able to tell you whether Antarctica is really a continent or a group of islands. And maybe we'll find out more about the interior of the earth.

"Meanwhile," the gravity man said—and he drew another and simpler diagram on his cardboard. It consisted of two vertical lines with four tiny semicircles protruding, two on each side. We gathered around closely to try to learn more about the science of gravity. "That's a bear climbing up a tree, seen from the other side. And this," he said as he turned the cardboard upside down, "is a bear climbing down."

As things turned out, the gravity man got his bag of cement after a fortnight of diplomatic negotiation. After another few days he was given permission to tear up about six square feet of flooring in an unused hut, pour some concrete and set up thereon his \$50,000 pendulum apparatus, of which there are only eight or ten in the world. His 15-minute reading completed and painstakingly checked, he dismantled his equipment. He gave his blessing and final instructions to a young man who went off to specified points in Antarctica, carrying peculiar metal objects shaped like large milk cans, to make subsidiary readings of the force of gravity where it had never been tested before. Then the gravity man went home. Antarctica was now "tied into" his worldwide gravitation system.

### The Honeybucket Boy

**O**NE day as I was walking down a side street at McMurdo, a pleasant-faced young man greeted me.

"Are you an explorer?"

I confessed that I could not lay claim to belonging to that glamorous profession, and asked him in return if he considered himself an explorer. His face fell.

"No, I'm just the honeybucket boy." He thereupon described his work, which was simply to care for McMurdo's lavatories. Since there is no drainage in Antarctica, and since one cannot dig septic tanks into thick ice, his job was a challenging one. I remarked that it was fully as important as being an explorer.

"I know that, and I'm not complaining about my job," he explained, "even though you can't call it real exploring. I have done a bit myself, though." He told me that whenever he had some spare time and could persuade a buddy to accompany him, he set off on foot into the hills at the back of the camp, up toward the lower slopes of the Mt. Erebus volcano. "I don't think we've discovered any new places yet,"

he confessed. "But it's good experience if ever I get to do some real exploring. The other day I brought in some rock samples and showed them to one of the IGY scientist gentlemen. He said they were quite an interesting kind of rock and showed me a book telling me what else I should look for. So I'm going out again this afternoon. Would you like to come along?"

I was not that day filled with the exploring urge, so I excused myself from the invitation, a decision I have since regretted, for I did not encounter the honeybucket boy again in the bleak unsociable atmosphere of McMurdo, and I did not often encounter others like him. There were a few, men who were stationed at an isolated camp, who had the same spirit and had tried a bit of amateur exploration. They had one day set out on a hike of about 20 miles into the mountains fringing the Antarctic Continent and had, in fact, discovered that one of the glaciers marked on the map was several miles away from its recorded position. In huge excitement they had radioed the news back to McMurdo, only to receive from their commanding officer the rather dampening reply that they should "please in future confine their exploration to the immediate vicinity of the camp." Wise, no doubt, but rather discouraging.

What produced such a stultifying atmosphere? One answer, I became convinced, lay in the strangely unappetizing appearance and spirit of the McMurdo Base itself. McMurdo, which the authorities have tried in vain to make people call the "Williams Air Operating Facility," is the New York of Antarctica. The capital city, the Washington of the new continent, is 450 miles away at Little America V.

Press reports from McMurdo have frequently spoken with astonishment of the amenities provided today for those in the Antarctic. The hot showers, the laundry, the general store selling every possible thing the Antarctic residents might want, the good beds in warm insulated buildings-the reports were all true. The \$22 million had been well spent.

