# The Voyages of Captain Scott - Retold from 'The Voyage of the "Discovery"' and 'Scott's Last Expedition'

*Charles Turley*



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[Illustration: Captain Robert F. Scott R.N.

_J. Russell & Sons, Southsea, photographers_]

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THE VOYAGES OF CAPTAIN SCOTT

_Retold from 'The Voyage of the "Discovery"' and 'Scott's Last Expedition'_

BY CHARLES TURLEY

Author of 'Godfrey Marten, Schoolboy,' 'A Band of Brothers,' etc.

With an introduction by

SIR J. M. BARRIE, BART.

Numerous illustrations in colour and black and white and a map

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INTRODUCTION

BY SIR J. M. BARRIE, BART.

On the night of my original meeting with Scott he was but lately home from his first adventure into the Antarctic and my chief recollection of the occasion is that having found the entrancing man I was unable to leave him. In vain he escorted me through the

streets of London to my home, for when he had said good-night I then escorted him to his, and so it went on I know not for how long through the small hours. Our talk was largely a comparison of the life of action (which he pooh-poohed) with the loathsome life of those who sit at home (which I scorned); but I also remember that he assured me he was of Scots extraction. As the subject never seems to have been resumed between us, I afterwards wondered whether I had drawn this from him with a promise that, if his reply was satisfactory, I would let him go to bed. However, the family traditions (they are nothing more) do bring him from across the border. According to them his great-great-grandfather was the Scott of Brownhead whose estates were sequestered after the '45. His dwelling was razed to the ground and he fled with his wife, to whom after some grim privations a son was born in a fisherman's hut on September 14, 1745. This son eventually settled in Devon, where he prospered,
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for it was in the beautiful house of Oatlands that he died. He had four sons, all in the Royal Navy, of whom the eldest had as youngest child John Edward Scott, father of the Captain Scott who was born at Oatlands on June 6, 1868. About the same date, or perhaps a little earlier, it was decided that the boy should go into the Navy like so many of his for-bears.

I have been asked to write a few pages about those early days of Scott at Oatlands, so that the boys who read this book may have some slight acquaintance with the boy who became Captain Scott; and they may be relieved to learn (as it holds out some chance for themselves) that the man who did so many heroic things does not make his first appearance as a hero. He enters history aged six, blue-eyed, long-haired, inexpressibly slight and in velveteen, being held out at arm's length by a servant and dripping horribly, like a half-drowned kitten. This is the earliest recollection of him of a sister, who was too young to join in a children's party on that fatal day. But Con, as he was always called, had intimated to her that from a window she would be able to see him taking a noble lead in the festivities in the garden, and she looked; and that is what she saw. He had been showing his guests how superbly he could jump the leat, and had fallen into it.

Leat is a Devonshire term for a running stream, and a branch of the leat ran through the Oatlands garden while there was another branch, more venturesome, at the bottom of the fields. These were the waters first ploughed by Scott, and he invented many ways of being in them accidentally, it being forbidden
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to enter them of intent. Thus he taught his sisters and brother a new version of the oldest probably of all pastimes, the game of 'Touch.' You had to touch 'across the leat,' and, with a little good fortune, one of you went in. Once you were wet, it did not so much matter though you got wetter.

An easy way of getting to the leat at the foot of the fields was to walk there, but by the time he was eight Scott scorned the easy ways. He invented parents who sternly forbade all approach to this dangerous waterway; he turned them into enemies of his country and of himself (he was now an admiral), and led parties of gallant tars to the stream by ways hitherto unthought of. At foot of the avenue was an oak tree which hung over the road, and thus by dropping from this tree you got into open country. The tree was (at this time)

of an enormous size, with sufficient room to conceal a navy, and the navy consisted mainly of the sisters and the young brother. All had to be ready at any moment to leap from the tree and join issue with the enemy on the leat. In the fields there was also a mighty ocean, called by dull grown-ups 'the pond,' and here Scott's battleship lay moored. It seems for some time to have been an English vessel, but by and by he was impelled, as all boys are, to blow something up, and he could think of nothing more splendid for his purpose than the battleship. Thus did it become promptly a ship of the enemy doing serious damage to the trade of those parts, and the valiant Con took to walking about with lips pursed, brows frowning as he cogitated how to remove the
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Terror of Devon. You may picture the sisters and brother trotting by his side and looking anxiously into his set face. At last he decided to blow the accursed thing up with gunpowder. His crew cheered, and then waited to be sent to the local shop for a pennyworth of gunpowder. But Con made his own gunpowder, none of the faithful were ever told how, and on a great day the train was laid. Con applied the match and ordered all to stand back. A deafening explosion was expected, but a mere puff of flame was all that came; the Terror of Devon, which to the unimaginative was only a painted plank, still rode the waters. With many boys this would be the end of the story, but not with Con. He again retired to the making of gunpowder, and did not desist from his endeavors until he had blown that plank sky-high.

His first knife is a great event in the life of a boy: it is probably the first memory of many of them, and they are nearly always given it on condition that they keep it shut. So it was with Con, and a few minutes after he had sworn that he would not open it he was begging for permission to use it on a tempting sapling. 'Very well,' his father said grimly, 'but remember, if you hurt yourself, don't expect any sympathy from me.' The knife was opened, and to cut himself rather badly proved as easy as falling into the leat. The father, however, had not noticed, and the boy put his bleeding hand into his pocket and walked on unconcernedly. He was really considerably damaged; and this is a good story of a child of seven who all his life suffered extreme nausea from
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the sight of blood; even in the _Discovery_ days, to get accustomed to 'seeing red,' he had to force himself to watch Dr. Wilson skinning his specimens.

When he was about eight Con passed out of the hands of a governess, and became a school-boy, first at a day school in Stoke Damerel and later at Stubbington House, Fareham. He rode grandly between Oatlands and Stoke Damerel on his pony, Beppo, which bucked in vain when he was on it, but had an ingratiating way of depositing other riders on the road. From what one knows of him later this is a characteristic story. One day he dismounted to look over a gate at a view which impressed him (not very boyish this), and when he recovered from a brown study there was no Beppo to be seen. He walked the seven miles home, but what was characteristic was that he called at police-stations on the way to give practical details of his loss and a description of the pony. Few children would have thought of this, but Scott was naturally a strange mixture of the dreamy and the practical, and never more practical than immediately after he had been dreamy. He forgot place and time altogether when

thus abstracted. I remember the first time he dined with me, when a number of well-known men had come to meet him, he arrived some two hours late. He had dressed to come out, then fallen into one of his reveries, forgotten all about the engagement, dined by himself and gone early to bed. Just as he was falling asleep he remembered where he should be, arose hastily and joined us as speedily as possible. It was equally characteristic of him to say
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of the other guests that it was pleasant to a sailor to meet so many interesting people. When I said that to them the sailor was by far the most interesting person in the room he shouted with mirth. It always amused Scott to find that anyone thought him a person of importance.

[Illustration: ROBERT F. SCOTT AT THE AGE OF 13 AS A NAVAL CADET.]

I suppose everyone takes for granted that in his childhood, as later when he made his great marches, Scott was muscular and strongly built. This was so far from being the case that there were many anxious consultations over him, and the local doctor said he could not become a sailor as he could never hope to obtain the necessary number of inches round the chest. He was delicate and inclined to be pigeon-breasted. Judging from the portrait of him here printed, in his first uniform as a naval cadet, all this had gone by the time he was thirteen, but unfortunately there are no letters of this period extant and thus little can be said of his years on the _Britannia_ where 'you never felt hot in your bunk because you could always twist, and sleep with your feet out at port hole.' He became a cadet captain, a post none can reach who is not thought well of by the other boys as well as by their instructors, but none of them foresaw that he was likely to become anybody in particular. He was still 'Old Mooney,' as his father had dubbed him, owing to his dreamy mind; it was an effort to him to work hard, he cast a wistful eye on 'slackers,' he was not a good loser, he was untidy to the point of slovenliness, and he had a fierce temper. All this I think has been proved to me up to the
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hilt, and as I am very sure that the boy of fifteen or so cannot be very different from the man he grows into it leaves me puzzled. The Scott I knew, or thought I knew, was physically as hard as nails and flung himself into work or play with a vehemence I cannot remember ever to have seen equaled. I have fished with him, played cricket and football with him, and other games, those of his own invention being of a particularly arduous kind, for they always had a moment when the other players were privileged to fling a hard ball at your undefended head. 'Slackness,' was the last quality you would think of when you saw him bearing down on you with that ball, and it was the last he asked of you if you were bearing down on him. He was equally strenuous of work; indeed I have no clearer recollection of him than his way of running from play to work or work to play, so that there should be the least possible time between. It is the 'time between' that is the 'slacker's' kingdom, and Scott lived less in it than anyone I can recall. Again, I found him the best of losers, with a shout of delight for every good stroke by an opponent: what is called an ideal sportsman. He was very neat and correct in his dress, quite a model for the youth who come after him, but that we take as a matter of course; it is 'good form' in the Navy. His temper I should have said was bullet-proof. I have never seen him begin to lose it for a second of time, and

I have seen him in circumstances where the loss of it would have been excusable.

However, 'the boy makes the man,' and Scott was
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none of those things I saw in him but something better. The faults of his youth must have lived on in him as in all of us, but he got to know they were there and he took an iron grip of them and never let go his hold. It was this self-control more than anything else that made the man of him of whom we have all become so proud. I get many proofs of this in correspondence dealing with his manhood days which are not strictly within the sphere of this introductory note. The horror of slackness was turned into a very passion for keeping himself 'fit.' Thus we find him at one time taking charge of a dog, a 'Big Dane,' so that he could race it all the way between work and home, a distance of three miles. Even when he was getting the _Discovery_ ready and doing daily the work of several men, he might have been seen running through the streets of London from Savile Row or the Admiralty to his home, not because there was no time for other method of progression, but because he must be fit, fit, fit. No more 'Old Mooney' for him; he kept an eye for ever on that gentleman, and became doggedly the most practical of men. And practical in the cheeriest of ways. In 1894 a disastrous change came over the fortunes of the family, the father's money being lost and then Scott was practical indeed. A letter he wrote I at this time to his mother, tenderly taking everything and everybody on his shoulders, must be one of the best letters ever written by a son, and I hope it may be some day published. His mother was the great person of his early life, more to him even than his brother
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or his father, whom circumstances had deprived of the glory of following the sailor's profession and whose ambitions were all bound up in this son, determined that Con should do the big things he had not done himself. For the rest of his life Con became the head of the family, devoting his time and his means to them, not in an it-must-be-done manner, but with joy and even gaiety. He never seems to have shown a gayer front than when the troubles fell, and at a farm to which they retired for a time he became famous as a provider of concerts. Not only must there be no 'Old Mooney' in him, but it must be driven out of everyone. His concerts, in which he took a leading part, became celebrated in the district, deputations called to beg for another, and once in these words, 'Wull 'ee gie we a concert over our way when the comic young gentleman be here along?'

Some servants having had to go at this period, Scott conceived the idea that he must even help domestically in the house, and took his own bedroom under his charge with results that were satisfactory to the casual eye, though not to the eyes of his sisters. It was about this time that he slew the demon of untidiness so far as his own dress was concerned and doggedly became a model for still younger officers. Not that his dress was fine. While there were others to help he would not spend his small means on himself, and he would arrive home in frayed garments that he had grown out of and in very tarnished lace. But neat as a pin. In the days when he returned from
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his first voyage in the Antarctic and all England was talking of him, one of his most novel adventures was at last to go to a first-class

tailor and be provided with a first-class suit. He was as elated by the possession of this as a child. When going about the country lecturing in those days he traveled third class, though he was sometimes met at the station by mayors and corporations and red carpets.

The hot tempers of his youth must still have lain hidden, but by now the control was complete. Even in the naval cadet days of which unfortunately there is so little to tell, his old friends who remember the tempers remember also the sunny smile that dissipated them. When I knew him the sunny smile was there frequently, and was indeed his greatest personal adornment, but the tempers never reached the surface. He had become master of his fate and captain of his soul.

In 1886 Scott became a middy on the _Boadicea_, and later on various ships, one of them the _Rover_, of which Admiral Fisher was at that time commander. The Admiral has a recollection of a little black pig having been found under his bunk one night. He cannot swear that Scott was the leading culprit, but Scott was certainly one of several who had to finish the night on deck as a punishment. In 1888 Scott passed his examinations for sub-lieutenant, with four first-class honours and one second, and so left his boyhood behind. I cannot refrain however from adding as a conclusion to these notes a letter from Sir Courtauld
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Thomson that gives a very attractive glimpse of him in this same year:

'In the late winter a quarter of a century ago I had to find my way from San Francisco to Alaska. The railway was snowed up and the only transport available at the moment was an ill-found tramp steamer. My fellow passengers were mostly Californians hurrying off to a new mining camp and, with the crew, looked a very unpleasant lot of ruffians. Three singularly unprepossessing Frisco toughs joined me in my cabin, which was none too large for a single person. I was then told that yet another had somehow to be wedged in. While I was wondering if he could be a more ill-favored or dirtier specimen of humanity than the others the last comer suddenly appeared--the jolliest and breeziest English naval Second Lieutenant. It was Con Scott. I had never seen him before, but we at once became friends and remained so till the end. He was going up to join his ship which, I think, was the _Amphion_, at Esquimault, B. C.

'As soon as we got outside the Golden Gates we ran into a full gale which lasted all the way to Victoria, B. C. The ship was so overcrowded that a large number of women and children were allowed to sleep on the floor of the only saloon there was on condition that they got up early, so that the rest of the passengers could come in for breakfast and the other meals.

'I need scarcely say that owing to the heavy weather hardly a woman was able to get up, and the
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saloon was soon in an indescribable condition. Practically no attempt was made to serve meals and the few so-called stewards were themselves mostly out of action from drink or sea-sickness.

'Nearly all the male passengers who were able to be about spent

their time drinking and quarrelling. The deck cargo and some of our top hamper were washed away and the cabins got their share of the waves that were washing the deck.

'Then it was I first knew that Con Scott was no ordinary human being. Though at that time still only a boy he practically took command of the passengers and was at once accepted by them as their Boss during the rest of the trip. With a small body of volunteers he led an attack on the saloon--dressed the mothers, washed the children, fed the babies, swabbed down the floors and nursed the sick, and performed every imaginable service for all hands. On deck he settled the quarrels and established order either by his personality, or, if necessary, by his fists. Practically by day and night he worked for the common good, never sparing himself, and with his infectious smile gradually made us all feel the whole thing was jolly good fun.

'I daresay there are still some of the passengers like myself who, after a quarter of a century, have imprinted on their minds the vision of this fair-haired English sailor boy with the laughing blue eyes who at that early age knew how to sacrifice himself for the welfare and happiness of others.'

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THE VOYAGE OF THE 'DISCOVERY'

[Illustration: THE 'DISCOVERY'. Reproduced from a drawing by Dr. E. A. Wilson.]

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CHAPTER I

THE _DISCOVERY_

Do ye, by star-eyed Science led, explore
Each lonely ocean, each untrodden shore.

In June, 1899, Robert Falcon Scott was spending his short leave in London, and happened to meet Sir Clements Markham in the Buckingham Palace Road. On that afternoon he heard for the first time of a prospective Antarctic expedition, and on the following day he called upon Sir Clements and volunteered to command it. Of this eventful visit Sir Clements wrote: 'On June 5, 1899, there was a remarkable coincidence. Scott was then torpedo lieutenant of the _Majestic_. I was just sitting down to write to my old friend Captain Egerton[1] about him, when he was announced. He came to volunteer to command the expedition. I believed him to be the best man for so great a trust, either in the navy or out of it. Captain Egerton's reply and Scott's testimonials and certificates most fully confirmed a foregone conclusion.'

[Footnote 1: Now Admiral Sir George Egerton, K.C.B.]

The tale, however, of the friendship between Sir
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Clements and Scott began in 1887, when the former was the guest of his cousin, the Commodore of the Training Squadron, and made the acquaintance of every midshipman in the four ships that comprised it. During the years that followed, it is enough to say that Scott more than justified the hopes of those who had marked him down as a midshipman of exceptional promise. Through those years Sir Clements had been both friendly and observant, until by a happy stroke of fortune the time came when he was as anxious for this Antarctic expedition to be led by Scott as Scott was to lead it. So when, on June 30, 1900, Scott was promoted to the rank of Commander, and shortly afterwards was free to undertake the work that was waiting for him, one great anxiety was removed from the shoulders of the man who had not only proposed the expedition, but had also resolved that nothing should prevent it from going.

Great difficulties and troubles had, however, to be encountered before the _Discovery_ could start upon her voyage. First and foremost was the question of money, but owing to indefatigable efforts the financial horizon grew clearer in the early months of 1899. Later on in the same year Mr. Balfour expressed his sympathy with the objects of the undertaking, and it was entirely due to him that the Government eventually agreed to contribute L45,000, provided that a similar sum could be raised by private subscriptions.

In March, 1900, the keel of the new vessel, that the
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special Ship Committee had decided to build for the expedition, was laid in the yard of the Dundee Shipbuilding Company. A definite beginning, at any rate, had been made; but very soon after Scott had taken up his duties he found that unless he could obtain some control over the various committees and subcommittees of the expedition, the only day to fix for the sailing of the ship was Doomsday. A visit to Norway, where he received many practical suggestions from Dr. Nansen, was followed by a journey to Berlin, and there he discovered that the German expedition, which was to sail from Europe at the same time as his own, was already in an advanced state of preparation. Considerably alarmed, he hurried back to England and found, as he had expected, that all the arrangements, which were in full swing in Germany, were almost at a standstill in England. The construction of the ship was the only work that was progressing, and even in this there were many interruptions from the want of some one to give immediate decisions on points of detail.

A remedy for this state of chaos had to be discovered, and on November 4, 1900, the Joint Committee of the Royal Society and the Royal Geographical Society passed a resolution, which left Scott practically with a free hand to push on the work in every department, under a given estimate of expenditure in each. To safeguard the interests of the two Societies the resolution provided that this expenditure should be supervised by a Finance Committee,
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and to this Committee unqualified gratitude was due. Difficulties were still to crop up, and as there were many scientific interests to be served, differences of opinion on points of detail naturally arose, but as far as the Finance Committee was concerned, it is mere justice to record that no sooner was it formed than its members began to work ungrudgingly to promote the success of the undertaking.

In the meantime Scott's first task was to collect, as far as possible, the various members of the expedition. Before he had left the _Majestic_ he had written, 'I cannot gather what is the intention as regards the crew; is it hoped to be able to embody them from the R.N.? I sincerely trust so.' In fact he had set his heart on obtaining a naval crew, partly because he thought that their sense of discipline would be invaluable, but also because he doubted his ability to deal with any other class of men.

The Admiralty, however, was reluctant to grant a concession that Scott considered so necessary, and this reluctance arose not from any coldness towards the enterprise, but from questions of principle and precedent. At first the Admiralty assistance in this respect was limited to two officers, Scott himself and Royds, then the limit was extended to include Skelton the engineer, a carpenter and a boatswain, and thus at least a small naval nucleus was obtained. But it was not until the spring of 1901 that the Admiralty, thanks to Sir Anthony Hoskins and Sir Archibald Douglas, gave in altogether, and as the selection of
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the most fitting volunteers had not yet been made, the chosen men did not join until the expedition was almost on the point of sailing.

