



THE SOUTH POLAR TIMES

VOLUME IV

APSLY CHERRY-GARRARD, EDITOR

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ISSUED IN AN
EDITION OF SEVEN
OF WHICH THIS
IS NUMBER:

THE *South Polar Times* was an expedition publication issued in a single copy during each of Robert F. Scott's two Antarctic expeditions. It contained a mixture of poetry, humorous sketches, acrostics and the occasional practical treatise. Illustrations were a major component, mostly the work of Edward A. Wilson.

During the DISCOVERY EXPEDITION (1901-04) *The South Polar Times* was edited by Ernest Shackleton during the first winter and by Louis Bernacchi in the second. Submissions were made anonymously in most cases and placed in a specially made wooden box on-board the ship. The text was typed up in blue and red by the respective editors, the illustrations sometimes appearing in the text and at other times included as plates. The original was passed around from man to man.

Upon the return of the expedition to England, the publisher Smith, Elder & Co. issued a facsimile of the *South Polar Times* in two volumes limited to 250 numbered copies (1907). The actual originals, which reside at the Royal Geographical Society in London, are in eight bound volumes plus an additional volume of covers. Some artwork that appeared in the original was not included in the printed facsimile. The text was set to appear as in the original but it is not precisely the same.

The South Polar Times reappeared during the second Scott expedition (The Last or TERRA NOVA EXPEDITION). Apsley Cherry-Garrard was the editor. The originals which when later printed in facsimile as Volume III in 350 numbered copies (1914), again by Smith, Elder & Co., are in the possession of The British Library as three separate volumes elaborately bound in sealskin with the SPT logotype in carved venesta boards. These later were reproduced photographically appearing as Vol 4 of *The Diaries of Captain Robert Scott* (University Microfilms, 1968)

It is not widely known that *The South Polar Times* appeared during the second winter, again edited by Cherry-Garrard. This is usually referred to as Vol IV and has never been published. What appears below is that volume, here appearing for the first time. The original is held by Scott Polar Research Institute to which Cherry-Garrard's widow—Angela—gave it in 1959.

The manuscript was transcribed in September 1999 by Robert B. Stephenson. The illustrations and section titles that appear below were scanned from the snapshot photographs taken of the manuscript at SPRI and with its permission at the time when the transcriber was involved in a partnership to publish the volume. That partnership was later terminated and although work has continued to bring it to commercial publication, that has yet to occur. The generally poor quality of the illustrations is due to the use of these snapshots. The text itself is reproduced as it appears in the original with the same spacing, spelling, etc. In some instances errors are noted by the inclusion of [sic].

Why wasn't Vol IV included with the Vol III? Frank Debenham in his Note of 1959 below said "Its standard was far too low to be printed. . ." This was partly because Dr Wilson was not present to contribute artwork, but also there was far less material than was produced in the earlier editions. And it's reasonable to assume that those producing it were less enthusiastic and inspired in their literary output knowing as they did that the polar party surely had perished on its return from the Pole.

Vol IV is bound in black linen covered boards with SOUTH POLAR TIMES 1912 marked in gilt on the spine. On the upper cover are intertwined in white the letters SPT (see illustrations). There are marbled endpapers. The size of the bound volume is 10 $\frac{1}{4}$ by 8 $\frac{1}{2}$. There are 212 pages on 106 leaves, many of which are blank (which are not included below). The sheets vary in paper type and slightly in size. The folios that appear were added by the transcriber.

NOTE: The text in the original of Vol IV is typed in blue and red and most of the illustrations are in color. Because of the expense of reproducing the entire manuscript in color, the entire volume appears in black and white. However, a center spread does appear in color and repeats four representative pages from the manuscript.



SOUTH POLAR TIMES

1913



EVANS.
HALLEWELL
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NUMBER

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SOUTH POLAR TIMES 1912
(S.P.R.I. ms. 505/4)

Presented by
Mrs. Angela Cherry-Garrard, 1959.

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Note by Frank Debenham

This is the only copy of the Second Winter's production of the S.P.T. Its standard was far too low to be printed as were the issues of the First Winter with illustrations by Wilson.

The articles and verses are mainly of topical interest, unintelligible to any reader who does not know the history of the Expedition well.

Nevertheless as an example of what a small community (13) found laughable and worth the time it took, it should be kept in the MSS collection.

Cherry, the editor, used some script of the winter before T.G. Taylor as few of us had the time or ability to contribute enough to make an issue without them.

To make much of it a glossary would be necessary, but a few items in such would be

TRAHNTER is Sir Charles Wright, of Toronto

LOFTY is Hooper, our steward

BEANAM is Debenham

MARIE is Nelson

PATSY is Keobane P.O. [sic]

HURRAH THE WILLAH is Tom Crean

AMOURSKI is Demitri from the Amour River

ATCH is Surgeon Atkinson, our leader that year.

It is noticeable that there is no reference whatever to the fate or the personnel of the Pole Party or even of the Northern Party though the preparations for the Search next sledging season was the main pre-occupation of all hands.