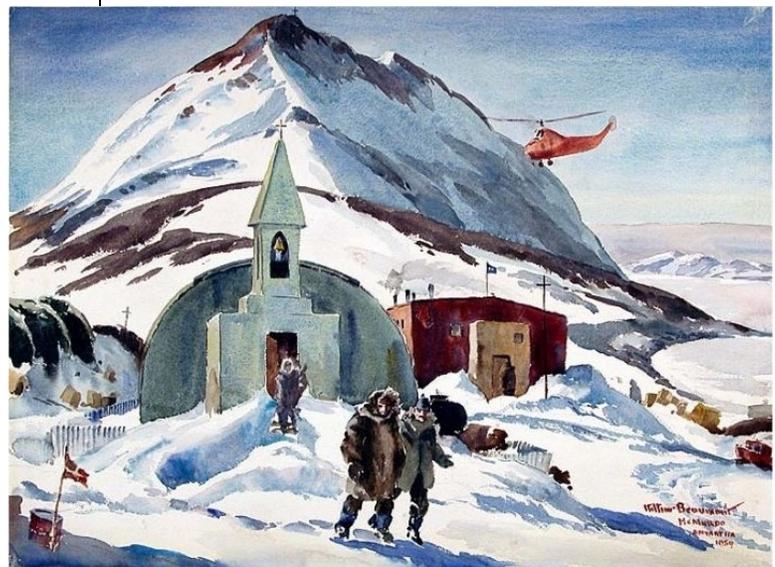
But what the brains in Washington could not foresee, and what the press failed to mention, was that more often than not, and almost always when bodies of men came in weary and filthy from outposts or from an unpleasant job, the showers and laundry were "secured," the Navy term for "closed down" during off hours. The store, with three times the help the average village general storekeeper has, and with half the business, managed to get itself organized sufficiently well to open for altogether two and a half hours during the one week when it was needed most, when all the men were dispersing to their isolated stations for the coming winter. And then its accounting system proved to be so complicated that one man who had stood in line for more than an hour was heard to remark: "Money has been widely used as a system of exchange for about 2,000 years now, but the Navy hasn't caught on even to the barter system yet."

And the less said about the dismal sleeping quarters the better. Built, equipped, heated and lighted with the best that American design and imagination could produce without thought of the cost, they had, by the time the men arrived who were to occupy them permanently, been reduced to a lamentable degree of squalor.

A wonderful excuse had been found for this failure. It was what some of us came to call the "gotta-be-tough" excuse. No one will deny that the Seabees who founded and built the stations the previous year had had a tough time. But no one has told the Seabee that the time for toughness can pass, and if the new immigrant to Antarctica wants to take advantage of the potentially lavish quarters the Seabee has built for him and use them properly, he should be allowed to do so without jeers at his being soft and without being reminded every time he registers a mild complaint that "he should have been here last year, when things were tough!"

Three exceptions I must make. The chapel, not appearing on the original McMurdo plans but hand-built by those who care for such things, was a place of peace and almost of beauty. The library, also under the care of the chaplain, was the best I have ever found in any isolated station, and I am critical of libraries. The third municipal amenity of McMurdo was the medical service, supervised by a young naval reserve medical officer. Most people did not know it existed, which should always be the case when a doctor is doing his job well.

Probably the worst and most constant strain the new Antarctic city-dweller had to face, I found, was the absolute impossibility of being alone. The familiar saying about modern war-that it consists of long periods of boredom interspersed occasionally with brief periods of acute unpleasantness-can also be applied to modern Antarctic *by*



*William Backus from the DF-III TF43 Cruise book  
Chapel of the Snows built by the Seabees during their  
free time.*

exploration. And to the sensitive man, of whom there are many today in Antarctica, the long blank periods are even harder to bear. They would be made more tolerable if somewhere-anywhere-he could get away for a while from his companions. But in our Antarctic cities there is no such place.

### Stratagems For Privacy

**D**OZENS of stratagems were tried by men who just wanted to be alone for a while. In the bunkhouses many odd-looking partitions were erected in an attempt to shut out the sight and sound of men, and some of the inhabitants lived in little tents made of blankets slung around their beds. Some tried the dodge of reversing their way of living. They slept when other men were up so that they could work or just wander about the camp when other men slept. But soon there were dozens of others who had come up with the same idea, and the streets of the city became as well populated at midnight as they were at midday.

And even those who intentionally slept during the daytime discovered that in the Antarctic summer months from December through February there was no night for them to walk into. Many a man who had never suffered from insomnia in his life found himself tossing about in his improvised bunk shelter, listening to the snores and grunts and night noises of 20 other men around him as long as he could. About 3 a.m. he would get up for a walk. Fumbling his way to the door of the pitch-dark hut, he would open it-and step out into broad daylight.

