

## this is the ship they sailed . . .

We have had the extraordinary good fortune to be stationed not only with one of the most versatile crews in the Navy but aboard a vessel whose characteristics and capabilities are to say the very least unusual.

*USS EDISTO* (AGB-2) was authorized by Congress on December 17, 1943. The ship's keel was laid by the Western Pipe and Steel Co., San Pedro, California on May 15, 1945. At the commissioning ceremonies on March 20, 1947, the ship was placed under her first commanding officer, CDR E.C. Folger, USN.

The ship is named for Edisto Island in South Carolina, just 20 miles south of Charleston. The island takes its name from the Edisto Indians, the original inhabitants of the island.

Since her commissioning, *EDISTO* has become a well seasoned icebreaking veteran of both poles. Prior to her Operation Deepfreeze 61 commitment, she had been to the Antarctic several times and to the Eastern Arctic where she was one of the two ships to have gone to lat. 82°N. In early, 1958, the ship departed Norfolk and steamed non-

stop to Ellsworth Station, Weddell Sea, Antarctica, a distance of roughly 9500 miles. This voyage set a Deepfreeze record and proved the versatility of the Navy icebreaker.

*USS EDISTO*, originally classified as an auxiliary (AG-89) is now classified as a windclass icebreaker. The ship is equipped with a reinforced icebreaker hull, a heeling tank system which can provide an artificial roll of 10 degrees, and a flight deck above the fantail. When operating *EDISTO* carries two helicopters for ice reconnaissance, landing parties, and rescue work. The ship is 269 feet long and has a beam of 63 feet. It cruises at 14 knots and displaces 6400 tons when fully loaded. *EDISTO* is powered by six main diesel engines and two electric motors developing a total of 10,000 horse power. Currently under consideration for installation is a system of valves which will control the shifting of liquids in the ship's tanks. If practicable aboard *EDISTO*, it should help to reduce some of the rolling, an innovation for which we shall all be thankful..





## departure

*EDISTO*, back from the Arctic in mid August, faced the challenge of preparing for the lengthy, important cruise to the Antarctic, as part of Task Force 43, in support of the U.S. Antarctic Research Project.

In addition to the food, fuel, and ammunition supplies necessary to the operation of the ship itself, we embarked several cryptic boxes of scientific gear, a bathythermograph team, and our now familiar compatriots of HUTRON 4 and their gaudy flying machines. Day after day the slab-sided gray trucks rolled to the side of the ship as working party after working party was called away to cope with the influx of stores. The Officer-of-the-Deck was forced to deal with angry division officers who saw their whole department leave on one working party. In reply to the queries, the OOD could only say, "This stuff has to come aboard."

As the days shortened for our leave-taking, our already ragged supply officer was harassed a good deal more with higher and higher priorities. Sometimes he disappeared into the benighted confines of Bld. 149 at Charlestown for such long periods that we began to doubt he should ever return

— that the system had, at last, swallowed the man. However, and let history judge our fortune, he always did reappear, albeit with a sheaf of papers and a look of utter consternation mingled with disbelief.

Finally, the last truck had been emptied and there were no more to take its place. This signalled the end of the preparations and the beginning of the cruise.

Early on the morning of 28 October 1960, members of the engineering department were already hard at work upon their sailing-day duties. Steam, fresh water, and electric shore supply were cut off and the ship became an entity, depending on no one for her needs. She remained shackled to the unfamiliar land only by her doubled-up morning lines. Soon these too were reduced so that only six single strands of manila held her. At 1010 local time on that sunny New England morning, before a crowd of friends, relatives, and idly curious, we hauled aboard and stowed our last line. The ship, even in those calm harbor waters began a gentle rolling motion which told those of us who had sailed her before that *EDISTO* was truly underway.

We got underway with combination BAKER on the line and under the paternal guidance of our OpOrder.

The fresh October sea-breeze carried the spray from forecastle to fantail, performing once again the baptismal rite which is as old as man's association with the sea.

We took Boston Lightship serenely to starboard, rounded Cape Race, and steadied on a southerly course. Now *EDISTO* began to plunge and rear in the troughs of the open Atlantic and it soon became obvious to the neophytes that finding one's sea legs was a matter of survival, not of mere whim. For late that first night the stormy North Atlantic gave us all a taste of its hidden vagaries. We altered course to the east and next day, when it was all over, we had, among other things, a paper-pulp factory in the library.

And so we sailed on into the balmy seas of the Gulf Stream current. In the evenings the moon would rise heavy and full in the heavens and the navigator never lacked stars.

We dropped off to sleep nights believing that, at long last, the Navy was living up to its recruiting posters. We were all beginning to get that salty feeling — at peace with Conrad and Melville. Alas, we were not to loll in our reverie long.

Late one night, from the very bowels of the ship itself, there belched forth great clouds of black smoke amid a shower of sparks. On the bridge a red handle was depressed and the clamorous CLANG-CLANG-CLANG-CLANG-CLANG of the General Quarters alarm reached far down into our sleepy minds and drew forth our consciousness for duty. Our disgruntled stack, alarmed at the prospect of spending months in the frigid Antarctic, spewed its hot gases into the evening sky.

Then we all went back to bed.

Next day, as we passed through the magical West Indies, the below decks quarters grew too oppressive for sleep. Accordingly, we gathered our blankets and pillows and repaired to the main deck for an evening or two of cool slumber.

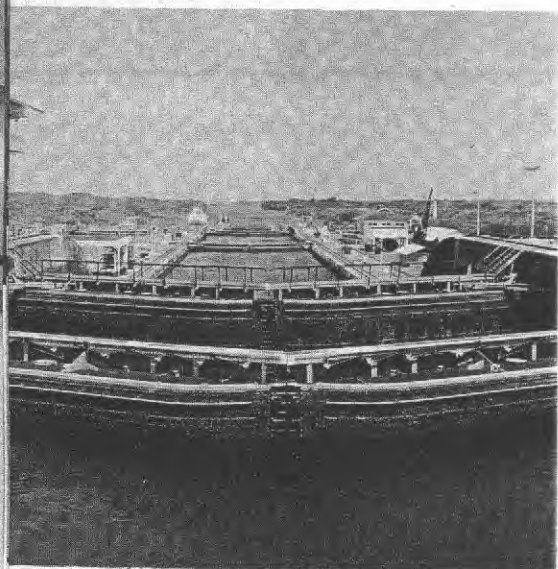
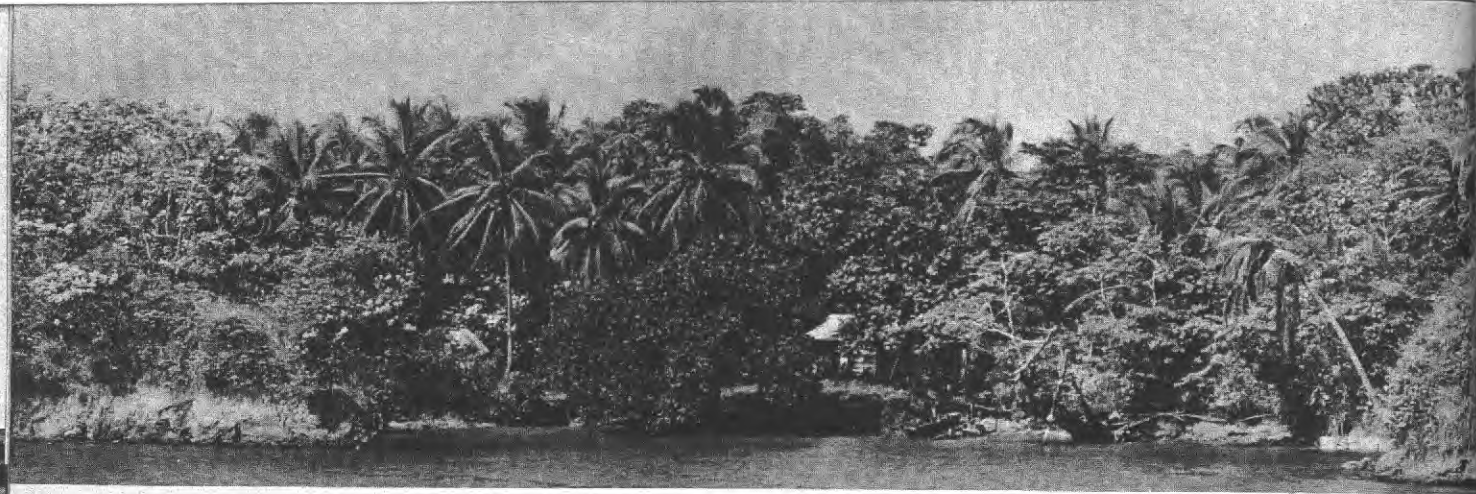
We got more than we bargained for in the latter department.

*EDISTO*, rocking and rolling her way across the seas, rocked once too often and rolled once too far. In an instant, before most of us were awake enough to cry, "Oh-Oh!", we were drenched with thousands of gallons of sea water. Next day, minus clothes, wallets, keys, and assorted pairs of shoes, the crew hung its soggy blankets on the life lines to steam and steam under the hot tropical sun.

Not all the nights were like that, however. Some evenings, Molands and Haines combined to blast out some fairly serviceable reproductions of America's finest country music. The twang of the strings matched the twang of the noses as the melodious strains of, "Cold, Cold, Heart" drifted up to the sometimes unappreciative ears of the OOD on the bridge.

By the time the hazy outlines of Colon appeared, heralding our entrance to the world-famous Panama Canal, those who had had doubts were now convinced that there was certainly more to this business of going to sea than could ever be found in books.





On November 5 *EDISTO* passed inside the breakwater of Limon Bay and anchored awaiting clearance to proceed with her transit of the Panama Canal. It was not going to be, as some of us thought merely a matter of steaming straight through the locks. Before allowing our ship to pass, it was necessary to embark an official boarding party from the Panama Canal Company who would check our papers and receive vital information regarding our draft, displacement, and cargo. In addition to the normal round of paperwork we welcomed aboard several students and instructors from various South American military academies. Shortly after the arrival of the latter, LTJG Richardson, our bi-lingual Operations Officer, could be observed on the starboard side of the boat deck, Spanish-English dictionary

in one hand and in the other a stick with which he was scratching meaningless circles on the deck. However, the President's people-to-people program eventually recovered.

After the formalities had been concluded we hoisted anchor and steamed down Limon Bay to Gatun Locks. In three successive stages we were raised a total of 85 feet to the level of Gatun Lake. The chamber doors moved slowly under the power of a small engine with an incredible gear ratio of over 1200 to one. Within the locks we were moved forward by small electric donkey engines running on tracks paralleling our advance. We thus arrived in the

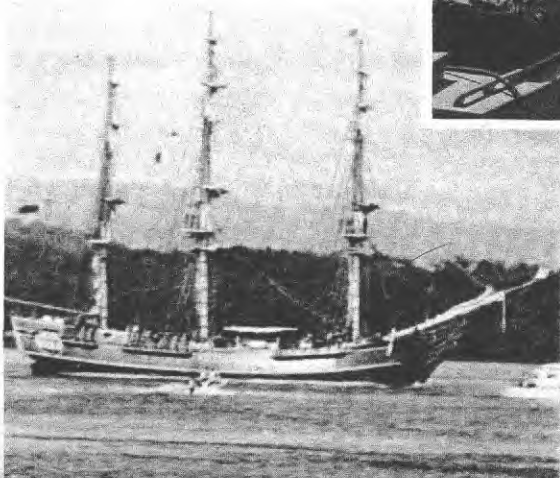
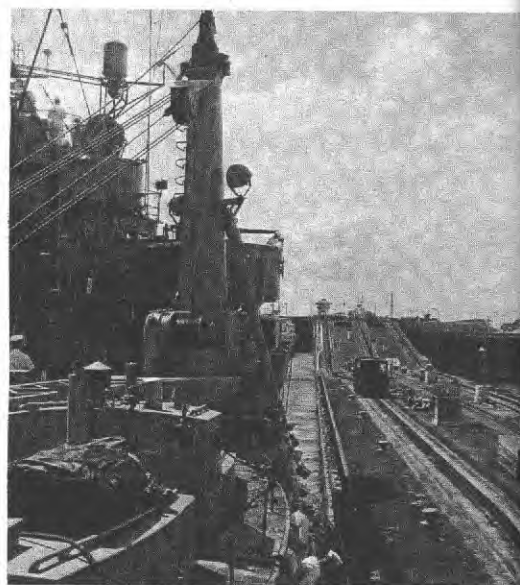
*bms bounty*

*bound westward*

*for a rendezvous*

*with tabiti*

*and marlon brando*



## panama

fresh waters of Gatun Lake and swim call was ordered for all hands. The styles of swim-suits — ranging from the near-naked to dungree trousers rolled above the knees — were as varied as the diving forms while a frustrated OOD on the quarterdeck was splashed, mauled, and otherwise hindered in his duty of checking off the aquamen. The ship too received her swim call and the deck hands washed down all her weather decks and bulkheads with fresh water.