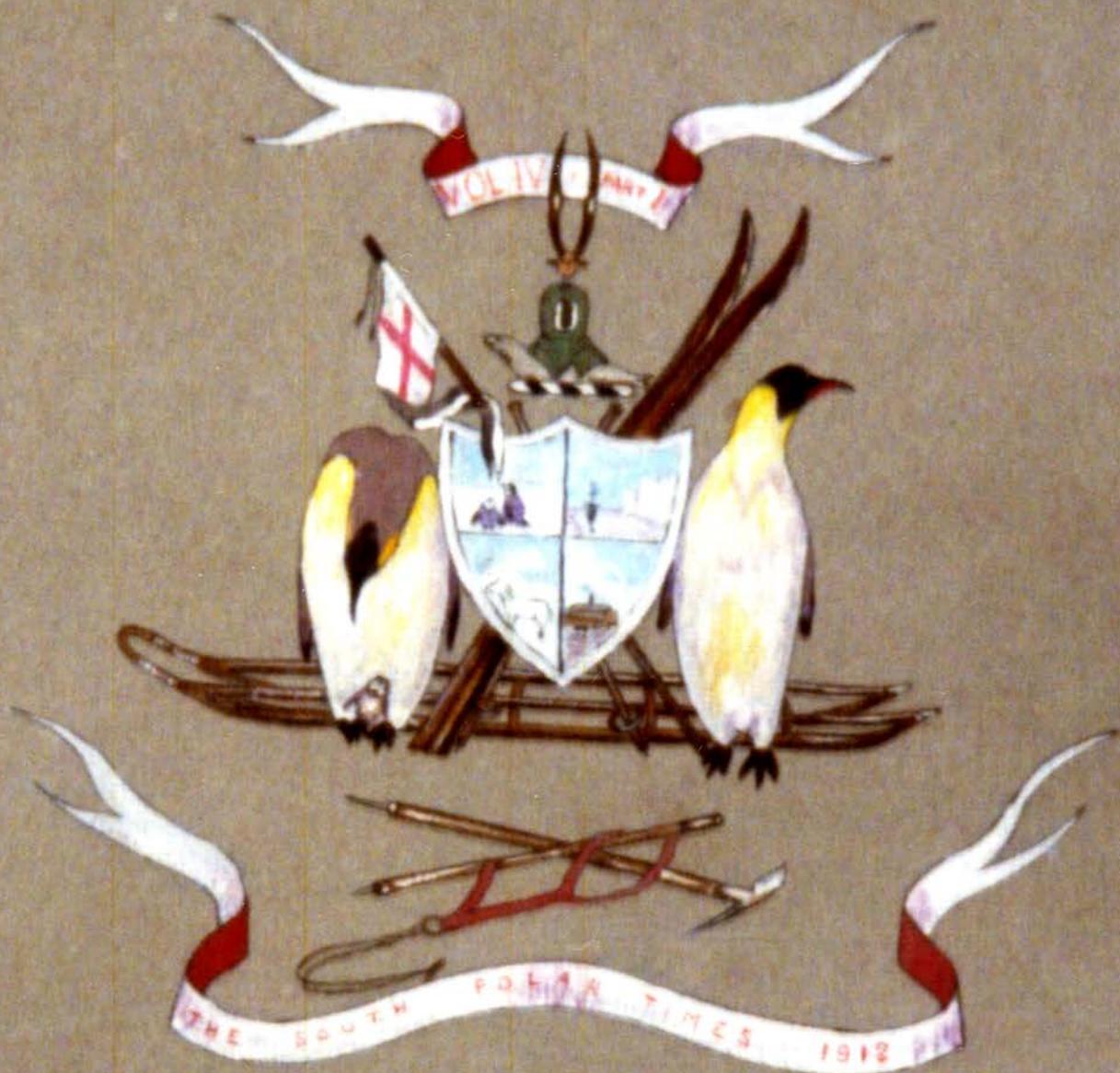
F.D.
30.9.59

This volume is the original South Polar Times produced by
the Main Party of Scott's Antarctic Expedition at Cape Evans
during the last winter down South.
It was edited, typed & largely illustrated by me.
Some illustrations by Debenham.
It was published on Midwinter Day. 1912.

Apsley Cherry-Garrard
July 28. 1924.

[The above written in ink]

Ms. 505/4 [in pencil]
[rubber stamp of Scott Polar Research Institute]





VOL IV. PART 1.

MIDWINTER DAY. 1912.

The most noticeable thing about the present Winter is the fact that the sea has remained so open. The Sound froze permanently last year in April, while we still have some open water to the South of us this year, and we must be thankful for small mercies when there is any ice at all in North Bay.

The winds recorded here last year were considered high, but those of this year have put them to shame, and in many parts the ice has not become strong enough to withstand the Blizzards. The last blizzard, which lasted into its eighth day was a record for Cape Evans which we do not wish to see broken.

But though blizzards are frequent and winds are high, we are very snug here. Much the same routine as last year, and there is nothing very eventful to

record. The ship has left us very well provided with transport, skins and food, and preparations for next season's sledging are well advanced. Especially welcome to Jonahs and others has been the beer! And to all of us the fresh fruit and vegetables. That at present the mules must be exercised on the Cape is unfortunate, but they do not seem to mind, and Lashley [sic] is to be congratulated on their good condition.

Wright has been busy with the pendulum and magnetic work, and Gran is helping him with the meteorological work. We are very glad to have Archer and Williamson with us this second year.

We have a frequent visitor in Vaida, who seems to have abandoned his rakish past, and settled down to a domestic life.

We have had some interesting lectures, and tonight Debenham will give us an Illustrated Lecture after Dinner. Another item of our Midwinter Festivities is the Christmas Tree which is worthy of the occasion. We congratulate Crean on his well deserved Medal!

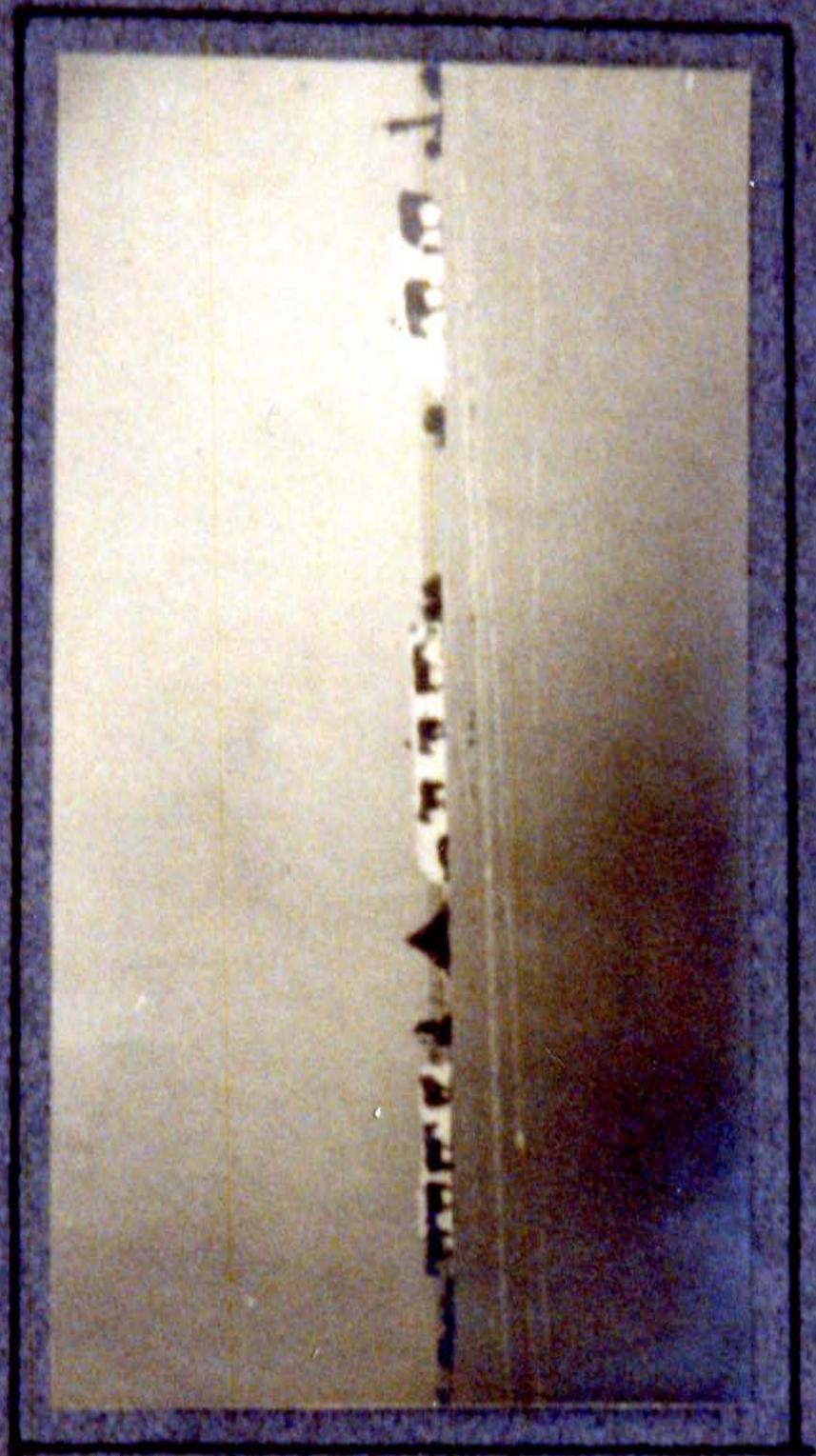
We have to thank those who have contributed so liberally and with so much trouble to this number, with illustrations, poetry and prose.

