

THE *ENDURANCE* DIARY  
OF JAMES FRANCIS HURLEY

5 NOVEMBER 1914 - 25 APRIL 1917  
KEPT WHILE A MEMBER OF THE  
IMPERIAL TRANS-ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION, 1914 - 1917

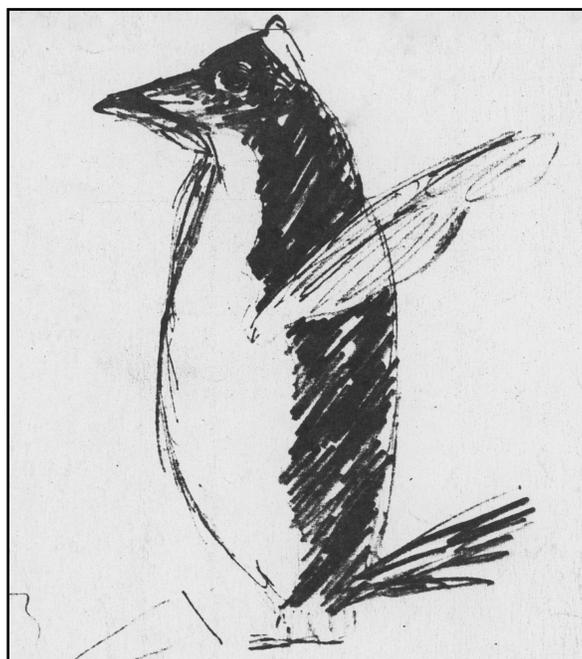


IMAGE - FRANK HURLEY

Transcribed by Margot Morrell

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## FRANK HURLEY'S *ENDURANCE* DIARY

### AN EPITOME OF OUR STAY AT SOUTH GEORGIA

November 5th 1914 to December 5th 1914

Often during the Mawson Expedition, I had the desire to visit South Georgia, but little anticipated I was so soon to observe this mistbound coast, or climb its jagged ranges.

On the 5th of November, and our tenth day from leaving Buenos Ayres, the obscure outline of rugged and mountainous coast was dimly observed, through the snow squalls, immediately to the South. Unable to accurately determine a harbour in the mist, we were pleurably surprised to notice, making in our direction, a small craft, which coming alongside, proved to be the "Sitka", a small whaling vessel from Leith Harbour. Captain Michelsen, her able skipper, piloted us into Cumberland Bay, where the "Endurance" laid anchor in a superb miniature haven.

King Edward Cove is a small basin, encircled by noble cliffs that rise precipitously above its sheltered waters some 1,500

feet. Apart from the transcending scenery, one is at once struck by the pungent effluvium which hangs, obscure yet fluid like, over its greasy waters. This is an emanation from the Grytviken Whaling Station at the head of the Cove, and from innumerable derelict whale carcasses that float in the vicinity. We were bid welcome by Messrs. Jacobsen and Hammar and the facetious but good-natured Rassmussen. Arrangements were made for landing the dogs, which proceeding was undertaken without delay. The dogs, after a confinement of some four months, were particularly frisky, making for the solitary Island horse, and, much to the consternation of Mr. Hammar, his pigs. The dogs were all chained out on an adjacent hillside, under the care of Wild, Gooch, Crean, Macklin, Hussey, Marston and McIlroy, all of whom took up their abode in the Station Hospital.

Our inquisitive dispositions induced us to explore the whaling factory, an examination only possible by holding the nose tightly and viewing from a respectable distance. This Company owns a flotilla of four whaling vessels which scout the sea seven days of the week for whales, patrolling a circuit of fifty miles from land. On the sighting of a whale, by the lookout in the crow's nest, the vessel steers in pursuit, and by judicious manoeuvring approaches to within thirty or forty yards of the quarry. The skipper on the bows stands ready by the harpoon gun, (a design of cannon firing a heavy harpoon to which is attached a suitable line), and when within range, sights the piece and fires. One can follow the flight of the harpoon and the whizzing coiling rope which almost immediately taughtens and runs out at a great speed as the huge fish sounds. The harpoon is fitted with a percussion head which, on entering the whale, explodes. The harpoon line passes over a break

winch in such a manner that the harpooner can gauge to a nicety the strain on the line. When the fish exhibits signs of weakening, a brake is applied and the rope slowly hauled in. When the whale is alongside, it is dispatched with a lance. A tubular lance, to which is attached a pneumatic hose, is then inserted through the blubber, and by means of an air compressor, the huge bulk is inflated, thus preventing the fish from sinking. The whale is then towed into the Station, where it is not uncommon to observe the vessel arriving with two fish towing one on either bow. The whales are then hauled, by powerful winches, up an inclined jetty called the flensing plan. Here great strips of blubber are torn off longitudinally by winches, assisted by heavy knives secured to poles, a process known as flensing. The Blubber then passes through a cutting machine, after which the convenient sized pieces are transferred to steam-heated digesters. The oil is drawn off by valves from time to time and graded, the residue being converted into manures and phosphates. At Grytviken the carcasses are allowed to go to waste. So polluted are the foreshores of King Edward Cove with grease and decaying carcasses, that it is impossible to view this trade with other than loathing.

Four additional factories are located on the Island; Leith Harbour, Husvik, Stromness, all in Leith Harbour, and the New Fortuna Bay Company. Leith Harbour Company, under the directorship of Mr. Henrikson, is the largest, and, like its smaller contemporaries, every particle of the whale is turned to commercial advantage. In the works of all these latter stations, scrupulous cleanliness is enforced, and they are comparatively free from the noisesome aromas which locate the Station of Gryviken.

South Georgia boasts a magistrate, customs officials, a post office and meteorological station.

A pleasing phase of our stay was the insistent hospitality tendered us by the principals, all of whom are Norwegians. A few convivial evenings were enjoyed, they assisting and applauding whole-heartedly our very varied musical and vocal efforts. I dined, with several other members, at Mr. Jacobsen's home, and was agreeably surprised with its interior. Kept artificially heated at about incubating temperature, it sported a billiard table, piano and real live geraniums blooming in the bow-windows. The dinner table was graced with spotless linen, so unlike our four week old stain absorbers on board ship, and tastefully bedecked with a splendid display of blue and gold china ware on which basked a tempting and wonderous variety of sliced sausages, dear to the heart, or rather the stomach of the Norwegian. After regaling ourselves thereon, we were informed the sausages were manufactured locally, the ingredients being whale fed pig and whale meat. We epicures were unanimous in praise of the "Wurst". Next day, however, we observed a herd of the aforesaid pig ingredients emerging from a whale where they had just completed - if grunts be indicative - a sumptuous gorge. Afterwards, several of our members refused to dine at Mr. Jacobsen's again, though, for my part, the proof of the sausage is not in the manufacture, but in the eating.

I had many pleasant rambles and excursions on the Island, and each time was more deeply impressed by its wild and rugged mountains, its serraced glaciers and beauteous fjords. Here one can study Sub-Antarctic life with all its attendant charms;

penguins, giant petrels, cape pigeons, cape hens, etc., etc., and herds of sea-elephants, sea-leopards and occasionally Weddell seals. One of the pleasantest times spent on the expedition I enjoyed with Clark, Wordie and James at Veslegard Hut, where we passed a night and two days securing specimens and photographing.

Veslegard in Norse translated signifies: "All are welcome". It is a tiny edifice erected by Captain Larsen many years ago, to enable those having communication between New Fortuna Bay and Grytviken to shelter therein, should they become weather-bound. My pleasant recollections are of penguin egg omelets, fried on an old tin plate, and of a trip to the Nordenskjold Glacier in the old pram, Clark and I rowing, and James bailing like mad to keep it afloat.

Clark, after winding up his biological rambles, returned to the Hut and during dinner expounded to us the intricate ingenuity of the cape hen's nest which he had investigated during the day. Eager to learn for ourselves, we repaired to the rookery, the birds hardly heeding us. Clark, enthusiastic in his theory, plunged his arm into the tunnel burrow, but quickly withdrew it, simultaneously uttering a Scotch oath. We were quite surprised, and so was Clark, to find a bird firmly attached by its beak to his fingers. The Clark theory of the cape hen's nest, why it burrows, we did not accept, but Clark's opinion is unshakable!

Our good friend Rasmussen took parties of the Expedition, self included, to the far reaches of the Moraine Fjord and the Nordenskjold Glacier.

Moraine Fjord I mention specially on account of the lasting impression I retain of it. A narrow waterway, extending some two miles between jagged and escarped mountains, where nature admires her work in a liquid mirror. At the head of the fjord are three glaciers that have their rise near the majestic base of Mount Paget, (approximately 8,000 feet), and whose occasional boom and crash precede the dislodgment of avalanches, the only sound that awakens its echoes. Such do I remember Moraine Fjord with its peaks shrouded in the mists and tussock covered hillsides.

Gooch, Clark, Wordie and myself were privileged to accompany Captain Johansen and Rasmussen on an egg collecting cruise to neighbouring bays. The trip extended over four days and, forgetting the rolling and cramping, we got on the "Little Carl". Many interesting specimens were collected and we thoroughly enjoyed ourselves.

The "Little Carl" is an old whaler, very old in fact. The boiler is reputed to be leaky, and the plates thin - very thin, in fact so thin that Captain Johansen, pointing to a tiny block of ice, with that twinkling merriment in his eyes, intimated in Norse-English: - "Little Karl - not hid dat - Little Karl zink - go to boddom."

We visited Royal Bay, Gold Bay, Hund Bay and Larsen Harbour. The fifty to sixty miles of coast seen presented an unbroken chain of rugged mountains and peaks, interspersed with bays and glaciers.

Larsen Harbour exceeds in grandeur Moraine Fjord, being almost entirely landlocked. The jagged and pinnacled mountain

crests, peeping through cloud, look down precipitously on a placid surface of liquid reflections. Larsen Harbour rivals - nay even excels Milford Sound, New Zealand.

Meals on board the "Little Carl" were partaken in a tiny cabin and were both good and plentiful. I marked some penguin eggs which we were unable to eat at one meal, and saw they were served up on no less than six different occasions; albeit the motion, imparted to the "Little Carl" by rough sea was not conducive to healthy appetites.

Several thousands of penguins eggs were collected, when a leak in the "Little Carl's" boiler precipitated our return. With a rough head sea, decks awash and steam issuing from the engine room, we were glad to reach Grytviken without mishap, and our home - the "Endurance!"

I cannot help recalling several pleasant afternoons spent with Clark at the meteorological station, with Macdougall in charge, who was ever ready for a "crack" (yarn), and welcomed us to his solitary shack with a right good brew of most excellent tea.

We steamed from Cumberland Bay on the 5th December, 1914, after bidding adieu to our good friends, and Rasmussen, highly excited by "drowning his sorrows", accompanied us some distance in his motor launch, aheading, asterning and circling it, as the whim took him.

Macdougall could be seen the last figure, waving us bon voyage till we rounded Mount Dusie, and headed for the open sea and the South.

## DIARY FROM DECEMBER 5TH 1914 TO JANUARY 1ST 1915

South Georgia to Antarctica.

12-5-14

Leave Grytviken, South Georgia December 5th 1914 at 9 a.m. Keep in sight land till evening, starting S.S.E. course.

12-6-14

Pass numerous bergs during the day, many weather worn into gorgeous caves, vaults and a multitude of dissipating forms.

12-7-14

Numerous tabular bergs observed, and sight the cloud-shrouded and snow-mantled peaks of the Sandwich Isles on starboard bow during the afternoon with a faint line of pack and ice blink on the Southern horizon. An Easterly course is set, and shortly after 5 p.m. the "Endurance" baptises her bows in the marginal outskirts of the Weddell Sea pack ice. As we proceed, we discover the field, for the most part composed of old weathered floes and denuded berg fragments growing rapidly denser so as to become practically impenetrable. Accordingly, a course is shaped for the N.E. and we regain open water. Large numbers of Adelie penguins and several sea-leopards observed.

12-8-14

Steamed East without seeing pack ice, though numerous bergs litter the sea. Large numbers of ringed penguins follow the ship.

12-9-14

Misty weather obscuring distant view, and at 4:15 run into the pack. Large segregated floes, but sufficiently closely packed to prevent headway. This ice is apparently this season's formation, being devoid of pressure and evincing an area of considerable snow-fall. After two hours of ineffectual steaming, we about ship and into open sea again. The rest of the day and night is spent skirting the consolidated margin.

Latitude 50, 28 S.

Longitude 20, 18 W.

12-10-14

Early morning, the pack falls away to the South, and a South by East course is steered. Calm. Ice free sea all day till midnight, when loose ice again exhibits itself.

12-11-14

Glorious morning, and being on the "wash-down" watch, have the full benefit of its exhilarating charms (6 a.m. to 8 a.m.). The sea was dazzling with loose floes scattered over the deep blue only seen in Arctic seas. The floes, varying in size up to thirty or forty yards across, are in a high stage of decomposition, the rotten honeycombed section below water being clearly visible; their upper surface presents a smooth snow covering, with occasional water pools stained brown by diatom presence.

Latitude 59, 55 S.

Longitude 18, 18 W.

During the afternoon, the ice becomes much heavier and, it being my watch at the wheel, have strenuous exercise whirling the wheel first to port and then to starboard. Our ship steers excellently, responding sensitively to her helm. James and I erect a telephone from the bridge to the wheel aft to facilitate the transmission of signals to the man at the wheel.

Temperature during the day +32.

12-12-14

33 miles made for the past 24 hours. Slow progress owing to the dense packing of the floes. During the afternoon a heavy N.W. swell is noticeable, and at 5 p.m. we enter comparatively open water. Spend the day with the watch in washing down and attending to the dogs.

Latitude 60, 26 S.

Longitude 17, 58 W.

12-13-14

Latitude 61, 20 S.

Longitude 17, 18 W.

54 miles for 24 hours. Sunday, and a slack day. Our watch, Clark, Macklin, James and self wash down early morning 6 to 8 a.m. Feed the dogs during afternoon. A Ross seal, the rarest of the Southern seals, shot and skinned. All looking forward to seal steaks for breakfast.

Average temperature +30.

12-14-14

Pass through fields of heavy pack, with only occasional water pools, and make very slow progress. The nature of the floes shows hummocks and signs of pressure. Observe several crab-eaters (seals) and typical bird life.

Latitude 61, 36 S.

Longitude 17, 54 W.

12-15-14

Last evening the wind increases to a moderate gale, and not being able to make sufficient speed through the pack to give the vessel steerage way, we hove to. The vessel's head is pressed against the ice in the eye of the wind, with the engines at half speed. Thus we have been during the past 24 hours, and the position at noon indicates a backward N.W. drift of 6 miles.

Temperature +26.

No darkness at night now, it being possible to read print at 11 p.m. in one's cabin from the porthole light.

12-16-14

Wind decreases sufficiently to enable a start to be effected at 3:30 a.m. Considerable patches of open water, connected by leads, enable fair progress to be made.

Noon position:

Latitude 61, 41 S.

Longitude 18, 6 W.

Beautiful fine weather, the pack being ineffably beautiful. The floes are perfectly flat and of enormous area. Tonight it is wonderous calm. The lakes amidst the floes have the calmness and transparency of pools of glycerine -- absolutely rippleless.

Temperature:

4:00 - 28 (a.m.), 36 (p.m.)

8:00 - 29 (a.m.), 28.5 (p.m.)

12:00 - 38 (a.m.), 28 (p.m.)

12-17-14

Very slow progress, having re-entered fields of enormous floes, many over a square mile in area and with very little open water. All day we have been utilising the ship as a battering ram, backing - and then at full speed ahead at the barring floes. We admire our sturdy little ship, which seems to take a delight herself in combating our common enemy. She shatters the floes in grand style. When the ship comes in impact with the ice, she stops dead, shivering from truck to keelson; then almost immediately a long crack starts from our bows, into which we steam, and, like a wedge, slowly force it sufficiently to enable a passage to be made; and so it has been all day, and, I suppose, will be for many days to come. Secured an Emperor penguin, which is placed in the larder.

12-18-14

Progress still slow. Held up at midday by a recalcitrant neck of ice, separating two leads, which defies all our attempts to shatter it by ramming. At 6 p.m., it opens of its own accord, and so we proceed. Soundings give a depth of 2,800 fathoms. Three crab-eaters secured for food.

Numerous Adelie penguins amuse themselves following the ship, when Hussey, playing them a Scotch jig on his banjo, scares them off.

Latitude 62, 42 S.

Longitude 18, 10 W.

Temperature:

4:00 - 30.5 (a.m.), 34 (p.m.)

8:00 - 31.5 (a.m.), 30 (p.m.)

12:00 - 33 (a.m.), 28 (p.m.)

12-19-14

A day of little progress. Made few miles yesterday evening, about 9:30 last night, we were held up by bad misty light. Made a start again at 8 a.m., but had to stop shortly after owing to strong wind and snow from the N.W.

Temperature at noon +24.

Latitude 62, 27 S.

Longitude 17, 58 W.

Wind drops at 9:30 p.m., and the temperature rises to +30.

12-20-14

Held up all day by wind and floes of enormous area. During the afternoon, indulge in a short game of soccer on the large floe to which the ship is moored.

12-21-14

Underway at 2:30 a.m., with improving conditions; till at 10:00 a.m. we entered long leads of ice free water in which were drifting some fine bergs of magnificent forms. One a fine coniformed mass, 200 feet high, I photographed. Pass large hummock covered floes, apparently cemented together by young ice. The season appears too early, as at a later period, segregation would disseminate the floes, and there should be considerable open water in this position. In a month the sea would be much more open.

Temperature:

4:00 - 21.5 (a.m.), 28.6 (p.m.)

8:00 - 23.5 (a.m.), 24.5 (p.m.)

12:00 - 25.3 (a.m.), 23.2 (p.m.)

12-22-14

Come to rest at midnight, owing to increasing wind.

Latitude 63, 8 S.

Longitude 17, 1 W.

Made a start again at 7 p.m. Though our prospects at present are unpromising, the entire surface of the sea presents an illimitable expanse of immense floes seared with cracks, though few could be termed lanes of sufficient width to allow us to pass through. There has been little work, except transferring coal from between decks to the bunkers.

Temperature:

Noon - 27.5.

12:00 a.m. - 27.

12-23-14

Slight improvement, having entered lanes between the large floes. This has enabled us to make an additional 19 miles to the South.

Afternoon, we were pleurably surprised to enter some fine expansive leads, several miles long, and a mile or so broad. The temperature at noon rose to 33. At evening, we observed numerous barrier bergs, one over 5 miles long. The tabular berg is typical of Antarctica, being perfectly flat-topped and table like in shape. Several crab-eaters and a sea-leopard noticed, also a blue whale.

Temperature:

4:00 - 28.2 (a.m.), 30.5 (p.m.)

8:00 - 30.3 (a.m.), 29.8 (p.m.)

12:00 - 33.8 (a.m.), 27.2 (p.m.)

12-24-14

Christmas Eve! What vicissitudes are awakened! Twelve months ago, I was on board the Aurora, blown out of Commonwealth Bay, Adelie Land. Christmas Eve, two years ago, return from the South Magnetic Pole. Three years ago, escaped from wrecking on the rocks at Caroline Cove, Macquarie Isles!

Favourable ice conditions greeted us to-day. The floes, although very extensive, are supported by large stretches of water, so that we are enabled to make a full speed tortuous course.

Noon Position:

Latitude 64, 32 S.  
Longitude 17, 12 W.

A run of 70 miles for the past 24 hours. Spend the morning filling sacks with coal for the shore base.

Noon temperature - +33.

12-25-14

Christmas Day! Morning cold and windy, though good progress till noon, position being:

Latitude - 65, 43 S.

Longitude - 17, 24 W.

71 miles run. Held up at noon owing to increasing wind and paucity of leads; but the ice opens up to enable a move at 8 p.m.

Lees presents us at breakfast with a neat little packet of great utility - a small carborundum knife sharpener.

In honour of the day, the wardroom was made gay with flags, and the table cloths were turned inside out so as to hide their colour. Paper "serviettes" also added a homely cafe-like air to the tables.

The Menu:

Mock Turtle Soup.

White Bait.

Jugged Hare.

Christmas Pudding.

Mince Pies.

Dessert: Figs and Dates.

In the evening, we had a sing-song till 8 p.m., when the engines turned again. Glorious sunset this evening, the sun just below the horizon for an hour or so at midnight, and then to shine again on a new day.

Temperature:

4:00 - 25 (a.m.), 29.5 (p.m.)

8:00 - 28 (a.m.), 28 (p.m.)

12:00 - 30 (a.m.), 26.5 (p.m.)

12-26-14

An uneventful day. Ship moored to the floe since 10 a.m. Sounding gives 2,800 fathoms, with glacial mud at the bottom. Noticeable paucity of bird and animal life.

Temperature Average:

+27 day.

+24 night.

12-27-14

Beset by pack. Temperature falls to 21 at 6 a.m., and freezes up the loose brash and water spaces. We will soon have to give up washing down the decks, as the water congeals a few moments after swishing down.

Temperature:

4:00 - 22 (a.m.), 24.3 (p.m.)

8:00 - 22 (a.m.), 20.5 (p.m.)

12:00 - 23.5 (a.m.), 25.2 (p.m.)

12-28-14

No alteration in our position. The wind has increased with slight rise in temperature.

I spend the morning sacking coal for the hut; about 25 tons have been so treated. We bagged during the morning over 7 tons, and spend the afternoon washing out a few garments and rather forlorn looking towels.

I am afraid the unfavourable winds have set us back about 19 miles.

12-29-14

Conditions improved sufficiently to enable a move to be effected at 10 p.m. last night.

About noon, whilst ramming a way between two floes, we succeeded in jamming the vessel in. Combined sail and engine power would not move her, so all hands turned to with picks and shovels with successful results.

Latitude - 65, 32 S.

Longitude - 17, 40 W.

Temperature:

4:00 - 27.6 (a.m.), 30.9 ( p.m.)

8:00 - 29.5 (a.m.), 29.6 (p.m.)

12:00 - 30.8 (a.m.), 28.2 (p.m.)

12-30-14

Pack ice continues both heavy and close, but satisfactory progress has been maintained, position being:

Latitude - 66, 2 S.

Longitude - 16, 47 W.

Pass many weather-worn cavernous bergs, fringed with icicles.

12-31-14

Considerable patches of open water enable a run of 51 miles to be accomplished.

About midnight, we crossed the Antarctic Circle, with a glorious sunset reflecting in placid waters, and so enter geographic Antarctica with the dawn of the New Year.

During the morning, we experienced a "nip", the ship heeling over slightly, which, fortunately, was of short duration.

Noon position:

Latitude - 66, 47 S.

Longitude - 15, 46 W.

During the evening, Wordie, James, Clark and self repaired to Clark's cabin, where we partook of a Scotch Hogmanay Cake brought from home by Wordie. Clark's cabin is the rendezvous of the scientific staff, who are alive to its advantages in being close to the boiler; and so, in addition to the genial company of our host, the staff appreciate the snug interior.

1-1-15

Saw the New Year in at the wheel, under cold and snowy conditions. A few enthusiasts joined in "Auld Lang Syne", but the majority were all sound in slumber.

During the day, we had a very gratifying run, passing through vast fields of young ice, or rather recently formed ice in a rapid state of dissipation. The ship cut her way through in noble style, leaving a long wake which could be traced, and remained open, for a mile or so.

I had a platform suspended from the jib-boom, and secured some fine film, as well as pictures from the foretop yard.

Position:

Latitude - 67, 45 S.

Longitude - 15, 18 W.

Temperature:

4:00 - 27.3 (a.m.), 29 (p.m.)

8:00 - 29.1 (a.m.), 28 (p.m.)

12:00 - 31.2 (a.m.), 29.5 (p.m.)

1-2-15

The pack ice is opening up providentially, and at noon to-day we covered 120 miles, our record since entering the pack at the Sandwich Isles. The character of the ice is changed, and bears a resemblance to that which we saw between Adelie Land and Gaussberg. (Mawson Expedition). It bears evidence of considerable pressure. Bergs have become very numerous. Our fine run to noon, is now marred by bad weather.

1-3-15

Have been manoeuvring in the lee of icebergs weathering out a gale. The weather and pack ice are making the voyage rather monotonous.

During the evening, I repaired to Clark's cabin, where he and Wordie took turns in reading Scotch verse. As both are Scots, I enjoyed their dry humour, accent and brogue immensely.

Hudson and self had another attempt to receive wireless time signals, last night, but I am afraid our aerial is too small, and the receiving instrument obsolete. As it is also bright daylight all night, the efficiency of the receiving is further marred.

1-4-15

Temperature:

Day - 29.2

Night - 28.0

Uneventful day. Weather moderated, and we made another attempt Southward, only to find that the pack walled us in; so we had to return Northward.

We have succeeded in finding another lead to the South, which we are now following.

To-day, as Wordie puts it, is one of blessed memory, for, on arising from my bunk, which is immediately over his, I stepped onto his face with my stockinged foot, and, as the stockings were washed some weeks previously, he was awakened most effectually.

1-5-15

Position:

Latitude - 70, 27 S.

Longitude - 20, 8 W.

Depth - 2,400 fathoms.

Everybody seems to be vieing with each other for musical honours - or dishonours! From the various cabins emanate efforts on the violin, mandolin, banjo, and even the accordion from the fo'c'sle. Others are joining in with strained vocal efforts, but it is good to hear them, as it keeps everyone's spirits alive.

Was awakened last night, towards midnight, to take photographs. The midnight sun was shining brilliantly, and, as its low light tipped the heavy pressure ice and floes, the effect was extremely beautiful.

During the day, we have been manoeuvring to find a way South through the heavy and impenetrable coastal ice.

1-6-15

After following a lead for a few miles Southward, we were called out of bunk to moor the ship at 11:00 p.m. On going on deck, we discovered we were in the midst of an impenetrable field of heavy pressure ice. It was impossible for the ship to go ahead or astern, so, making fast to a large hummock, it was decided to await favourable conditions.

During the day, the dogs were taken for a run on the large floe to which we were anchored. The exercise did them a great

deal of good, it being the first they have had for nearly a month.

We were forced to change our moorings this evening, owing to the floes drifting together. Fortunately, we were able to do so, otherwise the result would have been extremely serious.

1-7-15

Temperature:

Noon - 21.4.

Midnight - 22.3.

It was decided to retrace our course Northward, and look for a more open lead that will enable us to find a way through the belt of heavy coastal ice. This ice, which is at present impeding our way, is the heaviest I have yet seen. It has apparently been subjected to great pressure, and is a consolidated field of hummocks, which in places are higher than our bulwarks. It is probable that the great belt of ice is similar to that which we found between Adelie Land and Gaussberg, and through which we could not find an opening to the land for 800 miles.

In order to economise on coal, we are sailing with a favourable wind.

1-8-15

Our course has been North until 4 p.m., when the ice having thinned somewhat, we altered the course to S.E. We have had to retrace our course to the point which we reached on the 4th. The monotony of slow progression I have relieved somewhat by printing a series of prints from my negatives, with the intention of binding them up into a pictorial log of

the Expedition. The wind having died down, we are running under steam, a much more satisfactory state of affairs, as when under sail, we are compelled to keep all our watches alternately with the starboard watch, and, not being able to sleep during the day, one only manages to secure about 6 hours out of 24 in bunk.

1-9-15

To-day is worthy of note, as a week ago our position was: Latitude - 69, 49 S., Longitude - 16, 40 W., so that our course Westward, at the beginning of the week, we passed within a few miles of this identical position. This would indicate that the heavy pack which obstructed our Southward progress, has drifted some 30 or 40 miles Westward.

It is our custom to drink to sweethearts and wives every Saturday night, which all hands do with much fervour.

Shortly after 10 a.m., we entered open water, and we have been at full speed ever since. It is phenomenal that no ice is in sight beyond a few bergs, especially after having had to force our way through over 600 miles of pack ice. Time is passing much more speedily with me, as I have plenty of work to do at present.

1-10-15

Latitude - 72, 2 S.

Longitude - 15, 57 W.

A notable day. The first glimpse of Coats Land at 5:20 p.m., after four weeks negotiation in dense pack ice.

Seal and penguin life is becoming much more plentiful, while the ocean had altered its tint from a deep blue to a light bottle green, due to the presence of an immensity of diatomaceous deposits.

I had a glimpse through Clark's microscope of a single drop of the ocean water, and wonder of wonders to see the beautiful shapes of these microscopic animalcule.

After a magnificent run in open water, we are again in heavy bay ice which tends to show the close proximity of land.

1-11-15

The barrier of Coats Land was reached last night, towards midnight in: Latitude - 72, 10 S., Longitude - 16, 57 W., and we have been heading S.W. in the land-water adjacent thereto, ever since. The height of the ice face varied from 90 to 115 feet. This barrier is, evidently, a glacier tongue, which was observed this evening away to the South, rising in an undulating slope some 1,00 to 1,500 feet in height.

Soundings taken this evening recorded a depth of 195 fathoms, and at noon 155 fathoms.

Some rock specimens were brought up in the snapper.

1-12-15

Position:

Latitude - 73, 6 S.

Longitude - 24, 41 W.

A red-letter day. Six soundings were taken at depths varying from 98 to 210 fathoms.

Clark had a most successful dredging, the dredge coming up three-quarters full of life peculiar to Antarctic waters.

Towards evening, a number of an apparently new species of penguins were observed on the floe, which, on closer investigation proved to be young emperors. We secured a dozen for specimens.

During the day, we steamed into precisely the same bay as Bruce in the Scotia when he reached his farthest South and designated the land as Coats Land.

Started reading "Guinea Gold" by Beatrice Grimshaw.

1-13-15

Steam along close to the barrier in a North Westerly direction, being forced to take that course owing to a projecting barrier tongue which forms the South coast line of the bay in which we were yesterday, and which is blocking our further progress. We are now anchored to the ice, which seems breaking up and drifting to the North in anticipation of it further dissipating and clearing a lead to the South.

Finished reading "Guinea Gold" which I thoroughly enjoyed.

1-14-15

Tied up all day to the floe ice. Magnificent day, the finest since leaving South Georgia, in fact the second sunny day we have had. The bergs and floes were reflected in the deep blue

water, while the heavy pressure ice, gleaming in the sunshine with its deep blue shadows, was one of the finest sights I ever beheld in the South. This ice more resembled serracs than pack ice, for it was so tossed, broken and crushed. Great pressure ridges, thrown up 15 to 20 feet in height, bear evidence of the terrific force or forces acting in these latitudes.

Latitude - 74, 10 S.

Longitude - 27, 10 W.

1-15-15

One never knows what is going to happen next in Antarctic circles, for magically a lead has opened to the South, and we have been following up the land-water by the Glacier face, and, as absolutely no pack ice is visible, all sails are set and engines racing as we have not heard them for many weeks.

During the day we witnessed a phenomenal sight. Hundreds of crab-eater seals speedily made their way towards the ship, and treated us to a wonderful display, gambolling, sporting, racing and diving under the ship. We marvelled at their sinuous and graceful evolutions, and as they kept with us for over a quarter of an hour, I had a rare opportunity of securing some unique cinema film of this extraordinary sight.

It is now midnight, and the sun is still shining brightly.

Sounding at 11 p.m. - 120 fathoms.

1-16-15

Saturday. A speedy run with crowded sail and racing engines came to a somewhat ignominious ending shortly after noon. We followed the trend of the glacier, which in many parts is deeply crevassed. No rock, however, was visible during the day's run of 124 miles.

Latitude - 76, 27 S.

Longitude - 28, 40 W.

Wordie secures a rock specimen from a small iceberg. The weather has been pleasant and sunny during the morning, but is now freshening.

Started reading Marcus Clarke's "For the term of his Natural Life".

1-17-15

The freshening wind of yesterday afternoon developed into a strong gale obtaining a velocity of 50 miles per hour. We are compulsarily hove to, weathering in the lee of a large iceberg. Sunday at the best of times is a lazy day, and is especially dismal to-day on account of the gloomy and fierce weather.

I remained on my bunk reading most of the time. I can glance out of the porthole onto a very dismal prospect of huge great white bergs, rough sea and lowering nimbus clouds. It is typical of moody Antarctica.

I finished reading Marcus Clarke's exquisite book, which impressed me greatly, especially as I have been to the various places which he has mentioned.

1-18-15

Moderation in the weather conditions enable us to start at 7:30 a.m., but, after a run of eight hours, we were again held up by pack ice. It is now seven weeks since we first entered the pack, and since it has been almost an incessant battle with it. It is gratifying to feel that we are only 80 miles from our intended base - Vahsel Bucht. We are all keen to reach it as the monotony is wearying most of us.

1-19-15

An uninteresting day. Held up in the pack ice.

Latitude - 76, 34 S.

Longitude - 31, 18 W.

From the crows nest it appears as if the recent N.W. gale has jammed the pack back into Vahsel Bucht, as the ice appears densely pressed up in that direction, no water at all being visible.

1-20-15

Held up in the pack. Weather snowy and dull. Had a sing-song in Clark's cabin with Wordie, James and Clark.

Spend most of the day in writing in anticipation of the ship's return to South Georgia.

Secure a crab-eater seal for the larder.

Temperature:

4:00 - 29 (a.m.), 26.8 (p.m.)

8:00 - 28.3 (a.m.), 25.5 (p.m.)

12:00 - 27.3 (a.m.), 25.5 (p.m.)

1-21-15

Still held up by the pack. Towards afternoon, pressure set in from the S.E. jamming our helm in a dangerous way. We tried to free it by cutting away which eventually was done and the helm freed. Our position, however, is disquieting, as here, with the goal in sight, it looks as though there was a possibility of us freezing in and becoming part of the floes that menace us, and so all our efforts will be for nil.

Depth - 350 fathoms.

Temperature:

4:00 - 25.5 (a.m.), 28 (p.m.)

8:00 - 27.0 (a.m.), 28 (p.m.)

12:00 - 28.0 (a.m.), 29 (p.m.)

1-22-15

Conditions remain unchanged as regards the ice. No signs are in evidence of its opening up. The weather, however, is changing for the best.

Sounding 337 fathoms.

1-23-15

Glorious sunny day. Took advantage of same to secure a number of natural colour plates. The pack bears no evidence of opening, and so here we are with the land in sight only some 30 miles distant and absolutely helpless. This is extremely annoying as the weather has been uncommonly

good, and all our stores could have been easily landed. Still, I suppose, it could have been a great deal worse.

After dinner, Wordie, James and self repair to Clark's warm cabin. We take turns reading aloud a short story, and find this very enjoyable and a pleasant diversion. Extracts we read from "Human Boy" by Phillipotts.

1-25-15

Latitude - 76, 48 S.

Longitude - 33, 22 W.

Towards midnight of the 24th, the ice began to break up and a lead opened only 200 yards ahead of us. All sails were therefore set and, with engines at full speed, an attempt was made to break through the barrier. Our attempt, so far, has only been to free the helm, but, as the ice continues to break up ahead, we are hopeful.

Crean sustained a nasty bruise to his leg whilst chipping the ice from the ship's side; the ice suddenly closing in, jammed the ice chisel against his leg and the side of the ship.

1-26-15

Held up in the ice. Nothing of any movement takes place.

Latitude - 76, 50 S.

Longitude - 33, 42 W.

Clark secures an opheriod which came up on the sounding wire.

1-27-15

Temperature at 4 p.m. +17.

It appears as though we have stuck fast for this season. A noticeable drop in the temperature at midnight, +9 being recorded. This has had the effect of freezing up the small pools and cementing together the floes, an ominous happening. Still things could be worse, as the land is visible about 30 miles away, and it is not impossible that sledging operations could be conducted thereto during the autumn.

Read "Idols" by Locke.

Temperature at 4 p.m. +9.5, noon +15.

1-28-15

Still held up in the pack. Experimented with Paget autochrome plates.

All indulge in a game of soccer on the floe.

The fall in temperature caused the small pools around the ship to congeal, and it looks as if we have stuck here for the winter.

James takes magnetic dip. Mean 2 needles, 68 degrees, 16 minutes.

Latitude - 76, 46 S.

Temperature at 4 a.m. +10.

1-29-15

Occupy the day in developing. Weather extremely gloomy and snowing all day.

Sounding gives 449 fathoms.

We are now only about 25 miles from the land.

Temperature:

4:00 - 12 (a.m.), 20.9 (p.m.)

8:00 - 21 (a.m.), 21.3 (p.m.)

12:00 - 22 (a.m.), 22 (p.m.)

1-30-15

Lees unpacks the motor crawler and tries engine. We had a short run with the machine on the ice, but the design could be improved upon considerably, as it doesn't adapt itself satisfactorily to the varying surfaces.

Had a musical evening in the wardroom. As is customary, this being Saturday evening, we toasted sweethearts and wives. Chips, the carpenter, rather overdid the toast, with the result that he became very quarrelsome and, going to the fo'c'sle created a disturbance, which, fortunately, was quelled before any serious harmed eventuated.

1-31-15

For 15 days we have been immovable, and to say the least of it, our life on board is becoming very trying. The weather is stagnant, there being not even an "ear of wind". In striking contrast to Adelie Land, where fiendish blizzards rage incessantly, there seems something uncanny about this place, and, if I had my choice, I scarcely know which I would select.

