BaceB

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EXPLORER'S GAZETTE

Published Quarterly in Pensacola, Florida USA for the Old Antarctic Explorers Association

Uniting All OAEs in Perpetuating the Memory of United States Involvement in Antarctica

Volume 22, Issue 1 Old Antarctic Explorers Association, Inc Jan-Mar 2022

Reminder the deadline for registration for the OAEA 8–12 May 2022 reunion is 8 April. So hurry, get registered to attend and make your reservations at the Handlery Hotel. See Page 47 of this issue.

Halter Marine Awarded Contract For Second Polar Security Cutter Icebreaker For U.S. Coast Guard

Mike Schuler
30 December 2021

Pascagoula, Mississippi-based Halter Marine has been awarded the contract for the construction of the second U.S. Coast Guard Polar Security Cutter (PSC).

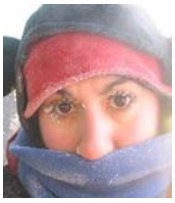
Halter Marine will serve as the prime contractor in the fixed-price incentive-firm contract awarded by the Department of the Navy. Initial efforts under the contract will target the purchase of long lead-time materials, specifically the generator sets, necessary to support production while ensuring commonality across the first two PSCs.

Halter Marine was awarded a $745 million contract in 2019 for the design and construction of the United States' first new heavy icebreaker in more than 40 years. The contract included two options that, if exercised, would bring the cumulative value of the contract to more than $1.9 billion.

Continued on Page 4

PRESIDENT'S CORNER

Allison Barden—OAEA President



HELLO, OAEs!—Hello, Hello! Happy transitional season time! Spring is right around the corner, and here's hoping nicer weather is around the corner in your part of the world. I'm looking forward to seeing many of you at the OAEA Reunion this May in sunny San Diego! It will be a great opportunity to reconnect with fellow OAEs in addition to absorbing some warmth, sunshine, and planned activities.

I recently returned home after five-plus months in McMurdo. It seemed like both a long time and went by in a blink. My head is still adjusting to this reality—in McMurdo, our world felt small and a bit disconnected from the rest of the world. It's a joy not to have the Internet in my pocket at all times and instead focus on our work and community.

For science, we supported projects in the fields of biology (penguin, seal, marine invertebrates including the world's largest sea spiders!), glaciology/geophysics, astrophysics, atmospheric science, geology/earth science, and other collaborative and technical support projects. A couple new satellite dishes and domes were installed this season to improve our off-continent communications. Four ships docked at the new ice pier in McMurdo in January alone: the Maersk Peary fuel tanker, USCG cutter *Polar Star*, HMNZS *Aotearoa*, and the resupply vessel *Ocean Giant*. We had opportunities to tour all except the resupply vessel, and it was fascinating. The *Aotearoa*, NZ's newest naval ship commissioned into service in 2020, is primarily a re-fueling and re-supply logistics vessel, and this year marked its maiden voyage to Antarctica. Overall, it was a great season—strange, yes, but we maximized the science and infrastructure support with the population at hand and succeeded at remaining COVID-free.

One highlight was a live video call from McMurdo with OAEA Members Dick Kopplin, Dave Hazard, Dave Riley, Ed Hamblin, and Marty Diller about the October 1970 Pegasus Super-Constellation crash near McMurdo. Dave, Dave, and Dick discussed the Pegasus aircraft and the event that caused her to cease operations, while Ed, Marty, and I spoke a bit about the OAEA and introduced McMurdo's current residents to our Association. I also got a chance to lead a snowmobile trip out to the Pegasus site in late January.

Please join me in welcoming our new and returning members this quarter: Philip Hinshaw, Stanton Beale, Robert Margie, Derek Blankenship, Rick Williams, Christopher Churylo, Charles Davidson, and Maggie Amsler. Also new members (and personal friends from this recent season in MCM, and joined from Antarctica) Andrew Anganes, Dan Schieffelin, and Marci Beitch. The number of new/returning members this quarter nearly doubled from the previous quarter, and their Antarctic affiliations range from military service, USAP support, and scientists from 1967 to present. I am excited and grateful for our growing community!

(continued on page 4.)

GROWLERS & BERGY BYTES

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

Page

DISCLAIMER STATEMENT

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Presidents Column

(continued from page 2)

Thank you to all who have donated to the Scholarship and General Funds this quarter: OAEA-New England Chapter, Bill Rouzer, Grant Nelson, James Baker, Philip Hinshaw, Robert Margie, and Andrew Anganes. Special thanks goes to Brenda Jones, who donated $1000 (split between scholarship and general fund), in memory of her parents and staunch OAEA supporters, Cyril and Millie Buehler. Cy was a Naval Support Force Antarctica Supply Officer from 1973–1975 and former treasurer of the OAEA.

As a non-profit organization, we rely on member dues and tax-deductible donations to cover our Scholarship Fund and operating costs. No donation is too small (or too big!)—please see the Donor Form and Information section of the OAEA website. Also a Donor Report is included on the last page of this issue.

Thanks as always to Billy-Ace for assembling our stories and missives, to Ed for doing some heavy lifting on the website, and all others who help make the OAEA happen. I am looking forward to seeing you at the reunion in May! Be well,

Allison Barden (AKA Sandwich)

****

PACIFIC NORTHWEST OAEA GROUP

There isn't a regional group in the Pacific Northwest, but there are enough members to consider it. What it takes is one person to act as pivot person. A few years back, I sent a group email to the PNW denizens asking if anyone was interested and to contact me and I would make a roster available. This might be worth a mention/re-mention here in this issue of the *Gazette*.

Ed Hamblin
ehamblin74@verizon.net

Happy Valentines Day

Happy Saint Patrick's Day
Paddy McWaddles

Polar Security Cutter ***From page 1***

The PSC program is a multiple year Department of Homeland Security program to acquire up to three multi-mission PSCs to recapitalize the USCGs fleet of next generation polar icebreakers.

Halter Marine, a company of ST Engineering North America, is teamed with Technology Associates (TAI) as the ship designer. The ship design is based on a German *Polarstern II* design. The Halter Marine and TAI teams, along with other suppliers, are finalizing the PSC design.

The Polar Security Cutter will be 460 feet in length with a beam of 88 feet overall, a full load displacement of approximately 22,900 long tons at delivery. The propulsion will be diesel electric at over 45,200 horsepower and readily capable of continuously breaking ice between six to eight feet thick. The vessel will accommodate 186 personnel comfortably for an extended endurance of 90 days.

In addition to TAI, Halter Marine has teamed with ABB and Trident Marine for its Azipod propulsion and power distribution system, Raytheon for command and control systems integration, Caterpillar for the main engines, Jamestown Metal Marine for joiner package, and Bronswerk for the HVAC system.

"By building the second Polar Security Cutter, Halter Marine will continue its mission in delivering a national priority to the United States Coast Guard. Our talented workforce here at Halter Marine is proud to be part of such an important endeavor," said Bob Merchent, President, and Chief Executive Officer of Halter Marine.

Construction on the first PSC is planned to begin in 2022 with delivery planned for 2025.

The Coast Guard's operational polar icebreaker fleet currently includes one 399-foot heavy icebreaker, Coast Guard Cutter *Polar Star*, commissioned in 1976, and one 420-foot medium icebreaker, Coast Guard Cutter *Healy*, commissioned in 2000.

Polar Star underwent a three-year reactivation and returned to operations in late 2013. Since then, the icebreakers has completed six Operation Deep Freeze deployments to resupply McMurdo Station in Antarctica, as well as one rare winter journey to the Arctic. The *Polar Star* entered into a service life extension project (SLEP) in 2021 to extend the cutter's service life by four years.

Nuclear Icebreakers Are Not An Option for Coast Guard

By: Mallory Shelbourne

The Coast Guard will not pursue nuclear-powered icebreakers, despite previous White House requests that the service assess the possibility, its top officer said recently.

Speaking at the Surface Navy Association's annual symposium, Coast Guard commandant ADM Karl Schultz said the service and the Navy discuss what kind of icebreaking capability the sea services require, but that a nuclear-powered icebreaker is not possible for the U.S.

A starboard view of the anchored US Coast Guard icebreaker Polar Star. Coast Guard Photo

"We've moved off the nuclear-powered breaker. That capability—the ability to operate that in the Coast Guard—that just doesn't exist nor can we build out to that with all the demands on our plate," chultz said.

Schultz's comments come after the White House in a memo last year directed the Coast Guard and other government agencies to reexamine plans for the Polar Security Cutter fleet, even though the service in 2019 issued an award for the first ship in the class.

"This assessment shall also evaluate defensive armament adequate to defend against threats by near-peer competitors and the potential for nuclear-powered propulsion," the memo read. The call from the Trump administration to look at the potential for building nuclear-powered icebreakers coincided with the Pentagon's ongoing shift to a National Defense Strategy that emphasizes high-end conflict with nations like Russia and China.

Navy officials in recent years have been sounding the alarm on the increasing Russian and Chinese presence in Arctic waters. Russia has a nuclear-powered icebreaker that sailed to the Arctic last year, CBS News reported in September. Reports suggest China may be planning to build one for its own fleet.

Schultz said he is concentrating on what he refers to as the "six-three-one strategy" for the icebreakers.

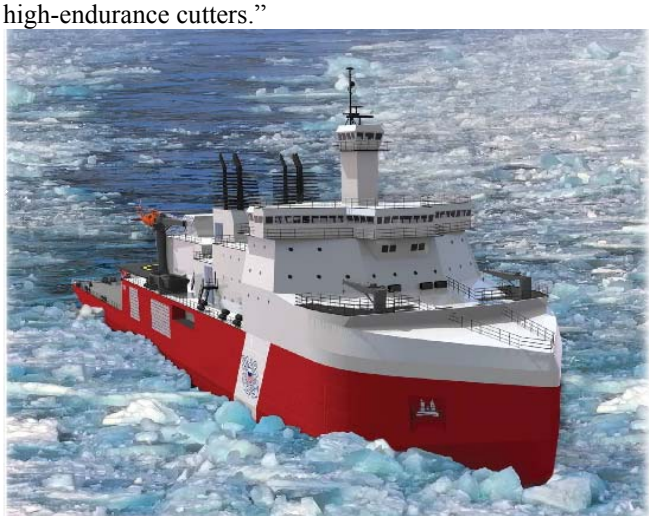
"Six-three-one was we need a minimum of six icebreakers. Within that six, three need to be heavy, or Polar Security Cutters as we [call] them. And we need one now," he said. Construction on the first Polar Security Cutter is slated to start this year. While the Polar Security Cutters are the heavy icebreakers, Schultz said the Coast Guard is working on requirements for its medium icebreakers, which the service is calling the Arctic Security Cutters.

"At the behest of the national security apparatus, they said, 'what would the real needs of the nation be at the high latitudes if you had a chance to sort of spend that out in a resource unconstrained model, commandant?'" Schultz said.

"And what we really looked at is potentially six Polar Security Cutters and maybe three Arctic Security Cutters—a fleet of nine US-flagged icebreakers. In the interim here, we're looking at some leasing options as a bridging strategy, not to be in lieu of, but additive and to close some gaps."

Asked about reinforcing hulls on other ships like the Offshore Patrol Cutters, Schultz said it's a possibility, but for now he is concentrating on the icebreakers the service is building.

"Could there be a longer conversation about ice reinforced OPCs towards the end of that production line? Yeah, maybe so," Schultz said. "But I would tell you I am crystal clear-eyed focused on PSCs, Arctic Security Cutters next and then there might be some trade space. But I think it's down the road about ice-reinforced hulls on medium and high-endurance cutters."



Artist's Rendering of Coast Guard Polar Security Cutter

Nation's Sole Heavy Icebreaker Returns To Antarctica To Resupply American Scientists

By Hope McKenney
10 February 2022

Polar Star at McMurdo Winter-Quarters Bay

The nation's sole heavy icebreaker arrived in Antarctica recently after a nearly three-month trip from Seattle.

The deployment marks the Polar Star's 25th journey to the earth's southernmost continent, supporting Operation Deep Freeze, an annual mission to resupply American scientists doing research near the South Pole, according to a Coast Guard statement.

USCGC Polar Star sits on a cloudy day in Antarctica, 17 January 2022. (Credit: PO3 Diolanda Caballero USCG)

Each year, the crew maneuvers the nearly 400-foot, 13,000-ton icebreaker to cut a channel to McMurdo Station, the U.S. Antarctic Program's logistics hub. It carves through miles of ice, sometimes up to 21-feet thick.

This winter, the icebreaker's 157 crewmembers spent four weeks breaking ice and grooming the shipping channel to the station, which was established on Ross Island in 1955.

The cleared route will enable two supply vessels to safely offload more than eight million gallons of fuel and a thousand cargo containers. Together, the two ships carry enough fuel, food, and critical supplies to sustain research operations throughout the year. Supply ships will return again during the next austral summer—the season in the Southern Hemisphere that runs from about November to February.

The mission marks the *Polar Star's* first return to Antarctica since the start of the COVID-19 pandemic, according to the Coast Guard statement.

The Polar Star sits in the Port of Dutch Harbor in January 2021. The ship is nearly 400 feet long and can break ice up to 21 feet thick (Hope McKenney/KUCB)

Last winter, instead of going south, the 46-year-old icebreaker conducted an Arctic deployment, and stopped in the Port of Dutch Harbor for the first time since 2013.

It was the ship's first winter Arctic deployment in nearly four decades.

The *Polar Star* patrolled Alaska's Arctic waters, including the maritime boundary line separating the U.S. and Russia, to assert maritime sovereignty and security in the far north and train the next generation of polar sailors.

Last winter's patrol was the farthest north any American ship has sailed in the winter months.

The Coast Guard has been the sole provider of the nation's polar icebreaking capability since 1965, according to the statement. Commissioned in 1976, the *Polar Star* is the United States' only heavy icebreaker. The Coast Guard is increasing its icebreaking fleet with construction of three new polar security cutters "to ensure persistent national presence and reliable access to the polar regions."

The construction on the first new icebreaker is expected to be completed in 2024.

A starboard view of the anchored Polar Star

PO 3 Diolanda Caballero USCG

Members of USCGC Polar Star stand in front of the cutter in Antarctica on 17 January 2022. Polar Star boasts over 150 crew members and Operation Deep Freeze 2022 is over half of the crew's first deployment to Antarctica.

Kiwis Exposed To Radiation At Antarctic Power Plant

By Thomas Bywater

Thomas Bywater is a writer and digital producer for Herald Travel

In a major new *Herald* podcast series, *Detour: Antarctica*, Thomas Bywater goes in search of the white continent's hidden stories. In this accompanying text series, he reveals a few of his discoveries to whet your appetite for the podcast. You can read them all, and experience a very special visual presentation. To follow *Detour: Antarctica*, visit iHeartRadio, or wherever you get your podcasts.

The Waitangi Tribunal will consider whether NZ Defence Force personnel were appropriately warned of potential exposure to radiation while working at a decommissioned nuclear reactor in Antarctica.

It's among a raft of historic claims dating from 1860 to the present day before the Military Veterans Inquiry.

After an initial hearing in 2016, the Waitangi Tribunal last year admitted the Antarctic kaupapa to be considered alongside the other claims.

"It's been a bloody long journey," said solicitors Bennion Law, the Wellington firm representing the Antarctic claimants.

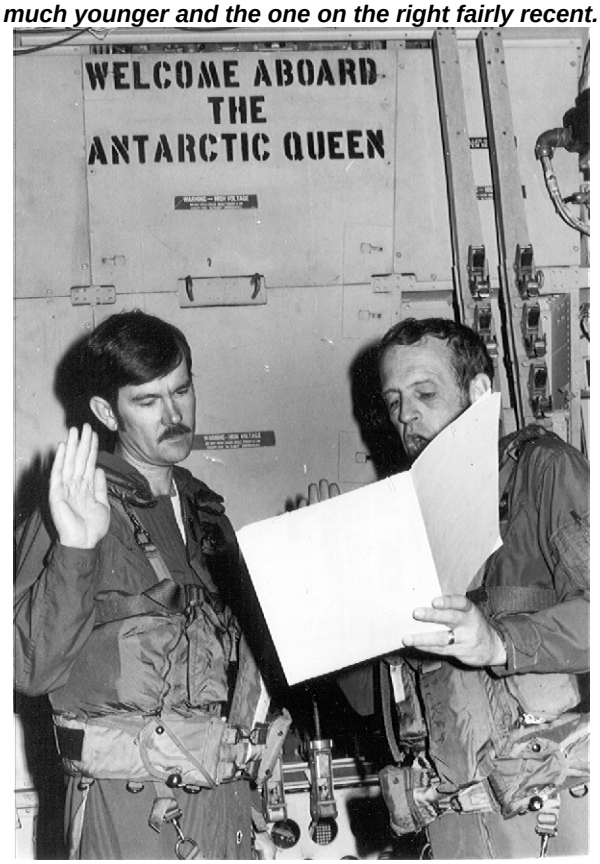
Between 1972 and the early 1980s, more than 300 tons of radioactive rubble was shipped off the continent via the seasonal resupply link. Handled by US and New Zealand personnel without properly measuring potential exposure, the submission argues the Crown failed in its duty of care for the largely Māori contingent, including NZ Army Cargo Team One.

PM3A Antarctica's nuclear power plant. Photo / US Navy, Atomic Energy Commission

In November 2017, New Zealander Pam Landy, was awarded compensation by the US Veterans Association after it was found her husband Jim Landy "was exposed to environmental toxins, to include radiation, while he was stationed at McMurdo Station, Antarctica".

Jim, a flight engineer with the US Navy, met Pam in Christchurch while flying LC130s for the US Antarctic Program. He died in 2012.

Two photos of Pam Landy. On the left when she was much younger and the one on the right fairly recent.



Jim Landy on the left reenlisting onboard an LC-130. With Cadillac Jack swearing him in.

Peter Breen, Assistant Base Mechanic at New Zealand's Scott Base for 1981-82, led the effort to get similar New Zealand stories heard.

Assistant Base Mechanic Peter Breen at Vanda Station in the Ross Dependency, Antarctica. Photo Supplied

He hopes that NZDF personnel involved in the cleanup of Ross Island might get medallic recognition "similar to those who were exposed at Mururoa Atoll". Sailors were awarded the Special Service Medal Nuclear Testing for observing French bomb sites in the Pacific in 1973, roughly the same time their colleagues were helping clear radioactive material from Antarctica.

Peter Breen now. New Zealand Antarctic military veterans advocate Peter Breen says the government response to concerns has not been good enough.

New Zealand Special Service Medal (Nuclear Testing)

A public advisory regarding potential historic radiation exposure at McMurdo Station was published in 2018.

Since 1975 the Waitangi Tribunal has been a permanent commission by the Ministry of Justice to raise Māori claims relating to the Crown's obligations in the Treaty of Waitangi.

The current Military Veterans' Kaupapa includes hearings as diverse as the injury of George Nepata while training in Singapore, to the exposure of soldiers to DBP insecticides during the Malayan Emergency.

Commenced in 2014 in the "centenary year of the onset of the First World War" the Māori military veterans inquiry has dragged on to twice the duration of the Great War.

Of the three claimants in the Antarctic veterans' claim, Edwin "Chaddy" Chadwick, Apiha Papuni and Kelly Tako, only Tako survives.

"We're obviously concerned with time because we're losing veterans," said Bennion Law.

Editor's Note: Chaddy Chadwick was featured in the Apr-Jun 2021 issue of the *Gazette* on page 12.

In 2010 there once was a rumor (?) that they were going to install several big screen TVs in the galley.

FEEDBACK & LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Aloha Billy-Ace,

I checked the latest *Explorer's Gazette* and did not see CDR Chuck Zilch's name listed.

He is the *FRA Today* Jan 2022 which I received today.

After he retired he and his horsey wife went to Michigan to run a horse farm. I sent him a couple of notes via snail mail, which he never answered.

I first met CDR Zilch at PG School when he was enrolled in the Met curriculum, then he showed up in NZCH when I was there after our first W/O (see photo below).

I escaped from PG Scol enlisted staff by going to Op DF, I was tired of sharpening pencils and cleaning acetates...

I have not printed the *Gazette* yet, up to my eyebrows in PowerPoint for a presentation in four weeks.

Aloha

Bruce DeWald
bdewald63@gmail.com

Editor's Note: I had not received an obit on commander Zilch in time for the Oct-Dec issue, but his death notice is listed in this issue of the *Gazette* on page 36.