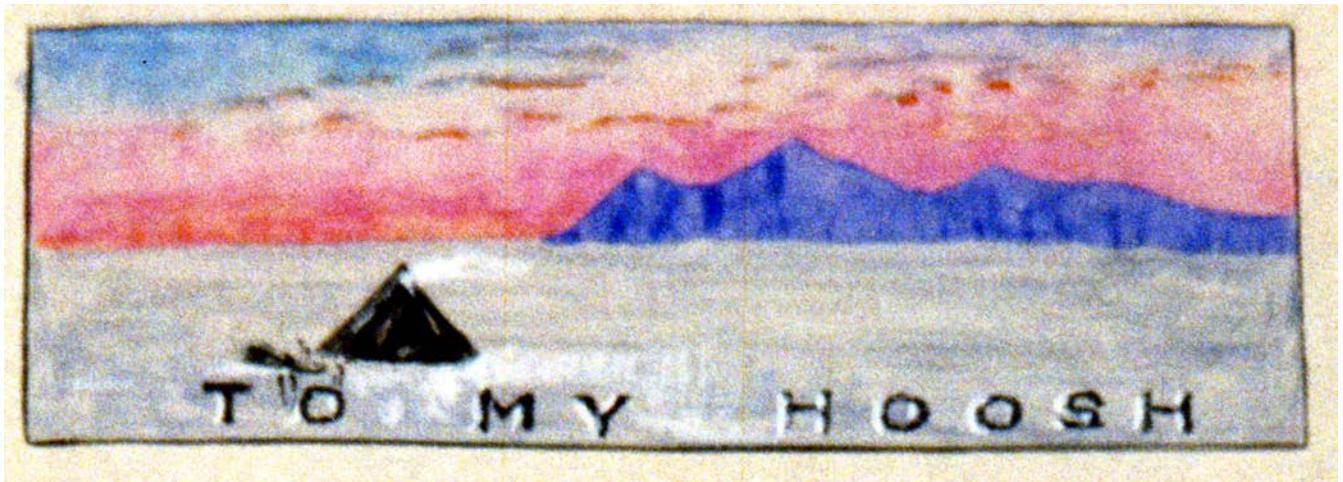
That the Sun is now returning to us every day means a great deal, and during the next fortnight we shall have a good moon. The darkest half of the Winter is now past.

To say that Christmas comes but once a year is a truism. But Midwinter Day comes but few times in a life time. Also we have much more to eat than on Christmas Day, a very important fact.

So let us make the most of it, and we hope that all our Readers will have a very happy day.

The
Southern Journey





I love thy dusky pallor,
My copper coloured Friend,
Thy touch sets blood afire,
My heart-beats thee attend.

Thy wayward hair is parted
As to my lips you press,
When morn and e'en I greet thee
With tenderest caress.

A true and faithful lover
In me you'll never lack,
For I am one of those men
Who always go their whack.



WITH clothes as if they'd been made stiff

With starch,

With belt drawn tight, in sorry plight

I march.

HOW hunger fierce lunges in tierce

Unparried,

Asleep! Awake! With full potache

I 'm harried.

A craving I can't satisfy
Each meal
Leaves in it's train; I eat in vain
And feel

WITH clean scraped pot as though I'd not
begun;
Because our whacks a biscuit lacks,
Just one.

THE BARRIER BLIGHT

by
one who has not had it.

WITH the pad, pad, pad, of fin'skoed feet
With two hundred pounds per man,
Not enough hoosh or biscuit to eat,
All ready? Down tent! Inspan!

I'm weary of this marching,
I hate the blinding glare,
My aching throat is parching,
My fin'sko both are bare.

I'm sick of feeling empty,
I loathe th'eternal snow,
Once home nothing can tempt me
Again on track to go.

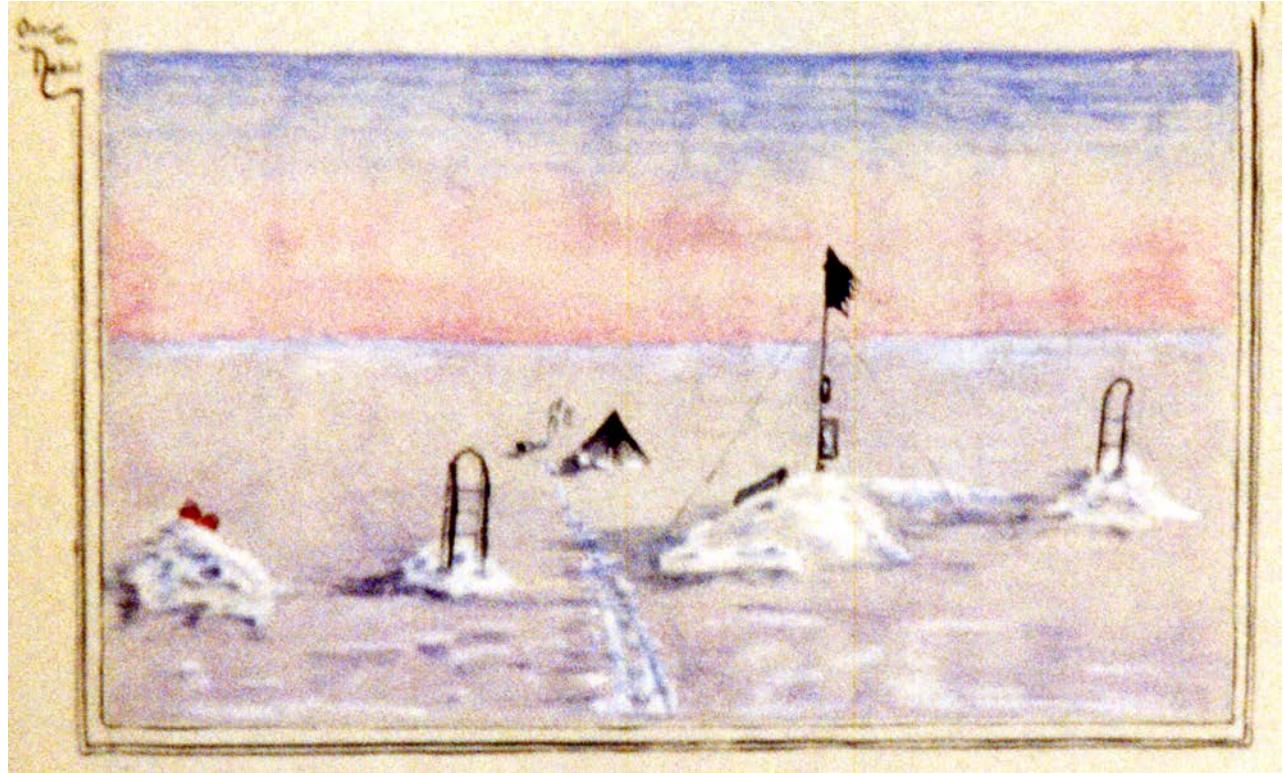
(two years later:-

I hear the White Wastes calling
Across the restless seas;
Civilization's palling,
The wanderer's disease.

I would that I could once again
Around the cooker sit,
And hearken to its soft refrain
And feel so jolly fit.

INSTEAD of home-life's silken chains,
The uneventful round,
I long to be mid snow-swept plains,
In harness, outward bound.

With the pad, pad, pad, of fin'skoed feet,
With two hundred pounds per man,
Not enough hoosh or biscuit to eat,
Well done, lads! Up tent! Outspan!







THE LAST
OF THE
TERRORCAS

AN ANTARCTIC EPISODE.

PERIOD 1920, at 11.30pm on a Winter's night.

PLACE The Advanced Students' Club. Cambridge.

The annual dinner was over and the members had retired to the clubroom for post-prandial gossip. Wine (Australian by request) had flowed as freely as usual, and the Guest of the Evening had roared as became a Minor Lion. He was an ex-President of the Club, and also that terrifying object, a scientific explorer. There were other visitors present. One gentleman, with a thin goatee,

and a pronounced accent evidently hailing from AMURRKA.

Towards midnight the ex-President gave voice to a hitherto unpublished incident of his travels in Antarctica..

He said...