The New Zealand Antarctic party, on the other hand, had a neat little city on McMurdo Sound that most Americans admit should serve as a model for future polar settlements. The New Zealanders had so designed their huts that, without loss of space, every man had a little private cubicle into which he could go and bolt the door. Sir Edmund Hillary, who climbed Mt. Everest and now leads New Zealand's IGY team, does not think he and his men have "gotta be tough" to the extent of living on top of each other like schoolboys.

At McMurdo, and still more at Little America, the numerous petty exasperations of Antarctic city life almost caused one to lose sight of the momentous events that were taking place. At McMurdo men were struggling to get the 5,600-foot ice airstrip in a fit condition to receive the mighty Air Force planes again so that they might come in from New Zealand to complete the operation of supplying the outposts for the winter. At Little America they were striving to get tractor-trains through to Byrd Station over crevasse-torn territory where no man had ventured before. The polar city dwellers, though they were told they "gotta be tough" in their home life and were not always succeeding, were showing a remarkable amount of fiber when they went out on the job away from the cities.

One such city dweller was a young man whom I saw frequently around and about, usually alone, and with no badges or rank on his khaki shirt. He attended the movies, was usually in the chow line at mealtime, and sometimes

wandered into the press hut in the middle of the night to glance casually at the latest dispatches. The only time he made conversation with me was to ask one day what I thought the shipbuilding shares would be doing on the New York Stock Exchange at that moment, and since he might as well have asked me how many flying saucers I had seen lately, the conversation did not flourish.



*Photo from stock files.*

#### **Sir Ed Hillary in Antarctica**

Then one day when I went into the "head," as the Navy had forced us to call that place, I found him there giving the communications officer a haircut. His equipment was neatly laid out and two other citizens, a meteorologist and a photographer, were waiting their turn to have their locks shorn. I knew now that the "unknown stranger" was no more than the camp barber, so I made an appointment with him to cut my hair in a day or two, and left.

Meanwhile I had made the acquaintance of a cheerful young character who was navigator of one of the Navy's aircraft, and one morning when the weather suddenly turned favorable I learned that in the afternoon he was going up to the Beardmore station, halfway house to the South Pole.

"Can I come with you?" I asked immediately, for at that time I saw no hope of actually getting to the South Pole. Now I saw an opportunity of at least getting halfway there.

"I don't know, but I'll ask the skipper," he promised me. "I expect it will be all right, so go grab your survival gear and rations, and meet us at 2 o'clock at the Weasel by Admin."

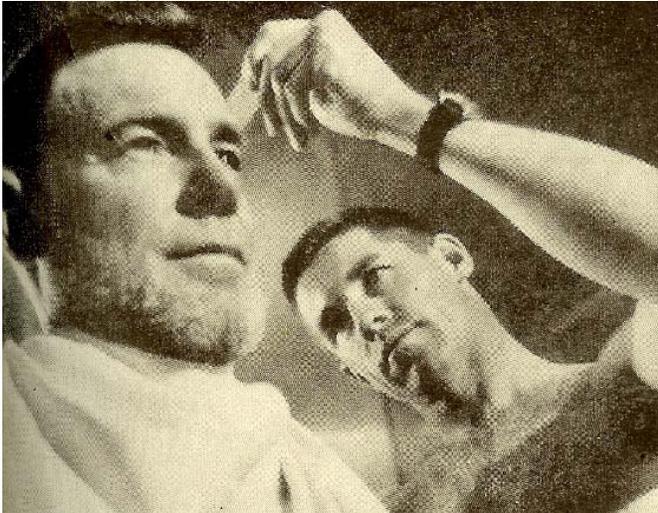
The aircraft was ready to depart when we arrived at the landing ground, and the pilot seemed itching to go. I scarcely had time to examine the craft, which was standing splay-footed on her huge skis with propellers whirring and her orange tail lifting, before the navigator handed me over to a genial young man with an Abe Lincoln beard who hustled me

aboard and slammed the double doors at the rear of the aircraft. The navigator and the rest of the aircrew had already got aboard through one of those mysterious forward entrances that we passengers never see. With many fewer bumps than I have been given by large commercial airliners leaving paved runways, our aircraft proceeded to skid along the ice for a remarkably short distance and lift into the air.

Once we were safely airborne the navigator came strolling into the cabin where I sat and asked me if I would like to come forward.

"You know the skipper, don't you?" shouted the navigator above the noise of the engines after guiding me in between the two helmeted figures of pilot and co-pilot.