For many reasons Scott was obliged to make his own headquarters in London, and the room that had been placed at his disposal in Burlington House soon became a museum of curiosities. Sledges, ski, fur clothing and boots were crowded into every corner, while tables and shelves were littered with correspondence and samples of tinned foods. And in the midst of this medley he worked steadily on, sometimes elated by the hope that all was going well, sometimes depressed by the thought that the expedition could not possibly be ready to start at the required date.

During these busy months of preparation he had the satisfaction of knowing that the first lieutenant, the chief engineer and the carpenter were in Dundee, and able to look into the numerous small difficulties that arose in connection with the building of the ship. Other important posts in the expedition had also been filled up, and expeditionary work was being carried on in many places. Some men were working on their especial subjects in the British Museum, others were preparing themselves at the Physical Laboratory at Kew, and others, again, were traveling in various directions both at home and abroad. Of all these affairs the central office was obliged to take notice, and so for its occupants idle moments were few and very far between. Nansen said once that the hardest work
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of a Polar voyage came in its preparation, and during the years 1900-1, Scott found ample cause to agree with him. But in spite of conflicting interests, which at times threatened to wreck the well-being of the expedition, work, having been properly organized, went steadily forward; until on March 21, 1901, the new vessel was launched at Dundee and named the '_Discovery_' by Lady Markham.

In the choice of a name it was generally agreed that the best plan was to revive some time-honoured title, and that few names were more distinguished than 'Discovery.' She was the sixth of that name, and inherited a long record of honourable and fortunate service.

The _Discovery_ had been nothing more than a skeleton when it was decided that she should be loaded with her freight in London; consequently, after she had undergone her trials, she was brought round from Dundee, and on June 3, 1901, was berthed in the East India Docks. There, during the following weeks, all the stores were gathered together, and there the vessel, which was destined to be the home of the expedition for more than three years, was laden.

Speaking at the Geographical Congress at Berlin in 1899, Nansen strongly recommended a vessel of the _Fram_ type with fuller lines for South Polar work, but the special Ship Committee, appointed to consider the question of a vessel for this expedition, had very sound reasons for not following his advice. Nansen's
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celebrated _Fram_ was built for the specific object of remaining safely in the North Polar pack, in spite of the terrible pressures which were to be expected in such a vast extent of ice. This object was achieved in the simplest manner by inclining the sides of the vessel until her shape resembled a saucer, and lateral pressure merely tended to raise her above the surface. Simple as this design was, it fulfilled so well the requirements of the situation that its conception was without doubt a stroke of genius. What, however, has been generally forgotten is that the safety of the _Fram_ was secured at the expense of her sea-worthiness and powers of ice-penetration.

Since the _Fram_ was built there have been two distinct types of Polar vessels, the one founded on the idea of passive security in the ice, the other the old English whaler type designed to sail the high seas and push her way through the looser ice-packs. And a brief consideration of southern conditions will show which of these types is more serviceable for Antarctic exploration, because it is obvious that the exploring ship must first of all be prepared to navigate the most stormy seas in the world, and then be ready to force her way through the ice-floes to the mysteries beyond.

By the general consent of those who witnessed her performances, the old _Discovery_ (the fifth of her name) of 1875 was the best ship that had ever been employed on Arctic service, and the Ship Committee eventually decided that the new vessel should be built on more
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or less the same lines. The new _Discovery_ had the honour to be the first vessel ever built for scientific exploration, and the decision to adopt well-tried English lines for her was more than justified by her excellent qualities.

The greatest strength lay in her bows, and when ice-floes had to be rammed the knowledge that the keel at the fore-end of the ship gradually grew thicker, until it rose in the enormous mass of solid wood which constituted the stem, was most comforting. No single tree could provide the wood for such a stem, but the several trees used were cunningly scarfed to provide the equivalent of a solid block. In further preparation for the battle with ice-floes, the stem itself and the bow for three or four feet on either side were protected with numerous steel plates, so that when the ship returned to civilization not a scratch remained to show the hard knocks received by the bow.

The shape of the stem was also a very important consideration. In

the outline drawing of the _Discovery_ will be seen how largely the stem overhangs, and this was carried to a greater extent than in any former Polar vessel. The object with which this was fitted was often fulfilled during the voyage. Many a time on charging a large ice-floe the stem of the ship glided upwards until the bows were raised two or three feet, then the weight of the ship acting downwards would crack the floe beneath, the bow would drop, and gradually the ship would forge ahead to tussle against the
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next obstruction. Nothing but a wooden structure has the elasticity and strength to thrust its way without injury through the thick Polar ice.

In Dundee the building of the _Discovery_ aroused the keenest interest, and the peculiar shape of her overhanging stern, an entirely new feature in this class of vessel, gave rise to the strongest criticism. All sorts of misfortunes were predicted, but events proved that this overhanging rounded form of stem was infinitely superior for ice-work to the old form of stem, because it gave better protection to the rudder, rudder post and screw, and was more satisfactory in heavy seas.

[Illustration: PROFILE DRAWING OF 'DISCOVERY'.]

[Illustration: OUTLINE DRAWINGS OF 'DISCOVERY' AND 'FRAM'.]

Both in the building and in the subsequent work of the _Discovery_ the deck-house, marked on the drawing 'Magnetic Observatory,' was an important place. For the best of reasons it was important that the magnetic observations taken on the expedition should be as accurate as possible, and it will be readily understood that magnetic observations cannot be taken in a place closely surrounded by iron. The ardor of the magnetic experts on the Ship Committee had led them at first to ask that there should be neither iron nor steel in the vessel, but after it had been pointed out that this could scarcely be, a compromise was arrived at and it was agreed that no magnetic materials should be employed within thirty feet of the observatory. This decision caused immense trouble and expense, but in the end it was justified, for the magnetic observations taken on board throughout the voyage
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required very little correction. And if the demands of the magnetic experts were a little exacting, some amusement was also derived from them. At one time those who lived within the circle were threatened with the necessity of shaving with brass razors; and when the ship was on her way home from New Zealand a parrot fell into dire disgrace, not because it was too talkative, but because it had been hanging on the mess-deck during a whole set of observations, and the wires of its cage were made of iron.

The _Discovery_ was, in Scott's opinion, the finest vessel ever built for exploring purposes, and he was as enthusiastic about his officers and men as he was about the ship herself.

The senior of the ten officers who messed with Scott in the small wardroom of the _Discovery_ was Lieutenant A. B. Armitage, R.N.R. He brought with him not only an excellent practical seamanship training in sailing ships, but also valuable Polar experience; for the P. and O. Company, in which he held a position, had in

1894 granted him leave of absence to join the Jackson-Harmsworth Expedition to Franz-Josef Land.

Reginald Koettlitz, the senior doctor, had also seen Arctic service in the Jackson-Harmsworth Expedition. As his medical duties were expected to be light, he combined them with those of official botanist.

The task of Thomas V. Hodgson, biologist, was to collect by hook or crook all the strange beasts
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that inhabit the Polar seas, and no greater enthusiast for his work could have been chosen.

Charles W. R. Royds was the first lieutenant, and had all to do with the work of the men and the internal economy of the ship in the way that is customary with a first lieutenant of a man-of-war. Throughout the voyage he acted as meteorologist, and in face of great difficulties he secured the most valuable records.

Michael Barne, the second naval lieutenant, had served with Scott in the Majestic. 'I had thought him,' Scott wrote after the expedition had returned, 'as he proved to be, especially fitted for a voyage where there were many elements of dangers and difficulty.'

The original idea in appointing two doctors to the _Discovery_ was that one of them should be available for a detached landing-party. This idea was practically abandoned, but the expedition had reason to be thankful that it ever existed, for the second doctor appointed was Edward A. Wilson. In view of the glorious friendship which arose between them, and which in the end was destined to make history, it is of inestimable value to be able to quote what is believed to be Scott's first written opinion of Wilson. In a letter headed 'At sea, Sept. 27,' he said: 'I now come to the man who will do great things some day--Wilson. He has quite the keenest intellect on board and a marvelous capacity for work. You know his artistic talent, but would be surprised at
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the speed at which he paints, and the indefatigable manner in which he is always at it. He has fallen at once into ship-life, helps with any job that may be in hand... in fact is an excellent fellow all round.

Wilson, in addition to his medical duties, was also vertebrate zoologist and artist to the expedition. In the first capacity he dealt scientifically with the birds and seals, and in the second he produced a very large number of excellent pictures and sketches of the wild scenes among which he was living.

One of Scott's earliest acts on behalf of the expedition was to apply for the services of Reginald W. Skelton as chief engineer. At the time Skelton was senior engineer of the Majestic, and his appointment to the _Discovery_ was most fortunate in every way. From first to last there was no serious difficulty with the machinery or with anything connected with it.

The geologist, Hartley T. Ferrar, only joined the expedition a short time before the _Discovery_ sailed, and the physicist, Louis Bernacchi, did not join until the ship reached New Zealand.

In addition there were two officers who did not serve throughout the whole term. Owing to ill-health Ernest H. Shackleton was obliged to return from the Antarctic in 1903, and his place was taken by George F. A. Mulock, who was a sub-lieutenant in the Navy when he joined.

Apart from Koettlitz, who was forty, and Hodgson,
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who was thirty-seven, the average age of the remaining members of the wardroom mess was just over twenty-four years, and at that time Scott had little doubt as to the value of youth for Polar service. Very naturally, however, this opinion was less pronounced as the years went by, and on August 6, 1911, he wrote during his last expedition: 'We (Wilson and I) both conclude that it is the younger people who have the worst time... Wilson (39) says he never felt cold less than he does now; I suppose that between 30 and 40 is the best all-round age. Bower is a wonder of course. He is 29. When past the forties it is encouraging to remember that Peary was 52!'

The fact that these officers lived in complete harmony for three years was proof enough that they were well and wisely chosen, and Scott was equally happy in his selection of warrant officers, petty officers and men, who brought with them the sense of naval discipline that is very necessary for such conditions as exist in Polar service. The _Discovery_, it must be remembered, was not in Government employment, and so had no more stringent regulations to enforce discipline than those contained in the Merchant Shipping Act. But everyone on board lived exactly as though the ship was under the Naval Discipline Act; and as the men must have known that this state of affairs was a fiction, they deserved as much credit as the officers, if not more, for continuing rigorously to observe it.

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Something remains to be said about the _Discovery's_ prospective course, and of the instructions given to Captain Scott.

For purposes of reference Sir Clements Markham had suggested that the Antarctic area should be divided into four quadrants, to be named respectively the Victoria, the Ross, the Weddell, and the Enderby, and when he also proposed that the Ross quadrant should be the one chosen for this expedition, his proposal was received with such unanimous approval that long before the _Discovery_ was built her prospective course had been finally decided. In fact every branch of science saw a greater chance of success in the Ross quadrant than in any other region. Concerning instructions on such a voyage as the _Discovery's_ it may be thought that, when once the direction is settled, the fewer there are the better. Provided, however, that they leave the greatest possible freedom to the commander, they may be very useful in giving him a general view of the situation, and in stating the order in which the various objects are held. If scientific interests clash, it is clearly to the commander's advantage to know in what light these interests are regarded by those responsible for the enterprise. Of such a nature were the instructions Scott received before sailing for the South.

During the time of preparation many busy men gave most valuable

assistance to the expedition; but even with all this kindly aid it is doubtful if the _Discovery_ would ever have started had it not been
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that among these helpers was one who, from the first, had given his whole and undivided attention to the work in hand. After all is said and done Sir Clements Markham conceived the idea of this Antarctic Expedition, and it was his masterful personality which swept aside all obstacles and obstructions.

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## CHAPTER II

## SOUTHWARD HO!

They saw the cables loosened, they saw the gangways cleared,
They heard the women weeping, they heard the men who cheered.
Far off-far off the tumult faded and died away.
And all alone the sea wind came singing up the Bay.
--NEWBOLT.

On July 31, 1901, the _Discovery_ left the London Docks, and slowly wended her way down the Thames; and at Cowes, on August 5, she was honoured by a visit from King Edward VII and Queen Alexandra. This visit must be ever memorable for the interest their Majesties showed in the minutest details of equipment; but at the same time it was natural for the members of the expedition to be obsessed by the fear that they might start with a flourish of trumpets and return with failure. The grim possibilities of the voyage were also not to be forgotten--a voyage to the Antarctic, the very map of which had remained practically unaltered from 1843-93.

With no previous Polar experience to help him, Scott was following on the track of great Polar explorers, notably of James Cook and James Ross, of whom it has been well said that the one defined the Antarctic region and the other discovered it. Can it be wondered therefore that his great anxieties were
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to be off and doing, to justify the existence of the expedition at the earliest possible moment, and to obey the instructions which had been given him?

Before the _Discovery_ had crossed the Bay of Biscay it was evident that she did not possess a turn of speed under any conditions, and that there must be none but absolutely necessary delays on the voyage, if she was to arrive in the Antarctic in time to take full advantage of the southern summer of 1901-2 for the first exploration in the ice. This proved a serious drawback, as it had been confidently expected that there would be ample time to make trial of various devices for sounding and dredging in the deep sea, while still in a temperate climate. The fact that no trials could be made on the outward voyage was severely felt when the Antarctic was reached.

On October 2 the _Discovery_ arrived within 150 miles of the Cape, and on the 5th was moored off the naval station at Simon's Bay. The main object of staying at the Cape was to obtain comparisons

with the magnetic instruments, but Scott wrote: 'It is much to be deplored that no permanent Magnetic Station now exists at the Cape. The fact increased the number and difficulty of our own observations, and it was quite impossible to spare the time for such repetitions and verifications as, under the circumstances, could alone have placed them beyond dispute.' Armitage and Barne, however, worked like Trojans in taking observations, and received so much valuable assistance 'that they were able to accomplish a maximum
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amount of work in the limited time at their disposal.' In every way, indeed, the kindliest sympathy was shown at the Cape.

The magnetic work was completed on October 12, and two days later the _Discovery_ once more put out to sea; and as time went on those on board became more and more satisfied with her seaworthy qualities. Towards the end of October there was a succession of heavy following gales, but she rose like a cork to the mountainous seas that followed in her wake, and, considering her size, she was wonderfully free of water on the upper deck. With a heavy following sea, however, she was, owing to her buoyancy, extremely lively, and rolls of more than 40º were often recorded. The peculiar shape of the stern, to which reference has been made, was now well tested. It gave additional buoyancy to the after-end, causing the ship to rise more quickly to the seas, but the same lifting effect was also directed to throwing the ship off her course, and consequently she was difficult to steer. The helmsmen gradually became more expert, but on one occasion when Scott and some other officers were on the bridge the ship swerved round, and was immediately swept by a monstrous sea which made a clean breach over her. Instinctively those on the bridge clutched the rails, and for several moments they were completely submerged while the spray dashed as high as the upper topsails.

On November 12 the _Discovery_ was in lat. 51 S., long. 131 E., and had arrived in such an extremely
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interesting magnetic area that they steered to the south to explore it. This new course took them far out of the track of ships and towards the regions of ice, and they had scarcely arrived in those lonely waters when Scott was aroused from sleep by a loud knocking and a voice shouting, 'Ship's afire, sir.' Without waiting to give any details of this alarming news the informant fled, and when Scott appeared hastily on the scenes he found that the deck was very dark and obstructed by numerous half-clad people, all of whom were as ignorant as he was. Making his way forward he discovered that the fire had been under the forecastle, and had been easily extinguished when the hose was brought to bear on it. In these days steel ships and electric light tend to lessen the fear of fire, but in a wooden vessel the possible consequences are too serious not to make the danger very real and alarming. Henceforth the risk of fire was constantly in Scott's thoughts, but this was the first and last occasion on which an alarm was raised in the _Discovery_.

On November 15 the 60th parallel was passed, and during the following morning small pieces of sea-ice, worn into fantastic shape by the action of the waves, appeared and were greeted with much excitement and enthusiasm. As the afternoon advanced signs of a heavier pack were seen ahead, and soon the loose floes were all about the ship,

and she was pushing her way amongst them and receiving her baptism of ice.

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This was Scott's first experience of pack-ice, and he has recorded how deeply he was impressed by the novelty of his surroundings. 'The wind had died away; what light remained was reflected in a ghostly glimmer from the white surface of the pack; now and again a white snow petrel flitted through the gloom, the grinding of the floes against the ship's side was mingled with the more subdued hush of their rise and fall on the long swell, and for the first time we felt something of the solemnity of these great Southern solitudes.'

The _Discovery_ was now within 200 miles of Adelie Land, and with steam could easily have pushed on towards it. But delays had already been excessive, and they could not be added to if New Zealand was to be reached betimes. Reluctantly the ship's head was again turned towards the North, and soon passed into looser ice.

One great feature of the tempestuous seas of these southern oceans is the quantity and variety of their bird life. Not only are these roaming, tireless birds to be seen in the distance, but in the majority of cases they are attracted by a ship and for hours gather close about her. The greater number are of the petrel tribe, and vary in size from the greater albatrosses, with their huge spread of wing and unwavering flight, to the small Wilson stormy petrel, which flits under the foaming crests of the waves. For centuries these birds have been the friends of sailors, and as Wilson was able to distinguish and
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name the various visitors to the _Discovery_, the interest of the voyage was very greatly increased.

'At 11 A.M. on the 22nd,' Scott wrote in his official report of the Proceedings of the expedition, 'we sighted Macquarie Island, exactly at the time and in the direction expected, a satisfactory fact after so long an absence from land. As the island promised so much of interest to our naturalists I thought a delay of the few hours necessary for landing would be amply justified.... A landing was effected without much difficulty, and two penguin rookeries which had been observed from the ship were explored with much interest. One proved to be inhabited by the beautifully marked King penguin, while the other contained a smaller gold-crested broad-billed species.... At 8 P.M. the party returned to the ship, and shortly after we weighed anchor and proceeded. Including those collected in the ice, we had no fewer than 50 birds of various sorts to be skinned, and during the next few days several officers and men were busily engaged in this work under the superintendence of Dr. Wilson. The opportunity was taken of serving out the flesh of the penguins for food. I had anticipated considerable prejudice on the part of the men to this form of diet which it will so often be essential to enforce, and was agreeably surprised to find that they were by no means averse to it. Many pronounced it excellent, and all seemed to appreciate the necessity of cultivating a taste for it. I found no prejudice more difficult to conquer than my own.'

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Perhaps the most excited member of the party over this visit to Macquarie Island was Scott's Aberdeen terrier 'Scamp,' who was most comically divided between a desire to run away from the penguins, and a feeling that in such strange company it behooved him to be very courageous. This, however, was Scamp's first and last experience of penguins, for it was felt that he would be unable to live in the Antarctic, and so a comfortable home was found for him in New Zealand.