Weather personnel at Christchurch. Commander Zilch on the far left.

Hi Billy-Ace,

First off…. Happy New Year to you.

I just finished reading your latest OAEA *Explorer's Gazette*, a publication of journalistic excellence.

Don't you feel sorry for those poor folks who are missing their $900K WINFLY! Our WINFLY in June '64 was for a medical evacuation, a first, and all we received was mail left over in CHCH from end of season…..plus we had poor Ham Radio (year of the Quiet Sun) and obviously no internet!

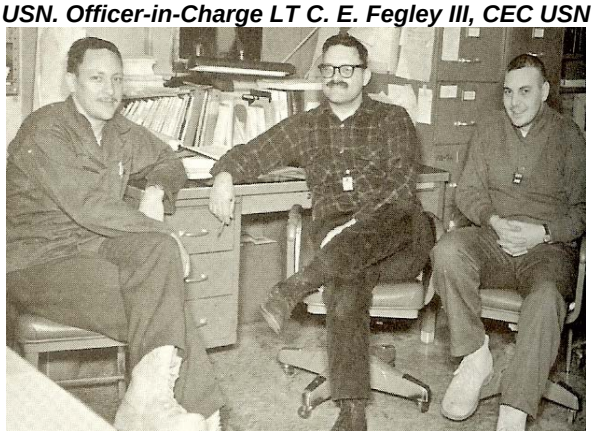
John Sieg, who passed away, wintered with us on Crew III at the PM-3A in DF-64 as Martin-Marietta's representative. Nice chap and follow-on friend of our Nukes.

Stay safe and healthy, Billy-Ace.

Chuck Fegley
thefegleys@verizon.net

Editor's Note: The below two photos are from the DF-64 Antarctic Support Activities cruise book.

(L to R) Plant Superintendent LTJG E. G. Bates, CEC USN. Officer-in-Charge LT C. E. Fegley III, CEC USN



Martin Company Reps: Scott, Sieg, Calderazzo

Happy New Year Billy-Ace,

Thanks for the feature in the *Gazette.* Nice job! Here's one correction--I'm not sure where you got this. Do you know? Maybe from another interview, but it WAS definitely a Navy expedition.

"George's trip was actually classified and not apart of the Navy like previously thought."

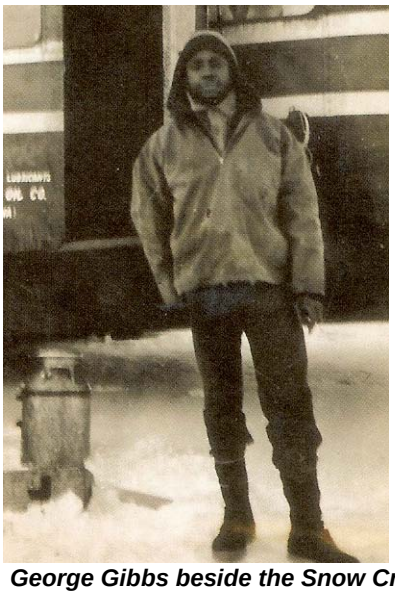
Warm Regards,

Leilani Henry
LRH@beingandliving.com

Leilani Raashida Henry, Author
"*The Call of Antarctica: Exploring and Protecting Earth's Coldest Climate*"
For more information including signed copies--
www.TheCallofAntarctica.com
Launched October 2021
"Creatively Optimizing Purpose and Performance" Leadership Development www.beingandliving.com
Wearable Art www.brainjewells.com

Author's Note: The review was written by Zac Fuller of the *Minnesota News*. I questioned that entry and was going to make note of it. In any event the United States Antarctic Service Expedition (1939–1941), often referred to as Byrd's Third Antarctic Expedition, was an expedition jointly sponsored by the United States Navy, State Department, Department of the Interior, and The Treasury. Although a U.S.-government sponsored expedition, additional support came from donations and gifts by private citizens, corporations and institutions.

In my collection I have a book, which gives details of the "joint" USASE, but I have not been able to locate it.



George Gibbs beside the Snow Cruiser

Billy-Ace

Michael Ebel recently posted a bunch of pictures of the McMurdo bowling alley teardown, as well as a few "historical" pix of the bowling alley on the Facebook page "I've Been To Antarctica".

There are two groups of pictures, one with 42 pictures, and the other with 71 pictures. One of the pictures has Sandwich in it, back in the manual pin setting area. When I wintered, one of our pinsetters was quite the drinker, and on one of our league nights around the 3rd game, we were yelling at him to set the pins and nothing was happening. The nuke HMC went back there to see what was up and the pinsetter was laid out, drunk. He always claimed a pin did it (hit him and knocked him out), but there no evidence of that. I do not remember how we finished up that night with our pinsetter out of commission. It wouldn't surprise me if something like that happened every winter while the bowling alley was in business down there.

The Facebook page can be found at: https://www.facebook.com/groups/2212798205/)

Ed Hamblin
ehamblin74@verizon.net

Bowling night at McMurdo-Setting pins

Penguin pins

Dear Elaine, dear Billy-Ace,

My search on the journalists who went to Antarctica is finished. The last reporter, the German Eberhard Schulz, was hard to find, but on Wikipedia I found one who died in 1982.

I had his address but nothing else. Last Monday I searched in the library between old newspapers of the FAZ and I found his necrology. One of the family and one of the newspaper. In the necrology of the family there was his home address: Kelkheim. I had a picture also from the newspaper and through ear-recognizing I could point the man.

Also Arie de Kool I found through ear-control.

Elaine, thanks to you I had the complete list of reporters. On the list the reporters received from the Navy at Antarctica Simon Nathan was not on. And Leverett Richards is not on the picture. But I completed it.

Billy-Ace, I had no response from the *Gazette* (Apr-Jun 2021) Locator Column readers, but I received an email from Paul Richter in Japan. Paul is the grandson of Ernest Richter who worked at the Stars & Stripes in Tokyo. I had several contacts with the S&S and they put one of these on FB. By coincidence Paul read this and called his mother if it could be her father. We still have contact.

Kazuto or Kazuhito Ishimaru, known as Ken on the trip to Antarctica, I could find him through the Mainichi Shimbun in Tokyo. They don't know a Ken, but after a month searching they said it was Kazuto or Kazuhito. They gave me the address of his daughter and we still contact.

Durkee Richards was my first contact who I wrote a letter through with picture. But Durkee told that he couldn't find his father on the picture. But there is a picture taken my my father that I sent to Durkee. The one with pilot-sunglasses is my dad, he said.

It wasn't easy to find all these man. Mendenhall, Peter Reich, Skrotsky, de Kool, Schulz, and Richter were very difficult to find. Werner Haller (Switzerland) and Larry Bush were friend of the family and Weaver and Nathan were very easy to find on the Internet.

The final photo with the names is attached for your archives.

Regards

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The final photo

ROBIN FOUBISTER SCOTT BASE LEADER

By Graeme Connell

A picture of Captain Robert Scott appealed to an eight-year-old boy so much that he wanted to know more, the early explorers and the expeditions.

Twenty-seven years later Robin Foubister found himself as leader of the 1968–69 New Zealand Antarctic Research Programme (NZARP) at Scott Base.

Robin Foubister with McMurdo Chaplain Baar, November 1968.

He died on 18 January 2022, at his home at Muriwai, 26 miles north of Auckland City, New Zealand. He was 88.

Foubister's first step in realising his ambitions to get to Antarctica began with his appointment as Officer-in-Charge of New Zealand's Campbell Island Meteorological Station. He once related that of his 365 days on the sub-Antarctic island 232 days were spent exploring the island and bird banding, in conjunction with his duties as leader. A total of 8,000 birds were banded, of which 2,000 were Royal Albatross.

The major thrust in his term as Scott Base Leader was to establish New Zealand's second base at Lake Vanda in the Wright Dry Valley some 80 miles away across McMurdo Sound and over the Wilson Piedmont. This new, remote, and isolated Vanda Station saw six men winter over.

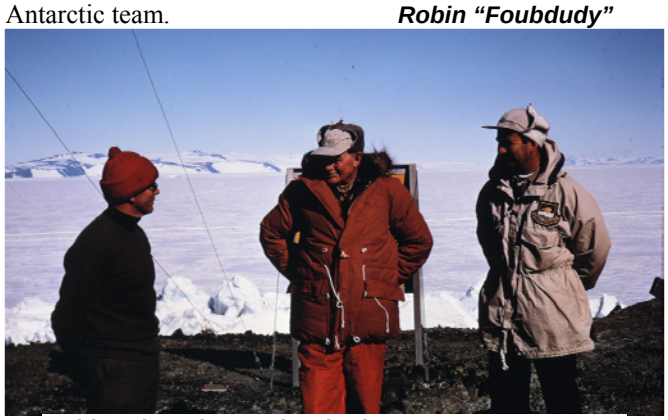
The project included what was loosely termed the last of the great tractor trains hauling equipment and supplies across the sea ice from Scott Base to the Bay of Sails and up and over the Wilson to the dry valley where Ferguson tractors shuttled to the lakeside base. The NZARP team experienced several challenges and dangers, and mobilising the Tucker Sno-Cat Able left from the TransAntarctic Expedition of 1957.

Robin Foubister and many of his team enjoy a sunny break at Scott Base. (Foubister in black sweater centre).

The base was officially opened by New Zealand's Governor General Sir Arthur Porritt in January 1969.

As leader, Foubister, known to his US contacts at McMurdo as Foubdudy, deployed people and arranged transport for a variety of projects. These field parties included groups from New Zealand universities as well as hosting and providing logistics for a six person Italian Antarctic team headed by Carlo Mauri as well as a Japanese Antarctic team.

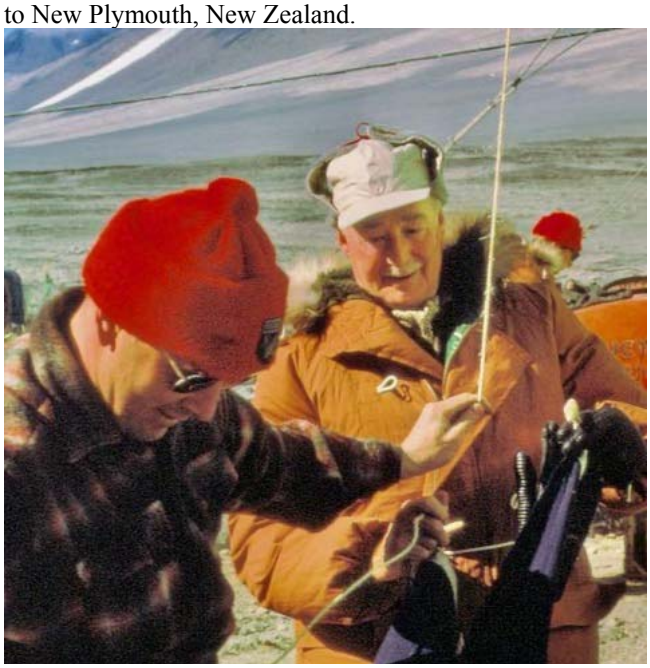
Robin "Foubdudy"



Robin, Sir Arthur and Bob Thompson at Scott Base

At Vince's Cross

Foubister's life of adventure started when he secured a berth as third engineer for the 1959–60 delivery voyage of the dredger *Ngamotu* from the Paisley, Scotland, shipyards to New Plymouth, New Zealand.



Robin Foubister assists the New Zealand Governor General Sir Arthur Porritt to raise the Vice Regal flag at the opening of New Zealand's remote base at Lake Vanda in the Wright Dry Valley, January 1969.

He was the Mountain Manager for the Turoa ski field 1981–87, on the southern slopes of Mount Ruapehu.

Marathon running attracted his attention and in 1994 he won the Auckland triathlon for his 65-plus age group.

Born in Lyttelton, Robin was a keen member of the New Brighton surf lifesaving club in Christchurch, a sport he retained throughout his life. He was made a life member of the New Zealand Surf Lifesaving Association recognising his involvement over 73 years during which he won several national and world titles.

Apart from his life as an adventurer, athlete, and engineer, Robin was involved as a gardener and propagated plants for Muriwai beach regeneration.

He leaves his sons Andrew, Richard, Michael and James, and his partner-for-life Sue Maloney and their three children Pipi, Benedict, and Thaddeus.

Robin with his and Amy's Three kids

Robin at Scott Base 40th Anniversary 2008

GRAEME CONNELL

Graeme Connell, the author of this article, was born in New Zealand dropped out of high school and swapped his newspaper delivery life for a writing career as a journalist. After 10 years in daily newspapers he signed on for a six-month assignment as a journalist and photographer in Antarctica. He celebrated that adventure with two years in the Fiji Islands as assistant editor of the Fiji Times, and then emigrated to Canada with his wife and three daughters. He ended his newspaper career as publisher of (then) Canada's northernmost daily newspaper and joined Mobil Oil as head of public relations back in New Zealand transferring later to Canada and an international assignment in the US corporate offices. He was closely associated with a plant to convert natural gas into gasoline in New Zealand, the construction of the Hibernia oil field off Newfoundland and the development of the Sable gas field off Nova Scotia. After all that finished he purchased a commercial print shop, which he sold after 10 years and retired to write books. He lives with his wife Lois, an accomplished artist, in Calgary, Alberta, Canada.

Graeme Connell

Author of: *Beginnings at the End of the Road* (2019),
Uncharted (2016),
Finding Dermot (2014),
Tide Cracks and Sastrugi (2011)

TEN COOL FACTS ABOUT PENGUINS TEST YOUR PENGUIN KNOWLEDGE!

A Group Of Penguins In The Water Is Called A Raft But On Land They're Called A Waddle!

Other names for a group of penguins include rookery, colony, and huddle.

The black and white "tuxedo" look donned by most penguin species is a clever camouflage called countershading.

When swimming, the black on their backs helps them blend in with the darkness of the ocean from predators viewing from above. Their white bellies help them blend in with the bright surface of the ocean when viewed by predators and prey from below.

Penguins May Huddle Together For Several Reasons.

This behavior helps these birds protect themselves from predators. In frigid habitats, huddling helps penguins retain warmth.

Penguins Evolved To Fly Underwater.

Most birds have hollow, air-filled bones to help them stay light for flight. Penguins adapted with solid bones instead. This helps them swim because solid bones reduce buoyancy—the tendency to float.

A Penguin's Thick Feathers Aren't The Only Way This Bird Stays Warm.

A gland near the base of its tail provides waterproof oil. Penguins spend several hours each day covering their feathers with this oil and give extra attention to the task before swimming.

Penguins Live In Many Locations And Habitats.

You can find them in Antarctica and Antarctic islands, the Galapagos Islands off the coast of Ecuador, South Africa, New Zealand, Australia, Peru and Chile.

Contrary To Many Popular Holiday Cartoons, You'll Never See Penguins And Polar Bears Together In The Wild.

That's because penguins live south of the equator while polar bears live north of the equator in the Arctic!

Penguin Feet Are Adapted To Walk Long Distances.

Some species of penguins can march up to about 60 miles across sea ice to get to their breeding grounds. Penguin feet are also adapted to help the birds steer while swimming. They use their feet like rudders, angling them to help control direction.

Many Male Penguins Gift Female Penguins With Rocks In Order To Woo Them.

The ladies use these rocks to build a nest.

According To Some Animal Experts, The Penguin Is One Of The Most Streamlined Animals In The World.

A penguin's body is tapered at both ends and it has a large head, short neck, and elongated body. This streamlined design helps penguins swim fast.

HOTEL LOBBY 2008 OAEA REUNION

The display of an adult polar bear with two cubs, and numerous penguins on an iceberg was the first thing that reunion attendees saw when they walked into the lobby entrance of the Pensacola Beach Hilton Hotel. Needless to say, the OAEs, one and all, promptly notified the hotel staff that penguins and polar bears did not co-exist. Apparently, whoever created the display had seen too many Coca Cola commercials. After hearing the same complaint so many times, from so many people, the hotel staff finally removed the polar bears from the display.

I knew how it was going to play out, so when the predictable happened and the polar bears disappeared, I was waiting. I approached the concierge and asked what had happened to the polar bears and I was informed that everyone had told them that there were no polar bears in Antarctica so they were removed. I shook my head in disbelief and said "you know these guys haven't been to Antarctica in years and they don't know what is happening." I explained that due to global warming the North Pole was melting and all the polar bears were migrating to the South Pole. One of the counter clerks said, "isn't that a long way for the bears to swim?" I replied; "Of course, but it's all down hill. I don't know if they believed me or not, but the bears were never returned to the display and by the last day of the reunion hardly any of the penguins were left.

From the Oct-Dec 2008 Gazette

ANTARCTIC ADVENTURES

Written by Yolonda Washington

Journey and her mother Yolonda

PART ELEVEN "WE ARE GOING TO SLEEP WHERE"

You may not know this, but in all of our travels over this wonderful planet, one of Journey and my traveling goals is that we spend an overnight on whatever continent we are visiting.

Was Antarctica going to prove to be the exception?

No it wasn't! By design we chose the base camp adventure option as part of our trip to Antarctica. This included all experiences "with the ice", and it proved to be just that. So far we have been on the ice, over the ice, in the ice and everything else in between. But would we get the opportunity to "sleep on the ice"?

Everything is dependent on the weather, it can change instantly. Our captain, lead expedition, scientist and crew were ever vigilant and monitored the situation daily. Activities would change based on conditions. Safety is paramount.

The day before the weather turned a bit more dangerous and camping had to be cancelled. All the passengers who desired to go camping were anxious we would not get to go again. You were required to sign up daily so they could have enough equipment for a small party.

That evening at dinner I just happened to be done with my meal and was relaxing in the dining room, I happened to see one of the familiar passengers rise up and walk very deliberately toward the dining room exit. Being an educator of persons with disabilities and exceptionalities I am very aware of body movements, postures, and non-verbal communication. I could tell by his stance, focus, transitional behavior and the way he was walking…that something was up!

My mind pondered for a second and I thought…. a decision has been made…a camping trip is on! And you need to sign up. It was not formally announced as the signup sheet was already posted and filled. It normally was not my groups (Albatross group) day for camping as we had been canceled the day before. But this young fella was part of Albatross group, so where was he heading off too? I figured it out…there must have been some people in the other group who changed their mind.

So I too, walked "deliberately" toward the exit, and proceeded to the activity board. And voila!!! There were four openings! I see where the other young fella took a spot and I added me and Journey's name! I was so excited to tell her we got a spot for camping tonight!

Misty blue water and sky, view from the zodiac.

She was ecstatic! I was giddy! We dashed to our rooms to get ready! Time to layer up! The briefing said we were going to be given bivouac sleeping gear and bags but to dress appropriately. And dress we did, I was so thrilled that we had planned accordingly for just this part of our trip adventure. All along we have been dressed effectively for all our excursions but for this adventure I had purchased a special

Journey and Yolonda on the land, layered up for an overnight on the ice.

item…. down feather sleeping slippers. I had read somewhere that a lady had purchased them and was so disappointed when she forgot to bring them on her Antarctica camping excursion. We would not forget. So we dressed warmly in layers, we added an extra layer of top and bottom long johns, for a total of four layers instead of three.

We went down into the "hold" for our briefing…. they showed us all the bivouac gear. So exciting, they prepared well. There was an outer bag, two inner bags, and a reflective pad ground liner. After identifying and securing all of our gear, we were assigned a time to meet on the helicopter pad. No helicopter ride, just a large outdoor meeting place. Once again we were thrilled, because most of the people we knew on the trip were on this excursion this time! They all joined because they loved our idea of being able to sleep on the ice as well and joined in. Evidently some other persons from the other group backed out so there were openings. I am not sure what folks were afraid of. But it could have been, during the briefing, they told us that we would be "on our own", they would not be able to return for us till morning so to proceed cautiously if you sign up. There would be no food and no indoors anything, you would be overnight out in the elements. Well that sounded exciting to our intrepid group, but maybe not to others! So be it, off we go!

We loaded into the zodiac and ventured past the Vernadsky Station, toward the Wordie House. Too funny, anyone in their right minds, may have said, why don't we sleep inside there…but No! Not our group that would be the logical thing to do!

We arrived at our spot and the light was quickly dimming. The team leaders reminded us to find a spot a prepare quickly as it will be totally dark soon and hopeful some stars for light.