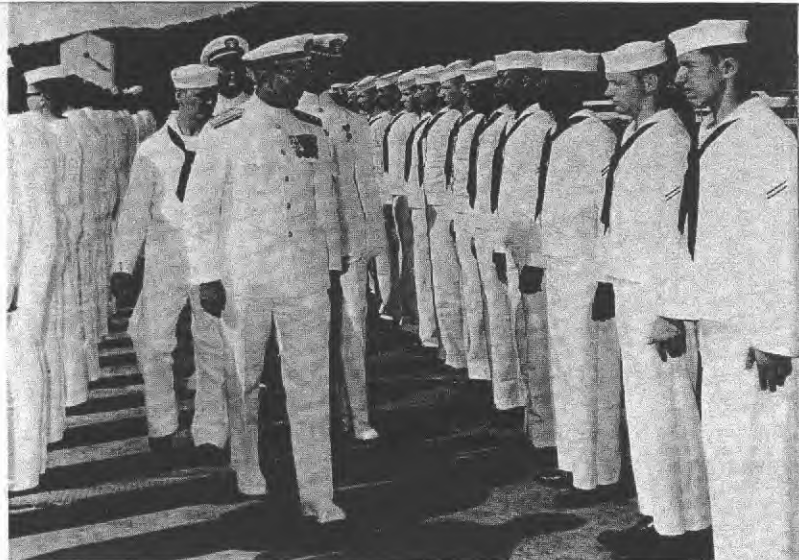
*EDISTO* then sailed through a narrow channel down Gaillard Cut toward the Pedro Miguel Locks. For many of us this was perhaps the most beautiful country we were to see during the cruise. On either side of the channel a living jungle unfolded itself before us. Wild animals, birds, parrots, and reptiles scurried behind the trees, saluting us as we invaded their rainforests. The surrounding country was incredibly lush, giving most of us a close-up look of the tropics for the first time in our lives.

Arriving at the Pedro Miguel locks we prepared to be lowered through a single stage 31 feet to the level of Miraflores Lake. Continuing along this channel for about a mile we entered our last set of locks, the Miraflores, and were dropped once again, this time in two successive stages a total of 54 feet to the level of the Pacific Ocean.

Our goal had been to travel to the westward and now, through a geographic fact so difficult to grasp that it appeared an illusion, we found ourselves 27 miles east of our starting point on the Atlantic. We had done in 10 hours time something which sailors in the past had taken many weeks and much risk to do. And we had done it solely through the availability of one of the most magnificent engineering feats in the world's history; one which, in our own time, had divided the western world.

At 2030 local time we moored starboard side to Pier 1 at Rodman Naval Station just outside the city of Panama. We now prepared for the rigorous hours of liberty which lay ahead just over the quarterdeck.

It was rumored before reaching Panama that we would be greeted with something less than a warm reception because of troubles which the United States had been



having in that area. Happily we found not a grain of truth in this. Throughout our stay in Panama we were constantly impressed with the cooperation and freely offered friendship of the natives.

We had originally planned to remain only two days but, because of mechanical difficulties, found ourselves facing an indefinite stay in Panama. That first night, with liberty expiring shortly, the price of standbys skyrocketed. Everywhere they went the lucky men of the liberty sections were besieged with tearful pleadings for duty switches. We observed one disconsolate fellow leaning against a bulkhead, quietly sobbing to himself, holding a black address book in one hand. As it turned out, he would have plenty of time to explore the delights of its contents.

As the days passed by and we sought and found the attractions Panama City offered for sightseeing, shopping, and other



On November 14 Commander Griffith C. Evans, USNR, veteran polar sailor from our sister icebreaker BURTONISLAND, assumed command of *EDISTO* in a brief ceremony on the flight deck, COM SERVON 4 and other service dignitaries attending.

On the day prior to our departure, the duty gremlins took one more solid swing at our schedule. In a tropical downpour of more than normal intensity, the first division personnel were struggling to bring the Captain's gig aboard to stow her for sea. Suddenly, without warning, the davit's crossbar ripped loose from the uprights and plunged thirty feet to the wooden camels floating at shipside, narrowly missing the small boat.

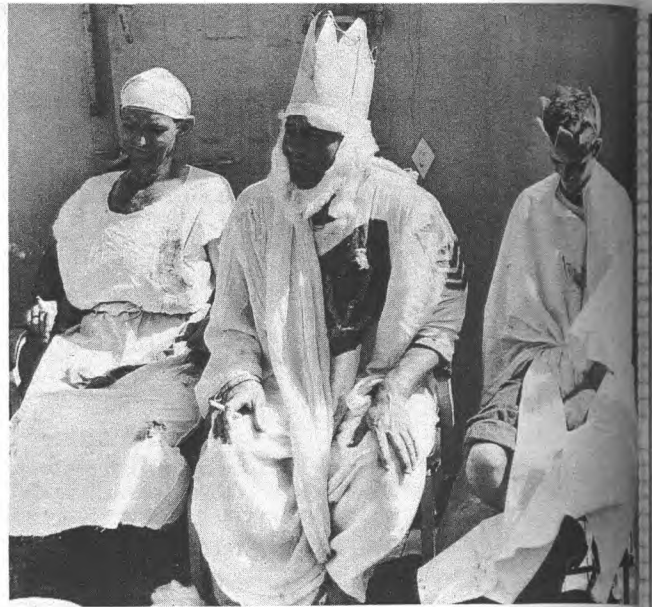
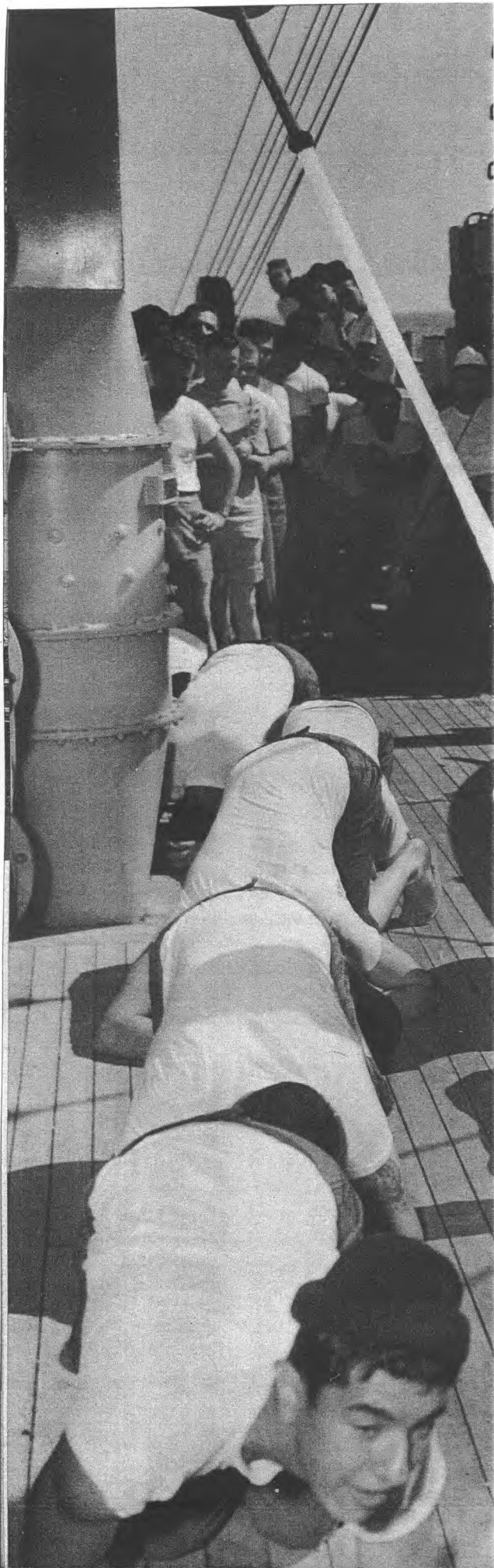
It was quickly decided that the emergency would not interfere with our operational commitments and the gig was hauled to the pier for survey. The next day, finally on schedule, we cast off our lines and set our course on the first leg of a great circle route for the magic land of New Zealand.

## LAT 00° LONG 86.45W

Warm weather foretold our approach to the equator and, as we neared, the crew found itself in one of two opposite camps. One side was marked by numerous adherents but the other was distinguished by experience and membership in the Ancient Order of the Deep. Official recognition of the ship's course 00° latitude was made when Captain Evans and Gerecke welcomes a salty boarding party. Davy Jones and company arrived to pave the way for King Neptune who, with his own crew, would assume command of *EDISTO* until the ship had crossed the line.

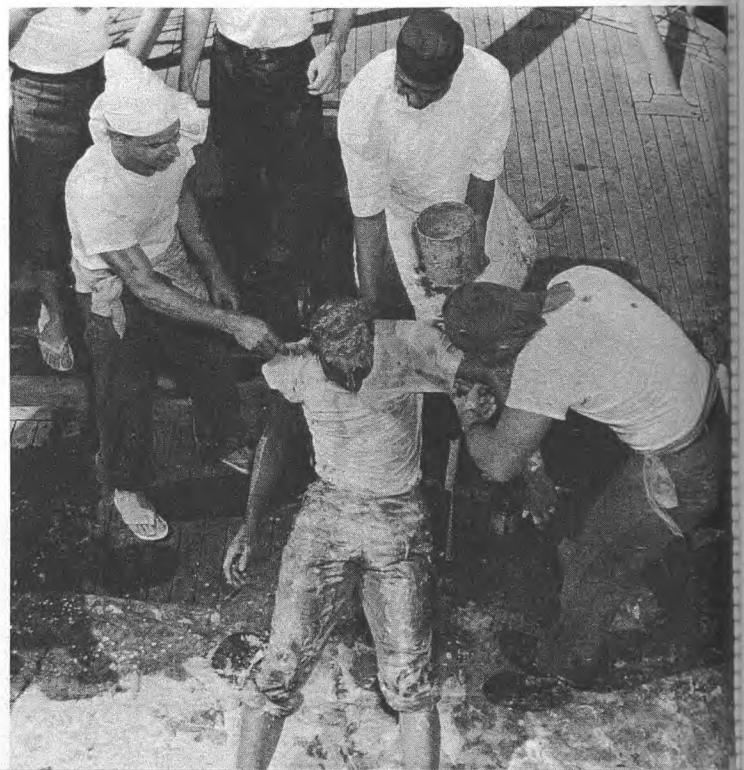
The night prior to the ceremonies, hostilities broke out among the crew, with both sides scoring noteworthy coups. Quattromani was peacefully seated on the starboard deck amidships, under a wardroom porthole, playing cards, when he was drenched with an unknown substance, leaving him purple from head to waist. A quick investigation pointed to the wardroom as the possible source of the provoking onslaught. Shellbacks secured both entrances to the wardroom and entered to find Ltjg Lawver crouched behind the protecting figure of monster pollywog Deming. McBride, a





things, we began to settle into its lazy, leisurely mode of living. When our ID folders were empty of Yankee greenbacks we found that the Rodman EM club, with fifteen-cent ponies and shuffleboard for the more athletically inclined, offered suitable solace to us sailors until payday — with almost all of the advantages of downtown bistros.

After we had been in Panama about a week *EDISTO* received news that a Panamanian mother had been brought to Gorgas Hospital after hemorrhaging seriously in childbirth and officials had sent out an urgent call for blood donors. Thirty-one of our men responded to the call and under the motherly wing of our Dixie Doctor were transported to the Hospital. More than enough blood was supplied for the emergency and the new mother survived. The surfeit was used in transfusions for accident patients hurt in a recent bridge collapse.



## the misses pollywog



similarly formidable Shellback, opened a path of attack and Mr. Lawver, who pleaded not guilty, was dyed orange as a retribution and a warning for others plotting rebellion.

At 0900 word was passed via the Bridge PA system that all pollywogs were to assemble on the port side of the boat deck. However the latter had gathered together on the starboard quarterdeck, eighty strong, and had launched a revolution. First, tactics called for the establishment of a beachhead on the ship's IMC circuit. This was done handily through the use of the quarterdeck microphone. Soon the news was being passed to all the Shellbacks that the pollywogs had some very definite ideas about the Ceremonies and anyone who thought himself capable of changing them was welcome to try. Ltjg Richardson, with characteristic haste, was the first to be overrun by pollywogs and locked in the BT lab. Molands followed him and soon confidence soared among the insurgents. At that point, however, the huge figure of Parker, AG1 appeared at the top of the starboard ladder and with a mighty lunge raced down to do battle. Through sheer inertia he was carried almost to the door of the jail but the angered pollywogs swamped him with a few big fellows of their own. He was just being prepared for tricing when the rebellion was cut short by executive order.

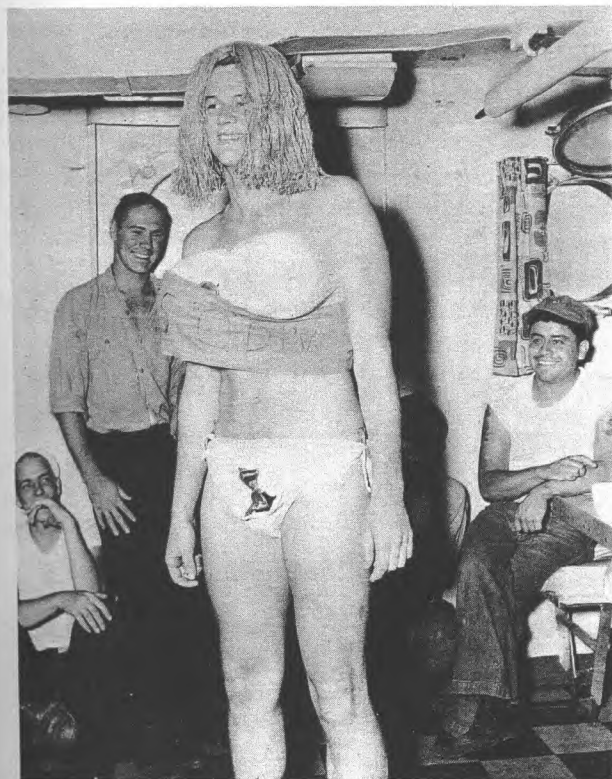
All pollywogs, now suitably humbled, lined up in front of the hatch to the Royal Court on their hands and knees, awaiting permission to appear before King Neptune. They discovered that, prior to falling on their knees to beg mercy from the King, it was still necessary to slither across the garbage carpet.



In order that the King find them presentable, the Royal Barber removed excess hair, and the Royal Doctor prescribed and administered a known cure for possible diseases contracted in a cooler climate.