Late on November 29 the _Discovery_ arrived off Lyttelton Heads, and on the following day she was berthed alongside a jetty in the harbor. For both the private and the public kindness which was shown to the expedition in New Zealand, no expressions of gratitude can be too warm. On every possible occasion, and in every possible way, efficient and kindly assistance was given, and this was all the more valuable because a lot of work had to be done before the ship could sail from Lyttelton. The rigging had to be thoroughly overhauled and refitted; the magneticians had to undertake the comparison of their delicate instruments, and as this was the last occasion on which it could be done special attention was necessary; and a large quantity of stores had to be shipped, because some of those in the _Discovery_ had been damaged by the leaky state of the ship. This leak had never been dangerous, but all the same it had entailed many weary hours of pumping, and had caused much waste of time and of provisions. Among the many skilled
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workmen, whose united labour had produced the solid structure of the _Discovery_'s hull, had been one who had shirked his task, and although the ship was docked and most determined and persistent efforts were made to find the leak, it succeeded in avoiding detection.

As the month of December advanced the scene on the ship was a very busy one, but at last the day for sailing from Lyttelton arrived, though not for the final departure from civilization, because a short visit was to be paid to Port Chalmers in the south to complete the stock of coal. On Saturday, December 21, the ship lay alongside the wharf ready for sea and very deeply laden. 'One could reflect that it would have been impossible to have got more into her, and that all we had got seemed necessary for the voyage, for the rest we could only trust that Providence would vouch-safe to us fine weather and an easy passage to the south.'

New Zealand, to the last, was bent on showing its enthusiasm for the expedition. Two men-of-war steamed slowly out ahead of the _Discovery_, while no fewer than five steamers, crowded with passengers, and with bands playing and whistles hooting, also accompanied her, until the open sea was reached and the _Discovery_ slowly steamed out between the war-ships that seemed to stand as sentinels to the bay. And then, before the cheers of thousands of friends were hardly out of the ears of those on board, a tragedy happened. Among the ship's company who had crowded into the rigging to wave their farewells was one young seaman, named Charles Bonner, who,
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more venturesome than the rest, had climbed above the crow's-nest to the top of the main-mast. There, seated on the truck, he had remained cheering, until in a moment of madness he raised himself into a standing position, and almost directly afterwards he fell and was instantaneously killed. On the Monday the ship arrived at Port Chalmers, and Bonner was buried with naval honours.

By noon on the following day the _Discovery_ was clear of the harbor bar, and was soon bowling along under steam and sail towards the south. The last view of civilization, the last sight of fields and flowers had come and gone on Christmas Eve, 1901, and Christmas Day found the ship in the open expanse of the Southern Ocean, though after such a recent parting from so many kind friends no one felt inclined for the customary festivities.

In good sea trim the _Discovery_ had little to fear from the worst gales, but at this time she was so heavily laden that had she encountered heavy seas the consequences must have been very unpleasant. Inevitably much of her large deck cargo must have been lost; the masses of wood on the superstructure would have been in great danger, while all the sheep and possibly many of the dogs would have been drowned. Fine weather, however, continued, and on January 3 Scott and his companions crossed the Antarctic Circle, little thinking how long a time would elapse before they would recross it. At length they had entered the Antarctic regions; before them lay
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the scene of their work, and all the trials of preparation, and the anxiety of delays, were forgotten in the fact that they had reached their goal in time to make use of the best part of the short open season in these icebound regions.

Soon the pack was on all sides of them, but as yet so loose that there were many large pools of open water. And then for several days the ship had really to fight her way, and Scott gave high praise to the way she behaved: 'The "Discovery" is a perfect gem in the pack. Her size and weight behind such a stem seem to give quite the best combination possible for such a purpose. We have certainly tried her thoroughly, for the pack which we have come through couldn't have been looked at by Ross even with a gale of wind behind him.'

Necessarily progress became slow, but life abounds in the pack, and the birds that came to visit the ship were a source of perpetual interest. The pleasantest and most constant of these visitors was the small snow petrel, with its dainty snow-white plumage relieved only by black beak and feet, and black, beady eye. These little birds abound in the pack-ice, but the blue-grey southern fulmar and the Antarctic petrel were also to be seen, and that unwholesome scavenger, the giant petrel, frequently lumbered by; while the skua gull, most pugnacious of bullies, occasionally flapped past, on his way to make some less formidable bird disgorge his hard-earned dinner.

The squeak of the penguin was constantly heard, at
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first afar and often long before the birds were seen. Curiosity drew them to the ship, and as she forced her way onward these little visitors would again and again leap into the water, and journey from floe to floe in their eagerness to discover what this strange apparition could be. Some of the sailors became very expert in imitating their calls, and could not only attract them from a long distance, but would visibly add to their astonishment when they approached. These were busy days for the penguins.

In all parts of the pack seals are plentiful and spend long hours

asleep on the floes. The commonest kind is the crab-eater or white seal, but the Ross seal is not rare, and there and there is found the sea-leopard, ranging wide and preying on the penguins and even on the young of its less powerful brethren. It is curious to observe that both seals and penguins regard themselves as safe when out of the water. In the sea they are running risks all the time, and in that element Nature has made them swift to prey or to avoid being preyed upon. But once on ice or land they have known no enemy, and cannot therefore conceive one. The seal merely raises its head when anyone approaches, and then with but little fear; whereas it is often difficult to drive the penguin into the water, for he is firmly convinced that the sea is the sole source of danger. Several seals were killed for food, and from the first seal-meat was found palatable, if not altogether the form of diet to recommend to an epicure. The great drawback to the seal is that there is no fat except blubber,
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and blubber has a very strong taste and most penetrating smell. At this time blubber was an abomination to everyone both in taste and smell, and if the smallest scrap happened to have been cooked with the meat, dinner was a wasted meal. Later on, however, this smell lost most of its terrors, while seal-steaks and seal-liver and kidneys were treated almost as luxuries.

On the morning of January 8 a strong water sky could be seen, and soon afterwards the officer of the watch hailed from aloft the glad tidings of an open sea to the south. Presently the ship entered a belt where the ice lay in comparatively small pieces, and after pushing her way through this for over a mile, she reached the hard line where the ice abruptly ended, and to the south nothing but a clear sky could be seen. At 10.30 P.M. on the same evening the joy of being again in the open sea was intensified by a shout of 'Land in sight,' and all who were not on deck quickly gathered there to take their first look at the Antarctic Continent. The sun, near the southern horizon, still shone in a cloudless sky, and far away to the south-west the blue outline of the high mountain peaks of Victoria Land could be seen. The course was now directed for Robertson Bay, and after some difficulty, owing to the reappearance of loose streams of pack-ice, the ship was eventually steered into the open water within the bay.

Robertson Bay is formed by the long peninsula of Cape Adare, within which, standing but slightly above the level of the sea, is a curious triangular
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spit, probably the morainic remains of the vaster ice conditions of former ages. It was on this spit that the expedition sent forth by Sir George Newnes and commanded by Borchgrevink spent their winter in 1896, the first party to winter on the shores of the Antarctic Continent. Here Scott decided to land for a short time, and very soon Armitage, Bernacchi and Barne were at work among the thousands of penguins that abounded, while the naturalists wandered further afield in search of specimens. In the center of Cape Adare beach the hut used by the members of Borchgrevink's party was still found to be standing in very good condition, though at the best of times deserted dwellings are far from cheerful to contemplate. Bernacchi had been a member of this small party of eight, and on the spot he recalled the past, and told of the unhappy death of Hanson--one of his comrades.

Later on Bernacchi and some others landed again to visit Hanson's grave, and to see that all was well with it. They took a tin cylinder containing the latest report of the voyage with them, and were told to place it in some conspicuous part of the hut. In the following year this cylinder was found by the _Morning_,[1] and so the first information was given that the _Discovery_ had succeeded in reaching these southern regions.

[Footnote 1: The relief ship.]

On January 10, when the weather was still calm and bright, the ship again stood out to sea, and was steered close around Cape Adare in the hope of finding
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a clear channel near at hand. Very soon, however, the tidal stream began to make from the south, and the whole aspect of the streams of heavy pack-ice rapidly changed. Almost immediately the pack was about the ship, and she was being rapidly borne along with it. Across the entrance to the bay was a chain of grounded icebergs, and it was in this direction that she was being carried. For the first time they faced the dangers of the pack, and realized its mighty powers. Little or nothing could be done, for the floes around them were heavier than anything they had yet encountered. Twist and turn as they would no appreciable advance could be made, and in front of one colossal floe the ship was brought to a standstill for nearly half an hour. But they still battled on; Armitage remained aloft, working the ship with admirable patience; the engine-room, as usual, answered nobly to the call for more steam, and the _Discovery_ exerted all her powers in the struggle; but, in spite of these efforts, progress was so slow that it looked almost certain that she would be carried down among the bergs. 'It was one of those hours,' Scott says, 'which impress themselves for ever on the memory. Above us the sun shone in a cloudless sky, its rays were reflected from a myriad points of tire glistening pack; behind us lay the lofty snow-clad mountains, the brown sun-kissed cliffs of the Cape, and the placid glassy waters of the bay; the air about us was almost breathlessly still; crisp, clear and sun-lit, it seemed an atmosphere in which all Nature should rejoice;
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the silence was broken only by the deep panting of our engines and the slow, measured hush of the grinding floes; yet, beneath all, ran this mighty, relentless tide, bearing us on to possible destruction. It seemed desperately unreal that danger could exist in the midst of so fair a scene, and as one paced to and fro on the few feet of throbbing plank that constituted our bridge, it was difficult to persuade oneself that we were so completely impotent.'

With the exception of Scott himself only those who were actually on watch were on deck during this precarious time, for the hour was early, and the majority were asleep in their bunks below, happily oblivious of the possible dangers before them. And the fact that they were not aroused is a proof that a fuss was rarely made in the _Discovery_, if it could by any conceivable means be avoided.

At last, however, release came from this grave danger, and it came so gradually that it was difficult to say when it happened. Little by little the tidal stream slackened, the close-locked floes fell slightly apart, and under her full head of steam the ship began

to forge ahead towards the open sea and safety. 'For me,' Scott adds, 'the lesson had been a sharp and, I have no doubt, a salutary one; we were here to fight the elements with their icy weapons, and once and for all this taught me not to undervalue the enemy.' During the forenoon the ship was within seven or eight miles of the high bold coast-line to the south of Cape Adare, but later she had to be turned outwards
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so that the heavy stream of pack-ice drifting along the land could be avoided. By the morning of the 11th she was well clear of the land, but the various peaks and headlands which Sir James Ross had named could be distinctly seen, and gave everyone plenty to talk and think about. Progress, however, was slow, owing to a brisk S. E. wind and the fact that only one boiler was being used.

Of all economies practiced on board the most important was that of coal, but Scott was not at all sure that this decision to use only one boiler was really economical. Certainly coal was saved but time was also wasted, and against an adverse wind the _Discovery_ could only make fifty-five miles on the 11th, and on the 12th she scarcely made any headway at all, for the wind had increased and a heavy swell was coming up from the south.

To gain shelter Scott decided to turn in towards the high cliffs of Coulman Island, the land of which looked illusively near as they approached it. So strong was this deception that the engines were eased when the ship was still nearly two miles away from the cliffs. Later on, in their winter quarters and during their sledge journeys, they got to know how easy it was to be deluded as regards distance, and what very false appearances distant objects could assume. This matter is of interest, because it shows that Polar explorers must be exceedingly cautious in believing the evidence of their own eyes, and it also explains the errors which the _Discovery_ expedition found to
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have been made by former explorers, and which they knew must have been made in all good faith.

During the night of the 13th the ship lay under the shelter of Coulman Island, but by the morning the wind had increased to such a furious gale, and the squalls swept down over the cliffs with such terrific violence, that in spite of every effort to keep her in her station she began to lose ground. In the afternoon the wind force was ninety miles an hour, and as they continued to lose ground they got into a more choppy sea, which sent the spray over them in showers, to freeze as it fell.

Again the situation was far from pleasant; to avoid one berg they were forced to go about, and in doing so they ran foul of another. As they came down on it the bowsprit just swept clear of its pinnacled sides, and they took the shock broad on their bows. It sent the ship reeling round, but luckily on the right tack to avoid further complications. The following night was dismal enough; again and again small bergs appeared through the blinding spray and drift, and only with great difficulty could the unmanageable ship be brought to clear them. Even gales, however, must have an end, and towards morning the wind moderated, and once more they were able to steam up close to the island. And there, between two tongues of ice off Cape Wadworth, they landed on the steep rocks and erected a staff

bearing a tin cylinder with a further record of the voyage. By the time this had been done the wind had fallen completely, and in
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the evening the ship entered a long inlet between Cape Jones and the barrier-ice, and later turned out, of this into a smaller inlet in the barrier-ice itself. She was now in a very well-sheltered spot, and night, as often happened in the Antarctic regions, was turned into day so that several seals could be killed. 'It, seemed a terrible desecration,' Scott says, 'to come to this quiet spot only to murder its innocent inhabitants, and stain the white snow with blood.' But there was the best of all excuses, namely necessity, for this massacre, because there was no guarantee that seals would be found near the spot in which the ship wintered, and undoubtedly the wisest plan was to make sure of necessary food.

While the seal carcasses and some ice for the boilers were being obtained, Scott turned in to get some rest before putting out to sea again, and on returning to the deck at 7.30 he was told that the work was completed, but that some five hours before Wilson, Ferrar, Cross and Weller had got adrift of a floe, and that no one had thought of picking them up. Although the sun had been shining brightly all night, the temperature had been down to 18 deg., and afar off Scott could see four disconsolate figures tramping about, and trying to keep themselves warm on a detached floe not more than fifteen yards across.

When at length the wanderers scrambled over the side it was very evident that they had a grievance, and not until they had been warmed by hot cocoa could they talk with ease of their experiences. They
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had been obliged to keep constantly on the move, and when they thought of smoking to relieve the monotony they found that they had pipes and tobacco, but no matches. While, however, they were dismally bemoaning this unfortunate state of affairs Wilson, who did not smoke, came to the rescue and succeeded in producing fire with a small pocket magnifying glass--a performance which testified not only to Wilson's resource, but also to the power of the sun in these latitudes.

On the 17th the ship had to stand out farther and farther from the land to clear the pack, and when on the 18th she arrived in the entrance to Wood Bay it was also found to be heavily packed. A way to the N. and N.W. the sharp peaks of Monteagle and Murchison, among bewildering clusters of lesser summits, could be seen; across the bay rose the magnificent bare cliff of Cape Sibbald, while to the S.W. the eye lingered pleasantly upon the uniform outline of Mount Melbourne. This fine mountain rears an almost perfect volcanic cone to a height of 9,000 feet, and with no competing height to take from its grandeur, it constitutes the most magnificent landmark on the coast. Cape Washington, a bold, sharp headland, projects from the foot of the mountain on its eastern side, and finding such heavy pack in Wood Bay, Scott decided to turn to the south to pass around this cape.

From this point the voyage promised to be increasingly interesting, since the coast to the south of Cape Washington was practically unknown. Pack-ice was
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still a formidable obstacle, but on the 20th the _Discovery_ pushed

her way into an inlet where she met ice which had been formed inside and but recently broken up. The ice was perfectly smooth, and as it showed absolutely no sign of pressure there was no doubting that this inlet would make a secure wintering harbor. Already a latitude had been reached in which it was most desirable to find safe winter quarters for the ship. In England many people had thought that Wood Bay would be the most southerly spot where security was likely to be found, but Scott had seen enough of the coast-line to the south of that place to realize the impossibility of traveling along it in sledges, and to convince him that if any advance to the south was to be made, a harbor in some higher latitude must be found.

This inlet was afterwards named Granite Harbor, and so snug and secure a spot was it to winter in that Scott expressed his thankfulness that he did not yield to its allurements. 'Surrounded as we should have been by steep and lofty hills, we could have obtained only the most local records of climatic conditions, and our meteorological observations would have been comparatively valueless; but the greatest drawback would have been that we should be completely cut off from traveling over the sea-ice beyond the mouth of our harbor.... It is when one remembers how naturally a decision to return to this place might have been made, that one sees how easily the results of the expedition might have been missed.'

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It was, however, consoling at the time to know that, in default of a better place, a safe spot had been found for wintering, so with Granite Harbor in reserve the ship again took up her battle with the ice; and on the 21st she was in the middle of McMurdo Sound, and creeping very slowly through the pack-ice, which appeared from the crow's-nest to extend indefinitely ahead. They were now within a few miles of the spot where they ultimately took up their winter quarters, but nearly three weeks were to pass before they returned there. 'At 8 P.M. on the 21st,' Scott says, 'we thought we knew as much of this region as our heavy expenditure of coal in the pack-ice would justify us in finding out, and as before us lay the great unsolved problem of the barrier and of what lay beyond it, we turned our course with the cry of Eastward ho!'

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## CHAPTER III

## IN SEARCH OF WINTER QUARTERS

Beholde I see the haven near at hand
To which I mean my wearie course to bend;
Vere the main sheet and bear up to the land
To which afore is fairly to be ken'd.
--SPENSER, Faerie Queene.

In their journey from Cape Washington to the south something had already been done to justify the dispatch of the expedition. A coast-line which hitherto had been seen only at a great distance, and reported so indefinitely that doubts were left with regard to its continuity, had been resolved into a concrete chain of mountains;

and the positions and forms of individual heights, with the curious ice formations and the general line of the coast, had been observed. In short the map of the Antarctic had already received valuable additions, and whatever was to happen in the future that, at any rate, was all to the good.

At 8 P.M. on the 22nd the ship arrived off the bare land to the westward of Cape Crozier, where it was proposed to erect a post and leave a cylinder containing an account of their doings, so that the chain of records might be completed. After a landing had
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been made with some difficulty, a spot was chosen in the center of the penguin rookery on a small cliff overlooking the sea, and here the post was set up and anchored with numerous boulders. In spite of every effort to mark the place, at a few hundred yards it was almost impossible to distinguish it; but although this small post on the side of a vast mountain looked a hopeless clue, it eventually brought the _Morning_ into McMurdo Sound.

While Bernacchi and Barne set up their magnetic instruments and began the chilly task of taking observations, the others set off in twos and threes to climb the hillside. Scott, Royds and Wilson scrambled on until at last they reached the summit of the highest of the adjacent volcanic cones, and were rewarded by a first view of the Great Ice Barrier.[1]

[Footnote 1: The immense sheet of ice, over 400 miles wide and of still greater length.]

'Perhaps,' Scott says, 'of all the problems which lay before us in the south we were most keenly interested in solving the mysteries of this great ice-mass.... For sixty years it had been discussed and rediscussed, and many a theory had been built on the slender foundation of fact which alone the meager information concerning it could afford. Now for the first time this extraordinary ice-formation was seen from above.... It was an impressive sight and the very vastness of what lay at our feet seemed to add to our sense of its mystery.'

Early on the 23rd they started to steam along the
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ice-face of the barrier; and in order that nothing should be missed it was arranged that the ship should continue to skirt close to the ice-cliff, that the officers of the watch should repeatedly observe and record its height, and that three times in the twenty-four hours the ship should be stopped and a sounding taken. In this manner a comparatively accurate survey of the northern limit of the barrier was made.