Dig Down! Dig where? Dig Down! Was the instructions. Basically build up the sides around your sleeping area to about twelve inches above your sleeping bag level. Build up walls so that any wind would "pass over you" and also to offer insulation. Well, considering you are not trying to make a large area, and just enough to fit your sleeping bag….it seemed like you were "digging your icy grave!" and making it nice with built up walls on the side. Yup, that is what it was like, can you picture it! We all laughed about that.

There was one shovel amongst all of us and we passed it around. Journey declined, she jumped right into the task with a master plan. She tried to instruct me, "Mom, don't build on the hill", but of course I didn't feel an incline so ignored her. I was in mommy mode and wanted to help her. She didn't want any help and shooed us all away. Her sleeping space came out perfect! I didn't think mine was that bad, not as cute as hers, but it was good. Remember when she told me not to build on the hill, well, she was right! You will find out in a minute.

Journey has picked the perfect spot to prepare her sleeping area.

Ok so, after digging the base, we laid the reflective mats down and prepared our sleeping bags. Journey was smart again, she declined to use the inner blue one because it was snug around your body and kind of restrictive if you were layered in clothing. We had decided to keep our coats and outer gear on, some people took them off. But we had the secret weapon!! When you took your boots off, some people said their feet were cold, but not ours…we had our wonderful down slippers! We were cozy as bugs in a rug! This was wonderful!

Journey unpacking her bivouac pack.

What is that sound! I heard music! Are you kidding me, who is playing a radio! Before we all zipped up in our bags and got the final check from the team leader before they departed, we heard a radio. He quickly put an end to that, there was to be no radios. I was so thankful for that! Good grief people, leave your technology home sometimes, unplug!

And then it was dark! The team leaders left and we were all alone. I could hear some whispers and laughter. It was so nice. I called over to Journey, how are you doing? She said great and then she fell fast asleep!!! Too funny!

Yolonda all set up, getting ready to tuck in.

The night was beautiful. There were soft greys and blues in the sky where the moonlight was dancing among the clouds. I heard sea lions and ocean waves in the far background. I was at peace with my thought and feeling so blessed.

And then it happened…. I started sliding…ever so slightly but none-the-less perceptible! Yep, Journey was right, I was on an incline. Don't you hate it when the kids are right! I was ever so slowly sliding down my imperceptible hill. I tried not to move, but to no avail. I finally hit the bottom of my "ice wall" and stopped. Yeah! I would not travel any further. That was my first oopsie! I was going to call over to Journey, but I was not in the mood to her, "I told ya so".

Surrounding campers all prepping their areas.

I returned to my peaceful mood and slumber and then surprise! Ladies, you know what I am going to say! I had to go pee! Yepper, my body didn't care, it's on a time schedule and it said its time! Too Funny! I was laughing to myself so much I almost went right there! You have got to be kidding me!

So, there is no bathroom, they did bring a "pot" that was way across the camp. No way was I going to try to trek over there. I called to Journey, but alas all I heard was deep snoring and satisfying slumber, no response from her! So my mind went to work! I did not want to "soil" this wonderful

environment, as I am respectful of the area and the rules. I pondered what I had brought in my bag!

I was a previous Girl Scout and I am also a Mom! We are always prepared for an emergency and can improvise anything. (If you are squeamish, skip this paragraph). I remembered that I had packed two extra inner sleeping bags and an extra outer plastic one. I thought Journey might get cold, and as a mommy I came prepared. Well, since she was cozy, I thought…well I have "padding" and a "container" …. This may be possible! Then I thought about the cold. Yup it was cold out! I mentally calculated how many seconds I would need to get the deed done and get back into my sleeping bag. I calculated where the extra supplies were, how far I had to reach, and ladies, most importantly where to place my feet so that I would not get "wet" …you know that I mean! I was an engineering and mathematical genius! I had it all figured out! And it was going to work! Ready-Set-Go! Out, Assemble, Pee, Recoup, In. I DID IT! And not a drop hit that pristine ice. It was all sealed in that bag! Yes! Amazing Feat Accomplished! I laughed myself to sleep the rest of the night!

Last call to the Team Leaders; they are preparing to leave us alone for the night.

It was a beautiful night. I felt so wonderfully small on this large continent, I can see why camping is such an awesome experience here. You literally get to be part of the earth where not many can say they have touched. I loved it. The air was crisp and clean. Journey and I both would peek out of our sleeping bags to take it all in with all our senses. At one point, you heard a pitter patter on your sleeping bag, and when you peeked out, we realized we were being lightly snowed on! It was beautiful. The graces of the heavens were raining down on us. The mountains in the background seem to be watching over us like sentinels on guard. The scenery was better than a painting or picture could every capture. Definitely a night to journal about. Absolutely splendid!

Journey says Good night!

That morning I awoke early and looked over to my left, and lo and behold there was a large sea lion that had been observing us all night. I bet he was thinking, here are these funny humans again. This was the furthest south we have been and it was so nice to be greeted by one of the inhabitants This was one of the best experiences of my life. Unforgettable. I would do it again in a heartbeat.

Antarctic Adventures to be continued
NEXT ARTICLE:
Part Twelve:
Plenty to do on Petermann and Pleneau!

Sea Lion that had his eyes on us all night.

The Sea Lion seemed to be saying: "Why did you wake me up so early?"

Antarctica Is Like No Other Place On Earth

By Macduff Everton
14 February 2022

A Stark Landscape Makes The Coldest Continent On Earth

The Gentoo penguin colony at Petermann Island.

Antarctica is the coldest, driest, and windiest continent on earth. It's like no other place on earth—a devastatingly beautiful, beguiling, enchanting, and dangerous landscape. Perhaps I'm using too many adjectives, but Antarctica deserves them all.

The Greek word *arktos*, meaning bear, is the source of our word Arctic; a dictionary definition is, "Pertaining to, or situated under, the northern constellation called the Bear." While Ursa Major (Great Bear) is dazzling in the northern sky and the logical choice, Ursa Minor (Little Bear) contains Polaris, the North, or Pole Star, designating the celestial North Pole.

There is no comparable star in the southern hemisphere. Antarctica literally is the anti-Arctic, with no bears, real or celestial. It is located under a permanent ice cap averaging 1.9 kilometers thick, twice the average elevation of any continent. The ice cap locks up at least eighty per cent of the world's fresh water. But today, with little annual precipitation, it is basically a barren icy desert.

The strait off Antarctica between Kiev Peninsula and Booth Island

Antarctica's shores are ringed in ice, and the surrounding poorly charted waters are a navigational hazard dangerously chock full of sea ice and icebergs. Even though the ancient Greeks and Romans hypothesized that it should exist if only to balance the continents in the northern hemisphere, it wasn't until the nineteenth century that sealers, whalers, and explorers discovered this strange world at the bottom of the world.

In geological terms it arrived rather recently. It was part of the ancient supercontinent of Gondwana that broke up in the late Mesozoic era into the bits and pieces that became continents, islands, and land masses we know today: Australia, New Zealand, South America, Africa, Madagascar, India, and Antarctica. Only 25 million years ago Antarctica detached itself from South America to drift slowly to the South Pole. Fossil records show a once-temperate land covered first in snow, then ice, before becoming the benumbed landscape we know today.

The frozen continent has no indigenous culture and belongs to no nation. Since 1961 the Antarctic Treaty System administers it under an international agreement that sets aside the continent as a scientific preserve, while establishing freedom of scientific investigation, banning military activity, and providing environmental protection. One needs no visa to visit and there are no passport controls. The problem is how to reach it.

In December and January, I made two back-to-back voyages to Antarctica, on MV *National Geographic Explorer*, a fully stabilized expedition ship, an ice-class vessel with a strengthened hull strong enough to push through the Antarctic sea ice. With a fleet of Zodiacs and side doors, it gave us the flexibility, depending on conditions, to sail and land anywhere we were allowed to visit. The Lindblad/National Geographic Expeditions staff included naturalists, historians, undersea specialists, and something no other tour company offers, a National Geographic photographer on board for each trip. That was my role; I gave lectures, answered questions, guided, and joined guests in the lounge and at meals. For several years I've made pilgrimages to Antarctica. My wife Mary Heebner joined me on two of the trips.

Cuverville Island, Antarctica

I brought my Noblex panoramic film camera and scads of rolls of film. Guests would watch me shoot and then ask to see the photograph, thinking there would be a button I could push to show them the digital file. It would be a month before I developed my film and see any of my images.

More than 90 percent of ships visiting Antarctica leave from Ushuaia, the cold and rainy Argentinian frontier town on the island of Tierra del Fuego, the terminus of the Pan American Highway. It is on the northern side of the Beagle Channel. The southern bank is Chilean, as is Cape Horn at the tip of South America. Between Cape Horn and the Antarctic Peninsula is Drake Passage, the dreaded and often stormy open ocean spanning a thousand kilometers. The seas are infamous for the strong westerly winds delineated by latitudes—the Roaring Forties, the Furious Fifties, the Screaming Sixties—that generate great force and strength, unimpeded by large landmasses. A stormy sea crossing is hard to forget. The weather can change so quickly it's hard to forecast whether you are going to experience the "Drake Lake" or the 'Drake Shake."

Soon after 6 p.m. on the summer evening of 19 December, we sailed from Ushuaia with 148 guests. Dinner, after a safety drill, began at eight. On the reception counter was a basket full of seasickness pills. When we left the protected Beagle Channel and the ship rose and fell as we met the deep swells of the open sea, many of the guests who hadn't put on a patch or taken a pill headed for the basket at reception. But we were lucky. A low-pressure system sitting over Antarctica prevented the usual storms, allowing us a rare and relatively calm passage.

The staff shared cabins on the B deck, just above the waterline. To get to the bridge we had to climb up four levels. The lounge and chart room were up three levels, the restaurant two. It was as if we were on a Stairmaster all day long. The only communal room on the staff level was the mudroom, from which we would embark on explorations, with benches and open lockers where we hung our survival jackets and Wellies, and side doors we opened for boarding Zodiacs.

An icemaster is a ship captain experienced in sailing polar waters. Captain Leif Skog was arguably the most experienced ice expedition captain in the industry. When he first sailed these waters the nautical charts for Antarctica were incomplete. Good maps rely on expensive hydrographic surveys and no government among the Antarctic Treaty system was volunteering to undertake the expense. If Captain Skog wanted something more, he needed to create his own charts, so when his staff landed passengers for their excursions, he sent crewmembers in a Zodiac to crisscross the water with a GPS and a sonar device to map every expedition destination, the more remote, and uncharted the better. He shared and distributed his seafloor depth information with others navigating these waters.

A Norwegian company developed Olex, a seafloor database for mapping and navigation around the world. It provides a three-dimensional chart system to use in conjunction with standard navigational charts. Antarctica isn't a location I would first think of for crowd sourcing, but each ship, depending on weather, tides, season, and ice, uses a different route, however slight, and adds to the mapping of the sea floor. Thousands of contributing users are constantly updating billions of bathymetric soundings worldwide.

Credit: Mary Hebner

Olex mapping

In addition to scientific expeditions, tourism in Antarctica is increasing, as are the risks and safety issues, especially now when even mega-cruise ships with thousands of passengers are navigating freezing waters strewn with icebergs and where weather can suddenly deteriorate to blizzard conditions. Captain Skog developed the safety and emergency procedures for International Association Antarctica Tour Operators (IAATO), ensuring every commercial vessel operating in Antarctica remain in daily contact to respond to any emergency. There is no local Coast Guard in Antarctica to help. When there is a maritime incident, it is often another expedition cruise ship that comes to the rescue.

The weather was brisk but not freezing. Pelagic birds rode the air currents. Climbing, dropping, swooping, banking, plucking something from the sea, or hanging motionless just off the deck, we saw wandering albatross, black-browed albatross, Cape petrel, greater shearwater, Antarctic prion, giant petrel, gray-headed albatross, royal albatross, Wilson's storm petrel and blue petrel. It was an impressive list of birds for our first day at sea. The wandering albatross, the world's largest flying bird, is a master glider. With long wings with black tips, they come ashore only to breed on windswept and remote islands. They hold their wings rigid, using only slight shifts to maneuver, soaring, or skimming the ocean surface.

My favorite was the Cape petrel, or pintado, a name I like better. It is not colorful; indeed, it is piebald, but its markings make me think of an artist flicking a brush of white paint on a black bird—a delightful and unexpectedly blotchy pattern. While others looked for wandering albatross, I sought out the pintados, which like following ships, hoping for galley wastes and scraps.

Icebergs at Devil Island

I celebrated two Summer Solstices this year, first in the northern hemisphere, now at sea, steaming towards Antarctica. Sunrise was at 3:22 a.m. I awoke an hour later and climbed to the bridge, greeting Arnie Carrera, the Filipino night navigator, who was listening to a mix of the Beatles and James Taylor while scanning the horizon and monitoring the radar and navigation screens. Beams of sunlight escaped a cloudy sky to splash brilliantly on a calm pewter sea. With only a breath of wind, there were no whitecaps. We were making excellent time. Drake Passage was as calm as a placid lake.

The ship had an open-bridge policy. Guests were welcome and could join the captain and crew and ask where we were and where we were going or consult the navigational charts and the array of monitors to discover for themselves. Beneath the windows giving an unobstructed view was a shelf with the ship's controls, computer monitors, and navigational maps. There were two chairs, one in front of the wheel. With a dozen binoculars at hand, and out of the wind, spray, and cold, this was an excellent platform for spotting wildlife. On both ends were glassed-in porches leading to stairs and lower decks. Double doors guarded against the cold, and stormy and windy conditions.

Our course was set for the South Shetland Islands. The horizon rose and fell in a steady rhythm. I checked our position and ETA to landfall on a monitor. We had passed latitude 60˚ south during the night and entered the Antarctic Convergence—the fluid boundary between the warmer waters of the subantarctic region, the southern reaches of the Pacific, Atlantic, and Indian Ocean. We were now in the political and ecological realm of Antarctica, with its own distinctive political jurisdiction, marine life, and climate. The seawater temperature had dropped 2.8˚ C., from 42º F to 36 ºF.

Without any wind, sea smoke appeared, a phenomena of low fog created by colder air over warmer water. It was so low on the water we seemed to glide across it until it broke into wisps and disappeared. Other staff members began to show up with their first cup of coffee for the day. One on the naturalists wiped a white board clean, where we kept a daily log of sightings. He asked what we'd seen so far, and I mentioned I'd already seen wandering and royal albatrosses, usually as far south as the birds came. Moments later a wandering albatross flew by, as if on cue to corroborate my sighting.

Adélie penguin rookery on the Tabarin Peninsula of the Antarctic Peninsula

On the horizon I saw two tall sea stacks, but when I looked at the nautical charts, I couldn't find them. When I asked Arnie, he told me they were icebergs. Yes!!!

I grabbed a pair of binoculars and indeed the rock stacks were gigantic floating mountains of ice, some larger than our ship. I'd seen icebergs before, in Alaska and Patagonia, and kayaked through fields of them in Glacier Bay National Park, but nothing prepared me for this scale. Like snowflakes, no two were alike. Agents of erosion—sun, wind, and waves—had sculpted them into ice islands, with their own distinct valleys, peaks, cliffs, and beaches. Whatever showed above the water—the tip of the iceberg—was often only one-eighth of what lay beneath. Icebergs are inherently unstable; they calve, split, roll, or even turtle—flip over—without warning.

Even beneath the waterline, icebergs were changing shape. As they slowly melted, it released air bubbles trapped for hundreds or thousands of years. Billions of these tiny bubbles abraded the ice; creating distinctive fluted columnar patterns we saw when they flipped.

Gentoo penguin rookery at Neko Harbour in Andvord Bay

What appeared to be whitecaps on the sea were not wind-whipped waves at all but bits of floating ice. I learned that while all floating ice, typically detached from a glacier or ice sheet, is technically an iceberg, there is a hierarchical nomenclature to distinguish them by size, beginning with iceberg. At any one time an estimated 300,000 icebergs are in the Southern Ocean.

An iceberg is a massive piece of ice drifting in the sea. It needs to float more than five meters (16 feet) above sea level and cover at least 500 square meters. Anything smaller is either a bergy bit, a large chunk of ice but smaller than an iceberg, or a growler, an even smaller chunk, pretty much awash with less than one meter showing above water.

As we crossed the continental shelf, we began looking for whales attracted to this nutrient-rich water.

Aaron Wood, the chief officer, arrived on the bridge at 6 a.m. As soon as he mentioned we should soon see penguins, one porpoised across the bow.

Icebergs showed on our radar screens as yellow-orange blips, so many they looked like schools of fish. As we passed the first large one, I could see huge plumes of spray where waves broke against an ice cliff. A smaller iceberg with a sloping side passed us. The first officer looked at the radar and told me the iceberg was a kilometer away, but it appeared as if it was right off our starboard. In the clear, dry, dust-free air—clear as gin—it was hard to judge distances. It was only when I saw the penguins on the iceberg that I got a sense of scale. They looked like poppy seeds on a bread roll. With binoculars I saw they were staining the ice red with guano.

Approaching Baily Head at the eastern end of Deception Island we sailed between Snow Island and Smith Island. Baily Head has an important breeding colony of some 60,000 pairs of chinstrap penguins. Very few ships attempt a visit, as the beach is so steep it makes landing difficult, and impossible in large swells. Captain Leif Skog said we would try as the sea was so calm. Many of the crew had never landed here before. As we approached, we saw pods of orcas cruising the water among scads of penguins porpoising. Both were black-and-white blurs in the water, but the larger blurs ate the smaller blurs.

I was excited to step onto Antarctica on a sunny summer day under a blue sky. Even so, the other guides and I put on our insulated Wellies, our waterproof pants, and a safety jacket that inflated on immersion. We found our gloves, hats, balaclavas, and gaiters, and strapped on our radios. I jumped in the first Zodiac heading for shore. Even with a light swell the landing at Baily Head was delicate. It was one thing for the guides to accomplish this, but it had to be safe enough for everyone. The beach of black basalt pebbles and sand fell off so abruptly our driver backed the Zodiac in, so a wave wouldn't wash over the transom and swamp the boat. The boatman cut the engine as we drifted in, then one of the guides jumped out to hold it. One by one we exited from the stern. If anyone had tried exiting anywhere else, they would be in water over their head. The beach was so steep it was hard to carry all the gear. The landing was in the shadow of a cliff. We moved off to set up hampers where guests would leave their life jackets and a couple of folding chairs in case someone needed to sit. When guests arrived, we warned them to keep away from the unstable cliff—proof of it were the heavy slabs of stone lying in ruin where they'd broken loose and fallen.

Port Lockroy, Antarctica

It felt good to work with professionals who you could trust your life with. Working inland, we marked a path with orange traffic cones along the black sand beach that wouldn't interrupt the steady parade of penguins entering and exiting the sea from a valley formed by successive rocky ridges. They were porpoising through the water, scrambling up the beach, shaking the saltwater off, and taking off for their mate, while as many more headed out sea to fish. We used a crossing at a shallow lagoon created by a berm of beach sand damming the stream of snowmelt flowing in multiple channels to the sea.

Penguins are sea birds, spending most of their lives in the ocean except when breeding or molting. They are so comfortable swimming around that the first explorers classified them as fish. The penguins we would see on this trip were all the archetypal black and white birds that look like little men in tuxedos, walking upright on land with the peerless rolling gait of a sailor, their stubby paddle wings held out for balance. Markings around the head and neck

distinguished the differences between the brush-tailed penguin species. The chinstrap has white cheeks, and a thin black line running from the nape to under the chin, and a dark bill. They are noisy and sociable and their nests, unlined bowls of pebbles they cobble together, were everywhere, bunched close to each other. The first pairs to breed built their nests more than a kilometer back from the sea on exposed rock high on a ridge where the snow melted first. We'd hoped to reach at least the first ridge, where the valley opened into an amphitheater where most of the nests were, but the colony was spilling over the edges. Chinstraps were pouring over the ridges from all directions with thousands of tracks and guano marking their trails in the sand and snow. If the guano was white, it indicated a diet of fish, if red they were eating krill, green indicated they were starving and not healthy. Concentric circles of guano marked their nests. You could smell rookeries on the seas even before sighting land. Ammonia punctuated the air. An early explorer wrote it was the most intolerable stench he had ever smelled, a sentiment echoed by successive visitors. Mary would describe it as the odor of a diaper pail left unattended for a week.