When at last they bowed before King Nocilla-Neptune, he allowed them to be presented to the Royal Queen, Parker SF2 and to amuse the Royal Baby, Chief Mc Bride. A final dousing down in salt water ended the purification rites and the pollywogs retired to prepare entertainment for the Royal Banquet.

First on the show bill was the internationally obscure Miss Pollywog contest. From every corner of the ship, division Shellbacks brought forth their supple, suppliant maidens and trotted them before the eyes of the messhall for closer examination. Verborg, SK3, USNW, displaying a silken trophy of Panama, won with a walk that won the judges.

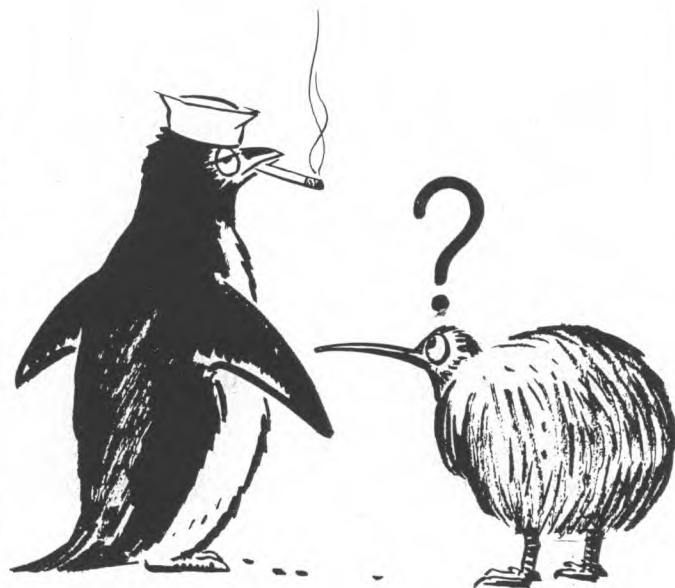


With whetted appetites the Shellbacks thus fell upon their steaks and the pollywogs in their stew. Each division was supposed to provide entertainment but with Robinson SF1, and Gill YN1, vying for the mike with a determination akin to violence, the singing waiters just had to wait. Periodically we were carressed with the smooth velvet fog of Gravey's singing voice whose jokes were equally dense. At last pollywogs were pollywogs no longer and peace reigned again aboard *EDISTO*.





*mermaids . . .*



## lyttleton, n.z.

After spending twenty-two days at sea *EDISTO* arrived in Lyttleton, New Zealand where seventy-six bags of mail were waiting to make our first down-under landfall even more pleasurable.

Lyttleton, nestled on the sides of several hills, rises above the picturesque little harbor and is a quiet seaport serving Christchurch. We discovered that Christchurch was one shilling and thirty minutes train ride away. Shops and restaurants showed a strong continental influence, and the ancient British currency system was used. When we had mastered pound, florin, shilling and pence we discovered that people, especially taxi drivers, used slang expressions for money much as in the States. Money changers came aboard to convert American greenies to British sterling and we set out to explore the local wildlife.

The local Wives and Sweethearts Union was responsible for passing a law forbidding Pubs to stay open later than 1800. However, it was only necessary to follow the well trodden path around to the rear door to enter and enjoy the hospitality of the MOOSE AND CAT, or the KENELWORTH AND ARMS etc., and drink warm 'arf and 'arf.

New Zealand men are concerned with drinking and sports first, and everything else much later, and the women encouraged, with only a vague understanding our preoccupation with revelry.

Since the caberets had beer but no other attractions, we fell back on the sailor's oldest gambit for meeting girls - simply introducing ourselves. This was done while walking around a square in Christchurch, and there were only two responses - "Carry on Yanks," or "Wait a minute, I'm choosing." The latter is an ideal method for handling sudden prosperity.

After some adjustment we found the idiomatic barrier less of a problem than we expected and New Zealanders received us warmly and with many invitations.

*EDISTO* was soon swarming with wee ones who traded pence for nickles and received plastic models constructed during the ship's long voyage from Panama to New Zealand, as did patients at Christchurch Children's Hospital. Obviously the command, "Wait at the quarterdeck for a guide,"

applied only to big people, and was no concern of theirs. They visited the living compartments and could be seen strolling around on the main deck with white hats cocked on their heads. Three mermaids also visited the ship, coming over the side via rope ladder, and they retreated to sick-bay only when the camera bugs had exhausted rolls of film. As a unit they were named Miss Sick Bay, and were probably responsible for the sudden popularity of that anti-septic cubical. They decided not to remain aboard permanently after discovering that all Navy equipment is painted Haze Grey.

Robertson, SF1, delighted several small charges under his care by applying



*... and plans were made*

fishing techniques acquired in Panama and rescuing a bicycle from the deep six. With liberal applications of machine oil it was soon in running order.

With typical mechanical ingenuity sailors mastered right hand drive, confusing gear shifts and Bobbie traffic guides and sallied forth upon quests for souvenirs and sight-seeing in rented automobiles. Courteous New Zealand drivers seemed to recognize cars on the wrong side of the street or wobbling undecidedly in the middle as American drivers, and they moved onto the sidewalks or the reverse side of the street with a smile and a wave.

After five days we sadly left New Zealand behind and, after a minor skirmish with the port motor and a fly-over sendoff by the Royal New Zealand Air Force, we turned southward toward the ice and duty.

Before undertaking our voyage to the ice we were forewarned by the experience of GLACIER and EASTWIND that we would encounter a dollop or two of heavy weather around the latitudes of the screaming southern sixties—that portion of the wild South Pacific which brooks no transgression from man afloat without exacting a substantial fee. However we passed the voyage with only the most minor nautical gyrations.

On the evening of 24 December the most widely-discussed question aboard concerned the chubby little man with the red sleigh. In the southern half of the world did Kris Kringle come from the south pole or, as tradition has it, its northern counterpart. The question was solved when he didn't come at all.

Everyone who had a desire for company on Christmas Eve gathered in the mess deck and the few colored lights from a small tree reflected on the faces of carol singers, accompanied by *EDISTO'S* two guitars. Later, after carols had been exhausted, the watch on the bridge announced over the 1MC that the first iceberg of the cruise was standing, a silent sentinel, off our Starboard bow.

Our mess cooks provided holiday refreshment, hot chocolate, and the evening was spent group singing. Mr. Deming's hollow spoonbone put the finishing touches to a gala evening and that night as we dropped off to sleep, visions of sugar plums were just beginning to dance in our heads when we were awakened for the 04 to 08 watch, thus bringing us rudely back to our haze grey world.

On Christmas Cirignano and Castleberry were on hand to pass out packages of cigarettes and a warm Christmas greeting as we filed past for our rations of tom turkey, and appropriate holiday accoutrements.





*christmas*

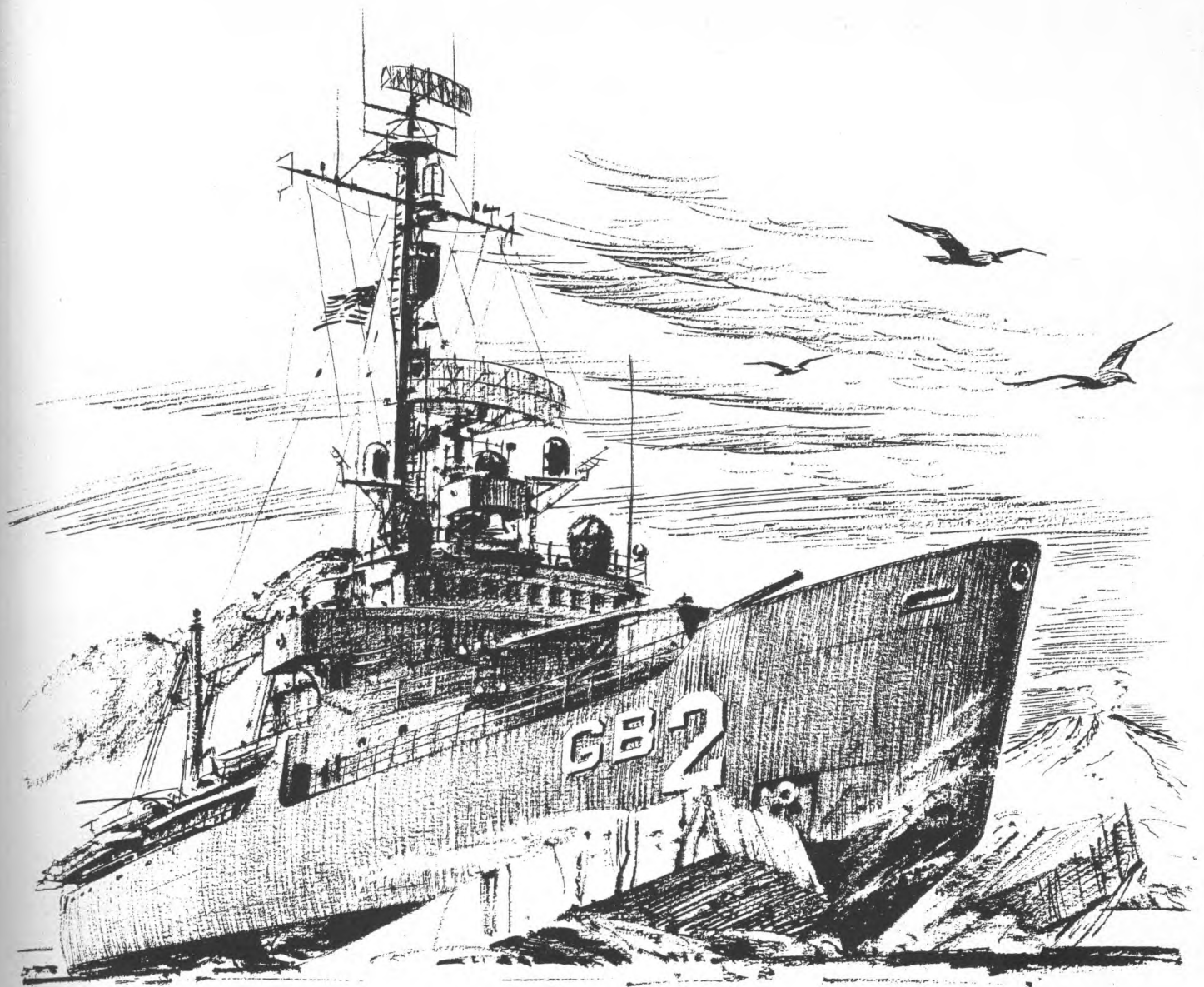
*at*

*66° 30's*

*... the watchword  
was "improvise!"*



*. . . the task begins*

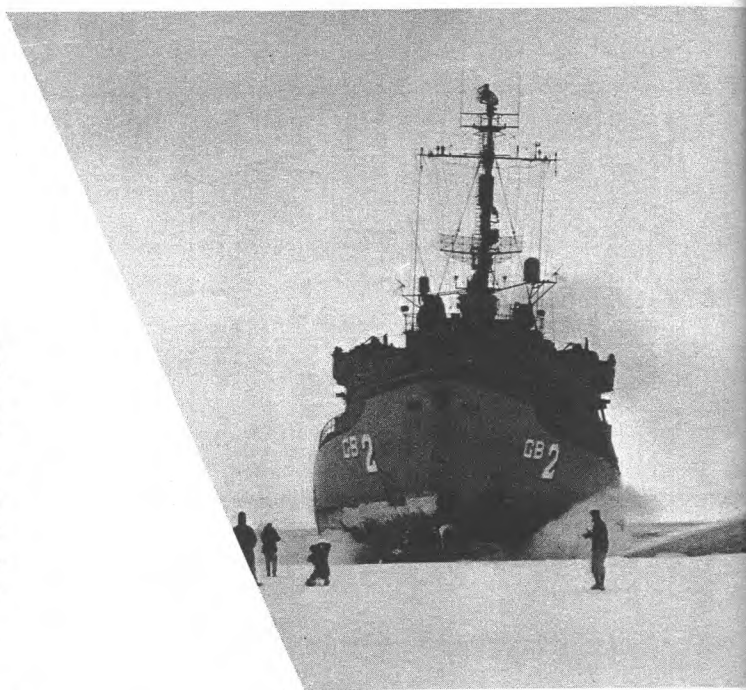


## mc murdo sound, antarctica

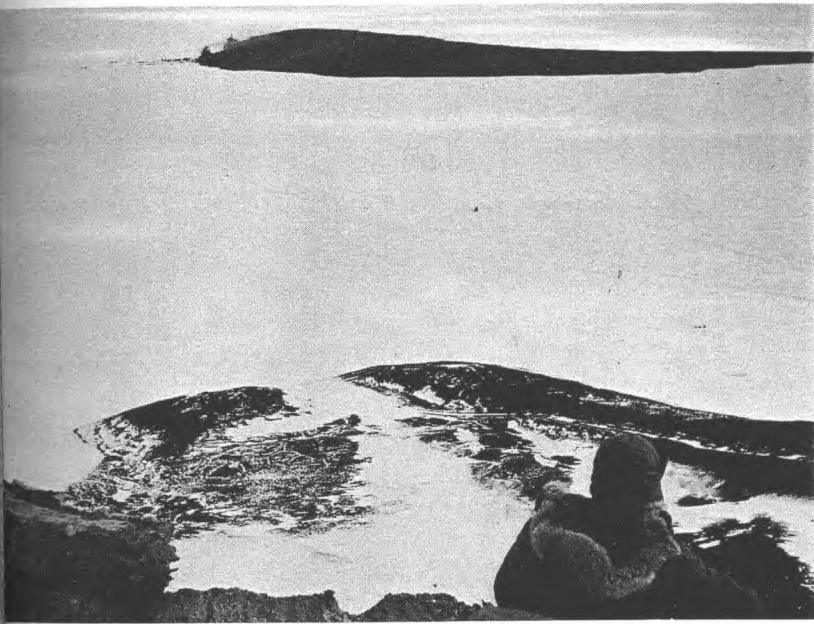
On 26 December we rendezvoused with USS GLACIER, limping back to liberty minus one screw-blade after a brief encounter with the ice in McMurdo Channel, and transferred for return to New Zealand. In addition, GLACIER supplied us with useful information concerning the tactical ice situation at McMurdo. After two hours of exchanges she took leave of us and headed north while we turned southward.