On steaming along the barrier it was found that although they were far more eager to gain new information than to prove that old information was incorrect, a very strong case soon began to arise against the Parry Mountains, which Ross had described as 'probably higher than we have yet seen'; and later on it was known with absolute certainty that these mountains did not exist. This error on the part of such a trustworthy and cautious observer, Scott ascribes to the fact that Ross, having exaggerated the height of the barrier, was led to suppose that anything seen over it at a distance must be of great altitude. 'But,' he adds, 'whatever the cause, the

facts show again how deceptive appearances may be and how easily errors may arise. In fact, as I have said before, one cannot always afford to trust the evidence of one's own eyes.' Though the ship was steaming along this ice-wall for several days, the passage was not in the least monotonous, because new variations were continually showing themselves, and all of them had to be carefully observed and recorded. This work continued for several days until, on January 29, they arrived at a particularly interesting place, to
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the southward and eastward of the extreme position reached by Ross in 1842. From that position he had reported a strong appearance of land to the southeast, and consequently all eyes were directed over the icy cliffs in that direction. But although the afternoon was bright and clear, nothing from below or from aloft could be seen, and the only conclusion to be made was that the report was based on yet another optical illusion.

But in spite of the disappointment at being unable to report that Ross's 'appearance of land' rested on solid foundations, there was on the afternoon of the 29th an indescribable sense of impending change. 'We all felt that the plot was thickening, and we could not fail to be inspirited by the fact that we had not so far encountered the heavy pack-ice which Ross reported in this region, and that consequently we were now sailing in an open sea into an unknown world.'

The course lay well to the northward of east, and the change came at 8 P.M. when suddenly the ice-cliff turned to the east, and becoming more and more irregular continued in that direction for about five miles, when again it turned sharply to the north. Into the deep bay thus formed they ran, and as the ice was approached they saw at once that it was unlike anything yet seen. The ice-foot descended to various heights of ten or twenty feet above the water, and behind it the snow surface rose in long undulating slopes to rounded ridges, the heights of which could only be guessed. Whatever doubt remained in their minds that this was snow-covered land, a sounding of 100 fathoms quickly removed it.

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But what a land! On the swelling mounds of snow above them there was not one break, not a feature to give definition to the hazy outline. No scene could have been more perfectly devised to produce optical illusions. And then, while there was so much to observe, a thick fog descended, and blotted out all hope of seeing what lay beyond the ice-foot. During the afternoon of January 30 the fog was less dense, but still no sign of bare land could be seen, and it was not until the bell had sounded for the evening meal that two or three little black patches, which at first were mistaken for detached cloud, appeared. 'We gazed idly enough at them till someone remarked that he did not believe they were clouds; then all glasses were leveled; assertions and contradictions were numerous, until the small black patches gradually assumed more and more definite shape, and all agreed that at last we were looking at real live rock, the actual substance of our newly discovered land.... It is curious to reflect now on the steps which led us to the discovery of King Edward's Land, and the chain of evidence which came to us before the actual land itself was seen: at first there had been the shallow soundings, and the sight of gently rising snow-slopes, of which, in the nature of things, one is obliged to retain a doubt;

then the steeper broken slopes of snow, giving a contrast to convey
a surer evidence to the eye; and, finally the indubitable land
itself, but even then surrounded with such mystery as to leave us
far from complete satisfaction with our discovery.'

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The temptation to push farther and farther to the east was almost
irresistible, but with the young ice forming rapidly around them,
Scott, on February 1, decided to return, and on their way back
along the barrier they experienced much lower temperatures than
on the outward journey. During the return journey they landed on
the barrier, and on February 4 preparations for a balloon ascent
were made. 'The honour,' Scott says, 'of being the first aeronaut to
make an ascent in the Antarctic Regions, perhaps somewhat selfishly,
I chose for myself, and I may further confess that in so doing
I was contemplating the first ascent I had made in any region,
and as I swayed about in what appeared a very inadequate basket
and gazed down on the rapidly diminishing figures below, I felt
some doubt as to whether I had been wise in my choice.'

If, however, this ascent was not altogether enjoyed by the aeronaut,
it, at any rate, gave him considerable information about the barrier
surface towards the south; and, to his surprise, he discovered
that instead of the continuous level plain that he had expected,
it continued in a series of long undulations running approximately
east and west, or parallel to the barrier surface. Later on, however,
when the sledge-party taken out by Armitage returned, they reported
that these undulations were not gradual as had been supposed from
the balloon, but that the crest of each wave was flattened into a
long plateau, from which the descent into the succeeding valley
was comparatively sharp. On the evening of the 4th they put out
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to sea again, and on the 8th they were once more in McMurdo Sound,
with high hopes that they would soon find a sheltered nook in which
the _Discovery_ could winter safely, and from which the sledge-parties
could set forth upon the task of exploring the vast new world around
them.

Without any delay they set out to examine their immediate surroundings,
and found a little bay which promised so well for the winter that
Scott's determination to remain in this region was at once strengthened.
The situation, however, was surrounded with difficulties, for although
the ice had broken far afield it refused to move out of the small
bay on which they had looked with such eager eyes; consequently
they were forced to cling to the outskirts of the bay with their
ice-anchors, in depths that were too great to allow the large anchors
to be dropped to the bottom. The weather also was troublesome,
for after the ship had lain quietly during several hours a sudden
squall would fling her back on her securing ropes, and, uprooting
the ice-anchors, would ultimately send her adrift.

In spite, however, of the difficulty of keeping the ship in position,
steady progress was made with the work on shore, and this consisted
mainly in erecting the various huts which had been brought in pieces.
The original intention had been that the _Discovery_ should not
winter in the Antarctic, but should land a small party and turn
northward before the season closed, and for this party a large hut
had been carried south. But even when it had been decided to keep the
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ship as a home, it was obvious that a shelter on shore must be made before exploring parties could be safely sent away; since until the ship was frozen in a heavy gale might have driven her off her station for several days, if not altogether. In seeking winter quarters so early in February, Scott had been firmly convinced that the season was closing in. 'With no experience to guide us, our opinion could only be based on the very severe and unseasonable conditions which we had met with to the east. But now to our astonishment we could see no sign of a speedy freezing of the bay; the summer seemed to have taken a new lease, and for several weeks the fast sea-ice continued to break silently and to pass quietly away to the north in large floes.'

In addition to the erection of the main hut, two small huts which had been brought for the magnetic instruments had to be put together. The parts of these were, of course, numbered, but the wood was so badly warped that Dailey, the carpenter, had to use a lot of persuasion before the joints would fit.

On February 14 Scott wrote in his diary: 'We have landed all the dogs, and their kennels are ranged over the hillside below the huts.... It is surprising what a number of things have to be done, and what an unconscionable time it takes to do them. The hut-building is slow work, and much of our time has been taken in securing the ship.... Names have been given to the various landmarks in our vicinity. The end of our peninsula is to be called "Cape Armitage," after our excellent navigator. The sharp hill above it
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is to be "Observation Hill."... Next comes the "Gap," through which we can cross the peninsula at a comparatively low level. North of the "Gap" are "Crater Heights," and the higher volcanic peak beyond is to be "Crater Hill"; it is 1,050 feet in height. Our protecting promontory is to be "Hut Point," with "Arrival Bay" on the north and "Winter Quarter Bay" on the south; above "Arrival Bay" are the "Arrival Heights," which continue with breaks for about three miles to a long snow-slope, beyond which rises the most conspicuous landmark on our peninsula, a high, precipitous-sided rock with a flat top, which has been dubbed "Castle Rock"; it is 1,350 feet in height.

'In spite of the persistent wind, away up the bay it is possible to get some shelter, and here we take our ski exercise.... Skelton is by far the best of the officers, though possibly some of the men run him close.'

On the 19th the first small reconnoitering sledge party went out, and on their return three days later they were so excited by their experiences that some time passed before they could answer the questions put to them. Although the temperature had not been severe they had nearly got into serious trouble by continuing their march in a snowstorm, and when they did stop to camp they were so exhausted that frost-bites were innumerable. The tent had been difficult to get up, and all sorts of trouble with the novel cooking apparatus had followed. 'It is strange now,' Scott wrote three years later, 'to look back on
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these first essays at sledding, and to see how terribly hampered we were by want of experience.'

By February 26 the main hut was practically finished, and as a quantity of provisions and oil, with fifteen tons of coal, had been landed, the ship could be left without anxiety, and arrangements for the trip, which Scott hoped to lead himself, were pushed forward. The object of this journey was to try and reach the record at Cape Crozier over the barrier, and to leave a fresh communication there with details of the winter quarters. On the following day, however, Scott damaged his right knee while skiing, and had to give up all idea of going to Cape Crozier. 'I already foresaw how much there was to be learnt if we were to do good sledding work in the spring, and to miss such an opportunity of gaining experience was terribly trying; however, there was nothing to be done but to nurse my wounded limb and to determine that never again would I be so rash as to run hard snow-slopes on ski.'

By March 4 the preparation of the sledge party was completed. The party consisted of four officers, Royds, Koettlitz, Skelton and Barne, and eight men, and was divided into two teams, each pulling a single sledge and each assisted by four dogs. But again the want of experience was badly felt, and in every respect the lack of system was apparent. Though each requirement might have been remembered, all were packed in a confused mass, and, to use a sailor's expression, 'everything was on top and nothing handy.'
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Once more Scott comments upon this lack of experience: 'On looking back I am only astonished that we bought that experience so cheaply, for clearly there were the elements of catastrophe as well as of discomfort in the disorganized condition in which our first sledge parties left the ship.'

The days following the departure of the sledge party were exceptionally fine, but on Tuesday, March 11, those on board the ship woke to find the wind blowing from the east; and in the afternoon the wind increased, and the air was filled with thick driving snow. This Tuesday was destined to be one of the blackest days spent by the expedition in the Antarctic, but no suspicion that anything untoward had happened to the sledge party arose until, at 8.30 P.M., there was a report that four men were walking towards the ship. Then the sense of trouble was immediate, and the first disjointed sentences of the newcomers were enough to prove that disasters had occurred. The men, as they emerged from their thick clothing, were seen to be Wild, Weller, Heald and Plumley, but until Scott had called Wild, who was the most composed of the party, aside, he could not get any idea of what had actually happened, and even Wild was too exhausted, and excited to give anything but a meager account.

Scott, however, did manage to discover that a party of nine, In charge of Barne, had been sent back, and early in the day had reached the crest of the hills somewhere by Castle Rock. In addition, Wild told him, to the four who had returned, the party had
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consisted of Barne, Quartley, Evans, Hare and Vince. They had thought that they were quite close to the ship, and when the blizzard began they had left their tents and walked towards her supposed position. Then they found themselves on a steep slope and tried to keep close together, but it was impossible to see anything. Suddenly Hare had disappeared, and a few minutes after Evans went. Barne and Quartley had left them to try to find out what had become of Evans, and neither of them had come back, though they waited. Afterwards

they had gone on, and had suddenly found themselves at the edge of a precipice with the sea below; Vince had shot past over the edge. Wild feared all the others must be lost; he was sure Vince had gone. Could he guide a search party to the scene of the accident? He thought he could--at any rate he would like to try.

The information was little enough but it was something on which to act, and though the first disastrous news had not been brought until 8.30 P.M. the relieving party had left the ship before 9 P.M. Owing to his knee Scott could not accompany the party, and Armitage took charge of it.

Subsequently the actual story of the original sledge party was known, and the steps that led to the disaster could be traced. On their outward journey they had soon come to very soft snow, and after three days of excessive labour Royds had decided that the only chance of making progress was to use snow-shoes; but unfortunately there were only three pairs of ski
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with the party, and Royds resolved to push on to Cape Crozier with Koettlitz and Skelton, and to send the remainder back in charge of Barne.

The separation took place on the 9th, and on the 11th the returning party, having found an easier route than on their way out, were abreast of Castle Rock. Scarcely, however, had they gained the top of the ridge about half a mile south-west of Castle Rock, when a blizzard came on and the tents were hastily pitched.

'We afterwards weathered many a gale,' Scott says, 'in our staunch little tents, whilst their canvas sides flapped thunderously hour after hour.... But to this party the experience was new; they expected each gust that swept down on them would bear the tents bodily away, and meanwhile the chill air crept through their leather boots and ill-considered clothing, and continually some frost-bitten limb had to be nursed back to life.'

At ordinary times hot tea or cocoa would have revived their spirits, but now the cooking apparatus was out of order, and taking everything into consideration it was small wonder that they resolved to make for the ship, which they believed to be only a mile or so distant.

'Before leaving,' Barne wrote in his report, 'I impressed on the men, as strongly as I could, the importance of keeping together, as it was impossible to distinguish any object at a greater distance than ten yards on account of the drifting snow.' But after they had struggled a very short distance, Hare, who
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had been at the rear of the party, was reported to be missing, and soon afterwards Evans 'stepped back on a patch of bare smooth ice, fell, and shot out of sight immediately.'

Then Barne, having cautioned his men to remain where they were, sat down and deliberately started to slide in Evans's track. In a moment the slope grew steeper, and he was going at such a pace that all power to check himself had gone. In the mad rush he had time to wonder vaguely what would come next, and then his flight was arrested, and he stood up to find Evans within a few feet of him. They had scarcely exchanged greetings when the figure of Quartley

came hurtling down upon them from the gloom, for he had started on the same track, and had been swept down in the same breathless and alarming manner. To return by the way they had come down was impossible, and so they decided to descend, but within four paces of the spot at which they had been brought to rest, they found that the slope ended suddenly in a steep precipice, beyond which nothing but clouds of snow could be seen. For some time after this they sat huddled together, forlornly hoping that the blinding drift would cease, but at last they felt that whatever happened they must keep on the move, and groping their way to the right they realized that the sea was at their feet, and that they had been saved from it by a patch of snow almost on the cornice of the cliff. Presently a short break in the storm enabled them to see Castle Rock above their heads, and slowly making their way
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up the incline, they sought the shelter of a huge boulder; and there, crouched together, they remained for several hours.

Meanwhile the party had remained in obedience to orders at the head of the slope, and had shouted again and again in the lulls of the whirling storm. But after waiting for a long time they felt that something was amiss, and that it was hopeless to remain where they were. 'As usual on such occasions,' Scott says, 'the leading spirit came to the fore, and the five who now remained submitted themselves to the guidance of Wild, and followed him in single file as he again struck out in the direction in which they supposed the ship to lie.' In this manner they descended for about 500 yards, until Wild suddenly saw the precipice beneath his feet, and far below, through the wreathing snow, the sea. He sprang back with a cry of warning, but in an instant Vince had flashed past and disappeared.

Then, horror-stricken and dazed, they vaguely realized that at all costs they must ascend the slope down which they had just come. All of them spoke afterwards of that ascent with horror, and wondered how it had ever been made. They could only hold themselves by the soles of their boots, and to slip to their knees meant inevitably to slide backwards towards the certain fate below. Literally their lives depended on each foothold. Wild alone had a few light nails in his boots, and to his great credit he used this advantage to give a helping hand in turn to each
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of his companions. When, after desperate exertions, they did reach the top of the slope their troubles were not finished, for they were still ignorant of the position of the ship. Wild, however, again took the lead, and it was largely due to him that the party eventually saw the ship looming through the whirl of snow. 'It is little wonder that after such an experience they should have been, as I have mentioned, both excited and tired.'

The hours following the departure of Armitage and his search party on this fatal night were unforgettable. Scott, hatefully conscious of his inability to help on account of his injured leg, admits that he could not think of any further means to render assistance, but he says, 'as was always my experience in the _Discovery_, my companions were never wanting in resource.' Soon the shrill screams of the siren were echoing among the hills, and in ten minutes after the suggestion had been made, a whaler was swinging alongside ready to search the cliffs on the chance of finding Vince.

But for Scott and those who had to wait inactively on board there was nothing to do but stand and peer through the driving snow, and fully three hours passed before there was a hail from without, and Ferrar appeared leading three of the lost--Barne, Evans and Quartley. An hour later the main search party returned, having done all that men could do in such weather. A more complete search was impossible, but it had to be admitted that the chance of seeing
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Hare or Vince again was very small. Sadly it had to be realized that two men were almost certainly lost, but there was also no disguising the fact that a far greater tragedy might have happened. Indeed, it seemed miraculous that any of the party were alive to tell the tale, and had not Barne, Evans and Quartley heard the faint shrieks of the siren, and in response to its welcome sound made one more effort to save themselves, the sledge party would in all probability not have found them. All three of them were badly frost-bitten, and one of Barne's hands was in such a serious condition that for many days it was thought that his fingers would have to be amputated.

The end of this story, however, is not yet told, for on March 13 Scott wrote in his diary: 'A very extraordinary thing has happened. At 10 A.M. a figure was seen descending the hillside. At first we thought it must be some one who had been for an early walk; but it was very soon seen that the figure was walking weakly, and, immediately after, the men who were working in the hut were seen streaming out towards it. In a minute or two we recognized the figure as that of young Hare, and in less than five he was on board.... We soon discovered that though exhausted, weak, and hungry, he was in full possession of his faculties and quite free from frost-bites. He went placidly off to sleep whilst objecting to the inadequacy of a milk diet.'

Later on Hare, who like Vince had been wearing fur boots, explained that he had left his companions
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to return to the sledges and get some leather boots, and had imagined that the others understood what he intended to do. Soon after he had started back he was wandering backwards and forwards, and knew that he was walking aimlessly to and fro. The last thing he remembered was making for a patch of rock where he hoped to find shelter, and there he must have lain in the snow for thirty-six hours, though he required a lot of persuasion before he could be convinced of this. When he awoke he found himself covered with snow, but on raising himself he recognized Crater Hill and other landmarks, and realized exactly where the ship lay. Then he started towards her, but until his intense stiffness wore off he was obliged to travel upon his hands and knees.

But though Hare was safe, Vince was undoubtedly gone. 'Finally and sadly we had to resign ourselves to the loss of our shipmate, and the thought was grievous to all.... Life was a bright thing to him, and it is something to think that death must have come quickly in the grip of that icy sea.'

This fatal mishap naturally caused increased anxiety about the three men who had gone on, and anxiety was not diminished when, on the 19th, Skelton was seen coming down, the hill alone. The

others, however, were close behind him, and all three of them were soon safely on board.

On the 15th Royds had been compelled to abandon the attempt to reach the record at Cape Crozier, but he did not turn back until it was evident that a better
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equipped party with more favorable weather would easily get to it. On comparing notes with his party, Scott recognized what a difference there might be in the weather conditions of places within easy reach of the ship, and not only in temperature but also in the force and direction of the wind. It had not occurred to anyone that within such a short distance of the ship any large difference of temperature was probable, and as the summer was barely over, Royds, Koettlitz and Skelton had only taken a light wolf-skin fur suit for night-wear. This, however, had proved totally inadequate when the thermometer fell to -42 deg., and on the night of the 16th uncontrollable paroxysms of shivering had prevented them from getting any sleep. The value of proper clothing and the wisdom of being prepared for the unexpected rigors of such a fickle climate, were two of the lessons learnt from the experiences of the Cape Crozier party.