The calm weather would be very welcome on the plateau out sledging, we all long for a blizzard to break up the ice and so free the ship. The men (sailors) engaged in football this evening.

2-1-15

There appears to be little prospect of a blizzard breaking up the sea ice and freeing us. The weather to-day is calm, snowy and overcast. The idea of spending the winter in an ice-bound ship is not altogether pleasant, not only owing to the necessary curtailment of our work, but also the forced association with the sailors, who, although being an amiable crowd, are not altogether partial to the scientific staff.

2-2-15

Spirits were brightened up this morning by the appearance of several seals on the ice. Seal flesh is urgently required for dog food, and also for our larder. Seven were secured, which provided a sufficiency for 14 days. These had to be hauled over the hummock ice for a couple of miles, very arduous sledging as there was a great deal of soft snow and mushy ice, as well as extremely rough going. The dogs were treated this evening to a good healthy ration of seal meat, which they devoured as though starved.

2-3-15

Two seals were observed and secured. We are still hopeful that the sea ice will break up, as a large lead started in the South during the morning, and towards evening almost encompassed the floe.

Anxious to develop the cinema film, the refrigerator was cleared and I spent the remainder of the day in opening up cases and fitting up a dark room.

2-4-15

Sledging party collects two seals. The floe bears evident signs of breaking up, as the lead is opening to the West of us. Last recorded temperature at noon +14.

2-5-15

Had an amusing argument at breakfast concerning a much debated question about a monkey and a pole, which provoked much heated and facetious debate.

We were surprised at noon by a violent shock, which upon investigation showed the cracking up of our floe. The crack extended the breadth of the floe, our ship being in its direct path. Hearty cheers went up, as all hands rushed on deck to witness this joyous happening, - the release of the ship after having been frozen in for nearly three weeks. Our joys, however, were only short-lived, as the floe, after cracking up, came together again and left us in almost precisely the same predicament as we were before.

2-6-15

Whilst on watch scrubbing the alley way, the weekly custom, a tack passed through my finger and has incapacitated me from photographic work for a little time.

The position of the ship upon investigation we find to be slightly improved. We are moored to the floe in a small pond

almost frozen, whilst numerous large pools and cracks in the pack are hopeful signs.

Have packed and unpacked my cases several times - barometrically with the ship's condition in the ice.

Numerous crab-eater seals sported around the ship this evening.

Position:

Latitude - 76, 55 S.

Longitude - 34, 30 W.

2-7-15

Had quite a run of sitters to-day for portraiture. Took the individual portraits of the shore party and developed them. Also took cinema pictures of the pups. To bunk at 7 p.m.

2-8-15

Ship is lying in a pool of young ice, with close pack all round. A serious drop in the temperature was recorded last night when the mercury fell below zero.

A killer whale and numerous seals were blowing alongside the ship to the great excitement of the dogs.

2-9-15

Latitude - 76, 55 S.

Longitude - 35, 0 W.

Temperature +13.

Play an amusing game of elimination in the wardroom. One leaves the room, the rest arranging what has to be guessed. On returning, the victim asks various questions of the assemblage, who may only answer yes or no. By a process of judicious elimination, the questioner, if sufficiently cute, invariably solves the question. The game bids fair to become popular, for it certainly exercises one's faculties and cross-examining powers.

2-10-15

Had splendid view of the killer whales which broke through the young ice astern of us, poking their alligator like heads through and blowing arduously. They seemed to be regarding the ship with much astonishment, and I must say, we felt very pleased to have her stout timbers below us. More villainous or rapacious looking creatures I have never seen.

2-11-15

Engines have been unable to move us out of the soft floes in which we are jammed. At 9 a.m., engines are put full astern, and we "sally" ship, that is, all hands and cook, at a given signal, double over to port, then to starboard, and so on. This imparts a rolling motion to the ship and so forces her to split the surrounding ice. This unsuccessful, all hands muster on the poop, and in rhythmic time jump up and down. This sallying provokes much hilarity, but has the desired effect and we re-moored the ship in a position to take advantage of any opening that might occur.

2-13-15

All hands indulge in a game of soccer on the floe.

Latitude - 76, 50 S.  
Longitude 35, 18 W.

Sounding 529 fathoms.

2-14-15

Land seen faintly to S.E., about 40 miles off. A decisive effort was made to free the ship, all hands continuing till midnight, and everyone, like a Trojan would, wielded a pick, ice chisel, or any other implement. The ship itself was commissioned as a battering ram. At midnight, we had cocoa and wished Sir Ernest many happy returns of his 41st birthday, and all to bunk very tired.

2-15-15

All hands again attack the ice and we work the ship a third of the way to the lead ahead. All keep hard at it till midnight, when a survey is made of the remaining two thirds distance, which is some 400 yards. It is reluctantly determined to relinquish the task, as the remainder of the ice is absolutely unworkable, being too deep and a jumble of hummocks and rafted blocks. We keenly regret this announcement, which, unfortunately, is only too obvious, and we needs must now await nature's pleasure to free us. Yesterday's cutting freezes up 6" or 8" thick over night.

2-17-15

Two killer whales blow in the lead ahead. A large pool continues open from which rise great clouds of frost smoke.

Tonight, the sun dipped below the horizon at midnight.

2-18-15

All hope is not yet given up of breaking free, yet, to be on the safe side, we are now beginning to accumulate a stock of seal meat for the winter, for the dogs and the kitchen. Three seals were secured during the day.

2-19-15

During the morning, went for a stroll to the old lead ahead, which is now nearly a foot thick. I was much interested in examining the contexture of the recent young ice formed on the lead and on some pools in our vicinity. The growth commences by the formation of small fish scale like crystals which accumulate, without definite orientation in horizontal layers. This formation extends below the surface for about half an inch, when the small plate crystals gradually arrange themselves till they become vertical. This is probably due to the heavier saline solution sinking and so directing automatically the disposition of the plates. The accretion continues by the increments of these vertical scales. This new ice fractures at right angles to its plane. The ice subsequently undergoes further recrystallisation appearing distinctly fibrous in texture.

2-20-15

Four seals secured. They were shot some two miles from the ship, and it had taken us three hours to go out and sledge them in. The surface is atrocious, having had to plug through soft snow into which we sunk thigh deep.

Land in sight to the S.E.

Latitude - our farthest South - 76, 57 S.  
Longitude - 34, 56 W.

Temperature +10.

2-22-15

Ten dogs exercised in harness to-day, their first lesson since leaving their native haunt - Hudson Bay. Three dogs, in an extremely poor condition and apparently with little hope of recovery, had to be shot.

2-23-15

Two seals secured to-day. Magnificent parhelia observed.

The sun came out after tea, and all turned out to indulge in a strenuous game of hockey. It was a charming evening. The atmosphere was charged with a redundancy of shimmering frost crystals and a fine parhelia developed. Two fragments of a 22 degree halo formed around the sun, the lower sections being visible down to the horizon. There were two well developed mock suns, with an extension of light directed away from the sun on this ring. A faint section of an arc formed 46 degrees above the sun. The characteristic sun pillar was well marked, and terminated in a tapering extremity 15 degrees above the solar disc. At 8 p.m., the 46 degree arc disappeared, and a concentration light was observed at the base of the sun ring.

2-24-15

Land observable to the S.E. Ice conditions unchanged. Hole sawn through the ice around the rudder well to keep the rudder and propellor free.

All hands put off ship's routine. We now practically cease being a ship and become a shore station. A night watchman, all taking turns, (except the for'ard hands), in alphabetical order, comes on duty at 8 p.m., remaining thereon till 8 a.m. He is responsible for the safety of the ship during the night, keeping the bogie fires alight and the taking of meteorological observations.

2-25-15

Latitude - 76, 57 S.

Longitude - 35, 28 W.

Temperature - Zero.

Two seals secured. All hands busily engaged checking stores in the hold and afterhold.

Fit up the refrigerator as a dark-room and commence developing cinema film, and am gratified to discover the same in excellent condition. Difficulty is experienced in obtaining sufficient water for washing operations. Dry the film by hanging it in the refrigerator, maintaining a temperature equable as possible with Sir Ernest's parafin heater.

2-26-15

Dogs all placed on shore, much to their delight. All hands engaged in building Igloos, or, as the sailors term them, dogloos, from ice blocks and snow. The dogloos are arranged in an extended circle around the ship. The dogs are secured by chain, one end of which is buried in the ice and frozen therein by the simple action of pouring water on it.

Secured one emperor penguin in a moulting condition, also two crab-eater seals.

2-27-15

Attempt to receive wireless signals during the evening. After tea a plenteous supply of winter clothing is issued to all. The clothing is precisely similar to that supplied to the Mawson Expedition.

2-28-15

Secured one emperor penguin. Land still visible to S.E., and one can distinctly observe the crevasses and details thereon. All leads are now frozen up, and no water is visible anywhere.

Preparations are in full swing to encomfort ourselves against the siege of the coming Antarctic winter.

3-1-15

Latitude - 76, 55 S.

Longitude - 35, 21 W.

Five Weddell seals and two crab-eaters shot. Four are brought in but, owing to mild blizzard conditions setting in, the others have to be left for a more propitious time. Very difficult surface returning to the ship, and both sledge bows are broken.

As it is my night watch, I maintain a keen look-out in case of ice movement, but these blizzard conditions are but zephyrs compared with those of Adelie Land.

3-2-15

All hands engaged in clearing the hold. It is intended to erect a series of cabins in the hold where the ship's party will reside during the winter, it being much warmer and more comfortable.

Blizzard conditions prevail all day. Dogs all buried beneath the snow, but do not appear to mind a great deal. They are curled up and sleeping all the time, except at Hoosh, when one observes them emerging from the snow very noisy and voracious.

Latitude - 76, 55 S.

Longitude - 35, 21 W.

Temperature + 16.

3-3-15

Temperature falls from +18 to -6.

Old Saint, one of the finest dogs in the pack, dies from an obstruction in the bowels.

All hands engaged in building snow houses for the dogs.

In the evening, we amuse ourselves playing soccer.

3-4-15

Bright sunshine all day, and the work of building the dogloos continues. The dogs are housed in them.

Latitude - 76, 56 S.  
Longitude - 35, 43 W.

3-5-15

The carpenter erects woodwork shelter around the poop. A line of mounds, marking a track to the lead ahead, also a wide circle around the ship, have been raised by the sailors, and a wire hawser stretched, connecting them together. This is to act as a guide for those straying from the ship in blizzard times, and for the coming winter. The track is called the "Pileon Way".

During the morning we had a striking recurrence of parhelia, exceeding in brilliancy and colour all previously witnessed. The atmosphere, as before, was highly charged with scintillating rime crystals which, under examination, showed modification of the hexagon. The solar disc appeared as a nebulous glare, surrounded by two concentric circles with radii of 22 degrees and 46 degrees, whose lower circumferences lay below the horizon. At positions on both circles, along their horizontal axis, (parhelic circle) mock suns appeared relatively faint, on the 46 degrees circle, as compared with those on the inner, which were very intense. Both circles displayed the well defined red of the spectrum on their inner edge to the sun, the exterior green being fairly sharply diffused. The mock suns were devoid of colour. Two coloured tangential arcs intersected the circles along their vertical axis, the lower assuming a wavy formation, as shown in the diagram below. Both had their red edge nearest the sun. Below the sun, extending to the horizon and terminating in an acumination 15 degrees above it, was an intense pillar of light. This impressive display lasted several hours, waxing, waning

and assuming fragmentary modifications proportional to the intensity of rime crystals with which the atmosphere happened to be charged.

Latitude - 76, 53 S.

Longitude - 35, 54 W.

Min: Temperature -19.

Depth 561 fathoms.

3-6-15

Three Weddell seals secured. Young ice, four weeks old, is now 13 1/2" thick.

Build shelter for cutting up seals from ice blocks cemented together by simply throwing water over them. Meteorological instruments I placed in position for Hussey.

During the evening a singing musical competition takes place: the prize being unanimously awarded to Sir Ernest. His voice is quaint, vacillating between sharps and flats in a most unique manner. Wordie, now ex-champion, renders an old favourite, "The Gambolier", in a voice resembling the shrill tone caused by drawing a rasp across the edge of a sheet of galvanised iron. Clark renders, with much applause, "My Nut Brown Maiden", in a nasal super tenor, and I render "Waltzing Matilda", in a melting dulcet tone one often hears a swaggie crooning at sunset when punching his frugal damper. It is astounding the musical talent we do not possess!

3-8-15

Latitude - 76, 45 S.

Longitude - 35, 30 W.

Temperature -10.5

Several hands make straw mattresses for the dogs. The dogs seem to treat them as new playthings, and very quickly tear them to pieces. Others erect cubicles in the hold which we have christened the "Ritz".

Three seals sighted about three miles from the ship. They are shot and brought in.

3-9-15

As no hope can be entertained of freeing ourselves from our ice fastness this season, and as temperatures are rapidly falling, the residential part of the ship is undergoing considerable modifications. The main hold has been discharged, and cubicles are being erected therein along the port and starboard sides. Each cubicle contains two bunks, except the Billabong, two cubicles having been united resulting in a double length. Dr. Macklin, McIlroy, Hussey and self constitute the occupants. Between the two rows of cubicles, the table is placed where all take meals. Near the after end, the bogie, for keeping up the temperature, is placed. The holders of the various dens or cubicles have assumed various cognomens for their 6' 5" x 5' abodes: "The Anchorage", Auld Reekie", "The Poison Cupboard", "The Knuts" and "The Billabong". These dwellings are styled the "Ritz". The wardroom has undergone a similar alteration, and is known as "The Stables". It is tenanted by Wild, Crean, Marston, and Worsley. Sir Ernest occupies his original cabin right aft. A bogie has been installed there for roasting purposes.

Wordie, Worsley, and self visit the Rampart berg. It is located some eight miles South of the ship and, on account of its irregular form, is very pictorial.

We left the ship on foot at 8 a.m., hauling a light sledge carrying photographic gear and lunch. The surface proved hard and good going, whilst the weather favoured us with bright sunshine. This first walk from the ship across the vast snow covered plains of smooth sea ice and areas of hummocky pressure, was heartily enjoyable. We reached the berg shortly before noon, and, after partaking of some sledging nut food, went inspecting. This colossal block of ice had a base of some 300 acres, and raised its crenellated ice towers 180 feet above the surface of the sea. Along its top face were immense battlemented embrasures - the open ends of crevasses - that gave it the appearance of a titanic fortification. Around its base, the pack ice crunched, rafted and groaned complainingly, being goaded along as the monster ploughed majestically through it. Standing on the rafting pressure, we made its blue caverns echo with three hearty "Coo-ees". After securing some fine photographs, we returned safely to the ship and had an excellent tea and sound sleep after an enjoyable excursion, which covered 17 miles. During the day, James commenced erecting a magnetic hut near the ship.

3-12-15

The rush to tenant the Ritz cubicles having subsided, I am besieged by many to bind photographs, a la Passe Partout. Mostly the portraits are of charming young ladies! The Billabong is furnished with a table and an array of shelves and

minor cupboards in which "perks" are secreted. It - as most of the other cubicles - boasts a compact wash basin. The Ritz is an unostentatious abode where one can study the anatomy of the ship to one's heart's content, no attempt being made to hide the stout ribs, beams or timbers. The ship, however, is a snug home, and I doubt not she will be more comfortable than a hut. The magnetic hut is completed and is situated some 200 yards from the stern of the ship.

Latitude - 76, 53 S.

Longitude - 35, 20 W.

Temperature - 19 to 12.

3-14-15

Latitude - 76, 54 S.

Longitude - 36, 10 W.

Land distinctly discernable to the S.E. During the day I rig up Hussey's Dine's Anemometer.

My night watch. Have a warm bath in front of the bogie fire. Change my three months worn garments and wash socks. Several friends join me while washing socks, they stand looking on, but enthusiastically join in a midnight repast, we conversing in subdued whispers on future prospects, on England, and Australia.

3-19-15

A large number of seals seen from the crow's nest, no less than 17 being within easy reach. Perhaps this may be evidence of their Northward migration. Seven are secured, chiefly crab-eaters, and two killer whales keep pushing their snouts

through the ice in the crack ahead of the ship, keeping their eye open for a stray seal.

3-20-15

Latitude - 76, 48 S.

Longitude - 38, 17 W.

During the evening I gave an illustrated lantern lecture on Java and across Australia. All hands, afterguard and fo'c'sle rolled up to a man. It was quite a relief to see some tropical vegetation and flowers, even though they were but shadowgraphs projected on the screen. The lecture began at 8 p.m., and concluded at 9 p.m. It was much appreciated.

3-21-15

Latitude - 76, 48 W.

Longitude - 37, 42 W.

Temperature - -4 and -9.

Erect a hospital on the floe alongside the ship for dogs under treatment. Dogs are now fed once a day in the evening. Sue gives birth to two pups.

Erect a table and cosify the Billabong.

3-22-15

Training the dogs. The tuition of canines can only be successfully accomplished by the frequent and judicious application of the whip, assisted by a stringent vocabulary. "Spare the whip and spoil the dog," is the imperative motto of all dog drivers. The leader is selected for his sagacity and is trained individually in a light bob-sledge. At the word "Mush!"

the whole team moves forward as a single unit. Should the leader, or any dog, fail to start at the word, they would be overtaken by the dogs in the rear, with the result that much harness tangling and fighting would ensue. At the word "Gee!" the leader turns to the left, about 30 degrees; the ejaculation "Haw!" causes him to take a rightward course, whilst a long drawn out "Whoa!" brings the team to rest. "Hup-there!" assisted by explicit adjectives, causes the team to increase its gait. Of necessity, all dogs must keep their correct sides of the main hauling trace; failing to do so, the driver intimates to the offending dog a "Get over there!" This information is effectively accompanied by a flick on the ears with the whip. A good leader will ferret out the best track through rough and broken country, will not allow fights in the team, or indulge in any capricious antics. Dogs must not roll with their harness on, and must follow in detail the exemplary conduct of the leader. Failure to comply is rewarded with the whip. As the dog-driver's whip is some 20 feet long, the above specimen team can be produced from raw recruits in a month or so. A team of 9 dogs can haul about 1,000 lbs., while its hauling capacity may be increased considerably by the strength of the team driver's arm and the impelling vocabulary at his command. (My team is one of the best.)

Latitude - 76, 27 S.

Longitude - 38, 6 W.

Temperature - +6.5

Wind - S.W.

Take two casts with the dredge, and secure nothing but a couple of boulders. Heavy encrustation of rime over the ship which I flashlight.

3-27-15

Latitude - 76, 22 S.

Longitude - 38, 50 W.

Temperature - -10.

(as compared with 1916, Latitude - 62, 58 S. & Longitude - 53, 10 W.)

Gramophone concert in the evening, at which all hands attend, fo'c'sle included.

3-28-15

Wind - N.N.E.

Temperature responds immediately by rising above Zero.

3-29-15

Latitude - 76, 24 S.

Longitude - 37, 48 W.

Wind - E.S.E. to S.

Temperature - -2 and -4.

Cheetham, Greenstreet and M'Carthy engage in fixing up three twenty foot poles with bamboo spreaders to carry four wires for the wireless, at which I assisted. It is very cold work aloft, especially as the mast and rigging are encrusted with ice crystals and a nippy breeze is blowing in.

3-30-15

Latitude - 76, 20 S.

Longitude - 37, 50 W.

Temperature - -1 and -8.

Erect the wireless poles and lash to the mast. James takes his first record on the electrograph.

Take dredge haul in 338 fathoms, from which Clark secures several valuable specimens

3-31-15

Latitude - 76, 18 S.

Longitude - 37, 55 W.

Wind - S. by W.

Temperature - -3 and -4.

Depth 258 fathoms.

Finish wireless receiving aerial. A crack opens at the stern of the ship and gives us hope.

The dogs are exercised

4-1-15

The engineers strip and oil up engines in order to preserve same during the coming winter. No further hope being entertained of breaking out this season.

When leaving Buenos Ayres, we had 69 dogs aboard. The mortality has been heavy; we now have but 54 plus 8 pups.

4-2-15

During the day I constructed a thaw box around the Ritz bogie funnel. This is intended to thaw out seal meat destined for dog food. At present, the seal meat is frozen so hard that

it is with difficulty cut with a tomahawk, and much is wasted in chips that fly as when cutting hardwood. Twenty-four hours in the thaw box, and the meat is rendered tender and may then be cut into rations with knife. No extra fuel is required for the device. The arrangement is a benefice to the dogs and considerably ameliorates the efficiency of their now scanty ration - a lb. per day seal meat, plus 1/2 lb. of blubber. This thaw box proved a boon throughout the winter.

Latitude - 76, 17 S.

Longitude - 38, 34 W.

Temperature - -7.

The dogs have been split up into 6 teams of 9 dogs each. Wild, Crean, Macklin, McIlroy, Hurley and Marston, are in charge of dogs. The canines of my team are Shakespeare, the leader and the finest dog of the whole pack, Bob, Rugby, Rufus, Hakensmidt, Jerry, Martin, Sailor and Noel.

4-4-15

Easter Sunday. Training dogs.

The arrangement of assigning teams to the various personnel is a timely move. Already improvements are being put in hand to better the comfort of the dogs, and, with the individual care of the various dogmen, many of the animals, now in an emaciated condition, will doubtless recover.

Latitude - 76, 9 S.

Longitude - 37, 50 W.

Wind - S.S.W.

Temperature - -19 and -26.

4-5-15

The arrangement of the dogs in harness is as per sketch.

A leader, then four couples, the trace being between the couples. Each dog is capable of drawing from 100 to 110 lb. load. The harness is similar to that used by Amundsen, consisting of a padded collar attached to traces, which fit over the dog, and is eventually secured by a belly-band.

4-6-15

Latitude - 76, 12 S.

Longitude - 39, 4 W.

Hussey and I are night watchmen. During the night we indulge in a game of chess. We are both keen enthusiasts, and it exercises one's otherwise dormant intellect.

4-7-15

Wind E.N.E. Very strong, with surface drift.

Bring in the dogs from the outer dogloos and moor them close to the ship to be near at hand in case of the ice breaking up.

The dogs suffering from parasites are kept in the confines of an ice sanatorium, called the hospital. They are supplied with warm hoosh and treated as invalids. Most are now in a fair stage of convalescence.

4-8-15

N.W. wind.

Latitude - 76, 22 S.  
Longitude - 40, 8 W.  
Temperature - +19.  
Depth 243 fathoms.

Thick driving and wet snow. Old dog kennels become buried up, and we dogmen are kept busy taking our dogs out.

Nearly finished erecting my new kennels from ice blocks, situated on the port bow and closer to the ship.

4-9-15

A few words about my dogs.

Shakespeare, aliases Tatcho, The Holy Hound, and Bug Whiskers, is a magnificent animal, somewhat resembling an English sheep-dog. He is a noble creature, dignified in gait, master of the team in battle and a leader in canine sagacity. His tail, from which he derives one of the aliases, was bitten off by Bob, resulting in a termination similar to a pine tree stripped of its branches except at the top.

Bob, almost indistinguishable from his brother Shakespeare, though lacking the Holy Hound's intellect, is an ardent worker and gives no trouble, in fact this can be said of the pair.

Rugby, is similar to Bob, but much more friendly inclined. Rugby is minus his wagging extremity, and is called by the sailors Bobtail.

These three dogs are a section of a complete team of shaggy sledgers, famous in the Hudson Bay Territory, where old

Shakespeare was called Light. Unfortunately, through mismanagement, the team was broken up, half going to the Ross Sea base.

Rufus has seen better days, being a venerable old quadruped, but a good worker. He has a curious method of expressing pleasure, a grin which the sailors always mistake for a snarl. On slow work he pulls when the others slacken a bit.

Sailor, a capricious rascal, wily and cunning, apparently exerting himself strenuously when the team are working. Closer investigation shows a trace that is just kept taught. I kept him aft so as to be handy to the whip, where he acts as a tooter to the whole team by his yelps.

Hackensmidt looks as though he would eventually become the largest dog in the pack. At present, he is in very lean condition, the size of a young calf. He is a good puller.

Noel, or as I call him, Fido, is the smallest dog in the pack, and has a rooted antipathy to Hackensmidt, who is the largest. He does not fail to combat with Hack at every opportunity. Only yesterday, he became unfastened and dashed through the narrow opening into Hack's kennel. A sanguinary fight ensues within, and, as the entrance was very tiny, I could only grab a tail and back legs. Hussey and I nearly pulled the former off before the dogs were separated. Noel never loaf, he begs food, standing on his hind legs and accompanies me in all my walks.

Jerry and Martin are brothers, the latter being much the better sledger. Jerry is given up to too much ambling, and

displaying an ostrich feather like tail of which he seems extremely proud. He forces his friendship on one, and with sharp claws, tears one's clothes. Martin, who is never chided for slacking, is a rapacious eater, and, if not watched, is given to appropriating from the other dogs.

Collectively, the team are an unexcelled combination.

Latitude - 75, 54 S.

Longitude - 39, 16 W.

Wind - S.S.E.

Surface temperature of the sea water is +28.76.

4-16-15

Latitude - 75, 55 S.

Longitude - 38, 48 W.

Temperature - +4 and -8.

Depth 192 fathoms.

The weather has kept numerous seal holes around the ship open, from which it is hoped stray seals might emerge.

4-17-15

Latitude - 75, 57 S.

Longitude - 38, 57 W.

Depth 196 fathoms.

Temperature - -1.

After the customary weekly toast of sweethearts and wives, the Ritz was again rigged as a lecture room, where I displayed my slides of the Mawson Expedition. Macklin manipulated the

lantern. The evening was greatly appreciated, Sir Ernest warmly complimenting the slides.

4-18-15

Wild's birthday celebrated by a "tot" and musical honours. A discussion at table re: ages resulted in this finding: average age of the 19 afterguard equals 33 years. Cook manufactures an excellent cake of wondrous rainbow colours for the celebration.

4-19-15

Clark, who during the day had secured a great number of amphipods, by lowering a piece of seal in a net, handed them to the cook to prepare a dish. The culinary experiment was not a success. The cooked amphipods resembled small shrimps in appearance, but they were entirely devoid of taste and substance, being nothing but shell.

Train dogs during the morning.

Indulge in chess during the afternoon.

During the evening, we had an auroral display which was rather feeble.

4-20-15

Latitude - 76, 0 S.

Longitude - 46, 48.5 W.

Depth 178 fathoms.

Blowing a full gale with snow drift. Great dumps have formed around the ship burying the kennels and depressing the floe

with its weight. Clearing gangs remove loads of snow from the ship's vicinity and excavate the dogs.

4-21-15

Rugby, of my team, very ill and was shot to-day. Post mortem shows it to be full of worms. A great pity more care was not exercised in the providing of suitable dog medicines, we being absolutely deficient in this respect, and many fine animals would doubtless have been saved. Two other dogs of the pack are in a similar condition.

The Girling motor was taken out on the floe and given a trial trip. Unfortunately, we lacked a motor specialist. The machine is more a resourceful pastime than general efficiency.

Hussey and I night watch. We banquet Macklin and McIlroy, the other members of the Billabong, with sardines on toast and copious cups of cocoa. They, when their turn comes round, will do likewise for us.

Latitude - 76, 2 S.

Longitude - 41, 2 W.

Temperature - -13 and -15.

Depth 179 fathoms.

Owing to the heavy rime depositions on the wireless poles and rigging, it has been deemed advisable to take them down.

4-24-15

Owing to fallen temperature - it being -19, a heavy condensation develops on cameras when brought aboard. I have made a cupboard on deck where they may be kept at an

even low temperature. Nevertheless, the apparatus needs attention every occasion it is taken out, lubricating with petroleum etc., especially the cinematograph. Under these extreme temperatures, the film becomes extremely brittle and loses about 10% of its sensitiveness.

4-25-15

Wind from the S.W.

The dogs are doing splendidly. The dog ration from hence is altered daily for three days, when it recurs. 1 lb. of seal plus 1/2 lb. of blubber, first day: 1 1/2 lbs. of Spratts' dog biscuit, second day: 1 lb. dog pemmican for the third day. The dogs appreciated the former most. The medial is a very unsatisfactory ration, whilst the pemmican, designed for a sledging ration, is highly concentrated.

Commence installing the Stewart lighting set. The small petrol driven motor is housed under the companion way into the Ritz. The installation charges up an accumulator set. The light is intended for emergency purposes, under my charge.

Latitude - 75, 45 S.

Longitude - 40, 55 W.

Wind S.W.

Temperature - -14 and -17.

Exercise my team, accompanied by Captain Worsley.

4-30-15

Wind light, South.

Temperature - +17 and -6.

This rise in temperature makes everything feel damp and moist. The sun departs to-day, but, owing to cloud bank, we are unable to bid adieu to old Jamaica.

5-1-15

Latitude - 75, 20 S.

Wind - S. by E.

Temperature +2.

Observed the sun to-day by refraction, probably the last glimpse till the coming spring.

Depth 175 fathoms.

5-2-15

Seal sighted 3 1/2 miles from the ship. Wild, Greenstreet and myself with the team go out for same, but the weather falling misty, we have considerable difficulty in locating it. The dogs were very obstinate, and the dim light made the going atrocious.

5-3-15

Hussey and myself night watch again. During the small hours, we endeavour to cure Lees of his habitual snoring. Asleep on his back, with mouth wide open, the gap seemed to invite a joke. Hussey, refreshing himself on sardines, suggested filling Lee's mouth with the tin, but I, more humanely, dropped in several fish. The sardines disappeared, but the snoring increased and the mouth opened wider, perhaps in anticipation. Lentils, however, being near by, I emptied a handful into the cavern with satisfactory results. We were able

to proceed, without the diversion snores, with our game of chess.

5-5-15

Latitude - 75, 19 S.

Longitude - 41, 37 W.

Wind - S.S.W., strength 3 - 4.

Temperature - -8.

Beautiful clear weather.

5-6-15

Latitude - 75, 10 S.

Longitude - 41, 30 W.

Temperature - -4 and -13.

Clear weather. Numerous cracks observed to the West of the ship, out of which 9 Emperor penguins emerge, all of which fall prey to stock our larder.

Depth 161 fathoms.

Hussey and Cheetham's birthday celebrated in the usual manner.

5-7-15

Latitude - 75, 7 S.

Longitude - 41, 2 W.

Temperature - -12.

Dogs exercised.

Triangular dredge lowered with 400 fathoms of wire. A heavy haul was made, but only of clay and mud.

Alteration to the dog food ration. For two days Hoosh, made from pemmican, 1/2 lb. per dog, and biscuits 3/4 lb. per dog. Hudson and Greenstreet attend to its cooking (the whole being mixed with water) and doling out to the dog owners.

Depth 159 fathoms.

5-8-15

Remarkable reappearance of the sun at noon to-day, when it rose, disappeared, and rose again. By the nautical almanac, it should be 3 degrees below the horizon. The fact that it was at all visible, is due to abnormal mirage and refraction.

5-9-15

Latitude - 75, 0 S.

Longitude - 41, 22 W.

Beautiful pellucid atmosphere with considerable refraction. Gorgeous prismatic colourings.

Teams go for longer run than usual to our old friend the Rampart Berg, the distance covered being about 20 1/2 miles.

Temperature - -15 and -19.

5-10-15

Clear weather.

Sadie gives birth to a pup in the night which closely resembles a guinea pig.

5-11-15

Temperature - -2 and -11.

Wind - N.N.W. Cloudy, dull and bad light.

Depth 157 fathoms.

Exercise dogs.

5-12-15

Wind - N.E., Force 6 - 7.

Temperature - +9 and -5.

Depth 158 fathoms.

Overcast with North East gale. Blizzard conditions, and no one permitted to leave the ship other than dogmen who perform must attend to their dogs.

Moderations in conditions during the afternoon.

5-13-15

Temperature - +12 and -2.

Varying wind to the East. Force 5 - 6.

Dog teams do not exercise owing to the inclement weather.

All remain below in the Ritz.

5-14-15

Latitude - 75, 23.5 S.

Longitude - 42 W.

Depth 163 fathoms

Wind S.E. by S.

Temperature - -5 and -6.

Clear day with light breeze.

Take teams out with Greenstreet as passenger. Owing to the past two days confinement, the dogs were unusually frisky, and started off at great speed. We travelled over some very hummocky ice, but the dogs entered into the amusement and excitement. They are wonderful.

5-15-15

Secure one seal and 20 Emperor penguins. The birds are in fine plumage and condition, several scaling 85 lbs. The breasts provided about 14 lbs. of meat per bird and when roasted, no meat is more palatable or delicious.

Give my third series of lantern lectures on New South Wales, to which all attend.

5-16-15

Temperature - -5 and -13.

Depth 153 fathoms.

Blowing S.E. gale till midday, but suddenly veering to the opposite direction.

Numerous small cracks and leads observable in various directions.

5-17-15

Wind S.E.

Temperature - +12 and +2.

Cloudy, overcast and miserable.

We exercise the dogs but, owing to the broken nature of the ice, our exercising area is very restricted.

Three Emperor penguins are captured.

5-19-15

Latitude - 75, 27 S.

Longitude - 44, 26 W.

Depth 155 fathoms.

A form of mid-winter madness has manifested itself, all hands being seized with the desire to have their hair removed. It caused much amusement, and luxuriant curls, bald pates and parted crowns soon became akin. We are likely to be cool-headed in the future, if not neuralgic. We resemble a cargo of convicts, and I did not let the opportunity pass of perpetuating photographically this humorous happening.

5-20-15

Have installed and charged the batteries of the Stewart lighting set. This indispensable acquisition has been erected in the companion way of the Ritz. Lights, intended for intermittent use, are installed, two in the passage way to Sir Ernest's cabin, two for reading the meteorological instruments, and two are arranged at the ship's stern for observation work during the winter. A cluster of four each on the port and starboard sides, and a similar cluster over the starboard deck. The exterior lights are rigged on poles about 15 feet out from the ship, and are blizzard proof. By them it is possible to inspect all around the ship, a desideratum in the event of being menaced by

pressure during the night and winter, and furthermore to inspect the dogs, stop fights and capture strays.

Wild causes great fun at dinner this evening by appearing with a shaven head on which is painted an imbecile like countenance.

5-22-15

Fit a water boiling device to the Ritz bogie which works very successfully, boiling water for washing up dishes, faces and hands. A bucket of ice being raised to boiling point inside an hour.

This is a great saving on our kerosine, as hitherto Dime's stoves were used. The arrangement was called the "colourifier" and consists of a number of convolutions of copper steam pipe being inserted in the bogie fire. A circulation is produced by connecting it to an external copper tank.

5-23-15

Lee's birthday, for which the chef produced a very fine cake.

5-24-15

Exercise the dogs during the day. The light is very indifferent.

During the evening we witnessed a fine double halo around the moon, with mock moons.

5-25-15

Latitude - 76, 16 S.

Longitude - 44, 11 W.

Temperature - -12 and -13.

Dogs exercised and observe a fine parselene.

5-26-15

Beautifully clear though nippy day. Temperature down to -16.

Take the dogs out exercising with Macklin riding as a passenger. We drove out amongst the hummocks ahead of the ship after afternoon tea, it being then brilliantly moonlight. The moon shed a soft silver glow over the floe, lending a charming enchantment to our ride.

5-27-15

Latitude - 75, 4 S.

Longitude - 44, 5 W.

Minimum Temperature - -20.

Had delightful run with team during the morning. The faint daylight mingling with the brilliant moonlight lent a peculiar enchantment to the frozen sea. The Northern sky was aflame with the golden glow of the departing sun. The Southern sky was more sombre being delicately prismatic, with a faint blue horizon blending into a pink tint in which stood a silver moon glowing like a halo. One felt quite elated riding on the sledge and driving into the moon's face. Winter, although blizzard bowed, is the most beautiful and charming part of the year.

All hands "walk in" the dredge.

5-29-15

After three attempts, I succeed in securing flashlight of my team being fed. The charges of flash powder were placed in three shielded receptacles and fired electrically. The dogs were extremely scared, the kennel entrances having to be blocked to keep them out.

5-30-15

Macklin's, McIlroy's and my own teams all rush into one another and have a great combat. We restore order with the butt ends of our whips. This seemed an impossibility, as the whole mass of dogs were just a writhing, fighting heap, but a judicious use of the whip has considerable persuasive powers.

5-31-15

Latitude - 74, 49 S.

Longitude - 44, 33 W.

Depth 253 fathoms.

Temperature - -9 and -10.

Exercise dogs and, owing to bad light, am unable to discover the track home. I leave it to the dogs to find their way back, which they do readily.

6-1-15

Latitude - 74, 49 S.

Longitude - 45, 20 W.

Temperature - -3.

To-day we weighed the dog teams and give the table as under:

Insert table.

6-2-15

Latitude - 74, 47 S.

Longitude - 45, 11 W.

Ice 200 yards astern cracks slightly, and four Emperor penguins emerge therefrom. We induce them out of the lead by making an imitatory croaking noise which attracted them right up to the ship. We are having them served up for this evening's meal.

Wordie measures the ice which, after 88 days growth, is now 38" thick.

Temperature - -5.5. Minimum - -6.5.