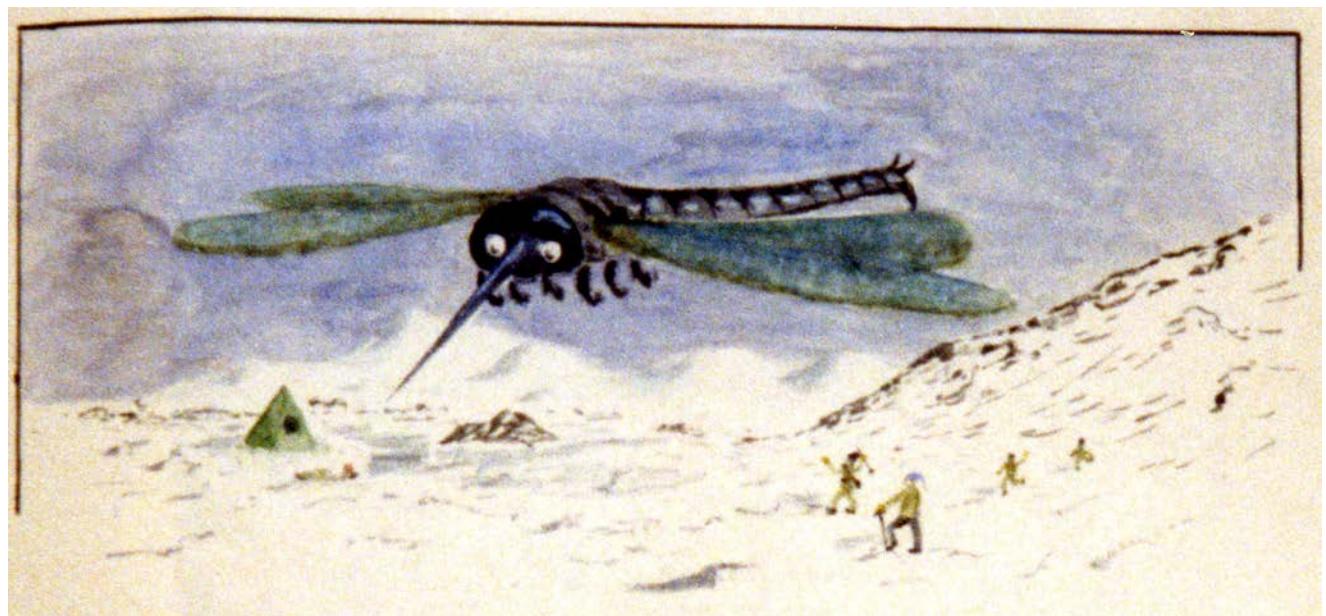
"One evening, I think the 26th of February, we had pitched our tent on a patch not so strewn with bottle-glass ice as usual, and were rejoicing in the gleams of the never setting sun. He had come out for his evening peep at us over the hump of Lister, grinning to think his glare blinded our wished-for view of the mountains.

Our conversation turned on a variety of topics. We discussed a mica deposit we had seen, and some ice caves we could see about six miles from the tents. I remember we also had an argument as to the headless fishes - three or four feet long - which had been found on the Glacier. The iceman insisted that they were caught by some otter-like animal, not yet discovered, but I could not agree that any large animal could have remained unknown in the vicinity.

Next day we trekked onward, pulling, pushing, falling, cursing, crashing over Pinnacle Ice, until we had practi-

cally reached the slopes where were the ice-caves we had seen the day before. We pitched the tent, and then all walked across to the debris slopes for a preliminary survey.

Suddenly Beanam exclaimed "There's an Aeroplane!" We turned round and saw a queer structure, more like a dragonfly than an aeroplane, hovering over our camp.



The weird shape swooped onto the tent, and as we rushed towards it we saw it was an incredibly large insect with a frightful proboscis like an Ulhan Lance.

With this weapon it was stabbing the tent till it resembled a canvas cullender, and then it crawled to the sledges and began to sample our food. We had no weapon but the Iceman's trusty axe which seemed of little use against a six foot lance. I counselled retreat to the caves, and we warily made our way thereto.. [sic] The sun shone out brightly, and our dark clothing as we traversed the snowy debris attracted the attention of the enemy. Rising heavily he beat to windward and then swooped towards us. We rushed helter skelter for the nearest ice-cave.

A queer smell assailed as we ran. Seal skeletons were scattered all round, and we had to jump over several fish rotting by its mouth. We had no time to search further, but bolted into the inner recess. The stench was unbearable, and as we turned a corner - just as our winged foe dropped at the entrance - we saw that we had fled Charybdis to fall into Scylla.

A long low form rose with a snarl from a heap of bones which it was crunching, and waddled clumsily but rapidly towards us.

This second nightmare had something the shape of a

Salamander. Behind the eyes, on each side of the hugely disproportionate head, was an oblong yellow patch, and a yellow colour characterised the under part of its body. The legs were Saurian, but it was the cunning of the eyes and the huge armament of teeth that held us breathless.

"Holy baldheaded Peter!" ejaculated the Iceman, "It's a land Orca! The ancestor of the brutes that have such a partiality for photographers".

We leaped onto a ledge, and awaited its onslaught. At this moment the long head and neck of our earlier opponent appeared, blocking out the light. The land Orca (or Terrorca as it was later named) bristled with fury. His snarl changed into a continuous growl, and his jaws clashed like a well oiled portcullis. We were completely wiped from his memory, and he rushed after the rapidly retreating intruder.

We heard a tremendous scuffle, punctuated by siren-like whistles, and the throaty thunder of the Terrorca. After listening to this clamour for some minutes, the berserk fury of the Iceman was aroused beyond control. Gripping his iceaxe he rushed to the entrance of the cave,

and before we could oppose any hindrance he had joined
in the fray. With a Homeric yell of



"TRAHNTER FOR EVER"

he poleaxed the Terrorca, a modern Umslopogaas in Polar
clothing. Then, but too late, he turned on his winged
antagonist. The latter, freed from his more formidable
foe, thrust twice at his more puny opponent. Yet the
Iceman flung his mighty arms round the sinuous shape,
and exerting that grip for which he was so justly famous,
he broke the Creature's neck.

Alas! It was his last act. America had lost her boldest son. Sadly we returned to our camp, our Scientific ardour quite damped by this mishap...."

Here the Explorer seemed to intimate that the incident was closed. The narrative had held his hearers spell-bound: with one exception. The Stranger, in an evidently sceptical voice asked

"Naow, Siree, haow do you name that Aeroplane of yours."

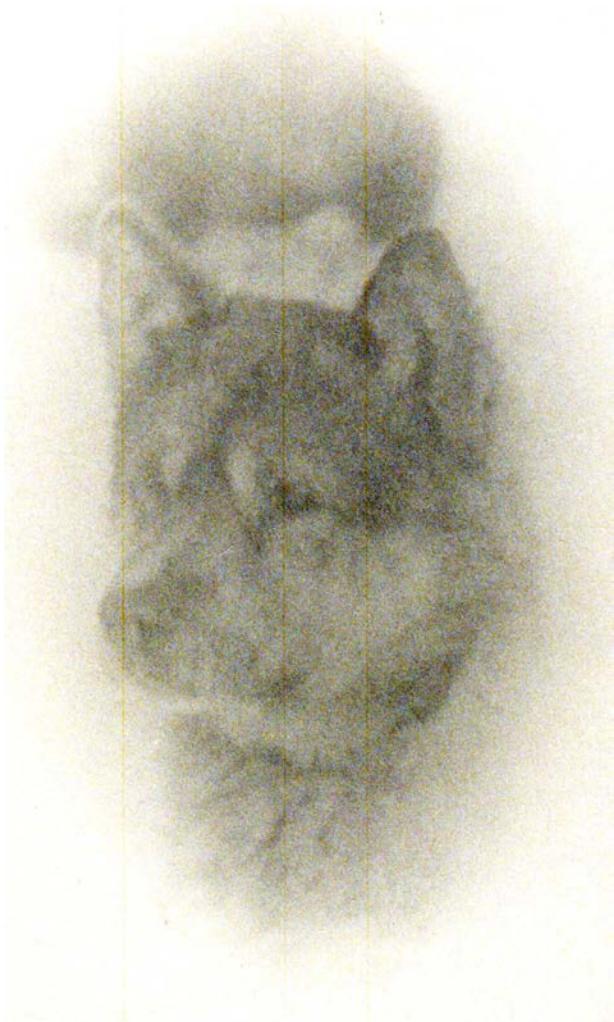
With much dignity the Explorer answered
"That, Sir, is the unique recent representative of the well-known Paleoblattina."

"Surely, Sir," remonstrated the Club's Chairman, with anxiety vividly depicted on his countenance, "You do not insinuate that our honoured guest is wrong in any of his interesting statements."