As the days of March went by Scott began really to wonder whether the sea ever intended to freeze over satisfactorily, and at such an advanced date there were many drawbacks in this unexpected state of affairs. Until the ship was frozen in, the security of their position was very doubtful; economy of coal had long since necessitated the extinction of fires in the boilers, and if a heavy gale drove the ship from her shelter, steam could only be raised with difficulty and after the lapse of many hours. There was, too, the possibility that the ship, if once driven off, would not be able to return, and so it was obviously unsafe
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to send a large party away from her, because if she went adrift most of them would be needed.

Another annoying circumstance was that until they had a solid sheet of ice around them they could neither set up the meteorological screen, nor, in short, carry out any of the routine scientific work which was such an important object of the expedition.

At this time Scott was eager to make one more sledding effort before the winter set in. The ostensible reason was to layout a depot of provisions to the south in preparation for the spring, but 'a more serious purpose was to give himself and those who had not been away already a practical insight into the difficulties of sledge traveling. But as this party would have to include the majority of those on board, he was forced to wait until the ship was firmly fixed, and it may be said that the _Discovery_ was as reluctant to freeze-in as she was difficult to get out when once the process had been completed.

On March 28, however, Scott was able to write in his diary: 'The sea is at last frozen over, and if this weather lasts the ice should become firm enough to withstand future gales. We have completed the packing of our sledges, though I cannot say I am pleased with their appearance; the packing is not neat enough, and we haven't got anything like a system.'

Three days later a party of twelve, divided into two teams, each with a string of sledges and nine dogs, made a start. Their loads were arranged on the theory
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of 200 lbs. to each man, and 100 lbs. to each dog, but they very quickly discovered that the dogs were not going to have anything to do with such a theory as this. The best of them would only pull about 50 lbs., and some of the others had practically to be pulled.

Later on Scott learned that it was a bad plan to combine men and dogs on a sledge, because the dogs have their own pace and manner of pulling, and neither of these is adapted to the unequal movement caused by the swing of marching men. And on this occasion another reason for the inefficiency of the dogs was that they were losing their coats, and had but little protection against the bitterly cold wind. 'As a matter of fact, our poor dogs suffered a great deal from their poorly clothed condition during the next week or two, and we could do little to help them; but Nature seemed to realize the mistake, and came quickly to the rescue: the new coats grew surprisingly fast, and before the winter had really settled down on us all the animals were again enveloped in their normally thick woolly covering.

The refusal of the dogs to work on this trip meant that the men had to do far more than their share, and from the first they had no chance of carrying out their intentions. Each hour, however, was an invaluable experience, and when a return was made to the ship Scott was left with much food for thought. 'In one way or another each journey had been a failure; we had little or nothing to show for our labours. The errors were patent; food, clothing, everything was
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wrong, the whole system was bad. It was clear that there would have to be a thorough reorganization before the spring, and it was well to think that before us lay a long winter in which this might be effected.'

But in a sense even these failures were successful, for everyone resolved to profit by the mistakes that had been made and the experience that had been gained, and the successful sledge journeys subsequently made in the spring were largely due to the failures of the autumn.

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## CHAPTER IV

## THE POLAR WINTER

The cold ice slept below,
Above the cold sky shone,
And all around
With a chilling sound
From caves of ice and fields of snow
The breath of night like death did flow
Beneath the sinking moon.--SHELLEY.

The sun was due to depart before the end of April, and so no time could be wasted if the outside work, which had been delayed by the tardy formation of the ice-sheet, was to be completed before the daylight vanished.

One of the most urgent operations was to get up the meteorological screen, which had been made under the superintendence of Royds. The whole of this rather elaborate erection was, placed about 100 yards astern of the ship, and consequently in a direction which, with the prevalent south-easterly winds, would be to windward of her. To obtain a complete record of meteorological observations was one of the most important scientific objects of the expedition, and it was decided that the instruments should be read and recorded every two hours. Consequently in calm or storm
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some member of the community had to be on the alert, and every other hour to make the rounds of the various instruments. On a fine night this was no great hardship, but in stormy weather the task was not coveted by anyone. On such occasions it was necessary to be prepared to resist the wind and snowdrift, and the round itself was often full of exasperating annoyances. In fact the trials and tribulations of the meteorological observers were numerous, and it was arranged that throughout the winter each officer should take it in turn to make the night observations from 10 P.M. to 6 A.M. Wilson nobly offered always to take the 8 A.M. observation, but the lion's share of the work fell on Royds himself, since besides taking his share of the night work he also, throughout the first winter and a great part of the second, took all the observations between 10 A.M. and 10 P.M.

The magnetic huts and all that appertained to them were Bernacchi's special business, and many times daily he was to be seen journeying to and fro in attendance upon his precious charge. The general reader may well ask why so much trouble should be taken to ascertain small differences in the earth's magnetism, and he can scarcely be answered in a few words. Broadly speaking, however, the earth is a magnet, and its magnetism is constantly changing. But why it is a magnet, or indeed what magnetism may be, is unknown, and obviously the most hopeful way of finding an explanation of a phenomenon is to study it. For many reasons the _Discovery_'s winter station in the
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Antarctic was an especially suitable place in which to record the phenomenon of magnetism.

Besides establishing the routine of scientific work many preparations had to be made for the comfort and well-being of the ship during the winter, and long before the sun had disappeared the little company had settled down to a regular round of daily life.

Later in the year Scott wrote in his diary: 'The day's routine for the officers gives four clear hours before tea and three after; during these hours all without exception are busily employed except for the hour or more devoted to exercise.... It would be difficult to say who is the most diligent, but perhaps the palm would be given to Wilson, who is always at work; every rough sketch made since we started is reproduced in an enlarged and detailed form, until we now possess a splendid pictorial representation of the whole coastline of Victoria Land.... At home many no doubt will remember the horrible depression of spirit that has sometimes been

pictured as a pendant to the long polar night. We cannot even claim to be martyrs in this respect; with plenty of work the days pass placidly and cheerfully.'

Nearly seven months before Scott wrote in this cheerful spirit of the winter, he had expressed himself warmly about those who were to spend it with him. 'I have,' he said in a letter dispatched from Port Chalmers on the voyage out, 'the greatest admiration for the officers and men, and feel that their allegiance to me is a thing assured. Our little society in the
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wardroom is governed by a spirit of good fellowship and patience which is all that the heart of man could desire; I am everlastingly glad to be one of the company and not forced to mess apart.... The absence of friction and the fine comradeship displayed throughout is beyond even my best expectation.'

This spirit of good-fellowship and give-and-take was a remarkable feature of life during the time spent in the _Discovery_, and the only man Scott had a word to say against was the cook. 'We shipped him at the last moment in New Zealand, when our trained cook became too big for his boots, and the exchange was greatly for the worse; I am afraid he is a thorough knave, but what is even worse, he is dirty--an unforgivable crime in a cook.'

Under such circumstances it is obvious that tempers might have been overstrained, and apart from the sins of the cook the weather was unexpectedly troublesome. Almost without exception the North Polar winter has been recorded as a period of quiescence, but in the Antarctic the wind blew with monotonous persistency, and calm days were very few and far between. Nevertheless Scott had little reason to change his original opinion about his companions, all of whom were prepared to put up with some unavoidable discomforts, and to make the best of a long job.

During the winter a very regular weekly routine was kept up, each day having its special food and its special tasks. The week's work ended on Friday, and Saturday was devoted to 'clean ship,' the officers doing
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their share of the scrubbing. In the forenoon the living-spaces were thoroughly cleaned, holes and corners were searched, and while the tub and scrubber held sway the deck became a 'snipe marsh.' At this time the holds also were cleared up, the bilges pumped out, the upper deck was 'squared up,' and a fresh layer of clean snow was sprinkled over that which had been soiled by the traffic of the week. Then a free afternoon for all hands followed, and after dinner in the wardroom the toast was the time-honoured one of 'Sweethearts and Wives.'

On Sunday a different garment was put on, not necessarily a newer or a cleaner one, the essential point being that it should be different from that which had been worn during the week. By 9.30 the decks had been cleared up, the tables and shelves tidied, and the first lieutenant reported 'All ready for rounds.' A humble imitation of the usual man-of-war walk-round Sunday inspection followed, and Scott had the greatest faith in this system of routine, not only because it had a most excellent effect on the general discipline and cleanliness of the ship, but also because it gave an opportunity

to raise and discuss each new arrangement that was made to increase the comfort of all on board.

After this inspection of both ship and men, the mess-deck was prepared for church; harmonium, reading-desk and chairs were all placed according to routine, and the bell was tolled. Scott read the service, Koettlitz the lessons, and Royds played the harmonium.

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Service over, all stood off for the day and looked forward to the feast of mutton which was limited to Sunday. 'By using it thus sparingly the handsome gift of the New Zealand farmers should last us till the early spring. But it is little use to think of the sad day when it will fail; for the present I must confess that we always take an extra walk to make quite sure of our appetites on Sunday.'

On June 23 the festival of mid-winter was celebrated, and the mess-deck was decorated with designs in coloured papers and festooned with chains and ropes of the same materials. Among the messes there was a great contest to have the best decorations, and some astonishing results were achieved with little more than brightly coloured papers, a pair of scissors and a pot of paste. On each table stood a grotesque figure or fanciful erection of ice, which was cunningly lighted up by candles from within and sent out shafts of sparkling light. 'If,' Scott wrote in his diary, 'the light-hearted scenes of to-day can end the first period of our captivity, what room for doubt is there that we shall triumphantly weather the whole term with the same general happiness and contentment?'

During the winter months the _South Polar Times_, edited by Shackleton, appeared regularly, and was read with interest and amusement by everyone. At first it had been decided that each number should contain, besides the editorial, a summary of the events and meteorological conditions of the past month, some scientifically instructive articles dealing with the work
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and surroundings, and others written in a lighter vein; but, as the scheme developed, it was found that such features as caricatures and acrostics could be added. One of the pleasantest points in connection with the _Times_ was that the men contributed as well as the officers; in fact some of the best, and quite the most amusing, articles were written by the occupants of the mess-deck. But beyond all else the journal owed its excellence to Wilson, who produced drawings that deserved--and ultimately obtained--a far wider appreciation than could be given to them in the Antarctic. So great was the desire to contribute to the first number of the _S. P. T._ that the editor's box was crammed with manuscripts by the time the date for sending in contributions had arrived. From these there was no difficulty in making a selection, but as there was also some danger of hurting the feelings of those whose contributions had been rejected, a supplementary journal named _The Blizzard_ was produced. This publication, however, had but a brief career, for in spite of some good caricatures and a very humorous frontispiece by Barne, it was so inferior to the _S. P. T._ that even its contributors realized that their mission in life did not lie in the paths of literary composition. _The Blizzard_, in short, served its purpose, and then ceased to exist.

In considering the arrangements to make the ship comfortable during the dark months, the question of artificial light was as difficult as it was important. Paraffin had from the first been suggested as the most
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suitable illuminant, its main disadvantage being that it is not a desirable oil to carry in quantities in a ship. 'Our luckiest find,' Scott says, 'was perhaps the right sort of lamp in which to burn this oil. Fortunately an old Arctic explorer, Captain Egerton, presented me with a patent lamp in which the draught is produced by a fan worked by clockwork mechanism, and no chimney is needed. One can imagine the great mortality there would be in chimneys if we were obliged to employ them, so that when, on trial, this lamp was found to give an excellent light, others of the same sort were purchased, and we now use them exclusively in all parts of the ship with extremely satisfactory results.'

There was, however, a still brighter illuminant within their reach in the shape of acetylene, but not until it became certain that they would have to spend a second winter in the Antarctic, did their thoughts fly to the calcium carbide which had been provided for the hut, and which they had not previously thought of using. 'In this manner the darkness of our second winter was relieved by a light of such brilliancy that all could pursue their occupations by the single burner placed in each compartment. I lay great stress on this, because I am confident that this is in every way the best illuminant that can be taken for a Polar winter, and no future expedition should fail to supply themselves with it.'

As has already been said, the meteorological observations had to be read and recorded every two hours, and on July 21 Scott gave in his diary a full and
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graphic account of the way he occupied himself during his 'night on.' 'Each of us has his own way of passing the long, silent hours. My own custom is to devote some of it to laundry-work, and I must confess I make a very poor fist of it. However, with a bath full of hot water, I commence pretty regularly after the ten o'clock observation, and labour away until my back aches. There is little difficulty with the handkerchiefs, socks and such-like articles, but when it comes to thick woolen vests and pajamas, I feel ready to own my incapacity; one always seems to be soaping and rubbing at the same place, and one is forced to wonder at the area of stuff which it takes to cover a comparatively small body. My work is never finished by midnight, but I generally pretend that it is, and after taking the observations for that hour, return to wring everything out. I am astonished to find that even this is no light task; as one wrings out one end the water seems to fly to the other; then I hang some heavy garment on a hook and wring until I can wring no more; but even so, after it has been hung for a few minutes on the wardroom clothes-line, it will begin to drip merrily on the floor, and I have to tackle it afresh. I shall always have a high respect for laundry-work in future, but I do not think it can often have to cope with such thick garments as we wear.

'Washing over, one can devote oneself to pleasanter occupations. The night-watchman is always allowed a box of sardines, which are scarce enough to be a great luxury, and is provided with tea or cocoa and a spirit-lamp.
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Everyone has his own ideas as to how sardines should be prepared... and I scarcely like to record that there is a small company of _gourmets_, who actually wake one another up in order that the night-watchman may present his fellow epicures with a small finger of buttered toast, on which are poised two sardines "done to a turn." The awakened sleeper devours the dainty morsel, grunts his satisfaction, and goes placidly off into dreamland again.

'I find that after my labours at the wash-tub and the pleasing supper that follows, I can safely stretch myself out in a chair without fear of being overcome by sleep, and so, with the ever-soothing pipe and one's latest demand on the library book-shelves, one settles down in great peace and contentment whilst keeping an eye on the flying hours, ready to sally forth into the outer darkness at the appointed time.

'The pleasure or pain of that periodic journey is of course entirely dependent on the weather. On a fine night it may be quite a pleasure, but when, as is more common, the wind is sweeping past the ship, the observer is often subjected to exasperating difficulties, and to conditions when his conscience must be at variance with his inclination.

'Sometimes the lantern will go out at the screen, and he is forced to return on board to light it; sometimes it will refuse to shine on the thin threads of mercury of the thermometer until it is obvious that his proximity has affected the reading, and he is forced to stand off until it has again fallen to the air temperature....
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These and many other difficulties in taking observations which may be in themselves valueless are met in the right spirit. I think we all appreciate that they are part of a greater whole whose value must stand or fall by attention to detail.'

At the end of July a most unpleasant fact had to be faced in a mishap to the boats. Early in the winter they had been hoisted out to give more room for the awning, and had been placed in a line about a hundred yards from the ice-foot on the sea-ice. The earliest gale drifted them up nearly gunwale high, and thus for the next two months they remained in sight. But then another gale brought more snow, and was so especially generous with it in the neighborhood of the boats, that they were afterwards found to be buried three or four feet beneath the surface. With no feelings of anxiety, but rather to provide occupation, Scott ordered the snow on the top of them to be removed, and not until the first boat had been reached was the true state of affairs revealed. She was found lying in a mass of slushy ice with which she was nearly filled, and though for a moment there was a wild hope that she could be pulled up, this soon vanished; for the air temperature promptly converted the slush into hardened ice, and so she was stuck fast.

Nothing more could be done at that time to recover the boats, because as fast as the sodden ice could be dug out, more sea-water would have come in and frozen. But to try and prevent bad going to worse before the summer brought hope with it, parties were
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engaged day after day in digging away at the snow covering, and in the course of months many tons must have been removed. The danger

was that fresh gales bringing more snow might have sunk the boats so far below the surface that they could never be recovered, and after each gale the diggers were naturally despondent, as to all appearances they had to begin all over again. The prospect, however, of having to leave the Antarctic without a single boat in the ship, and also the feeling that so much labour must tell in the end, spurred on the diggers to renewed vigour, but it was not until December that the boats were finally liberated.

Early in August another gale with blinding drift was responsible for an experience to Bernacchi and Skelton that once again emphasized the bewildering effect of a blizzard. They were in the smaller compartment of the main hut completing a set of pendulum observations, while Royds was in the larger compartment--the hut was used for many and various purposes--rehearsing his nigger minstrel troupe. Either because nigger minstrelsy and scientific work did not go hand in hand, or because their work was finished, Bernacchi and Skelton, soon after the rehearsal began, left the hut to return to the ship. Fully an hour and a half afterwards Royds and his troupe, numbering more than a dozen, started back, and found that the gale had increased and that the whirling snow prevented them from seeing anything. Being, however, in such numbers, they were able to join hands and sweep along until they caught the guide-rope leading to the gangway;
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and then as they traveled along it they heard feeble shouts, and again extending their line suddenly fell upon Bernacchi and Skelton, who, having entirely lost their bearings, had been reduced to shouting on the chance of being heard and rescued.

The hut was scarcely 200 yards from the ship, and the latter was not only a comparatively big object but was surrounded by guide-ropes and other means of direction, which if encountered would have informed the wanderers of their position. Additionally Bernacchi and Skelton could be trusted to take the most practical course in any difficulty, and so it seems the more incredible that they could actually have been lost for two hours. Both of them were severely frostbitten about the face and legs, but bitter as their experience was it served as yet another warning to those who were to go sledding in the spring that no risks could be taken in such a capricious climate. Had not Royds been rehearsing his troupe on this occasion the results to Bernacchi and Skelton must have been more disastrous than they were; consequently the idea of using the large hut as a place of entertainment was fortunate in more ways than one.

During the first week of May a concert had been given in the hut, but this was more or less in the nature of an experiment; for Royds, who took infinite pains over these entertainments, had arranged a long program with the object of bringing to light any possible talent. The result of this was that even the uncritical had to confess that most of the performers would have
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been less out of place among the audience. So much dramatic ability, however, was shown that Barne was entrusted with the work of producing a play, which, after many rehearsals conducted with due secrecy, was produced on June 25.

This play was entitled 'The Ticket of Leave,' 'a screaming comedy in one act,' and was produced with unqualified success. 'I for

one,' Scott says, 'have to acknowledge that I have rarely been so gorgeously entertained.'

Later on Royds began to organize his nigger minstrel troupe, and when the doors of the Royal Terror Theatre opened at 7.30 on August 6, the temperature outside them was -40 deg., while inside it was well below zero. Under these conditions it is small wonder that the audience was glad when the curtain went up.

'There is no doubt,' Scott says in reference to this performance, 'that sailors dearly love to make up; on this occasion they had taken an infinity of trouble to prepare themselves.... "Bones" and "Skins" had even gone so far as to provide themselves with movable top-knots which could be worked at effective moments by pulling a string below.... To-night the choruses and plantation-songs led by Royds were really well sung, and they repay him for the very great pains he has taken in the rehearsals.'

