

## Headin' South For The Winter

Here we are in '92 as before, with 1B, 2A, 2B, 3A, MDEs on line for a 1:2:1 configuration, with screws a'turning' just askin' for more. At 74°44'S all four on the floor, 160°25'E we ain't talkin' no jive. We are under the command of CNSFA; through their guidance we will never lose our way. COMCOGARD MLC/PAC ... of us they will surely keep track. #1 and #3 SSGs running in parallel, on line, and doing just fine. We have reached the ice edge on this cold, lonely night, but who cares, for we always have light ... be it midday or midnight. We tack on more miles with each turning gear, doing twice as much each and every year. We rock and we roll toward infamous McMurdo. So without further ado, we present Deep Freeze '92, with science and flight ops planned as we go. We wait and we wonder, without even a clue, just what the scientists expect us to do. From Seattle we come afloat, taking up slack for the Polar Star. So on watch we stand as the new year begins, thinking of family, loved ones, and friends. Once again in our spot, in the land that time forget. Working through the day, breaking our way into Terra Nova Bay. The penguins scream with delight at us, such a breathtaking sight, in awe of our power and might. We do what it takes to get the job done, simply because we're the big double one. With LTJG Shaw on deck, ENS Arnold with the Conn, we continue our track, sailing on and on.



Above: SS1 Garrett and MK1 Parker take a quick dip ... real quick.



Top: The crew was serenaded with carols at taps on Christmas.  
Bottom: In the middle of a cold-core cyclone off at Cape Adair.