"Waal. Mister Chairman, I reckon I callate he is wrong, for I am WRIGHT."

FINIS.

stareek.



AN ANTARCTIC BREAKFAST.

It started at 8am, and there was a general turmoil lasting till 8.45, when the last turbulent spirit was settled and eating. It began somewhat after the following manner.

'Mornin' Charlie! How's the Burragou?'. 'Anything you want doing, I'll do to help you, old boy'. 'Hullo my son! Hullo Fazer.'

The figure suddenly leaps from the floor, shouts loudly 'Hurrah, the Willa', and then slowly chants, 'After breakfast jump a mile'.

Just then the Conductor of the "early orchestra" arrives, brushing a few remains of chaff from his clothing, and settles in quickly for his tucker, after supplying theirs to the Nightingales.

1st Speaker. 'Turn out, Paddy'.

Paddy. 'Leave my bed alone. Leave my bed
ALONE. Leave MY BED ALONE. TOM !!! Easy!

One hand! Two hoops!! Hullo, Tom, that's
the way to treat the Germans. Is it blizzing,

whizzing, or anything? Hullo Amourski, s'dees!"

A Lofty figure stalks hither and thither, distributing the table accessories, and rousing recumbent figures, who mostly respond with grunts. Gradually a strong dark figure slides from its bunk, and with the same motion seems to put on all its clothes. The clothes adjust themselves at various angles on their appropriate limbs, and thus it sallies forth to "take the 'ops".

A second figure rises soon after, and predicting blizzards, lugubriously stalks forth. Soon enters again, and is assailed by cries of 'Charles! Charles!'. No attention being paid to these attentioned, invidious comparisons between the Dominion and Commonwealth are entered upon. Other figures rise and all is peace. At intervals one or other looks up and murmurs 'Marie! Maria!!!' No response.... Breakfast is nearly over when someone chances to remark that in his opinion "Socialistic tendencies are becoming more prevalent in English Politics". A figure rises slowly, and strongly combats this statement; in full flood of argument it dresses and attacks its breakfast.

Soon after the table is cleared, and the day's work begun.

RUGBY IN THE ROOKERY





THE WEATHER.

AT CAPE EVANS.

<u>Wind..</u> (miles per hr)	<u>March.</u>	<u>April.</u>	<u>May.</u>
Maximum velocity (gusts)	79	82	91
Mean velocity for month.	24	20	25
Per cent. of hours when wind was over gale strength.			
Hut Point. 1902.	6	1	6
1903.	0	0	0
Cape Evans 1911.	23	6	7.5
1912.	18.9	11.9	24.6

CAPE EVANS (cont)

<u>Temperature.</u>	March.	April.	May.
Maximum. Hut Point 1902	27.5	19.5	17
Hut Point 1903	25.5	2	9.2
Cape Evans 1911	23.1	13.6	16.4
Cape Evans 1912	20.6	17.8	14.0
Minimum. Hut Point 1902	-13.2	-31.6	-39.5
Hut Point 1903	-20	-42	-51.2
Cape Evans 1911	- 8.5	-19.5	-30.5
Cape Evans 1912	-14.6	-27.0	-32.5

HUT POINT.

Some high winds with comparatively low temperatures were logged at Hut Point. The following are some examples.....

April 6. Temperature -18, wind force 9.

7.	-26,	7.
19.	-15,	9.
27.	-25,	7-8.
30.	-30,	8.

A QUIET SUNDAY AFTERNOON

"What do you think of this for a glabroid nodule", said Atch, as he entered panting with a huge rock in his arms.

"Glabroid nodule!" from the petrologist, "I suppose its another piece of kenyte picked up from the ash heap; Umph! Anorthoclase felspars as I thought, in a matrix of tuffaceous lava. Where did you pick it up?"

"Oh! Found it in situ on a berg".

"Liar", said the petrologist politely, "can't you see it can't be in situ on an iceberg. It really is a most interesting example though of weathering by wind action. See how the regularity of the weathering shows that the berg cannot have shifted its position for several million years".

"I entirely disagree with you" came from the biologist, "it shows rather that the prevailing wind direction has not changed for that space of time".

"Damn rot" from the corner, "can't you see that the berg being stranded, the obvious deduction is that the Antarctic continent cannot have shifted much during

past ages. But by far the most interesting fact about the thing is the way the crystals have grown along the optic axis".

"Never head such rot in my life", said the Geologist. "I shall go".

On which the discussion died a natural death.

CLASSICS .

Most of us in our youth wrote verses in languages ancient,
Making slips not a few, with consequent memories tender,
So will without doubt recognize this metre of mine. Now
Regions Antarctic abound in beasts with habits peculiar,
Birds that do not fly, and spiders with too many trotters,
That which I now write about is called the Emperor Penguin.

This bird stands, I should say, quite three feet six in
his stockings,
(The fact that they wear none doesn't alter the truth of
my statement),
Wings they do not use, and by Darwinian Selection,
As the Biologists tell us, they have degenerated
Into short and long flippers that damage our shin-bones,
If we approach their nests.

Thank you, that's quite enough. ED

A DAY'S DOINGS, AS TOLD BY
OUR DIARIST.

June 31.1911. Calm day. Breakfast is an unintellectual meal, so gave it a miss. Better a bit more bunk than a bite more breakfast. Must get that off my chest before the company some time.

Settled down to my pantographic survey of the Region, am busy now in fixing the relative positions of the Golden Stairs and the Celestial Pole, both being in transit with Inaccessible.

Had just worked out the right ascension of the Golden Stairs when I was interrupted by that peregrinating pestilence, Patch, desiring my company up the Ramp. Humoured him, and took a theodolite, with which I was able to get cuts into two seals, and a tophole fix for the centre of the Sound, which is quite wrong in the existing maps. Thought out a new theory as to the origin of debris cones: yesterday's wasn't good enough. "Och! I'll get another yin" will be a good motto for me when I run out of Latin ones. Can it be that they represent the fortuitous

eructations induced by the hypothetical erosion of a pseudo cyclical ice-age upon a primeval glaciarised (non glaciated) topography, the unessential details of which have since been atrophied. Guess that will paralyse the great Austrian.

Made three sketches of Patch's neb, which I labelled

Going! Going!! GONE!!!

Fell down the Golden Stairs, and so home. Told Jimson the new theory. He was no end bucked. Said it worked in with his observations on the effect of the Aurora on the imagination.

Silas said it was as good as the last one.

Spent the afternoon with Jimson in the magnetic hut, doing a 'quick run' on tea and toast. Hist! Not a word to the wife. The unregenerated Philistines think we're finding the dip of the horizontal component. Had a scrap with the Cheery Blackguard, who spoke lightly of Christabel and myself.

NEMO ME IMPUNE LACESSIT.

