

MCMURDO SOUTH POLE

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HOMIE & GARDENS

**STYLE
SECRETS**

learn from the pros

**RELAX
RENEW
RESET**

find your

**CREATIVE
SPARK**

The Power of Neutrals

LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

Dear Travelers,

Welcome, friends and neighbors, to the second issue of our southern sister periodical, *South Pole Home & Gardens*. In the natural world around us, we observe the continued drawing inwards of energy towards the center of the continent as the *Aurora Australis* lights up the dark skies and the temperatures drop into the negative triple digits. Such harsh conditions might invite many of us humans to retreat into our warm places and sanctuaries in order to restore ourselves and seek shelter from the often unforgiving elements outside. But at a time

when we really need more rest and quiet, we must continue with our usual commitments, be they social or work-related. How then, to create a tranquil and cozy area in which to replenish your spirit after the demand of the day? Within these pages we'll explore the creature comforts that light up a room in the darkest place on Earth. We'll look at ideas for how best to display your treasured inherited kitsch, and how best to create the kind of home you can't wait to return to after a long day at the office. We feature one of the South Pole's most talented residents and chefs, Mr. Robert "Zeke" Mills. Good Cheer.

xoxo,
Kelsy

LETTER FROM THE POLE

Greetings all,

Back by popular demand, I present to you the second edition of... this. In it you'll find a wholesome article written by and about two of the most loved and wholesome individuals at the South Pole. I rage about nothing and yet everything. Then we uncover what's really going on in Doc's mind during ERT trainings. Laugh, cry, be horrified— enjoy.

cheers,
Michelle



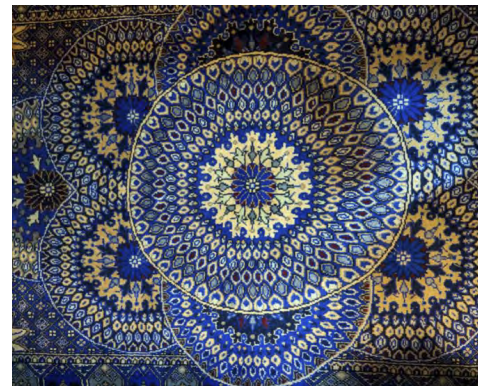
Texan Comfort in a Harsh Continent

by Travis Groh

Riding the wave of moisture and fresh scent, I floated into Zeke Mills' abode, which he proudly proclaims with his charming, signature giggle is 4 ceiling tiles x 5 ceiling tiles, a unit of measurement for the cell-like rooms at South Pole Station. With the South Pole being one of the driest places on earth, one cannot simply live without a humidifier. My dry, lizard skin immediately felt refreshed as Zeke points out his army of 3 humidifiers pumping above his bed.

"It reminds me of the Texas humidity," Zeke, a staunch Texas native, reveled in the thought of being back home.

Being limited to two 2-minute showers a week at the South Pole, as well as the lack of smells here, one's olfactory senses can easily be offended walking down the berthing halls. Stepping into Zeke's linen closet-sized space was like a pillow fight of freshness to the nose.



"Mmm, what's that smell?" I ask.

"My air fresheners. They're Snuggle Linen Escape," Zeke responds with a giggle.

Immediate comfort overcame me as I smiled and joined in the giggling.

Being FSS at the South Pole and working eight seasons on Ice, Zeke is no stranger to cleanliness and organization. From skua'd supplements to a diverse hat collection, everything has its place in this nook.

"I have an unnecessary amount of sunglasses," Zeke, who works primarily in the kitchen during an Antarctic winter, stated.

Everything from the tapestry of a lovely field of bluebonnets above his bed to the Houston Astros flag and "Go Big Purple" sign on the wall boldly reveal this chef's Texan heritage. But don't be fooled. Lush greenery in petite

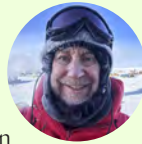
white ceramic pots sporadically placed around the room bring a New York City studio apartment vibe to the space and reveal that there's far more depth beyond Texas to this chef. Beneath my feet, lies a mesmerizing patterned rug from a small market in Kabul, Afghanistan. The indigo and burnt umber combos in the rug reveal this nomad's passion for being immersed in other cultures, not to mention the Ethiopian cuisine he prepared earlier in the week that overtook the halls and transported us elsewhere with the scent of spices and stews.

One cannot help but leave this room more uplifted and invigorated. You really can turn a cell-like space at the end of the world into a place of endearment and comfort. There's a lesson to be had here – Never forget your roots, but also, don't be afraid to venture out into the world and grow as a human.

Never be afraid to Groh.

Rodenberg's Rants

by Howard Rodenberg, MD



I've always appreciated our Galley staff, even if their pictures in the window covers raise the prospect of an Aztec human sacrifice. Our sous chef reviews his life in photos prior to the offering; our baker clubs him into unconsciousness with a rolling pin as he is laid out on the altar. The chief steward rips open the chest with a Ginsu Knife while the head chef pulls out the still-beating heart with his hand and raises it skyward as an offering to the heavens. Meanwhile, the other steward hacks off the still quivering limbs with a cleaver and feeds them to the hungry rabble. The bloodlust of the deity has been appeased, and a successful harvest from the Greenhouse is insured.

But my journalistic integrity (found under the A4 bathroom sink) has forced me to reveal that the Galley is guilty of perpetuating a lie. An in-depth investigative report and a quick look in the Koala Cabinet reveals that what we have long believed to be Lime Raro is an imposter. Rather than the actual

Cerebros-Gregg Raro product (which does not actually come in lime flavor), we are being dosed with a drink called Freedom from Ross Foods in Christchurch. It's got to be a conspiracy of some kind, and one not based on price alone, as that would be too obvious.

When confronted, the head steward freely confessed to this fraudulent behavior. She nodded gravely as she spoke, without a trace of hesitation nor guilt.

"I was the one who told you that last week. You've sat across from me at dinner twice since then, had a glass of the green stuff, and shouted, 'Look! I'm drinking Freedom!' And it wasn't funny either time."



The Murrow of the South Pole now drinks grape juice instead.

South Pole Home & Gardens World Record: Worst Blankets Ever

by Michelle Endo

Polies, please join me in congratulating these awful pieces of materials for winning the SPH&G award and world record for being the worst blankets to ever exist in the history of blankets.

They're so bad that when asked what color they are, the best descriptor is vomit.

If that's not bad enough, they have the second-worst blanket pattern. (First is camo, we all know that. What are you trying to do, hide from sleep paralysis?)

Thin wavy lines abhor this garbage fabric, and to make things worse, they're designed in such a terrible way that you get dizzy looking at it.

Then there's the material—the absolute worst offender. It's scratchy, heavy, and takes up so much goddamn space in my laundry room. Suffice it to say, I have a specific disdain for these three “blankets” more than any other

inanimate object on this godforsaken continent.

I come to you humbly-- as your Boss Asian, forever steward, sometimes janitor, booze overlord, mail lady, seasonal housekeeper, and circus monkey in training—and kindly request that someone, anyone-- please, for the love of all things that's good and just in this world-- to please remove these three sorry excuses called blankets from my possession forever.



P.S. But for real, please—someone take them all and never return any to me. Now available in the laundry room above the washing machines.