Just south of Franklin Island we met the USNS PRIVATE JOHN R. TOWLE, one of many ships engaged in the vital task of re-supplying the Navy's scientific base at McMurdo and convoyed her to the ice.

We soon became accustomed to the technique peculiar to ships of our class. We backed and rammed and backed and rammed and rammed again until all of us were certain *EDISTO* could not possibly stand the strain. Assisted by USCGC EASTWIND we paralleled the fresh scar left on the ice by GLACIER's attempt and moved the TOWLE progressively closer to the waiting base. Finally it was decided to begin unloading her with snowcats, D-8 tractors, and sled trains. While this was going on the two icebreakers worked side by side to lengthen the channel. The greater the distance the tractors were forced to traverse the slower the unloading, therefore each time a few hundred yards were gained *EDISTO* assisted in moving TOWLE to a new mooring spot closer to the base. We spent over two weeks with no physical contact with McMurdo save by helicopter and our days were filled with battering the barely yielding ice pack.









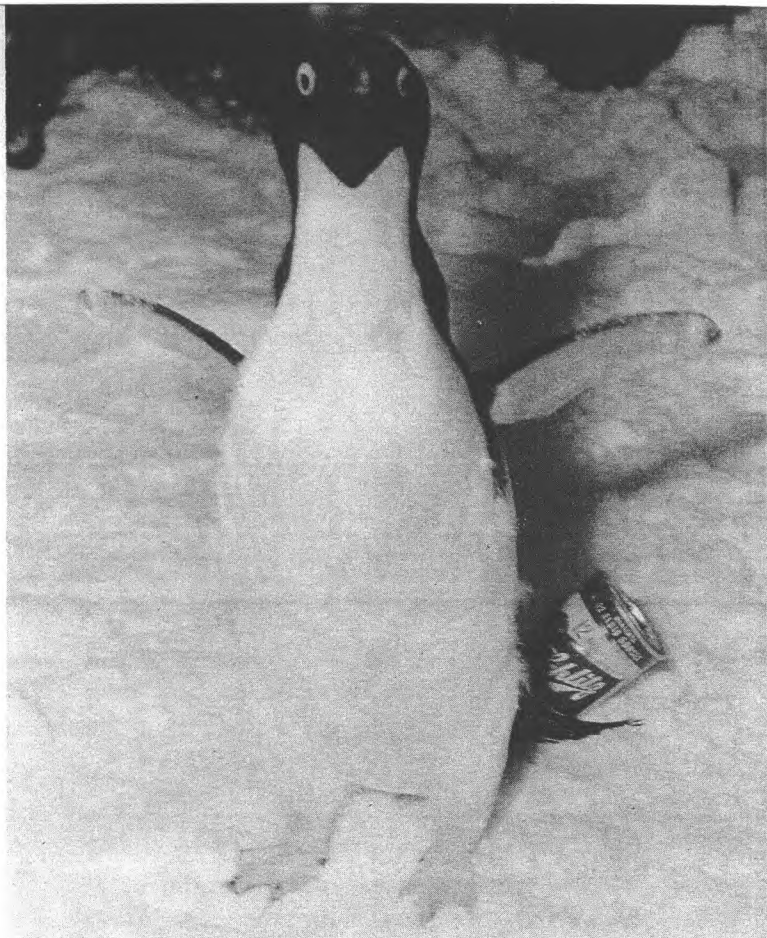
## new year's eve

*there were those  
who couldn't wait . . .*



When the bright new year rolled around, *EDISTO* and *EASTWIND* pulled into the ice shelf for a general celebration. At eight o'clock the Farewell Sixty Follies was unleashed before anyone could scurry for cover and soon the air was filled with the squawks of a six-foot raven and a five-five Cravey and Kelley twisted unnoticed in a corner.

At eleven o'clock the party retired to the ice for a sampling or two of beer, well-cooled and entirely drinkable, to warm them up for the evening penguin round-up. That evening there were Coasties sleeping on *EDISTO* and vice versa as the revelers continued their blast into the wee hours of the four-to-eight. Dr. Bryson was slightly disappointed when he fondled a penguin who turned out to be a critic of the AMA and who expressed his feelings in an extraordinary manner, but on the whole it was an excitingly different New Year's celebration.



... for milwaukee's finest



During the first days of the new year we continued breaking out the channel making about 100 yards every hour. Periodically we were forced to suspend operations to steam up and down the channel in order to keep the newly broken ice from refreezing. This was necessary because, if and when the south wind ever sprung up, we knew that it must be instantly taken advantage of to move the ice out to sea.

On 6 January we penetrated to within 1000 yards of the base. At this point, leaving EASTWIND on station we headed out to sea to rendezvous with USNS ALATNA, a small tanker bringing diesel fuel for Mc Murdo's winter needs. On this day too the wind shifted around to the south and began to pick up. It began to look as if all our icebreaking had not been futile.

The next day we escorted ALATNA back to McMurdo and, finding the channel choked with outgoing ice, began to tow her to the mooring site. The weight of the ALATNA combined with the ice through which we had to pull her proved to be more than the winch could handle so we cast off the tow and resumed icebreaking. The ice began to flow out more rapidly than before and soon ALATNA was able to proceed to her unloading area to begin pumping thousands of gallons of oil through flexible pipeline snaked across the ice to the oil tank at the base.

### *mc murdo mud & friend*

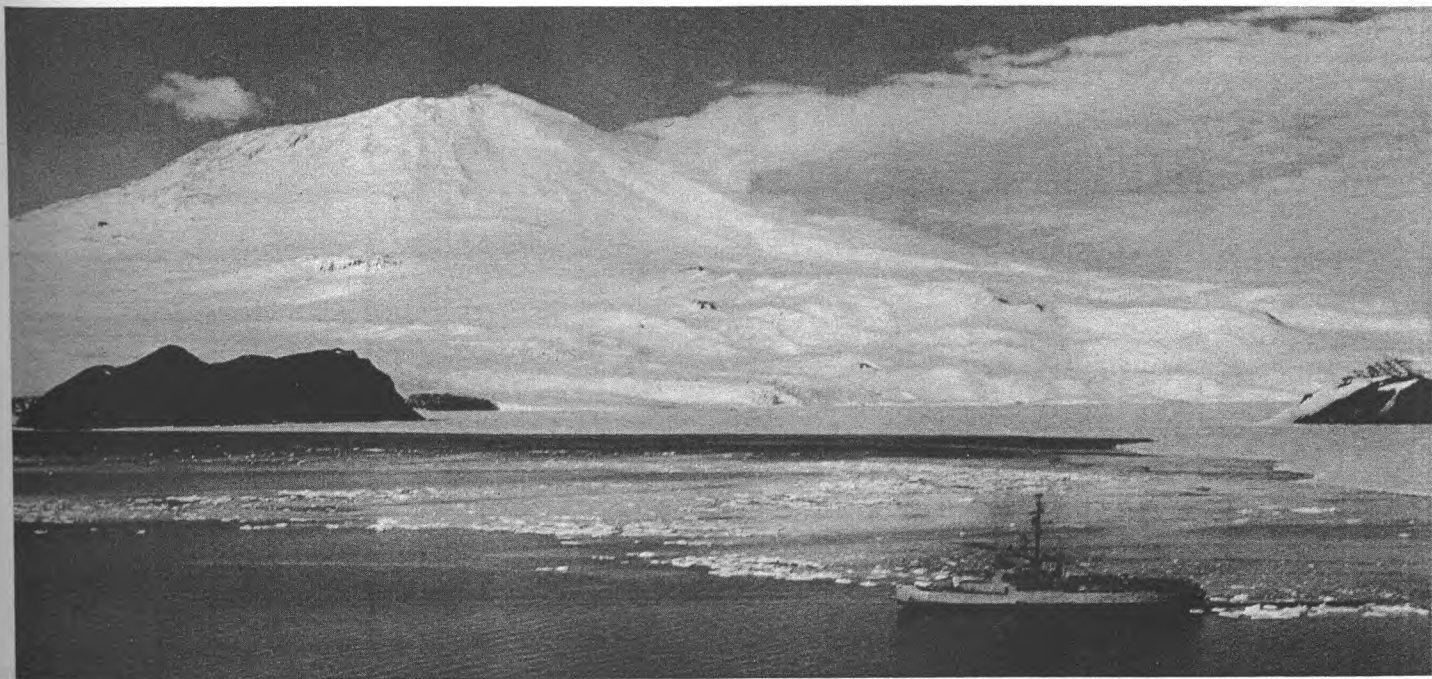


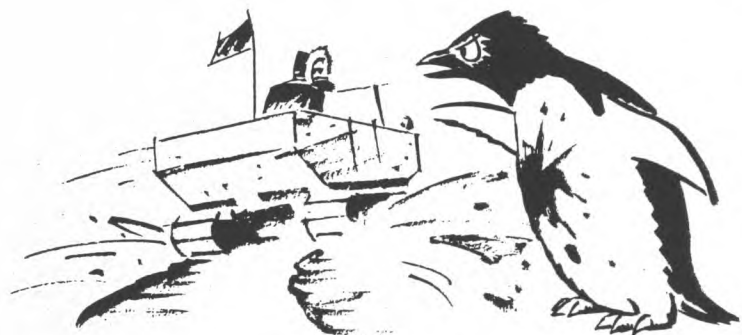
HMNZS ENDEAVOUR, a New Zealand survey vessel, arrived in the Sound on 9 January startling us with her tiny proportions and wooden hull. She had crossed the ocean from Wellington through scattered ice and appeared no less battered than EDISTO. We found her crew an unusually jolly lot and invitations soon arrived aboard for exchange visits between the ship's crews. We were able to provide her with a good many services which she, because of limited space, did not have available. Our barbershop trimmed their hair and the ship's store displayed all its stateside glitter. For a few hours at least the New Zealanders were in what to them seemed the lap of seagoing luxury. More importantly, ENDEAVOUR's limited fuel and water supply was topped off with our help. While this was going on many of EDISTO's crew paid visits to the Commonwealthers where they imbibed in spirited conversation and conversational spirits.



*edisto and eastwind battle the pack*

*. . . and are rewarded with a clear channel*

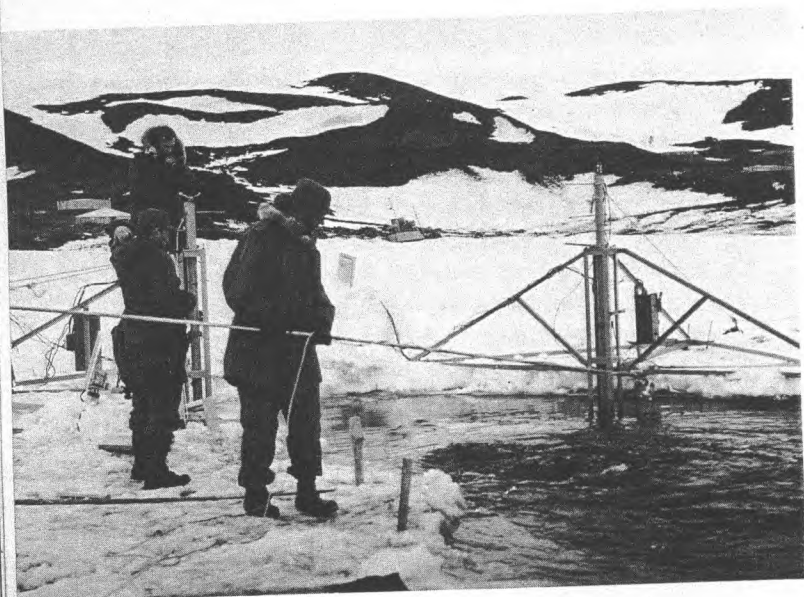




ALATNA finished refueling and left for New Zealand on 12 January, *EDISTO*, after having escorted her as far as Cape Bird, returned to McMurdo Sound to unload our reefers and deck cargo which had been brought aboard in Lyttleton.

Although the wintering over base did not offer many of the attractions desirable in a liberty port, it was now accesible and a most welcome change from shipboard routine. Despite fluctuating prices and the familiar "Made in Japan" markings we fell on the sailor's usual souvenir resources and brought lighters, ashtrays, mugs, etc. with penguins on them. It did not take us long to become completely at ease, skipping from mud-rutted street to street. Visualizing how small and close this would seem to the hardy winter-overs after several months in complete darkness made the shipboard life seem a little more attractive to some.