Once set up, we radioed the ship that the first group could come ashore. This was the guests' first landfall. Unlike the first explorers and exploiters who killed anything edible, of value, or in their way, the International Association of Antarctica Tour Operators (IAATO) rules were very explicit. Animals have the right of way, and we couldn't block their access to and from the sea. We must not feed them, nor step on fragile mosses and lichen that might only grow ten millimeters in diameter per century. Visitors should walk slowly and carefully around penguins and seals, keeping noise to a minimum, while maintaining at least five-meters distance apart. We were supposed to be courteous and respectful visitors.

Adélie penguin rookery on Pualet Island

Everyone knew the guidelines, but once ashore, they grew giddy at finding themselves surrounded by penguins. The rookery was a complex drama of perpetual movement and cacophonous chatter. When a penguin returned from the sea, waddling into the colony among tens of thousands of nests, it found its mate using a distinctive antiphonal call that the parents passed on to their chicks. The returning penguin, once back to their nest, conducted a ritual of head waving and squawking, quite an exotic dance really. Because its call is so loud and harsh, chinstraps are also known as 'stonebreaker' or 'stonecracker penguins.'

It was hard not to anthropomorphize the animals because it was a way of connecting. They looked like urban commuters waddling to and from work. Back on its nest at last, it was at this point most people stopped anthropomorphizing when the penguin regurgitated a meal of predigested krill into the mouth of its waiting chick.

"Yuck," one guest said, turning away. But everywhere you looked it was the same. A constant in this tableau was a parent always on the nest with their egg or chick to keep it warm and protected while the other was fishing. Each penguin couple, on their stone pebble nest, was just beyond pecking distance from the next nest and then the next. There was safety in proximity as the rookeries attracted skuas, fierce birds of prey dogging the nesting areas. They looked like oversized juvenile gulls, large and powerful, brown with patches of white on their wings at the base of their primary feathers. They are intelligent birds with personalities. They would land in the colony and stalk insouciantly between the nests, like an intent shopper walking down a grocery aisle looking for a tasty morsel, watching for the slightest lapse of attention to pluck an egg or chick for its meal. The penguins would scream and peck at them to leave, but the skuas were fearless, seemingly immune to their protestations. Sometimes they worked in tandem to trick a parent from their nest.

For several hours I stood at the far end where we had to stop and couldn't go any further, offering help, answering questions, and reminding people who forgot the wildlife rules that we couldn't approach the penguins, but the penguins could approach us. I suggested if anyone wanted to sit down and be patient, there was a good chance a curious penguin would walk up to them, and within minutes they would.

Detail of iceberg on Booth Island

I'd dressed for the warm sunny 2˚ C on landing and left my parka on the beach in a hamper. In the afternoon the sky clouded over, got colder until it began snowing. I was bone cold. I had stood around too long. When the last of the guests were back on the ship, we gathered our cones, hampers, and folding chairs and filled the Zodiac. After putting things

away, I took a long hot shower, never even bothering to turn on the cold, my body tingling as it thawed.

We sailed the short distance from the eastern end of Deception Island to the narrow break in the volcanic cone leading into the collapsed flooded caldera of this active volcanic island. The narrow channel, called Neptune's Bellows for the fierce winds that blow through, is also treacherous, with Ravn Rock, ready to rip the hull of any careless ship captain, lying just a few meters below the surface in the center of the strait. The entrance was easy to miss, but once American sealer Nathaniel Palmer discovered the secret harbor in 1820, and gave Deception Island its name, Port Foster proved to be one of the safest and most protected harbors in all of Antarctica once a ship was safely inside. First serving as a fur seal base, it became a haven for whalers in the 20th century.

On deck it was snowing hard, visibility reduced to half a kilometer. Snowflakes were as big and wet as a sloppy, drunken winter kiss. The wind swirled them around us wildly, creating a murmuration of snowflakes. Inside the caldera, Captain Skog maneuvered the bow of the *Explorer* to just meters from the black volcanic sand beach, the drop off so precipitous ship instruments showed we had more than six meters of depth. Abandoned buildings and fuel tanks were remnants of a whaling station and a British scientific base damaged by volcanic eruptions in the 1960s. Conditions were deteriorating so rapidly, Captain Skog decided that instead of landing, we would immediately head for Antarctic Sound and the Weddell Sea.

We sailed through the night enveloped in a storm-induced darkness. It was still snowing when I went on deck at 5 a.m. A white veil covered the ship. The railings wore a mantle as if icing on a cake. There were no footprints leading to the bow. I went inside to warm up and prepare for an early landing at Brown Bluff, on the east side of the tip of Antarctica Peninsula. Snowflakes flecked the windows, obscuring the view.

Gentoo penguin colony with algae on snow on Petermann Island

Guests in the first group had a 5:30 a.m. wake-up call. A half-hour later the guides jumped into Zodiacs, dusted in snow, to prepare for their landing. I ducked my head whenever we hit a swell to avoid the spray. Our drivers wove between the icebergs that even in this light radiated an intense blue—the ice so dense and the air bubbles so compressed, it absorbed the longer wavelengths of reds and yellows, only reflecting the shorter wavelengths of blues and greens. They seemed to glow as if lit from inside.

We landed at a rocky beach with a wide terrace above the high-tide line. In the snowstorm our world was monochromatic save for the tall cliffs of reddish-brown volcanic rock that gave Brown Bluff its name. An extinct volcano a million years old, the now flat top of the mountain was ice covered. Both Adélie and Gentoo penguins had adjoining rookeries here. Gentoos have black heads with a distinctive white patch above their eyes like a narrow headscarf, and a bright reddish-orange bill, while the Adélie has a black head with a white ring around its eyes, and a black bill with a hint of red. Both species crowded the pebble beach in their peregrinations to and from their nests so close together there was just enough room for the constant flow.

Watching a rookery long enough reveals all manner of drama and skullduggery. Not all the Adélies immediately headed to sea to hunt once their mate returned. They might stick around long enough to steal a pebble from a neighbor's nest to add to their own. Once a penguin embarked on larceny, they found it hard to stop. They seemed to derive tremendous satisfaction in it. After pinching a stone from a neighbor's nest, carrying it proudly in its beak back to its mate, showing it off before carefully placing the stone on their nest. It waited a moment to deserved admiration of its mate, and then trundled off to steal again. The penguins seemed delighted with their thievery. Of course, their neighbors screamed and pecked at them, trying to defend their nests while also guarding against the omnipresent lurking Skuas.

The listing of animal sightings for a typical day. On 23 December, from Devil Island to Antarctic Sound in the Erebus & Terror Gulf and Weddell Sea, included Antarctic tern, Wilson's storm-petrel, Southern Giant Petrel, Snow petrel, Cape petrel, Adélie and Gentoo penguins, Blue-eyed shag, Kelp gull, Snowy sheathbill, Brown skua, Crabeater seal, Leopard seal, Weddell seal, Minke whale, and Humpback whale.

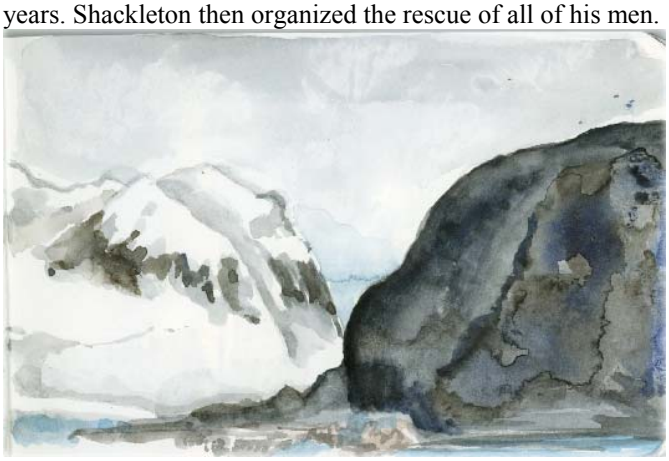
Each evening, before dinner, the staff did a recap for an hour, with short presentations by the naturalists, historians, and photographers, as well as the undersea crew who dived nearly every day and brought back video footage of what they found beneath the frigid surface. Topics could include how penguins stay warm, how penguins cool themselves off on a warm day, how glaciers are created, tips on how to photograph birds in the air or compensate for exposure when shooting snow and ice, or tributes to the great Australian polar photographer Frank Hurley and explorers such as Ernest Shackleton, Robert Scott, and Roald Amundsen. It was a bit like foreplay as it stimulated conversations around the dinner table.

Sir Ernest Shackleton is linked to Antarctica as surely as Joshua is to Jericho. He led three British expeditions to the Antarctic during a period known as the Heroic Age of Antarctic Exploration. In 1915 he attempted a transcontinental crossing of the Antarctic ice sheet via the South Pole but drifting pack ice sunk his ship *Endurance* in the Weddell Sea. Expedition photographer Frank Hurley's

shots of the *Endurance* rising out of the ice as it is being squeezed to death have become iconic images.

Shackleton's legendary rescue of his crew of 27 men is an epic tale of survival. Abandoning the 144-foot-long *Endurance* in what Shackleton described as "the worst portion of the worst sea in the world," he and his crew first camped on a drifting ice floe for six months until breaking ice allowed them to sail in lifeboats to the cold and desolate Elephant Island north of the Antarctic Peninsula. Leaving all but five of his crew there, it took 16 nerve-wracking days, using only a sextant for navigation, to sail 800 miles in a 22-foot boat across heaving seas in gale-force winds to reach South Georgia, the nearest inhabited island. They rarely had clear skies to get a fix on the sun to locate a mere speck in the South Atlantic.

It was an amazing feat of sailing, followed by an equally extraordinary feat of mountaineering. Landing on the eastern shore, Shackleton and two crewmembers completed the first crossing of the island's treacherous glaciers and snow-covered mountains. After 36 hours they reached a Norwegian whaling station where they got their first hot bath in two years. Shackleton then organized the rescue of all of his men.



Credit: Mary Heebner

England, at war with Germany, could not spare a vessel. It was the Chilean navy that saved the day, providing the *Yelcho*, a steel-built tug. Setting sail from Punta Arenas on the Straits of Magellan, it was Shackleton's last hope to rescue his men. Even though the tug was ill-suited for the endeavor, they successfully reached his stranded crew on Elephant Island, and found them all still alive, living on seals and penguins. Returning to Punta Arenas, at the bottom on the American continent, he wrote his wife, "I have done it… Not a life lost, and we have been through Hell."

As Sir Raymond Priestly, an Antarctic explorer and scientist said, "For scientific leadership, give me Scott. For swift and efficient travel, give me Amundsen. But when you are in a hopeless situation, when there seems no way out, get on your knees and pray for Shackleton."

Before leaving for Antarctica Mary and I visited our daughter who teaches medical anthropology at Dartmouth. The Rauner Special Collections Library, which includes several of Mary's artist books, is a beautiful neoclassic brick building on campus. Mary was meeting with Jay Satterfield, the special collections librarian, when she texted me to come over immediately. She'd noticed a stuffed Adélie penguin in a bell jar on a shelf behind his desk. Mentioning we were going to see its descendants, Jay explained the library had the Stefansson Collection on Polar Exploration, including a rare original copy of *Aurora Australis*, the first book written, edited, illustrated, printed, and bound on the continent of Antarctica.

Shackleton conceived the project for his Nimrod expedition (1907–09) as something to occupy his men during the icy winter void of four months without sunlight. It's a fascinating side of his character few people know about. On an expedition with the purpose of being the first to reach the South Pole, where cargo space was precious, Shackleton brought a printing press, an etching press, along with type, papers, inks, and plates. He chose four members of his polar crew to take a three-week long crash course to learn typesetting and printing before leaving.

Tabular icebergs in Crystal Sound, in the early summer morning below Antarctic Circle when the sun never sets

Shackleton had edited *South Polar Times*, a monthly typed paper during Scott's Discovery Expedition, but he envisioned something more exciting. *Aurora Australis* is a singular book; printing only a hundred copies, and even fewer bound, they fashioned the covers from the thin wood sides of the packing crates carrying the expedition's supplies. It contains stories, poems, and an account of the ascent of Mount Erebus—the southernmost active volcano on earth—written by Shackleton's men and illustrated with lithographs and etchings by the expedition artist, George Marston.

We excavated the pages one by one from an acid-free library box and spread them out on the broad library table. For preservation, each page of the book was unbound and protected. To see Ernest Shackleton's signature written across his editor's page was unexpected and thrilling.

"Since writing the preface for this book," he wrote, describing the madness behind this epic undertaking, "I have again looked over its pages, and though I can see but little not up to usual standard in bookmaking, the printers are not satisfied that it is everything that it ought to be. But the reader will understand better the difficulty of producing such a book quite up to the mark when he is told that, owing to the low temperature in the hut, the only way to keep the printing ink in a fit state to use was to have a candle burning under the inking plate; and so, if some pages are printed more lightly than others it is due to the difficulty of regulating the heat,

and consequently the thinning or thickening of the ink. Again the printing office was only six feet by seven and had to accommodate a large sewing machine and bunks for two men, so the lack of room was a disadvantage; but I feel sure that those who see this book will not be captious critics. The printing was entirely done by Joyce and Wild, the lithography and etchings by Marston, and the covers made of provision cases were manufactured by Day. It is therefore to these four that the carrying out of the *Aurora Australis* is due; most of us have contributed an article of some sort, and I as Editor feel an interest in the work, as it was a pleasure to see it progressing; and I trust that all who have a copy will think kindly of the first attempt to print a book and illustrate it in the depth of an Antarctic Winter."

Largest chinstrap rookery on the Antarctic Peninsula

Almost as unexpected was the 15˚F we experienced that December morning in Hanover, New Hampshire. Because of global warming, it was colder than any day we encountered in Antarctica. The frozen continent used to be colder when whalers and explorers first sailed here. Pack ice and ice shelves are receding or disappearing—10,000 square kilometers of ice shelf were gone from the Weddell Sea by 2002.

When conservators in 2010 were restoring Shackleton's hut at Cape Royds on Ross Island, where fifteen of his men had stayed, they found three buried crates of Mackinlay's malt whisky, the popular spirit much enjoyed and personally selected by Shackleton to fortify his expeditioners. Three of the bottles were flown back to the Scottish Highlands to Whyte & Mackay, owners of the Mackinlay's brand. Through exhaustive scientific analysis and expert tasting they recreated an exact replica of the original. After our shipboard presentation on Shackleton, waiters circulated among the passengers with trays of shot glasses giving each a wee dram. Together we raised our glasses and toasted Shackleton and his men.

We were sailing where a century before pack ice crushed Shackleton's ship *Endurance*. Today more than 90 percent of the icebergs from ice shelves end up in "Iceberg Alley" in the Weddell Sea, near the narrow passage between the tip of the Antarctic Peninsula and a group of offshore islands. The Antarctic Coastal Current, a counter-clockwise whorl of currents and winds—a counter-current to the largest ocean current in the world, the Antarctic Circumpolar Current—carry many of the icebergs thousands of kilometers from where they were born.

As huge sections of the ice shelf break off, they create tabular icebergs, with steep cliff like sides and flat tops. Even Cubism couldn't do justice to these massive, angular forms that are stark, raw, and dramatic. Cezanne, Braque, or Picasso were fussy in comparison.

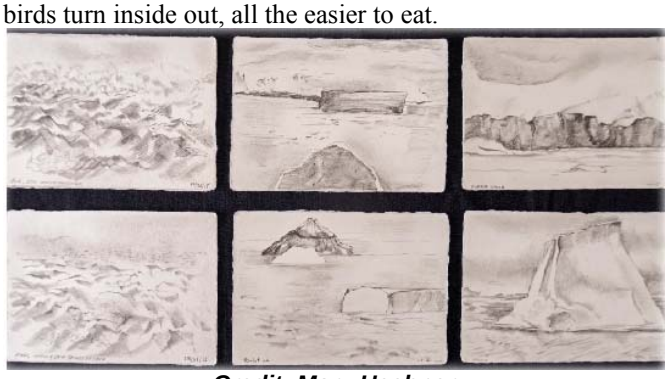
Gentoo penguin rookery in Dorian Bay

It took us more than an hour to pass a single iceberg 18 kilometers long and 3.5 kilometers wide. It even had a name, B-15Y, provided by the U.S. National Ice Center. Established in 1995, USNIC is the only organization that names and tracks all Antarctic icebergs, primarily using satellite data. This iceberg was once part of the massive B-15 iceberg that calved off the Ross Ice Shelf in March 2000, approximately 295 kilometers long by 37 kilometers wide at birth. Covering 11,000 square kilometers, B-15 was larger than the island of Jamaica. As it broke up over the years, USNIC designated the bigger chunks with a letter, beginning with B-15A. B-15Y was the twenty-fifth large chunk to break off.

In 2016 NASA scientists tracking the melting ice sheets published a study in the journal *Science Advances* describing how global warming is changing the way the earth wobbles on its polar axis. Scientists and navigators have measured the true pole and polar motion since 1899. The earth's spin axis drifts slowly around the poles and needs to be taken into account for GPS, Earth-observing satellites, and observations on the ground to be accurate.

Until the 21st century the wobble was heading west towards Canada, in part due to the Earth's mantle readjusting to the loss of ice on North America after the last ice age. It was pulling the spin axis a few inches a year towards Hudson Bay. But abruptly at the turn of the twenty-first century the motion dramatically moved eastward towards Britain, drifting almost twice as fast as before. Scientists calculate melting ice sheets are altering the distribution of water mass on earth and causing this massive swing. Greenland was losing more than 272 trillion kilograms of ice annually and West Antarctica 124 trillion kilograms, while at the same time East Antarctica is gaining about 74 trillion kilograms annually. That is exerting a push-pull on the Earth's spin axis. This in itself wouldn't generate the gigantic amount of energy needed to alter the Earth's spin so dramatically, which introduces one more wobbly equation. Scientists found an answer in the combination of depleted aquifers and drought in the area of the Caspian Sea and the Indian subcontinent. Even though the lost water mass in Eurasia isn't as large, the spin axis is extremely sensitive to changes occurring around 45 degrees latitude, and combined with the melting ice sheets, it provides the additional pull to change the Earth's wobble.

In the Weddell Sea we looked for emperor penguins on the pack ice. They are the largest penguin and breed on the ice, so we kept close to the ice. Along one section we kept abreast of a leopard seal prowling the ice's edge, lined with Adélie penguins. Instead of backing off, the curious penguins seemed to lean even closer, the difference between viewer and victual nearly disappearing. One penguin did fall into the water and immediately popped back out. Most of the guests were rooting for him, having heard from the naturalists that leopard seals will grab a penguin and shake it so violently the birds turn inside out, all the easier to eat.



Credit: Mary Heebner

The National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration scientists working on the Antarctic Peninsula discovered a pod of orcas using a collective technique to hunt seals resting on pack ice. Working together, the whales swim quickly abreast toward the ice. They create a bow wave, and then pump their tails as they dive, generating an even larger wave washing over the ice knocking the seals into the water. The waves are powerful enough to even break up large ice floes into smaller pieces.

The scientists also found these whales were very selective, preferring Weddell to more aggressive crabeater and leopard seals. Research also uncovered four orca ecotypes in Antarctica, which might be separate subspecies or even species—those hunting penguins, those hunting Minke whales in open water, those hunting fish, and those hunting seals. They had overlapping territories but didn't seem to interbreed.

While Antarctica appears to be a vast empty wilderness, we kept spotting penguins, seals, orca, humpback, Minke, and fin whales. Nearly everyone came out on deck or rushed to a window at an announcement of a pod of whales. Whale watching was sometimes like trying to remember dreams.

You saw a spout, and then the whale disappears. Did it sound? Where would it reappear? It might resurface and become familiar or drift away, a fragmentary memory we try to recall before forgetting.

We had days when whales swam alongside the ship. Late on Christmas Eve in Dallmann Bay a pod of humpback whales was bubble feeding off the bow. The whales worked together as they swam underwater in small circles, releasing a wall of bubbles that acted like nets, corralling the krill. Then up though the center a whale rose to the surface with its mouth stretched wide, capturing tons of them.

As we watched, beams of the setting sun touched the mountains as if erupting in flames, and icebergs most coruscant.