The helmet on the left turned back a moment from the controls and I recognized the face of the camp barber. His name, I later learned, was Lieut. Commander Conrad S. "Gus" Shinn, USN.



**Gus The Barber, whose other more vital polar occupation was discovered later on by Robertson, trims a warrant officer's locks at McMurdo.**

### The Barber Makes Some History

**T**HE plane on which I rode, though I did not know it at the time, U may one day stand in the Smithsonian near Lindbergh's Spirit if St. Louis. It was the first aircraft ever to land at the South Pole. Byrd had flown over the pole in 1929 and had looked down on the featureless but unique spot around which the earth spins on its axis, and which only 10 men had seen before him. No man went there again until 1947 when Byrd paid a return visit, again by air. Others followed, but always without landing.

And then, in October 1956, this plane in which I sat had circled the pole and flown low while everybody aboard anxiously examined the rather hummocky surface. Then for the first time in 45 years that surface was disturbed by man when the quiet young fellow whom I had taken for the camp barber touched down on his skis, slammed along from hummock to hummock for a terrifying few moments, and came to a stop on the historic spot.

The name of the plane was *Que Sera Sera*, a phrase more in keeping with the age and condition of the plane than with the philosophy of the pilot. When one got to know him, Gus Shinn turned out to be as near a perfectionist as a man can be without being tiresome. He would not take a plane off the ground—nor the towels off the neck of one of his barbering victims—until he was absolutely satisfied that there was nothing he could do to improve the job. If something went wrong with the Sera, it was not going to be his fault.

But there was a lot of fault with the plane he was asked to fly back and forth to the South Pole. Just how old she was, and what her life story had been before she was taught to ski and sent off down to the South Pole, nobody was able to tell me. She had not even been designed originally for long-distance polar flying. A great cylinder like the boiler of a steam locomotive (this was her reserve fuel tank) filled most of the cabin where I sat. Undoubtedly I should have been more alarmed than I was when the locomotive boiler shifted slightly and strained against its lashings each time the aircraft pitched. But I now had that one thing that every ignorant passenger in an airplane needs—complete confidence in our pilot. So I sat back with serenity and looked out and down at the historic track we were following.

Heading in from McMurdo Sound toward the pole, we were following exactly the route that Captain Robert Falcon Scott and his companions had taken in 1912 as they hauled their sledge to the pole and-almost-back again. Nobody with a trace of the schoolboy left in him could look down on that dreadful white waste without wondering where was that tent, now covered forever under drifting snow, in which the greatest of the Antarctic dramas had been played to its end. And that range of unexplored mountains on our right: if any man could look at it without wanting to go scraping around its valleys and having at least one crack at its peaks, he could stay in the mess hall at McMurdo where he belonged and listen to Elvis Presley on the phonograph.

My friend the navigator came aft again, climbed awkwardly past the locomotive boiler and sat down beside me. "You'd better fasten your belt," he said. "We'll be landing at Beardmore in a few minutes."

Beardmore turned out to be no more than a single insulated canvas hut, half buried in snow, and a pile of fuel drums and JATO cylinders. The "airstrip" consisted of two red flags stuck into the snow, and when the camp barber had skidded down expertly between them and pulled his plane up beside the hut, I nipped out to explore.

"Don't be long," the navigator called after me. "The commander doesn't want to hang around in case we freeze up."

Inside the hut I found a table, a stove, four bunks and four bearded and rather smelly characters, who thrust the inevitable cup of coffee at me and, Antarctic-fashion, did not even ask who I was.

These men had been stuck there for three months with only a very occasional visit from an aircraft refueling on its way to the pole. Of all men who have gone south on

Operation Deep Freeze, these had the most isolated, thankless, and soul-destroying job. They were the only men I saw who were really up against the Antarctic, living under the primitive conditions the early explorers endured, and who really had "gotta be tough" if they were to get through."

"How do you get along together?" I asked one of them.

"Well, as you might expect," replied the smelly, bearded man, "we would either be ready to murder each other by now, or we'd stick together for always. But you can put it that we're buddies for life."

"How do you pass the time?" was my next obvious question.