6-3-15

Rigging encrusted with heavy rime, giving the appearance of a Christmas card ship, covered with glass powder. Six hours twilight.

Dredge in 256 fathoms, but very poor haul.

Hoisted colours and fired salute in honour of King George V's birthday.

Musical evening.

6-4-15

Latitude - 74, 43 S.

Longitude - 43, 56 W.

Temperature - -12 and -19.

Depth 254 fathoms.

Exercise dogs. We run out to an adjacent lead which formed only yesterday. It has now a coating of over 6" of ice.

6-7-15

The darkest part of the year. The moon sets at 9 a.m. We have but three hours of dim twilight at noon, and the rest of the twenty-four hours it is dark.

Depth 254 fathoms.

6-8-15

Two hours twilight, very dim at noon. Slight auroral display, but nothing comparable to the magnificent bursts witnessed in Adelie Land. No animal life observed. A dead calm and quiet reigns.

Latitude - 74, 27 S.

Longitude - 45, 16 W.

Temperature - -7.

Depth 259 fathoms.

6-9-15

Exercise dogs. Clear and cold.

Temperature - -24, minimum -27.

Take the team out to the lead ahead of ship, and observe the pressure working. Immense blocks of ice are pressed up into high ridges with an irresistible power which makes one think what would the ship's fate be if she encountered one of these.

6-10-15

Temperature -23, minimum -27.

Heavy pressure starts about 500 yards from the ship, and immense blocks of ice, weighing 10 to 15 tons are broken and piled up in a ruin like chaos. The noise of this working pressure is a continuous din, at times, like the deep boom of distant artillery. Then squeaking, screaming and groaning as each huge slab rafts up crushing a smaller one beneath it. Nothing can stop the irresistible pressure wave. Up rises another huge pressure wave, only to continue its work of building up an enormous pile of ice debris some 20 feet high. We are thankful our ship is out of range.

6-12-15

Sweethearts and wives toasted. We had for dinner a very delicious dish of roast Emperor penguin's breast.

6-13-15

After two hours of dim twilight, darkness settles down.

From within the cosiness of the Ritz, it is hard to imagine we are drifting, frozen and solid, in a sea of pack ice in the very heart of the Weddell Sea. I often wonder, and I do not suppose I am the only one, what is to become of it all.

We capture one Emperor penguin.

6-14-15

We arrange a dog team race with Wild to take place over the "Khyber Pass" track to the ship. Bets are being freely made on

both sides, chiefly in chocolate, which is our Antarctic currency. The betting is about equal. Weather permitting, the race comes off to-morrow and much excitement prevails.

6-15-15

Great fancy dress gathering and betting to-day on the Antarctic Derby Stakes. All available chocolate and cigarettes, the local currency, have been brought into requisition. Sir Ernest is starter, and the line near the ship is home. All hands are given the day off to see the race. The day opens dull and overcast and the track is visible only by hurricane lamps. Several of the ABs' are dressed as bookies, but, as they look a trifle on the crook side, nobody is accepting their odds. The "Khyber Pass" light flashes the signal, and the teams are off. Great cheering ensues and the dogs join in by barking. The teams seem to know what is expected of them. Wild's team is seen racing down the "Poleon" track. Then come Macklin's and McIlroy's teams, headed by bony Peter. The drivers urge their teams by shouts and varied vocabularies. Wild wins, covering the distance in two minutes, 16 seconds. Hurley's next in two minutes, 26 seconds.

6-17-15

Latitude - 74, 39 S.

Longitude - 46, 53 W.

Rigging and deck encrusted with heavy rime crystals, some of the ropes are thicker than one's wrist.

Had feeble auroral display last night.

The dogs are exercised at noon, but very difficult to find one's way about, so I leave it to old Shakespeare to find his way home, which he seems to do without any trouble. McIlroy's dice gave us much amusement, all casting lots as to who will defer the cost of taxis, theatres, dinners, etc., on returning home.

Temperature - -14.1.

6-18-15

Depth 255 fathoms.

Put a dredge down last night and walk it in during the morning. Clark is satisfied with the haul.

6-19-15

Two hours poor twilight and stars of the 5th magnitude may be observed at noon.

6-21-15

Preparations for midwinter.

Latitude - 74, 30 S.

Longitude - 47, 44 W.

Depth 260 fathoms.

Minimum temperature - -7.5.

Wind - S.S.E. to S.E.

The Billabong has an atmosphere poetic. Macklin in his bunk is writing poetical verses, and I am doing the same. McIlroy is arranging a decollete dancing rig, whilst Uncle Hussey is being beset by applicants to rehearse accompaniments on his banjo.

6-22-15

Latitude - 74, 21 S.

Longitude - 47, 44 W.

Temperature - -17.

Observed as a holiday. The sun begins to return once more, and a justifiable merrymaking custom ensues. After an excellent breakfast and lunch of reserved dainties, we partake of a "feast" dinner after which all retire to their cubicles to array in stage dress. I erect a stage, illumined with acetylene footlights, and decorated with bunting. Sir Ernest opens the evening with an egoistic and satiric harangue which is admirably responded to by the Revnd Dr. Bubblinglove (Lees). An overture, "Discord Fantasia" in four flats by the Billabong band works the audience up to a high pitch, the B B opportunely retiring to their retreat. Many humorous sketches and make-ups, interspersed with good natured parsiflage. Rickinsen makes an admirable flapper, whilst McIlroy makes a very good grisette, highly perfumed (betokening oakum and teased out rope yarn), Greenstreet, the dashing knut, was a great success. James' humorous brogue dissertation on the calorie was loudly applauded. Marston as a country farmer was superb. The evening, which comprised some 30 items, with an interval, concluded by God save the King and Auld Lang Syne. Afterwards we partook of a midnight supper.

6-24-15

Overcast and thick snow drift. No animal life observable.

We dredge in 249 fathoms.

Wind - S.W. to S.S.W.

Temperature minimum - -15.

6-25-15

Exercise the dogs during the morning, and a noticeable duration in the light visible. Our drift, from the time of being beset on January 19th to date is 667 miles.

Latitude - 73, 58 S.

Longitude - 47, 23 W.

Depth 238 fathoms

Air Temperature - -15, minimum - -21.5.

6-27-15

Eerie sounds of distant working pressure are carried on the crisp wintry atmosphere, a faint booming, groaning and creaking, a sound that to us the greater the distance, the more the enchantment.

6-28-15

Temperature - -16 and -24.

Depth 255 fathoms.

6-30-15

My turn to night watch. The duties of the night watch are to keep the Ritz bogie glowing, the Stables roasting, and the Boss's, which is right aft, at an equable temperature. The latter is a difficult job, as the Boss's room is but a small cabin. The temperature within is either 90 degrees or well below freezing, according to the vicissitudes of the wind which

greatly influences the bogie draught. Sir Ernest's temper reciprocates with the room temperature.

The night watch also arouses his friends, and they sit in quorum around the bogie fire, discoursing in subdued whispers and partaking of the night watchman's homage, to wit, sardines on toast, (a great favourite), grilled biscuit and cocoa or tea. Frequently, a special "perk", reserved for the occasion, is produced and the visitors, termed ghosts, are appreciative. All hands are called at 8:30 a.m.

7-2-15

Latitude - 74, 10 S.

Longitude - 48, 45 W.

A typical day. Rise at 8:30 a.m., generally 8:50 a.m. Breakfast at 9 a.m. sharp, else woe betide! Sir Ernest's humour in the morning before breakfast is very erratic.

Morning, exercise the dogs and "dinkass" about generally. Lunch 1 p.m. Afternoon, nil till afternoon tea. At 3:30 p.m., till 4 p.m. nill till 6 p.m., then turn in at own desire after an arduous day endeavouring to make time pass.

7-3-15

Dog weighing accomplished by lifting the dog with a canvas sling and hooking it on to a spring balance.

(Insert chart)

7-4-15

Temperature - -10 to -12.

Depth 203 fathoms.

Dogs exercised.

Gramophone concert, which we in the Billabong much appreciate. We lie in bunk, listening to every note and trying to imagine the singer and song under civilized circumstances.

7-5-15

Depth 184 fathoms.

Two penguins captured.

Macklin's team falls into a lead. He had great trouble in extricating them. The cold air quickly froze the hair of the dogs together, but they appear to have suffered little from their immersion.

7-7-15

Menial discontent in the fo'c'sle, several hands complaining of the bos'un having called them evil names, and struck them. As harmony is imperative, his promotion to bos'un has been cancelled, and he resumes his former rank as trawling hand.

Latitude - 74, 7 S.

Longitude - 49 W.

Minimum temperature - -18.1.

7-8-15

Cold and clear. The duration of daylight is increasing. Several sustain frostbites owing to the low temperature.

Air - -20.5.

Minimum - -24.

Stars stand out clear like twinkling lights. Sirius on the horizon gleams like a distant beacon.

7-9-15

Dogs exercised, and harnessing very cold work owing to -25 temperature.

Small cracks in the neighbourhood of our customary exercising ground impede free running.

For'ard hands cut away ice from around the rudder, making a hole 3 feet radius.

7-10-15

Latitude - 74, 6 S.

Longitude - 49, 40 W.

Each day a rich, warm, golden glow suffuses the horizon, and indicates the sun's passage to the North. Each day it mounts higher in the sky, and how we look forward to the time when we shall see old Jamaica's glowing face and feel the warmth of his rays.

Give a lantern lecture on New Zealand. Worsley, I allowed to do the lecturing, he being a native born New Zealander. He spoke very uneloquently, his descriptions being confined to "It is - er - er - so and so." He, however, retrieved himself by executing a Maori war-dance.

7-11-15

Just ahead of the ship, a lead opens some 200 yards wide, but closes to some 40 yards in width and rapidly freezes over as the temperature is -23.

7-12-15

Two long leads ahead and astern, running North and South.

Take my team for a run amongst the hummocks, which they heartily enjoyed. It is magnificent to watch old Shakespeare picking out the best tracks. Away we go, jumping over pressure ridges, holes and ice stumps. I have added two extra inner runners to my sledge and supplemented the bow by one made from water pipe. The result is most efficient. It has been christened the Dreadnought.

7-13-15

Old Rufus, one of my team, and the oldest member of the pack, dies of bronchial pneumonia.

Latitude - 74, 12 S.

Longitude - 49, 5 W.

Air temperature -29.6, minimum -32.5.

7-14-15

A mild blizzard set in during the morning, deluging and burying the dogs on the port side of the ship. Clearing gangs are set to work, and the dogs are extricated little the worse. It is bitterly cold and no one is allowed away from the ship. We are not anxious, however. The alluring cosiness of the Ritz being too enticing. All day the wind screams in our rigging.

7-15-15

Blizzard conditions continue all day. All hands busily engaged shovelling snow from the decks and excavating the dogs.

Latitude - 73, 48 S.

Longitude - 48, 35 W.

Depth 202 fathoms.

Minimum temperature -27.

The blizzard conditions moderated towards midnight. This morning the whole aspect of the circumjacent country appears altered. Around the stern and port side of the ship a huge snow dump has formed depressing the floe. Everywhere ramps and sastrugi may be seen. As for the dog kennels, a large number will have to be reconstructed on a higher site. Fortunately, throughout the blizzard, our floe remains intact.

7-17-15

The dogs greatly excited to go out to-day, and rush off at great speed. My sledge is loaded with five cases of benzine, each weighing 100 lbs., with which my own weight to 181 lbs. makes a total of 681 lbs. This they haul along like an unloaded sledge, and it takes all my time to keep them in hand.

To-day the golden glow marking the sun's position strengthens considerably.

7-18-15

My turn night watchman. Entertain Clark, Hussey and McIlroy at night watchman's benefit.

Temperature -13 and -17.

Gramophone concert.

7-19-15

Sleep all day after night watch.

Temperature -23 and -25.

7-20-15

Latitude - 73, 26 S.

Longitude - 48, 15 W.

Minimum temperature -25.

Secure four Emperor penguins to-day in a small lead; a very welcome addition to our larder. In their stomachs Clark finds a large number of small stones and cuttle fish beaks. Their weights vary from 45 to 75 lbs.

7-21-15

Four more Emperor penguins secured. Heavy ice pressure is heard to the S.W. of the ship. Sounds like surf breaking on rocks. During the day one can observe much movement going on amongst the floes, ahead to the ship accompanied by a weird creaking and groaning.

The ship's deck cleared and chains secured in readiness to bring the dogs on board at any moment.

A diligent watch is maintained; an hourly watch is kept during the night. The crack starts from the lead ahead and runs to within 30 yards of the ship. About 400 yards ahead, on the port bow, the ice has been very active. Crunching and rafting,

huge fragments, weighing many tons, being forced up and balanced on the top of pressure ridges over 15 feet high.

7-23-15

Exercise the dogs, but available area restricted on account of the alterations in the surface, due to recent ice disruptions. Sir Ernest is ever on the alert, and, as a wise precaution, had all sledging stores, parafin, sledges and sledging equipment, stowed on deck in case of such an emergency as the ship being crushed.

7-24-15

Latitude - 73, 7.5 S.

Longitude - 48, 18 W.

Barometer - 29 -56.

Depth 186 fathoms.

Minimum temperature -16.5

Ice grinding away in the S.W. Clark secures one Emperor penguin which is rounded up by Sue's two pups.

7-25-15

Cold wind with snow drift all day. Ice works grinding away on the starboard bow in fine style. We are very apprehensive that it will come closer.

7-26-15

"Nor dim, nor red,  
Like God's own Head,  
The glorious sun uprist."

For the first time for 79 days old Jamaica peeped above the horizon, and after winking at us for nearly a minute, set in glowing majesty, firing the sky with crimson and golden tints.

7-27-15

Latitude - 72, 47 S.

Longitude - 47, 42 W.

Temperature minimum -15.

Depth 190 fathoms.

Hazy. Frequent open patches of water which emit dense volumes of frost smoke; at this low temperature a pellicule of ice forms almost immediately on the open water when the leads open up.

7-28-15

New pressure ridges forming everywhere. Our hitherto unlimited exercising ground is now diminished to 300 yards radius. The dogs do not appreciate circling round and round the ship, and, speaking as a driver, we like it considerably less; still it has to be done.

7-29-15

Have just completed new residences on the floe for my team. The kennels are of medieval Antarctic architecture, and are constructed from ice slabs sledged in from the working leads ahead of the ship. The new kennels have wooden floors, the access being by a small wooden door frame let into the ice. The slabs are cemented together by a cement made by mixing snow with water. This cement practically converts the arranged slabs into a solid mass by freezing them together. The dogs appreciate their crystal houses which are illumined

by a faint blue light that filters through the walls. Sailor, who is the tenant of a church like devise, boasts an icy spire and portico. He, like many another sailor, prefers to curl up and lie down outside its inviting precincts.

The ice thickness, after twelve months in the vicinity of the ship is four feet, eight inches.

7-31-15

Latitude - 72, 37 S.

Longitude - 47, 53 W.

Minimum temperature -5.2.

Depth 185 fathoms.

Distant sounds of pressure working away to the South. Auroral display N.N.E. to the S.E., but not effective.

Two Emperor penguins secured to-day.

8-1-15

Latitude - 72, 16 S.

Longitude - 48, 10 W.

Temperature -11.

At 10 a.m., the floe began to move in our vicinity. Eventually it broke up and set the ship free. Shortly afterwards great pressure began working, driving tongues of ice below the ship and heeling us over to starboard. Our position became extremely perilous, as huge blocks were rafting and tumbling over themselves in their apparent eagerness to hurl their force against our walls. An ominous creaking and buckling of the deck manifested the terrific strains being exerted against

the ship. The dogs were hurriedly brought on board and gangways raised, and just in time, for shortly afterwards many of the kennels were overwhelmed by the oncoming tide of ice. Close against our starboard bow we had the unique observation of a big pressure ridge being thrown up. The edges of the floe, previously split, came together with such force that the ice was thrown up into a long ridge of crushed debris and huge blocks some 15 to 20 feet high.

While we were all feeling in a state of delightful uncertainty, standing up ready at the boats for lowering, and gear equipment ready for quitting, the pressure stopped instantaneously and all resumed the serene Antarctic quiet once more. If we had been but 15 feet ahead of our present position, or the working ice had advanced to that extent, we would, in all probability, have had to abandon the ship. Subsequent examination shows our rudder to be considerably damaged, whilst our crystal kennels have gone the way of all ice - crushed into powder.

A noticeable increase in the ocean depth has been recorded. On the 2nd it was 452 fathoms, on the 3rd it was 1,100 fathoms.

8-4-15

The ship now appears to be supported under the starboard bilge by an ice ledge or tongue, and we have a slight list to port. During the day, wooden kennels were constructed from our hut timber on the deck of the ship, it being considered improvident to allow the dogs to remain on the floe owing to its now transient nature.

The sun now shines for nearly an hour.

8-5-15

View from the mast head. The ice surface has entirely altered. Away ahead of the ship, it appears as an immense chaos of hummocks and ridges, ice needles and broken blocks piled up in the wildest confusion. Two huge fragments have been launched up on to the surface of the floe, and are several feet thick and solid ice weighing over 30 tons.

The soundings have increased to 1,146 fathoms.

All dogs are now housed on the ship's deck.

8-6-15

Latitude - 71, 35 S.

Longitude - 49, 18 W.

Minimum temperature - 11.

Nearly four hours sunlight, and about nine hours daylight.

Crean puts his four pups into harness for the first time amidst a chorus of yelping.

One Emperor penguin secured.

8-7-15

Arise early, and go with colour camera to secure some pictures in naturally colour of a magnificent sunrise.

8-8-15

The dogs are very restive and pugnacious owing to lack of exercise. The dog drivers take their respective teams out for 2 1/2 hours run. The dogs frolic, and it takes all one's time to keep them in hand and to remain on the sledge oneself.

Latitude - 71, 17 S.

Longitude - 49, 20 W.

8-9-15

Took interesting walk amongst the hummocks leisurely inspecting the shape and theorising on their forms. Such diversified pinnacles and fractures needs a much more able pen than mine to describe. What impressed me most strikingly, were the immense piles of ground ice, some 15 feet high, caused by the attrition of titanic floes, or rather fields grinding off their margins.

The said area presented to winds by millions of such hummocks and thousands of square miles of ice, must develop a power that is profoundly irresistible.

8-10-15

Latitude - 71, 15 S.

Longitude - 49, 23 W.

Temperature- -3 and -4.

Wind S., Force 2 - 3.

Overcast and hazy.

Sally gives birth to eleven pups. Three only are found to be alive.

8-11-15

During the last few days, several fine parhelia have been observed with mock suns.

Air temperature - -3.5.

Depth 1,550 fathoms.

Latitude - 71.3 S.

Longitude - 49, 45 W.

8-12-15

As we have a great quantity of benzine of the fo'c'sle head of the ship, in a position which is extremely unsafe, not only on account of fire, but also as regards affecting our stability, we place 300 gallons on the floe this evening and have a rare old bonfire.

8-13-15

Temperature - 0 and -11.

Small lead opens about half a mile to the Eastward, from which rises a dense frost smoke.

8-14-15

Temperature - +4 and -6.

Football. Sweethearts and wives. Uneventful.

8-15-15

Uneventful.

8-16-15

Clear afternoon. Worsley and self go picture stalking with cameras, he being used most effectively as a figure which I

include in pictures so that the size of the surrounding objects may be gauged.

Go for a fine ski run whilst others indulge in a fierce game of hockey.

A most beautiful moonlight night.

Latitude - 70, 42 S.

Longitude - 50, 30 W.

Minimum temperature - -17.

8-17-15

Beautiful sunny day. Endeavour to reach the "stained" berg some seven miles N.W. of the ship, but only reach half way on account of rough and broken nature of the country.

Take photographs. Altogether a very delightful day.

Depth 1,676 fathoms.

Minimum temperature - -25.

8-18-15

Rigging encrusted with rime. Ten hours daylight. Cold and bleak with drifting snow.

Two Emperor penguins captured.

Temperature - -24 and -25.

8-19-15

Ten Emperor penguins secured which average between 55 and 60 lbs. in weight.

8-20-15

Captain Worsley, Greenstreet and self, with my team, endeavour to reach the Rampart berg, which is now 11 miles from the ship. We travelled over extremely diversified packs, hummocks, ridges and plains through which my leader, Shakespeare, selected his own road with almost human intuition.

Greenstreet and I piloted the sledge bows, whilst the skipper at the rear prevented overturns.

It is amazing what rough country one can traverse with trained dogs - country one can with difficulty walk or climb over. When within one and a half miles of the berg, we were priding ourselves on having a fine field of young smooth ice on which to travel. Our anticipations were too sanguine, for I noticed that the young ice on which we were travelling was bending under our weight. Calling to Greenstreet and Worsley to return at once, I swerved my team in time to avoid breaking through.

Secured some fine photographs of pressure ridges.

8-22-15

Beautiful alpengluhen on the pack at sunrise. I walk out to the small lead ahead of the ship. The water is absolutely calm and the pink tinted hummocks and pinnacles bounding the margin are reflected therein. Sir Ernest joins me a little later, and

together we walk by the edge of the lead, treading in fairyland. The pack to the Southern horizon reflects the rose pink of early sunrise, and the grotesquely carved hummocks and ridges, glowed with the most exquisite rosy shades. The air is so exhilarating, that one can scarce refrain from bursting into song and singing to thy charms, oh wondrous land!

A peculiar miraging of bergs and distant hummocks was observed during the day.

8-24-15

Latitude - 70, 12 S.

Longitude - 50, 12 W.

Temperature - -16.

Took colour camera to lead again this morning amidst the similar gorgeous conditions of yesterday, more glorified perhaps, for a fine crop of ice flowers have sprung up on the lead and were illuminated by the morning sun, resembling a field of pink carnations. I secured some fine coloured reproductions. Ice flowers probably owe their origin to the presence, in the surface layers of the newly formed ice, of small inclusions of saline solution, which freezing under the influence of low temperatures, with consequent extrusion of the salt, act as nucleii for the disposition of rime from the relatively humid air adjacent to the ice surface.

8-25-15

Temperature - -15 and -23.

Depth 1,900 fathoms.

Leads open about a mile ahead of the ship, and the groaning of pressure is heard in that direction.

8-26-15

Sir Ernest, Wild and Crean take the three-man hoop tent out to some pressure ridges ahead of the ship, and erect same for cinema. The tent is an ingenious contrivance opening out very similar to a motor car hood. Its chief drawback, however, is that it lacks much portability.

8-27-15

1:30 a.m. All hands aroused by crack starting from under mizzen chains to starboard stern. All sledges are taken on board.

Latitude - 70 S.

Longitude - 50, 4 W.

Temperature - -18, minimum -24.

During the night take flashlight of the ship beset by pressure. This necessitated some 20 flashes, one behind each salient pressure hummock, no less than ten of the flashes being required to satisfactorily illuminate the ship herself. Half blinded after the successive flashes, I lost my bearings amidst hummocks, bumping shins against projecting ice points and stumbling into deep snow drifts.

Pack quiet, but away to the distant North, clouds of sea smoke arise like a distant fire.

8-29-15

Temperature - -12 and -24.

Latitude - 70 S.  
Longitude - 55 W.

Cook puts salt beef brine into dogs' hoosh which is driving them nearly crazy with thirst.

We have been kept busy nearly all the afternoon melting the ice and giving them water.

Another crack starts from the rudder, petering out in the floe some few hundred yards astern.

8-30-15

Latitude - 69, 56 S.  
Longitude - 50, 8 W.  
Temperature - -19 and -23.

Crack to the South working with pressure.

Dark room rendered extremely difficult by the low temperatures, it being -13 outside. The dark room is situated abaft the engine room and is raised to above freezing point by a primus stove. Washing plates is a most troublesome operation, as the tank must be kept warm or the plates become an enclosure in an ice block. After several changes of water, I place them in a rack in Sir Ernest's cabin, which is generally at a fairly equable temperature. The dry plates are all spotted and carefully indexed. Development is a source of much annoyance to the fingers which crack and split around the nails in a painful manner.

9-1-15

Heavy pressure set in for the night, and I anticipated the beams alongside my bunk would be splintered. The floor in the Billabong and Ritz buckled in an alarming manner, and the partition between ours and Lee's cubicle sprung tongues from the grooves.

9-2-15

Heavy pressure all night. One cannot feel but apprehensive when the deck begins moving and opening under one's feet, and you hear the ship groaning and cracking under this awful icy embrace. I do not mind getting out and stretching my legs, although land is over 300 miles away, but I prefer doing it when the temperature is a little warmer, it now being 53 degrees below freezing point.

9-3-15

Exercise dogs.

Soccer during the afternoon.

Overcast and gloomy. Ice still and quiet to-day.

9-4-15

Ice salinity insitu sample of the top 2 1/2" surface freshly formed ice 13.1 per thousand. Sample of water salinity 34.7 per thousand.

Latitude - 69, 56 S.

Longitude - 50, 80 W.

Wind E.

Temperature 3.2.

Ice conditions quiescent, and all are engaged in transferring stores from the bunkers to the store room.

Toast sweethearts and wives, as it is Saturday.

9-5-15

Gramophone concert this evening.

Calm day, and exercise dogs. The teams were recalled speedily by the emergency signal flag announcing ice movements. All head back to the ship. I had an exciting race with McIlroy's team. Having some rough ice to cross, McIlroy and his passenger, Greenstreet, were thrown off the sledge, their team returning driverless. Hussey and I were easy winners.

9-7-15

Latitude - 69, 55 S.

Longitude - 50, 28 W.

Temperature - -8 and -20.

Exquisite day. Dogs exercised.

Last night's snowfall has covered everything with a layer of sparkling snow, like ground pearl shells.

The ship appeared as if her rigging was tinselled. The hummocks and ice surface were sparkling as if they had been sifted with diamonds. Dogs and drivers alike feel the influence of the exhilarating atmosphere.

9-8-15

Lightly cloudy, but clear. Bergs and hummocks are refracted and miraged up on the horizon in great diversity of form. Some appear like huge dirigibles: others like sky scrapers, yachts, temples, etc.

Temperature - -17 and -22.

9-9-15

Extremely heavy precipitation of rime crystals during the night, our rigging being heavily encrusted, some of the ropes being over 3" in diameter, but the effect is very beautiful.

Latitude - 69, 55 S.

Longitude - 50, 20 W.

Temperature - -16 and -23.

9-10-15

Extraordinary rise in temperature, and the thermometer ran up with a jump to +21 at noon and +8 at midnight. This is accounted for by the wind blowing in from the N.E. and apparently over vast stretches of open water. Ice utterances are heard away to the South.

9-11-15

Latitude - 69, 50 S.

Longitude - 50, 19 W.

Temperature - -6 and -17.

Wind changes round to the S.W. and down falls the temperature.

Dogs exercised. Clark's birthday. He is the recipient of numerous letters and cards, stamped and addressed, and a miscellany of generally useless articles. Much merriment is caused by him being compelled to read the contents of his letters at the breakfast table.

Sweethearts and wives toasted.

9-12-15

A misty day. Go for walk amidst hummocks during the afternoon.

Gramophone concert in the evening.

Temperature - -8 and -17.

Wind S.W. and S.S.E.

9-13-15

Fine clear day, but decidedly nippy driving the dogs into the face of the stiff breeze that is blowing from the South, chills one to the backbone.

Temperature down to -27.

Greenstreet is my passenger.

9-14-15

Latitude - 69, 40 S.

Longitude - 50, 37 W.

Temperature - -11 and -23.

Wind South. Force 4.

Much rime deposited during last night. Very cold out of doors, though quite pleasant if one walks or exercises vigorously.

9-15-15

Temperature - -12 and -22.

Clear weather and exercise dogs. Wild's team observes a penguin and takes charge; Wild being unable to stop them, the bird is torn to pieces. A summary chastisement ensues.

9-16-15

Latitude - 69, 29 S.

Longitude - 50, 36 W.

Temperature - -17.

Nothing to note beyond refraction and overcast sky.

9-17-15

Latitude - 69, 28 S.

Longitude - 50, 35 W.

Temperature - -19 and -28.

Beautiful day. A long crack is seen from the Crow's nest, extending North to South from which pours forth volumes of frost smoke. The surface is excellent to-day, and the run with the dogs is delightful.

9-18-15

Temperature - +3 and -12.

The wind veers round to the North. Cloudy and rainy. Another small crack opens to the North half a mile distant.

Clark observes slight increase of life in his Plancton net.

Sweethearts and wives toasted.

9-19-15

Latitude - 69, 34 S.

Longitude - 50, 46 W.

Temperature - +1 and -5.

Had protracted run with Greenstreet as passenger. Traversed some rough country which driver and dogs enjoyed alike. I eulogise old Shakespeare again as a superb leader.

9-20-15

Depth 1,856 fathoms.

Temperature - +6 and -1.

Latitude - 69, 38 S.

Longitude - 50, 39 W.

Overcast and cloudy with heavy rime. Ice conditions unaltered.

9-21-15

Cloudy, with heavy rime precipitation.

Exercise dogs with Greenstreet my passenger. Surface extremely heavy, being of the nature of pie crust, that is, the top surface layer is formed, though incapable of supporting one's weight, so that a person continually breaks through into the knee deep soft layer underneath.

9-22-15

Light W. and N. wind.

Temperature - +2 and -11.

Fine day. During the afternoon all engage in hockey. The game provides exercise and amusement.

I went for a long run on ski, the surface having improved.

9-23-15

Latitude - 69, 33 S.

Longitude - 50, 36 W.

Temperature - -4 and -14.

Took cinema of dog teams being harnessed and leaving the ship. Rig my cinema on my sledge and set my team in motion, at the same time took cinema of Macklin's team following in my wake. Greenstreet gave me able assistance. The combination of movement should prove a unique effect.

9-24-15

Wind E.S.E.

Temperature - -7 and -15.

Latitude - 69, 30 S.

Longitude - 50, 40 W.

Wild's, Macklin's, McIlroy's and my own teams visit the "stained" berg, some seven miles distant. Each carried a passenger, Greenstreet being mine. The run out was very enjoyable, but the weather suddenly changed cold and misty, and we had a bleak return. Wild shot a female crab-eater, the first secured since winter.

9-25-15

Sweethearts and wives toasted with much eclat and music. For T.Ts we always have a box of Carson's winter chocolates.

Clark has a good tow net haul. In the evening a snow petrel, the first sign of winged life returning, flies past the ship Northwards.

9-26-15

Daylight saving scheme. Clock advanced one hour.

Latitude - 69, 33 S.

Longitude - 51, 4 W.

Overcast and misty day. Wild and McIlroy bring in the seal shot on the 24th. Wild shoots an additional bull crab-eater. The seals are highly welcome as our dog biscuits are running out, and there is very little seal meat for them.

9-27-15

Ice salinities. Salinity ice insitu sample taken near ship, 136 cent thick. Formed since February 13th, 9" snow cover.

5	4.4 per 1000	Temp. +0.4
25	8.8	1.2
45	6.0	5.1
65	5.3	8.8
85	4.6	[Blank]
105	4.8	12.7
125	7.1	20.7
130	7.2	24.8
136	[Blank]	28.6

9-28-15

Latitude - 69, 32 S.

Longitude - 51, 15 W.

Depth 1,876 fathoms.

Temperature - +5.5.

Overcast and misty. Rigging encrusted with rime.

9-29-15

Cracks observable from the mast head running S.W. and E. An old crack along the port side of the ship opens up again.

Temperature - +7 and -10.

9-30-15

Experienced a nip to-day, the most severe since entering the ice. The ship endures a terrific strain, shivering from stem to stern, when at last it seems that her sides must collapse. The floe splits and, with feelings of relief to us, the strain is alleviated.

Secured five seals, two Emperor penguins. The crab-eaters have well developed foetis.

10-1-15

Two very accomodating seals waddle up to within 80 yards of the ship, disturbing the dogs, and in consequence are secured for the larder.

During the last month, James made a series of interesting ice observations and tests by the silver nitrate method, to

determine structural phenomenon and salinities. I subsume the interesting data which resulted from these tests.

10-2-15

Fine parhelia discerned during the forenoon, with bright mock suns. There are no less than 13 seals observable on the floe. Three were secured and several were severely scarred.

Exercise dogs. Greenstreet accompanies me as passenger. Whilst racing back to the ship, and watching the parhelia, (not looking where we were going), I happened to glance ahead, just in time to notice the foremost dog disappear into a lead. Hastily jumping off, we just swerved the sledge and saved ourselves from going in. The lead had opened right in the middle of the homeward track, during the time we were out exercising.

10-3-15

Latitude - 69, 14 S.

Longitude - 51, 11 W.

Temperature - +4 and -14.

For dinner to-day we had some very fine baked seal, potatoes, peas, and tinned pears and cream.

After dinner, we Billabongites turned early into bunks to enjoy the gramophone concert.

The thickness of the ice after 236 days is now 4'5", 7 1/2" of snow of the surface.

A crack has opened aft, which frees the ship's rudder.

10-4-15

Whilst team exercising, I allowed the team to cross a pressure ridge, without riding on the sledge. The team bolted and made off to the ship without either driver or passenger. We had to race in two miles, but the runaways reached the ship first. They looked very penitent when they saw me arriving. On trying to drive them out again, they became unmanageable and took me round and round the ship on some very thin ice, which kept on opening under our weight. When I finally did get them all out, I took out each dog individually from the team and gave it a good thrashing, after which they were very docile and obedient.

10-6-15

We lower the Hjort meter net 200 fathoms, and all hands walk it in.

Temperature - -4, minimum -23.

Have a fine run on ski during the afternoon.

10-6-15

Latitude - 69, 12 S.

Longitude - 51, 19 W.

Temperature - -3 and -12.

The ice cracked into pools and leads. It looks like an early break up. Frost smoke rising from the water is tinged red by the sunset, giving an appearance of fires in every direction.

Two seals secured.

Dogs had to be exercised to-day in two batches, so that they might the more readily be taken on board in case of the break up of the ice.

10-7-15

Leads and cracks begin opening. To date, our fifty to sixty dogs have consumed about ten tons of seal meat, and one ton of penguin meat.

Engaged in game of hockey during the evening.

Temperature - +11 and -5.

10-8-15

Fine clear day and dogs exercised.

Took photographs amongst the pack of teams working over rough ice.

Latitude - 69, 18 S.

Longitude - 50, 40 W.

Maximum +19. Minimum +2.

One seal secured.

10-9-15

Sweethearts and wives toasted with music and song. One member places ice on Sir Ernest's bogie fire, mistaking it for coal, probably the result of overtoasting during the evening. The fire is extinguished and Sir Ernest very irately wigs the offender. He also, it is alleged, put coal into the ice pot.

10-10-15

Latitude - 69 S.

Longitude - 50 W.

Temperatures +28 and +10.

Pack opens slightly and water lanes are reflecting black patches in the sky in every direction. Throughout the day, a thaw set in, to-day being the warmest since January. Everything between decks is dripping, and in an awful mess. The dogs seem discomposed by the rise in temperature, and as there is much snow thawing on the deck of the ship, they are all very wet.

10-11-15

E. to N. and N.N.E.

Temperature rises to +29 and +24.

The thaw continues. Dogs exercised. Preparations are in full swing for all to resume their old cabins on the main deck. Ship's gear is cleared, and all put in running order, ready should the ice open up. Pack continues to open up. There is a working crack only a few yards ahead of the ship, but the ice does not show any inclination to disintegrate in our vicinity along the ship's sides.

10-12-15

There has been much activity on the migration from the Ritz to our summer cabins, and a great cleaning up has been going on. The ship reverberates with hammers, sawing, cheers and song. The wardroom is being reconverted from the "Stables" back again to the old mess room.

Temperature +28 and +21.

10-13-15

Latitude - 69 S.

Longitude - 50 W.

Air Temperature +23.

Remarkably mild weather. Helmets and gloves are laid by, and the wardroom resumes its original appearance.

To-morrow, we have the first meal therein.

Two seals and six Emperor penguins secured.

The bogie is put in the square opposite Greenstreet's cabin. This will warm things up a trifle.