Adélie penguin rookery on the TabarinPeninsula of the Antarctic Peninsula

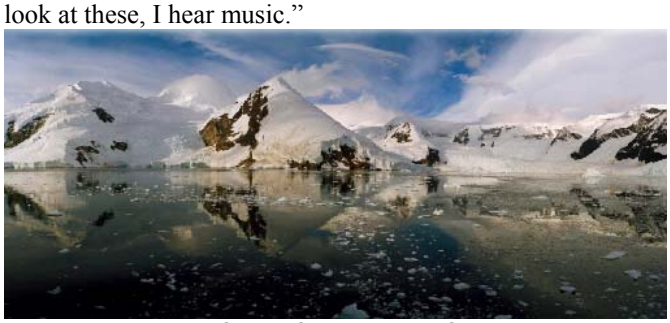
When the absence of distractions frees them to notice their surroundings, people pay attention to the light in Antarctica. On an ineffable windless day, when the water mirrored the world, light bathed and caressed the frozen polar

landscape. You begin to see the subtle pastel sky mixed with sea fog and clouds as if painted by Turner or Constable or reminded of canvases painted primarily of night by James McNeill Whistler, who took a musical term popularized by Chopin, and applied it to a series of masterful paintings he called Nocturnes, evocations of subtle tonal changes and luminous monochromatic light.

It was another painter I thought of one day, one night in the wee hours of breathless light. We were in Crystal Sound below the Antarctic Circle, among bergy bits and tabular icebergs, where the muted hues of sea and sky became tonal blocks of color floating in the atmosphere. A block of reddish orange at the horizon hummed with a vibrance I usually associated with a light in a stormy sky that stands in juxtaposition to the roiling bruised purples, blacks, and Payne's grey of the clouds around it. This seemed less a definition of space than another block of color, with such a soothing balance it made me feel calm even as the freezing temperature reminded me where I was. I had on a Hebridean tweed woolen jacket, a Patagonia gaiter around my neck, but I wore no gloves—I needed my fingers free to continue photographing. I warmed my fingers in my coat pockets in between shots, as I didn't want a distraction stealing valuable time if I fumbled taking my gloves on and off. I didn't know how long this glorious world of color and form surrounding me would last. We were moving along a coast of a continent where weather changed as quickly as a sneeze. I remained transfixed, simply in awe that we'd seemingly sailed into one of Rothko's iconic and emotionally transformative Color Field paintings.

Mark Rothko was born Marcus Rothkowitz in Dvinsk, part of Tsarist Russia. It is now the Latvian city of Daugavpils. All his life he remembered the glorious sunsets he saw before he left at the age of ten. He associated heaven with a light shining through mist. Daugavpils is far enough north Rothko would have known the long days of summer, the long nights of winter, and the wide horizons above the Daugava River that travels 352 kilometers across Latvia before emptying into the Gulf of Riga in the Baltic Sea.

My mother, when I would show her a new collection of landscape photographs, would separate them into two piles. When she handed me her favorites, she explained, "When I look at these, I hear music."



Neko Harbour, Antarctica

I thought of this while looking through *Geographic Names of the Antarctic* and discovered there was a Beethoven Peninsula. Intrigued, I made a list of classical composers and looked them up. I was amazed to find Bach Ice Shelf, Bartók Glacier, Beethoven Peninsula, Berlioz Point, Boccherini Inlet, Mount Borodin, Brahms Inlet, Britten Inlet, Chopin Hill, Copland Peak, Debussy Heights, Dvorák Ice Rise, Elgar Uplands, Fauré Inlet, Franck Nunataks, Gilbert Glacier, Sullivan Glacier, Gluck Peak, Mount Grieg, Handel Ice Piedmont, Haydn Inlet, Ives Ice Rise, Mount Liszt, Mahler Spur, Mendelssohn Inlet, Monteverdi Peninsula, Mozart Ice Piedmont, Mussorgsky Peaks, Puccini Spur, Rameau Ice Shelf, Ravel Peak, Rossini Point, Scarlatti Peak, Schubert Inlet, Mount Schumann, Shostakovich Peninsula, Sibelius Glacier, Mount Strauss, Stravinsky Inlet, Mount Tchaikovsky, Verdi Inlet, Wagner Ice Piedmont, Weber Inlet and Vivaldi Glacier.

There was probably a more prosaic reason why the UK Antarctic Place-Names Committee gave areas around Alexander Island, the largest island of Antarctica such musical names, but as I discovered more and more geographic places featuring their names, I surmised the committee had a blank topographic map (from air photos taken by the Ronne Antarctic Research Expedition in 1947-48) and a wonderful list of classical music composers. But I hoped at least one of the committee members had gazed upon the area and heard music, too.

Alex Ross, music critic of *The New Yorker*, wrote that a chamber ensemble from the Orquestra Sinfónica del Sodre, the Uruguayan orchestra, performed in Antarctica in 2011. "Antarctica may seem a silent continent, but it has other musical resonances." He mentioned many of the landmarks I'd also stumbled on, and spoke with David Searle, son of Derek Searle, a leader of the Falkland Islands Dependencies Survey in the 1950s. He explained: "[My father] was responsible for the names with Dr. Brian Roberts of the Foreign Office and the Scott Polar Research Institute… He was base commander at Horseshoe Island in Marguerite Bay (north of Alexander Island) from 1956 to 1957 and surveyed that island. Because there were so many unnamed features on Alexander Island, they chose to have the theme of classical music for consistency and because much of the landscape was very grand."

On that musical note I think my mother and I would have agreed.

Barrientos, South Shetland Islands, Antarctica; skua close to nests at Gentoo penguin rookery on one of the Aitcho Islands

Almost every landing was on an uninhabitable piece of land, at least for humans. Using our Zodiacs, we could land on an island covered in ice and snow to climb to the top to discover what we could see. On beaches we found penguin footprints and trails. On some trails the birds had worn the snow so far down only their heads were visible. At Danco Island Gentoo penguin colonies covered all the exposed rock areas. After finding a landing spot between the growlers and bergy bits washing up on the rocky shoreline, we made a switchback trail up a steep hillside through the snow to the top, marking it with orange traffic cones, keeping our distance from penguin nests. But we ran into an unexpected problem. We'd had several days of warm weather so as we walked, we broke through the snow's crust only to sink up to our knees. It made slogging through the snow slow and tedious, but worse, each footprint, deep as a posthole, was a death trap if a penguin fell in. A vertical casket. They wouldn't be able to hop out and escape. The guides followed behind, shuffling, cleaning up the danger, and creating a rut the penguins could navigate. This was the dichotomy between guide and passenger. You would hope we would both have an overarching desire to do the right thing, but there were always passengers who couldn't see the whole picture and consequences and left it to the guides to clean up after themselves.

Sunset near Gerlache Strait

At the top of Danco Island I turned in slow circles, like a record on a turntable, to take in the unobstructed view. The snow hid any hint of our hilltop's features, smoothed by the flow of wind. Mountains rose from the sea along the west coast of Graham Land off on the Antarctic Peninsula. Glaciers slipped off the mountains on their bellies, scraping, and grinding until they reached the sea and calved, creating the icebergs filling the Errera Channel. This was a landscape reduced to the basics—geology, topography, land, sea, snow, and ice sculpted by the elements.

Another day we explored Orne Harbour at Spigot Peak. Skirting a glacier, we hiked to the ridgeline, more than 300 meters above. A chinstrap penguin colony nested among the exposed rock, with snow and ice dropping precipitously to the sea on either side. Steep mountains and glaciers spilled into the sea edged the harbor. Because it was warm, we saw where cornices had fallen; others were only a vibration away. If we could have fired a cannon, we would have had a spectacular show. Icebergs circled with the current. We saw a crabeater seal hauled out on one, and then humpback whales bubble feeding. The view off the other side of the ridge was similar, but with more sea, a maze of islands, sounds, and fjords all covered in ice.

We'd brought up a large group of guests. After most had left, only five of us remained on top in case others wanted to join us. We'd marked with orange cones a crevasse running across the glacier we had to cross. It wasn't wide, but there was a risk of disappearing into a bottomless void.

Our time on the ridge top was a gift. For more than two hours we observed the penguins, watching the light slowly change the landscape. To be relatively alone in a reverie of silence was precious, something I treasure.

Antarctica is a stark landscape, a geologic tumble of rock, ice, and snow with seas choked with pack ice and icebergs, punctuated with penguins like so many little exclamation marks waddling across a page. This was how I had pictured Antarctica, cold, bleak, and achingly beautiful. Mary described it as a land of pure shape and form. So much of what we saw was ice. She said she saw an iceberg in the fog and didn't know where it ended, and where her memories began.

In the evening, through the windows of the lounge, I watched icebergs float past as the wind ripped the top off waves, sheets of spray scattering across the black stormy sea. There was fresh snowfall on the Antarctic Peninsula. It was cold and hostile outside, but I was sitting in an armchair in a

cocoon of warmth and comfort. There was a fully stocked bar with more than a dozen single malt whiskies only a few steps away. We had it easy compared to the early explorers who wore the same wet wool sweater and pants for months or even years at a time. I would spend a day in the cold and then return to the ship and have a hot shower. Our cabin was cleaned every day. We had fresh sheets and towels.

We were in a state of perpetual light, a long, long, never-ending day. Sunset on Christmas Day in Antarctic Sound, just a few days past summer solstice, was at 12:08 a.m. After a prolonged gloaming, sunrise was at 02:14.

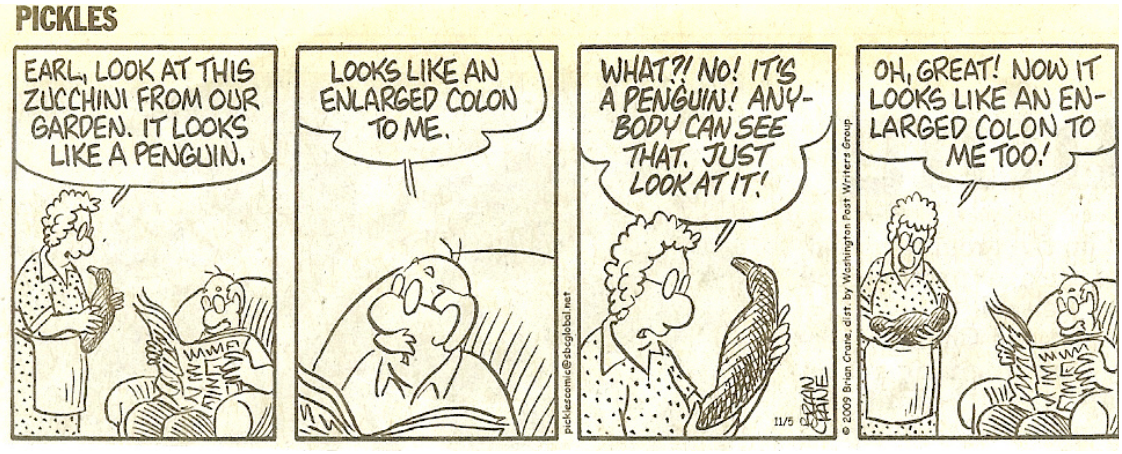
Lemaire Channel, Antarctica

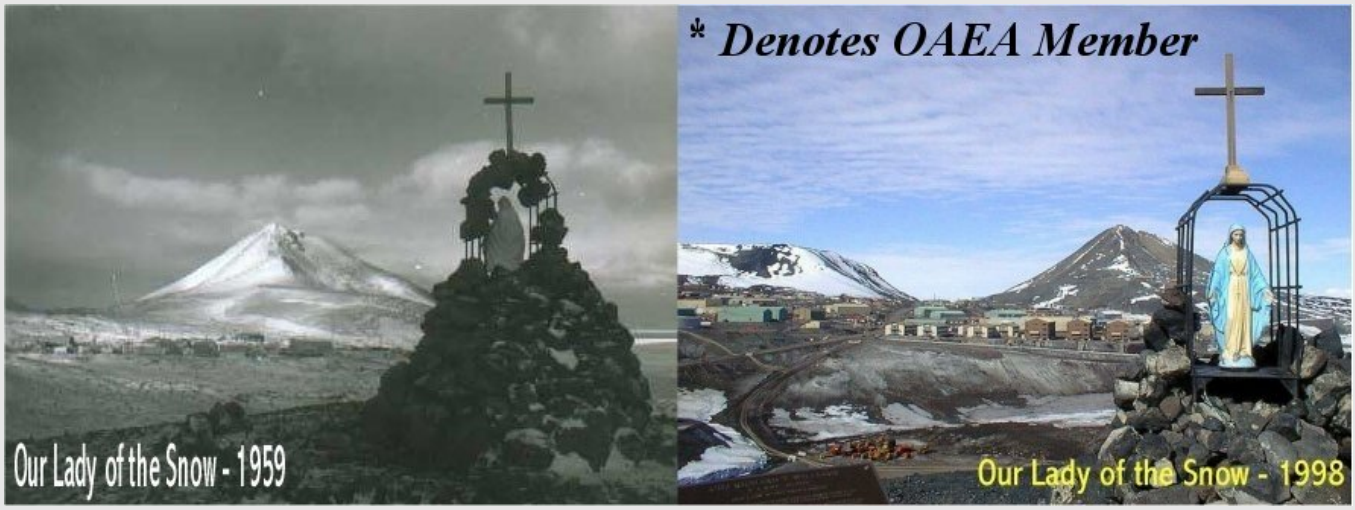
David Campbell, author of *The Crystal Desert*, emailed me before I left, "The antipodal light is so shifting, so unexpectedly strange and dream-like, that I've been unwilling to sleep lest I miss even one evanescent moment. So many of my most vivid memories of the place were acquired while I was exhausted, bleary, and sleep-deprived… Relish every minute down there Macduff. I hope that you return wracked by fatigue."

Despite the cozy comforts of the ship, I followed David Campbell's advice. I was indeed wracked by fatigue, going to bed late, rising early. The vistas were stunning. I shot 90 rolls of film. My fourth crossing of the Drake Passage was finally the bumpy, rocking, windy trip I had dreaded, with heaving seas and gale-force winds. The *Explorer* stuttered and groaned with every arrhythmic swell. A curtain of spray covered the bow each time we rose dramatically before dropping into a trough. The captain had all the lower portholes covered to prevent waves smashing them in. At 2 a.m. we changed course, heading directly for the Beagle Channel rather than going first to Cape Horn. The seas were so rough the captain wanted to reduce any chance a passenger might be injured. Snuggled in our cabin, Mary confided the movement was as comforting as a rocking chair or a hammock. Neither of us was seasick.

Sailors are superstitious and consider whistling anywhere on board will bring bad luck—the person whistling is calling up a wind, a storm, a gale. The crew had complained about a couple of guests who whistled, and here in the Drake Passage we were bucking a gale. Yet the winds ensured we would see pelagic birds, especially petrels and albatrosses. I spent hours on the sundeck at the rear of the ship watching them disappear behind the swells and then come swooping up and over the waves, gliding just above the sea. Perhaps the purpose of these trips is to change people's lives, and I know for myself it was successful. Antarctica was an orgy for the senses.

Editors Note: Unless otherwise noted all photos are by Macduff Everton





IN MEMORY

OAE **Jacqueline Juanita Kent Anderson**, 79, died on 29, December 2021, in King City CA. Jacqueline traveled to Antarctica on the *Clelia II* and made international news when the ship had engine trouble and was filmed being tossed around by waves.

OAE **William Lester "Andy" Andrews**, 84, died on 31 December 2021, in Peoria, IL. William participated in Operation Highjump (officially known as The United States Navy Antarctic Developments Program), an operation in 1946/1947.

OAE **Robert Archer**, 74 died on 21 February 2022, in Centerville, MA. Robert was a US Navy Seabees, and served in Antarctica. Unit and year(s) unknown.

OAE **LTCOL Robert "Bob" Arndt, USAF (Ret**), 89, died on 26 January 2022, in Lakewood WA. Bob served in Antarctica as a navigator in C-124s in the Military Air Transport Service. Year(s) unknown.

*OAE **Philip T. "Bernie" Benardello**, 72, died on 16 March 2022, in Lindenhurst, NY. Bernie made two deployments to McMurdo in VXE-6 in the LC-130 Air Frames maintenance work center, as an AMS2 during DF-72 and 73. He was a member if the OAEA New England Chapter.

OAE **Theo van der Boom**, 83, died on 26 January 2022, in Duncan, BC. Theo signed on for his last trip. A Marine/Steam Engineer for 55 years, he sailed the Seven Seas and visited places on all continents, including the Antarctic.

OAE **Donald Ray Bowdle**, 81, died on 29 December 2021, in Benton AR. Donald Ray served in the US Navy as an engineman on an icebreaker, USS *Burton Island* and deployed to Antarctica. Year(s) unknown.

OAE **Lt. Col. Evont Leonard Bowens, USA (Ret)**, 93, died on 7 February 2022 in Willingboro NJ. Evont served in Antarctica. Unit and date(s) unknown.

*OAE **Robert W. "Bob" Bruce**, 94, died at his home in early December 2021, in Beverly Hills, FL. Bob served as a Radarman (RD2) on the USS *Mount Olympus* during Operation Highjump

OAE **William "Bill" Francis Budd**, 83, died on 23 January 1922, in Hobart Australia. Bill joining the Australian government's Antarctic Division as an expedition glaciologist in 1960. Bill wintered-over at the Australian Antarctic station Wilkes in 1961 He spent several months up to 100 km inland on the local ice cap, Law Dome. In 1964 he spent a second year in the Antarctic at Mawson station, from where he undertook field surveys of the Amery Ice Shelf.

*OAE **Mildred Julia Buehler**, 89, died on 20 December 2021, in San Diego CA. Mildred was the widow of Cy Buehler who was a past Treasurer of the OAEA.

OAE **John W. Buhner**, 78, died on 3 February 2022, in Cape May NJ. John served in Antarctica during the IGY while in the US Navy.

OAE **Robert Wellesley 'Bob' Burton**, 80, died on 15 January 2022, in Hemingford UK. Bob joined the British Antarctic Service (BAS) in 1963, as a meteorologist, and wintered-over at Signy Island in 1964–65. In 1971–72 he was one of the BAS group that established Bird Island Station on South Georgia. He was a founding member of the SGA. In 1992 he lectured on Antarctic cruise ships. He would joke that the cruise historian had the best job onboard, as he could sit at the bar telling sea stories, and did not have to spend too much time getting cold and wet onshore. Burton Cove and Burton Glacier were named in his honor

OAE **Gerald William Carboneau**, 82, died on 8 February 2022, at Heritage Hall East in Agawam, MA. Gerald deployed to Antarctica onboard the USCGC *Eastwind* as a US Coast Guard chief petty officer. Year(s) unknown.

*OAE **LCDR Ronald F. Carlson, USN (Ret)**, 91, died on 3 September 2020, in Lexington Park MD. Ron was a pilot and wintered-over at Little America Station during DF-III, and spent four summer seasons at McMurdo in the 1960s. Carlson Inlet is named in his honor.

*OAE **Captain Edward E. Chelton USN (Ret)**, 84, died on 26 October 2011, in Elberta, AL. Ed served in Antarctica during Operation Highjump. Name of unit unknown. He was a member of the OAEA Gulf Coast Group Chapter.

OAE **Gerard Clement**, 89, died on 21 January 2022, New Port Richey, FL. Gerald and his wife Barbara loved to travel and he was most excited to talk about his adventure of being shipwrecked and rescued from a cruise ship in Antarctica.

*OAE **John Grady Colson**, 89, died on 10 October 2021, in Oro Valley AZ. John was a helicopter pilot mostly at Little America V during DF-III and DF-IV. He flew Support missions for Michigan Unit glacier/crevasse research, seal migration study, and trail parties. He flew a few science support flights out of McMurdo-Marble Point, Dry Valleys, penguin rookery. Helped find & dig down to Snow Cruiser. Later he was the USARP Chief Scientist aboard the USNS *Eltanin's* 8th cruise to Antarctic waters.

OAE **Mosley Mercer Cross III**, 91, died on 3 December 2021, in Gaithersburg, MD. While working for National Geographic News Service Mosley had a 1995 career-capping trip to McMurdo Station.

OAE **Reverend Daniel H. Davidson, Jr.** 85, died on 12 January 2022, in West Yarmouth MA. Dan made three tours aboard the icebreaker USCGC *Eastwind*, traveling extensively, to both Antarctica and the Arctic as an Engineman.

*OAE **William F. Doherty, Sr**., 90, died on 9 September 2019, in Zephyrhills FL. William served on the USS *Pine Island* during Operation Highjump.

*OAE **QMC Earl P. Dubeau USN (Ret)**, 92 of Orlando, Florida, died on 25 August 2012. Earl served on the USS *Burton Island* during Operation Highjump.