So with entertainments to beguile the time, and with blizzards to endure, and with preparations to make for sledding, the days passed by until on August 21 the sun was once more due to return. But on that
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day a few hours of calm in the morning were succeeded by whirling snow-squalls from the south, and each lull was followed by a wild burst of wind. Scott was glad enough to have everyone on board in such weather, and at noon when he had hoped to be far over the hills only vast sheets of gleaming snow could be seen. The following day, however, was an ideal one for the first view of the long-absent sun, and Scott went to the top of Crater Hill to watch and welcome. 'Over all the magnificent view the sunlight spreads with gorgeous effect after its long absence; a soft pink envelops the western ranges, a brilliant red gold covers the northern sky; to the north also each crystal of snow sparkles with reflected light. The sky shows every gradation of light and shade; little flakes of golden sunlit cloud float against the pale blue heaven, and seem to hover in the middle heights, whilst far above them a feathery white cirrus shades to grey on its unlit sides.'

But when the men were told that the sun could be seen from Hut Point, to Scott's astonishment they displayed little or no enthusiasm. Everyone seemed glad to think that it had been punctual in keeping its appointment, but after all they had seen the sun a good many times before, and in the next few months they would in all probability see it a good many times again, and there was no sense in getting excited about it. Some of them did set off at a run for the point, while others, since it seemed the right thing to do, followed at a walk, but a good
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number remained on board and had their dinner. On August 25 the Feast of the Sun was duly celebrated, and the days that followed were fuller than ever with preparations for the spring journeys. The only sewing-machine clattered away all day long, and the whole company plied their needles as if they were being sweated by iron-handed taskmasters. The long winter was at an end, and everyone, in the best of spirits, was looking forward eagerly to the spring sledge journeys, and making garments in which to bid defiance to the wind and the weather. As regards the actual sledge equipment which was taken to the south, Scott had depended on the experience of others,

and especially on that of Armitage, but owing to a variety of reasons the difficulty of providing an efficient sledding outfit had been immense.

In England twenty-five years had passed since any important sledding expedition had been accomplished, and during that time not a single sledge, and very few portions of a sledge equipment, had been made in the country. The popular accounts of former expeditions were not written to supply the minute details required, and no memory could be expected to retain these details after such a lapse of time. In fact the art of sledge-making was lost in England, but fortunately the genius of Nansen had transferred it to Norway. In the autumn of 1900 Scott had visited Christiania, and there received much advice and assistance from Nansen himself. It was not, however, until Armitage agreed to serve as second in
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command of the expedition that Scott had anyone on whom he could rely to provide the sledding outfit.

In making these preparations for long journeys in the south, there was no previous experience to go upon except that which had been gained in the north; indeed it was necessary to assume that southern conditions would be more or less similar to those of the north, and in so far as they proved different the sledding outfit ran the risk of failure. Experience taught Scott that in many respects the sledding conditions of the south were different from those of the north, and so it is only fair to consider the sledge journeys taken by the _Discovery_ expedition as pioneer efforts. These differences are both climatic and geographical. For instance, the conditions in the south are more severe than those in the north, both in the lowness of the temperatures and in the distressing frequency of blizzards and strong winds. And the geographical difference between the work of the northern and the southern sledge-traveler is as great as the climatic, if not greater, for the main part of northern traveling has been and will be done on sea-ice, while the larger part of southern traveling has been and will be done over land surfaces, or what in this respect are their equivalents.

[Illustration: LOOKING UP THE GATEWAY FROM PONY DEPOT. _Photo by Capt. R. F. Scott._]

So impressed was Scott by the impossibility of dragging a sledge over the surfaces of the Great Barrier to the South at the rate maintained by the old English travelers on the northern sea-ice, that he began seriously to think that the British race of explorers
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must have deteriorated rapidly and completely in stamina. But later on, in carrying out exploration to the west, he had to travel over the sea-ice of the strait, and then he discovered that--given the surface there was nothing wrong with the pace at which his sledge parties could travel. Probably, however, the distances recorded by the northern travelers will never be exceeded in the south, for the Antarctic explorer has to meet severer climatic conditions, and while pulling his sledge over heavier surfaces he is not likely to meet with fewer obstacles in his path. To make marching records is not, of course, the main purpose of sledge-travelers, but all the same, where conditions are equal, speed and the distance traveled are a direct test of the efficiency of sledding preparations, and of the spirit of those who undertake this arduous service.

The main differences between the sledges used by the _Discovery_ expedition and those used by other explorers were a decrease in breadth and an increase in runner surface. Measured across from the center of one runner to the center of the other Scott's sledges were all, with one exception, 1 foot 5 inches. The runners themselves were 3-3/4 inches across, so that the sledge track from side to side measured about 1 foot 8-3/4 inches. The lengths varied from 12 feet to 7 feet, but the 11-foot sledges proved to be by far the most convenient--a length of 12 feet seeming to pass just beyond the limit of handiness.

Taking then 11 feet as about the best length for this type of sledge, it will be seen that it differed
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considerably from the old Arctic type, which was 10 feet long and 3 feet broad. The weight of such all 11-foot sledge was anything between 40 and 47 lbs., and this was none too light when the full strength of the structure was required. Generally speaking, the full load that could be put upon them was about 600 lbs. The most important part of the sledge is the runner, in which the grain must be perfectly straight and even, or it will splinter very easily; but it surprised Scott to find what a lot of wear a good wood runner would stand, provided that it was only taken over snow. 'Some of our 9-foot sledges must,' he says, 'have traveled 1,000 miles, and there was still plenty of wear left in the runners.'

In point of numbers the _Discovery_'s crew was far behind the old Northern expeditions; and it was this fact that made Scott decide, in arranging a sledge equipment where men and not dogs would do most of the haulage, to divide his parties into the smallest workable units. The old Northern plan had allowed for parties of at least eight, who, having a common tent and cooking arrangements, could not be subdivided. Scott's plan was not necessarily to limit the number of men in his parties, but to divide them into units of three, which should be self-contained, so that whenever it was advisable a unit could be detached from the main party. Under such a system it is obvious that each unit must have its own tent, sleeping-bag, cooker, and so on; and therein lay a disadvantage, as economy of material and weight can
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be better carried out with a large unit than with a small one.

The weights of a party naturally divide themselves under two headings: the permanent, which will not diminish throughout the trip, and the consumable, including food, oil, &c. The following is a list of the permanent weights carried on Scott's journey to the west, and it will give some idea of the variety of articles, exclusive of provisions. The party numbered six.

| | lbs. |
|---|---|
| 2 Sledges with fittings complete | 130 |
| Trace | 5 |
| 2 Cookers, pannikins and spoons | 30 |
| 2 Primus lamps, filled | 10 |
| 2 Tents complete | 60 |
| 2 Spades | 9 |
| 2 Sleeping-bags with night-gear | 100 |
| Sleeping jackets, crampons, spare finnesko[1] | 50 |

| | |
|---|---|
| Medical bag | 6 |
| 3 Ice-axes | 8 |
| Bamboos and marks | 11.5 |
| Instruments and camera | 50 |
| Alpine rope | 9 |
| Repair and tool bags, sounding-line, tape, sledge brakes | 15 |
| Ski boots for party | 15 |
| Ski for party | 60 |
| Total | 568.5 |

[Footnote 1: Reindeer-fur boots.]

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Roughly speaking, a man can drag from 200 to 240 lbs., but his load was rarely above 200 lbs. This for six men gave a total carrying capacity of 1,200 lbs. and hence about 630 lbs. could be devoted to provisions.

Again, speaking very roughly, this amount is about six weeks' food for a party of six, but as such a short period is often not long enough to satisfy sledge-travelers, they are compelled to organize means by which their journey can be prolonged. This can be done in two ways; they may either go out earlier in the season and lay a depot at a considerable distance towards their goal, or they may arrange to receive assistance from a supporting party, which accompanies them for a certain distance on the road and helps their advance party to drag a heavier load than they can accomplish alone.

Both of these plans were adopted by Scott on the more important journeys, and his parties were able to be absent from the ship for long periods and to travel long distances.

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## CHAPTER V

## THE START OF THE SOUTHERN JOURNEY

Hold hard the breath and bend up every spirit
To its full height...

...Shew us here
That you are worth your breeding, which I doubt not.
For there is none so mean or base
That have not noble lustre in your eyes.
I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
Straining upon the start.
--SHAKESPEARE.

During the later months of the dark season all thoughts had been turned to the prospects of the spring journeys, and many times the advantages and disadvantages of dogs for sledding were discussed. This question of the sacrifice of animal life was one on which Scott felt strongly from the time he became an explorer to the end of his life. Argue with himself as he might, the idea was always

repugnant to his nature.

'To say,' he wrote after his first expedition, that dogs do not greatly increase the radius of action is absurd; to pretend that they can be worked to this end without pain, suffering, and death, is equally futile. The question is whether the latter can be justified by the gain, and I think that logically it may be;
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but the introduction of such sordid necessity must and does rob sledge-traveling of much of its glory. In my mind no journey ever made with dogs can approach the height of that fine conception which is realized when a party of men go forth to face hardships, dangers, and difficulties with their own unaided efforts, and by days and weeks of hard physical labour succeed in solving some problem of the great unknown. Surely in this case the conquest is more nobly and splendidly won.'

When the spring campaign opened in 1902 the original team of dogs had been sadly diminished. Of the nineteen that remained for the southern journey, all but one--and he was killed at an earlier period--left their bones on the great southern plains. This briefly is the history of the dogs, but the circumstances under which they met their deaths will be mentioned later on.

[Illustration: SLEDDING.]

Before Scott started on the southern journey he decided to make a short trip to the north with the dogs and a party of six officers and men, his main purposes being to test the various forms of harness, and to find out whether the dogs pulled best in large or small teams. During part of this journey, which only lasted from September 2 to 5, the four sledges were taken independently with four dogs harnessed to each, and it was discovered that if the first team got away all right, the others were often keen to play the game of 'follow my leader.' Sometimes, indeed, there was a positive spirit of rivalry, and on one occasion two
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competing teams got closer and closer to each other, with the natural result that when they were near enough to see what was happening, they decided that the easiest way to settle the matter was by a free fight. So they turned inwards with one accord and met with a mighty shock. In a moment there was a writhing mass of fur and teeth, and an almost hopeless confusion of dog traces. But even in this short trip some experience had been gained; for results showed how unwise it was to divide the dogs into small parties, and also there was no mistaking which were the strong and which the weak dogs, and, what was of more importance, which the willing and which the lazy ones.

On September 10, Royds and Koettlitz started off to the south-west with Evans, Quartley, Lashly and Wild. And of this party Scott wrote: 'They looked very workmanlike, and one could see at a glance the vast improvement that has been made since last year. The sledges were uniformly packed.... One shudders now to think of the slovenly manner in which we conducted things last autumn; at any rate here is a first result of the care and attention of the winter.'

Armitage and Ferrar with four men left for the west on the following day, but owing to the necessity of making fresh harness for the

dogs and to an exasperating blizzard, Scott was not able to start on his southern reconnaissance journey until September 17.

On the morning of that day he and his two companions,
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Barne and Shackleton, with thirteen dogs divided into two teams, left the ship in bright sunshine; but by 1.15 P.M., when they camped for lunch, the wind was blowing from the east and the thermometer was down to -43 deg..

The sledges carried a fortnight's food for all concerned, together with a quantity of stores to form a depot, the whole giving a load of about 90 lbs. per dog; but this journey was destined to be only a short and bitter experience.

The reason was that on the night of the 17th the travelers were so exhausted that they did not heap enough snow on the skirting of the tent, and when Scott woke up on the following morning he found himself in the open. 'At first, as I lifted the flap of my sleeping-bag, I could not think what had happened. I gazed forth on a white sheet of drifting snow, with no sign of the tent or my companions. For a moment I wondered what in the world it could mean, but the lashing of the snow in my face very quickly awoke me to full consciousness, and I sat up to find that in some extraordinary way I had rolled out of the tent.'

At the time a violent gale was raging, and through the blinding snow Scott could only just see the tent, though it was flapping across the foot of his bag; but when he had wriggled back to the tent the snow was whirling as freely inside as without, and the tent itself was straining so madly at what remained of its securing, that something had to be done at once to prevent it from blowing away altogether.
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So with freezing fingers they gripped the skirting and gradually pulled it inwards, and half sitting upon it, half grasping it, they tried to hold it against the wild blasts of the storm, while they discussed the situation. Discussion, however, was useless. An attempt to secure the tent properly in such weather was impossible, while they felt that if once they loosed their grip, the tent would hasten to leave them at once and for ever. Every now and then they were forced to get a fresh hold, and lever themselves once more over the skirt. And as they remained hour after hour grimly hanging on and warning each other of frostbitten features, their sleeping-bags became fuller and fuller of snow, until they were lying in masses of chilly slush. Not until 6 P.M. had they by ceaseless exertions so far become masters of the situation, that there was no further need for the tent to be held with anything except the weight of their sleeping-bags. Then an inspection of hands showed a number of frostbites, but Barne, whose fingers had not recovered from the previous year, had suffered the most. 'To have hung on to the tent through all those hours must have been positive agony to him, yet he never uttered a word of complaint.'

By 10 P.M. the worst of the storm had passed, and after a few hours' sleep and a hot meal, they soon decided that to push on after this most miserable experience was very unwise, since by returning to the ship they would only lose one day's march and everything could be dried for a fresh start.

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Apart from 'Brownie,' who spent his time inside the tent, the rest of the dogs never uttered a sound during the storm, and were found quite happily sleeping in their nests of snow. On the journey back the thermometer recorded -53 deg., and the effect of such a temperature upon wet clothing may be imagined. 'I shall remember the condition of my trousers for a long while; they might have been cut out of sheet iron. It was some time before I could walk with any sort of ease, and even when we reached the ship I was conscious of carrying an armor plate behind me.... It will certainly be a very long time before I go to sleep again in a tent which is not properly secured.'

On September 24 Scott was ready to start again, but Barne's fingers had suffered so severely that his place was taken by the boatswain, Feather, who had taken a keen interest in every detail of sledding. Owing to the dogs refusing to do what was expected of them, and to gales, slow progress was made, but the wind had dropped by the morning of September 29, and Scott was so anxious to push on that he took no notice of a fresh bank of cloud coming up from the south, with more wind and drift. Taking the lead himself, he gave orders to the two teams to follow rigidly in his wake, whatever turns and twists he might make. Notwithstanding the bad light he could see the bridged crevasses, where they ran across the bare ice surface, by slight differences in shade, and though he could not see them where they dived into the valleys, he found that the bridges were strong enough to bear. In
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his desire to use the snowy patches as far as possible, the course he took was very irregular, and the dogs invariably tried to cut corners. In this manner they proceeded for some time, until Scott suddenly heard a shout, and looking back saw to his horror that Feather had vanished. The dog team and sledges were there all right, but their leader was lost to sight. Hurrying back he found that the trace had disappeared down a formidable crevasse, but to his great relief Feather was at the end of the trace, and was soon hauled up. One strand of Feather's harness was cut clean through where it fell across the ice-edge, and although, being a man of few words, he was more inclined to swear at 'Nigger' for trying to cut a corner than to marvel at his own escape, there is no doubt that he had a very close call.

After this accident the dog teams were joined, and reluctant to give up they advanced again; but very soon the last of the four sledges disappeared, and was found hanging vertically up and down in an ugly-looking chasm. To the credit of the packing not a single thing had come off, in spite of the jerk with which it had fallen. It was, however, too heavy to haul up as it was, but, after some consultation, the indefatigable Feather proposed that he should be let down and undertake the very cold job of unpacking it. So he was slung with one end of the Alpine rope, while the other was used for hauling up the various packages; and at last the load was got up, and the lightened sledge soon followed.

After this incident they thought it prudent to treat these numerous crevasses with more respect, and on
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proceeding they roped themselves together; but although no more mishaps occurred, Scott afterwards was more inclined to attribute

this to good luck than to good judgment. 'Looking back on this day, I cannot but think our procedure was extremely rash. I have not the least doubt now that this region was a very dangerous one, and the fact that we essayed to cross it in this light-hearted fashion can only be ascribed to our ignorance. With us, I am afraid, there were not a few occasions when one might have applied the proverb that "Fools rush in where angels fear to tread."'

The depot, leaving six weeks' provision for three men and 150 lbs. of dog-food, was made on the morning of October 1, and besides marking it with a large black flag, Scott was also careful to take angles with a prismatic compass to all the points he could see. Then they started home, and the dogs knowing at once what was meant no longer required any driving. On the homeward march the travelers went for all they were worth, and in spite of perpetual fog covered eighty-five statute miles in less than three days.

On returning to the ship Scott admits that he found it a most delightful place. The sense of having done what he wanted to do had something to do with this feeling of satisfaction, but it was the actual physical comfort after days of privation that chiefly affected him. The joy of possessing the sledding appetite was sheer delight, and for many days after the travelers returned from their sledding-trips, they retained a hunger which it seemed impossible to satisfy.

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In short Scott, on the night of his return, was very pleased with himself and the world in general, but before he went to bed all his sense of comfort and peace had gone. For he had discovered what Armitage, wishing to give him some hours of unmixed enjoyment, had not meant to mention until the following morning, and this was that there had been an outbreak of scurvy--the disease that has played a particularly important, and often a tragic, part in the adventures of Polar travelers, and the seriousness of which everyone who has read the history of Polar explorations cannot fail to realize.

This outbreak had occurred during Armitage's journey, and when he, after much anxiety, had got his men back to the ship, Wilson's medical examination proved that Ferrar, Heald and Cross were all attacked, while the remainder of the party were not above suspicion.

Very soon, however, symptoms of the disease began to abate, but the danger lurking around them was continually in Scott's thoughts, and he was determined not to give the dreaded enemy another chance to break out.

Everything possible was done to make the ship and everything in her sweet and clean, and after a large seal-killing party, sent out at Wilson's suggestion, had returned, the order was given that no tinned meat of any description should be issued. By October 20 this grave disease had to all intents and purposes passed away, but although evidence showed that it was
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caused by tinned meats which were to all appearances of the best quality, and by apparently fresh mutton taken in small quantities, there was no positive proof that these were the causes of the trouble.

This attack of scurvy came as a great surprise to everyone, for

when the long winter was over and all of them were in good health and high spirits, they had naturally congratulated themselves on the effectiveness of their precautions. The awakening from this pleasant frame of mind was rude, and though the disease vanished with astonishing rapidity, it was--quite apart from the benefit lost to medical science--very annoying not to be able to say definitely from what the evil had sprung.

But although the seriousness of this outbreak was not underrated, and every precaution was taken to prevent its recurrence, preparations for the various journeys were pushed on with no less vigour and enthusiasm. The game to play was that there was nothing really to be alarmed about, and everyone played it with the greatest success.

Scott's journey to the south had indicated that the main party would have to travel directly over the snow-plain at a long distance from, and perhaps out of sight of, land; and as in all probability no further depots could be established, it was desirable that this party should be supported as far as possible on their route. To meet these requirements it was decided that Barne, with a party of twelve men, should accompany the dog-team, until the weights were reduced to an amount
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which the dogs could drag without assistance. Then Barne was to return to the ship, and after a short rest start again with six men, to follow the coast-line west of the Bluff. As soon as this was in train, Armitage was to have at his disposal all the men and material left in the ship for his attack on the western region.