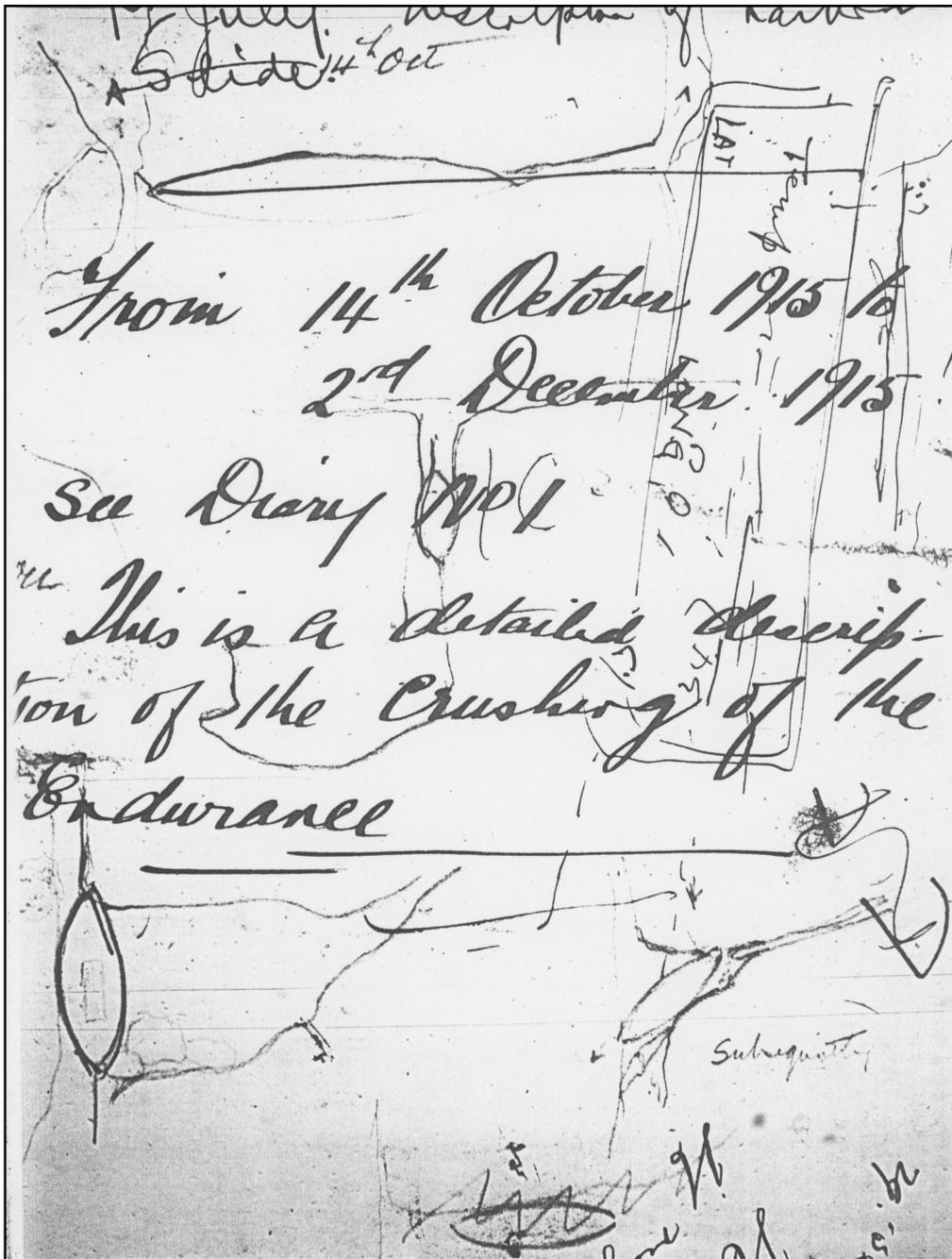


IMAGE: FRANK HURLEY - ENDURANCE DIARY

10-14-15

Uneasiness in the ice ahead of the ship, and shortly after 7 p.m., a rending crash causes all hands to rush up on deck. A crack has opened from the lead ahead of the ship, passed

along our starboard to another crack that has formed aft. The ship is free, the first occasion since the 16th February. Through the clear water we can examine the damaged helm, which apparently has not sustained extensive damage, though it is twisted from the waterline down to the second rudder band.

Latitude - 69, 24 S.

Longitude - 50, 33 W.

Temperature +28 and +15.

10-15-15

My twenty-eighth birthday.

At midnight, the ship drifts from her cradle, where she had been frozen insitu in the floe and falls astern, leaving her form moulded in the splintered floe behind her. The spanker is hoisted, and we actually sail 100 yards, our first movement since the 15th February. We are now in a narrow lead, double the ship's beam in width, and blocked immediately ahead by a narrow transverse lead. Our position I review with some anxiety, as we inevitably must be severely nipped, should the floes come together.

During the day, the temperature falls from +31 to +3.

A whale makes his appearance in the lead behind the ship. Three seals and three Emperor penguins are secured.

October 16, 1915

Lat. 69. 19 S.

Long. 50. 30 W.

Temp. +13.

Out during morning, exercising dogs on return. My team rushes down old path to the original position of ship & only overturn sledge in time to prevent them rushing into the water. Had to stow (?) one & whip them all soundly. Even then they could not be induced to go to the altered position of the ship. Bob breaks away & scampers over the thin ice which just holds him. Worsley comes to the rescue & with some trouble we compel the team to go alongside.

October 17, 1915 - original entry

We dread Sundays as then the pressure seems most alive, all hands ran on deck after dinner & from gramophone concert as the floes separated by the ship come together. In the engine room - the weakest part of the ship - loud noises - crashes & hammerings are heard. At the same time the wood plates on the floor buckle up & override. Things are feeling a trifle uncomfortable aboard. The ship stands the presence right nobly & we can see her rising out of the ice inch by inch. The maximum being 10 in front & 3 ft. 11 in.(?) at her stern.

10-17-15

The ice seems intent on disturbing our Sunday evening gramophone concerts, for it invariably sets up a whining and "gets busy" as we are in the midst of musical enjoyment. Punctual to 6 p.m., we hear the dread whining and groaning followed almost immediately by the vessel vibrating and shivering as though she were trembling with fear at the coming conflict. It is a cracky, uneven conflict, receiving all blows and unable to give retaliation. Together came those irresistable vice like floes, nipping the ship in their terrific grip.

She creaks, groans, and shivers in agony, but tighter and relentless is the grip and, when we expect to see her sides stave in, she slowly and gradually rises from the pressure. At this critical junction, the pressure fortunately ceased, as suddenly as the stopping of some gigantic mechanism. Our stern has been force 3 feet four inches out of ice, and subsequently the pressure rebated and we gradually assumed our normal position.

October 18, 1915 - original entry

Day of great excitement at 4:45 p.m. floes come together nipping the ship & forcing her out of the ice. The ice presses under the port bilge heeling the ship over onto her starboard side with a list of 30 degrees. So quickly did this take place - 5 to 7 seconds & threw everything moveable on deck. Timbers, kennels & dogs were thrown out the side & for the moment it seemed the ship would be thrown on her beam ends. Secured several fine photographs of our gallant ship. At 8 p.m. floes open again & to our relief the Endurance arights herself.

10-18- 15

The ice remained quiet throughout last night, and up till 4:45 p.m. to-day, when the ice was again in motion. Standing on the deck watching the grinding of the floes against our sides, one could not but feel apprehensive for the ship's safety. Every timber was straining to rupture. The decks gaped, doors refused to open or shut. The floor coverings buckled, and the iron floor plates in the engine room bulged and sprung from their seatings: everything was in a state of extreme compression.

Shortly after 5 p.m., we began to rise from the ice, much after the manner of a gigantic pip squeezed between the fingers. In the short space of seven seconds, we were shot from the floes and thrown over to port, with a list of 30 degrees. All unsecured gear immediately rolled over to the lee side. On deck, great was the chaos: dogs, kennels, sledges and emergency gear were thrown in an inextricable tangle on the port side. Lathes were without delay nailed to the deck to secure the footing, and order was labouriously restored. The dogs, poor creatures, have also learned to dread ice commotions, whimpering uneasily at its first signals, and I could not help but laugh hilariously at our seating accomodation in the wardroom at dinner this evening. We all sat on the floor, with our feet jammed against lathes, to prevent sliding, and looking like the gallery of a music hall in Topsy Turveydom. One dare not rest anything on the table, or the 30 degree list immediately admonished you. What a ludicrous sight to observe the steward balancing and passing the plates of soup to the gallery, occasionally one would put down an empty plate or vessel on the floor - away it would careen to the port side.

During the evening, I took a series of pictures of our ignominious position. We were all fervently thankful when the pressure was relieved again, at 9 p.m., and allowed us once more to regain an even keel. During the evening, all hands engaged in removing shattered floes from our port side to form a small dock into which the vessel was diverted by aid of the spanker.

October 19, 1915 - original entry

Two seals & 8 Emperor penguins secured. Had fine view of Killer swimming in the pool alongside the ship this evening. His graceful & sinuous evolutions could be clearly studied in the still water causing great excitement & uproar amongst the dogs. All available empty cases & lumber thrown into bunkers for the boilers. Boiler pumped up with the Downton taking 2 hr. 50 min. Fires lighted under boilers.  
Low barometer - 28:96.

10-19-15

Ice remains quiescent during the day.

Two seals and eight Emperor penguins emerge from a lead in the vicinity of the ship, and are secured.

As we have but 45 tons of coal remaining in the bunkers, it has been considered advisable to augment this meagre supply by seal blubber. All available timber, not required for present use, is being transferred also to the bunkers. During the day, the boilers were pumped up by the Downton and the fires kindled.

October 20, 1915 - original entry

69, 17 S.

Long. 51, 5 W.

4 seals secured.

Sea watches set in the event of necessity & all to be in readiness to work ship at any moment. Steam raised. Taking 1 ton of Coal. Remainder being made up of Wood, blubber, etc. It has been thought necessary to have the engine ready for any

emergency & to maintain steam only consumes 1 1/4 to 1 1/2 cwt. coal daily. Engines given a turn, all O.K. after being frozen up for 8 months. Malignant rumbling through the night. We are however pretty well habituated to this kind of thing & it now disturbs us little.

10-20-15

Latitude - 69, 17 S.

Longitude - 51, 5 W.

To be ready in case of emergency, we have reverted to the original sea watches. A low pressure of steam is being maintained, and the engines were given their first turn after being idle and frozen up for eight months. In addition to wood and blubber, only one ton of coal was consumed in steam raising, and exercising utmost economy, 1/2 cwt. mixed with blubber will be necessary to maintain steam each 24 hours.

Four crab-eaters were brought in during the day.

During the night, a low malignant rumbling takes place on the circumjacent floes, lightly ripping the ship. We are so habituated, however, to these happenings, that no one moved from their bunks.

10-21-15

Latitude - 69, 11.30 S.

Longitude - 51, 7 W.

Two crab-eaters captured. Two killer whales treat us to an aquatic display in the pool alongside the ship. The dogs are wildly excited.

10-23-15

We now have 22 hours of daylight. Cloudy, misty, snowy.

Latitude - 69, 11 S.

Longitude - 51, 6 W.

Ice packing quiet.

October 24, 1915 - original entry

Ship's stern post twisted - seriously damaged by heavy pressure. Hidden ends of planking started all pumps working & stern raised for engine room bilge pump. All take watch & watch on pump & leak just kept under - Carpenter works all night building coffer dam abaft engines. Calk same with strips of blanket & pour cement in.

10-24-15

The floes which have been in motion during the afternoon, set in with great energy about 6 p.m., assailing the ship on the starboard quarter. All hands go down onto the floe with picks, shovels and chisels, and cut trenches to relieve the strain. At 7 p.m., an oncoming floe impinges on the helm, forcing it hard over to port, wrenching the rudder post. The ship's stern post is seriously damaged, and the hidden ends of the plankings started. Soundings in the well announce the gloomy tidings that we are rapidly making water. The pumps are immediately manned, and steam raised for the Engine room pumps. The water is at present easily kept under, and the carpenter immediately set to work constructing a coffer dam in the shaft tunnel. Watches keep the pumps manned vigourously: their clickety click resounds throughout the night, above the

ominous creaking of timbers. The position is serious, as it is evident our old enemy is not going to remain passive at this juncture - the critical period of disintegration.

October 25, 1915 - original entry

Leak kept under - all hands assist on main pump & Downton. The building of the coffer dam nearing completion. Pressure moderating - but large ridges menacing us on the starboard quarter & stern.

10-25-15

I went down into the engine room this morning to have a look at the progress made by Chips on the coffer dam. The water is level with the engine room floor, but is easily being kept under. The aspect, however, of a copious stream issuing from the nearly completed coffer dam, is highly disconcerting, but we still hope to bring our staunch little craft through.

Without, the configuration of the ice has undergone a complete transition, most of the pools in our vicinity have shut up, and are converted into pressure ridges; whilst there is an expansive lake half a mile astern. A huge pressure ridge menaces us on the starboard quarter and astern. The ship is in a highly precarious situation, with a heavy list to star-board. In her unfortunate position, it is obvious that, should she be assailed by pressure on her starboard, she must act as a barrier against which the energy of the pressure will expend itself, as the assailing ice impinges above the sheer of the bilge, the ship will be unable to rise above the pressure. The ice gave us a short respite from anxiety, being quiet all day, but all pumps are in operation.

During the afternoon, I packed up my album in waterproof cloth - it being the only record of my work I shall be able to take, should we be compelled to take to the floe.

October 26, 1915 - original entry

Lat. 69.8

Long. 51.28 W.

Bright & clear.

Temp. 0 to -15.

Extremely heavy pressure set in again opening planking 4 & 5 inches on the starboard side. While the ship twisted like a bow - at 7 p.m. the order was given to lower boats & heap with all necessary ---- provisions & sledges were passed onto the floe - out of immediate danger. At midnight the floes ceased working so that the leak took up somewhat. We work all night - taking watch & watch on the pumps. All hope is not given up yet for saving the ship. Six Emperor penguins watch the crushing of the ship.

10-26-15

Latitude - 69, 8 S.

Longitude - 51, 28 W.

Temperature 0 to -15.

Fine clear day. The ice, which has been in a state of turmoil since this morning, subjected the ship to terrific strains during the afternoon. The menacing pressure ridge on our starboard quarter was in great activity, and a wide crack, extending from our rudder, reunited, and was converted into a mass of disrupted blocks and crunched fragments. I was assisting Chips, caulking the coffer dam, when the pressure set in, and

the creaking and groaning of the timbers, mingled with crunching ice against the ship's sides, produced a hideous deafening din, which gave us the impression that the vessel's sides were being stove in.

Hurrying on deck, we joined the remainder of the party who were clearing the lowering gear of the boats and stacking stores in case of compulsory disembarkment. I shall ever remember vividly this afternoon. The dogs, instinctively conscious of the imminent peril, set up distressed wails of uneasiness and fear. Sir Ernest, standing on the poop, calmly surveying the movements of the ice, and giving an occasional preremptory order. Sledges and all gear are being rapidly accumulated on deck, without the slightest discomposure, as though it were ordinary routine duty.

At 6 p.m., the pressure develops an irresistible energy; apparently our vicinity being the focus, as the ice, a short distance off, remains quiescent. The ship groans and quivers, windows splinter, whilst the deck timbers gape and twist. Amidst these profound and overwhelming forces, we are the absolute embodiment of helpless futility. The brunt of the pressure assails our starboard quarter, and the damaged stern post, forcing the ship ahead by a series of pulsating jerks, and with such force that the bows are driven wedge-wise into the solid floe ahead. (4' 6" thick) This frightful strain is observed to bend the entire hull some 10 inches along its length.

At 7 p.m., the order is given to lower the three boats. The boats are hauled some distance away from the "Endurance", and out of the zone of immediate danger.

At 8:15 p.m., there is a welcome cessation in the ice movement, and all go on board to take their watch at the pumps and secure what rest they can. Chips informs us that the leak has taken up somewhat, but this I attribute to the ship's stern being raised considerably. The pumps continue an incessant clickety clack - we are yet hopeful.

10-27-15

Latitude - 69, 5 S.

Longitude - 51, 32 W.

Chips expects to complete the coffer dam tonight, and great hopes are entertained for its success. The dam is being filled with sawdust and cement, which, it is anticipated, will be carried by the flowing water into the interstices of the structure, and form a hydraulic seal.

During the morning, all hands go down onto the floe and remove an immense embankment of ice debris, which has piled up against our starboard quarter, high above the bulwarks. All, including Sir Ernest, continue turns with the pumps which are able to keep pace with the inflowing water.

We have just finished lunch, and the "ice mill" is in motion again. Closer and closer approaches the pressure wave on our starboard, like a huge frozen surf. Immense slabs are rafted up to its crest, which topple down and are overridden by a chaos of crunched fragments. Irresistibly, this stupendous power marches onward, grinding its way through the 5 foot floe surrounding us. Now it is within a few yards, and the vessel groans and quivers. I am quickly down on the moving ice with the cinema, expecting every minute to see the sides, which are

springing and buckling, stave in. The line of pressure now assaults the ship, and she is borne onto the crest of the ridge. Immense fragments are forced under the counter and wrench away the stern post. Sir Ernest and Captain Worsley are surveying the vessel's position from the floe, when the carpenter announces that the water is gaining rapidly on the pumps, and all hands are ordered to stand by to discharge equipment and stores onto the floe. The pumps work faster and faster and someone is actually singing a "shanty" to their beat. The dogs are rapidly passed down a canvas chute and secured on the floe followed by cases of concentrated sledging rations, sledges and equipment.

By 8 p.m., all essential gear is floed, and though the destruction of the ship continues, smoke may be observed issuing from the galley chimney - the cook is preparing supper! All hands assemble in the wardroom to partake of the last meal aboard the good old ship. The meal is taken in silent gravity, whilst the crushing is in progress, and an ominous sound of giving timbers arises from below. We are practically immune, however, to "ice utterances", and our sadness is for the familiar scenes from which we are being expelled. The clock is ticking away on the wall as we take a final leaving of the cosy wardroom, that has for over twelve months being connected with pleasant associations and fraternal happiness. Before leaving, I went below into the old winter quarters, the Ritz, and found the water already a foot above the floor. The sound of splintering beams in the darkness was a little too imposing, so that I left in a hurry. Sir Ernest hoists the blue ensign at the mizzen gaff to three lusty cheers, and is last to leave. All equipage and boats are moved some three hundred yards, as the floes are in active commotion in the vicinity of the ship.

During the dim hours of midnight, the calm frigid atmosphere is resonant with the eerie noises of working pressure and the hideous booming of splintering timber from the ship.

Apparently the vessel is the nucleus of the disturbance, for we are surrounded by a labyrinth of grinding ridges and a maze of cracks of which she is the focus. By some curious happening, the emergency light becomes automatically switched on, and an intermittent making and breaking of the circuit, seems to transmit a final signal of farewell.

October 28, 1915 - original entry

Awful calamity that has overtaken the ship that has been our home for over 12 months & was only means of communication (?) with the world. We are homeless & adrift on the sea ice. Yet cheerful & as hopeful as it is possible to be under the circumstances. It is our intention to sledge to Snow Hill, some 300 miles distant - a great undertaking for such a large (29) (sic) & inexperienced party. The pressure continued throughout the day. I had ----- ----- on the ship the whole time. Her foremast & jibboom & ---- spanker snapped off by the ----- being forced under with the pressure & she has the appearance of sinking at any moment. It seems impossible that the awful force of nature could so completely destroy ----- ----- ----- now resembles a ship.

10-28-15

It is bitterly cold. At 1 a.m., the temperature falls to 47 degrees below freezing and the tents that had been erected for temporary shelter, had to be struck and removed with all

equipment three times, on account of the floe splitting up under them.

The dogs were obviously aware that something was amiss, and behaved excellently. By their aid, transport was accomplished expeditiously and nothing lost.

Shortly after 6 a.m., the ice was peaceful again, and Sir Ernest and myself went down to the wreck and salvaged several tins of benzine from off the fo'c'sle head. We returned with them to camp, and improvised a makeshift galley, using the benzine for fuel to boil the morning Hoosh.

At 7:30 a.m., the Hoosh was served out. Its invigorating influence warmed our frozen frames, and enabled us to review the position more cheerfully.

During the day, the party were re-equipped with new wearing apparel, and all impediments and unessential gear, dumped in a cache. We are approximately 209 miles from Snow Hill and 350 from Paulette Island, the winter quarters of the Nordenskjold Expedition of 1903-4. Here there is a provisions, and it is intended that the party should sledge across the sea ice to either of these depots, where the main body will remain, whilst a sledging or boating party will endeavour to communicate with the whaling factories of Whilhelmina Bay or Deception Harbour.

The floes are in a state of agitation throughout the day, and in consequence, I had the cinema trained on the ship the whole time. I secured the unique film of the masts collapsing.

Towards evening, as though conscious of having achieved its purposes, the floes were quiescent again.

October 29, 1915 - original entry

Day spent in sorting out & dumping all unnecessary equipment in the dump heap. Observable - gold links - watches - latest ---- dress suits & relics of civilized life. All entirely useless here. Went aboard the wreck this morning to rescue miscellaneous oddments. The ship is in a frightful condition. Crunched to fragments. She was entirely full of water.

10-29-15

All slept well last night; for now that we are driven to take up a precarious residence on the floe, it is preferable to a continuance of the anxiety we had endured the past two months on board ship.

The day was spent packing, and lashing sledges, and sorting out gear; the carpenter being very busy constructing sledges for the two boats to be taken.

The dump heap is a heterogeneous collection of dress suits, hats, brushes, combs, portmanteaus, books, etc., pleasant though useless refinements of civilization. I even noticed some gold studs, links and sovereigns. After all I thought, value is but relative, a mere matter of comparison.

During the afternoon, Wild, McIlroy and myself went aboard the "Endurance". Poor old ship, what a battered wreck she is! The floes, like a mighty vice, have crushed her laterally. The starboard side has been crushed in, and all the cabins along it have been closed up as efficiently as a folding Kodak. Their

broken and splintered walls being forced into the alley ways, which are blocked with an indescribable chaos of debris and ice. The wardroom too, is a pitiful sight, being crammed to the ceiling with iceblocks and splinters. Without, on the boat deck a veritable "hummocking" of timbers has gone on, and the supporting beams have been broken amidship, so that the deck falls away to starboard and one can step from it onto the floe. Fore and aft, it is a switchback. The jibboom has snapped off gammoning the foremast at the crosstrees, the main is splintered six feet above the deck, whilst the mizzen, with the blue ensign still floating at the gaff, is as staunch as ever. With her stern cocked high in the air and fo'c'sle head overridden by the floe, it would be difficult to recognise, but for the name at her stern, - the "Endurance" - the acme of man's ingenuity in shipcraft and constructed specially to combat the strife of the polar seas. The wreck must inevitably sink as soon as the pressure relaxes, and the piercing tongues of ice that are at present acting as supports, are withdrawn. The ice topography around the ship has undergone an entire change attesting to the terrific violence of the majestic forces in operation.

Sir Ernest announces that the march will begin to-morrow.

10-30-15

Raw, snowy morning. All preparations are made for starting. I have completed a bogie, for burning blubber, made from an oil drum, and which will be utilised for cooking meals.

During the morning I went again on board and brought off in triumph a number of tooth brushes and paste. I had to beat a hasty retreat owing to a portentous creaking. Before leaving, I had a final look at the dark room, wherein is submerged,

beneath four feet of water, my treasured negatives and instruments.

At 7 a.m., a start was made, the plan of procession being as follows:

A pathfinding party of three precedes the advance with a light sledge, and demolishes hummocks, bridge cracks, and smooths out the track. This party has a couple hours lead on the main body. Then follows seven sledges, each drawn by seven dogs, and loaded with an average load of 100 lbs. per dog. Five teams then return, and bring up the balance of the gear loaded on five sledges. The remaining two teams, Wild's and mine own, will link together and bring up the light boat. The balance of the party, eighteen members, will manhaul the large boat - "the James Caird". The arrangement dispenses with the disheartening relaying by the men, this working falling to the lot of the dogs, which, even with the double haulage will be working at about half their capable efficiency.

6 p.m. After 2 1/2 hours, a halt was made, with about one mile traversed. The organization worked admirably, the dogs hauled the sledges readily, while the ease with which the two coupled teams drew the "Stancombe Wills", elicited admiration from all. The total weight of the S.W. with sledge equals 17 1/2 lbs. (?). All are in high hopes, and glad a start has been made from the depressing neighbourhood of the wreck.

10-31-15

Temperature +26.

The morning broke bleak and snowy, the light being altogether too bad to survey a track. Dull, overcast and snowy weather produces an evenfall of light which renders the landscape in a grey monotone, so that the hummocks and hollows are alike indistinguishable. By noon, the weather had improved sufficiently to enable a start to be made, but after covering but half a mile, the weather thickened up so that we were compelled to camp again. Selecting a piece of thick floe for the purpose. During the evening, a seal was secured, which provided a seal "hoosh" for the party, and meat for the dogs.

Surface soft, and extremely rough.

11-1-15

Morning breaks snowy and thick. Sir Ernest has formed an advisory committee, comprised of Wild, Worsley and self, and during the morning we scouted ahead for a track. The condition of the surface is atrocious, and the floe is covered with a layer of soft snow into which we sank knee and thigh deep. There appears scarcely a square yard of smooth surface which is covered by a labyrinth of hummocks and ridges. Owing to this impossible surface, we were of the unanimous opinion that the alternative project of establishing a permanent camp on a piece of heavy old floe, and awaiting the breaking up of the ice pack, should be resorted to. In pursuance of this decision, all the sledges and boats were hauled to a suitable camping floe, and the tents pitched.

After lunch, the dog teams proceeded to the wreck to salve all possible foodstuffs, and to bring up from the "dump camp" some of the more essential gear deposited there. The unsafe

main mast was cut adrift, carrying the mizzen with it, and any timbers that might be a danger to the salving gang removed.

11-2-15

The teams ply to and from the wreck, bringing into camp loads of wood and canvas, though very little food. I examined the condition of the ship, and suggested that an attempt should be made to cut away through the deck into the Billabong in the Ritz, where a large quantity of cases of foodstuffs are stored. This will be tried to-morrow, if the conditions are favourable. During the day, I hacked through the thick walls of the refrigerator to retrieve the negatives stored therein. They were located beneath four feet of mushy ice and, by stripping to the waist and diving under, I hauled them out. Fortunately, they are soldered up in double tin linings, so I am hopeful they may not have suffered by their submersion. On return to camp, my team bolted owing to a killer whale breaking through the ice but 10 yards ahead.

Three seals captured during the day.

There is at present sufficient food in camp to last the fugitive party 180 days, at the rate of a lb. per day.

11-3-15

Latitude - 69, 35 S.

Longitude - 51, 57 W.

Construct an improved blubber stove, and place timbers under our floor cloth to keep the same dry.

Rescue my books and the Encyclopaedia Britannica from the chief's cabin. A large party under Wild are clearing the huge bank of crushed ice from the port amidships and removing a section of the boat deck to allow free access to the main deck immediately above the Billabong. A spar has been rigged with a heavy ice chisel to be operated as a reciprocating drill.

Fortunately, the ice remains passive, so that the party made good progress: but this work is hampered by a two foot layer of mushy ice, covering the point of attack.

11-4-15

The salvage party broke through the deck shortly after 11 a.m. The opening was followed by an outrush of walnuts, onions and numerous small buoyant articles. By fishing with boathooks, case after case was directed to the opening from which they emerged buoyantly to the surface. The scene was highly amusing, and reminded me of the juvenile game of fishpond. If one of the fishers brought to light a case of high food value, a great cheer arose. I was just in time to see a keg of soda carbonate greeted with groans. So, in proportion to the relative values of the salved cases, so was their appearance greeted with suitable exclamations. The party worked at high pressure all day, taking advantage of the restful state of the ice. By evening, practically all the cases were fished from the Billabong, making aggregate of three tons of stores.

All the flour was retrieved, as well as a large percentage of the sugar - the two commodities we were mostly in need of. The teams were busy transporting the ice covered cases to the camp all day; each team averaging five loads and loaded to 120 lbs. per dog.

11-5-15

Latitude - 69, 1.10 S.

Longitude - 51, 57 W.

Temperature +3.

Calm, fine, sunny day.

A few more stores have been retrieved from the Billabong, and all materials likely to be of value, wood, cordage, canvas, ironwork, etc. One of the ship's binnacles has been brought into camp, and later will be erected on a lookout platform.

The sailors are busy at work erecting a canvas hut, 23 x 11 feet from sails and spars, to be used as a galley and shelter. I searched the ship over for a suitable object that could be converted into a cooking range: as the ash chute was the nearest approach to the desideratum, it was conveyed to the camp, where assisted by Kerr and Rickensen, I began the tedious task of cutting a number of "pot holes". As our sole implement is a small, very blunt cold chisel, and the chute is constructed of 1/4" mild steel, we are like to develop our biceps by the time the stove is completed. The stove is designed to consume blubber for fuel, and, when installed in the new shelter, should ameliorate the cook's duties considerably.

It is estimated that there is now sufficient food in the camp, augmented with seals and penguins, to last the party nine months. We anticipate a dissemination of the ice during December to January. Arrangements are therefore being made to consume only the salvaged unconcentrated foods

during the intervening period, reserving the sledging stores exclusively for boat or emergency use.

11-7-15

Latitude - 68, 50 S.

Longitude - 52, 27 W.

High temperatures have been favouring us recently, and to-day, the mercury rose to +23 at noon, whilst we have also had a prevalence of 'South Easters' which have driven us toward our goal, 15 miles North-West, since the 5th. To-day has been blowing a mild blizzard, and my sympathy is for the cook who had to prepare the meals behind a canvas dodger, which afforded very little protection. In spite of the blubber soots and snow, which eddy around the -----envelop him, he elicited very little pity from the camp when he burned the morning's hoosh, and was severely admonished for having too big a fire and allowing the lunch hoosh to escape through burning the bottom out of the oil drum in which it was cooking. Cooking is a thankless task. Excellence receives no acknowledgement, but woe betide the chef should he produce an unsavoury or burnt meal. This is the more understandable, as most of the party are inexperienced in sledging cuisine. I actually heard a member complaining about his tea being too strong! However, it will not be long before we are all accustomed to our new bill of fare, which, in my opinion, is sumptuous.

The canvas erection is completed and is being floored with lining boards from the wreck: it has been christened the Billabong, a tribute to the good luck which rewarded our

salvage efforts in the recovery of stores from the original Billabong.

During the afternoon, we installed the "Hash chute" stove, which proved a great success. It simply roars away like a furnace, generating far more heat than the galley stove on board ship. The cook can now prepare the meals in comfort, and we hope, cleanliness.

The general appearance of the camp reminds one of an Alaskan mining Settlement in winter. In the centre, surrounded by the piles of stores, is the eating house, belching from its chimney a trail of brown smoke, that has already left its trademark across the snow. The tents are arranged in a row conveniently near, with the huskies pegged out in their respective teams contiguous to the tents. Around us is a vast, illimitable (sic) champaigne of snow, which not even the most fertile imagination could conceive to be the frozen bosom of the sea. It is beyond conception, even to us, that we are dwelling on a (sic) colossal ice raft, with but five feet of ice separating us from 2,000 fathoms of ocean and drifting along under the caprices of wind and tides, to heaven knows where?

11-8-15

Pay the final official visit to the wreck with the chief and Wild. Yesterday's mild blizzard has put the final touch to the destruction wrought by pressure and the salvage gangs. Large snow ramps have formed around the remains of the hull, almost entirely burying the decks; the fo'c'sle being entirely buried beneath the floe. But for the stump of the foremast and the funnel, one would be sceptical if told that the collection of fragmentary timbers and twisted rails was once a

ship. After saluting the ensign with a detonator fired on the poop, we returned sadly to camp.

11-9-15

Beautiful sunshiny day. A continuance of S.E. winds has been responsible for an additional ten miles Northward drift since yesterday.

At midnight, the temperature fell to zero; at noon to-day it rose to +7, though in the sun it is pleasantly warm. The temperature in our tent at noon was +38.1.

During the day, the sailors erected a lookout tower about 20 feet high, from ship's spars. From the summit, one has a commanding view of the surrounding country, and is enabled to study the ice conditions and locate seals. The teams go out seal foraging, and McIlroy returns with three Emperor penguins. Wild brings in a load of blubber from Dump Camp.

I spend the day with Sir Ernest, selecting the finest of my negatives from the year's collection. 120 I resoldered up and dumped about 400. This unfortunate reduction is essential, as a drastic cutting down in weight must be effected, owing to the very limited space that will be at disposal in boat transport.

11-10-15

Latitude - 68, 34 S.

Longitude - 52, 12 W.

Contentment reigns in the camp, as the foraging parties brought in four seals, sufficient for dogs and men for 10 days.

The seals emerge from junctions or cracks in the floe, to sun themselves lazily in the warm lee of the hummocks, and to sleep off the somniferous effects of over-feeding. One may sit and study them from but a few yards distance, when they will gaze drowsily at you, stretch and yawn luxuriously, and fall off to sleep again. Ashore, the Weddell is the most phlegmatic creature I know of. His very shape - resembling a gigantic slug - suggests sloth and lassitude: but the water is his element, and I have watched him gliding superbly, or sporting in the leads, the perfection of sinuous grace. Poor creatures! how unfortunate for you that your flesh is so excellent and your blubber burns so well! The blubber stove gives every satisfaction, and enables the chef to prepare meals punctually and with facility. He has produced some esteemed bannocks, by rolling out dough and baking on a hot iron plate. Our present bill of fare is all that could be desired, allows a considerable variety in meals.

The camp routine is as follows:

Camp arise at 8 a.m., breakfast 8:30. Generally fried seal steak with bannock and tea. Routine duties viz seal scouting, tidying camp, etc., till 1 p.m. Lunch variable, (to-day boiled suet rolls, the cook was subject to a severe ranting for allowing dirt to contaminate the pudding cloth). Afternoon is spent at individual's discretion, reading, walking, etc. Generally seal or penguin hoosh at 5:30 p.m., and cocoa. Turn into sleeping bags immediately after. Take an hour's watch each alternate night.

11-13-15

At noon to-day the temperature rose to +33, with the result that the surface of the floe has become very mushy, and one

sinks knee deep in the soft snow. The surface is more untravellable for boats and sledges than ever. During the evening, the party congregated in the Billabong, and held a concert. The voices, accompanied by Hussey's indispensable banjo, sounded strangely out of place amidst the profound silence of the hummock; yet it is gratifying to hear that ring of hearty laughter that betokens contentment and harmony, the attributes of excellent leadership and good eating.

I spent the day converting four pairs of boots into crampons, by adding spikes and leash bars to the soles. These we hope will be useful, should it be necessary to cross the glaciated inland ice of Graham Land to Wilhelmina Bay. It is hoped that the drift will carry us sufficiently rapidly on our course, or desiccate to enable communication to be effected with the outside world, to obviate another forced wintering.

11-14-15

During the afternoon, Wild and I went for a walk to the wreck. We found the intervening ice much broken up with pools and cracks, radiating in all directions and very difficult to traverse. Although very little recent pressure is obvious, the wreck is still supported by the compression of the floes. She is being gradually overridden by ice; from amidships forward she is buried by the floe, and must sink immediately the pressure is relieved.

We are at present experiencing unfavourable winds from the N.W.

11-15-15

The unfavourable headwinds continue, and appear to be blowing across open water, as their temperature is high and moisture laden. The thermometer rose to +32 at noon. In spite of the unfavourable influence of the wind however, the icefield continues a steady Northward drift, the noon observation being:

Latitude - 69, 37 S.

Longitude - 52, 33 W.

Great hopes and expectations are being entertained for the speedy dissolution of the pack, as an extensive segregation is progressing in the neighbouring floes. Waterskies, indicating the presence of large areas of open water, are noticeable to the N. and N.W.

11-16-15

Finish additional two pairs of crampons during the day. These are manufactured from screws, cut off at the shank and pointed, the shank heads being clamped in small washers, to the number of ten. They are scattered over the sole and heel, being secured by leather bars.

A discussion re: the third boat during the day. We count the matches, and find we have enough for a twelve months supply. We are very anxious, however, to reach Snow Hill early this season, so as to avoid wintering another year in the Antarctic. By a party crossing Graham's Land, we should probably fall in with whalers at Wilhelmina Bay, and failing to rescue the whole party this season, we could at least let the world know of our whereabouts.

11-17-15

Weather continues warm +32. Dead calm, but confined to the floe on account of the surrounding thin ice breaking up.

The blubber stove had to be re-supported, owing to the thawing out of snow, and allowing the supporting stanchions to sink.

All cheerful and hoping for a S.E. wind to open up the ice.

Meals. Breakfast: porridge, plus one bannock, plus milk. Lunch: Lax, plus two bannocks, plus tea. Tea: Fried seal steak, bannocks and tea.

11-18-15

Started making a pump for the large whale boat from the Flinders cylinder off binnacle.

Floe becoming very soft from temperature, and sink knee deep, and thigh deep, in the snow. Ice appears to be rotting. There is very curious attire in the camp, the cook, with a very sooty face and soiled silk dress shirt and a dress suit. Others in varied uniforms and miscellaneous garments. Fortunately, our whiskers are sprouting, and hiding some of the dirt on our faces. Have great admiration for the boss, who is very considerate and kindly disposed, and an excellent comrade. Our position is unaltered.

11-19-15

Spent the day completing pump. Parties out seal foraging. Two seals brought in, one by Wild and one by myself. A third

waddles into the camp on his own. McIlroy captured one Emperor penguin.

Breakfast: penguin steak which was d.....d tough, two bannocks.

Lunch: cheese and bannocks.

Dinner: A hoosh that would tickle the palette of an epicure if he was sufficiently hungry. This was made from seal and compressed vegetables.

Light snow, with a N.E. wind. Everything is damp and sodden.

Just been having a talk with Sir Ernest and James about the N. Queensland party.

11-20-15

Finished the pump for the whale boat.

The cook continues turning our (sic) cullinary triumphs on the blubber stove: bannocks, hooshes, etc., which excel his ship dishes.

During the day, wind S.E. to S.W., resulting in many large leads forming. The floe is very sodden, and continuous wet feet are the result, otherwise we are as comfortable as we can be under the circumstances.