OAE **Paul Evans USN (Ret)**, 83, died on 13 February 2022, in Morgan Hill, CA. Paul served in Naval Support Force Antarctica as an Air Traffic Controller. Year(s) unknown.

OAE **Robin Foubister**, died on 18 January 2022, in Muriwai New Zealand. Robin was the leader of Scott Base in 1969 and he was also wintered-over as the leader of Campbell Island in 1966–67. See story on page 13 of this issue.

OAE **Kent A. Freeman**, **USN (Ret)**, 83, died on 10 January 2022, in Harborcreek PA. Kent deployed to Antarctica while in the US Navy. Year and unit unknown.

OAE **Master Sgt. Gregory David Fritche, USAF (Ret)**, died just prior to his 58th birthday, on 19 January 2022, in Schenectady NY. Greg served in the 109th Airlift Wing and was frequently deployed to Antarctica,

OAE **Thomas Korff Gaisser,** 82, died on 20 February, in Swarthmore PA. Tom was the principal USAP IceCube investigator for cosmic ray showers at South Pole Station during 1991 through 2005. Gaisser Valley is named in his honor.

*OAE **CDR Maurice 'Mo' E. Gibbs, USN (Ret)**, 88, died on 2 March 2022, in Nantucket ME. Mo served on the USS *Arneb* during DF-I and the USS *Wyandot* during DF-II as an Aerographer Third Class (AG3) on Naval Support Forces Antarctica Staff. He wintered-over as a LTJG at McMurdo during DF-67 as the Meteorologist officer. In DF-68 he served in Christchurch as the NSFA assistant staff Meteorologist, returned to McMurdo when the Met Officer was hospitalized. From June 82 to June 85 he served as the Antarctic Action Officer for Antarctic Ops for COMTHIRDFLT. From July to November 85 he served as the Antarctic Action Officer for DOD Agent for Antarctic Ops for the Oceanographer of the Navy. Mount Gibbs was named in his honor. He was a member of the New England Chapter.

*OAE **Mary V. Giro**, 97, died on 7 June 2021, in North Kingstown RI. Mary was the wife of ADCS John Giro, USN (Ret.). She was a member of the New England OAEA Chapter.

OAE **Roger Brian Hanson, PhD,** 78, died on 15 November 2021, in Collbran, CO. Roger went to Antarctica and was warded the Antarctica Service Medal for his contributions to exploration and scientific achievement doing ocean science. Year(s) unknown.

*OAE **Harold "Hank" Harris**, 90, died on 27 October 2018, in Eau Claire WI. Hank served in Antarctica during Operation Highjump on the USS *Yancey* as a Radarman (RDM3). He was one of 100 men who were left at Little America to complete the expedition. Hank and the other were evacuation to Port Chalmers, New Zealand on board the USS *Burton Islan*d.

OAE **Wayne Duncan "Corky" Harvey**, 76, died on 26 January 2022, in Wimberley, TX. Corky served in Antarctica while in the United States Coast Guard aboard the USCGC *Eastwind* from 1965 to 1967.

OAE **Janice "Jan" Callum Heine**, 81, died on 28 December 2021, in New Zealand. Jan was a tramper and mountaineer. In the early 1980s, she spent two seasons in Antarctica analyzing penguin guano at Cape Bird. It was during the 25th anniversary of Scott Base, and Prime Minister Robert Muldoon and Sir Edmund Hillary visited. Jan was the only female scientist, and she was asked to show Muldoon around. She would later recall that he got "sozzled" and, after retiring to bed, he reacted with fury when he found it had not been made to his liking. With her love of mountains, Jan also took the time to do some climbing in Antarctica. "If we had told Scott Base we wanted to go up Mt Bird they would have said, "No, you're not allowed," but if we didn't tell them they wouldn't know." She returned to the ice again in 2008 to do further research.

OAE **George Hiram Hitchcock, USN (Ret)**, 89, died on 18 December 2021, in Hilton Head, SC. George served in Operation Deep Freeze in Antarctica. Unit and year(s) unknown.

OAE **Ildiko Horvath**, died in early January 2022. Ildi worked as the hair stylist in the McMurdo store from 2008 to 2018 including two winters. Editor's Note: Full details of Ildis death are not known at this time.

*OAE **Capt. John David "Dixie" Howell, USN (Ret)**, 90, died on 25 November 2009, in Johnson City, TN. John served on the USS *Pine Island* during Operation Highjump as the Det Commander of PB5M seaplanes engaged in aerial photography of the Antarctic coastline

OAE **Richard Moore "Rick" Hunolt**, 77, died on 20 February 2022, in Jefferson City, MO. Rick served in Operation Deep Freeze while in the US Navy. Unit and year(s) unknown.

*OAE **Carl Henry Jackson, Sr**., 76, died on 23 September 2021, in Pensacola FL. Carl served in AIRDEVRON SIX/ ANTARCTICDEVRON SIX as a Photographers Mate First Class (PH1) from 1967 to 1969.

OAE **John (Jack) Melbourne Jones Jr.**, 90, died on 1 March 2022, in Severna Park, MD. Jack served on the USS *Atka* during DF-III.

Joan Marie (nee Cerreta) Jorgensen, 86, died on 27 December 2021, in Hilton Head SC. Joan was the widow of Arthur Jorgensen who participated in the 1957–1958 IGY in Antarctica for a year of study.

*OAE **LCDR James C. Kanes, USN (Ret)**, 91, died on 25 September 2021, in North Kingstown RI. Jim served in Antarctic Support Activities (ASA) during DF-70 & 71 as the Air Operations Control Officer.

*OAE **LCDR Bohumil "Jim" Koloc, Jr. USN (Ret)**, 97, died on 13 January 2022, in Minneapolis, MN. Jim was a helo and fixed wing pilot in ANTARCTIC DEVRON SIX (VX-6) during DF-66 and DF-67. He also served as the Maintenance Officer and Photo Officer. Koloc Point is named in his honor.

OAE **Arlo Udell Landolt**, 85, died on 21 January 21, in Baton Rouge LA. After one year of graduate school at Indiana University, Arlo applied for and was accepted by the International Geophysical Year expedition led by Paul Siple to spend a year (DF-II) at South Pole Station as an aurora physicist with a group of nine other scientists and nine US Navy men and a Husky dog. Mount Landolt is named in his honor.

OAE **Michael "Mike" Francis Langmead Sr**. 75, died on 23 January 2022, in Westminster, MD. Mike served in Antarctica while in the US Navy. Unit and year(s) unknown.

OAE **Brig. General Kenneth W. Mahon, USAF (Ret)**, 76, died on 13 February 2022, at Saint Francis Hospital in Hartford, CT. Ken received his commission in the US Navy in 1967, where he served as a Navigator Instructor for Antarctic missions. In 1973 he transferred to the US Army and served in the Connecticut Air National Guard.

OAE **James Chadwick Martin**, 77, died on 20 February 2022, at Lima Memorial Health Systems in Lima OH. James served on the USS *Glacier* included trips to Antarctica and New Zealand. Year(s) unknown.

OAE **LCDR Howard Walter Masterman, Jr., USN (Ret)**, 72, died on 14 May 2021, in Newton, MA. Howard was attached to ASA and worked in the McMurdo Air Traffic Control facility for three seasons in the early 1970s.

OAE **James Edward 'Butch' Meinert**, aka Speckled Trout, aka Black Bart, 65, died on 10 February 2022. Butch worked in McMurdo Science Support and Operations from 1993–2021, including five winters. He was the Mechanical Equipment Center (MEC) shop foreman for most of the past 12 years. He participated in the ITASE Traverse Expedition to the South Pole in 2003. Months were spent trudging through frigid wilderness. They completed a "proof of concept" traverse between the South Pole station and McMurdo, a study of the feasibility of land transport versus air. Along the way they would retrieve seismic equipment to be returned to base.

OAE **Daniel L. "Dan" Miller**, 78, died on 28 March 2021, in Lima OH. Dan was a FMF Hospital Corpsman in the US Navy, he served aboard the USS *Arneb* that took the PM3A atomic reactor to McMurdo Station DF-62.

*OAE **Ivan William Miller USNR (Ret)**, 80, died on 19 October 2021, in Monterey CA. Ivan served as a Lieutenant in VXE-6 as an LC-130 navigator. Year(s) unknown.

OAE **Bruce Reed Morgan**, 77, died on 24 December 2021, at Kindred Hospital in Westminster, CA. Bruce was a proud US Navy Veteran and made two deployments to Antarctica. Unit and years unknown.

OAE **Alfred Kenneth "Kenny" Nightingale**, 71, died on 16 February 2022, in Bedford VA. Kenny served his country in the US Navy Seabees, with a deployment to Antarctica. Year unknown.

OAE **EN1 Richard Ogier USN (Ret)**, 89, died on 29 December 2021, in Point Place. Richard deployed to Antarctica while in the US Navy. Unit and year unknown.

OAE **Arthur F. Olsen**, died on 21 February 2022, in Fort Atkinson, WI. Art served in Antarctica on the USS *Glacier* while in the US Navy from 1959 to 1962. He was a member of the USS *Glacier* Association.

OAE **Commander Ronald Osburn USN (Ret)**, formerly of Santa Maria died on 21 December 2021, in Friendswood, TX. Ronald was a pilot and served in Antarctica. Unit and year(s) unknown.

*OAE **ETCS George Albert Parker, USN (Ret)**, 81, died on 23 February 2022, in Celina, Mercer County, OH. George served in NSFA for three seasons (DF-74, 75, and 76) as the chief-in-charge of the Electronics Shop at McMurdo.

OAE **Hadley E. "Roy" Peterson**, 84, died on 28 January 2022, in Tulsa OK. Roy and wife Pat worked through their bucket list traveling across the USA, Europe, South and Central America, South Africa, China, the North Pole, and Antarctica.

OAE **John Charles Petersen**, 73, died on 19 January 2022, in Old Lyme, CT. In the last decade of his life John was a world traveler and one of the places he went was ice-trekked through Antarctica

OAE **Richard John. Prescott**, 86, died on 9 January 2022, in Scottsville NY. Dick was part of the 1st Navy SeaBee team MCB (Special) to winter over in Antarctica (DF-I) while constructing McMurdo Station as a Builder Second Class. Prescott Spur is named in his honor.

OAE **Buford Price**, 87, died on 28 December 2021, in Berkeley CA. Buford was a founding member of the AMANDA collaboration, later Ice Cube, the high-energy neutrino observatory installed in the polar ice underneath South Pole Station. This collaboration led to highly productive work in glaciology, paleoclimatology, and the study of extremophile bacteria living in Antarctic ice.

OAE **LCDR William "Bill" Pudsey, USN (Ret)**, 86, died on 7 January 2021, in Pensacola FL. Bill served in VX-6 at McMurdo as a senior chief photographers mate during DF-71. He was commissioned as a warrant officer in June 1972 while at Quonset Point.

*OAE **J. Joseph Quinn**, 86, of Coventry died on 13 January 2022, at Rhode Island Hospital in Providence, RI. Joe was with the SeaBees as an SW2; in ASA summer support and participated in construction of New Byrd Station during DF-61. He was a member of the OAEA New England Group.

OAE **Norman Henry Ragland**, 66, died on 17 February 2022, in Henrico VA. Norman served aboard the USCGC *Glacier* in Antarctica. Year(s) unknown.

*OAE **CDR Maury English Redford, Jr., USN, (Ret.)**, 92, died on 4 March 2022, in Parrish, FL. Maury served in Airdevron Six during DF-I (1955–56) as an Aviation Electronics Technician First Class (AT1).

OAE **Dr. William "Bill" Ridgeway S**r., 88, died on 6 January 2022, in Long Beach CA. Bill and his wife Polly loved to travel and swimming in natural hot pools in Antarctica was on of their favorites.

OAE **Robert King Rigger**, 99, died on 16 January 2022, in Baltimore MD, twelve days short of his one-hundredth birthday. Bob loved travel and animals. He eventually visited all the world's continents highlighted by a trip to Antarctica where he was able to see penguins in their natural habitat

OAE **Oliver Wayne Sadberry, Jr.**, 78, died on 11 January 2022, in Bryan TX. Bryan deployed to Antarctica with NSF USAP. Date(s) unknown.

OAE **CDR Ralph William Sallee, USN (Ret)**, 95, died on 9 February 2022, in Pacific Grove, Ralph served as the assistant meteorological officer in NSFA during 1967 and 68. He was also the Officer-in-Charge, Detachment Charlie, Antarctic Support Activities. Sallee Snowfield is named in his honor.

*OAE **LCDR Austin Richards Schroder, USN (Ret)**, died on 2 August 2021, in San Pedro CA. Austin served on the USS *Edisto*, during DF-63.

OAE **Dr. Paul Edward Schroeder, MD**, 94, died on 11 January 2022 at Vicinia Gardens in Fenton, MI. Paul took time for some adventure travel, including an excursions to Antarctica

OAE **SMSGT James W. Schofield, USAF (Ret)**, 91, died on 1 February 2022, in Corpus Cristi TX. Jim served as a Flight Engineer on the first all-jet airplane (C-141A) to land at McMurdo Station.

OAE **William "Will" Silva, MD**, 69, died on 28 October 2021, in Bellingham WA. From 1997 to 2015 Will made several deployments to Antarctica that included several summer seasons and three winters at South Pole Station (1998. 2003, and 2006), and one winter at Palmer Station (2000).

OAE **William H. "Bill" Sims**, 78, died on 5 December 2021, at St. Anthony OSF in Rockford IL. While in the US Navy Bill deployed to Antarctica. Unit and year unknown.

OAE **Barbara "Bobbie" McLeod Smith**, 89, died on 24 January 2022, in Evergreen Woods CT. Bobbie and her husband Fred loved traveling together and began their "Continent Quest" following retirement. Antarctica was a favorite trip.

OAE **Deborah Kathleen Smith**, 76, died on 29 December 2021, in Juneau AK. In her retirement Deborah traveled, and by that we mean she needed extra pages added to her passport. She visited every continent, even sighting Antarctica from a boat.

OAE **Kenneth P. Stephens Sr**., 82, died on 22 February 2022, in Davenport FL. While in the US Navy Kenneth served on the USS *Brough* during DF-III.

OAE **Rowland Whitney Tabor**, 89, died on 13 January 2022, at his home in Portola Valley CA. Upon receiving his PhD in 1961, Rowland was hired by the U. S. Geological Survey as a geologist and spent a season in Antarctica. Tabor Spur is named in his honor.

*OAE **Stanley Wayne Weaver**, 86, died on 19 August 2013, in Chico CA. Stanley served on the USS *Yancey* during Operation Highjump as a Watertender Third Class (WT3).

*OAE **Anthony Joseph Young**, 74, died on 16 November 2021, in Macungi PA. Anthony AKA Tony or AKA Bud served in NSFA summer support at McMurdo during DF-74 through DF-77 as a Storekeeper second class petty officer.

OAE **Warren Myron Zapol,** 79, died on 14 December 2021, in Boston MA. Over nine austral summers in Antarctica, Warren studied the physiology of the Weddell seal. Sponsored by the NSF, Warren led teams of international collaborators. Their studies at McMurdo and Palmer Stations involved the first remote computer microprocessor-enabled studies of freely diving Weddell seals in the wild. This novel technology provided new insights into the physiologic adaptations that evolution provided, allowing Weddell seal breath holds for up to 93 minutes during dives to depths of 500m under the ice. Zapol Glacier is named in his honor.

*OAE **CDR Charles "Chuck" Zilch, USN (Ret)**, 92, died on 17 October 2021, in Stanton MI. Chuck served as the OIC of Antarctic Support Activities Detachment Three (weather guessers) during 1963–65. Zilch Cliffs is named in his honor.

Chaplain's Corner

Johnnie Draughon—OAEA Chaplain

In the bulb there is a flower, in the seed, an apple tree; in cocoons, a hidden promise: butterflies will soon be free? In the cold and snow of winter there's a spring that waits to be, unrevealed until its season, something God alone can see.

(Hymn of Promise, Natalie Sleeth)
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=jnZNuGsVmvo

I know I usually start my devotions with scripture, and I still think that's a great way to start. But this hymn about new beginnings just keeps going around in my head. As a season on "The Ice" ends, the winter-over folks begin the routines that will carry them through the cold dark night of winter,

and the summer support people begin earnest preparations for the coming season. It's a routine that is familiar to every person, from every nation, who has ever served on the ice. Our lives are like that, one season ends, and another begins. Are we adequately preparing for the next season in our lives? Each season brings beauty and joy in its own right…if we are ready for it. God reveals the beauty of each new day in our lives if we will only open our eyes to see. Just something to think about. Please be in prayer for those wintering over…it's a long time until spring?

May the blessings be,
Johnnie Draughon, Chaplain

Through The Lens: Holy Trinity Church, Antarctica

Photo by Charles F. Stanley

Joseph Miller
March 1, 2022

When Dr. Stanley visited Patagonia in South America several years ago, he had the opportunity of a lifetime to hop on a plane and go to Antarctica. The tiny church pictured here, named Holy Trinity, is one of only eight churches on our southernmost continent. It's a reminder that there's no place the Lord cannot go. Psalm 139:7 says, "Where can I go from Your Spirit? Or where can I flee from Your presence?" As King David acknowledged, God's love reaches to the ends of the earth.

Building the church pictured above was a labor of love and spiritual devotion for those responsible—transporting the supplies, overseeing construction in the harsh Antarctic conditions. But for them, it was worth it to establish a house of worship as a place to experience God's presence together with His people. And now, standing there against subzero winds, it serves as a reminder that the Lord's praise covers all the earth (Psalm 48:10). God is able to reach every heart, no matter how far from home we travel.

y Peter de Gr

SHACKLETON THE BIOGRAPHY

Compiled by Billy-Ace Baker
Editor Explorer's Gazette

BOOK PREVIEW

Shackleton The Biography. By Ranulph Fiennes 2022: Hardcopy (cloth) 404 pages. Available from **Amazon $24.12.**

Also available from ***The Easton Press***
$118 or two monthly payments of $59.00. Item #:0875335. Personally signed by Sir Ranulph Fiennes. Limited to just 350 hand-numbered copies.
Features include:

- Fully bound in genuine leather.
- 22kt gold deeply inlaid on the "hubbed" spine.
- Superbly printed on acid-neutral paper that lasts for generations.
- Sewn pages—not just glued like ordinary books.
- Satin-ribbon page marker.
- Gilded page ends.
- Bound in the USA. Imported materials.
- Rigorous inspection at every stage ensures adherence to our exacting standards.
- Superb craftsmanship and commitment to quality.
- Standard shipping included at no additional charge.

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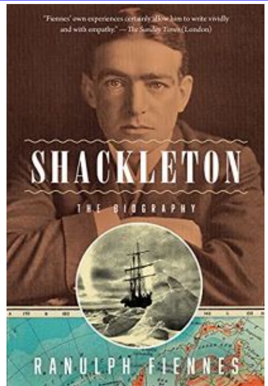
An Enthralling New Biography Of Ernest Shackleton By The World's Greatest Living Explorer, Sir Ranulph Fiennes.

From: Amazon.com

Who writes about Hell, it helps if you have been there.

In 1915, Sir Ernest Shackleton's attempt to traverse the Antarctic was cut short when his ship, *Endurance*, became trapped in ice.



The disaster left Shackleton and his men alone at the frozen South Pole [sic], fighting for their lives. Their survival and escape is the most famous adventure in history.

Shackleton is a captivating new account of the adventurer, his life and his incredible leadership under the most extreme of circumstances. Written by polar adventurer Sir Ranulph Fiennes who followed in Shackleton's footsteps, he brings his own unique insights to bear on these infamous expeditions. Shackleton is both re-appraisal and a vale-diction, separating Shackleton from the myth he has become.

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One Good Antarctic Explorer Deserves Another

Shackleton The Biography By Ranulph Fiennes

Review Lloyd Spencer Davis
28 January 2022

Here is a test. Scott, Shackleton, Mawson, Amundsen—who comes next? As surely as "10" follows the pattern 2, 4, 6, 8, by almost any measure "Fiennes" is the name that should come after the other four synonymous with Antarctic exploration. To give him his full moniker, Sir Ranulph Twisleton-Wykeham-Fiennes has probably man-hauled sledges farther, endured more blizzards and lost more fingertips to frostbite than the rest of them put together.