On Friday, October 24, Royds, who had left the ship three weeks before with Skelton, Lashly, Evans, Quartley and Wild, returned with the good news that he had been able to communicate with the 'Record' post at Cape Crozier. If a relief ship was going to be sent out, Scott now had the satisfaction of knowing that she had a good prospect of being guided to the winter quarters of the expedition. It was also a great source of satisfaction to find that although Royds and his party had left almost immediately after the outbreak of scurvy, they had all returned safe and with no symptom of the disease.

From the 13th to the 18th this party had been kept in their tents by a most persistent blizzard, and before the blizzard ceased they were practically buried in the heart of a snowdrift; in fact one tent had literally to be dug out before its occupants could be got into the open, while the sledges and everything left outside were completely buried. As the snow gradually accumulated round the tents it became heavier and heavier on every fold of canvas, and reduced the interior space to such an extent that those inside were obliged to lie with their knees bent double. Royds, whose reports were invariably very brief and to
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the point, dismissed the tale of these five days in half a page, but no great effort of imagination is needed to grasp the horrible discomforts everyone must have endured. And yet when this party recounted their adventures on board the ship, the hardships were scarcely mentioned, and all that the men seemed to remember were the amusing incidents that had happened.

On this journey a colony of Emperor penguins was discovered, and

among them were several which were nursing chicks. 'I will only testify,' Scott says, 'to the joy which greeted this discovery on board the ship. We had felt that this penguin was the truest type of our region. All other birds fled north when the severity of winter descended upon us: the Emperor alone was prepared to face the extremest rigors of our climate; and we gathered no small satisfaction from being the first to throw light on the habits of a creature, which so far surpasses in hardihood all others of the feathered tribe.'

Before the end of October everything was prepared for the southern journey; every eventuality seemed to be provided for, and as it was expected that the dogs would travel faster than the men Barne and his party started off on October 30, while the dog team left a few days later. 'The supporting party started this morning, amidst a scene of much enthusiasm; all hands had a day off, and employed it in helping to drag the sledges for several miles... Barne's banner floated on the first, the next bore a Union Jack, and
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another carried a flag with a large device stating "_No dogs needs apply_"; the reference was obvious. It was an inspiriting sight to see nearly the whole of our small company step out on the march with ringing cheers, and to think that all work of this kind promised to be done as heartily.'

And then the day that Scott had been so eagerly looking forward to arrived, and at ten o'clock on the morning of November 2, he, Shackleton and Wilson, amidst the wild cheers of their comrades, started on the southern journey. 'Every soul was gathered on the floe to bid us farewell, and many were prepared to accompany us for the first few miles.' The dogs, as if knowing that a great effort was expected of them, had never been in such form, and in spite of the heavy load and the fact that at first two men had to sit on the sledges to check them, it was as much as the rest of the party could do to keep up. By noon the volunteers had all tailed off, and the three travelers were alone with the dogs, and still breathlessly trying to keep pace with them. Soon afterwards they caught sight of a dark spot ahead and later on made this out to be the supporting party, who, when they were overtaken on the same evening, reported that they had been kept in their tents by bad weather. Having relieved them of some of their loads, Scott camped, while they pushed on to get the advantage of a night march.

During the next few days the two parties constantly passed and re-passed each other, since it was
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impossible for Scott to push on ahead of Barne's party, and the latter's progress was very slow, as they could get no hold with their fur boots, and they found their ski leather boots dreadfully cold for their feet. To add to the slowness of the journey the weather was very unfavorable, and the greater parts of the 8th and 9th were entirely wasted by a blizzard. On the 10th Depot A, that had previously been laid, was reached and Scott wrote: 'Already it seems to me that the dogs feel the monotony of a long march over the snow more than we do; they seem easily to get dispirited, and that it is not due to fatigue is shown when they catch a glimpse of anything novel.... To-day, for instance, they required some driving until they caught sight of the depot flag, when they gave tongue loudly and dashed off as though they barely felt the load

behind them.'

The names of the dogs were:

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Nigger | Birdie | Wolf |
| Jim | Nell | Vic |
| Spud | Blanco | Bismarck |
| Snatcher | Grannie | Kid |
| Fitzclarence | Lewis | Boss |
| Stripes | Gus | Brownie |
| | Joe | |

Each of them had his peculiar characteristics, and what the Southern party did not already know concerning their individualities, they had ample opportunities of finding out in the course of the next few weeks.

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Nigger was the leader of the team; a place he chose naturally for himself, and if he was put into any other position he behaved so unpleasantly to his neighbors, and so generally upset things, that he was quickly shifted. A more perfect sledge-dog could scarcely be imagined. He seemed to know the meaning of every move, and in camp would be still as a graven image until he saw the snow being shoveled from the skirting of the tent, when he would spring up and pace to and fro at his picket, and give a low throaty bark of welcome if anyone approached him. A few minutes later, when the leading man came to uproot his picket, he would watch every movement, and a slow wagging of the tail quite obviously showed his approval: then, as the word came to start, he would push affectionately against the leader, as much as to say, 'Now come along!' and brace his powerful chest to the harness. At the evening halt after a long day he would drop straight in his tracks and remain perfectly still, with his magnificent black head resting on his paws. Other dogs might clamor for food, but Nigger knew perfectly well that the tent had first to be put up. Afterwards, however, when the dog-food was approached his deep bell-like note could always be distinguished amid the howling chorus, and if disturbance was to be avoided it was well to attend to him first of all.

Of the other dogs Lewis was noisily affectionate and hopelessly clumsy; Jim could pull splendidly when he chose, but he was up to all the tricks of the trade and was extraordinarily cunning at pretending to pull;
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Spud was generally considered to be daft; Birdie evidently had been treated badly in his youth and remained distrustful and suspicious to the end; Kid was the most indefatigable worker in the team; Wolf's character possessed no redeeming point of any kind, while Brownie though a little too genteel for very hard work was charming as a pet, and it may also be said of him that he never lost an opportunity of using his pleasant appearance and delightful ways to lighten his afflictions. The load for this dog team after Depot A had been passed was 1,850 lbs., which, considering that some of the dogs were of little use, was heavy. But it must not be forgotten that the men also expected to pull, and that each night the weight would be reduced by thirty or forty pounds. By the 13th the travelers were nearly up to the 79th parallel, and therefore farther south

than anyone had yet been. 'The announcement of the fact caused great jubilation, and I am extremely glad that there are no fewer than fifteen of us to enjoy this privilege of having broken the record.' A photograph of the record-breakers was taken, and then half of the supporting party started to return, and the other half stepped out once more on a due south line, with the dogs following.

By the 15th, however, when the rest of the supporting party turned back, Scott had begun to be anxious about the dogs. 'The day's work has cast a shadow on our high aspirations, and already it is evident that if we are to achieve much it will be only by extreme toil, for the dogs have not pulled well to-day....
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We have decided that if things have not improved in the morning we will take on half a load at a time; after a few days of this sort of thing the loads will be sufficiently lightened for us to continue in the old way again.'

On the following day an attempt to start with the heavy loads promptly and completely failed, and the only thing to do was to divide the load into two portions and take half on at a time. This meant, of course, that each mile had to be traveled three times, but there was no alternative to this tedious form of advance. Even, however, with the half-loads the dogs seemed to have lost all their spirit, and at the end of the march on the 18th they were practically 'done.' Only five geographical miles[1] were gained on that day, but to do it they had to cover fifteen.

[Footnote 1: 7 geographical miles = a little more than 8 statute miles.]

On the night of the 19th matters had gone from bad to worse, and it had to be acknowledged that the fish diet the dogs were eating permanently disagreed with them. Originally Scott had intended to take ordinary dog-biscuits for the animals, but in an unlucky moment he was persuaded by an expert in dog-driving to take fish. The fish taken was the Norwegian stock-fish, such as is split, dried and exported from that country in great quantities for human food. But one important point was overlooked, namely the probability of the fish being affected on passing through the tropics. The lesson, Scott said, was obvious, that in future travelers in the south should safeguard their
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dogs as carefully as they do their men, for in this case it was the dogs that called the halts; and so the party had to spend hours in their tent which might have been devoted to marching.

Day after day relay work continued, the only relief from the monotony of their toil being that land was sighted on the 21st, and as the prospects of reaching a high latitude were steadily disappearing, it was decided to alter their course to S. S. W. and edge towards it. Then the surface over which they were traveling showed signs of improvement, but the travelers themselves were beginning to suffer from blistered noses and cracked lips, and their eyes were also troubling them. Appetites, however, were increasing by leaps and bounds. 'The only thing to be looked to on our long marches is the prospect of the next meal.'

On November 24 a new routine was started which made a little variation

in the dull toil of relay work. After pushing on the first half-load one of the three stopped with it, and got up the tent and prepared the meal while the other two brought up the second half-load. And then on the following day came one of those rewards which was all the sweeter because it had been gained by ceaseless and very monotonous toil.

'Before starting to-day I took a meridian altitude,' Scott wrote, 'and to my delight found the latitude to be 80 deg. 1'. All our charts of the Antarctic region show a plain white circle beyond the eightieth parallel... It has always been our ambition to get inside that white
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space, and now we are there the space can no longer be a blank; this compensates for a lot of trouble.'

A blizzard followed upon this success, but the dogs were so exhausted that a day's rest had been thought of even if the weather had not compelled it. Wilson, to his great discomfort, was always able to foretell these storms, for when they were coming on he invariably suffered from rheumatism; so, however reluctant, he could not help being a very effective barometer.

After the storm had passed an attempt was made on the morning of the 27th to start with the full load, but it took next to no time to discover that the dogs had not benefited by their rest, and there was nothing to do except to go on with the old routine of relay work. As the days passed with no signs of improvement in the dogs, it became more and more necessary to reach the land in hopes of making a depot; so the course was laid to the westward of S. W., which brought the high black headland, for which they were making, on their port bow. 'I imagine it to be about fifty miles off, but hope it is not so much; nine hours' work to-day has only given us a bare four miles.'

Then for some days the only change in the toil of relay work and the sickening task of driving tired dogs on and on was that they marched by night, and rested by day. The breakfast hour was between 4 and 5 P.M., the start at 6 P.M., and they came to camp somewhere between three and four in the morning. Thus they rested while the sun was at its greatest
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height; but although there were certainly advantages in this, Scott could not get rid of a curious feeling that something was amiss with such a topsy-turvy method of procedure.

By December 3 they were close enough to the land to make out some of its details. On their right was a magnificent range of mountains, which by rough calculations Scott made out to be at least fifty miles away. By far the nearest point of land was an isolated snow-cape, an immense, and almost dome-shaped, snow-covered mass. At first no rock at all could be seen on it, but as they got nearer a few patches began to appear. For one of these patches they decided to make so that they might establish a depot, but at the rate at which they were traveling there was little hope of reaching it for several days.

By this time the appetites of the party were so ravenous that when the pemmican bag was slung alongside a tin of paraffin, and both smelt and tasted of oil, they did not really mind. But what saddened

them more than this taste of paraffin was the discovery, on December 5, that their oil was going too fast. A gallon was to have lasted twelve days, but on investigation it was found on an average to have lasted only ten, which meant that in the future each gallon would have to last a fortnight. 'This is a distinct blow, as we shall have to sacrifice our hot luncheon meal and to economize greatly at both the others. We started the new routine to-night, and for lunch ate some frozen seal-meat and our allowance of sugar and biscuit.'

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It was perhaps fortunate that their discovery about the oil was not delayed any longer, but nevertheless it came at a time when the outlook was dreary and dispiriting enough without additional discomforts. On the 6th Spud gnawed through his trace, and when Scott went outside before breakfast, one glance at the dog's balloon-like appearance was enough to show how he had spent his hours of freedom. He had, in fact, eaten quite a week's allowance of the precious seal-meat, and though rather somnolent after his gorge, he did not seem to be suffering any particular discomfort from the enormous increase of his waist. On the next day there was a blizzard, duly predicted by Wilson's twinges of rheumatism, and on the 8th Scott reluctantly records that the dogs were steadily going downhill. 'The lightening of the load is more than counter-balanced by the weakening of the animals, and I can see no time in which we can hope to get the sledges along without pulling ourselves.'

By the 10th they were within ten or twelve miles of the coast, but so exhausted that they felt no certainty of reaching it; and even supposing they did get there and make a depot, they doubted very much if they would be in any condition to go on. One dog, Snatcher, was already dead, and some of the others had only been got to move with the second load by the ignominious device of carrying food in front of them. To see the dogs suffering was agony to those who had to drive and coax them on, and though Scott refers often in these days to the hunger that was nipping him,
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no one can read his diary without seeing how infinitely more he was concerned over the suffering of the dogs than about his own troubles. 'It is terrible,' he says, 'to see them.'

At last, on December 14, they arrived, when they were almost spent, at a place where dog-food could be left. In their march they had only managed to do two miles after the most strenuous exertions, for the snow became softer as they approached the land, and the sledge-runners sank from three to four inches. On any particularly soft patch they could do little more than mark time, and even to advance a yard was an achievement.

No wonder that Scott, after they had left three weeks' provisions and a quantity of dog-food in Depot B and had resumed their march, sounded a note of thankfulness: 'As I write I scarcely know how to describe the blessed relief it is to be free from our relay work. For one-and-thirty awful days we have been at it, and whilst I doubt if our human endurance could have stood it much more, I am quite sure the dogs could not. It seems now like a nightmare, which grew more terrible towards its end.' The sense of relief was, however, not destined to last, for on December 21 the dogs were in such a hopeless condition that they might at any moment

have completely collapsed. This was a fact that had to be faced, and the question whether under such circumstances it was wise to push on had to be asked and answered. The unanimous answer was that the risk
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of going on should be taken, but on that same night Wilson, in view of future plans, reported to Scott that his medical examinations revealed that Shackleton had decidedly angry-looking gums, and that for some time they had been slowly but surely getting worse. It was decided not to tell Shackleton of these symptoms of scurvy, and as the bacon they were using seemed likely to be the cause of them, it was discarded and an increased allowance of seal given in its place. This was a loss in weight which was serious, for already they were reduced almost to starvation rations of about a pound and a half a day.

Supper was the best meal, for then they had a _hoosh_ which ran from between three-quarters to a whole pannikin apiece, but even this they could not afford to make thick. While it was being heated in the central cooker, cocoa was made in the outer, but the lamp was turned out directly the _hoosh_ boiled, and by that time the chill was barely off the contents of the outer cooker. Of course the cocoa was not properly dissolved, but they were long past criticizing the quality of their food. All they wanted was something to 'fill up,' but needless to say they never got it. Half an hour after supper was over they were as hungry as ever.

When they had started from the ship, there had been a vague idea that they could go as they pleased with the food, but experience showed that this would not do, and that there must be a rigid system of shares. Consequently they used to take it in turn to divide
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things into three equal portions, and as the man who made the division felt called upon to take the smallest share, the game of 'shut-eye' was invented to stop all arguments and remonstrances. The shares were divided as equally as possible by someone, then one of the other two turned his head away and the divider pointed to a portion and said, 'Whose is this?' He of the averted head named the owner, and thus this simple but useful game was played.

Wilson's examination of Shackleton on December 24 was not encouraging, but they had reached a much harder surface and under those conditions Scott and Wilson agreed that it was not yet time to say 'Turn.' Besides, Christmas Day was in front of them, and for a week they had all agreed that it would be a crime to go to bed hungry on that night. In fact they meant it to be a wonderful day, and everything conspired to make it so.

The sun shone gloriously from a clear sky, and not a breath of wind disturbed the calmness of the morning, but entrancing as the scene was they did not stay to contemplate it, because for once they were going to have a really substantial breakfast, and this was an irresistible counter-attraction.

And afterwards, when they felt more internally comfortable than they had for weeks, the surface continued to be so much better that the sledges could be pulled without any help from the dogs. On that day they had the satisfaction of covering nearly eleven miles, the longest march they had made for a long

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time. So when camp was pitched they were thoroughly pleased with the day, and ready to finish it off with a supper to be remembered. A double 'whack' of everything was poured into the cooking-pot, and in the _hoosh_ that followed a spoon would stand without any support, and the cocoa was also brought to boiling-point.

'I am writing,' Scott says, 'over my second pipe. The sun is still circling our small tent in a cloudless sky, the air is warm and quiet. All is pleasant without, and within we have a sense of comfort we have not known for many a day; we shall sleep well tonight--no dreams, no tightening of the belt.

'We have been chattering away gaily, and not once has the conversation turned to food. We have been wondering what Christmas is like in England... and how our friends picture us. They will guess that we are away on our sledge journey, and will perhaps think of us on plains of snow; but few, I think, will imagine the truth, that for us this has been the reddest of all red-letter days.'

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## CHAPTER VI

## THE RETURN

How many weary steps
Of many weary miles you have o'ergone,
Are numbered to the travel of one mile.
SHAKESPEARE.

Some days passed before the pleasing effects of Christmas Day wore off, for it had been a delightful break in an otherwise uninterrupted spell of semi-starvation, and the memories lingered long after hunger had again gripped the three travelers. By this time they knew that they had cut themselves too short in the matter of food, but the only possible alteration that could now be made in their arrangements was to curtail their journey, and rather than do that they were ready cheerfully to face the distress of having an enormous appetite, and very little with which to appease it.

Thinking over the homeward marches after he had returned to the ship, Scott expresses his emphatic opinion that the increasing weariness showed that they were expending their energies at a greater rate than they could renew them, and that the additional
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weight, caused by carrying a proper allowance of food, would have been amply repaid by the preservation of their full strength and vigour.

Apart, however, from the actual pangs of hunger, there was another disadvantage from this lack of food, for try as they would it was impossible not to think and talk incessantly of eating. Before they went to sleep it was almost certain that one of them would give a detailed description of what he considered an ideal feast, while on the march they found themselves counting how many footsteps went to the minute, and how many, therefore, had to be paced before

another meal.

But if, during these days of hunger, thoughts of what they could eat if only the chance was given to them kept constantly cropping up, there were also very real compensations for both their mental and physical weariness. Day by day, as they journeyed on, they knew that they were penetrating farther and farther into the unknown. Each footstep was a gain, and made the result of their labours more assured. And as they studied the slowly revolving sledge-meter or looked for the calculated results of their observations, it is not surprising that above all the desires for food was an irresistible eagerness to go on and on, and to extend the line which they were now drawing on the white space of the Antarctic chart.

Day by day, too, the magnificent panorama of the Western land was passing before their eyes. 'Rarely a march passed without the disclosure of some new
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feature, something on which the eye of man had never rested; we should have been poor souls indeed had we not been elated at the privilege of being the first to gaze on these splendid scenes.'

From the point of view of further exploration their position on December 26 was not very hopeful. On their right lay a high undulating snow-cap and the steep irregular coast-line, to the south lay a cape beyond which they could not hope to pass, and to all appearances these conditions were likely to remain to the end of their journey. But on that night they had christened a distant and lofty peak 'Mount Longstaff,' in honour of the man whose generosity had alone made the expedition possible, and although they thought that this was the most southerly land to which they would be able to give a name, they were in no mood to turn back because the outlook was unpromising. Arguing on the principle that it was impossible to tell what may turn up, they all decided to push on; and their decision was wise, for had they returned at that point one of the most important features of the whole coast-line would have been missed.