11-21-15

Wild, Crean, Lees, McIlroy and self pay the final visit to the wreck to secure miscellaneous oddments, and cut sections from the sides of the motor boat. These will be built onto the

gunwale of the large boat to increase her freeboard and carrying capacity. At 5 p.m., a movement was discerned in the wreck. The stern rose vertically, and a few minutes later, dived beneath the surface of the floe. We are not sorry to see the last of the wreck, for we have rifled it of everything likely to be of value to us; apart from being an object of depression to all who turned their eyes in that direction, it was becoming more dangerous daily to those visiting it.

We have drifted about as much in the past week as if we had anchors out, the noon position being:

Latitude - 69, 38 S.

Longitude - 52, 27 W.

The cook continues producing culinary triumphs from the meats with which nature supplies us. Ragouts, Hooshes, monstrous hotchpots of minced seal, seal liver, seal kidney, dried vegetables, dog pemmican with numerous etceteras, and delicious morceaus of young seal steaks.

11-22-15

Latitude - 68, 38 S.

Longitude - 52, 27 W.

Pack album in brass case, and find that the blubber is quite an excellent flux for soldering.

Ice continues dissipating, and bergs that were frozen in during the winter, are rapidly altering their position.

Have a discussion with the boss re weights and the allotment of crews to the boats.

Take the lenses out of mounts, and solder them up with the film. Calculate that the amount of sledging provisions to be taken into the boat is about three tons, inclusive of cooking gear.

11-23-15

Latitude - 68, 35 S.

Longitude - 52, 29.5 W.

At 7 p.m., retire to bag. Just engaged in hilarious persiflage with the boss, as James is cutting his toenails, phew!!

Four seal crab-eaters secured.

Make a wooden spoon from a bit of an oar. Start making an additional blubber stove, for use in the boat, from an ice bucket belonging to the ship. The boss has been entertaining us to-day with the story of his journey to the South Pole.

Favourable wind.

11-24-15

Favourable breezes have drifted us Northward at the useful rate of 3 1/2 miles daily since the 21st, observation locating us at:

Latitude - 68, 28 S.

Longitude - 52, 29 W.

During the afternoon, Wild, Macklin and self took a sledge across to the scene of the sinking of the ship to recover flotsam. The ice is undergoing rapid disintegration, so that we had to continually bridge cracks with the sledge. Nothing beyond a few timbers were found floating on the brash ice, where the "Endurance" had disappeared, and these, together with some jettisoned sundries, we sledged, giving us much difficulty to regain the camp floe. When nearing the latter, we discovered that a lead had opened, marooning us. Sir Ernest, perceiving our dilemma, came to the rescue with a line and hauled us across the lead on a small ice floe ferry. The past few days has seen a change in the relative position of the bergs frozen in during the winter, as well as the formation of numerous small leads. The ice, however, continues drifting in a homogeneous field, so that it is untravellable by sledging, and impracticable for boating. Our general aspect is worthy of comment. Hirsute visages and varigated garb lend a grotesque and highly amusing appearance to the party. I will delineate a few of the salient types.

That - with the patchwork pattern trousers, and torn shooting jacket, booted like a Titan and hatted with a wide sun hat like a boundary rider - is your humble.

The gentleman in the very soiled evening dress suit, with black hands and negroid face - increments of soot and blubber for the past week and perspiring over the blubber range - is Green, the cook.

Attired like a snowman in a coat of many skins, and cracking his whip ostentatiously over the heads of the team is Marston.

McLeod is preeminent amongst the sailors. Wild, woolly of mein, and always without headgear and mits.

There are others inveterately clad in Burberrys - irrespective of temperature or weather - draughtboard seated breeks and aged coats that still sport proudly rows of uniform buttons.

Collectively, we are a motley crowd - a reversion to the prehistoric in face and habit, yet as happy as mud larks, and hopeful for the future.

11-25-15

Wind from the W.S.W. continues.

Nearly finished the portable blubber stove.

We have quite an enjoyable concert on our own in the tent this evening. We invited several of our friends, and Hussey's banjo is indispensable.

The boss has a slight attack of lumbago.

We have a good hoosh this evening, made from peas, seals' tongues and livers, into which a bottle of mustard dressing was dipped. We are becoming gastronomists.

11-26-15

Latitude - 68, 21 S.

Longitude - 52, 14 W.

Beautiful day. Completed blubber stove for the boat, which was a great success, and boiled two and a half gallons of water from ice.

11-27-15

This afternoon the blubber stove was given a trial, and proved economical and successful.

Crews have been allotted to the three boats, which have been christened the "James Caird", the "Dudley Docker" and the "Stancombe Wills", and a list of responsible duties drawn up to be performed by individuals in case of emergency.

Since the 21st, a Northward advance of 20 miles has been made, observations at noon placing us at:

Latitude - 69, 18 S.

Longitude - 52, 24 W.

With a favourable wind continuing.

Upwards of 20 seals were captured during the month. Seals are a perfect Godsend, providing us with fuel and ample meat for man and dogs thereby, and enabling a conservation to be effected in the general stores.

Little change has taken place in the ice. The present camp has been named Ocean Camp.

11-30-15

Latitude - 68, 3.5 S.

Longitude - 52, 24 W.

Renovate large blubber stove, the fire bars and lining having been burnt out by the great heat.

Much fun at meal time re the shapes of tongues.

Two crab-eaters, one Weddell and two Emperor penguins secured.

Made a pair of scales, using an old hack saw frame, and the bottoms of two rejected primus stoves. The boats are practically finished, and only await the opening of the ice.

12-1-15

Latitude - 68, 1 S.

Longitude - about the same.

Carpenter finished the "Dudley Docker" improvements.

I make a boathook for it to-day.

Days pass, contrary to what might be expected, fairly rapidly in camp, that is, if one has something to occupy the time.

Two Emperor penguins were secured this evening for the larder.

The midnight sun observed for the first time this season, on my night watch, just skirting the horizon.

12-2-15

Shifted camp during the morning.

Numerous killer whales blowing in the adjacent lead.

The ice continues opening and loosening. Four whales secured during the afternoon.

Started renovating sea-boots.

Shakespeare and Bob eat up my brand new chrome leather whip, leaving only the wooden handle. They were chastened greatly.

Had another concert in our tent. Wild, Wordie and McIlroy were our guests. A very pleasant evening was spent and many old favourites rendered by Hussey's banjo.

12-3-15

Latitude - 67, 56 S.

Went to the ship's grave with teams, Wild, McIlroy and Marston salving numerous odds and ends which have since ablated from the drift snow in which they were buried. Secure heterogeneous collection of blankets, garments and sundries.

Not the least pleasant time of the day is spent in sleeping bags from 7 p.m. to 8:30 p.m., when we indulge in varied discussions. Sir Ernest is very interesting, and I enjoy listening to his extraordinary experiences.

12-4-15

Latitude - 67, 53.5 S.

Longitude - 52, 29 W.

Temperature +26.  
Midday +36.

Weather sultry and warm, in tent rising to +75.

The surface of the floe is rafting, and several sunk up to their thighs in it. Repairing boats. Interesting geographical discussions embracing unknown lands. Just now the boss is making ready a mustard plaster, he having an attack of rheumatism.

12-5-15

Wind S. by W. all day.

Lazy day in tent, reading Encyclopaedia on Borneo, Sumatra and Australia. Geographical discussions keep us interestedly absorbed.

The boss is recovering from his attack of rheumatics. Put a mustard plaster on him last night, which caused us much amusement, especially the striking of its position.

12-6-15

One of the finest sunny days I have enjoyed.

Exercise dogs around the floe this morning with Clark. Surly snaps at Crean, who nearly kills him.

Seal steaks this evening, excelling the finest undercuts.

Interesting discussions on the Malay Peninsula in the bags.

Three seals secured. Eight bottle-necked whales gambol in the lead.

12-7-15

Position +1 mile North.

Lazy day in camp. Discussions during the morning with the boss, Wild and Worsley regarding our position and drift etc., and re future arrangements. We are now 20 miles from Snow Hill and 262 from Paulette Island. As we are living on the fat of the floe, (seals), our position is favourable.

During the evening, in bags, engaged in interesting game of cross-examining. Amusement at hoosh by telepathy with the boss. (I have a secret string under the tent cloth to give me the "office".)

12-8-15

Put the "James Caird" on the lead this morning, placing therein the sledge loads of sledge rations, weighing 2 1/2 tons inclusive of 11 men, heaving 2 feet overboard. The experiment was highly satisfactory. The "James Caird" is an enlarged boat about 2 feet, having been added to her original gunwale. Its length is 22 feet and 5 feet beam. It carries a mast and jigger.

Wind N. to N. by E.

12-9-15

Weather dull. No observations. Repacked kerosine into more portable cases.

During the afternoon, strong wind to the East sets in, and in the evening develops into a mild blizzard.

Temperature high and wet snow. Get up at 5 a.m., my watch, and have a bath, the first for over three months.

Sir Ernest being laying up to-day to recover wholly from his rheumatism.

Amused ourselves this evening with the game of elimination.

12-10-15

All hands in tents to-day. Bleak and drifting snow, mild blizzard. Wind very erratic, veering from the North to West by South. Hope the ice will be loosening.

The boss hauls the cook over the coals for making some doughy bannocks.

Play elimination this afternoon in bags. We all have an attack of biliousness from hoosh this evening, which was too rich, being made from dog pemmican.

Hudson and the boss engage in a heated argument on the overmastering power of love.

12-13-15

Cold S.S.W. wind with intermittent drift all day.

All hands under canvas. Although warmsome and uncomfortable, we are thankful for this favourable wind which must be drifting us at least twelve miles daily to the North-

ward. Many are the speculations as to whether we shall eventually break out. All are cheerful. Pass the day reading the encyclopedia.

12-14-15

Fair wind continues, though much subdued. Capture one crab-eater during the morning. Hudson and James break through into the water. Two young crab-eaters secured this evening. We all are anxious that the ice could hasten its drift or open up, as the time is hanging up as we have very little to do.

12-15-15

Latitude - 67, 8 1/2 S.

Longitude - 52, 3 W.

We are now 234 miles from Paulette Island, having drifted 120 miles from the shipwreck. The last blow has given us a drift of 36 miles, and that in a favourable direction. The sea remains densely packed with ice and at present has little appearance of an immediate opening up. Still, as long as we drift North, and our floe remains intact, we are not doing so badly, as only reserved stores are being requisitioned and the emergency concentrated rations are being kept intact.

We exercise the dogs during the morning, and take them seven times round the floe, aggregating about 9 miles.

12-10-15

Latitude - 67, 4 S.

Longitude - 52, 5 W.

Went for a walk around the floe with Sir Ernest, discussing plans for the forthcoming expedition. I have a great admiration for the chief. He is one of the finest characters I have ever been fortunate enough to come in contact with. Life uneventful in the extreme, and we live on hopes of an early breaking up of the ice, though it certainly seems improbable under another 2 degrees North.

One fat Weddell seal, also one crab-eater secured.

Play elimination during the afternoon, which is a splendid intellectual exerciser.

12-11-15

All hands in tents. Blizzard conditions continue. While away the day reading out of the encyclopedia. This magnificent work is the greatest save from the ship, for without it time would be very monotonous.

Streaks of water sky are showing to the North, and we look forward to a general opening up. Just returned from beating Martin, who has been keeping up a continuous howling, making me get up three times out of my sleeping bag to quieten him.

12-12-15

Re-bottomed the cook's tea-boiler.

Strong wind from the S.W. with drift and occasional snow squalls. Ice opening up.

Two Adelie penguins make their appearance in the camp. Five Antarctic petrels observed. Spent spare time reading "Rope manufacture".

12-17-15

Drift 5 miles North 46(?) E. for 24 hours, ending noon.

Morning went across floe with Sir Ernest in the direction of the berg to the N.W. We found the ice jammed up with occasional mushy patches. Had very interesting discussion on polar and expedition matters, which I heartily enjoyed. From these jaunts I learn much of Sir Ernest's excellent personality.

Repitched the tent, the floor having sunk so much through thawing. Very warm in tent, temperature rising to +78!! Hussey's banjo resounds from his tent, and gives a homely atmosphere to our weird surroundings. All are cheerful and contented.

12-18-15

Foul wind from the N.E. all day. Bleak and all in tents.

During the evening, invited Wild and McIlroy into our tent and had a musical entertainment which we thoroughly enjoyed. The day passed more speedily than usual, due to the absorbing interest of Nicholas Nickleby, interspersed with discussions on cotton, etc., with Sir Ernest.

12-19-15

Latitude - 67, 10 S.

Longitude - 52, 9 W.

Foul wind from the N.E. drives us 7 miles to the S. Discussions re marching brought about by the apparent improved surface and abundance of seals which renders it

possible to feed our dogs without carrying extra weight. Furthermore, a decided improvement would result in our position, if we made 60 miles or so to the Westward, allowing for the natural drift of the ice to make our Northward course. Sir Ernest is favourably inclined.

Four crab-eaters secured to-day. Fresh meat is ever at our door.

12-20-15

Latitude - 76, 11.5 S.

Longitude - 52, 22 W.

Sir Ernest, Wild and self journey with my team to Pinnacle Berg, some 3 miles West of the camp, this being the second excursion to investigate the surface of the ice, and to see especially if the floes are not too broken and mushy to allow the whole party to travel across them. We found the surface and conditions good, there being about 75% of splendid going. The remainder will require some small cutting away to render the path satisfactory for the boats. Altogether, things appear more opportune for travelling than when we were forced on the ice some six weeks ago.

12-21-15

Sir Ernest addressed all hands this evening, informing them of his intention to advance. Sir Ernest on Wild's sledge, and Crean on mine journey out some six or seven miles to further examine the ice surface. The floes were very promising, so much so that it is decided that a start be made on the 23rd inst. The surface, considering the season, we found to be all that could be possibly expected. Many floes were over 1 1/2

miles across, and without large hummocks, except at the junctions with their adjacents. It is proposed that the chief will scout out the road with Wild's team. I follow, then six sledges drawn by dogs. The "James Caird" drawn by 18 men, the dogs will return to relay sledges, whilst Wild's and mine will take on the "Stancombe Wills".

12-22-15

Midsummer day. Kept up as Christmas. We make a move tomorrow morning. All hands are keen to be on the march. A day of revelry and superfluous stores, tinned stuffs, and miscellaneous dainties are at the free disposal of all. This was duly taken advantage of, and many hands this evening complained of flatuency. Lees, in charge of stores, seems delighted with the unrestrained issue and all tents were filled with canned vegetables, pickles, sweetmeats etc.

Repack my sledge and overhaul gear, harness etc.

Christmas breakfast, we have tinned sausages and boiled ham, bannocks and coffee. Lunch, baked peas, anchovies, assorted jams and biscuits and a little choice cordial. Dinner, jugged hare, Heinz' onions, canned peaches, canned cre(?) butter scotch, virol, golden syrup and Shackleton's tabbard cigarettes.

12-23-15

Break camp at 4:30 a.m., finding the surface most satisfactory between 10 p.m. and 10 a.m. During the day hours, it is knee deep and soft. The boats were hauled out 1 1/2 miles, only four small pressure ridges had to be smoothed out. All equipage hauled to this position, and the camp was erected at

11 a.m. This state of affairs was extremely satisfactory, and all are in cheery spirits.

The cook has manufactured some 800 bannocks. We have 40 days additional sledging rations, exclusive of 60 days sledging supply.

12-24-15

Called at 8 a.m. Sir Ernest, Wild and self start out to mark the road, but found new leads and cracks barring the way. It was decided to remain at the present camp, pending the closing up of the ice. Wild and I subsequently went into the deserted Ocean Camp and brought up an additional 7 days rations. During the afternoon I skied out to the open cracks, a distance of some 2 miles, and found them closed. On returning the boss and my-self visited them, and marked out the track by means of flags. We anticipate starting at 3 a.m. The travelling surface reasonable.

12-25-15

Christmas Day. To-day, driving the dog team and hauling the boats for dear life across the Weddell Sea pack ice. Rise at 2 a.m., with the morning foggy and dreary. We were compelled to relay three teams during the mile on account of cracks opening up. We had a strenuous time getting through hummocks and falling in small leads. We covered 2 1/2 miles, but the surface was atrocious. The dogs did excellent work. Continuous wet feet for all.

Temperature +34.

We spied out a tract this evening for two miles ahead for the morrow's march.

Wind favourable, and hauling the boats was assisted by hoisting our sails. Seal secured.

12-26-15

Called at midnight. All under way by 1 a.m. Beautiful morning. 1 1/4 miles covered. Held up to find a road, Sir Ernest having preceded the party and unable to find the road owing to broken up ice and water. Subsequently our party camping, Sir Ernest, Wild, Crean and self, with teams, prospected and discovered suitable path. Journeyed to and climbed small berg and had magnificent view over the ice sea. From horizon to horizon was one vast, almost unbroken, field of hummocks and plains.

Turned in at 12 noon, intending to be on the move at 8 p.m. We are thankful to be able to secure plenty of seals.

1-2-16

Playing this game of wait is wearing down everyone's patience. Judging from the aspect one sees at Pinnacle Berg, we might as well wait for the ocean to melt up. The leads of yesterday have all closed up, though the ice seems to be in a stage of rapid dissolution. Beautiful afternoon, the first for a fortnight, so that we have dried all our gear. The cook manufactures an enormous bannock for lunch, good to the eye but waferlike to the appetite. Sir Ernest supervises in the doling out of the hoosh; his generosity ends in our tent going short. We, however, are given a bannock each and a lump of suet. Hoosh made of seal meat, seal tongue, brains, thickened with flour

and flavoured with onion. Hoping for a S.E. wind to drive us north.

1-3-16

Went for usual run to Pinnacle berg, but observe conditions of very little alteration. On return a crack opens up in our path, which gave us some travel to circumvent. We having to travel several miles before finding a crossing. We all anxiously study the calico panels of the tent, feeling the wind pressure against it and noting its direction. Hussey is pestered with all sorts of "windy" questions, every veer is minutely studied - it being now a contrary N.West. During the afternoon I capture three seals but have a difficult time getting them in on account of the drifting ice.

1-4-16

Confine to tent all day, it being very raw and moist without. Misty, snowy and rainy with adverse winds. Breakfast; Seal steak. Lunch, Boiled doughnut and sugar. Tea; Hoosh of seal with a large lump of suet added. The amount of pure fat one can consume is amazing. Temperature is exceptionally high plus 34.

1-5-16

Latitude - 67, 2 1/2 S.

Longitude - 52, 32 W.

Wind succumbed but has drifted us 6 miles backwards. Went scouting with Worsley riding on the sledge. Surface is terribly soft after yesterday, so that we sank deep to the thighs; the dogs have a particularly bad time sinking in the snow to the belly, and practically wallow along. The ice is opening up and

very treacherous on account of its decayed nature. In places pools are showing through the surfaces, which are full of euphausia and diatomaceous scum. Ice very honeycombed and the weather is typical of that met with on the pack margin.

1-6-16

Cracks open up around our floe but close again during the evening. Cook indisposed and Vincent acquits himself with honours. Excellent sealsteak for lunch with one of the stale bannocks. Lunch two stale bannocks and one tin Virol. As we could not eat all of the latter at lunch, have been dipping our fingers in the tin the whole afternoon. Sir Ernest at the present time, dipping, smoking and reading. (epicures from britannica). Tea, Vegetable hoosh and cocoa. Casually mention, Antarctic etiquette permits of the eating of seal steaks with the fingers, also the use of toothpicks. Labiodental sounds are also permissible.

1-7-16

Latitude - 67, 0.4 S.

Longitude - 52, 28 W.

Most notable happening is a change in the direction of the wind which is now favourable. We are entirely dependent on winds and currents to free us. Long may the wind blow and gain in strength. The surface is untravellable owing to its softness and broken up nature.

1-8-16

Weather stagnant. Went out on ski this morning to ascertain the length of the lead adjacent to our floe. Followed its

meandering course for two miles when it petered out in a chain of pools and brash ice. Navigable for a heavy ship but useless to us. Killed a large Weddell seal and had great difficulty in getting it in owing to the soft snow. The dogs sank to their bellies and myself to the waist. Numerous Adelie penguins waddle into the camp and are potted. They made an excellent stew for dinner. Had my monthly wash -- FACE ONLY.

1-9-16

Latitude - 66, 58 S.

Longitude - 52, 26 W.

Sir Ernest recounts his brilliant effort to reach the South Pole. A magnificent tale of heroism and brilliant daring. To-day is the 7th anniversary of his reaching the farthest South. It is also James' birthday, and every member has called in turn at our tent to bid him greetings. I have just walked around the tent three times, being the prescribed method of exercising evil wind spirits. Struck tent and rebuilt a platform of compressed snow for the floor. Breakfast, Beauvais Pemmican, Lunch Bonanza bannock and small piece of cheese. Dinner, thick penguin and seal ragout.

1-10-16

Have experienced great difficulty in crossing the 67th parallel, having been driven back to it by adverse winds for the 12th time. A S.E. wind has sprung up this evening and we pray for its continuance. Our floe is ..... Spoke much during the day about life in Australia, and afternoon played patience with Sir E. Re-reading Keats and Browning.

1-11-16

Went seal scouting and observing on Ski; but observed no game. The ice is jammed up together on account of the S.W. wind. Two Emperor penguins and 4 Adelies invade the camp and are secured. Wind dropped to calm. Played patience with Sir E.

1-12-16

Customary ski-ing scout of circumjacent floes. Left camp 9 a.m. returned at 1 p.m. covering 10 miles. Amazing dissolution has taken place in the pack many of the diatomaceous stained areas bearing appearance of rapid decay. Pools are forming therein and an inundation is taking place around their margins. It appears that the weakest part of the floe is where pressure ridges form during the winter, for the ice is now splitting up along these fractures. I observed no seals. Experienced some trouble in returning as leads opened up between myself and the ship. Whilst away, a squad of 13 penguins invaded the camp and were secured.

1-13-16

Scouted for seals morning and afternoon. It would appear as if the latter have migrated to more Southern latitudes as we have not observed any for the past few days. As we have not a great surplus of meat, a decision must be arrived at very soon, as to whether we will have to shoot the dogs. They consume more meat than the entire party and are of no use to us now. The journey we must make, will be a boat journey and we will not be able to take the dogs. The sooner the matter is settled the better.

1-14-16

Went seal scouting during morning and reached Pinnacle berg. From its summit closely examined the icy expanse (with 12 magnificent prisms) and could detect no signs of life: the ice press to-day diatomaceous brown in direction where it had been pressed up by the recent heavy S.S.E. winds. The going on ski was extremely difficult owing to the broken nature of the ice. James secured position, which was disappointing, the strong winds being too easterly causing a jamming up against the land probably Lat. 66, 57 S. Long. 52, 41 W. - (7 miles west drift) 2 days no north. During the morning, camp was shifted to an adjacent floe, our present, becoming very limited from splitting and breaking off at the edges.

During the afternoon, after the establishment of the new camp 4 teams of dogs were shot, Messrs. Wild's, Crean's, McIlroy's and Marston's - (comprising a total of 30 magnificent sledgers.) This step has been given lengthy consideration and the decision arrived at. The dogs are of no further use to us, especially in view of rarity of seals and our consequent inability to feed them. The decision is a wise one. The dogs consuming 1 seal daily, the same lasting the entire party 3 days. Before despatching Macklin's and mine own teams, I suggested we be allowed to go to Ocean camp and return with the remainder of the farinaceous foods and dog pemmican. Sir E. acceded thereto, and we left camp at 6:30 p.m. The distance to Ocean Camp is about 8 miles.

1-15-16

During the afternoon of yesterday, Macklin and self cut a roadway from Camp on to an adjacent large floe in order that we might have an unencumbered start to Ocean Camp. After two miles of desultory going we came across an extremely

difficult area of leads and pressure ridges. The leads we had to bridge with iceblocks and cut away the latter. After some 4 hours solid pick and shovel work another mile was covered. Surface now was disheartening; the dogs sinking deep to their bellies and having to practically paddle their way. Every step we took was to sink in to the thighs. I suggested the two be connected together whilst I went ahead on ski and broke trail. This answered much better, but travelling was so heavy that frequent spells had to be allowed the dogs. We arrived at Ocean Camp at 4:30 a.m. It having taken us 10 hours to cover the 8 miles. A good brew of coffee and a meal of tinned cauliflower and Irish stew bucked us up immensely. We then set about collecting the stores.

Ocean Camp presented a sad forlorn spectacle - gear disbanded being half buried in snow, whilst the Billabong was surrounded by a lake some 3 or 4 feet deep. We gave the dogs a full ration of pemmican, and after 2 1/2 hours rest began the return journey. This was accomplished without the difficulty of the outgoing excursion - a track having been broken down. We returned to Camp at 12 noon, precise, after six hours run. Sir E. was extremely pleased as we have now added an additional 900 lbs. to our present existing supplies.

1-16-16

Had an easy day in camp, feeling a tiredness after yesterday. Wild shot my team during afternoon - a sad but unfortunate necessity. Hail to thee old leader Shakespeare, I shall ever remember thee - fearless, faithful, and diligent; ever ready to thy master's bidding. 5 seals, 4 penguins secured. This enables us to view much more rosily our fast diminishing meat and blubber stores. Spent pleasant afternoon playing poker

patience with Sir E. who beat me by some 200 points. Although games stood Sir E. 5, Self 7. Favourable breeze.

1-17-16

Our weary waiting for favourable winds has at last been rewarded. During the entire day a strong S. S. Westerly has been blowing and our prayers are for a week's continuance. During my nightwatch this morning 1 a.m. to 2 a.m. had an exciting and sanguine combat with an extremely lively young crabeater seal. I managed to secure him. This resulted in a dream in which I was assailed by a herd of crabeaters. After breakfast went out seal hunting on ski and assisted Lees in capturing an additional two. This makes the pleasing total of nine for two days and places us beyond apprehension of meat and blubber fuel. Surface for ski-ing is excellent and when travelling with the wind hardly any exertion is needed. Temperature has fallen to 24. The ice is now entirely jammed up and, as we hope, on the northward drift.

We have developed numerous sledging superstitions. The evil omened act of salt-spilling must be annulled by throwing a pinch over the left shoulder.

Wind is spoken of with reverence, and wood must be touched when commencing thereon. The days of the month, the 7th, or factors thereof, are regarded lucky, whilst all are precautions of the 13th. We cling to, or concoct, theories regarding cyclones and anticyclones - mostly they are incorrect for which I am thankful otherwise we would be existing amidst doldrums and wind eddies, that would certainly baffle all efforts of the floe to free us from our icy confines.

1-18-16

Poker Patience

Sir E.H.S. 210, 230, 160, 165, 155, 180, Total = 1100

J.F.H. 115, 215, 155, 210, 175, 225 = 1095

As if to make up for the last calm period of over 30 days, we are now having a more than usually severe wind. S.W. blizzard conditions prevailed throughout the day, the temperature falling to 20. All have been confined to tents and are exultant with the favourable winds. I spent the morning playing patience with Sir E. and manufacturing a cribbage board. During the afternoon I instructed him and James in the rules of the latter game and so time passed pleasantly enough. We were apprehensive of our tent being blown in so erected a strong break wind from snow blocks to Windward.

Breakfast: Delicious young seal steak with cocoa.

Lunch: 2 stale bannocks with anchovy paste, drink of trumilk.

Tea: Seal steak and seal liver, an exquisitely palatable dish washed down with trumilk.

1-19-16

Poker Patience scores:

Sir E.H.S. 105, 195, 225, 160, 230, 200, 145 = 1260

J.F.H. 145, 150, 210, 170, 255, 205, 205 = 1340

Blizzard conditions keep all in tents. Very cold and snowy during my last night's watch and am very pleased to be free this evening. We are anticipating a considerable north drift and anxiously await suitable opportunity to secure a latitude. Time passes tediously. Eat, read, and play cards, and drift with

the floe under the guidance of capricious winds and tides. Brighter times are looked forward to, however, and we are cheerfully awaiting the opening up the ice, that we may take to the boats and so God willing, reach Paulette Island expeditiously and safely.

1-20-16

Poker Patience:

Sir E.H.S. 210, 150, 205, 165, 180, 235, = 1145

J.F.H. 190, 130, 225, 160, 165, 210 = 1080

Strong S.W. wind with drift all day. All in tents. We are never satisfied, as we are looking forward to a fine day. Our gear in the tents is becoming very wet and the opportunity of drying same will be hailed. Played cribbage during morning, and P. Patience during afternoon, interspersed with reading of the encyclo Brit. and Golden Treasury of Verse.

1-21-16

Poker Patience:

Sir E.H.S. 160, 220, 200, 200, 225, 145 = 1150

J.F.H. 155, 180, 150, 175, 135, 180 = 975

Lat. 65.43

Strong S.W. wind and drift all day, moderating toward evening. All under canvas. Observation secured by James at noon, places our position at Lat. 65,45, making an unexpected, unprecedented and unparalleled northerly drift of 74 miles, What Ho! an average northward drift of nearly 20 miles per day. To commemorate and perpetuate this extraordinary good fortune an extra bannock (of the stale ones) was ordered to

be issued. We are very wet inside the tent, but very happy. It seems at last that good dame fortune is smiling and we are anxiously awaiting a calm and with it an opening up of the ice. Played cards during day, but without success and wrote up South Georgia section of diary.

1-22-16

Poker Patience:

Sir E.H.S. 240, 200, 175, 200, 160, 195 = 1170

J.F.H. 255, 210, 150, 260, 145, 180 = 1200

Weather moderated and became calm at noon. The change was extremely welcome, the camp looking much like a laundry washing day, as all took the opportunity to dry gear, sleeping bags, etc. It is wonderful how quickly this was accomplished and by lunch all were again comfortably and dryly housed.

An additional eleven miles drift for the past 24 hours now makes the extraordinary aggregate of 84 miles drift for the six days - S.W. - blow - 14 miles per day average.

Our position 65.32 Lat. 52.4 Long. is most satisfactory, as only 16 miles eastern drift has been made in addition to the 84 miles North. We are now about 158 miles from Paulette Island and 155 (?) from Snow Hill, the course to Paulette Isld. being approximately N.(?)

Played Cribbage during afternoon with Sir E., Wild and James.

1-23-16

Poker Patience:

Sir E.H.S. 160, 175, 245, 195, 180, 195 = 1150

J.F.H. 185, 195, 230, 180, 180, 205 = 1175

Drifting with the vicissitudes of the wind is becoming monotonous to endurance. The wind having blown from N.E. last 24 hours, has been responsible for a set back of 2 1/2 miles, though fortunately we have also drifted nearly 3 miles W. This testifies to the loose nature of the pack, and the foggy moisture laden wind practically verifies the proximity of open water within 50 to 60 miles. Ski-ed to near berg and from summit descried nothing by an illimitable vastness of pack, almost entirely devoid of even a water pool. Still we must be patient and hopeful. It being beyond our sanguine expectations or even, imagination, to dream on last Sunday, that in a week we would have drifted 85 miles northward, and we hope on, for who can foretell what, or where, we shall be by next Sunday.

1-24-16

Poker Patience:

Sir E.H.S. 175, 130, 175 = 480

J.F.H. 170, 170, 245 = 585

Went to adjacent berg during morning on ski and by the aid of the 10 prisms closely scoured the surface of the ice for leads. No pronounced leads were observable, but the ice shows a distinct loosening tendency. During afternoon did similar ski-run with Captain Worsley, the ice loosening considerably since morning. The sky is streaked in many places with dark clouds, the reflections from patches of open water. Ocean Camp is now in sight from our floe, having drifted nearer some 2 miles. Observed and killed one crabeater seal. Fell into the water crossing a lead some 5 feet wide but got out without much

trouble. **Sir E. and Hudson arguing on religious matters - don't know what I am writing.**

1-25-16

Poker Patience:

Sir E.H.S. 175, 225, 170, 150, 200, 145 = 1065

J.F.H. 175, 190, 190, 160, 145, 195 = 1055

Lat. 65. 32, Long. uncertain.

Foggy during morning and late afternoon. Bright sunshine at midday. Ski-ed to Pinnacle berg - surface soft, little different from yesterday. Weather dead calm. No news.

1-26-16

Poker Patience:

Sir E.H.S. 90, 175, 265, 185, 210, 170 = 1095

J.F.H. 190, 150, 245, 150, 185, 145 = 1065

Oh! life of changeless monotony, and idleness how dreary thy hours. Same scenery, girt by a white horizon, overcast skies - same daily actions, routine, walks and food. How welcome a change and action. One even wearies of the same faces, droll witticisms, theories and topics appertaining almost exclusively to winds and currents. Thus we have lived unvaryingly for 90 days on the floes idly drifting with the elements, winds and tides. Still, hope has enabled us to forbear all with patience, and sweet fancy has given wing to many a slow beat hour. Let us continue to hope that the ice will speedily disseminate and who knows but that it may? Position remains unaltered to-day. Wind having been stagnant, the same relating to the sea.

1-27-16

Poker Patience:

Sir E.H.S. 210, 210, 130, 195, 175, 145 = 1065

J.F.H. 185, 230, 160, 235, 190, 125 = 1125

Went on my customary run to "Flat Berg", and on the way had a sanguinary encounter with a Ross Seal. The latter's steaks I have since ogled with epicurean approval as they recline on the cook's table awaiting events of the morrow (being fried in blubber for breakfast). Am now reading Kinglake's Eothian, which alleviates a hungry appetite by providing a literary feast. **Light southerly winds are cheering pessimists, whilst optimists are endeavouring to court strong blows by invoking Aeolus to blow the tents down.**

1-28-16

Poker Patience:

Sir E.H.S. 220, 165, 165, 190, 160, 190 = 1090

J.F.H. 220, 195, 185, 145, 160, 205 = 1110

Had miscellaneous sanguinary encounters with seals and secured two; making an aggregate of 5 brought into camp. This now places all fear of meat and fuel shortage at rest for some time to come. The light S.W. winds of the past 48 hours have favoured us with a 10 mile Nly. drift, Lat. being 65, 23 S. During my last night watch (1 hour) midnight, a very noticeable diminution in the light is observable. It being semi-twilight at that hour.

1-29-16

Poker Patience:

Sir E.H.S. 130, 160, 145, 215, 205, 210 = 1065

J.F.H. 150, 205, 180, 190, 190, 220 = 1135

Usual morning run to Flat and Pinnacle Bergs. The ice seems immutable and devoid of all game. Had a fine view of two killer whales, gybolling in an adjacent lead. They poked their alligator like necks occasionally out of the water and gazed with "sad eyes" at us admiringly - poor, hungry creatures. (I don't think). The cook - worthy man - manufactured some fried barley cakes for lunch - a culinary experiment - highly successful and received with great eclat. An easy S.S.W. wind has accounted for a useful drift of 6 miles Nth. Lat. being 65,17.

1-30-16

Sir E.H.S. 170, 170, 170 = 510

J.F.H. 220, 155, 180 = 555

Came to the end of Eothian. I would rather carry this excellent book than six times its weight in rations. Kinglake's magnificent description of the desert, resembles Byron's Ocean - an apostrophe written not to be excelled. It transported me from the illimitable ice to the interminable desert sands, to the sphinx, to the great pyramids, and dwelt me transiently by the umbrageous olives of far Damascus and the knarled cedars of Lebanon. Alas! the book is finished and round me remains the ever unchangeable ice, the same leaden sky, the same existing patience - the same white line that girdles the boundary of vision and acts like a bar to our frigid captivity. But we know that beyond that horizon, lies the great rolling road to freedom and so we look forward. Went to top of flat Berg with Sir E. and observing the ice closely packed, he decided to send Crean and Macklin into Ocean Camp at 2 p.m. Subsequently returned to "Patience Camp" at 8 p.m.

They brought practically all remaining stores except dog pemmican, but best of all a good supply of books and the remaining Encyclopaedias.

Position - Lat. 65, 14, Long. 51, 59 W.

Reading Young's Travels in France.

1-31-16

Lat. 65, 16 1/2 S. Long. 51, 57.

Poker Patience:

Sir E.H.S. 180, 140, 155, 145, 180, 200 = 1000

J.F.H. 205, 125, 190, 145, 115, 165 = 945

Owing to unfavourable breezes, we have experienced a set back of 2 1/2 miles for the past 24 hours. Went on extended ski tour of the circumjacent bergs during the morning and secured two seals - a fine fat Weddell and a crabeater. No news. Average temperature for month 36 degrees (day only).

2-1-16

Sir E.H.S. 225, 210, 175, 165, 180, 220 = 1075

J.F.H. 200, 195, 190, 195, 185, 180 = 1145

Same morning jaunt - no game (seals) or life - ice closely packed - same exasperating patience and inactivity to endure. Read "Printing" from "Encyclopaedia" and Young's Travels in France. Position Latitude same but 2 1/2 miles W. 16 hands leave at midnight to bring extra boat from Ocean Camp. (I have made this suggestion to Sir E. deeming it imperative for the safety of the whole party that this boat be brought into camp). Segregation going on along old pressure ridges, also

observe large areas diatomaceous-coloured ice with pools and honeycomb. In levelling down of hummocks ice breaks readily under the pick. Pieces float to surface, pitted and honeycombed in pools showing advance of decay.