"We have to radio a weather report to McMurdo every three hours," he told me, "so we have to stand fairly regular watches. Other than that, we spend a good deal of time inventing new ways of cooking the chow, and the first month we read every printed word in the hut. The second month somebody lost the four of spades from our last deck of cards, and since then we've been playing darts."

He pointed to the back of the wooden door of the hut. Stuck up there was what was left of a large and very naked pin-up bearing the marks of many thousands of darts.

I noticed that my mug of coffee kept sliding down toward the edge of the table, and on investigating this phenomenon I found that the whole hut had a heavy list to starboard. This was a progressive process, the bearded ones explained, for their entire home had been tilting farther and farther at the rate of about half a degree a week and had been sinking slowly. Like everything else on the Antarctic ice "Beardmore" was slowly disappearing into a frozen grave, and within a year or so there will be no trace of it. But I like to think that in a few thousand years some mariner may come across a peculiar iceberg with oil drums and a couple of red flags sticking out near the bottom of it. On closer inspection he will be puzzled still more to find the picture of a handsome but badly mutilated young woman.

"Commander says he's leaving in exactly one minute," shouted the cheerful voice of the navigator through the doorway of the hut, "and if you're not aboard you'll be here for three months!"

Exactly one minute later I had my first hair-raising experience of tearing off the ice with a blast of JATO slamming the bucket seat against me, and a few hours later I was set down again at McMurdo as smoothly, courteously and casually as if I had just completed a round trip from Idlewild to Peoria.

### A Chance To Go To The Pole

**M**Y principal assignment and ambition in coming to Antarctica, of course, had been to get to the South Pole. It soon developed that the Navy could not take me there. There were still five scientists to go in, and Rear Admiral George J. Dufek, the Deep Freeze commander, had wisely decreed that for every man who went in a ton of food would go, sufficient to feed him for a year, should anything

go amiss. So the Navy had better things to do than fly tourists around.



**Auxiliary fuel tank in Que Sera Sera seemed a haphazard device but enabled the plane to make its 1,460-mile flight to the pole and back.**

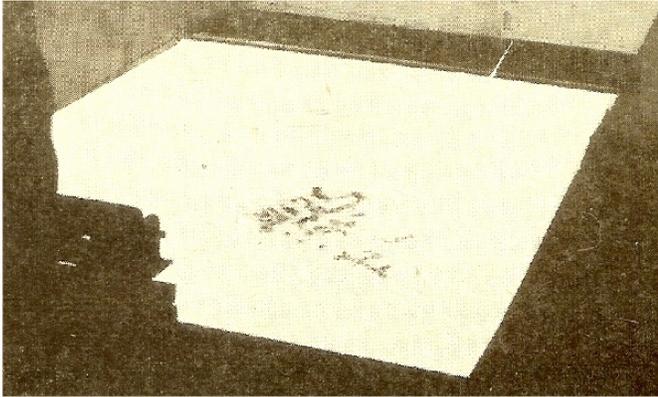
But where the Navy stopped, the Air Force cargo planes took over, and so I applied for passage in the first Air Force plane going to the pole in 1957. This plane was not going to land at the pole-only suitably equipped craft like the barber's ski plane could do that-but it would circle the pole, stay over it for about 40 minutes and drop the desperately needed supplies (cigarettes were the first item) to the expedition's scientific chief, Dr. Paul Siple, and his lads below. But anyone aboard her (like myself) would be able to say that he had "been" to the South Pole, which seemed to be an important clause in many assignments other than my own.

We were an impressive bunch. Since IGY had arrived in Antarctica in strength, a rough kind of classification system had evolved. Everyone on arrival turned out to be either "the Greatest Authority in the World" on something or other, or "the Famous Expert" on something else, or that "Great Explorer" so-and-so. So some of us had started ranking them as Gaws, Fexos and Grexes. Aboard this plane we had one of each variety, a Gaw, a Fexo and a Grex. The Gaw, who was one of the originators of IGY and had attended the first informal discussions at the International Union of Geodesy and Geophysics (IUGG), was known in certain circles-though I hope he never gets to know it-as "the Gaw of Iugg."

We departed only two hours late, which was pretty prompt by most Antarctic standards. In this type of aircraft the pole was only four hours away. The journey across the ice shelf was as dull to me as any featureless flight, which one has made before.