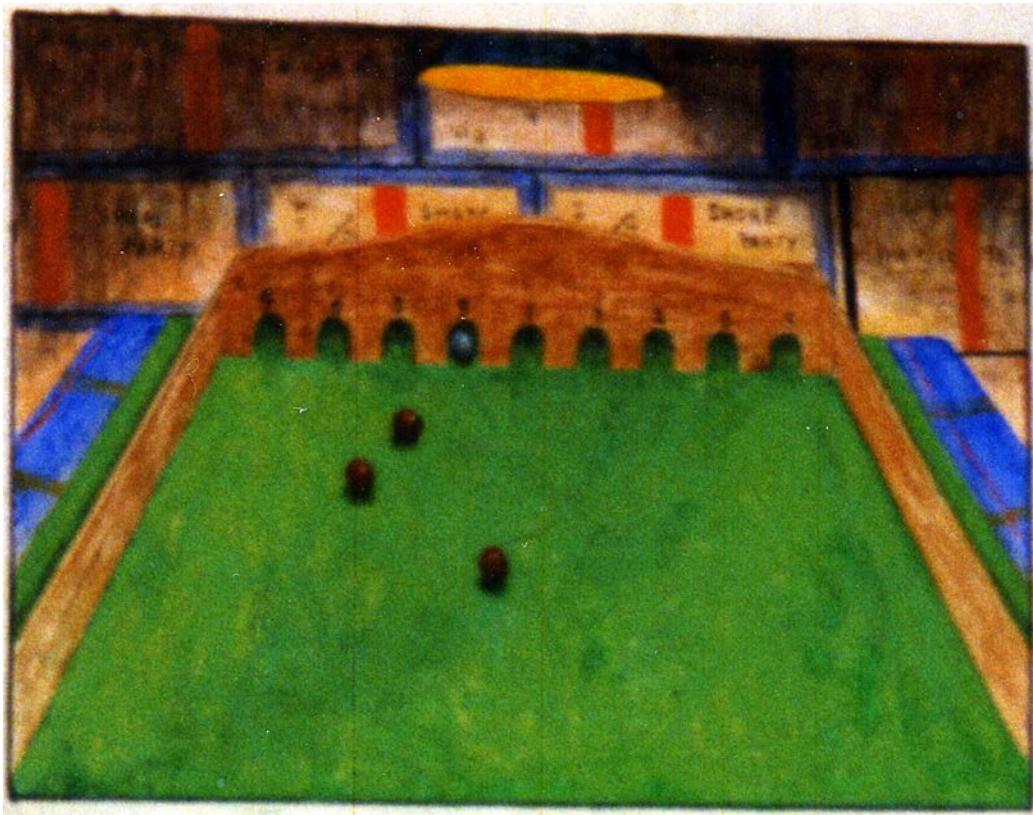
The Goudmaker.

An image of this photograph appears to be missing or a photograph was inadvertently never taken. [The photo in question depicts a camp with tents and skis with a mountain in the background.]

THE POETS
at play
With all due Apologies.
Harry Lauder.

I hardly like to tell us this, Percival. However

We've been playing each other since May
To detect the unfortunate Jonah.
As you know, at the end of the very first Round,
Of the Medal I found myself Owner.
Of course they all jeered, but I scored
When they granted me, Heavens alive,
Foaming beer from the tap,
(and its all right too),
And a large handicap;
Now I kick off at plus 45.
If they care to award the last name to appear
With a prize, and that prize is a bottle of beer,
And about this intention I happen to hear,
I'm hanged if I won't be the Jonah.
(clog-dance. Exit, and the clogs returned
to unsympathetic audience).



Nor. Come, Charlies, I bet you bobs ten,
And a Yonas I've been,
If beat you I cannot, why then
I am yiggered. Begin !

Can. Though crochety critics have carped
At the style of my play,
And the cue that I handle is warped,
I will beat you today.



Blizz! Blizz! Blizz!

Blizz up, South Wind, along the Ross Sea shore!

Thy whip-stings lash not me, not me;

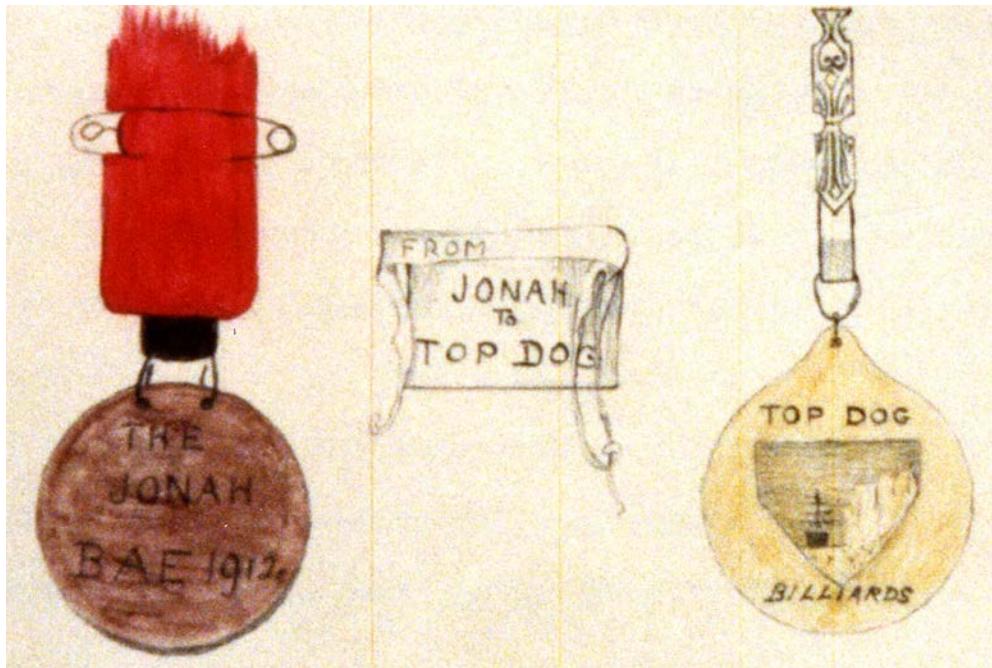
Behold, am I not snug within?

This is the song of billiards:-

The minus five, the sorrow that it brings;
The interjections of the on-lookers, the marker, and
the marker's observations -
Played for, I speakee the true! Champion to Jonah, and
Jonah to Top Dog!
Oh! Look at his face! - Camerado, the game is o'er.

Tut! Tut! Tut!

So I become the Jonah,
And for a time must wear this medal on my breast!



ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

C.S.W. We note your enquiry regarding employment of a competent Icologist (is this English or French). Have you considered the large and remunerative field awaiting the expert in London? A small knowledge of Italian, a large false moustache and a bottle of fruit essence, together with a Poster

TRY OUR FAMOUS CHEESE-HOOSH ICES !!!

PATRONISED AT HUT POINT

will, we feel sure, enable you to corner the trade.

E.L.A. Bacteriology is the Science (?) which deals with bugs. It must not be confounded with Biology, which is the Science dealing with important animals.

T.G. The effect of diet on literary output is well recognised. We doubt if you can continue to keep up more than 11 diaries, unless you increase your snacks between meals.

LOFTY. Acetylene is explosive. It freezes at the freezing point of acetylene. If the lights burn dimly either add water to the carbide or carbide to the water. An

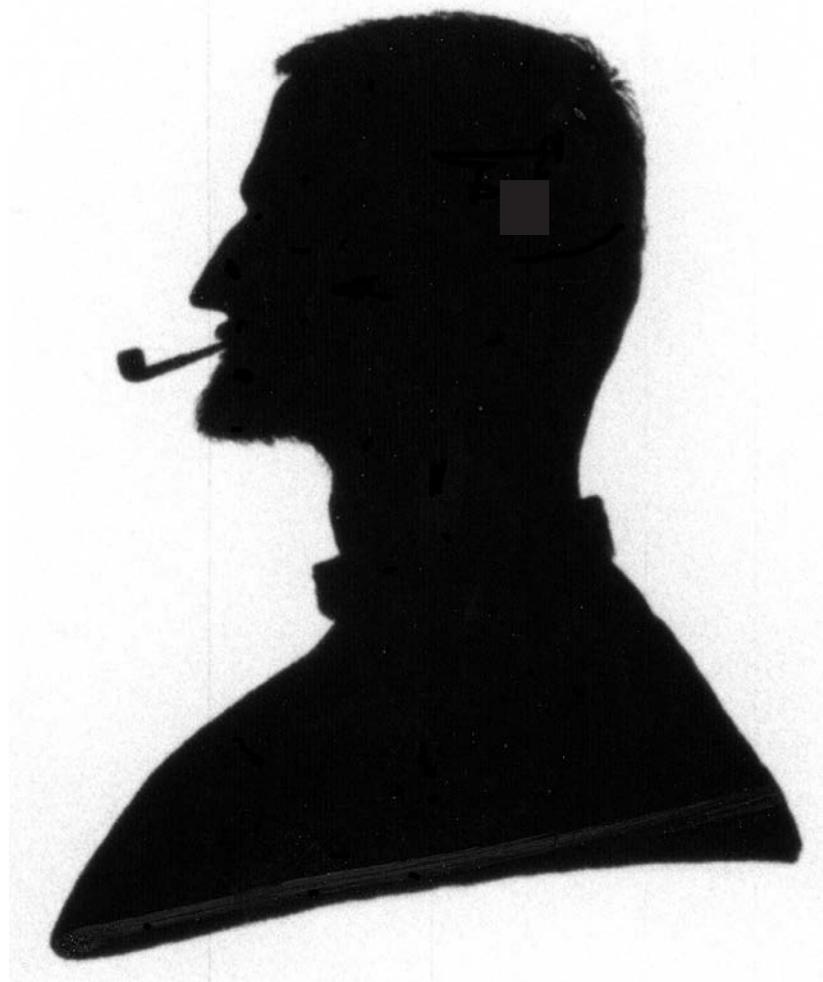
alternative is furnished by the use of candles.