2-2-16

"Rise and Shine" at 1 a.m. and after hooshing, proceed with Crean's team pathfinding; the balance of the party (16) proceeding on foot to "Ocean Camp". The object of the "sortie" being to rescue the "Stancombe Wills" - the third boat and bring it on to present Camp. The distance of O.C. has by ice movements decreased to about six miles. This was covered in a little over two hours. A similar journey taken by Macklin and myself on the 14th inst. taking ten hours. Such expedition is accounted for the greatly improved surface and the congested pressed up nature of the ice. A successful return was made. Crean, self, James and McIlroy preceding the party as "road preparers" - an arduous yet interesting occupation of demolishing ridges, hummocks and crack bridging. Sir Ernest - thoughtful as usual, sledged out to meet us a mile from Camp with two cans of steaming tea. Never before hath draught been so welcome to our parched throats. Personally I felt a Dr. Johnson and could have drained 36 cups. Instantly stimulated all hauled with renewed vigour and in less than an hour, the craft lay on the floe at Patience Camp. The third boat will enable us to weather voyage with considerable comfort and safety, as well as mitigating overcrowding. The dog team brought along a load of miscellaneous food-stuffs and literature. I acted cook for the sojourn. A second attempt made later by the 2 (remaining) dog teams to reach Ocean Camp was frustrated by the ice opening out.

Lat. 65, 14.5, Long. 32, 18.

2-3-16

Sir E.H.S. 225, 195, 205, 165, 220, 145 = 1155

J.F.H. 165, 225, 205, 170, 230, 120 = 1110

Paid my usual morning visit to the circumjacent bergs from whose exalted lookouts could discern neither seals nor penguins. The ice is very packed, with considerable pressure, owing to fresh S.S.E. wind. Beautiful sunny day. Went to flat berg on ski. From its summit the prospect was unusually magnificent. So seldom do we see the sun that the pack here are ever associated with, and are characteristic of pack ice climatology. This afternoon however, the pack illumined by pure sunlight was dazzling beyond description, the snow scintillating with a pearl-like lustre. From flat berg the prospect resembled an immense plain bounded only by the horizon of unbroken marble, littered thick with huge marble boulders and ridges. From this profound plain, alabaster castles and ruins project in every conceivable form, - immense bergs, to denuded fragments and stumps; some overturned with bottom up, others crevassed and many beautified - as if that were possible, with caverns, arches, and draperies of transparent icicles. This vastness of frozen sea is slowly but surely drifting northwards, where in warmer seas disperses, fragment by fragment, returning to its native element, the ocean.

Lat. 65, 14, Long. 52, 25. Distance from Paulette Island 133 miles, Snow Hill 127.

2-4-16

Sir E.H.S. 200, 210, 135, 170, 105, 190 = 1010  
J.F.H. 220, 155, 170, 190, 155, 180 = 1070

Yesterday's fresh S.S.E. wind has developed into a mild blizzard. This circumstance is especially favourable to us as we are entirely dependent on winds for our drifts and freedom. Night and day the tent flaps violently whilst we within are cheerily passing the time reading, discussing and sleeping,. It is particularly pleasing to lie in one's sleeping bag dozing and dreaming, hearkening to the snow swishing on the tent. So like good old rain it sounds, that homely visions absorb one's mind. Sir E. I like immensely, and he often pictures to me old England and other lands, whilst I speak of the glories of our own land, and so time passes. The cook manufactures some very laudable rice cakes for lunch, their prodigious bulk, I think, appeased the appetite of even No. 5 tent (a tent of capacious stomachs and green eyes).

2-5-16

Sir E.H.S. 160, 170, 195, 160, 160, 250 = 1095  
J.F.H. 170, 165, 235, 195, 135, 215 = 1115

Welcome S.S.E. wind very wet snow keeps all in tents during the day. We indulge in various minor discussions, snooze, eat and read and play cards. Meals are the most welcome times, for then we endeavour - and only then - to hold the fleeting minutes by slow mastication, a process which makes one feel at least mentally that the repast has been an ample one. Our palates are vitiated to some extent, probably from the similarity of our cuisine, and I, who never eat free salt or

pepper, add 1/4 spoonful each of these "favourites" to my hoosh.

2-6-16

Sir E.H.S. 190, 160, 205, 140, 165, 160 = 1020

J.F.H. 120, 205, 185, 230, 170, 205 = 1115

Contrary winds from N.E. have disconsoled us, and kept most within the confines of their damp tents, owing to their being accompanied by wet snow and sleet. Went for a walk with Sir E. and Macklin, but owing to the ice opening were unable to reach Flat Berg. Spent remainder of day reading Young's "Travels in France", which I find very interesting, though a trifle (sic) stogey. Cook prepares an excellent ragout of seal and peas for tea. At lunch dallied one hour over a wholemeal bannock and 1/4 tin of jam - teasing the palate with extended delicious anticipations of greengage flavours.

2-7-16

Sir E.H.S. 225, 195, 205, 170, 205, 195 = 1195

J.F.H. 235, 215, 180, 230, 200, 225 = 1285

Variable winds from N. to W. loosen the ice considerably rendering it unsafe to visit my berg friends. General rejoicing as the recent winds have drifted us 20 miles on course.

Lat. 65.2 S., Long. 53.3 W.

This especially gratifying as it upsets theories concerning congestion of pack between us and the land. Put all wet gear out on boats and sledges to-day. Sir E. introduces me to the game of Piquet. Distance from Paulette Island, 114 miles.

2-8-16

Sir E.H.S. 200. J.F.H. 180.

Wind blew hard from N.N.E. during last night changed to E. during morning, eventually dropping dead calm with dense fog. Doing nothing beyond being patient, which I find much more difficult than assiduous action. Oh to be on land.

2-9-16

Sir E.H.S. 180, 160, 180, 155, 195, 195 = 1065

J.F.H. 150, 190, 145, 150, 185, 205 = 1025

Fog, wet mist and snow all day compensated by favourable wind from S. Finished Arthur Young's "Travels in France", which I enjoyed immensely. Now reading "The Sea Captain", by Bailey. No news - waiting.

2-10-16

Snow squalls with favouring winds all day. During a clear intermission visited the bergs - game scouting. Our blubber supply - the source of fuel - becoming depleted and I being the Nimrod have necessarily to take advantage of every opportunity to maintain the reserve heap. In scouting amongst loosening pack one must needs to be both alert and cautious. Ski are indispensable, cracks 4 and 5 feet have frequently to be crossed and the negotiation of them and brash ice makes one develop a cat-like gentleness of tread. It is astonishing the speed one can travel should a killer happen to poke his head through the thin ice. What curious bosom sensations it excites! Surface to-day almost unski-able.

2-11-16

Visited bergs, no game. Ice very loose and going hazardous and difficult. Frequently found myself afloat on small floes and drifting in pools and had to use my ski for paddles. This novel method of ferrying I speedily abandoned owing to visions of being attacked by killers, their presence being indicated by undistant snorts and blows. Finished the "Sea Captain" but was not impressed therewith.

(10-26-15 – a revised entry, placed in the middle of February 1916 entries.)

The ship's destruction was primarily caused by her inability to rise during the severe pressure on the 26th October, 1915. Her unfortunate position in relation to the circumjacent floes and the direction of the assailing pressure are the reasons abscribed and are obvious. The ship was subject to terrific strains by the pressure exerting its force against the starboard quarter (at A). So great was this force that the ship was forced "wedge-wise" into the floe ahead, a distance of some 20 feet (this ice being 4'6" to 5' thick), and immovably locked therein. The irresistible energy (at A) continuing, B would therefore act as a fulcrum, and being immovable, the dotted arrows indicate the strains set up in the hull. These were so enormous that the latter bowed 10 inches from the true. The planking and decks opened alarmingly and inspection, as well as sound, indicated the disruption of the sternpost. This peremptorily allowed the ship to restore herself by the minimised strain, unhappily however, D began slowly closing in, and the vessel already listing to starboard was nipped above the bluff of the bilge (see below). In this position it was only too evident that she would be unable to rise above the pressure, a state of affairs verified by splintering beams, gaping

decks and rising waters. All equipment was immediately discharged on to the floe (B) whilst the pressure extended its force building up immense piles against the ship sides. A few hours later she began breaking up and by morning all that remained to distinguish her as a ship were broken masts and a chaos of splintered timbers.

2-12-16

Sir E.H.S. 165, 150, 175, 235, 195, 165 = 1085

J.F.H. 190, 190, 195, 210, 155, 190 = 1130

Position Lat. 64, 47.5 S., Long. 53, 15 W. (approx)

To bed at 6 p.m., as customary, nothing else to do and hoosh finished. To bergs morning and afternoon the day being clearer and ice more suited for the ski. Rewarded by securing a large Weddell seal - a fine addition to our depleted stock of blubber fuel. Many killers now in adjacent pools; one hears their blowing at all hours. Observed a school of seven sporting last night. Ice appears much looser. Reading, "What I saw in Russia" by Hon. Maurice Baring.

2-13-16

Temperatures, noon - 32.5, 8 a.m. - 27.

The 13th and with it strong head winds, which must be setting the ice southward. Cold and snowy. To the bergs on ski in the morning - no game. Darkness now sets in about 11 p.m., dawning at 1:30 a.m. Last night observed the stars, the first time for over 4 months. Discuss flowers and horticulture in sleeping bags. Glad the day is over.

2-14-16

Sir E.H.S. 165, 220, 175, 175, 225, 225 = 1195  
J.F.H. 205, 175, 165, 205, 220, 250 = 1220

Heavy Nth. winds prevailed all night, abating at 7 a.m. Our drifting with cyclonic and anticyclonic vicissitudes, our immutable life - indolent existence that it is - tries one's patience to exasperation. With under 100 miles to Paulette Island, we await a favourable gale with impatient anxiety. Finished "What I saw in Russia" by Hon. M. Baring, a charming, (sic) unbiassed and pictorial description, independent of its interesting merit. To Flat Berg during the morning - (sic) dirth of game. Had to perform a variety of terpsichorean feats on ski to cross pressure ridges and brash-filled leads.

2-15-16

Party N. 34, 8 a.m. 32.

Party temperament suffers considerable modulation, by barometric vicissitudes. When the glass falls heralding the advent of adverse winds, a wave of tribulation and pessimism

Sir E.H.S. 170, 205, 180, 185, 225 = 965  
J.F.H. 230, 175, 165, 225, 205 = 1000

sweeps through the camp which immediately reverts to smiles and song with a favourable barometer and southern breezes. Our icy barque (the floe) devoid of helm and guidance, propelled by baffling winds, is like a straw wisp in a whirlwind, responsive to capricious winds that blow from the Cardinal points, and box the compass during a day. Under these irregular influences, however, we are really not entitled to complain, for since the ship's destruction (October 26th,

1915) the remarkable drift of over 250 miles, and that almost our due course to Paulette Island, has been accomplished without our exertion or will. This gives rise to a most interesting paradox in the law of probabilities.

If we are a small ice floe of the many millions constituting the Weddell Sea, and being moved by winds and currents from diverse directions, what is the probability of reaching a predetermined point 300 miles distant? This morning found us in no mood to greet the day with song - extremely irritable to say the least of it, having entered on the 3rd day of adverse winds and miserable weather until we discovered our floe had turned round during the night and with it the wind; for we are accustomed to ascertain the winds direction by the bulging in of our tent walls, without compass consultation. Finding the wind N.E. (which is bad enough) instead of N.W. our spirits are buoyant. To-day is Sir E's birthday, and the anniversary of our Endeavours to free the ship from her frozen position, twelve months ago. Cook manufactured some Dog pemmican, Bannocks de Luxe. They were extremely rich tasting like sausage rolls and very filling (First time of feeling so for a long time). Considerable alterations in surrounding floes. Reading "The Making of the Earth" by J.W. Gregory. Spending time inventing Antarctic Equipment and innovations.

2-16-16

Sir E.H.S. 185, 200, 180, 140, 135, 160 = 1000

J.F.H. 170, 185, 210, 205, 180, 240 = 1190

Went a-hunting and was rewarded by finding two fine crabeater seals both of which I secured in the orthodox manner. Rendering them insensible by hitting on the nose

with the ski, and then cutting their throats. I hate this brutal method - but necessity - needs must. (The seals are remarkably tenacious of life.) During the day a number of Antarctic Terns are attracted to our camp, filling the air with "their sweet Jargoning". Their sweet twittering closely resembles the skylark, and though unlike in colour, might be mistaken on the wing for swallows. Positions of the bergs much altered. The distance is double and surface atrociously rough. To bags and dreams 6:15 p.m.

2-17-16

Sir E.H.S. 240, 165, 110, 175, 200, 185 = 1075

J.F.H. 130, 170, 185, 225, 190, 140 = 1040

Temperatures fell to 15 last night, clear and cold with a bright full moon (the first glimpse for over 4 months). Dense fog obscuring vision for over 100 yards during the day. There appears considerable loosening going on around our floe, many large pools being visible through the mist. Three coveys of penguins trespassed on our floe and all hands turned out with shillalahs to take prisoners. 68 were secured, skinned and placed in the refrigerator. The skins are reserved for fuel, the legs for hoosh, breasts for steaks, carcasses for dogs, and livers and hearts for delicacies.

Foul wind from N.E.

2-18-16

N. 33, 8 a.m. 32.

Sir E.H.S. 195, 185, 210, 145, 140, 220 = 1105

J.F.H. 250, 85, 170, 195, 195, 225 = 1120

Strong blizzard with wet snow and head winds have endured the past 24 hours - the most severe and disappointing set back since encamped on the floe. Summer appears at an end as the characteristic stormy conditions - the heralds of winter have harassed us for the past 14 days. It now appears imperative that we shall have to remain another winter in the Antarctic and our hopes are that we may make Paulette Island. During the morning had to construct a breakwind to save our tent being swept away and got heartily saturated by the driving wet snow. Thanks that the conditions are now moderating.

To bags at 6:15 p.m. Temp. 32.

2-19-16

To Flat Berg, and observed large covey of penguins - too many to cope with single-handed. Semaphored camp, and all hands turned out en masse armed with cudgels to give battle. The result was very satisfactory - 150 secured. Subsequently I gave battle to another covey securing 80. From Flat Berg I noticed a crabeater basking near by, which I also annexed. Noticed large mobs of Adelies scattered over the floe, their plaintive croak could be heard everywhere and it would appear as if the birds are migrating from Southern rookeries to the Northern pack limits. Altogether our meat and fuel reserves have been added to during the day to the extent of over 300 penguins, 1 seal. What is even more pleasing is a promising S.E. wind which has all appearances of strengthening.

2-20-16

Position - 64. 57.5 S., Long. 53.00 W.

Temperature 29.

Sir E.H.S. 160, 210, 235, 195, 180, 180 = 1160

J.F.H. 185, 260, 180, 150, 210, 180 = 1165

To "Flat Berg" morning and afternoon, no game beyond securing 40 Adelie penguins. Beautiful clear sunny afternoon, with last night's heavy snowfall, covering hummocks and floe, scintillating like a coating of crystallized sugar and glass powder. Counted from the commanding outlook of Flat berg over 130 icebergs on the horizon mostly west to north. Gallant cuisine to day. Breakfast: Penguin livers and bacon - of exquisite flavour with coffee. Lunch a cereal pudding concocted by boiling lentils and trumilk sweetened - tasting like young corn. Evening - Penguin breast ragout with peas, delicious and tender. To bags at 6:15 p.m. to read and listen to the homely crow-like croak of the Penguins and ruminate on home and dear ones. (To cook all meals on the two blubber stoves takes 20 penguin skins per diem.)

2-21-16

Sir E.H.S. 165, 210, 245, 165, 140, 220 = 1145

J.F.H. 155, 235, 205, 180, 150, 220 = 1145

To Flat Berg a-hunting. Followed a false scent for seal which turned out to be a brace of penguins. Exterminated a bevy of 60 adelies which have further augmented our meat and fuel store. It appears the numerous penguin flocks scattered over the pack are migrating adult groups gathered together convivially for moulting. Surface treacherous, as numerous pools are but snowed over and resemble the surrounding solid floes. Fair wind, all cheerful, trust it may continue.

Lat. 64. 54., Long. 53.

2-22-16

Lat. 64.51 S., Long. 53.13 W.

Temperature all day, 21.

To Flat Berg at 9 a.m. Beautiful exhilarating morning with fair breeze and sunshine. Spied and captured a crabeater and subsequently two Weddells. With a magnificent ski surface and the breeze behind. I sped as if possessed of wings, to Conical Berg, two miles away. Most of the Bergs have accumulated an immense ramp of snow in their lea, constituting an ideal ski slope from Berg crest to the floe. Conical Berg being cradle shaped one dashes with express speed down one steep declivity to glide without exertion to its opposite summit, thence from that summit by a dexterous turn one enjoys 100 yards of delightful gliding sensations to the surface of the floe. The dog teams sledged the carcasses into camp. Crean having an icy bath by the collapse of a snowbridge across a small lead.

2-23-16

Lat. 64.45 30 S., Long. 52-18 W.

Temperature last night fell to 0. Temp. 4 p.m. 18.

Sir E.H.S. 190, 205, 215, 195, 245, 180 = 1230

J.F.H. 190, 225, 235, 195, 220, 180 = 1245

Necessity hath evolved me from a Polar Nimrod to a Nemesis on ski. All things living (other than human) that I discern on the floe from the numerous berg lookout are as good as in our Cold Storage. Providence is both considerate and kind. It

would appear as if the evolution of the Penguin and Seal species had developed especially along lines calculated to fill the wants of Polar castaways. The blubbery layer of subdermal tissue of the seal is sufficient to convert his entire carcass into Roasts, Boils and Hooshes, while the penguins overcoat - rich also in blubber is ample to cook all his eatable parts and a little more besides. A seal is consumed by the entire party in 5 days - just as long as his blubber lasts. 20 Penguins cooked by the fuel of their own skins is a fair daily average. The floe - originally frozen sea water has by pressure formed ice dirges and hummocks. These by a process of exfiltration have discharged the brine and what remains? fresh water ice! - the source of our liquid supply. Even our encampment is being borne northward on an immense much maligned ice raft, which we expect - (very remotely at present) to open up and be so condescending as to make a smooth water canal to our Haven. Albeit we have much to be grateful for (man is essentially a discontented animal). I have heard murmurs of tea being too strong and puddings too sweet. What hardships we (don't) have to endure. Secured 2 Weddells and massacred 130 penguins. Beautiful day! Exquisite ski surface! Splendid wind! Three good meals and warm sleeping bags. Favourable report from the meteorologist.

2-24-16

Sir E.H.S. 200, 200, 155, 245, 170 = 970

J.F.H. 170, 145, 225, 150, 185 = 875

Lat. 64.40 S., Long. 53.18. 8 p.m. 6.

Summer is at an end and already winters shortening days are setting in. The sun rises from behind a berg about 5 a.m. and sets shortly after 8:30 p.m. Temperatures are falling, and the

cold breath of the south has already frozen up leads and pools. Bright clear atmosphere with cloudless skies and a decided nip in the air. To bags at 6:15 p.m. and thanks that we can command the ready obedience of sleep. During past 24 hours have drifted 5 1/2 miles North.

2-25-16

Sir E.H.S. 160, 165, 190, 265, 135, 200 = 1115

J.F.H. 200, 155, 210, 175, 150, 215 = 1105

Evening once more, but with the saddening thought of nothing accomplished. Not even distance, N.E. wind with rise in temperature to 32. Worsley has made some interesting calculations relative to our position from land. The results are most satisfactory and we may observe the dim distant peaks any day. Oh! for a S.E. gale. Making calculations as to cost of fitting out an expn. at minimum.

2-26-16

Sir E.H.S. 160, 190, 210, 205, 195, 175 = 1135

J.F.H. 165, 205, 215, 160, 225, 195 = 1165

Lat. 64.37 S., Long. 53.20.

Fair wind all day. To bergs, no game. Nothing doing. Spent most of day compiling a list of essentials for an expedition.

2-27-16

Lat. 64.33 S., Long. 52 22 W.

N. 24, 8 p.m. 16.

Sir E.H.S. 245, 165, 165 = 575

J.F.H. 205, 255, 230 = 690

Halcyon weather, calm warm and sunshine. Went on 10 mile circuit visit to various bergs on ski, securing but one Weddell. All gear in tents dried and members exercise themselves parading the circumference to the floe, round which a hard track has been tramped, others siesta in the warm sunshine. Continue computing the intricate details of an expedition, consulting encyclopaedias, Cookery Items etc. Only 87 Miles from Paulette Island. Excellent lunch of slice of ham and penguin livers.

2-28-16

In bags at 6:15 p.m. Another day passed with nil accomplished beyond adding seal to our larder and drifting 2 miles north. All hands engaged building a large snow igloo for the cook's galley with the doorway on the pessimistic wind direction side.

Went out on ski some 4 miles, but found my seal to be only a shadow. On returning found myself cut off by the ice opening and had considerable difficulty regaining camp. Sprained thumb by having an unexpected fall, ski-ing. Dark now at 10 p.m.

2-29-16

N. 27, 8 p.m. 16.

Lat. 64.27 S., Long. 53.15 W.

Sir E.H.S. 215, 255, 175, 170, 175, 165 = 1155

J.F.H. 205, 220, 155, 220, 190, 195 = 1185

Leap Year Day and maintained by us as "Batchelor's" Day. In honour of our enforced celibacy the day's menu was slightly

modified, and was considered by all a fitting recompense for our present imposed batchelorship. P.S. I am no mysognomist. For Breakfast: We partook of seal steak and remains of Knorrs dried onions, reinforced with a wheat-meal biscuit and tea. Lunch: dined on seal liver, 1 dog pemmican bannock de luxe, 1 tin lax to the tent, quenching a thirst produced by the latter, with a copious bumper of warm milk. Supped this evening off a hooshpot of remnant ingredients. Irish stew, jugged hare, seal kidney etc. The flavour - not altogether pleasant, but novel to our palates - vitiated - through a recurring dietary. Last of the cocoa for tea. Beautiful day. Two seals secured. Ice loosening.

3-1-16

Wax poetical.

N. 27, 8 p.m. 27.

Sir E.H.S. 200, 185, 205 = 590

J.F.H. 155, 175, 185 = 495

Magnificent night and morning with crystal clear atmosphere. The moon almost on the horizon resembled the golden horn of fairy tales passing in a lustrous firmament bespangled with brilliants. One's imagination running riot might conjecture a blast sounded on the golden horn would break the enchantment of the still night and disclose a calm sea of scattered pack. The beau ideal of our dreams. As the horned moon dipped below the horizon, a faint orange blush suffused its path which broadened and glowed, till dawn spread the sky with tints of pink and blue. The dissipation of nights enchantment, disclosed immense pools of still water surrounding our now island floe from which clouds of frost

smoke lazily arose - golden in the rising sun - like smoke from a prairie fire.

Exquisite weather during the day. The ice opening and closing, but without defined leads that would allow of boating: however the prospects are brighter.

3-2-16

Fair wind, ice opening and spreading into large pools. Gloomy day, and cold in tent. Spend day computing depot relaying etc. Had unsavoury lunch of 11 penguin hearts - tough as boots. 1 dog pemmican bannock. Looking forward to brighter happenings.

3-3-16

Lat. 64.13, Long. 53.18.

Strong wind from S.W. past 24 hours. Ice closed but reopening this evening. Clear sunny day, temperature falling to 20 degrees. Kept occupied on interesting computations for future expedition which in the event of Sir E.H.S. not returning I intend to go on with. Played cards and whiled the rest of the time away discussing the wind.

3-4-16

Noon 9, 8 p.m. 6.

Lat. 64.8.5 S., Long. 53.16 W.

Hands numb with cold.

Sir E.H.S. 190, 180, 135, 220, 135, 235 = 1195

J.F.H. 165, 150, 210, 145, 200, 220 = 1180

Magnificent afternoon, clear with bright sunlight. The leads frozen up last night re-opening, and in their mirrory stillness the ice reflects its double image with dazzling brilliance. Sparkling crystals falling from a clear sky, scintillating and carpeting the floe with a covering of sparkling brilliants, lend an enchanting effect to one of the most transcending sights I have ever seen. Temperatures are low falling last night below zero, and averaging about 9 all day. Only a little over 80 miles from Paulette Island, though I am afraid we have too much "westing" to make unless the ice speedily opens up and temperatures rise, to mitigate freezing; the latter covering the leads with an ice pellicle sufficiently thick to prevent coating in three hours.

3-5-16

N. 18, 8 p.m. 8.

Sir E.H.S. 180, 205, 185, 190, 160, 245 = 1165

J.F.H. 190, 225, 230, 235, 180, 185 = 1245

To sleeping bags 6 p.m. Theoretically, I should be feeling extremely bilious, having just regaled myself on an ample repast of three Penguin livers and two large slices of fatty ham fried in seal blubber. On the other hand practically, I found the meal ambrosial and spooned up the oleaginous residue with the contentment of an epicure. So habituated are we become to blubbery savours, that we applaud the meals, when blubber forms their chief constituent. Our morning seal steaks are fried in it; the mid-day pemmican bannock boiled in it whilst even the finely chopped white squares in the evening hoosh are it. Beyond doubt our palates are depraved. Our food is almost entirely the indigenous meats of the floe, whilst our capacity for fats is (sic) unsatiable. What then must we smell

like? Seals no doubt. But there again our nose plays us false for our once keen perception of blubbery emanations is providentially annulled.

Beautiful weather and contented we would be if the wind were favourable. Rime crystals have veneered all things with beautiful miniature fern-like forms, the even surface of our floe scintillating like a field of diamonds. Employed the day in parading the well trodden path around the margin of our floe, in cards laying, and computing. To bags at 6 p.m. to keep up "Calories" and reflect on home, the outer world, and our own ignominious position.

3-6-16

N. 25, 8 p.m. 8.

Sir E.H.S. 175, 195, 165 = 535

J.F.H. 175, 195, 165 = 535

A weary day spent sewing. The most welcome time being 8:30 a.m. breakfast (seal steaks) 1 p.m. Lunch (3 penguins legs and bannock). Evening Hoosh 5:30, (seal). Then to bags at 6 p.m. The atmosphere is so stagnant as to cause a drumming in the ears and very depressing. Curious dreams last night by my several tentmates, probably the effects of yesterday's greasy feast. My dream took shape in endeavouring to drown multicoloured hounds of the Dachshund (German sausage) breed. My endeavours were not fraught with great success, for the dachshunds after assuming the form of seals, eyed me complacently with grinning eyes, and the gargoyle grimaces of "Billikens". Then so burning are our desires for liberation, that we all, more or less dream of sailing from the pack in the luxuriant comfort of our ocean liner. Our dreams also take

that form of incubus where we sit gathered at grand festival. As we commence eating, the food fades before our eyes, and leaves our hunger unappeased.

3-7-16

Strong favourable wind from S.W. by S. All in tents, snowing and drifting. Reading P.I.P. by Ian Hamilton. Spend day commuting provision list. Another use for seals. Find blubber has magic solvent properties on the dirt accumulated on our playing cards.

3-8-16

N. 26, 8 p.m. 28.

Last nights favourable breeze has altered its direction from S.S.W. to N.N.E. making us anything but cheerful. The floe has been covered with a layer of soft snow about 12 ins. deep, making even the taking of our exercise around the margin track very labourious. Still I am content that it is no worse. Finished reading P.I.P. which I heartily enjoyed.

3-9-16

Dead calm, overcast and warm, Temp. 24. Made an attempt to visit my berg friends this morning, but found the ice too broken and open for one to venture off our floe. A curious motion as if caused by swell has been keeping the ice in gentle motion all day. We attribute it to the ocean, which would cause such an action, though 30 miles away.

3-10-16

Lat. 64.0 S., Long. 53.9 W.

All engaged stowing boats to ascertain their respective carrying capacities and apportioning proportions of rations per capita thereto. Feeling very weary, waiting for favourable conditions, which seem distant as ever. Darkness now sets in at 8:30. Dawn at 4 a.m.

Sir E.H.S. 165, 160, 145, 170, 170 = 810

J.F.H. 200, 130, 165, 220, 130 = 865

We appear to be drifting under the influences of a N.E. set. During the afternoon, and ice opened up magically, immense pools and leads running W. & E. forming in an hour. After hoosh; (another hour) Sir E. and self went again to look at this hopeful prospect, when we observed the ice moving rapidly in the reverse direction. In less than 1/2 hour the ice had come together again. Everything is ready to make a move and we anxiously await to-morrow. Had fine view of Emperor penguins swimming and feeding this evening.

3-12-16

Ice opening, closing and breaking us into small floes during day. Conditions are looser than we have as yet observed and everything points to our embarkation in a few days. Temperature rose to 33 with foggy and murky atmosphere. For lunch seal liver and ham fried in blubber. It must have been more than unusually salty for my innards have been burning ever since.

3-13-16

Sir E.H.S. 130, 165, 170, 225, 185, 200 = 1095

J.F.H. 190, 215, 165, 195, 215, 150 = 1120

Never has time seemed to drag so much as to-day. Windy (SW) and foggy and the atmosphere very depressing. Even a desert isle would be more acceptable to this drifting imprisonment of mental and physical inertia. Although time hangs on our hands, it is impossible to concentrate one's thoughts for any time reading. Anxiety is felt by all that it is time to be making a move. We seem to be in an icy maze. When the ice does open a dense fog obscures everything for over 50 yards away and when it clears the temperature falls rapidly and freezing immediately sets in. In two hours the ice is too thick to work boats. We only await a happy mean; open water and clearness then a fond farewell to "Drifting Patience Camp".

3-14-16

Since 7 p.m. last night a S.S.W. blizzard has been raging keeping all in tents. We are in such a position now that a heavy northward drift is undesirable; as it is, we must be well past the latitude of Paulette Island, so we look forward to the abatement of the wind with some anxiety. Have just read Vandover and the Brute by Morris. Best of day designing Polar equipment.

3-15-16

Grateful change after the blizzard, the weather being much milder with S.S.W. airs. All engaged digging out tents and excavating sledges, buried in the blizzard snow dumps. Ice very closed up. Spend afternoon in bag, dozing and reading endeavouring to eliminate time - our most arduous labour.

3-16-16

N. 27, 8 p.m. 26.

6 games for dinner not less than 10/- or more than 15/- each.

Sir E.H.S. 285, 130, 170, 165, 210, 150, Total 1110

J.F.H. 230, 225, 225, 185, 235, 240, " 1340

One of my lucky number days. Greeted this morning on leaving tent by a fine Weddell seal, which was promptly added to our fast declining fuel and meat store. Took advantage of the jammed up ice to haul in another seal, killed Fortnight previously. Ice very closely packed - probably jammed up by the land. Wind from S.E. by E. Temp. 26.

Amusing ourselves (Sir E. and self) by playing poker patience for prospective dinners, theatres etc. Pressure last night formed along margin of our floe.

3-17-16

Lat. 63.35 S., Long. 53.21 W.

Reading "20 Years After", by Alexander Dumas. 6 games for the wine not to exceed 25/-.

Sir E.H.S. 190, 200, 205, 200, 170, 225 Total 1190

J.F.H. 200, 200, 210, 170, 205, 145 " 1130

Dismal and bleak day with snow and wind from E.S.E. in tent all day. We are now abreast of Paulette Island, which is only about 66 M. westward. The ice is behaving in a most curious manner, being tightly wedged together, whilst pressure ridges have formed in all directions. It would appear as if the ice is jammed against the land to the west, by the persisting E.S.E. winds.

3-18-16

N. 31, 8 p.m. 29.

Smokes not to exceed 10/-.

Sir E.H.S. 140, 180, 135, 185, 290, 170, Total 1110

J.F.H. 150, 185, 115, 170, 215, 205, " 1040

Damp, dismal day, snowing and sleeting incessantly. No open water observable. It appears as if the ice has arrived at a deadlock - jammed hard up against the land. Buoy our spirits up by talking of our native lands. I tell tales and descriptions of sunny New South Wales, and then become an interested hearer of scenes in dear Old England. Also feed ourselves on imaginary dinners - to be indulged in on our return (I have a keen desire for cream horns).

3-19-16

Theatre stalls 10/6 each.

Sir E. 135, 210, 200, 175, 200, 190, Total 1110

J.F.H. 165, 180, 180, 160, 155, 205. " 1045

To-day the same as yesterday only lunch modified by a slice of ham and seal liver. (This finishes our ham). Everything damp and sodden from saturated atmosphere. Wind N.E., N.N.E. Temp. 29 to 32 though it feels colder due no doubt to the humidity.

3-20-16

N. 21, 8 p.m. 17.

Lat. 63.36 S., Long. 53.12 W.

Supper 10/-each.

Sir E. 185, 210, 165, 225, 185, 200, Total 1170

J.F.H. 225, 195, 205, 155, 180, 195, " 1165

To-day same as before only mild blizzard from S.W. All in tents. Living on one's imagination is the only way to pass the time - whose every hour drags.

3-21-16

(For new hat price 1 guinea.) (Win hat Johnson, 38, Bond Street, Hatter.)

Sir E. 145, 230, 130, 155, 200, 160 = 1020

J.F.H. 185, 180, 160, 150, 225, 160 = 1040

Favourable wind all day, but saturated atmosphere prevented drying of gear satisfactorily - in fact tent equipment is wetter from its airing. Drastic measures have had to be taken over the control of our fuel consumption, hot meals being twice daily. Meals from now are: - Breakfast, Seal Steak (Tea all used) 1/2 mug hot milk. Lunch:- Alternately 2 biscuits 3 sugar. 1 nut food ration. Tea:- Seal hoosh - water. Ice very packed no water being visible. How we sigh for a glimpse of land. Played Sir E. for a new hat and won.

3-22-16

For Umbrella, price 1/1/0.

Sir E. 260, 205, 210, 185, 170, 180, Total 1210

J.F.H. 240, 120, 195, 195, 200, 240, " 1190

Lat. 63.19 S., Long. 53.27 W.

12, 19, 8 p.m. 11.

Fair wind, clear and cold during day. Temp. 14. Observed large berg forcing a passage through the dense pack, leaving behind in its wake, an upturned track of brown diatomaceous brash. Lay some pieces of Venesta case under floor cloth which will

insulate us from the snow, and eliminate wet sleeping bags.  
Hand so cold and numb, difficult to write.

3-23-16

Lat. 63.15 S., Long. 52.29 W.

For 1/1/0 mirror v. book same value.

Sir E. 170, 190, 115, 115, 190, 150, Total 940

J.F.H. 170, 175, 145, 250, 220, 235, " 1195

8 a.m. 5, N. 11, 4 p.m. 16, 8 p.m. 14.

General rejoicing! Our first glimpse of land for just 16 months and the 139th day of our life on the floe, since the ship's destruction. Sir Ernest called me shortly after 8 a.m. to collabourate his view of a distant island, appearing at intervals through a fog bank about 35 miles to the S.E.(?) To our intense relief - there was land - land that we have been watching and dreaming of for 5 months. From its location and bluff contour, we presume it to be one of the Danger Islands. During the afternoon we observed, at about 40 miles off the coast, the ice pack presenting an unbroken field to them: beyond appears land water, by sky indications. If the ice opens we could land in a day.

3-24-16

Lat. 63.13 S., Long. 53.24 W.

Handkerchiefs (Sir E.) v. Ties (J.F.H.) to value of 1/1/0.

J.F.H. 190, 185, 165, 175, 220, 230, Total 1165

Sir E. 185, 140, 145, 180, 185, 190, " 1025

Exquisite day of brilliant sunshine. Went to Flat Berg and had fine view of the distant land. It appears about 30-40 miles off - a noble range of snow covered mountains peering above fog

bank. One day's row in the boats. Scarcity of seals causes us much anxiety respecting our fuel supply. Dream of home very vividly, and have a feast of cream horns and Mother's Swiss roll.

3-25-16

For set Duplex Razors, 1/1/0

Sir E. 180, 250, 235, 165, 195, 150, Total 1175

J.F.H. 145, 190, 145, 210, 210, 220 " 1120

Wind from S.S.W. - S. cold day, in bags nearly all time. Temp. falling to 10F. Discussion with Sir E. re making endeavour to reach Ocean Camp for balance dog pemmican. Finish Monsieur D. Rochfort which I heartily enjoyed.

3-26-16

Noon 12 22, 8 p.m. 4.

Lat. 63.1 S., Long. 53.27 W.

Made an attempt to reach Flat berg, in order to locate Ocean Camp. This I soon found impossible owing to the eccentric behaviour of the ice, which appears to be under tidal influences. Frequently I became stranded, owing to the remarkable rapid changes. In the open leads drift ice and small floes are observable, drifting rapidly, and under the influence of these tidal currents. From the adjacent berg I spied Ocean Camp 8 miles bearing W. 1/2 S. I had difficulty regaining camp. As we are now forced to view our food stores with a drastic eye, owing to the lack of game and the approach of winter, henceforth the party are placed on 1/2 ration, at which rate the store would last 5 months. It is hoped to augment these by an additional 500 lbs. dog pemmican from Ocean Camp. Owing

however to the treacherous and unsafe condition of the pack, this could not be effected unless the ice becomes jammed up by heavy winds. Wind W.N.W.

