

POSTSCRIPT: Back at McMurdo three of us put on headphones and called the Pole by ham radio. The voice that replied through static was that of Nello Bambini, 36, sailor from Boston. He said thanks for the fresh groceries and told us a little about polar existence:

"It's hard to breathe up here at first; we're 8,200 feet above sea level. But after a few weeks you get used to it and start feeling like running a four-minute mile.

"No, nobody's been sick to speak of. The worst time we had was September when the temperature went down around 110. We had to keep shoveling snow outside for our melting apparatus because that's our only water supply. When it's that cold your throat and windpipe start burning after about five minutes. We took turns on the shoveling.

"Right now we're spending all our time dragging in the stuff the Globes are dropping. It's nice to have mail and some fresh vegetables after almost a year without any.

"There's about three feet of snow on top of the camp right now, but the roofs seem to be holding up pretty well."

Clipped By:



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