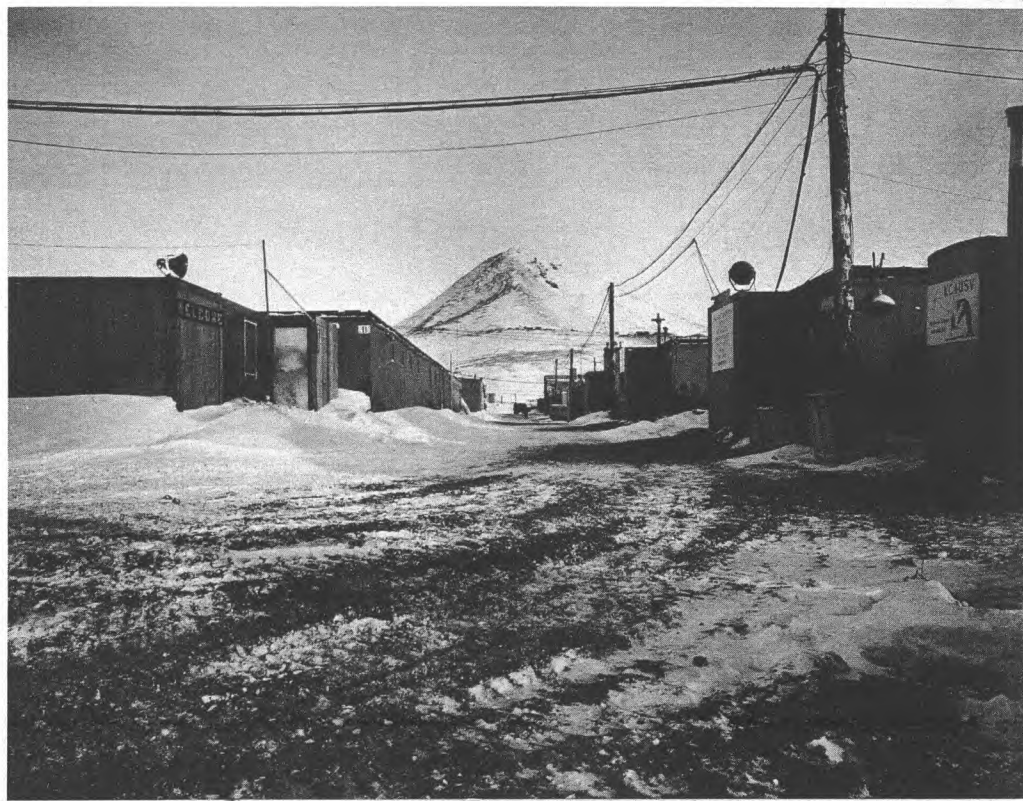
During the long winter months the only



connection with the outside world for those who would stay was the radio. It was possible to call home from the base, and long lines formed inside the hammock, especially on days when reception was excellent.

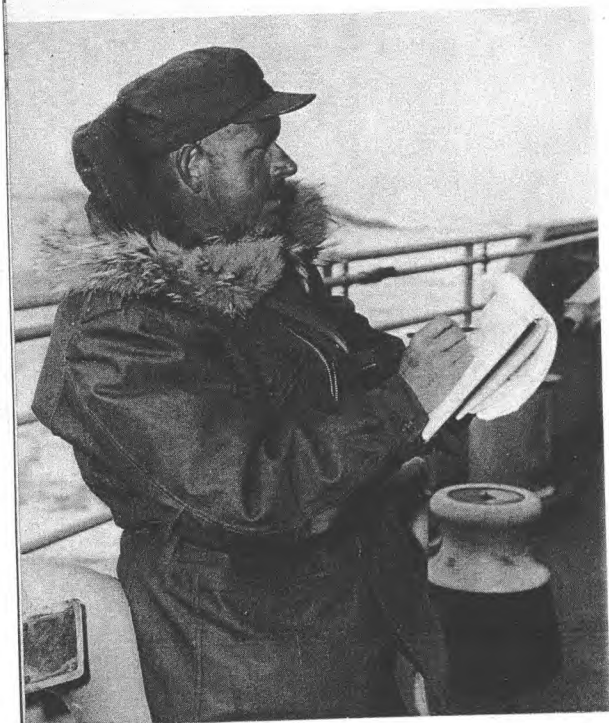
Few of us appreciated the exercise afforded by the deceptively long walk back to the ship. Distances are confusing, and as always, the return trip seemed much too far to retain the rosy glow of complete well-being. After struggling for several weary steps it was not unusual for a 'weasel' to stop, providing lifts at the sign of the conventional hooked thumb.

We were abandoned in the channel when EASTWIND had a fire in aftersteering, and was forced to leave for Wellington. We left our vigil only once to meet the USNS GREENVILLE VICTORY, and Lt Goforth and Lt Ramsey, wide eyed and somewhat apprehensive, came aboard for their initiation to icebreaker duty.





*... silent respect for those who did not return*



*The excellent art work in this book is the result of the work of Mr. Gene Klebe, nationally known commercial illustrator. He was on special assignment with the Navy Art Cooperation and Liaison Committee during Operation Deepfreeze Sixty-One and kindly offered to help us improve our cruise book with the addition of his drawings. We are grateful to him for this assistance and pleased that he was able to stay aboard EDISTO for part of his visit to Antarctica.*



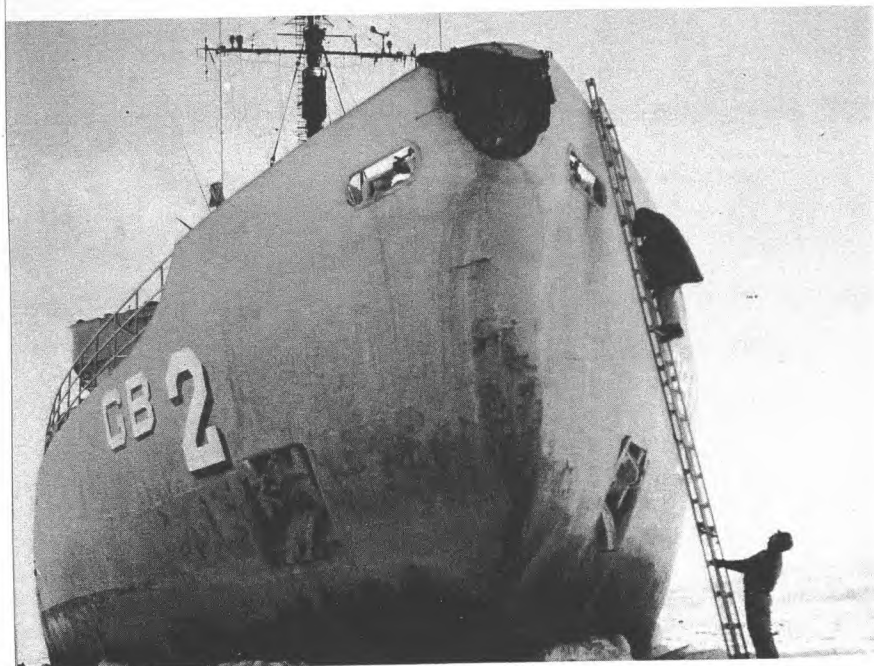


*— . . . there are days in the pack when the wind howls through the rigging and the ship is motionless because the ice damps the sea, snow drifts horizontally before the gale, and there is the feeling of being alone in a vast white sepulcher. there is no such isolation elsewhere in the world. nothing within hundreds of miles but ice and sea and the living sea is shut off by the white plain that vanishes a few yards beyond the side of the ship. man is helpless. he can only wait, wait for the storm to end, for the ice to open, to let him move again as a sentient thing toward his goal. . .*

*— Russell Owen*



*the liberty chopper's last run . . .*



*. . . and two who  
never made it*

While the unloading of VICTORY proceeded with the aid of three section twelve-hour working parties from the crew of EDISTO, other activities were taking place off Hut Point.

In addition to the cargo for McMurdo we had embarked several civilian scientists and private company engineers at Lyttleton who would take part in what was termed Operation THAW. Their project stemmed from a discovery some years ago that water in continuous motion has a tendency to undermine and wear away ice formations. With the aid

of subsersible pumps, rotor blades, and diesel generators the men began with two small holes in the ice and day by day saw those holes become larger and larger until they reached a diameter of almost fifty feet. Some of us scoffed at the idea from the first but after remarkable progress was made we all began to feel somewhat like a horse watching a new-fangled Ford machine chug by. The engineers, characteristically optimistic, predicted that within a few years the device would make icebreakers obsolete. That idea cheered the whole crew and we wished them well in their efforts.

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PARIS



## SCOTT BASE.

MILEAGES TO	
WELLINGTON 2,536	SOUTH POLE 841
LONDON 10,588	WASHINGTON 9,214
MOSCOW 10,501	TOKIO 7,929
CANBERRA 2,987	CAPETOWN 4,603
BUENOS AIRES 4,449	SANTIAGO 4,399
PARIS 10,382	BRUSSELS 10,520
	OSLO 11,085



31 January arrived with high winds and driving snow, forcing suspension of cargo operations. The winds increased in ferocity and one by one the VICTORY's dead men pulled out of the ice under the strain. *EDISTO* came along side to help but it was decided that both ships should ride out the storm by nosing into the ice and keeping as many turns on the shafts as necessary to prevent drifting.





Late on the evening of the first of February McMurdo base reported a fire in their parachute loft. *EDISTO* steamed to the YOG turning basin and stood by in case help was needed. Because of a lack of water supply, the Antarctic's deadliest enemy — fire — consumed the loft and a nearby quonset hut before anything could be done.

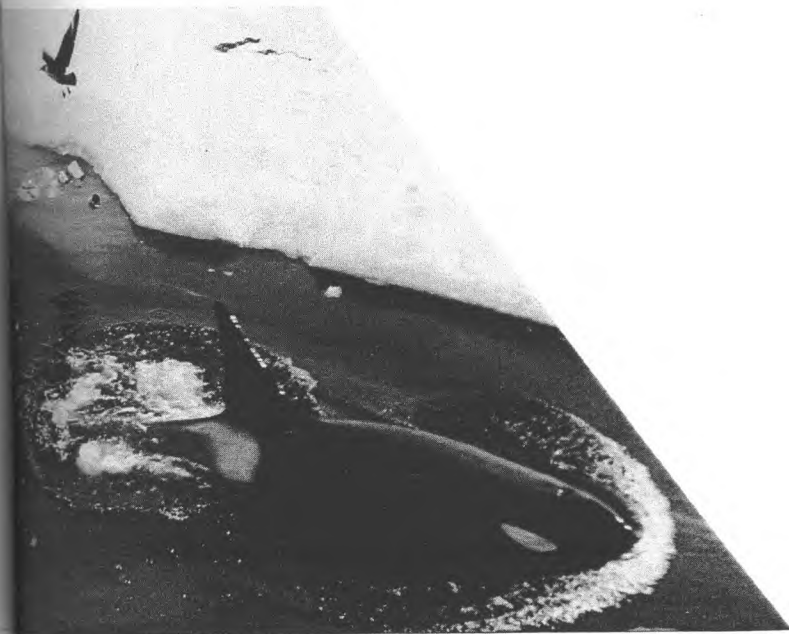
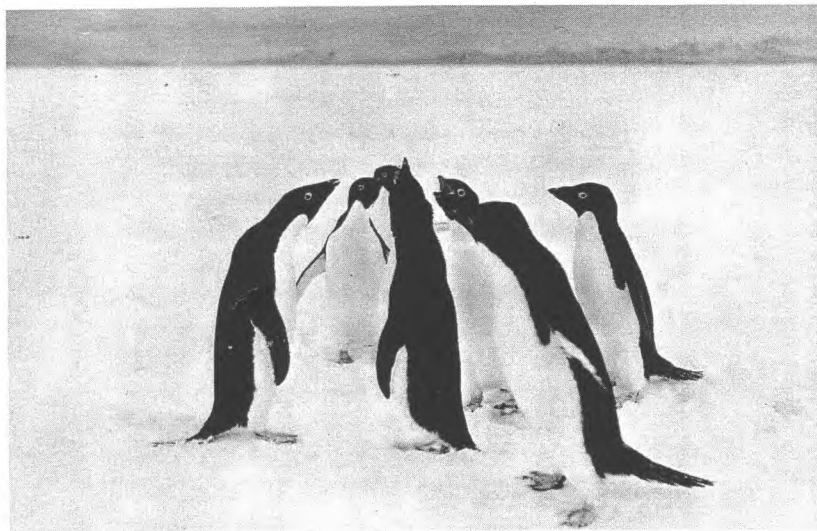
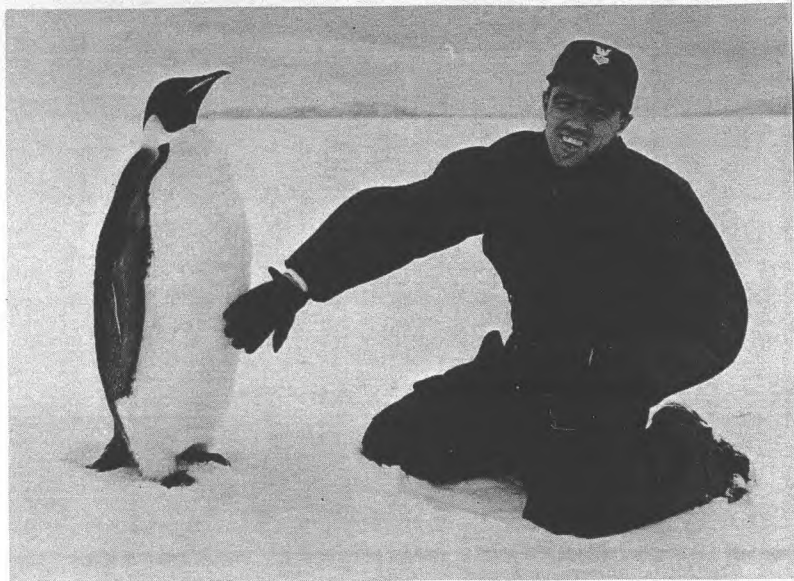
Perhaps one of the most interesting facets of *EDISTO*'s stay in the Sound and proof that Americans can find humor in any situation came about with the erection of several home-painted signs attesting to the virtues of "UPPER McMURDO SOUND TUG & BARGE CO., INC. DAY OR NIGHT SERVICE CALL EDISTO 2716 KCS". This was, to no one's surprise, the brainchild of Mach Deming. Thereafter this became our call sign over voice radio and was more correct than first might seem. During her stay in Antarctica and indeed during all of her operations *EDISTO* proved that icebreakers are one of the most versatile and practical ships in the fleet. We performed the duties of air taxi, icebreaker, mail carrier, tug, reconnaissance vessel, survey ship, repair ship, floating weather station, salvage ship, and hotel for transients. Concerning this last, it was not required of the guests that they register but merely appear on the quarterdeck with some word of a secret scientific mission or complex electronic gear and they would be given the keys to TOQ and two stewards apiece.



