

MCMURDO SOUTH POLE

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# HOMIE & GARDENS

*the*  
**POWER**  
*of* **HOME**  
Fall Back in Love  
with Your Space

The  
**TRAVEL**  
**ISSUE**

**Outstanding  
Perennials**  
that passed the test

Easy Ideas for Every Gardener

## LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

Hello neighbors, near & far,

As I explore my own sabbatical abroad in the States, I reflect on what it means for a place to have its own style. Here in Alaska, I always notice the many windows in homes with which to view the constant auroras and polar bears. On Ross Island, we often find design inspiration around the temperate climate and available outdoor activities. But what happens when the temperatures are more extreme and the spaces more economical? How does the culture and style evolve to reflect more, or less, restrictions? How does the presence of a communal

green space, instead of individual gardens, reflect in the design sentiment of one's home? In our first Travel Edition issue of *McMurdo Home & Gardens*, we're pleased to highlight our neighbors to the South, many of whom were former residents of Ross Island themselves. We explore the foreign climes and exotic styles of the South Pole, brought to us by our dear friend Ms. Michelle Endo, MH&G's Travel Director and SPH&G Editor, who has been living there for several months now. We're sure you'll spot similarities and differences, but ultimately, we hope, you'll see a thread of common design uniquely characteristic of the Southern Continent. Explore.

xoxo,  
Kelsy

## LETTER FROM THE POLE

It's my honor and joy to welcome you to the inaugural issue of *South Pole Home & Gardens*. Created and designed by my dear friends in McMurdo, SPH&G will be everything and nothing you ever wanted. Will we feature our best rooms? Maybe. Will this be a hot mess? Most likely. Now well into our months of darkness and the beginnings of petty madness, so too, I hope, will these editions follow in suite.

cheers,  
Michelle

Together with Jaden, the three of us sat in that diseased-ridden humidifier of a room, harvesting what we could salvage and cutting off spored leaves one by one.

Anthony played the comedy opera *Pirates of Pensance* as we worriedly picked through soggy, rotting vegetable ends. While he described the music as relaxing, as a first time listener, I found it apocalyptic and fitting for the occasion as we sat engulfed by decaying vegetables, unsure if we'd continue to have greens for the rest of winter.

"[The plants] all grab from the same water, so if my suspicions are correct and there's a problem with the seeds, that means there has been some circulation of spores through the water which is concerning," Anthony said.

When asked for his final thoughts regarding our day in green hell, ever the optimist, Anthony just said he's grateful for everyone who helps keep the indoor garden going.

I, on the other hand, took away from the afternoon that life is just like these bok choy. I noticed that the spores were worse on the older vegetables, similar to how when you age you're more susceptible to developing cancer and thus dying. We are all bok choy.



## The South Pole Greenhouse

by Michelle Endo

While any typical person might expect a feature on the South Pole Greenhouse to be about all the wonderful sights, smells, and sense of elitism it might bring to the southernmost Antarctic facility, this article is none of those things.

It begins with a cancerous fungus and ends with existential dread.

Once upon a time, long, long ago last week, I was doing my regular Greenhouse tending when I saw some fuzz on a head of bok choy. And then on another one, and another, and another.

Greenhouse Lead Anthony confirmed what I was seeing: spores. Like a cancer, they had spread to over 80% of all the bok choy we had.

"This is the risk of having everything in the same room," Anthony explained. "We put at risk the remainder of the plants if one goes bad."



# Rodenberg's Rants

by Howard Rodenberg, MD

*South Pole Home and Gardens* strives to help us believe that our industrial cellblocks feel like a warm hug from home. And what feels more like home than food you know and love? For me, that would be the Velveeta-doused scrambled eggs from Waffle House. Sadly, the supply of fresh eggs at the Pole is finite, and I've learned that until the freshies descend upon us like manna from heaven, we'll have to make do with some sort of powdered egg substitute. So why not join the suburbanites who dismantle the swing set as too dangerous for modern life and instead erect a chicken coop?

It should be easy enough to have a prefabricated coop and a crate of chicks flown in by early February. There's the problem of that pesky treaty that prevents animals from being on continent, but the South Pole is kind of like the Las Vegas of geography. What happens here, stays here.

Of course, space is at a premium in the elevated station, and it's impractical to put our parliament of fowls outdoors. I'm thinking we might revamp the Quiet Reading Room. Books are so last millennium, after all. On the other hand, if we still want to preserve the illusion of



learning, we could use the Climbing Gym instead, providing opportunities for increased physical activity as we trek daily to pick up the eggs.

There are other benefits as well. Maybe we could get some of the chickens to do math like in the sideshow. With roosters in our midst, two-day weekends could end with a cockfight. (Between bantams, I mean. There's a policy.) Finally, we could take comfort in knowing that, as my editor states, in the event of an Animal Farm rebellion we could probably take down the chickens.

We welcome your thoughts.