F.D. Winsor and Newton's catalogue of colours will tell you all you want to know. Dirt colour, which is made of equal parts of dirt and colour, is recommended for the representation of dirt or morainic debris.

CHANGE AND DECAY writes that during his two long voyages from to (places illegible) the Greenwich Observatory time differed materially from that shewn by his Waterbury. "What", he asks, "is the use of this institution, if such discrepancies [sic] are allowed to pass unnoticed?" We have referred his query to the authorities mentioned and trust they will remedy their defective standards.

Doctor of Science sends an account of a most interesting natural phenomenon he observed late last Friday night.

He was walking home, from his office (he says), when he saw a bright flash appear near a photo studio. He timed this appearance carefully, being of opinion that it represented a "Corpse Candle" or "Ignis Fatua". On second thoughts he thinks it might have been a case of spontaneous combustion. The photographer has not been seen since. He wishes to know if there is any scientific method of distinguishing these two types of illumination.



WELL FARE YOU, SORR!



There is one aspect of this Expedition which has probably not attracted much attention, but which is really of much value to the 'personnel' of our party, even if it concerns the general public little. The heading of this article indicates my meaning, - the interdependence of the various interests and activities of the members of the Expedition.

By many of the landsmen some knowledge of seamanship has been gained. 'Shooting the sun' and 'Swinging ship' are soon added to one's stock of knowledge, when the performer is a comrade willing to explain, and not an official naturally distrustful of mere curiosity. Some have mastered the rudiments of navigation, and (given a nautical almanac and theodolite or sextant) could now no doubt

with some good luck cross a trackless desert, whether in Australia or elsewhere.

Practical measurements of currents and sea temperatures do not vitally interest most of us, but are certainly within the sphere of interest of the meteorologist, biologist and physiographer. The bird life on the voyage South attracted general notice, not only from a biological, but from a sporting and culinary viewpoint. It was also worthy of the geologist's notice, for were not the first Antarctic rock specimens collected in their gizzards !

The photographer and his outfit are naturally in great request. Difficulties in 'copying' rocks, ice crystals etc. are referred to his consideration. The subject of landscape appeals not only to the lover of scenery, but also to all sides of geology, the reliance is placed on the special cameras to show up the broader features of our surroundings.

Regional biology, field geology and physiography are inseparable in one of their interests. They must all have good maps. Wherefore the special value of the

detailed charts which have been made. They will form the basis of separate sketch maps containing the information required in each science. In filling in the details he is glad to acknowledge the value of the humble Plane Table.

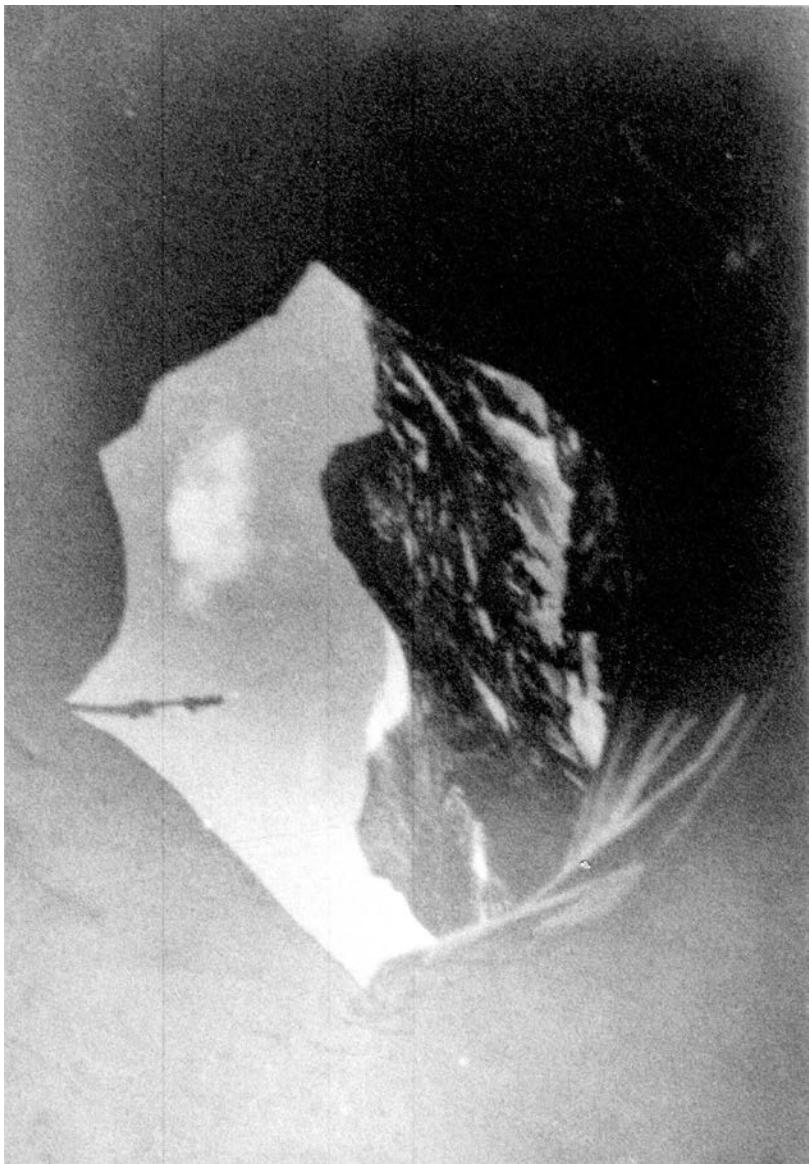
The meteorologist occupies a lonely eminence. Only in topography perhaps does he touch on other branches of our School of Science. But here contoured surveys may help him to elucidate the vagaries of the weather; and to explain why Hut Point has a Blizzard, Glacier Tongue a Westerly, and our Headquarters a strong Northerly at the same moment !