On 4 February, VICTORY having completed her off-loading, we said goodbye to Ltjg Morris, our former engineering officer who was being transferred back to the States. Next day we escorted VICTORY up the channel to Tent Island where she got underway for Lyttleton. That same day USCGC EASTWIND arrived from New Zealand and commenced replenishing our fuel supplies which were nearing the danger level.

On 6 February EDISTO broke the flag of RADM David M. Tyree and moved her helicopters off the flight deck so that a presentation ceremony could take place. RADM Tyree pinned the Navy Commendation Medal on Commander Evans and read the text of the commendation to the assembled crew. Commander Evans had been Commanding Officer aboard USS BURTON ISLAND (AGB-1) during her penetration of the treacherous Bellingshausen Sea in 1960's Deepfreeze. This was the first instance of a surface ship of any kind receiving this award in peacetime.

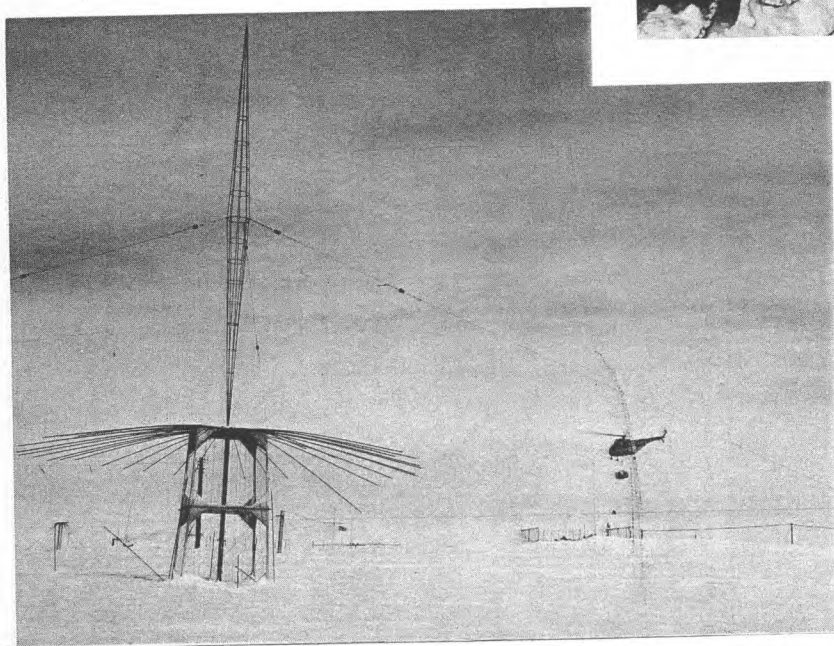
A few hours after the ceremony EDISTO got underway for Little America V after embarking CTU 43.1.1, Commander Thurman, for what proved to be one of the trickiest and most potentially dangerous salvage jobs in Deepfreeze 61.



## little america five

At 1900 on 6 February *EDISTO* got underway for Little America V to commence salvage operations at this, the most historically hallowed, of Antarctica's bases. However it had been deserted, rather hurriedly it seemed, at the close of 1957's summer season. Since that time ships have been returning to the base every summer to conduct salvage work. Before 1961 it had been relatively easy; the cargo ships or icebreakers involved merely moored to the ice shelf and loaded the gear by tractor. When *EDISTO* arrived on the scene on 8 February we found that the comparatively low-hanging ice shelf had broken away to reveal the stark outlines of ice cliffs 75 feet high.

After some consultation it was decided to employ our HRS helicopter. At first it seemed an impossible task to ask of HURTRON 4, but they responded with a will. Soon working parties from the ship were being flown in to the base to begin the preliminary digging out. *EDISTO*, fearing that vibration of any kind would cause the remaining ice to break loose remained some distance in Kainan Bay. At certain times visibility lowered to obscure the stretch of icy water but the personnel in CIC, with the aid of the airsearch radar, guided the birds safely home to mother.





As the toll of transferred cargo began to mount and *EDISTO*'s men toiled in the chilly catacombs underneath, the buried base the weather towered over all as the threatening danger. Within any one given hour the visibility could reduce to zero almost instantly and we could be torn by snow-driven winds in excess of fifty knots.

In addition to the tons of valuable electronic equipment and other reusable Navy gear the crew found that Little America V was a treasure trove of chewing gum, candy, boots, foul weather jackets, lighter fluid, canned meats and vegetables, cigarettes, and sleeping bags. We went to fantastic lengths to conceal our treasures from the authorities as we clambered from the helicopters with our goodies stuffed in our boots, our jackets, and under our hats. As it turned out these foraging ventures at the base were officially sanctioned. Had we known this however it would not have been as much fun as it was.

All hands cooperated in the backloading and by 11 February, her duties at Kainan Bay completed, *EDISTO* sailed for McMurdo, probably one of the last ships to see Little America. Many experts judged that the base had little chance of surviving another winter.



## hallett station

After returning to McMurdo, *EDISTO* moored in the Sound until the arrival of USS ARNEB (AKA-56) and her escort, EAST-WIND. When ARNEB'S cargo for Mac had been unloaded and two days prior to her departure for Hallett Station on the northern coast of the continent *EDISTO* departed for that area to recon the off-loading situation and take several bathythermograph stations in the Ross Sea.

Shortly, ARNEB arrived and the first of the LCM's started for the beach.

During the unloading we went off in search of other adventure. Our hydrographic team took bottom samples and we spent our time leisurely cruising up and down the bay. Soon a small blue dotted line appeared on the quartermaster's chart indicating the area of safe movement within the harbor. Some bridge wag immediately dubbed it "Mr. Keeler's Playpen," and some of us wondered if, when cargo ops had been completed, Mr. KEELER'S guardian would at last open the gate and let us go home.

On 3 March troubles began to arrive with disturbing regularity. The surf on the beach at the unloading area increased so as to make cargo off-loading at that end nearly impossible. One LCM broached in the heavy swells and was severely damaged. Winds increased to forty knots and seas mounted. Operations were temporarily suspended.





High winds and seas continued until EASTWIND, planning only a short stop at Hallet on her way around the world and other places, arrived and a council of war at the top level decreed that as soon as winds died down unloading would proceed by helicopter utilizing both HRS types from the two ice-breakers.

That night EDISTO and EASTWIND went alongside ARNEB to receive 600 barrels of diesel oil for further transfer Hallet and Flight Quarters aboard both ships was sounded at first light. Helo ops continued through the day and when they ceased at



... back door approach



2130 491 barrels had been transferred. The pilots had flown almost continually for 20 hours and working parties had worked equally long getting the barrels up to the flight deck.

The next day more oil was passed to *EDISTO* but bad weather cancelled flight operations. The heavy seas continued on into the next day and *ARNEB* was forced to up anchor and steam for open water.

Time was growing very short now and more and more the race became one against



*... and an occasional mike boat*



time. In a few days the Antarctic would lock the area in such abominable weather that to remain in Hallet would endanger the ships themselves. Messages flowed over the 2716 circuit striking more and more items from the critical list.

At last on 11 March we experienced a break in the weather. *ARNEB* returned and every available means was used for cargo off-loading. Even the LCVP's from both icebreakers were pressed into critical ser-

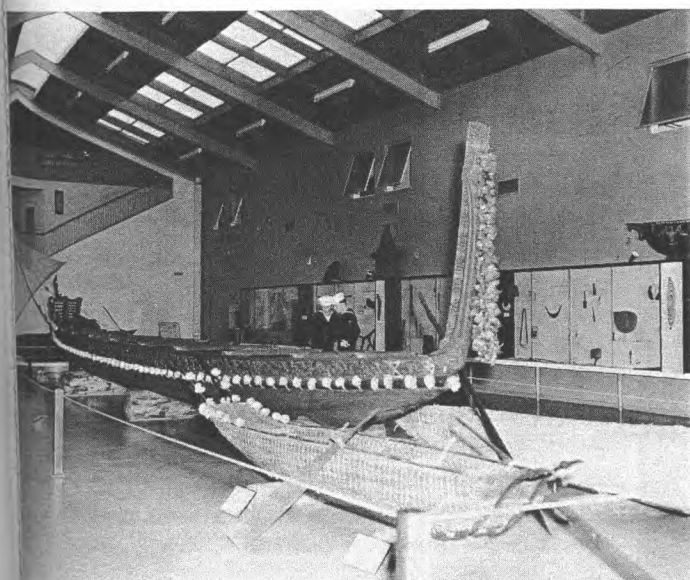
vice. Helos raced over the landing craft in a last effort to resupply the base. Early the next morning it became clear that we had succeeded.

The versatility and spirit of icebreaker men had been proved again. We signalled "good luck" to *EASTWIND* and set our course, at last, for New Zealand and our first liberty in over eighty days.





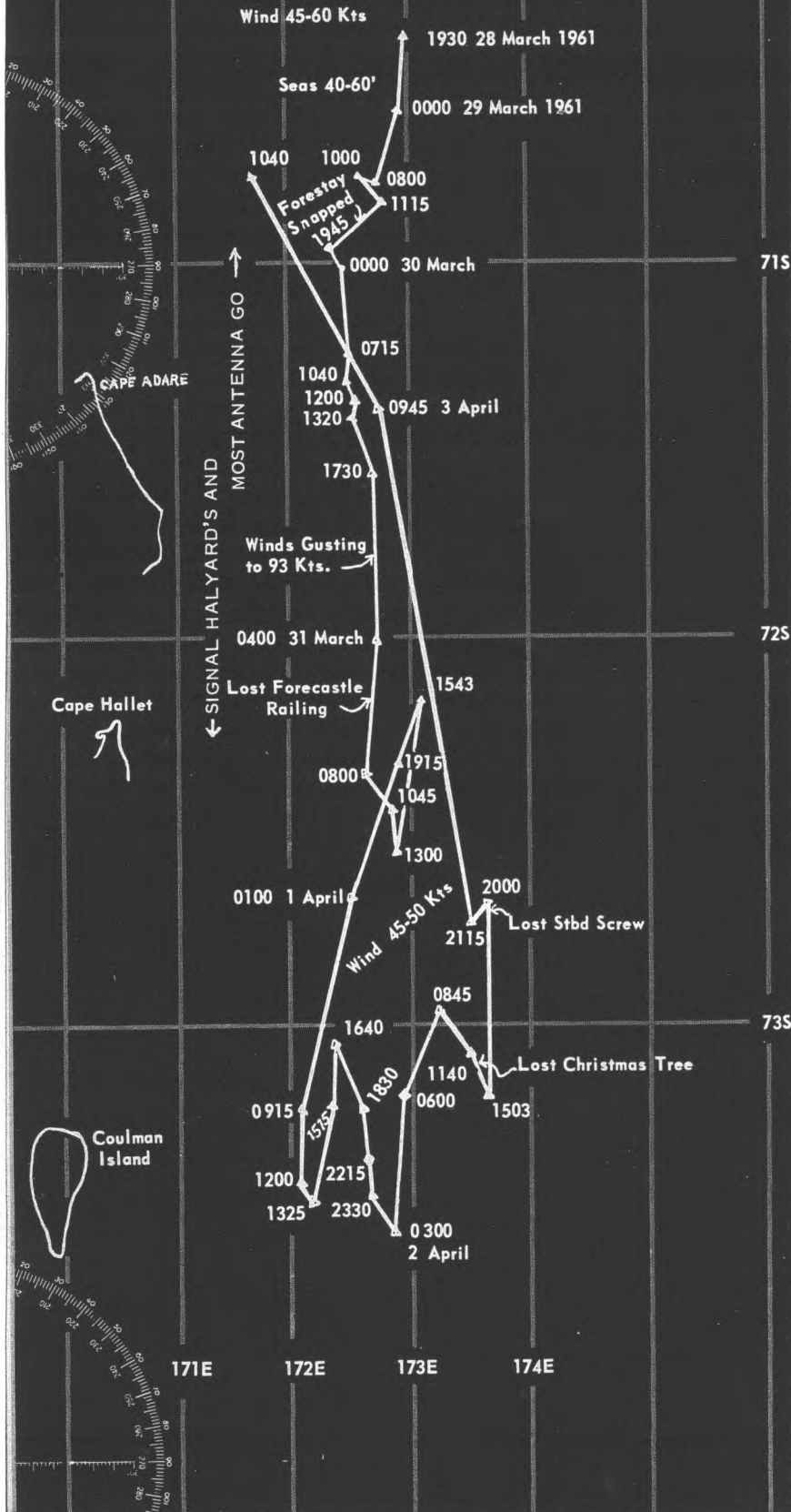
*new Zealand after the ice . . .*



*. . . and a tribute  
to our predecessor*



# a ship and a storm



On March 22 the twelve-hundred mile long elastic band which had stretched between McMurdo Sound and *EDISTO* suddenly contracted. RADM David M. Tyre e ordered us to proceed to the ice in order to effect the salvage of YOG 34 which had gone adrift in the Ross Sea. USS STATEN ISLAND (AGB-5) had been previously sent to the rescue but had to divert New Zealand after experiencing some mechanical difficulty enroute.