But then came the Beardmore Glacier. The nose of the aircraft suddenly pointed upward and the voice of the pilot came over the intercom saying, "I am now going up to 13,000 feet to clear the mountains and get onto the polar plateau. You may feel the oxygen lack, so move about as little as

possible and do not be alarmed if you feel some strange symptoms." Most of us, though we felt strange symptoms already, started dashing all over the plane from one window to another like excited schoolboys, and the Gaw of lugg kept pushing the Grex and the Associated Press man away from the glass so that he could get a better camera angle on the astonishing scenery which he, alone among us, had seen before.



**The Pole from the air is seen through a cargo hatch of a C-124 Globemaster. Dr. Paul Siple and 17 others have lived there for the past 11 months.**

We now understood why those experienced in the Antarctic always speak of going "up" to the South Pole and never "down," as is the usual talk. Even our big plane, the most powerful machine ever seen in the middle of Antarctica, practically had to struggle to get up the awful slope, and as we circled, gained height, and tried it again I thought of the poor old Que Sera Sera, with its engine boiler heavy in its belly, being coaxed up there time and time again by Gus the barber.

At the top of the slope, over the 10,000-foot-high polar plateau, we relaxed again. One or two had a whiff of the oxygen bottle either because of the excitement or because of the big party the night before. We were over dead flat featureless ice. Most people went to sleep.



**Author's view of the Pole, in picture taken by another photographer, was obstructed by plane's interior and by a supply package dropping away.**

They were awakened by the intercom: "We shall be over the pole in 15 minutes. Please put on your winter clothing and be prepared for a sudden drop in temperature when we open the doors." So spoke the intercom and we all pulled on our gloves and parkas. Then: "I'll count you down with 10." It was the pilot speaking to the loadmaster, and I had borrowed a pair of earphones to listen. "Ten-nine-eight-seven-six-five-four-three-two-one-Leggo!"

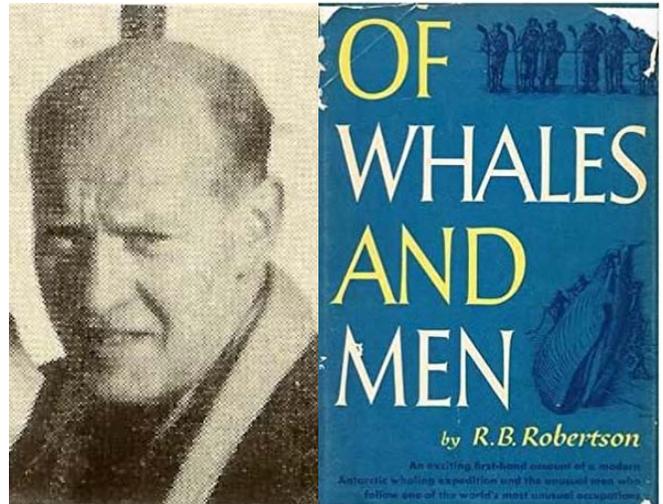
I took off my earphones and fiddled about, looking for my camera. I wanted a picture of the next consignment of the mighty load we were carrying going out through the doors in the belly of the aircraft. But when I had adjusted my camera and looked into the viewer, there was nothing there. Another 20-odd tons of gear for Dr. Siple and his 17 brave men, who were to be at that place where the pedestal fits into the globe for the next nine or ten dark and maybe dreary months, had shot out of the aircraft and were floating down by parachute before I could look up. "That completes our mission," said the earphones when I put them on again. And it completed mine too.

"Was it cold down there?" is the first question everybody asks when one says one has been to the South Pole.

To tell the truth, I didn't really notice.

## THE AUTHOR

Dr. R. B. Robertson, 44, is a psychiatrist who won acclaim as a writer in 1954 with his book *Of Whales and Men*. Describing a whaling expedition. A graduate of Scotland's St. Andrews University, he was in the British army in World War II. This year he published a second book, *Of Sheep and Men*, about Scottish shepherders. *Life Magazine* sent him to Antarctica to do this article.