3-27-16

Lat. 62.58 S., Long. 53.12W.

N. 22, 8 p.m. 17.

J.F.H. Set Duplex razors v. book 1/1/0.

Sir E. 165, 135, 190, 160 Total 650

J.F.H. 190, 215, 205, 245 " 855

Ration cut down to 1/2 as on page 77 (bottom) - just sufficient to keep one healthy and in a constant hunger. Under misapprehension regarding our Eastern drift, our meteorologist predicting a prevalence of westerlies (winds.) Erect a lookout by lashing two sledges together - giving an elevation of about 18 feet. Have discussion with Sir E. re making our available ration on hand extend over a period of 3 to 4 months; also reviewed the prospect of venturing to Ocean Camp for additional pemmican. Bergs moving through the pack and ice behaving under tidal influences.

3-28-16

N. 52, 8 p.m. 30.

Wind N. to N.N.W.

Umbrella (J.F.H.) v. 1/1/0 book Sir E.

Sir E. 150, 170, 175, 195, 160, 220 Total 1070

J.F.H. 260, 175, 175, 215, 185, 245 " 1255

14 Penguins - 1 crabeater secured. Excursion to Ocean Camp abandoned definitely in consideration of the hazardous nature of the pack. The surface is extremely soft while the floes are

held together or rather apart by loose brashy pack; added to this treacherous travelling, the ice is in a particularly unstable condition, rapidly loosening and opening so that even should a party reach Ocean Camp, the chance of their safe return would be problematical. An abundance of bird life was noticeable during the day - Penguins, skuas, snow petrel and terns - the latter filling the air with their sweet chirping. Killers are heard blowing and 3 seals were seen. The weather damp, and 14 adelies were secured - but were only brought in with great difficulty.

3-29-16

Travelling Soap Box 1/1/0.

Sir E. 175, 195, 235, 205, 180, 170 Total 1160

J.F.H. 145, 200, 195, 190, 175, 265 " 1170

Raining and sleeting heavily all night. Confined to tents dripping interior during day. Wind from N.W. and ice very loose. Temp. 33. Invent an exquisite hoosh by mixing our ration of 1/4 cake (4 ozs.) dog pemmican with a little hot milk and lump of sugar. The taste is greatly enhanced, but more to the point, the bulk is enlarged. By slowly nibbling our midday meal of a 2 oz. biscuit and 3 lumps of sugar, we have the mental effect at least of a satisfying repast.

3-30-16

N. 33, 8 p.m. 32.

Abundance of bird life.

Temp. 35.

Wind in N.E.

A day of activity. The watchman calls an alarm at 5 a.m. to the effect that our floe was cracking up and hands turned out immediately. All equipage was removed to safety but shortly before breakfast, an occurrence took place, the floe breaking up into a smaller section about 100 yards square. One crack passed under the runners of our large boat, "The James Caird" and opened so rapidly that we just saved her from falling in. A pronounced undulating swell is noticeable over the surface of the ice, apparently coming from N.W. All the large floes are breaking up under its influence, and in order to avoid a contretemps, the party is halved, taking a four hours watch about. A huge sea leopard was secured during the morning, which enables us to increase the meat day ration; an essential expedient to preserve the strength of all, under the present uncertain circumstances. In the stomach of the leopard, were found some 50 pre-digested fish, in excellent condition, their stomachs in turn, crammed full with amphipods. The fish are reserved for to-morrow's breakfast. The remainder of the dogs shot and skinned, and some steaks cut off the young dogs born in Antarctica were fried, and proved exquisitely tender and flavorful, especially Nelson, which equalled veal. Some amusement was produced in the cooking. The dog drivers standing around the blubber stove, with airs of proprietorship, cajoling with the sooty visaged cook, to give special attention to the esculent fillets of their one time favourites. As the steaks frizzled invitingly away in the blubber, Crean admonishes the cook for allowing Nelson to become mixed with Gruss, and Gruss's owner, Macklin, complains that cook is endeavouring to ruin Gruss's flavour by scorching. A casual observer might think the explorer a frozen hearted individual, especially if he noticed the mouths watering when tears ought to be expected. Hunger brings us all to the level of other

species, and our saying "That sledge dogs are born for work and bred for food" is but the rationale of experience.

3-31-16

61.7, 53.36      Elephant Is. 61.11, 54.50.

Clarence              Cornwallis 61.4, 52              Bridgman 62.10,  
56.20.

Tie Case Sir E. v. Collar box 1/1/0.

Sir E. 215, 195, 130, 205, 170, 175, Total 1090

J.F.H. 210, 205, 155, 225, 180, 160      "      1135

Favourable breeze from S. to S. by E. brings a welcome drop in temperature to 21, freezing up the mushy surface of the floe and changes the rain to snow. A party of 14 was dispatched to secure some 70 or 80 penguins on an adjacent floe, when the ice suddenly opening, they were marooned. The "Stancombe Wills" was launched, but the ice rapidly closing in, she had to be hauled out speedily on to the floe. The party eventually reached Camp, paddling on a small ice floe. Lunch was a delicious repast -- and a quintessence of culinary economy. Some 50 predigested fish taken from the stomach of yesterday's sea leopard, were fried in the animals blubber together with some of its steaks. The necessary heat being obtained with fire also from the blubber. The fish tasted like whiting, and the steaks were as savorous as undercut. It is early dark in tents now 6:15 p.m. and I am about to wrap up the 1 lb. tin of dog pemmican (ration for 4) in a sock and take it into my sleeping bag so that by the morning it may be tolerably thawed out.

4-1-16

Noon 11, 8 p.m. 17.

For Clothes Brush, 1/1/0.

Sir E. 175, 175, 195, 200, 180, 165, Total 1095

J.F.H. 150, 195, 235, 240, 250, 175 " 1245

Favourable wind from S. by E. with snow and drift compensates for our forced confinement to the tents, where we lay in our sleeping bags keeping our "calories" up. As there appears to be little hope of reaching Joinville Island or the main land, our thoughts are centred on Clarence or Elephant Island, about 100 miles due north; this with any luck appears possible, though any terra firma, that would alleviate our incessant anxiety of drift and insecurity would be welcomed as Arcady. Such a life ages one. I especially admire and sympathize with Sir E. on whom the entire brunt of responsibility and decisions fall. His indefatigable energy and meticulous attention for the party's safety merits the warmest thanks and approval of all.

Night 1 - 2 April, 1916.

A sleepless night, beset by blizzard and our floe breaking up. At 8 p.m. all hands were alarmed by the watch, a split having developed in dangerous proximity to camp. Investigation exhibited a split, bifurcating the floe, and separating the sledges from the tents. The crack after a remarkable dodging of tents, passed under sledge runners as if possessed of a devilish intelligence. The sledges and meat pile were immediately transferred to safety, after which I returned to sit in tents, fully equipped, ready for a recurrence - a strict watch being observed. Throughout the night the fractured floes impelled by wind and actuated by a slight swell, maintained a continual

bumping, that set one's heart leaping with every impact, for we had vague forebodings our camp would split into small fragments before morning. Providentially the blizzard eased off, and daylight relieved - for the interim - the anxiety occasioned by our perilous surroundings. Our floe now is reduced to the meagre proportions, only sufficient for the camp.

4-2-16

Lat. 62.33 S., Long. 53.37 W.

In view of impending strenuous times, it has been deemed advisable to increase the ration, and so fortify the bodily strength of the body. The morning ration now consists of 1/2 lb. dog pemmican, which we thaw out in our sleeping bags during the night, and at breakfast mix to a thick creamy consistency by the addition of hot milk and 3 lumps of sugar. The resultant "hoosh" is ambrosial and to my palate resembles crushed up cream horns (for which I have much craving). Lunch comprises a hard sledging biscuit and a seal hoosh soup. For tea, small pieces of penguin and seal fried in a minimum amount of blubber. The ration is designed to economize on fuel of which there is a scarcity. A magnificent N.E. drift of 26 miles - beyond our sanguine anticipation - has placed us in a hopeful position as regards Clarence Island, being due Nth. 80 miles.

4-3-16

Lat. 62.24 S., Long. 53.45 W.

For Clothes Brush (Sir E.) v. Mirror (J.F.H.)

Sir E. 245, 235, 230, 240, 150, 190 Total 1290

J.F.H. 215, 195, 245, 250, 160, 205 " 1270

Providence is indeed showering favours upon us. Without the assistance of winds, a drift of 9 1/2 miles has been accomplished for the past 24 hours. We are apparently being carried forward by a N.E. current, which course will place us in an admirable way for reaching Elephant Island. A huge sea leopard (measuring 10 ft. 6") was induced from an adjacent lead by penguin offerings and various members engaging in penguin mimicking.

It is a happy coincidence and one worth noting - that when we are anxiously regarding our depleting meat and fuel heap, game invariably puts in an appearance.

Wind from S.S.E. to E. Temperature Noon 24.

4-4-16

N. 33.5, 6 p.m. 18.

Mirror J.F.H. Tie Case Sir E.

Sir E. 145, 165, 180, 195, 215, 220, Total 1120

J.F.H. 120, 175, 170, 205, 160, 195 " 1025

Ship's position 76.59 S., 37.47 W. March 1915.

Drift of floe:

Crossed 68th on 2nd December.

" 67th on 11th January.

" 66th on 20th January.

" 65th on 10th February.

" 64th on 10th March.

" 63rd on 26th March (53.27 W.)

2 Crabeater seals secured during morning, which enables us to revert to the indigenous meat diet - seals and penguins thereby holding in reserve all sledging rations. The only drawback on our stores, being 3 lumps sugar per man per day, and 24 oz. trumilk per day, for the entire party. Tent topics: - Conversation hath become much like our varying modulations of weather for, if the breeze be fair and there be sunshine, talk is gay, and hopes run high, on the other hand, adverse weather, false winds and set back drifts, are received with silent gravity. Weather plays the leading part in our freedom, hence it is the salient topic of conversation. What is the wind's direction? is the breathword of the camp. Every puff or caprice, is given as much attention to, as if it were a delicate instrument. Temperatures, blizzards, inconvenience, worry us not; as long as the winds are with us. They are the propelling and guiding influences of our floe, and well merit the words of praise, "Blow good breezes, blow". Second in importance comes "grub" that is of course when the stores are abundant - but if there be a dearth of game, the belly pinches and conversation wanes. Much conversation ensues over the contraction of prospective menus, all are unanimous in that their desire are for "Good and plenty" rather than a procession of variegated flavours, served on silver salvers, and devoid of substance. For such a repast, the explicit designation of "GORGI" has been coined. At rarer intervals there are poetic outpourings; and though we love to hear snatches from Tennyson, Service, Keats and Browning, I cannot fail but recount an amusing incident, which indicates forcibly the psychology of our minds.

Sir Ernest reciting Browning's, Rabbi Ben Ezra comes to the well known lines:-

"And all the Worlds course thumb

And finger fail to plumb"

is interrupted by a muffled voice from the snugger of a sleeping bag, with the feeling interjection of "Couldn't we do with Plum duffs now!" Parsiflage and wit play no part in tent topics, having suffered a demise from uncongenial environment. Even famous stock chestnuts grow irksome by repetition, nor is the atmosphere suited to their inventions or perpetration. When elated by favourable climatic influences, conversation becomes both voluble and versatile. The recovery of Alexis Treasure, and the rescuing of King John's train from the Wash are favoured themes. A discourse on the comparative virtues of Yerba (sic) Matti V-Tea. The development of commerce on the Ycnesei. The manufactures, Arts and Crafts of Ancient Egypt, comparisons of the Social life of London, New York and Paris etc., are but a few of the subjects that give our minds and tongue exercise. Sometimes conversation glides into recondite channels, when debate ensues on such abstruse subjects as birth rate, the liquor question, Politics, the mysteries of Lighthouse optics, ship construction, the elusive unknown quantity X etc. and disputations are referred to the infallible arbitrament of the Britannica. But by far the most popular of tent topics are talks on "other lands and unknown places". I am a frequent (sic) raconteur of travel in the East Indies and Wanderings in hidden Australia etc. and delight hearing in return the tinkling temple bells of India and all about that dear homeland, from the blasted heaths of Bonnie Scotland, to London with its stream of liquid history, - the Thames. After evening hoosh has set our warm blood coursing, and body aglow with tingling warmth; we lie in our sleeping bags to dream, and allow our thoughts to wander, our tongues in flippant strain. We long to indulge in the steamy lassitude of the hot room, and feel the exquisite sensation of

donning the latest cut (sic) habiuments, our pockets, (or where they ought to be) are hot with the burning desire to patronise the refinements of civilization and the gaiety of the music hall and opera, for perils must ever be paid with pleasures. Darkness quickly comes in the tents, now that winter draws nigh, and with the final prayer of "Blow, good breezes, blow" we turn over in our bags to dream of safety, home, dinners and cream horns, that will afford food for the conversation of the morrow.

4-5-16

Lat. 62.14 S., Long. 54.30 W.

Collar Box (Sir E.) v. Mirror (J.F.H.)

Sir E. 145, 175, 190, 245, 230 Total 985

J.F.H. 150, 195, 235, 165, 135, " 880

Heavy S.S.E. winds set in late yesterday, and continued unabated throughout the night and to-day. Our drift has been a remarkable one, N. 62 W. 21 1/2 miles since last observation 3rd inst. This proves the existence of a strong current to the west and places Elephant Island beyond a hope of landing. We therefore now look forward to King George Island, Nth. 82 west, 89 miles. If we can reach this island, we shall be in an extremely favourable position for subsequent relief, from the whaling station at Deception Island. We now hope for easterly winds. Ice appears looser with least perceptible swell. Last night owing to severity of the weather, double watches were kept. Secured 1 Emperor penguin, 5 Adelies.

4-6-16

Soap box, Sir E. v. Tie case J.F.H.

Sir E. 155, 175, 175, 220, 170, 220 total 1110  
J.F.H. 160, 140, 175, 225, 170 185 " 1055

Crabeater wanders into camp during the night, and is shot by Wild, also fine specimen of a Sea Leopard, measuring 10 feet 5 ins. meets a similar fate. Strong W. to S.S.W. wind springs up during the afternoon, and as is customary on the eve of boisterous weather, the boats and sledge runners are cleared so as to glide readily in emergency. Skua gulls, snow petrels, giant petrels, and Antarctic terns observed. All apprehension as regards both fuel and meat supplies is now removed, there being at least two months store of both on hand.

4-7-16

Lat. 62.8 S., Long 54.22 W.

Collar box (Sir E.) v. Tie case J.F.H.

Sir E. 225, 145, 210, 170, 22, 180 total 1150

J.F.H. 180, 210, 215, 150, 220, 220 " 1195

Critical point of drift. Anxiety re Setting through gap between Elephant Island and King George. According to the fortune of numerals, to-day the 7th is a "Lucky Day". At day-light, what appeared to be at first an immense berg proved to be an Island. The past days having been misty, this revelation was thrown up by this clear sunshiny morning with such deceptive vividity as to appear but 20 miles distant. According to observation it can be none other than Clarence Island bearing N. 27 E. 60 miles. If we are favoured by a continuance of S.W. winds, in order to counteract Western drift, hopes are entertained that Elephant Island may still be reached. It is exasperating to observe land within our grasp, and yet be as helpless as "the fly in the honey jar". The way to the land is

jammed by treacherous pack moving rapidly by Tides, Winds, and currents so as to be absolutely unsafe and impassable. Would that it would but open up. The pack is bristling with life; Seals, penguins, and birds of wing, whilst the incessant blowing of Blue and Killer Whales, I may simile to a railway yard (sic) choc full of Engines blowing off at high pressure. One may observe Killers sporting in the pools, with their triangular dorsal above water or see their alligator like heads peer above the floe in quest of game. Lat. 62 6 Sth. (Drift 16 miles Nth. 82 E.) Long. 53.49 W.

4-8-16

Temperature 32.

Sunshiny morning.

(Towards athlete case 3/10/0) (4 games) (J.F.H.) (to be played)

Sir E. 195, 160, 180, 195, 220, 175 total 1125

J.F.H. 205, 175, 180, 180, 230, 195 " 1165

Penguins maintained a raucous croaking throughout the night with the incessant explosive punctuations of schools of whales. Strong wind from West (W.S.W. - W.N.W.) drives us 16 miles to east and we anxiously look forward to a Southerly. Clarence Island now bears true Nth. and has been observable all day, being about 55 miles off. I sighted Elephant Island, during my watch, (6 to 7 a.m.) some dozen low peaks being noticeable. During the day a considerable swell has been undulating the pack, apparently coming from the ocean to the Nth. Make Burberry helmet from pair burberry sox. No seals or whales during day. Heavy swell, N.W.

4-9-16

Observe Clarence Island to N.N.W. appearing much closer. Crack 7 p.m. (8th) all gear shifted 5 minutes. Raises(?) under sledges of "Stancombe Wills" and the "James Caird". Ice behaving under current influence, opening and shutting with great rapidity. Crack again splits floe - 11 a.m. tents taken down passes diagonal wise through ours. Heavy swell. Boats packed, with difficulty get under way by 1:30 p.m. Ice opening from close pack to loose drift ice magically. Wind opportunely changes to S. by E. and assists greatly. Ice opening well and going satisfactory making by 6:15 p.m., 7 miles N.W. true course. Observe phenomenal tide rip and have a race for life. The ice rushing after us at about 2 knots, taking us all energy to escape. Camp for the night on large floe which feels the heaving motion considerably. Observe whales, Fulmars, Antarctic Petrels, seals etc. in great numbers. 156 days life on floe.

4-10-16

Last night, a night of tension and anxiety - on a par with the night of the ship's destruction. Shortly after 8 p.m. when all the gear was hauled up on to an apparently safe floe, a bang was heard, all rush from tents - false alarm - caused by subsidence of surface. Heavy swell running causing floe to rock dangerously. Floe cracks in halves at midnight, separating "Caird" and our tent from rest of party, and passing through centre of sailors' tent. Opens rapidly, and before they have time to struggle out of bags, Holness and How fall into the gap, but are speedily rescued. Party reassembled with difficulty. All tents struck in case of further disaster, and all spend rest of the dismal dark night shivering and waiting for morning. We are thankful the floe remained intact till daylight. Hoosh at 6 a.m. and await opening of ice. Start 8 a.m. strong E. wind and

heavy swell - wind increases to gale during day with snow squalls. Ice very dissipated - pass through old hummocky pack - the survival ice of the pack margin, the thinner ice being ground into brash. Enter what appeared an ice free sea at 11 a.m. Take hourly shifts at rowing. Hoisted sail on "Caird" and "Dudley Docker" - both doing splendidly. Sea and wind increase and have to draw up on to an old isolated floe and pray to God it will remain entire throughout the night. No sleep for 48 hours, all wet cold, and miserable with a N.E. blizzard raging. Sympathise with Sir E. for whom I have a greater admiration than ever - with an eye to everything, and so considerate to the party as to neglect himself. No sight of land. Pray for cessation of these wild conditions and fine weather, given which we can make land. Sir E., self, and Wild, narrowly escape immersion, due to overhanging ice breaking off whilst unloading boats.

4-11-16

Floe remains intact all night and allows our worn out party to have some rest. Heavy swell sets in from N.W. rocking the floe alarmingly with strong surf tearing away masses of our floe. At 8 a.m. an immense field of pack came drifting down upon us surrounding our floe and preventing an escape to open water. From an adjacent hummock heaving like a vessel at sea, one had a transcending view of an infinity of ice covered ocean-berg fragments, shattered floes and brash ice, heaving under the mighty influence of Cape Horn rollers and grinding, crunching, groaning into an indescribable chaos. We viewed with anxiety this profound menace and when it seemed that our floe must split under the rolling motion, the ice opened magically, the boats were launched and loaded, and we were free once more, vowing to remain all night drifting

and rowing along pack margin, the swell having abated for snowing. Cold and wet in boats and welcome sunrise. Draw up along-side a large floe. Put Cook "ashore" with blubber stoves, and we are revived by hot hoosh and trumilk.

4-12-16

Two days wind from N.E. We anticipate 50 miles further to west. After breakfast, boats got under way 8 a.m. Beautiful sunshiny morning. The pack radiant with the pink flush of sunrise, and resembling the ruins of Emyrean marble cities. With fair N.W. wind, the "James Caird", "Dudley Docker" and "Stancombe Wills" made S.W. course, - Our object being King George Island. Passed fields of old fragmentary pack, on which basked great numbers of seals. Worsley secured observations during the day. 62.15 S. Lat. 53 17 W. Long. This position caused grave anxiety, for in spite of strong wind from N.E. and our sailing S.W. we have drifted considerably eastward. To counteract this strong set a S.W. course was decided on, in the hope of making Hope Bay. Wind strengthens and at evening, we scout about for floe to which we might anchor, the sea now being almost ice free, except for heavy pack to leeward. Several attempts were made to make fast to various floes, but owing to the heavy swell, it was late before this could be effected. The "Dudley Docker" was moored by a long painter to a hummock, the painter of the "Stancombe Wills" fastened to her stern, and the "Caird" taking up the rear. Till nine p.m. we were beset by drift ice, that threatened every moment to crush the boats, we combating this new enemy by staving off with boat hooks and oars. Shortly after 9 p.m. the wind changing S.W. we began to drive back on to the floe, and the anchoring line had to be immediately severed. The remainder of the night was spent drifting in a sea of loose

brash ice and newly formed pancakes. The boats in order not to lose each other remained tethered together. Several tried to snatch sleep, but most preferred rowing, to lessen the pangs of shivering waiting till dawn. Everyone was wet, and achingly cold. When there was sufficient light to enable safe navigation, the painters were cast adrift and the S.W. wind our destination was changed for Elephant Island.

Apprehensive of East drift, define the current drift etc.

4-13-16

I am mildly superstitious of numbers for this day had well nigh made an end to us all. During the morning the three boats were running under sail with a fair S.E. wind which developed into a half gale by noon, with a treacherous cross sea. The heavily laden boats were driven before it and were forced into the open sea which they weathered remarkably well. As night drew on with increasing seas, Sir E. decided to "heave to ". A sea anchor was hastily constructed with the "Dudley Docker's" oars, to which she was moored, the "Caird's" painter being attached to her stern, the "Caird" taking a line from the "Wills". Throughout the night the boats were continually shipping seas which broke over and froze on to them. The ice had to be chipped away hourly. The "Wills" being in an especially bad way, ice forming on her fo'c'sle head and keeping her down at the bows. Owing also to the cross seas and currents, the boats would not be true to their moorings, and were constantly bringing up on each other, having to be staved off with boat hooks. To add to our trials, our ejection into the open sea had been so rapid that we had been unable to take any ice on board and all were in sore need of water. Our wet condition, the agonizing cold and the

need of sleep, made life well nigh unbearable, furthermore, we were without any definite bearings, as to our position. Never was dawn more anxiously awaited, never did night seem so long. Never do I wish to endure such a night. Some tried to sleep, Sir E. and self snuggling together for warmth. Sleep however was more distant than ever in the stern sheets, for the cold wet penetrated to one's backbone, and all shivered as with ague.

4-14-16

Welcome dawn! and with it something even more welcome, a glimpse of land! Clarence and Elephant Islands immediately ahead some 30 miles. What a contrast to the terrors of the night. Calm and peaceful the sun rose from out the ocean, with the promised land ahead, tipping the peaks of Clarence Island, till it resembled a vast gilt pyramid, peering through the pink mists of dawn. As Elephant appeared closest, it was decided to make all speed for its shores. With a light fair breeze the three boats made fair progress, but at noon, the breeze calming, we took to rowing. How anxiously we watched the land gradually loom closer and the details of snowy peaks assume finite detail.

At three p.m. we were but 10 miles from land when it was observed that row as strenuously as we could we were making no headway. This disheartening circumstance was caused by a strong tidal current. A W.S.W. wind springing up enabled us to hoist sail, and with the "Stancombe Wills" in tow, to "heave to" under full sail. Everyone was parched with thirst, when it was remembered we had some frozen seal meat on board. This was cut into small pieces, and eaten raw, which allayed the thirst considerably. As evening drew on, the wind

increased to a gale, raising a big cross sea, and taxing to the limit the exhausted capacities of the party. Seas raked the boats and icy sprays hurled by the wind struck one's face like a whip. The carpenter through exhaustion fell asleep at the tiller, allowing a big sea to come on board, and Wild, after an unbroken spell of 24 hours, took his place. I was given an 8 hour spell at the sheet, and thanks to the freezing sprays was kept awake. Several times we lost sight of the "Wills" which we were towing, thinking she had foundered, when she would suddenly emerge from the blackness of the sea, on a white crest, as we would glide into a deep gulf. I enjoyed the fascination of this wild scene, exulting in our mastery over this savage elemental display. With dawn's first light, land was observed. The loom of the land immediately ahead, and a subsidence in the gale. During the night we lose sight of the "Dudley Docker".

4-15-16

We coasted leisurely along in the lee of indistinct peaks and glaciers, phantomlike in the dim misty light of dawn, until the light was sufficiently advanced for sage navigation. Much gratification was caused by running into some glacier brash ice, a quantity of which was hauled on board and eaten with avidity to quench our burning thirsts. The coast presented a barrier of sheer cliff and glacier faces, wild and savage beyond description. At Cape Valentine however, a small sheltered beach was observed, which being exploited was found a capable landing. Whilst the "Caird" and "Wills" were so engaged, the "Dudley Docker" hove in view; she having been driven into an adjacent bay during the night, miraculously escaping foundering. Landing was conducted expeditiously, and with-out accident. The boats being hauled above high

water on the shingley beach. Conceive our joy on setting foot on solid earth after 170 days of life on a drifting ice floe. Each day filled with anxiety, patience and watching, and being driven Whither? to an obscure destination by the vicissitudes of winds and seas. It is sublime to feel solid earth under one's feet, after having trod but heaving decks and transient ice for nearly eighteen months, and feel that on what one is walking is reality - not subject to drifting and gaping caprices that maroon and drop one into the sea.

On landing, a number of seals basking on the beach were immediately stripped of blubber and a long draught of trumilk prepared. Our phenomenal escape was drunk in hot steaming milk that set our frozen nerves tingling. The landing was effected but just in the eve of time, for so many of the party were emaciated by exhaustion, fatigue and exposure, that they could not have survived another 12 hours. Blackborrow had to be carried from the boat, having both feet frostbitten whilst there were some dozen cases of hands and toes in like condition. Many suffered from temporary aberration, walking aimlessly about, others shivering as with palsy - for the results of five days and nights without sleep or rest in frozen garments, combating the fierce anger of the Southern Ocean in winter, must needs pay its tribute. Tents were hastily erected and after partaking of a meal of delicious seal steaks all turned in, and almost instantly were deep in slumber. How delicious to wake in one's sleep, and listen to the chanting croaks of the penguins mingling with the music of the sea. To fall asleep and awaken again, and feel this is real. We have reached the land; and that our latitude and longitude will remain the same on the morrow.

4-16-16

Our present "Happy Camping Ground" being but a narrow beach girt by sheer towering cliffs, affording no shelter from storms, it has been deemed advisable to immediately scout the adjacent coast in the hope of a more propitious haven. Wild and a party of four set out during the morning and returned at 8:30 p.m. with favourable news. Having discovered a suitable landing 7 miles down the north coast. We break camp at dawn to-morrow, to take up our refuge there. Scenically, our present environments are some of the grandest I have ever set eye on. Cliffs that throw their serrated scarps a thousand feet into the skies are interspersed with glaciers that tumble in crevassed cascades down to the sea. Here they present walls of blue ice 100 to 180 feet in height whose bases being actively worn away by wave action, precipitate immense avalanches into the sea. One has occasional glimpses of an ice clad interior with white peaks looming 4 to 5 thousand feet, and rarely visible for clouds. The weather harmonizes with this wildness, wind, storm and snow are incessant, while willy willy eddies, striking down the gorges like bursting tornadoes, lash the sea into spindrift and wrath. It is a land of nature's moods - inhospitable - angry. Excepting for two or three possible landings the island is inaccessible. Its sinister cliffs rising sheer from the sea and girt by treacherous rocks and swirling reefs. When the sun, in playful mood, pierces the mists and storm clouds, peaks and sea are glorified with transcending gradation of light and shade and then I miss my Cameras and Cinematograph.

4-17-16

At daybreak and high tide, the "Caird" was launched and tendered by the "Wills" with cargo, hove to in safe water off

"Happy Camp". Delay was occasioned by having to wait for suitable tides before the "Wills" and "Docker" could be loaded, so it was not until 11 a.m. that we set off for our new camping ground. Rounding Cape Valentine (on which Happy Camp is situated) heavy S.S.W. winds were encountered which made rowing against it a struggle. The winds increased to a gale and blowing off shore, we were in grave danger of being swept out to sea. Headway at times was only made by inches, whilst double distance had to be covered owing to leeway. Such a wild and inhospitable coast I have never beheld. Yet there is a profound grandeur about these savage cliffs with the drifting snow and veiling clouds. We sheltered till the other boats came up in the lee of a vast headland, black and menacing, that rose from a seething surf, 1,200 feet above our heads, and so sheer as to have the appearance of overhanging. Down the face streamed rivulets of snow that being caught by the hurricane blasts sweeping down an adjacent gorge, were whirled in blinding eddies mingling with the spindrift of the sea. I thought of those lines of Service:

"A land of savage grandeur

That measures each man

at his worth."

The Spindrift sweeping over the boats coated us in mushy ice, but we made pretty good weather nevertheless, and by 3:30 p.m. we were off our new Camping grounds. Our cargoes being landed without mishap by 4:30 p.m. Tents were erected on the gravelly beach, and hoosh taken therein by candle-light. Hourly watches kept.

4-18-16

The winds which had abated during our landing blew up during the night so that we had to strike the pole of our tent and sleep under the folds. But little rest for the weary. We were awakened again at 4 a.m. by the pleasing (?) sound of the Spring Tide swishing outside our doorway. So there was nothing for it but to move the tent. One of the most unpleasant mornings - atrociously cold and blizzardy, with dense drift and not a square inch of shelter. Sir E., James and self lit the Bogie and in the shelter of a few cases awaited day. The blizzard continued all day. No. 5 tent torn to shreds, its occupants take shelter in the "Caird". We lay our tent flat on ground weight the skirting and crawl underneath. The ringed penguins inhabiting the rookery near camp, having had enough of the weather, congregated en masse on the beach and migrated during the morning. Lucky birds! Oh! to be a penguin.

4-19-16

Atrocious weather wet drifting snow. The "Dudley Docker" is overturned and converted into a shelter for the homeless No. 5 tent, which innovation answers admirably. Now that the party are established at an immovable base I review their general behaviour during the memorable escape from the ice. The success is due to the admirable and able direction of Sir E. who never for a moment allowed a boat out of sight, did all possible to ameliorate the privations, and took no risks. Keeping the boats together was the greatest difficulty. At nights they were roped together while during the day they were ordered to keep within hailing range; which order if obeyed implicitly would have lessened the anxiety and increased the distance covered. It is regrettable to state that many conducted themselves in a manner unworthy of

gentlemen and British sailors. Some whom it was anticipated would be the bulwarks of the party "stove in".

In the majority of cases those suffering from severe frostbites could be traced to negligence, whilst the numerous cases of temporary aberration are excusable under the plea of intense privation and suffering. Amongst those that stand meritorious Sir E. has mentioned:- Wild, - a tower of strength who appeared as well as ever after 32 hours at the tiller in frozen clothes, Crean, who ably piloted the "Wills", Macneish (Carpenter) Vincent (AB) McCarthy (AB) Marston ("Dudley Docker") and self. Of a fair proportion of the remainder I am convinced they would starve or freeze if left to their own resources on this island, for there is such an improvident disregard for their equipment, as to allow it to be buried in snow, or be carried off by the winds. Those who shirk duties, or lack a fair sense of practicability should not be in these parts. These are harsh places where it takes all one's time and energies to attend to the individual, and so make himself as effective and useful a unit as possible.

4-20-16

Secure two seals during early morning. Magnificent moonlight night, silvering sea and glacier with mystic charm. The frowning coast line standing out in dense silhouette against a star spangled sky. Weather changes by morning and heavy wet snowfalls incessant throughout the day. Spend day resetting tent and rigging shelter for the galley. Occasional squalls deluge everything in snow, and apparel ooze water. Carpenter makes a start decking the "Caird" and hopes to have her finished by 22nd. Wondrous play of sunshine, through storm

clouds on sea and land during day. Majority engage in building stone shelters.

4-21-16

Preparations in active progress for the relief journey. The decking of the "Caird" is nearing completion, and requires but canvassing. The party anticipate departing on Sunday. All engaged skinning and slaughtering penguins for meat supply. A large Weddell secured in calf. I take turn cooking - the chef being run down and feel especially grimy from blubber smoke and snow, one might easily take me for a chimney sweep out on piece work. Make an immense lunch for the party of penguin liver, and a hoosh for evening of penguin legs, blubber and seal liver. Meals are at 8 a.m., 1 p.m., and 4:30 p.m. We retire to bags, which are saturated with water, at 5 p.m. to steam and fag for 14 hours. The tent walls become thickly covered with condensation rime, which showers down on us as the tent flaps. Still it is one of the "rules of the game" and things might be much worse. The invalids are recovering satisfactorily and frostbites healing.

21st, April, 1916

To whom this may concern, viz. my executors assigns etc. Under is my signature to the following instructions.

In the event of my not surviving the boat journey to South Georgia, I here instruct Frank Hurley to take complete charge and responsibility for exploitation of all films and photographic reproductions of all negatives taken on this expedition; the aforesaid films and negatives to become the property of Frank Hurley after due exploitation, in which, the moneys to be paid to my executors will be according to the contract made at the

start of the expedition. The exploitation expires after a lapse of eighteen months from the date of the first public display.

I bequeath the big binoculars to Frank Hurley

E.H. Shackleton

Witness,  
John Vincent.

(The only legal document written just before the boat journey.)

4-22-16

Blowing an Adelie Land Blizzard, with pea soup drift (winds reaching 60 to 65 M.P.H.) which combined with the damp and mist make the day one of the bleakest I have ever experienced. During the morning small ice lumps and gravel were blown by the wind, cutting the face and making it nigh impossible to move about. Arose at 5 a.m. and prepared breakfast at 10 a.m. on Penguin Steaks, "Gentoo" which we found very flavourous. Spend afternoon in wet sleeping bag, with a damp sock and pocket mirror endeavouring to erase the coating of blubber grime by a process of "Spittle, dry cleaning", my efforts not entirely successful - my appearance being still negroid. All apparel and equipment in deplorable condition, owing to continued despicable weather, and nothing would be hailed more gladly than a sunny day. All work suspended and party sheltering in tents which threaten momentarily to collapse. Heavy sea and high tides. Have to shift boats and stores to safety during the night.

4-23-16, Easter Sunday.

Boat rations and stores for 6 men for 1 month. The provisioning of the "James Caird",

### "THE JAMES CAIRD"

30 boxes Matches

8 galls. Petroleum

1 tin Spirit

10 boxes flamers

1 box blue lights.

2 Primus Stoves and parts and Prickers.

1 Cooker complete

6 sleeping bags

Spare apparel (Clothes, sox etc.)

### Food.

3 cases sledging ration = 300 rations,

2 Nut foods = 200 rations,

2 Biscuits, 300 in case

1 case lump sugar

30 packets trumilk

1 tin Bovril cubes

1 tin Cerebos Salt

36 galls. water

112 lbs. ice

Insts. Sextant, Binoculars, Compass, Candles, blubber, oil, for Oil bag, sea anchor, charts. Fishing line and triangle, twine and needle. Bit of blubber for bait. Boathook, Aneroid.

Crew Sir E.H. Shackleton, Captain Worsley, MacNeish, Vincent, McCarthy and Tom Crean.

2 Seals secured, Weddells.

Improvement in weather, morning squally and snowy. Afternoon sunshiny, but with "Willy Willys" occasionally pouring snow down from glacier. Having minutely prospected our isolated "camping spit" for shelter, we have come to the conclusion that the only shelter available, is to be had by burrowing into a "dead end" of the adjacent glacier. A commencement was made on this work to-day, and it is hoped that the entire party will be housed in an ice cave inside a week. The "Caird" is nearing completion, and God willing, leaves to-morrow. Spend most of day in private consultation with Sir E. Line of stream ice observable to N.N.E. Magnificent sunset, tipping the snow clad peaks and glaciers with a delicate alpengluhen.

4-24-16

1 Weddell secured. The decking of the "Caird" was completed early this morning, and conditions being reasonably favourable, she was launched at 11 a.m. The launching nearly ended in her destruction, as owing to the heavy surf rolling in, and being unballasted, she rolled almost on to her beam ends.