So when Fiennes produces a book about Ernest Shackleton, it should get our attention: It suggests an insider's look into a very select club. In a sense, that creates a problem. It is easy to set expectations too high, though Fiennes himself is complicit in this. As he says in his introduction, the story of Shackleton has produced a "litany of books," some of which "I have found myself vehemently disagreeing with, as some have played many tunes, invented many twists and told many lies. It is for that reason that I decided to write this book." In other words, he wants to set the record straight. He is arguably in a good position to do so. As he points out, "no previous Shackleton biographer has man-hauled a heavy sledge load through the great crevasse fields of the Beardmore Glacier."

The comparison between the author's feats and those of Shackleton will prove to be the book's chief charm. However, the tension of a book that seeks to draw these comparisons while also serving as a biography is apparent from the outset: The preface is, unexpectedly, largely about Fiennes, not Shackleton. Indeed, nowhere does Fiennes actually introduce Shackleton or set up why he is a legend. There is an implicit expectation that we, the readers, will be familiar with Shackleton and the basics of his story.

Shackleton leading the Aurora relief party in the winter of 1916, searching for nine lost men

Ranulph FiennesCredit...Gary Salter

Ernest Shackleton was an Irishman who, in the early part of the 20th century, accompanied Robert Falcon Scott on his first Antarctic expedition and subsequently led three of his own. Handsome, big-chested and with a penchant for poetry, he proved to be the standout hero from an era full of heroes and hardships, lost toes and lost lives. He is lauded not so much for what he achieved—indeed, on all four expeditions he failed to attain his primary goals—but for safely leading his men through perilous circumstances. As his fellow Antarctic explorer Raymond Priestley put it, "When disaster strikes and all hope is gone, get down on your knees and pray for Shackleton." A leader without equal, Shackleton was nevertheless a complex and flawed individual.

Little of Shackleton's dark side makes it into this book. While Fiennes dwells on the explorer's financial woes and hints at his dalliances with women, for the most part Fiennes views Shackleton (and, it has to be said, Scott too) through rose-tinted snow goggles. Initially, Shackleton emerges from a whiteout of clichés as a largely one-dimensional character. According to Fiennes, Shackleton had "the world at his fingertips," was "bubbling with excitement" and managed to sweep his future wife, Emily Dorman, "off her feet" by "pulling out all the stops." Perhaps most discombobulating of all, while the start of the book is written entirely in the third person, suddenly, more than 20 pages in, Fiennes switches briefly to the first-person voice and inserts himself into the story, likening Shackleton's relationship to Emily with that of his own to his first wife, Ginny. It is the beginning of periodic asides that Fiennes uses to present Shackleton's experiences in light of his own.

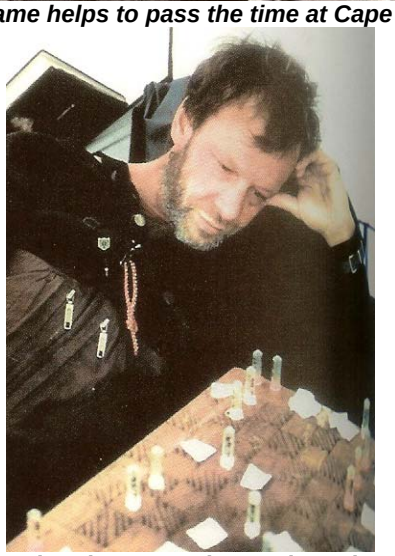
Shackleton, always popular with women, holding court at a garden party, July 1914.

Shackleton Joined the Merchant Navy and his first ship, the Hoghton Tower, in April 1890, at age 16.

Emily Dorman married Ernest Shackleton on 9 April 1904 at Christchurch West Minister. She was 35, six years older than her husband.

I found that the best way to read this book is to imagine that you are in a pub sharing a beer with Sir Ranulph while he regales you with his tale about Ernest Shackleton. In such a circumstance, the level of detail is acceptable, the language is appropriately conversational, and his personal asides seem both natural and most welcome. They help to explain the unfathomable—such as how and why humans could and, more inexplicably, would persist with moving their tortured bodies across tortured landscapes in such extreme cold—to someone like me, for whom deprivation means going without yogurt on my muesli (oatmeal).

A chess game helps to pass the time at Cape Royds …



… and crossing the Antarctic Continent in 1990 Mike Stroud used his blood samples as pawns.

However, although there is a bibliography at the end of the book, Fiennes seldom cites the sources for his pronouncements about Shackleton, so there is no way to judge the veracity of his claims and we are left to take his perspective at face value. To approach this book, then, expecting it to be the definitive account of the explorer is likely to be an exercise in frustration. Its lack of depth, nuance and referencing is a problem in this regard.

And yet, Fiennes moves the narrative along at a good pace and his storytelling becomes particularly animated when he is describing the actual grind of slogging through the snow and ice. The clichés melt away and are replaced by the hard-won descriptions of struggle, perseverance and initiative that only someone who has experienced such hostile conditions can know.

I would have liked for Fiennes to make even more of these comparisons. The examples used are plucked out of sequence from a lifetime of pitting his body against the seemingly unendurable. As a consequence, while the story of Shackleton's life unfolds in linear fashion, it is hard to get a sense of Fiennes's own journey. Perhaps it is another book, but the story of their lives told in parallel would make interesting reading, exploring both the similarities and the differences.

As it is, the comparisons are the most novel contribution of this book. While in some instances they can seem a bit superfluous—there simply for the sake of interjecting a connection—at their best they offer real insight. For example, Fiennes compares the 24-pound weight loss experienced by Shackleton on his failed attempt to reach the South Pole during the Nimrod expedition with his own 55-pound weight loss after man-hauling sledges for 94 days in the Antarctic. He notes that the stress may have been responsible for the almost fatal heart attack he experienced 10 years later, and he postulates whether Shackleton's similarly extreme weight loss under similarly extreme conditions requiring similarly extreme exertion may have also affected Shackleton's heart.

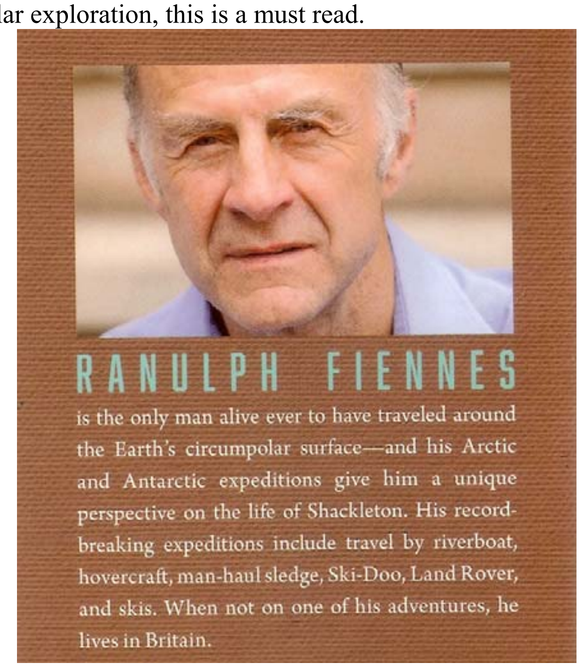
One hundred years ago, in the early hours of 5 January 1922, while onboard his ship at Antarctica's South Georgia, Shackleton died, aged 47, most probably of a heart attack.

In May 1922, Wild, now in charge of Quest, brought the expedition Back to South Georgia to visit Shackleton's grave. To commerate Shackleton's death on 5 January 1922. his comrades erected a cairn surmounted by a cross on the slopes of Duse Fell in South Georgia.

The expeditions artist George Marston at the Cape Royds winter base. He was described as "the fat comedian with the permanent smile".

When researching my own recent book I visited Shackleton's hut at Cape Royds, from which he made his unsuccessful attempt to reach the South Pole. I was there to interrogate the hut, to see if I could deduce something of the men who had used it more than a century earlier. There is something of Shackleton that still lingers, and it has less to do with the discarded socks, the rusted cans of custard powder and the empty reindeer sleeping bags than the sense of camaraderie that still pervades the open-plan living quarters. Shackleton, as Fiennes shows, was an Everyman hero during an age of Antarctic exploration that was as regimented as it was heroic; and, in contrast to the custard powder, his story remains as exceptional and astounding today.

In the end, unlike his polar expeditions, this book by Fiennes sets no records—straight or otherwise. Its appeal lies in its perspective: reading about an extreme polar superstar from the viewpoint of another. The book is not a 10 like the man, but that hardly matters. For anyone with a passion for polar exploration, this is a must read.



Ranulph Fiennes

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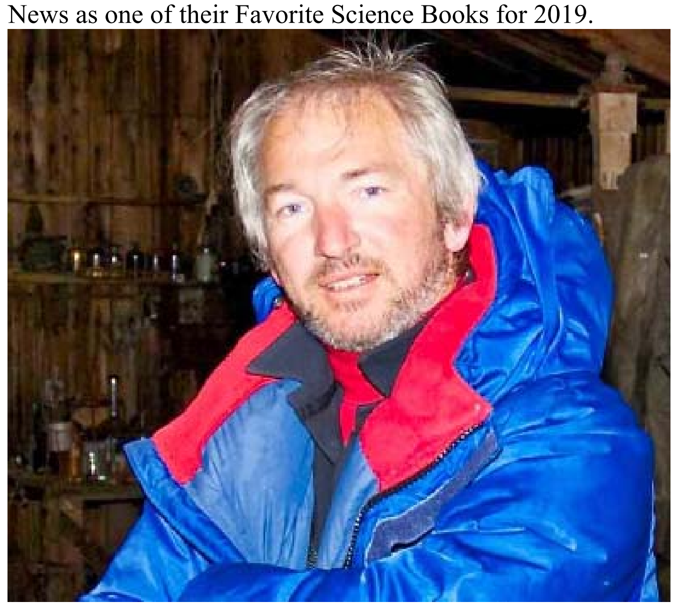
LLOYD SPENCER DAVIS

Lloyd Spencer Davis, who wrote this review, is a New Zealand-based author, filmmaker, scientist and science communicator. Born in Napier in 1954, he is known particularly for his creative nonfiction writing about science and nature subjects. He has published ten books and been co-editor of another two, as well as authoring over 150 scientific papers.

Davis's first book *Penguin*: a season in the life of the Adélie penguin (published by Pavilion Books, London, 1993, and Harcourt Brace, San Diego, 1994) provides a penguin's-eye view of life in Antarctica. It received the 1994 PEN (NZ) Best First Book Award for Nonfiction. The Plight of the Penguin (published by Longacre Press, Dunedin, 2001) won the New Zealand Post New Zealand Children's Book of the Year Award in 2002, the first time a nonfiction book had won the award, as well as winning the New Zealand Post New Zealand Children's Best Nonfiction Book Award. His book, Looking for Darwin (published by Longacre Press, Dunedin, 2007) is part travelogue, part personal memoir, and part essay about Charles Darwin. It earned him the Copyright Licensing (CLL) Writer's Award for Nonfiction, New Zealand's premier award for the support of nonfiction, as well as the Runner's Up Award as the New Zealand Travel Book of the Year in 2008. A Polar Affair: Antarctica's Forgotten Hero and the Secret Love Lives of Penguins (published by Pegasus Books, New York, 2019) investigates the life of polar explorer Dr Murray Levick and the sexual behavior of penguins. It was named by Science News as one of their Favorite Science Books for 2019.



Lloyd Spencer Davis is the author of "A Polar Affair: Antarctica's Forgotten Hero and the Secret Love Lives of Penguins."

PICTURES AND STORIES FROM DAYS GONE BY

Mysterious Wreck Of Polar Ship To Become Florida State Preserve

Compiled by Billy-Ace Penguin Baker

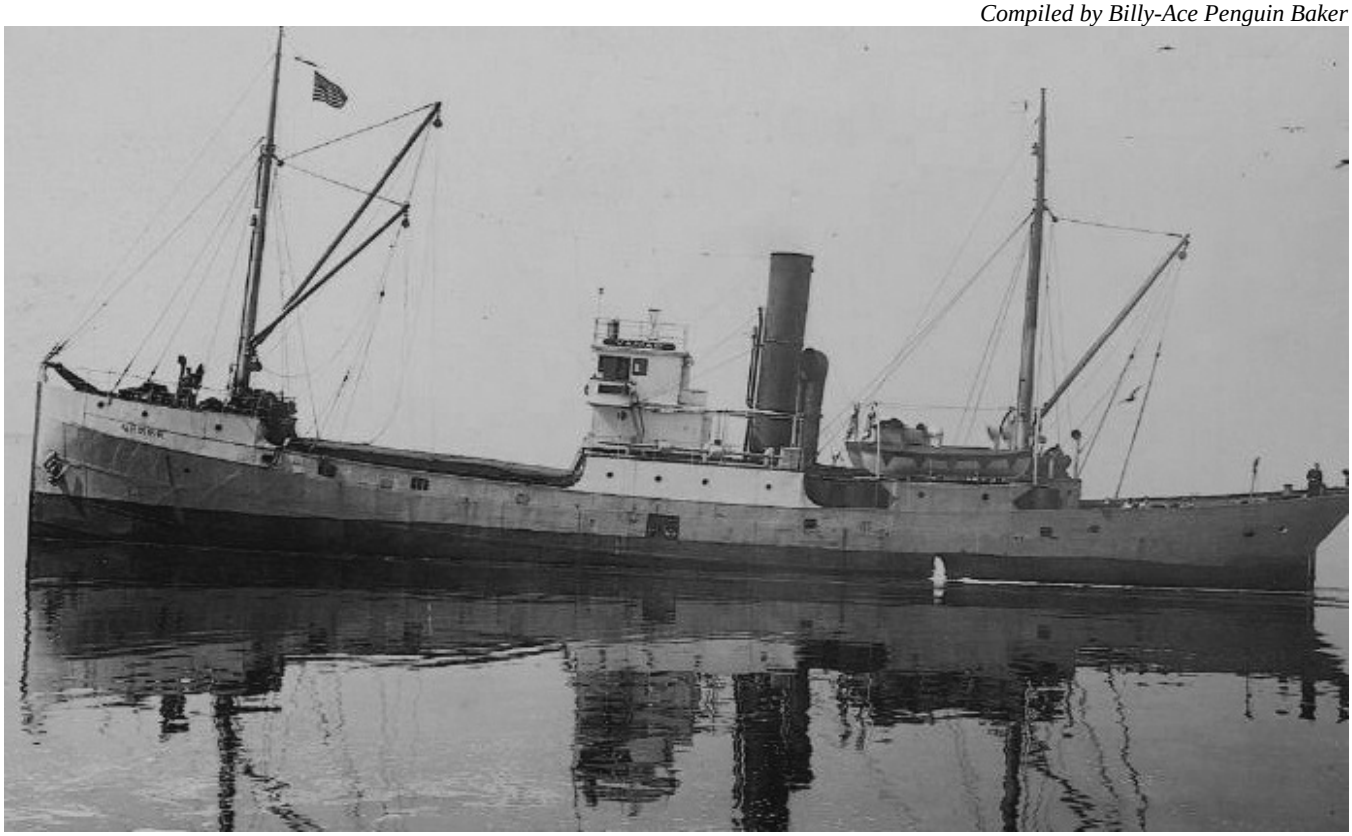


Photo Courtesy of the National Archives

The Eleanor Bolling. Also known as The Evermore Rolling.

By Bill Kaczor, The Associated Press

PENSACOLA — The wreck of a tramp steamer that helped Admiral Richard Byrd explore the Antarctic but later sank under mysterious circumstances off the Florida Panhandle is the state's newest underwater archaeological preserve.

"It's got a really fascinating history," said Della Scott, a state underwater archaeologist in Tallahassee. "The local people are still absolutely convinced it was sabotaged."

Divers salvaged its cargo of lumber, but the ship, then known as the *Vamar*, has remained at the bottom of the Gulf of Mexico since sinking during World War II in 1942. In the 62 years since then, it has attracted a wide range of sea life in about 25 feet of water.

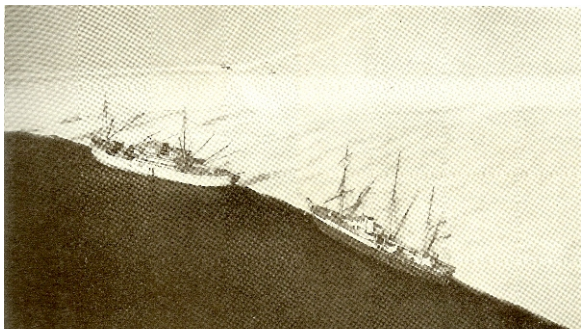
That makes it easily accessible to scuba divers and even snorkelers when seas are calm, as they had been when it inexplicably sank, Scott said.

A dedication ceremony is set for Friday at Mexico Beach, a small resort community about 125 miles southeast of Pensacola, for a monument describing the ship's colorful history. That history includes stints as a British warship and American rumrunner before it wound up as a tramp steamer—a ship without a regular route but available for hire anywhere cargo awaits.

Within a few days, weather permitting, the monument will join the wreck 3.7 miles off Mexico Beach to mark it as Florida's ninth underwater preserve, Scott said.

The 170-foot, 598-gross ton ship was built in 1919, at the close of World War I, as the patrol gunboat HMS *Kilmarnock* by Smiths Dock Co. in Middleboro, England.

The Royal Navy sold it during the 1920s to a private company that converted it into a freighter and renamed it *Chelsea*. Byrd purchased the vessel for $34,000 from the U.S. government in 1928 after it had been confiscated for Prohibition-era liquor smuggling, according to a ship's history compiled by the Florida Division of Historical Resources.



The Eleanor Bolling & Bear in the Bay of Whales at the Ross Ice Shelf Junction

The vessel underwent $76,000 in repairs and upgrades, including a reinforced bow to withstand floating ice. Byrd renamed it *Eleanor Bolling* after his mother, Eleanor Bolling Byrd.

The crew jokingly referred to it as the "Evermore Rolling" because of its instability in high seas, Scott said.

The first metal-hulled ship used in Antarctic waters, it transported crates containing two airplanes to Little America, Byrd's Antarctic base. Holds aboard his primary expedition ship, the *City of New York*, were too small for the crates although a third plane had been lashed to the wooden-hulled sailing vessel's deck.

Byrd made the world's first flight over the South Pole on 29 November 1929, in one of the planes that had been carried aboard the *Eleanor Bolling*. It was a Ford Trimotor named Floyd Bennett after Byrd's closest friend.

Bennett had flown with Byrd over the North Pole in 1926 and was to have gone on the Antarctic expedition, but he died of pneumonia before it began.

The *Eleanor Bolling* made several more trips between New Zealand and Little America to keep the Antarctic expedition supplied. Both vessels were greeted with fanfare when they arrived in New York's harbor after it ended in 1930.

Byrd sold the *Eleanor Bolling* later that year to an Arctic sealing company and in 1933 it was purchased by *Vamar* Shipping Company, giving the vessel its final name.

The ship was under Panamanian registry and owned by Bolivar-Atlantic Navigation Co. when it sank on 21 March 1942, after leaving Port St. Joe, about 10 miles southeast of Mexico Beach, bound for Cuba with its load of lumber.

The 18-crew members from Yugoslavia, Spain, and Cuba abandoned ship and returned to Port St. Joe. The foreigners' free-spending ways the next few days aroused suspicion that they had sabotaged the *Vamar* to block the shipping channel. Harbor pilot J. Melvin Beck, however, had been able to get it out of the channel before it sank.

Townspeople alerted the Coast Guard, which investigated but was unable to substantiate the rumors or determine exactly why the *Vamar* listed to left and then went down stern first.

The theory was that it was overloaded and top-heavy, but Scott said that didn't make sense because the *Vamar* had made two sharp turns in the channel without difficulty before it started sinking while on a straight course.

"It was a clear, calm day," she said. "It just sank—sat right down."

HISTORY OF THE *VAMAR*

The *Vamar* is more than an average shipwreck. The site is not only one of Florida's Underwater Archaeological Preserves and part of the Florida Panhandle Shipwreck Trail, but is also the scene of mystery and intrigue. When divers visit the site, they are swimming over history. During *Vamar*'s career, it was air gunboat, a rum runner, a polar-exploration vessel and, finally, a tramp steamer.