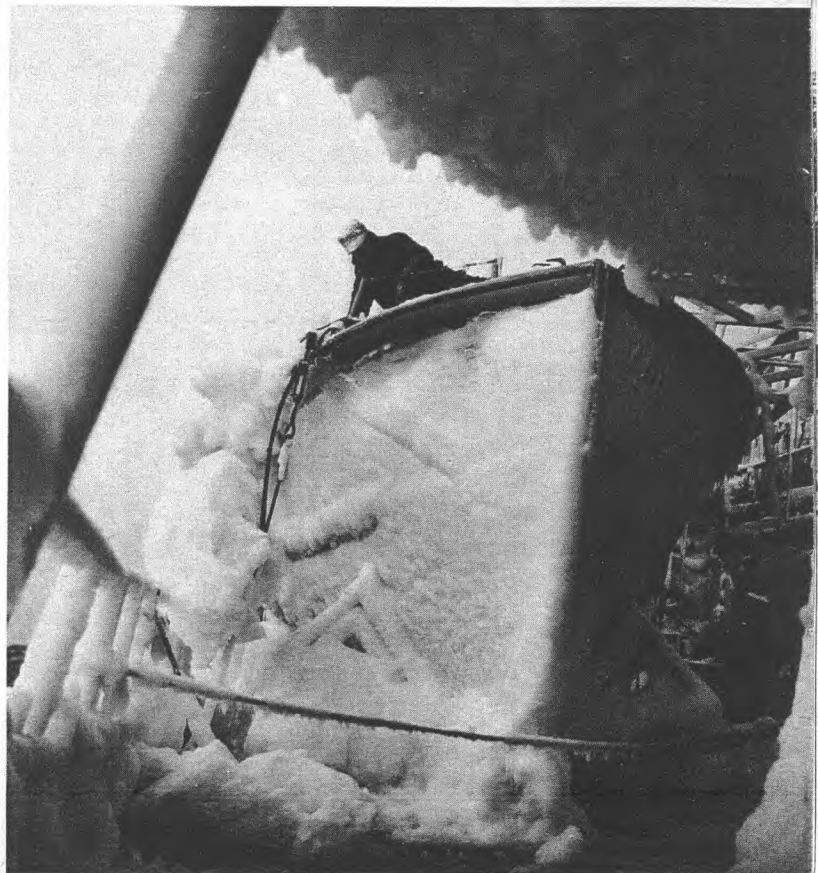
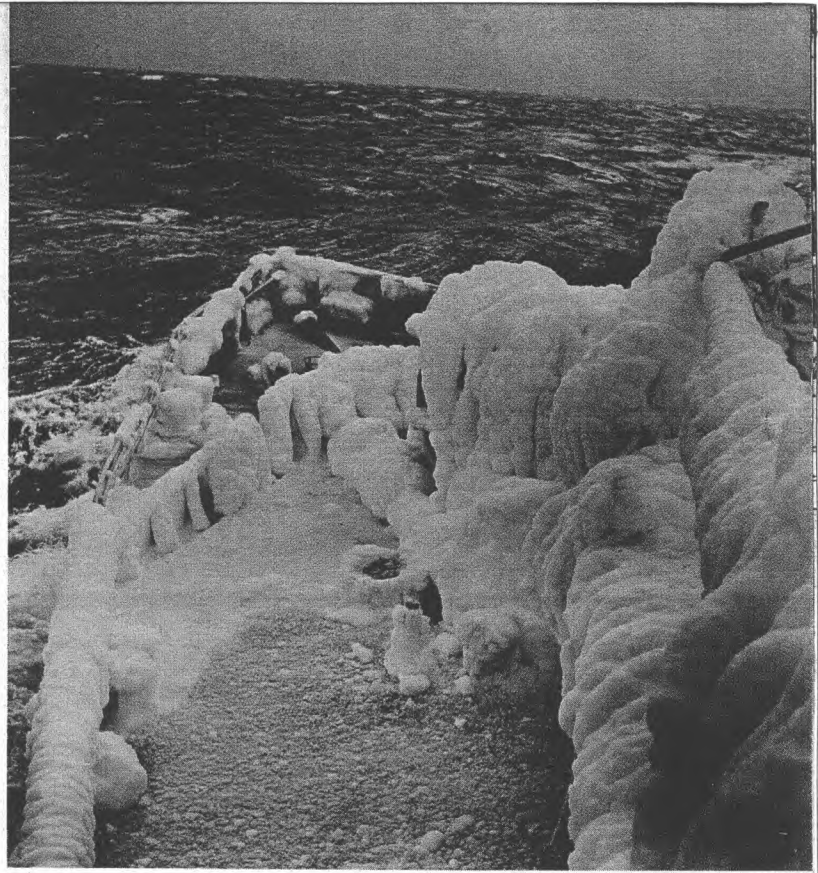
While cargo and mail for the Antarctic stations were being loaded, hordes of Lyttelton taxis were dispatched by the crew and returned bearing mysterious cargoes which were just as mysteriously consumed on the far side of the fuel pier fence. With the addition of some lithe New Zealand lovelies aboard ship spirits began to soar. Some actually took flight. Soon, however, the word was passed for all visitors to leave the ship and, after some lengthly disentangling of emotions, they regretfully did.

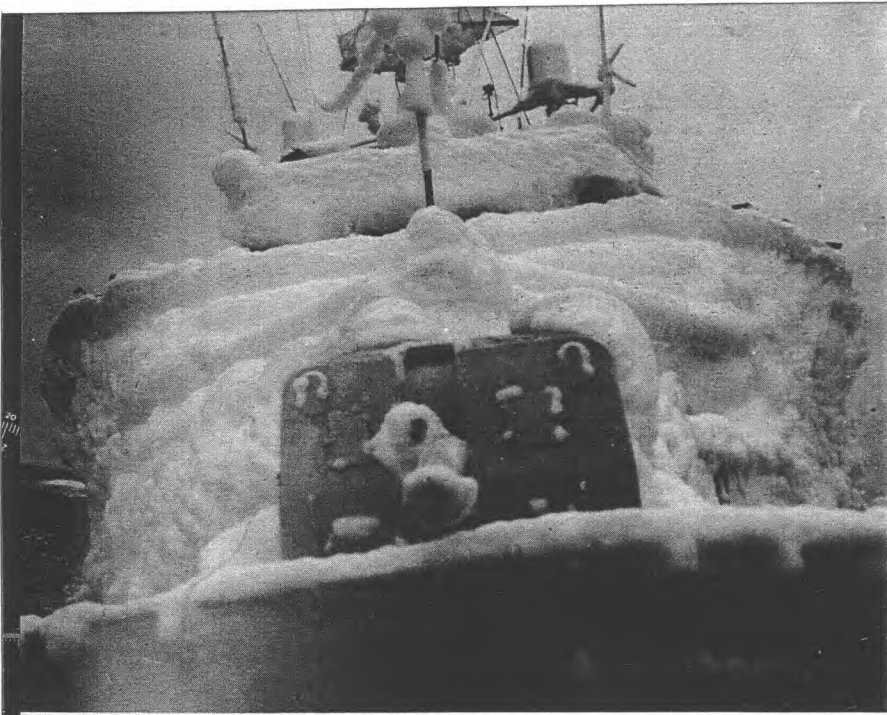
*EDISTO* sailed from Lyttelton Harbor shortly after midnight and took up a course which was by now all too familiar; 180°T, due south, and into the unknown for we were the first ship in Naval history to sail into the Antarctic area this late in the year.

It was known by all aboard that at this time of year we could expect the worst weather the Antarctic could offer and yet as we steamed ever southward the days and nights continued to be calm and clear. This was not mentioned much aboard ship, however, with the same mixture of common sense and superstition which decrees that one does not mention a no-hit ball game in the last of the ninth.

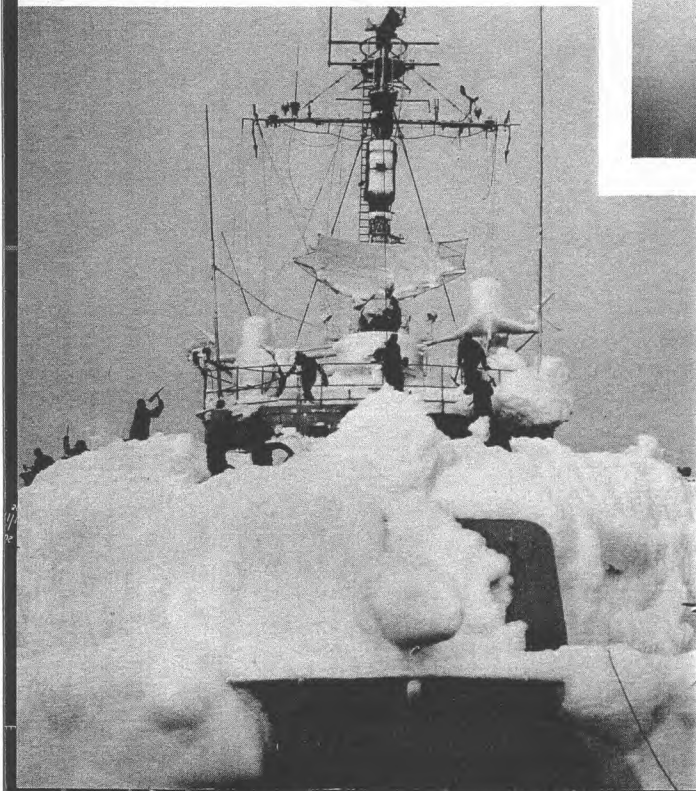
That inning arrived at 70°S. and the ball game went into overtime.

Winds and seas picked up with the fury that a tiger unleashes when his prey has wandered too far into his territory. This time, however, he had a new gambit to offer: ice. It came in such quantities and with such suddenness that it caught the ship off guard. It formed as the spray fell in huge murderous sheets over the topside areas and continued to freeze, layer upon layer, until the ship staggered under the weight of it. Meanwhile winds had reached 90 knots and seas towered over the superstructure to a height of sixty-feet. *EDISTO* wallowed in the swells, climbed slowly to their crests then slid suicidally down again. The ship crashed and shuddered with such violence that lightbulbs shattered





in their sockets and hands were shaken loose from their precarious holds on bulkheads. Continuously the OOD was forced to use his engines as well as his rudder to keep the ship headed into the wind. Once however she did slip off course and plunged broadside to the swells. At this time with the violent rolling the forestay, already covered with over a foot of ice, snapped and was whipped by the wind over the air search radar antenna demolishing one side and



tearing loose the stabilizing fins. The ship had just recovered her head when a forty foot section of the starboard railing covered with three feet of ice went over the side followed by the B/T winch boom. More radio antennas were carried away than could be counted leaving the ship with only the SSB radio for communications.

After three days the storm abated somewhat and *EDISTO* continued on her mission. A day later however the starboard screw snapped her pin and spun off, practically incapacitating us in the event of another blow. RADM TYREE ordered the ship back to Lyttelton at once but it was necessary to wait for bad weather north of us to recede before proceeding home. At last McMurdo and Hallett stations reported the gauntlet safe to traverse and we turned northward.

As we steamed toward New Zealand on one screw all hands went topside to clear away the ice with pickaxes. The topside spaces resembled some wierd Alpine scene with the crew in full foul weather clothing scaling the mountainous ice.

*EDISTO* dodged bad weather all the way home with various storms threatening our safety at every turn. It was easy to think of Lyttelton as home and we received word that the ship would be granted one full week's liberty there.

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## pearl harbor:

*... the scars of a brush with disaster  
are repaired*



There are few places in the world which so reflect the aura of South Seas enchantment and provide an outlet for the American dream as the small group of islands which make up our 50th state.

When *EDISTO* arrived in Pearl Harbor to repair her hull and replace the missing propeller, the crew took off for Honolulu en masse.

And realized that approximately 5,000 other servicemen had done the same thing.

In spite of the overcrowding of military personnel in the area we found Hawaii lived up to most of our expectations and even fulfilled a few of our wildest imaginings. The beaches were indeed white and the hotels lining the million-dollar resort area of Waikiki were as we had pictured them. We expected the accent on casual living but not to the extreme we found. Women shopped in supermarkets and department stores wearing mou-mou's, a kind of glorified negligee and office workers and businessmen of all kinds carried on their duties in aloha shirts and slacks. The Sunday evening *luau* at the

Royal Hawaiian Hotel was the most casual buffet and entertainment spectacle we had ever witnessed, though a great deal of fun.

Some of us were lucky enough to rent cars and motor scooters for our own personal tours of the island and were treated to rural sights that, except for the tropical produce growing on the farms, were not unlike our own home state. Oahu has no superhighways because there is no place to travel save to the other side of the island. This removed it from the rapid sphere of modern living and made it all rather pleasant and relaxing. The shopkeepers in downtown Honolulu, however, were by no means lax in their dealings with customers. There were as shrewd as any New Englander, though in a much more talkative way.

As the crew romped joyously in the lushness of Hawaiian evenings, back at the Pearl Harbor shipyard and at last in drydock, *EDISTO* was receiving a thorough going-over at the hands of experts. With Mr. Deming and Mr. Ramsey ramrodding the repair process the work went smoothly in spite of

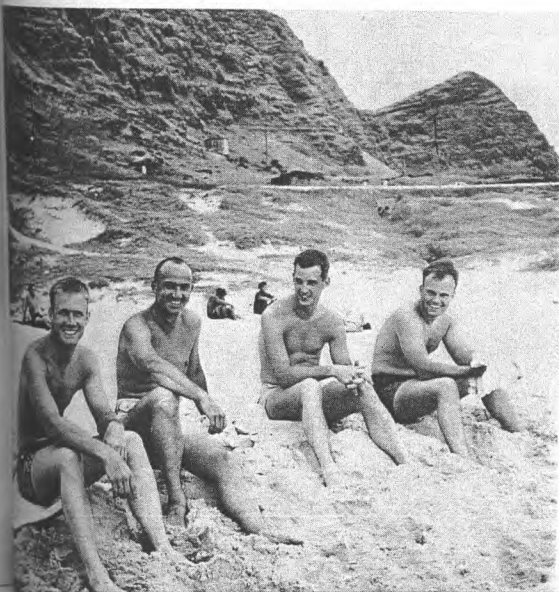




momentary delays and stoppages.

In addition to replacement of the starboard screw, the hull was patched up in spots, sandblasted and repainted on the bottom. The radar antennae were dismantled along with the radio gear and carried to the electronic shops for repair. The dock period gave the engineering gang a good chance to go over the propulsion plant for defects and replacements.