**The author**

**and his book from my collection**

## NEW OAEA MEMBERS

Thanks to OAEA Guestbook, Elaine Hood, Obit Messenger, Antarctic Newsletter, Tom Henderson, Chuck Fegley, OAEA Contact Page, Marty Diller, PPHSGB, ICE Cap News, Bob McCauley, and Google 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 information to the OAEA Membership Chairman at: [upizauf@aol.com](mailto:upizauf@aol.com), or 850 456 3556. The below list of personnel have joined since the previous *Gazette*.

\*Denotes Associate Member

§Denotes Upgrade to Life or Renewal of Annual Member

ΦDenotes Upgrade to Regular Member

Dereske, Roger DC3	§Life	USS <i>Mills</i> DF-65
Fortner, Carl CDR	Life	VXE-6 1994-97
Orr, Murray AG3	Life	USS <i>Mills</i> DF-67
Takos, James CIV	Life	USARP Sat Track McMurdo DF-70
Vick, Clarence SS2	Life	USCGC <i>Polar Sea</i> & USCGC <i>Polar Star</i> 79/80-81
White, Charles RM2	Life	USS <i>Arneb</i> DF-IV & DF-60

## REUNION & MEETING INFORMATION

Send reunion notices to Billy-Ace Baker at 850 456 3556 or [upizauf@aol.com](mailto:upizauf@aol.com) for publication in the *Gazette*

**MCB-1:** Gulfport, MS, 15–18 October 2020. POC Peter Dowd. Peter can be reached at: 781 837 0393, or by email at: [mcb1reunion@verizon.net](mailto:mcb1reunion@verizon.net). MCB-1 participated in: DF-II, DF-IV, and DF-62.

**Assoc of Naval Photographers:** Pensacola, FL, 15–18 October 2020. POC Sammy Solt. Sammy can be contacted at: 757-714-9344, or: [nanpress@gmail.com](mailto:nanpress@gmail.com).

**Belvoir Nukes:** POC Bob Berkowitz. Bob is at 10777 Drive, Monroe NY 10952. **CANCELLED**

**OAEA:** Jackson (2020). POC Dewey Painter. I am at 22-1928, or at: [oaea2020reunion@gmail.com](mailto:oaea2020reunion@gmail.com). **CANCELLED**

**All Seabees:** Gulfport, MD, 22–25 April 2021. POC Robert Smith. Robert can be reached at: 228-424-1185, or: [smithrp@cableone.net](mailto:smithrp@cableone.net). Or Jon Scott at: 228-669-6858.



## OAE LOCATOR

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

• Dani Larson is attempting to find out as much information as possible regarding her grandfather's trip in Antarctica. He was there from October 1986, and died after a fall in a crevasse in November 1986. His name was John Smith; he was an ITT contract carpenter at McMurdo. If anyone has any memories about him please contact Dani by email at: [danilarson5@gmail.com](mailto:danilarson5@gmail.com), by phone at: (206) 482-9093, or by USPS mail at: PO Box 874063, Vancouver WA 98687.

• Andrew Fountain is looking for maps and photographs (aerial and ground-based) of the old Marble Point facility. His project is to summarize how camps have changed over time in the Dry Valleys. Sadly, According to Andrew his group understands that the US Navy has thrown out its photo archives of the region and they are looking to the OAEs to help supply them with maps and images of Marble Point.

Their goal is to develop a set of site maps showing the building footprints with photos to show a more human feel of the camp and how it changed over time. Ideally, they would like to add photographs and maps to their McMurdo Dry Valley website (<http://mcmurdohistory.lternet.edu/>), but they are most interested in finding historical images to help with their footprint calculations, so if one doesn't want to share their photos more widely, they can still be of great use.

Andrew can be reached at the following:

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 Department of Geography  
 Portland State University  
 17 Cramer Hall  
 1721 SW Broadway  
 Portland, OR 97201-0751 USA  
 Email: [andrew@pdx.edu](mailto:andrew@pdx.edu)  
<http://www.glaciers.pdx.edu>  
 Phone: 503-725-3386

**Editor's Note: I don't know if Andrew will be interested in the Marble Point nurses, but if you have any info or photos, feel free to ask him. Below is a photo of Sir Edmund Hillary and another man.**



*Sir Edmund at Marble Point*

• Bill Spindler is looking for the South Pole Station closing flight date for 1959. The following was received from Spindler:

"A couple of years ago I put together a spreadsheet of opening flight dates, which I've updated. Now that the opening flight is a bit late (the latest opening flight ever was 20 November 1959, so 2020 would be the second latest if it happens before then) there is interest from several people including Wayne White (current Pole manager) as to when the longest period of winter isolation might have been.