On the 26th and 27th Wilson had a very bad attack of snow-blindness, which caused him the most intense agony. Some days before Scott had remarked in his diary upon Wilson's extraordinary industry: 'When it is fine and clear, at the end of our fatiguing days he will spend two or three hours seated in the door of the tent sketching each detail of the splendid mountainous coast-scene to the west. His sketches
[Page 123]
are most astonishingly accurate; I have tested his proportions by actual angular measurements and found them correct.... But these long hours in the glare are very bad for the eyes; we have all suffered a good deal from snow-blindness of late, though we generally march with goggles, but Wilson gets the worst bouts, and I fear it is mainly due to his sketching.'

The attack, however, after Christmas was very much worse than anything that had gone before, and all day long during the 27th Wilson was pulling alongside the sledges with his eyes completely covered. To march blindfold with an empty stomach must touch the bottom of miserable monotony, but Wilson had not the smallest intention of giving in. With Scott walking opposite to him and telling him

of the changes that were happening around them he plodded steadily on, and during the afternoon of the 27th it happened that a most glorious mountainous scene gradually revealed itself. With some excitement Scott noticed that new mountain ridges were appearing as high as anything they had seen to the north, and his excitement increased when these ridges grew higher and higher. Then, instead of a downward turn in the distant outline came a steep upward line, and as they pressed on apace to see what would happen next, Scott did his best to keep Wilson posted up in the latest details. The end came in a gloriously sharp double peak crowned with a few flecks of cirrus cloud, and all they could think of in camp that night was this splendid twin-peaked mountain, which even in such
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a lofty country looked like a giant among pigmies. 'At last we have found something which is fitting to bear the name of him whom we must always the most delight to honour, and "Mount Markham" it shall be called in memory of the father of the expedition.'

Wilson, in spite of his recent experiences, did not mean to miss this, and however much his eyes had to suffer the scene had to be sketched. Fortunately a glorious evening provided a perfect view of their surroundings, for very soon they knew that the limit of their journey would be reached, and that they would have but few more opportunities to increase their stock of information.

After a day that had brought with it both fine weather and most interesting discoveries, they settled down in their sleeping-bags, full of hope that the morrow would be equally kind. But instead of the proposed advance the whole day had to be spent in the tent while a strong southerly blizzard raged without, and when they got up on the following morning they found themselves enveloped in a thick fog.

Reluctantly the decision was made that this camp must be their last, and consequently their southerly limit had been reached. Observations gave it as between 82.16 S. and 82.17 S., and though this record may have compared poorly with what Scott had hoped for when leaving the ship, it was far more favorable than he anticipated when the dogs had begun to fail. 'Whilst,' he says, 'one cannot help a deep sense of disappointment in reflecting on the "might have been"
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had our team remained in good health, one cannot but remember that even as it is we have made a greater advance towards a pole of the earth than has ever yet been achieved by a sledge party.'

With less than a fortnight's provision to take them back to Depot B, they turned their faces homewards on the last day of the year, and it was significant of the terrible condition of the surviving dogs that the turn did not cause the smallest excitement. Many of them were already dead, killed to keep the others alive, but those which remained seemed to guess how poor a chance they had of getting back to the ship. Again and again Scott refers to the suffering of the dogs on the homeward march, and how intensely he felt for them is proved beyond all manner of doubt. 'January 3. This afternoon, shortly after starting, "Gus" fell, quite played out, and just before our halt, to our greater grief, "Kid" caved in. One could almost weep over this last case; he has pulled like a Trojan throughout, and his stout little heart bore him up till his legs failed beneath him.' Only seven of the team now remained,

and of them Jim seemed to be the strongest, but Nigger, though weak, was still capable of surprising efforts. But at the end of a week on the return journey, all of the remaining dogs were asked to do nothing except walk by the sledges.

For several hours on January 7 the men pulled steadily and covered ten good miles. But the distance they succeeded in traveling was as nothing compared with the relief they felt at no longer having to drive
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a worn-out team. In the future no more cheering and dragging in front would be needed, no more tangled traces would have to be put straight, and above all there would be no more whip. So far steady though rather slow progress had been made, but January 8 brought an unpleasant surprise. Try as they would the sledge could scarcely be made to move, and after three hours of the hardest work only a mile and a quarter had been gained. Sadly they were compelled to admit that the surface had so completely changed that the only thing to do was to remain in camp until it improved. But whether it would improve was an anxious matter, for they had less than a week's provisions and were at least fifty miles from Depot B.

The next day, however, saw an improvement in the surface, and a fairly good march was done. By this time only four dogs were left, Nigger, Jim, Birdie and Lewis, and poor Nigger was so lost out of harness that he sometimes got close to the traces and marched along as if he was still doing his share of the pulling. But this more or less ordinary day was followed on the 10th by a march in a blizzard that exhausted Scott and Wilson, and had even a more serious effect upon Shackleton. With the wind behind them they had gained many miles, but the march had tired them out, because instead of the steady pulling to which they were accustomed they had been compelled sometimes to run, and sometimes to pull forwards, backwards, sideways, and always with their senses keenly alert and their muscles strung up for instant action.

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On that night Scott in no very cheerful frame of mind wrote: 'We cannot now be far from our depot, but then we do not exactly know where we are; there is not many days' food left, and if this thick weather continues we shall probably not be able to find it.' And after two more days of bad surface and thick weather he wrote again: 'There is no doubt we are approaching a very critical time. The depot is a very small spot on a very big ocean of snow; with luck one might see it at a mile and a half or two miles, and fortune may direct our course within this radius of it; but, on the other hand, it is impossible not to contemplate the ease with which such a small spot can be missed.... The annoying thing is that one good clear sight of the land would solve all our difficulties.'

At noon on January 13 the outlook was more hopeless than ever. Three hours' incessant labour had gained only three-quarters of a mile, and consequently they had to halt though their food-bag was a mere trifle to lift, and they could have finished all that remained in it at one sitting and still have been hungry. But later on Scott caught a glimpse of the sun in the tent, and tumbled hastily out of his sleeping-bag in the hope of obtaining a meridional altitude; and after getting the very best result he could under the very difficult conditions prevailing, he casually lowered the telescope and swept it round the horizon. Suddenly a speck seemed to flash

by, and a vehement hope as suddenly arose. Then he brought the telescope slowly back, and there it was again, and accompanied this
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time by two smaller specks on either side of it. Without a shadow of doubt it was the depot which meant the means of life to them. 'I sprang up and shouted, "Boys, there's the depot." We are not a demonstrative party, but I think we excused ourselves for the wild cheer that greeted this announcement.'

In five minutes everything was packed on the sledges, but though the work was as heavy as before the workers were in a very different mood to tackle it. To reach those distant specks as quickly as possible was their one desire and all minor troubles were forgotten as they marched, for before them was the knowledge that they were going to have the fat _hoosh_ which would once more give them an internal sense of comfort. In two hours they were at the depot, and there they found everything as they had left it.

On that same morning they had stripped off the German silver from the runners of one of their sledges, and now fortified by the fat _hoosh_ of their dreams they completed the comparison between the two sledges, which respectively had metal and wood runners. Having equalized the weights as much as possible they towed the sledges round singly, and found that two of them could scarcely move the metalled sledge as fast as one could drag the other.

Of course they decided to strip the second sledge, and with only about 130 miles to cover to their next depot, a full three weeks' provisions, and the prospect of better traveling on wood runners, they went to bed
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feeling that a heavy load of anxiety had been lifted. The chief cause of worry left was the question of health, and the result of a thorough medical examination on the morning of the 14th did nothing to remove this. Shackleton was found to be very far indeed from well, but although Scott and Wilson both showed symptoms of scurvy they still felt that, as far as they were concerned, there was no danger of a breakdown.

On that day they made a fairly good march, but at the end of it Wilson had to warn Scott that Shackleton's condition was really alarming. Commenting on this Scott wrote: 'It's a bad case, but we must make the best of it and trust to its not getting worse; now that human life is at stake, all other objects must be sacrificed.... It went to my heart to give the order, but it had to be done, and the dogs are to be killed in the morning.

'One of the difficulties we foresee with Shackleton, with his restless, energetic spirit, is to keep him idle in camp, so to-night I have talked seriously to him. He is not to do any camping work, but to allow everything to be done for him.... Every effort must be devoted to keeping him on his legs, and we must trust to luck to bring him through.'

With the morning of the 15th came the last scene in the tragic story of the dogs, and poor Nigger and Jim, the only survivors of that team of nineteen, were taken a short distance from the camp and killed. 'I think we could all have wept.... Through our most troublous time we always looked forward to getting

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some of our animals home. At first it was to have been nine, then seven, then five, and at the last we thought that surely we should be able to bring back these two.'

During the part of the return journey which was now beginning, they had promised themselves an easier time, but instead of that it resolved itself into days of grim struggle to save a sick companion. The weather also added to their troubles, because it was so overcast that steering was extremely difficult. For nearly ten consecutive days this gloomy weather continued to harass them, but on the 20th it cleared as they were on their march, and on the following day with a brisk southerly breeze and their sail set they traveled along at a fine rate. The state of Shackleton's health was still a source of acutest anxiety, but each march brought safety nearer and nearer, and on the 23rd Scott was able to write in a much more hopeful spirit. Next day a glimpse of the Bluff to the north was seen, but this encouraging sight was accompanied by a new form of surface which made the pulling very wearisome. An inch or so beneath the soft snow surface was a thin crust, almost, but not quite, sufficient to bear their weight. The work of breaking such a surface as this would, Scott says, have finished Shackleton in no time, but luckily he was able to go on ski and avoid the jars. 'In spite of our present disbelief in ski, one is bound to confess that if we get back safely Shackleton will owe much to the pair he is now using.'

[Illustration: MOUNT EREBUS.]

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But in spite of bad surfaces and increasingly heavy work, Scott and Wilson were determined to leave as little as possible to chance, and to get their invalid along as quickly as his condition would allow. Directly breakfast was over Shackleton started off and got well ahead, while Scott and Wilson packed up camp; and after lunch the same procedure was adopted. By this means he was able to take things easily, and though eager to do his share of the work he was wise enough to see that every precaution taken was absolutely necessary.

Encouragements in this stern struggle were few and far between, but when the smoke of Erebus was seen on the 25th, it cheered them to think that they had seen something that was actually beyond the ship. Probably it was more than a hundred miles away, but they had become so accustomed to seeing things at a distance that they were not in the least astonished by this.

January 26, too, had its consolations, for while plodding on as usual the travelers suddenly saw a white line ahead, and soon afterwards discovered that it was a sledge track. There was no doubt that the track was Barne's on his way back from his survey work to the west, but it was wonderful what that track told them. They could see that there had been six men with two sledges, and that all of the former had been going strong and well on ski. From the state of the track this party had evidently passed about four days before on the homeward route, and from
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the zig-zagging of the course it was agreed that the weather must have been thick at the time. Every imprint in the soft snow added

some small fact, and the whole made an excellent detective study. But the main point was that they knew for certain that Barne and his party were safe, and this after their own experiences was a great relief.

Another day and a half of labour brought them to the depot, and the land of plenty. 'Directly,' Scott wrote on the 28th, 'our tent was up we started our search among the snow-heaps with childish glee. One after another our treasures were brought forth: oil enough for the most lavish expenditure, biscuit that might have lasted us for a month, and, finally, a large brown provision-bag which we knew would contain more than food alone. We have just opened this provision-bag and feasted our eyes on the contents. There are two tins of sardines, a large tin of marmalade, soup squares, pea soup, and many other delights that already make our mouths water. For each one of us there is some special trifle which the forethought of our kind people has provided, mine being an extra packet of tobacco; and last, but not least, there are a whole heap of folded letters and notes--_billets-doux_ indeed. I wonder if a mail was ever more acceptable.'

The news, too, was good; Royds, after desperate labour, had succeeded in rescuing the boats; Blissett had discovered an Emperor penguin's egg, and his messmates expected him to be knighted. But the meal itself, though 'pure joy' at first, was not an
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unqualified success, for after being accustomed to starvation or semi-starvation rations, they were in no condition either to resist or to digest any unstinted meal, and both Scott and Wilson suffered acutely.

On the next morning they awoke to find a heavy blizzard, and the first thought of pushing on at all hazards was abandoned when Shackleton was found to be extremely ill. Everything now depended upon the weather, for should the blizzard continue Scott doubted if Shackleton would even be well enough to be carried on the sledge. 'It is a great disappointment; last night we thought ourselves out of the wood with all our troubles behind us, and to-night matters seem worse than ever. Luckily Wilson and I are pretty fit, and we have lots of food.' By great luck the weather cleared on the morning of the 30th, and as Shackleton after a very bad night revived a little it was felt that the only chance was to go on. 'At last he was got away, and we watched him almost tottering along with frequent painful halts. Re-sorting our provisions, in half an hour we had packed our camp, set our sail, and started with the sledges. It was not long before we caught our invalid, who was so exhausted that we thought it wiser he should sit on the sledges, where for the remainder of the forenoon, with the help of our sail, we carried him.'

In Wilson's opinion Shackleton's relapse was mainly due to the blizzard, but fortune favored them during the last stages of the struggle homewards, and the glorious weather had a wonderful effect upon the
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sick man. By the night of February 2 they were within ten or twelve miles of their goal, and saw a prospect of a successful end to their troubles. During the afternoon they had passed round the corner of White Island, and as they did so the old familiar outline of the friendly peninsula suddenly opened up before them. On every side

were suggestions of home, and their joy at seeing the well-known landmarks was increased by the fact that they were as nearly 'spent as three persons can well be.'

Shackleton, it is true, had lately shown an improvement, but his companions placed but little confidence in that, for they knew how near he had been, and still was, to a total collapse. And both Scott and Wilson knew also that their scurvy had again been advancing rapidly, but they scarcely dared to admit either to themselves or each other how 'done' they were. For many a day Wilson had suffered from lameness, and each morning had vainly tried to disguise his limp, but from his set face Scott knew well enough how much he suffered before the first stiffness wore off. 'As for myself, for some time I have hurried through the task of changing my foot-gear in an attempt to forget that my ankles are considerably swollen. One and all we want rest and peace, and, all being well, tomorrow, thank Heaven, we shall get them.'

These are the final words written in Scott's sledge-diary during this remarkable journey, for on the next morning they packed up their camp for the last time and set their faces towards Observation Hill.
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Brilliant weather still continued, and after plodding on for some hours two specks appeared, which at first were thought to be penguins, but presently were seen to be men hurrying towards them. Early in the morning they had been reported by watchers on the hills, and Skelton and Bernacchi had hastened out to meet them.

Then the tent was put up, and while cocoa was made they listened to a ceaseless stream of news, for not only had all the other travelers returned safe and sound with many a tale to tell, but the relief ship, the _Morning_, had also arrived and brought a whole year's news.

So during their last lunch and during the easy march that followed, they, gradually heard of the events in the civilized world from December, 1901, to December, 1902, and these kept their thoughts busy until they rounded the cape and once more saw their beloved ship.

Though still held fast in her icy prison the _Discovery_ looked trim and neat, and to mark the especial nature of the occasion a brave display of bunting floated gently in the breeze, while as they approached, the side and the rigging were thronged with their cheering comrades.

With every want forestalled, and every trouble lifted from their shoulders by companions vying with one another to attend to them, no welcome could have been more delightful, and yet at the time it appeared unreal to their dull senses. 'It seemed too good to be true that all our anxieties had so completely ended,
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and that rest for brain and limb was ours at last.' For ninety-three days they had plodded over a vast snow-field and slept beneath the fluttering canvas of a tent; during that time they had covered 960 statute miles; and if the great results hoped for in the beginning had not been completely achieved, they knew at any rate that they had striven and endured to the limit of their powers.

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CHAPTER VII

A SECOND WINTER

As cold waters to a thirsty soul,
So is good news from a far country.
PROVERBS.

In a very short time Scott discovered that the sledding resources of the ship had been used to their fullest extent during his absence, and that parties had been going and coming and ever adding to the collection of knowledge.

On November 2 Royds had gone again to Cape Crozier to see how the Emperor penguins were faring, and in the meantime such rapid progress had been made in the preparations for the western party that November 9, being King Edward's birthday, was proclaimed a general holiday and given up to the eagerly anticipated athletic sports.

Of all the events perhaps the keenest interest was shown in the toboggan race, for which the men entered in pairs. Each couple had to provide their own toboggan, subject to the rule that no sledge, or part of a sledge, and no ski should be used. The start was high up the hillside, and as the time for it approached the
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queerest lot of toboggans gradually collected. The greater number were roughly made from old boxes and cask staves, but something of a sensation was caused when the canny Scottish carpenter's mate arrived with a far more pretentious article, though built from the same material. In secret he had devoted himself to making what was really a very passable sledge, and when he and his companion secured themselves to this dark horse, the result of the race was considered a foregone conclusion. But soon after the start it was seen that this couple had laboured in vain; for although they shot ahead at first, their speed was so great that they could not control their machine. In a moment they were rolling head-over-heels in clouds of snow, and while the hare was thus amusing itself a tortoise slid past and won the race.

By the end of November everything was ready for the western journey, and a formidable party set out on the 29th to cross McMurdo Sound and attack the mainland. In Armitage's own party were Skelton and ten men, while the supports consisted of Koettlitz, Ferrar, Dellbridge and six men. Excellent pioneer work was done by Armitage and his party during their seven weeks' journey. Without a doubt a practicable road to the interior was discovered and traversed, and the barrier of mountains that had seemed so formidable an obstruction from the ship was conquered. It was equally certain that the party could claim to be the first to set foot on the interior of Victoria Land but they had been forced to turn back at an extremely
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interesting point, and in consequence were unable to supply very definite information with regard to the ice-cap. They had, however, fulfilled their main object, and in doing so had disclosed problems that caused the deepest interest to be focussed upon the direction

in which they had traveled.

Perhaps the most promising circumstance of all was that among the rock specimens brought back were fragments of quartz-grits. These, with other observations, showed the strong probability of the existence of sedimentary deposits which might be reached and examined, and which alone could serve to reveal the geological history of this great southern continent. At all hazards Scott determined that the geologist of the expedition must be given a chance to explore this most interesting region.

The extensive preparations for the western journey had practically stripped the ship of sledge equipment, and those who went out on shorter journeys were obliged to make the best of the little that remained. This did not, however, balk their energies, and by resorting to all kinds of shifts and devices they made many useful expeditions.

While these efforts at exploration were being carried out the ship was left in the charge of Royds, who employed everyone on board in the most important task of freeing the boats. Drastic measures had to be taken before they could be released from their beds of ice, and with sawing and blasting going on in the unseen depths, it was not possible
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that the task could be accomplished without doing considerable damage. When at length all of them had been brought to the surface their condition was exceedingly dilapidated; indeed only two of them were in a condition to float; but although it was evident that the carpenter would be busy for many weeks before they would be seaworthy, their reappearance was a tremendous relief.

Long before his departure to the south, Scott had given instructions that the _Discovery_ should be prepared for sea by the end of January. Consequently, after the boats had been freed, there was still plenty of employment for everybody, since 'pr

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