Launched in 1919, *Vamar* was originally named *Kilmarnock*, a patrol gunboat of the *Kil* class. Built by Smiths Dock Company of Middleboro, England, the ship was 170 feet long and 30 feet wide. It was registered at 598 gross tons. Renamed *Chelsea* after being sold to a private company, the U.S. government confiscated the ship while it was running liquor during Prohibition. In 1928, Admiral Richard E. Byrd bought the freighter at auction and used it in an expedition to Antarctica. His primary vessel was a Norwegian sealer, wooden hulled and built for polar ice, but he needed a vessel with enough space to carry airplanes for Antarctic exploration. He reinforced *Chelsea*'s bow to handle the ice and renamed it *Eleanor Bolling* after his mother. After a rough trip around Cape Horn, the crew nicknamed the ship "Evermore Rolling."

The *Eleanor Bolling*'s time in Antarctica was a grand adventure. The ship nearly sank when a chunk of ice almost capsized it. Men went into the water but shipmates, including Admiral Byrd himself, jumped into the frigid sea to rescue them. *Eleanor Bolling* made several trips ferrying supplies from New Zealand to support the successful expedition, and was part of Byrd's triumphant return to New York in 1930.

BECOMING THE *VAMAR*

The vessel was considered unseaworthy for another expedition and sold to a sealing company, and then to a shipping concern. Renamed *Vamar*, it became a tramp freighter for the Bolivar-Atlantic Navigation Company, and fell into disrepair. According to a 1942 Coast Guard incident report, on March 21, 1942, *Vamar* left Port St. Joe, Florida, with a mixed crew of Spanish, Cuban, and Yugoslavian mariners and sank under mysterious circumstances. This was during the first months of American involvement in World War II, when U-boats were picking off Allied ships at an alarming rate.

Afterward, Coast Guard intelligence officers conducted numerous interviews and uncovered a strange story. The freighter sank on a straightaway, and the locals heard peculiar metallic banging noises coming from the ship the night before its final voyage. Locals also commented that the crew spoke in hushed tones, in foreign languages, at a nearby nightclub. They appeared flush with cash, and were seen in the company of a mysterious blonde woman. The townsfolk suspected the crew of sabotage, but the Coast Guard inquiry found no solid evidence for it.

THE *VAMAR* TODAY

With the bow pointed south, the 170-foot-long freighter is now a jumble of scrambled wreckage. *Vamar* offers plenty of structure for divers to explore. Divers will see hull plates, deck beams, chain and a capstan. The steam engine and the generator that once powered the freighter are also on view. At the stern, divers will note a rudder and rudder shaft. There's also plenty of marine life on the ship, including coral growth, snapper, grouper, amberjack, and Spanish mackerel. Visitors might also see southern stingrays and toadfish.

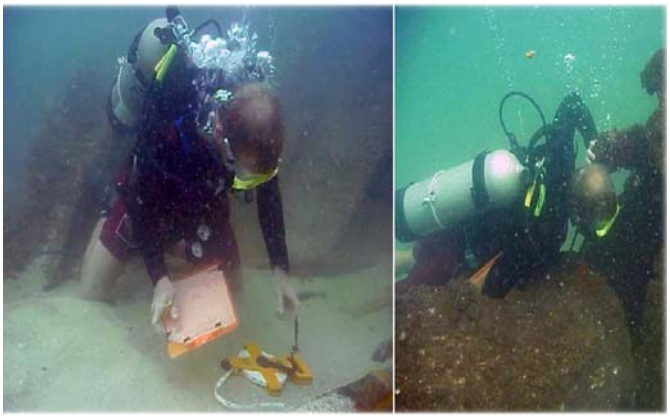


Photo Courtesy of the Florida Department of State

Divers at the wreck of the Vamar

Photo Courtesy of Dalys Dock and Dive

Wreck of the Vamar

TIDEWATER GROUP GET TOGETHER

by Ed Hamblin

Guess who came to dinner in the Tidewater area of Virginia recently? If your guess wasn't Life Member Dave Hazard and his wife Anne, then you would be wrong. In early March, he and wife Anne set out on their planned cross-country RV trip hauling OAEA Ship Store merchandise for the San Diego reunion in May. Their expected route has them traveling down from their home in Lisbon, Maine along the east coast with planned stops in Virginia Beach, Camp LeJeune, NC, Saint Augustine FL, then across the U.S. following I-10 visiting friends and places along the way to arrive in San Diego in May just before the reunion.

Dave and Anne Hazard

When Dave called me to let me know of their plans, I thought it would be a neat idea to have dinner together. A few of us local OAEA members met up with them at a local seafood restaurant one evening in Virginia Beach for some eats and conversation. Besides the Hazards, there was Johnnie Draughon and his wife Marilyn, Bill Raymus, Dianne Hallett, and friend Lee Darnell, Gordon and Melinda Spence, and me and my wife Linda. Although this visit was all about being social, we did turn over a model of Admiral Byrd's Deep Freeze R5D-3 built and meticulously painted and contributed by local OAEA Life member Bill Murray for safe transport to the reunion for use as a raffle or door prize item; and Dave gave me a new OAEA merchandise price list for posting to the website.

Dave & Johnnie Draughon

Marilyn Draughon & Anne Hazard

Bill Raymus & Melinda Spence

Dianne Hallet & Ed Hamblin

Linda Hamblin, Lee Darnell, and Gordon Spence

Bill Raymus, Linda Spence, Diane Hallett, Dave Hazard, and Johnnie Draughon

Marilyn Draughon, Anne Hazard, Linda Hamblin, Lee Darnell, and Gordon Spence

Along with the Hazard's arrival into Virginia Beach, came a bit of bad fortune…or good, depending on how you want to look at it. Right after they came across the Chesapeake Bay via the Chesapeake Bay Bridge Tunnel which links this part of Virginia with the eastern shore, a tire on their RV car towing dolly blew out totally destroying the tire, rim, and the fender assembly and attached running lights. That part is the bad news, but the good news is that it didn't happen inside one of the tunnel structures a few miles earlier, which could have been disastrous! Dave was able to locate fender and light parts to fix his towing dolly in North Carolina, and by arrangement had them shipped to my place; and I delivered them to the RV park where we socialized a bit while Dave fixed the trailer. Being a very experienced RV traveler since the 70s, adversity on the road is no stranger to Dave. He made light of his situation with the comment "What else would you expect of someone with the last name of Hazard?" In spite of the unexpected problems, they were able to continue on to their next stop in North Carolina as scheduled.

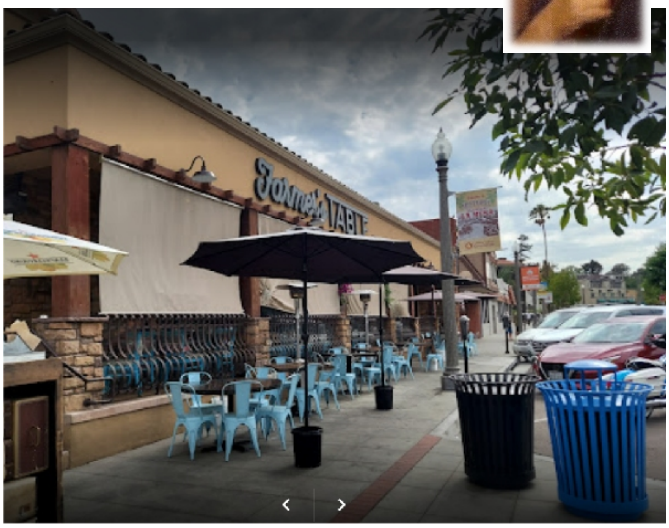
Model of Deep Freeze R5D-3 assembled by Bill Murray.

SOCAL OAEA MEETING

By George Lusk

The SoCal Old Antarctic Explorers met at The Farmer's Table, Chula Vista, CA on Saturday 8 Jan 2022.

Those present: George Lusk, Laura Lusk and Roy Allen. Due to COVID and other circumstances others were unable to attend.



Farmer's Table Restaurant Chula Vista California

During the abbreviated meeting with followed lunch, we discussed the contents of the goodies bags and displayed examples. We have received some raffle items from Bradford Miller which are greatly appreciated.

The Reunion flyer is set to be mailed out either by e-mail or snail mail in the coming week.

The next meeting will be at 1130, 9 April at Polly's Pie, 23701 Moulton Parkway, Laguna Hills, CA 92653

George Lusk
gb_lusk@prodigy.net

REMINDER: THE DEADLINE FOR REGISTRATION FOR THE OAEA 8–12 MAY 2022 REUNION IS 8 APRIL. SO HURRY, GET REGISTERED TO ATTEND AND MAKE YOUR RESERVATIONS AT THE HANDLERY HOTEL. 950 HOTEL CIRCLE N, SAN DIEGO CA 92180. PHONE: 619 298 0511.

Handlery Hotel in San Diego CA.

Lenin In Antarctica: Is This The Loneliest Statue In The World?

*By **Rachel Lopez***

A plastic bust of Vladimir Lenin, founder of the USSR, oriented so that his face looks towards Moscow, was installed in the heart of Antarctica in 1958. It stands there still, but few visitors ever make it this far inland.

Lenin's Bust

The Soviets got there first. In December 1958, a team of 18 scientists and explorers arrived at Earth's Southern Pole of Inaccessibility, in Antarctica.

This isn't the South Pole, but a spot 878 km further inland; the centre of the continent itself. It is the most remote spot of an already remote and in-hospitable region. Year-round temperatures average minus 50 degrees Celsius. Even penguins stay away.

The Pole of Inaccessibility, showing the bust of Lenin, in January 2007

Baby Penguin Born In Balmy Mexico Trains In Antarctic-Like Environment

Guadalajara, Mexico
5 Feb 2022

An Adelie penguin born on the last day of 2021 at a zoo in the balmy Mexican city of Guadalajara is training in a makeshift Antarctic environment where the chick will live the rest of his life.

The baby penguin is 35 days old and is still in a kind of nursery where keepers keep it out of harm's way and teach it to know himself and adapt to his group.

Paola Mendoza, an assistant at the Antarctic penguin colony, told EFE on Friday that the parents take care of the baby for the first 28 days after their birth.

But later, the caregivers take that role to protect them since the area is much smaller than their natural habitat.

The early days for this species of penguins, found in one of the most inhospitable places on the planet, the coast of Antarctica, are critical to their identity and survival as they reach adulthood.

Mendoza said penguins, in their early days, learn who they are and how to bleat.

"We put a mirror so they can see themselves and not feel alone," he said.

Penguin chicks, at this age, are covered in down, a layer of fine feathers under the tough exterior.

Such feathers do not have water-repellent fat and do not allow penguins to float.

Penguin chicks develop their traditional black and white plumage after 40 or 60 days of birth.

Mendoza said the baby could receive swimming lessons in a month or so to help him refine his instinct to move his fins and tail and know how to jump in and out of the water.

His first jump into the water is crucial because the parents then introduce the chick to the colony.

The Adelie species, as such, are not in danger of extinction, but it is critical to take care of them because climate change is melting the poles, which causes the disappearance of their natural habitat.

Care giver holding down covered baby Adelie penguin at the Guadalajara, Mexico Zoo

NEW OAEA MEMBERS

Thanks to OAEA Guestbook, Brenda Jones, USPS, Kara Kim, VX/VXE-6 Facebook, Dan Bolton, PK Panehal, Gary Koch II, Obit Messenger, Pensacola News Journal, Elaine Hood, Bill Spindler, Ed Hamblin, OAEA OptIn, Sandwich Girl, OAEA Web Site, Marty Diller, Bob Gaboury, Google News, Ed Waite, Gillian Curtis, Bruce DeWald, and Ron Stephano 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, 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

Amsler, Margaret CIV	§Life	USAP NSF Palmer & Antarctic Waters 1979-2011
Anganes, Andrew CIV	Life	USAP 1920-22
Baker, James CM1	Life	NSFA Det Alfa Winter-Over DF-73
Beale, Stanton GYSGT	Life	USMC VXE-6 1970-71
Beitch, Marci CIV	Life	USAP NSF/Grantee Contractor 2012-2022
Benardello, Pat CIV	ΦLife	Widow of Philip
Blankenship, D. CIV	Life	USAP Contractor ITT-ANS 1982-84
Churylo, Chris CIV	Life	USAP Contractor South Pole 1988-89
Davidson, C.W. HMCS	§Life	NSFA SS & WO 1988-89/95-96
Hinshaw, Philip MIL	Life	USS *Wyandot* 56-58
Margie, Robert LT MC	Life	USS *Thomas J. Gary* 1966-67
Schiefflin, Daniel CIV	Life	USAP 2011-2022
Williams, Rick CIV	*Life	Interested in Antarctica

REUNION & MEETING INFORMATION

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

VX/VXE6: Herndon, VA, 28 September–1 October 2022. POC Jeff Homewood. Jeff can be reached by phone at: 301-475-8327, by email at: homewood20@live.com, or by snail mail at: 21360 Cedar Hill Lane, Leonardtown, MD 20650.

USCGC *Eastwind*: South Portland, ME, 14–18 June 2022. POC Tom Dann. Tom can be reached by phone at: 352 245 3571, or by email at: tomdann@aol.com, or by snail mail at: 15662 S Hwy 476, Summerfield, FL 34491. The Eastwind participated in DF-I, and DF-60 through DF-67

USS *Wilhoite*: Branson, MO, 21–24 September 2022. POC Elisabeth Rider. Elisabeth can be reached by phone at: 479 280 2776, or by email at: sailingaway1987@gmail.com. The *Wilhoite* participated in DF-61.

The Antarctican Society: Burlington, VT, 12–14 August 2022. POC Tom Henderson. Tom can be reached by email at: webmaster@antarctican.org, by phone at: 518 888 0387, or by snail mail at: 35 Cherry Street, Unit 701, Burlington, VT 05401.

USS *Brownson*: Savannah, GA, 28 February-3 March 2022. POC Tom Holcombe. Tom can be reached by email at: ussbrownson1972@gmail.com, or phone at: 218 750 1533. The ***Brownson*** participated in: Operation Highjump.

Old Antarctic Explorer's Association (OAEA): San Diego, CA, 8–12 May 2022. POC George Lusk. George can be reached at: 619-421-2614, or: by email at: oaeareunion2022@gmail.com. Note: More info can be found on the OAEA 2022 reunion Facebook page at: https://www.facebook.com/groups/672854686946715

OAE LOCATOR

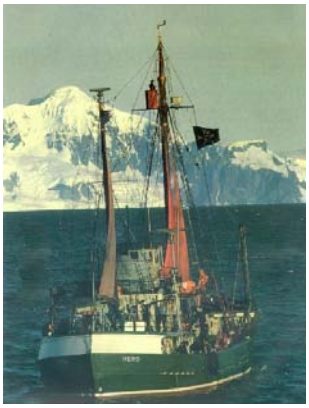
Send locator information to the editor by email at upizauf@aol.com, or by snail mail to 10819 Berryhill Road, Pensacola FL 32506, or by phone at 850 456 3556.

● Michael Naya is looking for anyone who is willing to share his or her stories about personnel who served in Operation Highjump. Michael can be reached at: swaneyb4@aol.com

● Steven Weston is looking for anyone who knew his grandfather James (Jim) D. Johnson who was a member of the OAEA. Jim was a retired USN CWO3 who served in VXE-6 during 1971–73 as the Para Rescue Team Supply Officer. According to Steven his grandfather died when he was young and he never got to talk with him about his Antarctic Experiences. Steven is working on his family past. If anyone was close to his grandfather and could reach out to him with some information, stories, photos, or memories they could share with him it would be worth gold to Steven. He can be reached at: steven.weston2222@yahoo.com. Or PO Box 3197, South Padre Island, TX 78597.

CWO3 Jim Johnson

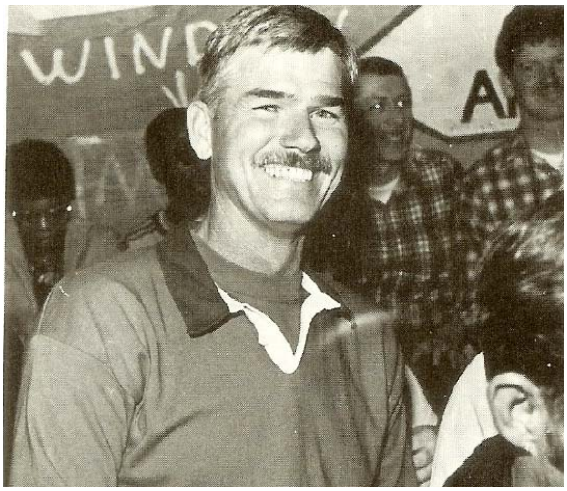
● Charles Lagerbom (USAP 90–91, 92–93) would like to hear from any OAEA members who have stories, photos, or connections with the NSF RV *Hero* and its operations out of Punta Arenas, Ushuaia, and Palmer Station from the late 1960s to the mid-1980s. Or maybe from its later days out on the west coast. Charles can be contact by email at: clagerbom@rsu71.org, or by phone at: 207-338-1790, or snail mail at: 16 Peacedale Drive, Northport, ME 04849.



RV Hero

● Ed Hamblin is looking for any father/son OAEs who were on the ice at the same time. We have had at least one other father/son set of members (Dick and Andy Cameron); however, new member Derek Blankenship and his father PRCM (AC) John Blankenship were on the ice at the same time. John was Command Master Chief of VXE-6 81–84, and Derek was working as a SARP at the same time. Ed does not know if we have any other members that can claim that distinction. Ed can be reached at: ehamblin74@verizon.net by email, or 757-405-3362 by phone, or 3104 Deepspring Drive, Chesapeake VA 23321 by snail mail.

Editor's Note: We had a father son together on the ice in the late 70s. The dad was an officer in NSFA and the son was a mess cook. This was a year when the mess cooks came from the states. The officer was the electronics material officer. My boss at times and sometimes my ride to work in homeport.



PRCM (AC) John Blankenship VXE-6 CMC and & also Para Rescue Team Jump Master DF-84

Father & daughter Kiwi messcooks at McMurdo DF-77. Patty & Elizabeth Hunt.

PENGUIN CLUB

Bronze Adelie

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OAEA Donor Awards as of 2/13/2022

compiled by Billy-Ace Baker
from data supplied by Ed Hamblin

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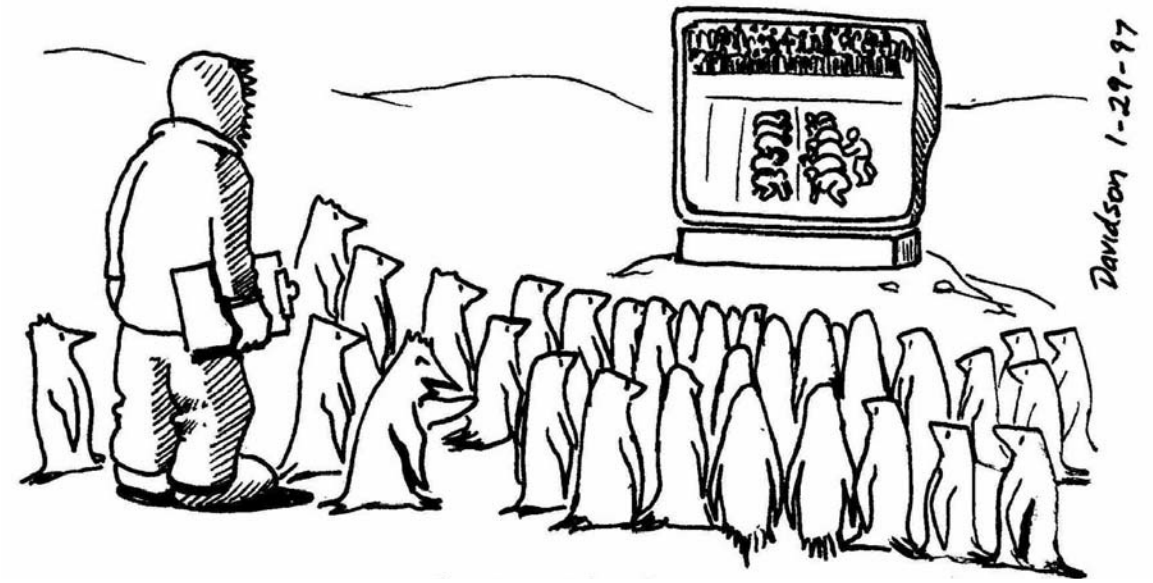

Research?? Now?! Can't you see we're watching the Super Bowl?