Some of the data on closing flights is hard to find, and I probably won't find it all. But the 1959 closing flight might be definitive, and I can't find the date. At the last OAEA meeting in San Antonio, you brought the Task Force 43 DF-IV (1958-59) winter-over cruise book for me to look through. Might there be a chronology in that cruise book which would indicate the date of the February 1959 Pole closing flight?"

Bill can be reached by email at: [wjspindler@gmail.com](mailto:wjspindler@gmail.com), or by phone at: 409-548-5290.

His Internet sites can be seen at:  
<https://www.southpolestation.com>  
<https://www.palmerstation.com>  
<https://www.mcmurdostation.com>

**Editor's Note: I checked subject cruise book. There is an opening flight date for South Pole Station, but no closing date listed.**

The first flight arrives to the South Pole for the 2020–2021 austral summer season on 18 November 2020. The Ken Borek Air modified DC3 Basler carried 14 passengers, the first arrivals since February. The 18 November opening date is the second latest, with 20 November 1959, being the latest first flight of the season.



*South Pole personnel aka Polies refueling Ken Borek DC3 Basler*



**Old Antarctic Explorers Association (OAEA)  
FY 2020 Accounting Statement**

I certify that the following report is a true accounting of financial transactions conducted by the Old Antarctic Explorers Association, Inc. during FY 2020 (1 October 2019 to 30 September 2020) as of 30 September 2020.

<b>FY 2020 ACCOUNTING STATEMENT</b>			
<b>INCOME</b>		<b>EXPENSE</b>	
<b><u>Donations</u></b>	<b>\$4,478</b>	<b><u>Administration</u></b>	<b>\$866</b>
Gazette/Subscription	\$354	Office Supplies	\$468
Undesignated	\$2,124	Office Equipment	-
Scholarship	\$2,000	Advertising/Recruiting	\$107
		Postage	\$291
		Internet Security	\$100
<b><u>Dues</u></b>	<b>\$1,176</b>	<b><u>Newsletter</u></b>	<b>\$180</b>
Life	\$1,080	<b><u>Newsletter /Reunion</u></b>	
Annual	\$30	<b><u>Ballots</u></b>	
Entrance	\$66	<b><u>Web Page</u></b>	<b>\$323</b>
<b><u>Interest</u></b>	<b>\$12</b>	<b><u>Florida License</u></b>	<b>\$61</b>
<b><u>Market Investments</u></b>	<b>\$7,658</b>	<b><u>Scholarships</u></b>	<b>\$2,000</b>
<b><u>Other</u></b>		To Students	\$2,000
		To Mutual Funds	
		Other	\$9
		<b><u>Other</u></b>	<b>\$20</b>
<b>TOTAL INCOME</b>	<b>\$13,325</b>	<b>TOTAL EXPENSES</b>	<b>\$3,459</b>
		<b>GAIN</b>	<b>LOSS</b>
		<b>\$9,866</b>	
<b>FINANCIAL STATUS OF OLD ANTARCTIC EXPLORERS ASSOCIATION, INC. AS OF 30 SEPTEMBER 2020</b>			
<b>Summary Statement</b>		<b>Asset Distribution Statement</b>	
Beginning Balance 10/1/2019	<b>\$78,848</b>	<b>Account</b>	<b>Tangible</b>
FY 2020 Transactions	<b><u>9,866</u></b>	Bank Accounts	<b>\$33,493</b>
Ending Balance 9/30/2020	<b>\$88,714</b>	Scholarship Mutual Fund	<b>\$55,221</b>
		Ships Store	
		<b>Totals</b>	<b>\$88,714</b>
<b>MEMBERSHIP STATUS OF OLD ANTARCTIC EXPLORERS ASSOCIATION, INC. AS OF 30 SEPTEMBER 2020</b>			
Membership as of 30 September 2020 - 1687			
Membership Change - 27			
Memorial Members - 73	Commemorative Members - 69	Annual Members - 7	
Lifetime Members - 1538	Deceased Members - 464		

W. W. Rouzer  
Treasurer 11/14/2020