At last, at noon on 23 May, we sailed for Panama and home with a sturdier ship under our feet and a liberty-relieved crew at the controls.





## panama, c.z.

The weather was fair, sailing smooth, and although the heat was intense below decks, and the well insulated spaces aboard ship, it was still pleasant to thaw out after months of Antarctica. However there was little time for lying in the sun and taking life easy after our operations, for although our job was completed, there was still the tense hurry and preparation for the upcoming Admin-inspection.

Our stay in Panama coincided with the beginning of the rainy season and the frequent and somewhat pleasant afternoon showers experienced the first time in Panama now lasted all day with short and misty breaks.

Fifty passengers came aboard for the trip through the locks and wandered over the ship perplexing salts with confusing questions. On the bridge attention was divided between answering compliments on our "cute little ship" from interested but mystified women passengers and directing line handling parties and motor room directions.

We reached the Atlantic side for the first time in eight months that afternoon and sailed for Mayport, Florida.



## mayport, florida

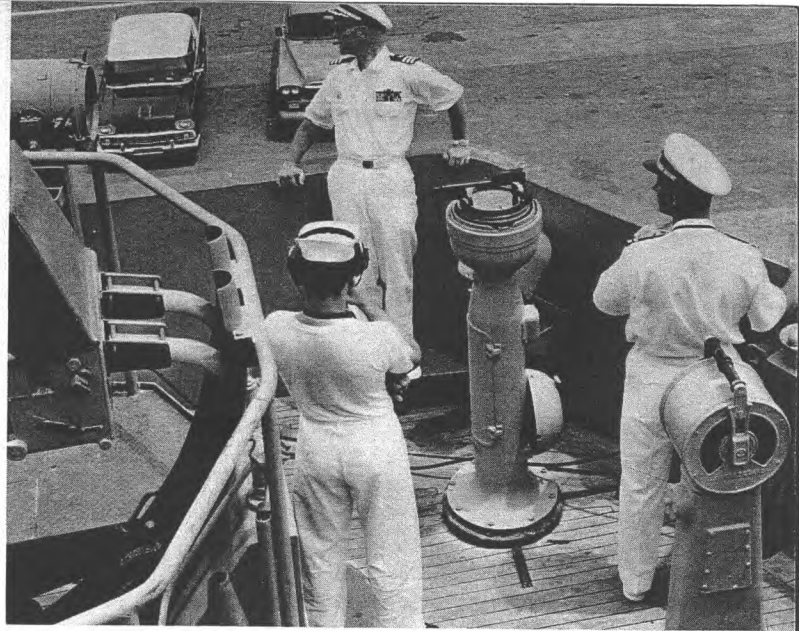
Miles of white beaches stretched out on either side of Mayport, Florida but the Exotic hotels we had seen in Hawaii were conspicuously absent here. Here we awaited the arrival of the inspection party which was to ride the ship to Norfolk.

The stay in Mayport was uneventful except for Mallett's running over and crushing of five fifths of airdale liquor which had been moved to the pier. Returning to the ship after he had parked the whiskey-encrusted ship's vehicle he commented that some of it might be salvaged with a wet sponge.

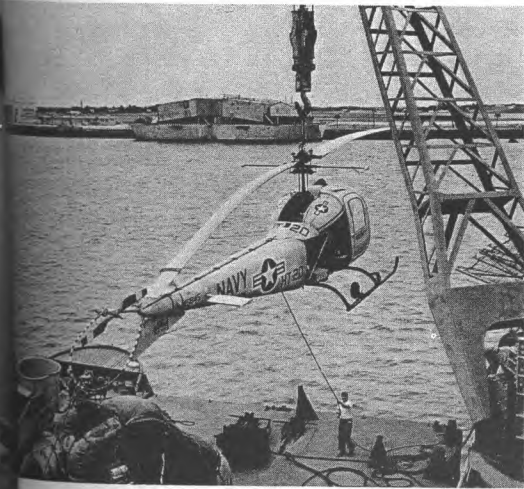
*EDISTO* got underway for Norfolk with the ever-present inspecting party watching over the sea-detail procedure. They lost no time in commencing the examination and records and files were combed with fine-toothed regulations in mind. Personnel were stopped for Geneva Convention Cards, ABC warfare cards, and other paraphernalia of officialdom and were regularly asked questions concerning emergency procedures at their posts of duty.

Davis, CSSN, was alone in the galley one afternoon when several inspecting officers crashed in an announced that the galley was on fire. "No kidding, man? Where?" was Davis' casual reply. When pressed as to what he intended to do about the disaster, he finally conceded that he probably would get Ballard out of the sack and ask him.

After a rain-threatened personnel inspection, *EDISTO* departed Norfolk and turned north and homeward.



## norfolk, virginia



home



There is something about returning home after a long voyage that loosens the most carefully hidden emotions of the cynical. It is clearly evident in the faces of the men as they crowd the rails for a first glimpse of their home skyline and an anxious searching for their families waiting on the pier. It is especially moving to see the faces of the older men who, in truth, have done this many times before and will do so again. And yet, for them, each time is like the first. They are momentarily brothers with their youthful companions.

This cruise had been very personally theirs; their reactions, their impressions, their experiences were inviolate things. And yet the greatest pleasure would come in the attempt to explain to those who loved them what those things were which had happened to them in their encounter with the ice.





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## summing up

### TO ALL HANDS:

*USS EDISTO* has, in the few years of the DEEPFREEZE operation, established a reputation based on achievement. Her ventures into Moubray Bay, which resulted in the location of Hallett Station, and into the Weddell Sea, where she became known for her ability to operate independently over an extended period of time, have created a tradition for this particular ship which would have been a source of pride to this ship's company, or to any other group who could claim as good a reputation. Had your efforts this year only equalled this tradition, you could be proud of your achievement.

But this year you did more than simply equal the past, and in doing it, established new traditions that will live as a source of pride, first to yourselves, and ultimately to those who work in or with this ship later. By your "can do" approach to all problems, you achieved recognition as the "Workhorse of Antarctica" in an unglamorous role of routine support, where recognition was most unlikely to occur. By your perseverance and gallantry, you took this ship through a perilous, post-season operation and brought her back into port when the odds were opposed to this success. With all this, you established a record of conduct and friendship in overseas ports that will remain a tribute to you yourselves for many years to come.

In absolutely every respect it has been a privilege and an incomparable experience to have been a shipmate with you. It is with the utmost happiness that I join with the others who have had the pleasure of seeing this ship in action by adding my heartfelt "WELL DONE" to their sincere and lavish praise.

*Griffith C. Evans, Jr.*  
GRIFFITH C. EVANS, JR., CDR, USNR

# the bookmakers

## *Cruise book officer*

LT W. H. Goforth

## *Co-editors*

LTJG C. M. Keeler

L.R. Brown JO2

R.A. Geddes RD3

## *Photography*

LT C.T. Arnold

M.E. Ingram PH2

G.W. Logan EN1

## *Layout*

L.R. Brown JO2

R.A. Geddes RD3



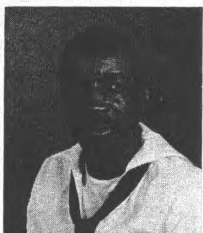
*LT W.H. Goforth*



*LTJG C.M. Keeler*



*M.E. Ingram PH2*



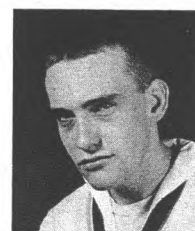
*G.W. Logan EN1*



*L.R. Brown JO2*



*LT C.T. Arnold*



*R.A. Geddes RD3*

The assembling of a Navy cruise book is no small task and when these men answered the call for volunteers back in October, 1960 few of them knew precisely what was involved.

The layout and photography was done under the most difficult at-sea conditions when rolling and pitching made keeping a ruler or camera straight almost impossible. Much of the printing work, done by Dr. Arnold with a helpful hint or two by Ingram, was completed in our short in-port waiting periods. Mr. Keeler acted as our liaison with other Navy photographic centers and contributed the excellent shots of the storm, taken at considerable risk to life and camera. Logan was assigned the difficult task of photographing every man on the ship and as it turned out, some who weren't. While all this was going on, Brown and Geddes kicked around layout suggestions in Ship's Office in between mounting seas of black coffee and shipboard shenanigans. The fatherly voice of experience was provided by Mr. Goforth direct to us from Madison Avenue, U.S.A.

What you have read and, we hope, liked was a distillation of mountains of material and smaller peaks of raw talent. We hope it provides you with a lasting memory in pictures and words of an experience none of us can really ever forget.

From: COMNAVSUPFOR ANTARCTICA

To: CHINFO

INFO: CINCLANTFLT/COMONE/USS EDISTO/COMTHIRTEEN/ALUSNA WELLINGTON NZ/ U.S. ANTARCTIC PROJOFF/CINCPACFLT/USS STATEN ISLAND/ADMINS COMNAVSUPFOR ANTARCTICIA

UNCLAS  
NEWS RELEASE

1. Christchurch, N.Z., 23 March 1961. The Navy Icebreaker EDISTO (AGB-2) left Port Lyttleton today to return to the antarctic. The workhorse of the Antarctica: as she is fondly and respectfully known: Had returned to New Zealand only last Friday (17 March) after three months in the Antarctica over two and one half months were spent south of 70 degrees South well below the Antarctica circle.
2. The EDISTO was ordered to replace the USS STATEN ISLAND by Rear Admiral David M. TYREE, USN, the Deep Freeze Commander. The STATEN ISLAND will return to Port Lyttleton for replenishment and repairs.
3. EDISTO will approach the pack ice and there survey conditions before entering the pack ice on her way to McMurdo Sound. She will attempt if weather and ice conditions are favorable: To retrieve and tow a YOG adrift in the Ross Sea. The YOG has 200,000 gallons of Aviation Gas in her tanks for next seasons Deep Freeze Operations. YOG 34 was last sighted in the channel among brash ice 31 miles from the U.S. Station at McMurdo Sound.
4. In mid-March: USS STATEN ISLAND was diverted from her homeward bound voyage to return to ice age continent. There she was to recover and tow YOG 34 to a new mooring. STATEN ISLAND, battered by brutal Antarctic weather and savage seas, sustained an engineering casualty and was ordered to Port Lyttleton, New Zealand to replenish, refuel and effect necessary repairs. She will stand-by in New Zealand to back up the EDISTO if required.
5. No U.S. Naval Ship; in modern times; has entered the pack ice so late in the Antarctic season. Until the possibility that an attempt would be made to bring the YOG to a safe mooring all U.S. Antarctica stations had been isolated for several weeks for the long winter night. Should a survey of the ice conditions and a forecast of the treacherous antarctica weather make a reentry to the Ross Sea feasible the Navy men and scientists at McMurdo can expect to have mail from home and fresh provisions.
6. The EDISTO during her long stay in the Antarctic was dubbed the lower McMurdo Sound tug and barge Co. by ship's entering the 10 miles channel to the turning basin at McMurdo Sound. She towed ships through the ice channel; warped others against the ice shelf that served as piers; salvaged equipment and material that started to sea as the bay ice broke out, and carried cargo and personnel from point to point.

*News release about us returning to ice. We recieved this over the radio as it was sent out to the various newspapers in the United States.*

## USS EDISTO OPERATION DEEPFREEZE

Cruise books, Bylaws, Kee Bird and Rosters are Portable Document Format (PDF) and can be opened by Adobe Acrobat Reader which can be obtained FREE by downloading Acrobat Reader at:  
<http://www.adobe.com/products/acrobat/readstep2.html>

Thanks to many of you shipmates who loaned your cruise books to be copied so they could be shared with all the USS Edisto crew members and families. These files and photos are what make up memories for many of us and are history to others.

It should be explained that the USS Edisto AG89/AGB2 made several cruises north to Thule Greenland and the Arctic waters, records indicate that she only made 6 cruises south to the Antarctic. The first was in 1947 followed by Operation Deep freeze One in 1955-56 and again in 1958-59 and every other year thereafter for a total of six (6) southern cruises. Commencing with Deep freeze One, each trip was documented with a cruise book. Unfortunately, books were not made for northern cruises but an old Navy film (which I have recorded on a DVD) and a later (1965) ARLISS

The Association owes a deep gratitude to so many shipmates that contributed files, cruise books and mementos that it would be difficult to name them all. And at the risk of omitting some important contributors, we owe our thanks to the following:

Virgil Paulk, Glenn Flenniken and Calvin Radius for sharing **1947** photos, Commissioning Roster, and Calvin's Log of the first Antarctic cruise.

The Late Everton Ware for sharing with me a video of the first northern cruise in '48 and a copy of an old **1947** Navy film of what is believed to be the first Arctic cruise.

Frank Macchia for sharing with us the Saturday Evening Post article of August 1949 and other '48-49 related stuff.

Karl Kettlehut for contributing photos and other '53-54 memorabilia.

John Yavorosky for lending us his '55-56 cruise book so that it could be copied to share with others.

Ed Schardein for lending us his '58-59 cruise book so that it could be copied to share with others.

Leo Johnson for having made several copies of his '61 cruise book so that others (including yours truly) could replace lost books.

Tom Duffy for allowing us to copy his '63 cruise book, Jerry Sandman for the '63 log.

Leo Makowski for the loan of his '64-65 cruise book and John Hockenbrock for photos and stuff.

And big THANKS YOU to Gene Fettinger, Leo Johnston, John Herrmann, Tim Pancake and Bill (Tiny) Gallant because without them, neither the Edisto reunion effort nor the sharing of these memories would have been possible. Through their hard work and perseverance, over 2,000 of the USS Edisto shipmates have been accounted for and thanks to their continuing efforts the list continues to grow. Thanks guys!

Any association member who wishes to have a CD with a specific cruise book mailed to them, please contact me by email, telephone or by mail. All others may obtain a copy for a small fee for mailing, etc.

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