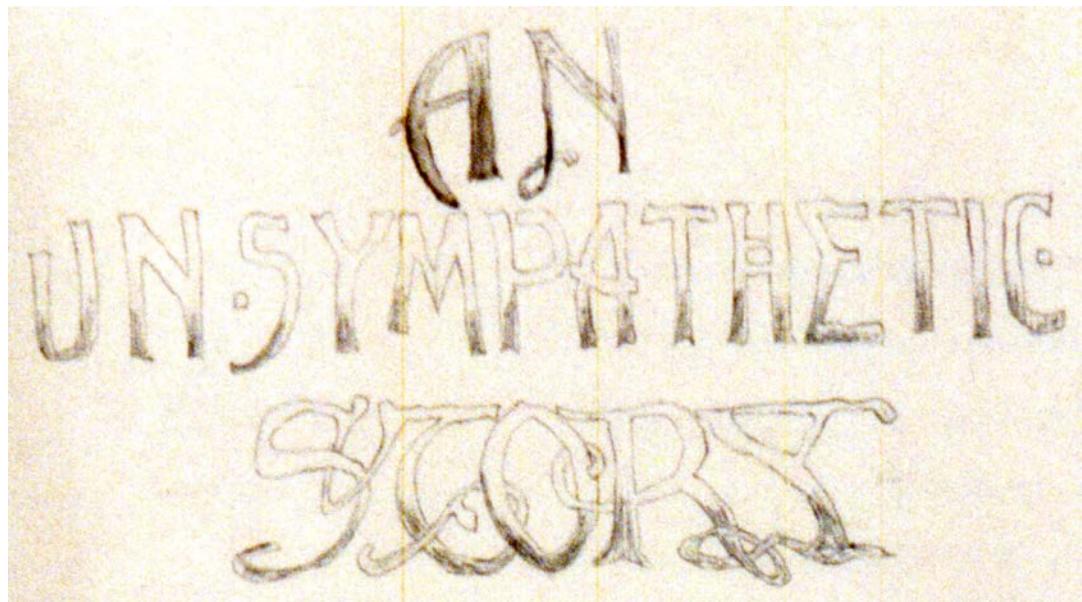
Again several of us are benefitting by a good opportunity of learning a different language to their own. Our surgeon, a graduate in the local School of Geology, has, since that achievement, attained a lifelong ambition, and is rapidly mastering RUSSKI.

Last year three or four lectures were given in each of the following subjects, meteorology, general geology, physiography, biology and recent physical problems. We have travelled far with Ponting and Meares. This year we travel further still with Wright and Gran.

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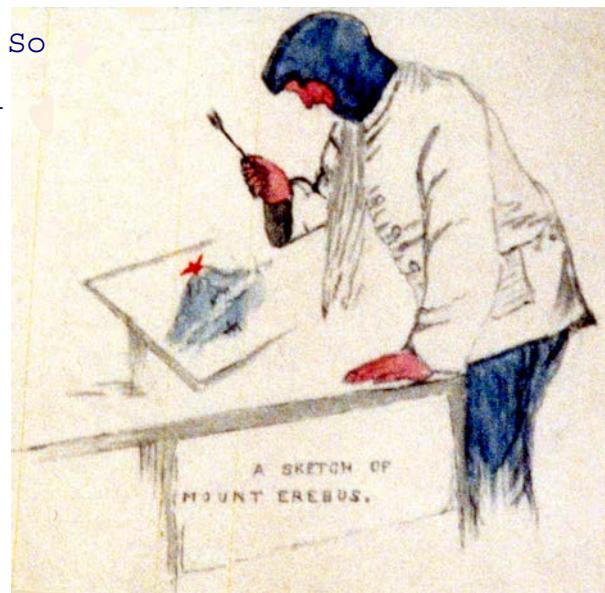
GONDOLA MOUNTAIN
GRANITE HARBOUR
(
(seen through tent door.





Now I strongly dislike being interrupted. Besides I was Particularly absorbed at the time in making a sketch of Mount Erebus. True, it was the 44th, but this was on a totally new 'motif', being a monochrome in mauve of the interior of the volcano, ingeniously turned upside down for use in front of mirrors. So it was with a gesture of annoyance that I hastily hid the sketch and turned on the intruder.

It was the Doctor, and in answer to my querulous



query, he said simply and succinctly, "Fish-trap". I then remembered that in a moment of weakness I had betrayed an interest in his method of catching fish, and had been invited to visit his fishing-hole in the sea-ice.

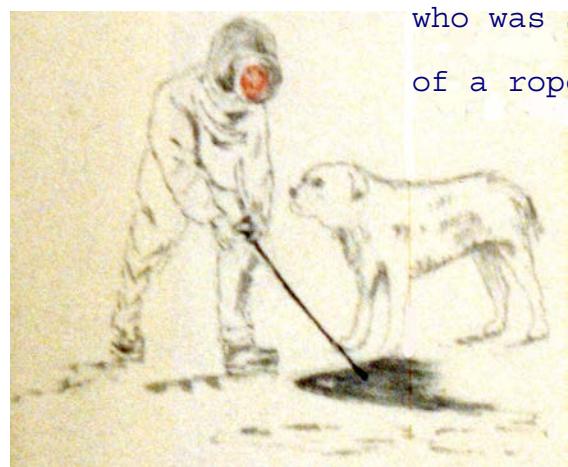
I explained that I had unfortunately injured my right hip that morning, and couldn't walk, and that it was blizzing, and besides I really knew all about fishing in the Antarctic,- but his only answer was to hand me my balaclava.

Now you know, I hate rows - especially with Doctors, they know too many nasty medicines. So I got up, I took my Balaclava, put on my putties, picked up my boots, cursed, took off my [sic] putties again - put on my boots and then my puttie and finally clothing myself with an injured expression, I sallied forth. It was not blizzing, but it was dark and raw, very raw.

I had often detected an unsympathetic note in the Doctor's expressions, but it was more pronounced than usual when he said "Yes, that's the new tide-crack; formed last night", as I fell into a cold wet ditch, six feet deep.

I crawled out, remarking that I preferred the old one, but my companion had gone ahead.

Had I not been feeling exceptionally intrepid that morning I should have turned back at this point, but some wanton waif of this weird wilderness beckoned me on. After a long and unsympathetic walk I came up with the Doctor,



who was seated on a block of ice in front of a rope's end.

"That's it", he said.

"Oh!" said I, a little surprised,
"Is it? Well-er-it's rather
a good trap, but it does not
seem to have caught anything
this morning. Perhaps they

have learnt to untie the knot".

The Doctor, again in an unsympathetic tone, told me that was only one end of the trap, the other being below the ice. He still more unsympathetically suggested that I should have the honour of breaking open the hole - he called it with a dry humour "breaking the biscuit", and pointed to a long iron thing lying beside him.

This implement is what they call a 'pricker'.

When I say a pricker, it's not exactly a pricker,

in fact it's nothing like a pricker. It's something between a crowbar and a tail shaft, only with a hell of a lot of shaft.

I raised it and let it fall on the thinnest part of the ice. It chipped out a little piece of ice, and the Doctor said 'Plonk! That was a good yun.'

I merely said "Tush" - an ejaculation of contempt I frequently use. "Tush" I repeated, and with a gasp I raised that pricker to its full height.

Whether I hit the ice or whether the piece of ice flew up and hit me I don't really know, but anyhow I went into a kind of pool, a wet pool
it was and salty, The
Doctor murmured
something
about



dirtying
the water
and frightenin [sic]
the fish, but

I was busy picking 'biscuit' out of my beard and paid no attention.

At that moment a black shiny head poked itself out of the hole, bubbling as it came. I mechanically took three paces - to the rear, but the desperate little Doctor seized the pricker, and with a yell pricked the seal on the nose.

It winced quite perceptibly, and disappeared, bubbling.

We then took hold of the rope and began to haul. At least I hauled and the Doctor sang chanteys.

When a weird wire apparatus began to appear he flicked it out onto the ice, filling my boots with slush and remarking "Smart touch that - prevents them jumping out at the last minute. But the fish had evidently learnt the trick too, for all the trap held were two anaemic starfish, and two and a half careworn amphipods.

The Doctor said "What do you think of that".

I had become a little satiated with his unsympathy, my boots were slushy, my nose was 'Gone', and my mouth full of salty 'biscuit', so I said that I was disgusted, that the trap was primitive, his methods prehistoric and his manner barbaric, and I went on to show how fishtrapping

needed a more sympathetic treatment, something in the decoy line.

But he was imperturbable, and I could do no more than breathe a fervant wish that his fishtrap might vanish with the ice in the next blizzard, and without offering to help him carry back the catch, I stalked off. Reaching the Hut I went to my room, and found several members of the Expedition examining my last sketch of Erebus.

I overheard one say that it was a map of Australia, while another suggested that it was a caricature of myself. The Doctor joined us and settled all arguments by saying it was a design for a new fish-trap.

At that I gave in, there was evidently no sympathy to be had in that atmosphere, and I went outside to find solace with Vaida and Lal Khan.