In this unmanageable position she was carried by the rollers to within a foot of the rocks. When it seemed that she must be capsized and dashed to pieces, two of the sailors were thrown into the surf, and so relieved of this weight, she righted. Great difficulty was experienced in keeping her off the labyrinth of rocks and reefs which abound along the treacherous

foreshores. Loading was accomplished by tendering with the Wills, which narrowly escaped foundering each journey. Excitement ran high as the Wills making her final journey was hurled on to a reef, and by that great good luck which was shared by the Caird, got into safe water. Everyone was soaked to the skin. By 12:30 "The Caird" hoisted sail to three ringing cheers from the shore, and so commenced on one of the most hazardous and arduous voyages that has ever been attempted in a small boat. Great confidence is reposed in her crew (Sir E. H. Shackleton, Capt. Worsley, Tom Crean, and 3 sailors) six proven veterans, seasoned by the salt and experience of the sea. The distance to Leith harbour, South Georgia, is 700 miles, 700 miles of wintry sea, the most tempestuous zone of the oceans. The Caird is an excellent sailer, and guided by providence, should make South Georgia in 14 days. It is intended to commission the "Undine" of the Grytviken Whaling Coy., and rescue this party immediately. How we shall count the days. As all our gear is thoroughly wet, and it is impossible to dry it in this climate, we turned into sleeping bags - almost as wet as our clothes. The latter we wrung out and removed. After a good seal hoosh, one develops a steamy heat and remarkable to say, feels no ill effects and sleeps well - even though a pool of water be thawed under one's bag.

4-25-16

The departure of the Caird yesterday was opportune, as this morning the bay is filled with pack and all exit closed. Work in excavating a shelter in the glacier is being diligently carried on, and a fortnight should see the party housed in ice grottoes.

Wild, now in charge, addressed the party concisely yet pertinently relative to future attitudes and routine this morning. Hudson laid up in my tent, with badly frostbitten hands, and suffering from mental breakdown - the results of exposure in the boats. Weather atrocious, mist, snow, wet.

4-26-16

Improvement in weather, which we regarded as salubrious for this land. It has been calm all day, but misty. Towards evening the sun broke through fog banks illumining snowy peaks and glaciers with a golden lustre.

Secured two Weddell Seals, a fine addition to our larder. Marston and self spend the day flooring the galley shelter with flat stones. Turning over the stones we notice myriads of small black-beetle like mites about 1/16 inch in length. Most of party skin penguins and continue excavating. Temperatures high, the snow melting and thaw water running in streams down mountain sides.

4-27-16

1 sea elephant secured. Wind E.(?) The most wretched weather conceivable. Raining all night and day. Nearly washed out of tents. Work during the morning excavating ice shelter, which I am afraid will be of little use owing to the streams of thaw water running through it. The roof rains water and were it not for the wind one might just as well sleep in the open. Wet to the skin. With the prospect of coming relief, however, and being on land one can endure much.

Gloomy prospect out to sea, with storm seas breaking over the dull white bergs and sinister coast. This is truly a land

where nature shows but her sullen moods. Oh! for a gleaming ray of her smiling sunshine.

4-28-16

Calm day with heavy fog and sleet. Everything is as sodden as the landscape, that is, running in water. One could bear it more if the sleeping bags were dry, but night is the same as day - we live and sleep in wet garments. The ice cavern has been abandoned, having resolved itself into an icy fountain. Size of boat shelter, 18 ft. 9" x 9 ft. 10". So all our labours have gone for nil. All hands arduously engaged erecting a shelter by building stone walls and laying the two overturned boats thereon for a roofing, the gaps around the wall being filled with canvas. The floor is covered with gravel from the beach. The whole promises to be a reasonably dry shelter, 18 ft. 9" x 9' 10". Great trouble is being experienced in excluding sand grit from the meat, almost an impossibility as the wind blows it everywhere, and landing on the meat freezes therein, and thaws out in the cooking. The continual living in wet garments and our exclusively carnivorous diet takes very little exertion to produce fatigue, all feeling thoroughly exhausted after the day's "hut" building. To bags at 4:45 p.m. snowing without, and to sleep with the roar of the heavy surf on the rocks.

4-29-16

Blizzard all day. The boat shelter being hastily covered in last night, allowed many vents of snow to find their way in to the interior. On awakening this morning the tenants found themselves under 6 in. of snow. Hudson, James and self, who occupy the only entire tent escaped baptism, although I don't suppose we could be much wetter. As the Pharisee said - I thank God I am not as other men - that is in regard to

sleeping bags, mine having dried internally by my body warmth. Miss Sir E. very much our admirable tent mate with whom the time fair flew by over cigarette and discourse. We expect to have relief in about fortnight. Spend day in tent.

4-30-16

Fingers nearly frostbitten, writing with difficulty. Great wind display last night nearly destroyed tent. Had to dismantle pole and lie under flat icy canvas. Weather to-day same as night. We take up residence in the boat shelter this evening on which all have been at work during the day. We pray that the Caird may reach South Georgia safely and bring relief without delay. Life here without a hut and equipment is almost beyond endurance.

5-1-16

70 penguins secured. 1 week's meat.

(29) James and self take up residence in the boat shelter. Night of terrific wind, threatening to dislodge our shelter. The wind is a succession of hurricane gusts that sweep down the glacier immediately S.S.E.(?) of us. Each gust heralds its approach by a low rumbling which increases to thunder loudness. Snow, stones and gravel are carried, and any gear left unweighted by heavy stones, flies seaward. The shelter is decidedly comfortable compared with tents and will ameliorate our existence considerably. The size of ground space enclosed is 18 feet x 12 feet. The roof is formed by two overturned boats resting on two low walls fore and aft, and to the boats keel is 7 feet high. The walls are covered in with canvas taken from the tents. The small blubber bogie is installed, which radiates a pleasant warmth, does the cooking

and so fills the place with soot, and smoke that our eyes run and our lungs nigh choke. Still it is a decided improvement and a step in the direction of making life more endurable under such severe climatic conditions. The entire party of 22 sleep in this small space, and snugly though sardiniouly, stretches are arranged between the thwarts, six sleeping in each boat, the remainder aboding on the floor. Boxes of rations are arranged in circles around the bogie during the day for seats. Wild doles out the hoosh, steaks etc. with meticulous precision, but we are just as hungry after meals as before. The climate producing prodigious appetites. Impossible to write coherently owing to the jabble and impossible light and smoke.

5-2-16

I make this entry on the highest point of our camping spit which has been named Cape Wild. The weather is delightful, bright warm sunshine and dead calm. Cape Wild is a narrow neck of land jutting out from the mainland some 200 to 250 yards. It joins the mainland at the base of a magnificent spine shaped peak, where it is only 60 yards wide - flat - and about 9 feet above high tide. The ocean termination is a precipitous rocky bluff ranging to about 20 feet in height which is guarded oceanwise by a rocky islet that presents a flat jagged face 300 in height, called the Gnomon. To the east - the coast stretches in glorious vistas of perpendicular peaks, terminating at the exquisitely castellated Cornwallis Island, heavily capped with glaciers, that hang and cascade to the sea like frozen cataracts. Looking west, there is a gorgeous blue glacier, down which the interior roars its S.W. blizzards, and debouches incessant avalanches. Distant view is obscured by a noble rocky extremity of the glacier, though one has a glimpse of some

isolated islets, known as the seal rocks, in that direction. From my elevated lookout, seaward, there is a view beautiful beyond imagination, yet unwelcome, over an ocean obscured by pack-ice. The faint mirage line observed yesterday had now resolved itself into a vast impenetrable field, driving rapidly from E. to W. On the eastern side of the spit, there is a fine gravelly beach on which we secure seals and penguins; in fact it appears that Cape Wild is a vast penguin rookery during the breeding season. Such is our home, and its environment. Transcending in scenic charm and given cameras and plates, one could spend the year in Aesthetic contentment. All take advantage to dry gear. I secure photographs. We also add to the larder 1 crabeater and 35 Gentoo penguins.

5-3-16

Magnificent sunset last evening, the landscape and pack ice glowing with rosy alpengluhen. The night scarcely less enchanting, calm and brilliantly starlight. Do the cooking during the day owing to the cook's eyes being bad from blubber smoke. I am the popular cook on account of the prodigious meals I prepare, appetites being voracious. Owing to the dense atmosphere of the "Snuggery" an extension chimney has had to be attached to the bogie to carry the smoke to the exterior, it previously debouching its dense volumes and soots into the room. Design and make a blubber illuminant that proves successful. Beautiful day, gear dried - all have easy day. Some indulge in snaring paddies (sheathbills) of which there are great numbers around camp - 22 were caught during the day, and will be tried for lunch to-morrow. Find a new recipe for hooshes, viz 3 disbanded penguin carcasses chopped up and simmered in 2 galls. water. The resultant hoosh has been accepted with general approval.

5-4-16

Sunrise and sunset. Day breaks over Cornwallis Island with the charm and glory of an Empyrean dawn. The sky is vividly tinged with prismatic flushings, and jagged scarps and peaks are kindled with the glow of flame. Simultaneously the entire coast from Cape Valentine to Cape Wild bursts into rosy pink - the placid waters of the bay awaken into a liquid plain of reflections resplendent with the inverted images of rosy peaks and glaciers. Far away over the ocean, to the distant horizon, there is a profound vista of radiant icefield, bathed in the glory of the rising sun. The sun hath risen! Welcome old Jamaica! We greet thy genial face, that makes all nature smile, and warms our hearts to happiness and joy. His rays shine on you and you feel that thrill of exhilaration - the throb of life. You stand entranced enraptured by his sublime display, and feel the joy of living and the bliss of existence. Soon the rosy tints give way to that shimmering effulgence that heralds the birth of a new day. Autumn's days are shortlived, for the sun, after describing his short arc of eight hours in the heavens, goes to rest in the ocean in a blaze of golden glory. The landscape, in sympathetic harmony assumes once more a flamy tinge, and then, like the dying embers of a fire, takes on that cold ashen tint of evening. The stars rush out and fill the sky like silver spangles, the waters lazily lap the shingly beach, and nature rests. From out the "Snuggery" the sweet words "Soft o'er the fountain, lingering fall the silver moon" - soft o'er the fountain breaks the day too soon. Tis Wild singing "Juanita" accompanied by Hussey on the banjo. What a wild setting to this beautiful song. I am home again and thinking of Gartfern, when I am suddenly brought to bearings by the artillery of the glacier debouching an avalanche into the bay. The echoes roll

and reverberate amongst the hills followed by the wave wash, then all falls silent. We turn into our bags perchance to dream of home and faces, and so our tiny world sleeps with this wild slumber of nature. For lunch we had the paddies caught yesterday. The birds were exquisitely plump and fat, and tasted like veal, being fried in seal blubber they were the equal of any bird I have tasted. The birds were served up with a sledging biscuit (which had become sodden in salt water) also fried in blubber. It was the "meal beau ideal". During the morning - which was radiantly sunny, I rambled round the rocks and discovered two large caverns worn by the sea. Others engaged in building a galley - skinning penguins.

5-5-16

Dull day with winds apparently from N.E. though it is difficult to tell their direction owing to deflections and eddies from the mountains. The pack during morning travelling from E. to W. - though in afternoon it appeared to be moving slowly back to the east. We are apprehensive of relief till after winter, as the ice is too closely packed for any navigation other than by suitable ship. Engaged building the galley during the day, a small shelter with stone walls to be roofed by a sail. Sufficient paddies caught for another meal.

5-6-16

Awakened in small hours by a copious dripping on my back; the roof leaking and considerable condensation, owing to warm N.E. Heavy snow during night, the landscape assuming a wintry aspect, being almost entirely cloaked in snow. The wind (N.E.) has packed the ice considerably shutting out practically all ocean swells. Work during morning on galley; afternoon snare paddies. The past two days we have secured 45, and are

looking forward to to-morrow's lunch. The birds are caught by spreading a slip noose near some bait, and being extremely greedy, walk readily in. Hussey and Cheatham's birthday. Observe 4 Weddells on the pack. The present condition of the pack will enforce us wintering here. Musical evening. Nut food lunch.

5-7-16

S.W. wind through night, loosens the pack and all day heavy swell has been running, grinding the floes into brash. Water sky visible with clear water between Cornwallis Island, and C. Valentine. All hands carrying stones to complete the galley during morning. Greenstreet and self build same. Afternoon off - spent by all in the snugery around bogie chatting and entertained by Hussey on banjo. Clark and self snare Paddies, secure 10. Penguins have apparently migrated, none being visible past three days. Fine Barley pudding for lunch. The remnants also of jam. The meal gave us great pleasure, inasmuch as we have not had a full cereal meal for 2 1/2 months. Writing diary in the new galley, which is on the hillside about 10 yards from snugery, and nearly blinded by blubber smoke.

5-8-16

Camp routine. It is just daylight at 7 a.m. when the cook is called. His duties of preparing the breakfast of penguin steaks takes till 8:45 a.m. when those who have not already risen and gone for a constitutional, are awakened by a raucous lash up and stow from Wild. "Clearing decks" as it is called, is effected by rolling up all gear, and stowing it in the "thwart" bunks overhead. The boxes which served for the cook's bunk are then arranged in eccentric (sic) circle around the bogie,

previously set going by the messman, and all take their appointed places thereon. So that all may have their share of bogie warmth, the circle moves one seat round each meal. With the welcome cry of "Hoosh oh" the "peggy" from each mess (there are four) takes his pot to the galley where Wild officiates in the "whacking out". The steaks or other "grub" is divided into individual portions, as accurately as possible and "whosed". This method of securing proprietorship has been instituted and introduced by Sir E. It is as follows. After the grub has been measured out by the mess "peggy", one of the members turns his back and in reply to "whose" announces the name of the person for whom he intends the ration. His announcement is final. After breakfast there is 15 minutes for "smoke oh" when Wild allots various occupations. These are neither arduous nor strenuous and are beneficial as regards exercise. Hoosh O is again called at 12:30 p.m. and is a light meal generally a palate tickler such as Paddies, fried biscuit, thin soup hoosh or the greatly appreciated yet seldom served Nut Food. Afternoons are spent in nominal occupations, mending, snaring and skinning, etc. The evening hoosh is served at 4:30 p.m. One can always be sure what it is going to be. The immutable seal hoosh, although not admired for its flavor is esteemed on account of its quantity. The blubber lamp is ignited in the centre of the seated circle, lighting up grimy faces with its smoky flare. It is a weird sight. The light thrown up by the lamp illuminates smoke coloured faces like stage footlights. The sparkling eyes and glint on the aluminium mugs, the stream of flickering light thrown out from the open bogie door, making weird dancing shadows on the inside of the boats, makes me think of a council of brigands holding revelry after an escape in a chimney or coalmine. I can imagine the look of surprise and bewilderment with which any visitor

would regard this grizzly, bearded and unkempt assemblage could he be suddenly thrown among us. Bewilderment would speedily become aversion; for our blubbery emanations and the odours from 22 crowded, and "seven month unwashed" coupled with the blue liquid tobacco smoke "fog" must be productive of an atmosphere distinctly unsavoury. Conversation after evening hoosh generally wanders back to the civilized world, to places, feats, and theatres. To what we intend doing, chiefly eating, on returning, - things not likely to be done, and orgies physically impossible. Holidays such as we intend spending, I am afraid will be spent in over sultry climes, being dreams of equatorial wanderings midst tropical isles and lands. After "smoke O" the decks are again cleared by stowing the "box seats" to form the cook's bunk, the tenants of the attic bunks swing into their repose with monkey-like agility and the "ground plan" is spread with sleeping bags into which the owners retreat like gigantic snails. Hussey generally treats us to a half hour's banjo serenade in which our choristers join their voices. The dim rays from the blubber night light shows its feeble glow over a catacomb like scene of objects resembling mummies. These objects are us, in reindeer sleeping bags, mingling our snores with the roar of the blizzard.

No general work to-day, owing to heavy S.W. blizzard. This we welcome, as we hope it will drive the pack-ice away to the east. Our shelter is very comfortable, being drift free and warm. Have an exquisite evening repast of two paddies each. These are fried 20 minutes immersion in boiling blubber. Pack-ice moving out the bay.

5-9-16

I was a little premature, in writing so favourably over what promised to be an excellent repast last evening. The cook only half fried the paddies, much to our disgust, and to the internal pains of numerous partakers. Yesterday's blizzard subsided during the night, and the welcome sight of ice free water presents itself during the day. The penguins returned in large numbers, 60 being secured, also 1 seal. The latter a gratifying addition to our blubber store. The galley completed this morning and all engaged skinning. Avalanches frequent from the glacier, one especially heavy one displaced a wave that nearly washed across our spit. I am stoker during the day, and drive all out of house and home by a prodigious heat.

5-10-16

"Nippy" S.W. wind with temperature falling to 12 degrees. Have an easy morning. All hands kill and skin penguins during afternoon. 35 added to our store. Sunshiny day with gorgeous pink glow on the peaks at sunset. Took photo of group - the most motley and unkempt assembly that ever was projected on a plate. All looking forward to the relief which we earnestly hope to be here in a few days.

5-11-16

62 Gentoo secured. All engaged during morning cleaning up and laying new gravel floor in the "snuggery". Erect flagstaff on glacier, and fly Thames flag thereon. This is intended as a locatory signal of our camp, and is the most conspicuous position on Cape Wild. Great numbers of Gentoo penguins come ashore. From the hill we observed them coming in from the N.W. Their stomachs crammed with euphasia. Pack discernible on N.W. horizon. Calm, dull day. Much "gabble" impossible to write coherently. Nut food for lunch.

5-12-16

Wind from N.E. bringing with it dull weather, and wet Scotch mist. No work during day. Ice belt noticeable extending from N.E. to N.W. Great numbers snow petrels and Dominican gulls in the Bay. Scarcity of blubber induces us to burn penguins skins in the snuggerie bogie; ardent stoking being necessary to make the skins burn satisfactorily. Small batches of gentoos come ashore and about 30 are secured. Snare 10 paddies during morning.

5-13-16

Wind veers and blows gale from N.(?) filling the bay with ice and driving in heavy pack. Wretched day snowing and blowing all kept indoors. Rising hours 9:30 a.m., breakfast Gentoo Penguin steaks. Lunch at 12:30 p.m., slightly variable (penguin legs, fried biscuit, nut food or occasionally Paddies) Hoosh (always the same) stewed seal; flavorless and eaten to appease appetite. Talk at meals is ever about civilized diet. A baker here would reap a small fortune in a week. Turn in at 5:30 p.m. to 6 p.m. Much discussion re our anticipated relief, it being now 3 weeks since the "Caird" set out for South Georgia. A S.W. wind to expel the pack is anxiously awaited.

5-14-16

Terrific winds from S.W. reaching 60 to 65 miles per hour with gusts to about 80 m.p.h. spring up in small hours morning, and continue all day. The roar of the wind amidst the rocks sounds like the breaking of surf. The bay is churned into a seething expanse of flying spume, while from glacier bay, the spray is carried across the spit pelting on our shelter like hail. Though raging blizzard conditions continue, they are infinitely more

welcome than the N. Eastern, which laden with moisture and mist drive the pack into the coast. To-day's winds have driven the pack out to sea again, and we view more optimistically our probable early relief. Cape Wild is a pocket edition of Adelie Land. All compelled to remain indoors, (walking without being extremely difficult) and sit around the bogie discussing victuals, feasts, travel and relief. A slight modification in burning arrangements enables us to burn penguin skins with ease. The snugger bogie burns about 20 per day, the heat being equal to that produced by blubber. Have nut food for lunch. A ration though small is appreciated immensely; in fact any small diversion in diet meets with unanimous approval.

5-15-16

Lowest temperatures to date at Elephant Island to plus 11. The weather falls calm early this morning and light N.E. airs spring up later. Pack is to be seen along the horizon evidently coming up from the East. A remarkable feature of yesterday's blizzard was the blowing about of ice sheets about the size of window panes. This was brought about by the previous day's warm N.E. producing a surface thaw; the subsequent cold S.W. freezing this surface into a brittle layer 1/4 inch thick. The terrific winds carried these slabs about like splintered glass. 90 Gentoo penguin were secured this afternoon and skinned. The birds are in prime condition, and very fat. There being about twice the quantity of meat on the Gentoo, as compared with the Adelie. 1/2 a Gentoo breast makes a fine breakfast steak, and weighs about 1 1/4 to 1 1/2 lbs. Skins now burn superior to seal blubber. We have 350 skins now in hand, and consume at the rate of 20 to 25 per diem.

5-16-16

Blizzard from N. piling up the pack along the coast. All developing pains in the seat and back; the latter through our having to move about in a bowed position owing to our low ceiling which is about 4 ft. 9 inch. high. Fix a damper to the bogie during the morning, the high winds causing an intense draught and inducing most of the heat to leave via the chimney. Majority stay in bags during the day, rest hug the bogie, conversing on culinary matters and our relief. Present ice conditions render immediate relief problematical.

5-17-16

The usual diurnal variation in blizzards, it now blizzarding from the South. All day "pea soup" drift and wind averaging 50 m.p.h. with gusts nigh strong enough to blow one into the bay. Our shelter is standing the severe conditions admirably and though at time the hurricane roar with(out) causes anxiety as to our canvas roofing and sides flying seaward, we are comfortably "compressed" and warm within. Whiling away the hours seated around the bogie. The salient conversation appertains to food and meal choice. Derogatory as this talk may seem, it produces a mental satisfaction and is quite excusable when it is remembered that we taste rarely other than penguin flesh and seal meat. The slightly variable midday snack is but a palate exciter that produces a craving for cereals or a farinaceous diet. The following are the favourite dishes, which if opportunity afforded various members would select:

Macklin (of capacious fame) - Many returns of scrambled eggs on buttered toast.

McIlroy - Marmalade Pudding and cream.

Hurley]

Clark] - A prodigious Devonshire dumpling with clotted cream.

The Cook]

Wild - any old dumpling, as long as it is a large one.

Greenstreet - One of Mother's Xmas puddings with cream.

Marston - Macaroni cheese

James - Treacle pudding

Rickenson - Blackberry & Apple pudding.

etc. etc.

This shows the trend of tastes for sweetstuffs and I firmly believe each would give all his earnings for his fill.

5-18-16

Winter is hard upon us. The spit and gravel beach are now hidden beneath a deep layer of ice whilst all the reefs and outlying rocks wear ice caps of frozen sea spray. The frozen breath of the South pours its blizzard drifts seawards, and lashes the ocean into flying spume and spindrift. It steams like a river down the glacier slopes, roaring over our home, serenading us with an incessant shriek as its sweeping eddies play amongst the rocks. Terrific gusts flap the thin canvas walls, and shake the boat superstructure so as to keep us in a constant state of anxiety. We were favoured to-day with sunshine but old Jamaica does not dwell long with us now, he seems very anxious to hasten off to warmer climates, and a more hospitable nature. Hurried (?) winds from S.E. all day, the gusts lifting one off their feet. Fix up my wrist watch during the day - the arduous duties of half an hour - and sit in the dim interior chatting and consoling myself that our position might be infinitely worse. Especially comfortable do I feel when I remember the fearsome blizzards of Adelie Land

with their 30 below zero temperatures spent in a sledging tent. Snatches of conversation overheard in sleeping bag:

Wild - Do you like doughnuts.

McIlroy - Rather.

Wild - Damned easily made too. I like them cold with a little jam.

McIlroy - Not bad, but how about a huge rum omelette?

Wild - "Bally" fine, (with a deep sigh)

Overheard two of the sailors discussing some extraordinary mixture of hash, apple sauce, beer and cheese. Marston is reading in his hammock an old cookery book and holding a debate with the cook as to whether all puddings should have bread crumbs as their base. Further down the room someone eulogises Scotch shortbread. Several of the sailors are talking of "spotted dog", "seapie" and Lockhardt's with great feeling. Then someone murmurs the praises of Streimers nut food, which conversation becomes general. Mr. Striemer will do considerable business on our return if the orders promised here are to be fulfilled. (Handwritten) Alas he was a Boche.

5-19-16

After the tempestuous conditions of the past week, nature smiles once more and treats us to ---al a day; surpassing in mildness and aesthetic charms any which we have experienced here. Sunrise of bright red clouds reflected in the mirrory stillness of the bay I am utterly powerless to describe. The most wondrous display of colour my eye has ever witnessed transported the glacier into a riot of tints fantastic and unreal. The fast ice facade presented to the sea, assumed a bright pea green hue with isolated areas of emerald! (This phenomenon was caused by the golden coloured sunshine blending with the

blue tinted ice.) Where the sunbeams left in shadow the deep recesses of crevasses and ravines, there dwelt an intense blue. Violet tints and purples lingered on the snow slopes illumined obliquely. The rocky scarps ordinarily a greyblack, still kept their natural colour but appeared to shine with a golden veneer. Imagine all this profound ravage tints, hues and colours adorning a prospect of wildest grandeur, and reflected in a sea, a liquid mirror - canopied by a sky almost blue black. But it is impossible. If you see Venice you may die; but witness these glories of nature and you will feel it is much better to live. Wondrous alpengluhen at sunset, the mountains glowing bright pink. Secured 25 Gentoo penguins and 7 sheathbills (paddies). Back which was girdling the horizon at early morning, has not been drifted into the coast, (evening) with a light N.E. wind.(Check this sentence) Excellent lunch of parboiled fried peas fried in blubber, alas! we regret they are our last. Capture 7 paddies.

5-20-16

Another day in nature's art gallery. Gorgeous sunrise and sunset. The visionary display of yesterday morning being repeated over the glacier. Weather perfectly calm and enjoyable. Loose pack fills the bay and away to the horizon appears the same. Light occupations. I pass away the time snaring paddies and secure seven as well as two young Dominican gulls. The latter are numerous; paddies and penguins being very scarce. Only one gentoo captured. Observe 1 Weddell on the pack.

5-21-16

6:30 p.m. All comfortable in bags. Hussey sitting on the foot of my bag playing "Home Sweet Home" on the banjo, to which

the singers join their voices, whilst in others memories are awakened. Wild, who sleeps adjacent to my bunk is scraping the trumilk coating off nut foods. Wild had promised all hands a ration of this exquisite dainty conditional on our securing two seals. As those were captured this afternoon he is about to keep to his word. Weather calm and misty during afternoon with dense pack-ice stretching way to the horizon. The seals were secured, one from a floe - a huge Weddell and the other shot whilst swimming in shallow water. Difficulty was experienced in reaching the seal owing to a dangerous tract that had to be negotiated. They add a fort-nights fuel and food to the larder. 7 p.m. The nut food had been served and there is great hilarity. Some choruses being sung praising Wild and nut food. Temperature the lowest to date, 11. The general daily average being between 14 and 20. A 3 ft. ice foot has now formed around the immediate coast. Snared 3 paddies.

5-22-16

Had beard and whiskers removed. Dead calm and brilliant sunshine - filling me with aesthetic sentiments and ravings. Oh! if I only had my cameras. The cold snap of last night has covered the sea with lotus-like pancake ice, the larger spaces between the floes being tiles with larger mosaic like patterns. The glacier has been glowing all day with a greenish opalescence. All hands brought yesterday's catch into camp during the afternoon. Had delicious pudding made of remaining two pounds tapioca, 1 tin jam, 4 sledging rations, and the trumilk packing from three boxes nut food. It was ambrose.

5-23-16

Sun rises now about 9 a.m. and sets at 3 p.m. Daylight being an hour earlier and darkness about an hour later respectively. Calm day, with airs from N.E. in evening, bringing in a swell. The sound of the sea is welcome after the absolute stagnation of the past 5 days. No birds or seals to be seen beyond a few snow petrels. Installing ourselves for the winter, little hope being entertained of immediate relief. It is now a month since the "Caird's" departure. No duties.

5-24-16

Heavy swell rolling in from Nth. all night, and throwing up large iceblocks on the foreshores. Wintry day with N.E. wind and snow. All sit in the murky atmosphere of the Snuggery, compressed around the bogie and talking of things already spoken of a hundred times before. It is now 3 p.m. and nearly dark within; the faint glow from the blubber lamp seems to intensify the smoky haze within, which keeps our eyes smarting. Still it could be much more uncomfortable.

5-25-16

Monthly issue of 1 box matches to each 4 smokers, = 18 match ea. Lee's birthday celebrated by all remaining in sleeping bags, and a very welcome alteration in this mornings breakfast - a sledging ration full strength. For lunch 1 biscuit, 3 lumps of sugar, and the last of our much conserved dainties, 7 tins of sardines divided amongst the party. 1 tin being over, we decided to cut cards for the same, and split the contents into quarters, McLeod, Hussey, Blackborrow and self, being the lucky winners of two sardines each. All meals are served out with a meticulous precision, that is amusing, and "whosed". Evening hoosh, a decided improvement, made by chopping up about 20 lbs. frozen seal meat into a mince and adding four

sledging rations. A concert at night with much parsiflage, songs and banjo music. I rendered a topical song which provoked much laughter and applause. Weather, drifting snow, and wind from east. Our wintry environment embodies the most inhospitable and desolate prospect imaginable. All are resigned now, and fully anticipate wintering. We hope, however, to be relieved about August by either the Uruguay or The Aurora.

5-26-16

My turn being "Bogie man". The duties being stoking up the bogie with penguin skins. Skins being saturated with snow takes all one's attention to keep a flame. Duties commence 6 a.m. and by 9 a.m. breakfast should be ready (fried penguin steaks). Lunch 12:30 and Hoosh (seal stew or stewed penguin legs) at 4:30 p.m. Bags at 5:30 p.m. Bleak day - warm wind from E.N.E. with wet snow. The ocean presents an unbroken expanse of pack devoid of any perceptible swell. A S.W. blizzard would be welcomed. Had fried paddies for lunch. Wild and self sampling a young Dominican gull each, which we found delicious. Impossible to make a coherent entry on account of continuous prattle, showers of reindeer sleeping bag hairs from the bunk above, mingled with dripping of thaw, from some canvas roofing.

5-27-16

Temperature - 23.5 Noon.

Wintry, inhospitable day with wind from N.E. bringing in wet mist and clouds obscuring landscape. Heavy snowfall covering land and pack, the latter now appearing as an unbroken plain, in every direction. All hands do minor jobs, repairs to shelter, dig up penguin skin fuel and restack also meat heap. We

appear to have a reserve of meat till middle of August, but a scarcity of fuel. Lengthy discussion after tea on pastries and pudding for which we have developed an unsatiable craving.

5-28-16

Streimers nut food for lunch. We now reckon our calendar by the days on which this muchly appreciated ration is issued. Day spent inside. Dead calm without, but snowing heavily most of the day. Spend day talking motors and designing an intended 35 ft. auxiliary cruiser. Sailors conversation chiefly applies to edibles, and caused me much amusement, "arf penny feeds" and Id drinks at coffee stalls, orgies that sound like sumptuous banquets. Musical evening; all chorusing from bags to Hussey's banjo accompaniment.

5-29-16

Light variable airs. Temp. 18 at noon, calm weather, probably caused by the Island being surrounded by pack ice producing a continental climate. The dense fields of ice opening up this evening. Owing to fuel scarcity I have devised an improvement to the blubber stove, being the addition of shallow metal box (section of an oil drum) through which the fierce heat will pass on its way up the flue. This will enable all meals to be cooked at one firing and economise over 50% on the fuel. All are noisily participating in food exchanges and barter. As these bargains savour of a distinctly Yiddish trend, they never come off, each being too keen to secure advantage over his neighbour. Wild addresses the party this evening, relevant to the quantity of stores in hand. Certain members being apprehensive of starvation qualm. 1 Dominican gull and 3 paddies secured.

5-30-16

Cold raw day, with heavy mist, freezing as it came into contact with one. The surrounding country presents the most wintry, bleak, and inhospitable prospect conceivable. The landscape is buried deep in snow, only occasional rocky outcrops being visible, it being difficult to determine where the land ends and pack covered ocean begins. Spent day assisted by Kerr, on improvements to the bogie stove. For evening hoosh, the bogie had to be hurriedly clamped together and did all I expected of it, that is as regards cooking. There was, however, an amusing issue. Smoke issued in dense volumes from the joints, so filling our abode with smoke as to nearly asphyxiate the tenants and expel them gasping for breath and with tearful eyes to the outer air. The smoke was so thick as to make the blubber lamps invisible at more than a few yards, the cook having to attend to the cooking with a helmet tied under his mouth. Many ingenious schemes for Nut food indulgence are being inaugurated by the various messes. Various mutual arrangements whereby one rescinds half his morning steak in return for a bar of the adorable nut food for lunch, is reciprocated by the other on the next food issue. This allows the participants to have a double ration with the consequent increased enjoyment, each alternate issue. By one of these schemes I was the envied winner of 10 lumps of sugar to-day.

5-31-16

Right glad we are to see the last day of May. All in bags to-day a heavy easterly blizzard raging without. The cooking arrangements have been curtailed by the improved bogie considerably. Our lack of fuel is causing us anxiety and in consequence the morning's meal and evening are both being cooked simultaneously. Breakfast will be boiled penguin leg

hoosh and cold steaks for evening. Midday will be either a biscuit or nut food (Wednesdays and Sundays.) A fair percentage of our exquisite nut food ration has become damaged by damp and is in mouldy condition. To-day being a nut food day, 20 mouldy bars were boiled with four sledging rations. The resultant thin pudding was delicious beyond anticipation and another song of praise was sung extolling Mr. Streimer and his admirable production. Spend the day "chatting" England and improvising an Antarctic Alphabet. A most satisfactory condition of our present grimy existence is our ability of (sic) hybernating, sleeping almost 15 hours on end.

This naturally makes time slip by which otherwise would be well-nigh intolerable. I hope never again to be in such a filthy unkempt condition as at present. All faces and hands are black with blubber soot and grime. As for our garments, I shudder to look at them. Reindeer hairs from moulting sleeping bags and penguin feathers find their way into our food but are unheeded. Food is eaten out of the mugs by the fingers, knives, forks, etc. being lost during our escape in the boats. As for the atmosphere, even our hardened blubber saturated selves say phew! and are glad to escape into God's own fresh air, blizzard or bleak though it be. I suppose, however, the time will come when we will reflect on this time as being the brightest in our lives.

6-1-16

606 Gentoos secured since landing 17th April.

Temp. 29. East wind. Heavy swell grinding up the pack along the shores last night, which would indicate that the ice is

probably only a narrow belt encircling the island. Between Cornwallis Island and the main Island open water is visible. Wind blowing up again from the E. to-night with snowdrift and rain. Spend the day making smoke tight the bogie and completing same. The entire cooking to-day was accomplished with 10 penguin skins being a saving of 30 to 40%. Heated argument being at present indulged in over the encroachment of an inch in space; it has been going on for the past half hour, but has arrived at a deadlock. Wild arbitrates and halves the alleged encroachment and the dispute is settled.

Noon 29.

6-2-16

N. 24.

The looked for southerly blizzard arrived about midnight. Last night and this morning the very welcome sight of an ice free bay presented itself. All remain in bags during the day, the blizzard raging without. Terrific gusts reaching 70 to 80 m.p.h. being experienced, against which it is very difficult to stand. A solitary Gentoo penguin is the only life visible and he seems afraid to dive into the foaming water laced by the blizzard winds. 50% saving was effected on this morning's cooking only 8 skins being burnt to fry the steaks and boil the sledging ration. All meals are now being cooked at one firing for fuel economy. The evening meal being either cold steaks or hooshes, (the vilest tasting mixture imaginable.)

6-3-16

N. 11

The blizzard increased to terrific gusts during the night, causing us a mighty anxiety for the safety of our abode. There was little sleep, all being apprehensive of the canvas roof ripping off and the boats being blown down. With daylight the severity of the weather moderated and our little shelter still stands gallantly intact. This morning we were greeted by open water, free from ice and the music of the surf. As I mused over this gladsome sight thinking that this, the same old ocean that breaks on these inhospitable shores is also tumbling its green Pacific rollers on the golden strands of Manly Beach. As I was musing several Gentoo penguins came ashore and were followed by small group throughout the afternoon. As we are in dire need of fuel, no time was lost in securing as many as possible. Over 100 birds were captured. The birds were in magnificent condition; layers of fat being around their stomachs and the skins rich in blubber. The stomachs were crammed full with (Chaaeno Cephalus) fish and very few Euphasia. It is evident the birds after gorging themselves at sea during the day return to the land at evening to digest their meal, returning to the sea at daybreak. They are prevented coming ashore by pack ice. The additional 100 skins adds 10 days fuel and food to the store for which we are extremely thankful. 115 Gentoos secured. All in great humour this evening, and topical songs rife. Wild sings a skit on Lee's with great success.

6-4-16

Secured 1 small Weddell. Calm night and day with ineffably beautiful sunrise and sunset, 26 penguins secured this afternoon. Many destitute of nut food at lunch to-day owing to the conditions of their compacts. Those, however, who

having had the pleasures of a double ration to-day will have the pangs of being spectators on next Wednesday's issue.

6-5-16

N. 29.

2 Biscuits, make bet with Lees to secure 200 penguins midwinter. Mild weather airs from S.W. to W. temp 29. From lookout Bluff, the pack appears very open. Being practically ice free to N.W. Moderate surf breaking on foreshores. Holness hooks a species of fish (Notothenia,) which proved exquisite eating, 9 " long. (He eating it raw!) Observe a flight of over 100 cormorants, small isolated batches of Gentoos come ashore 50 being secured. Sunrise 9 a.m. approx. Daybreak about 7 a.m. Dark 4 p.m. In sleeping bags at 4:15 p.m. arise (weather favourable) 10 a.m. 6 weeks since departure of "Caird".

6-6-16

Pleasant mild day with temperature up to 30 F. Heavy sea breaking on shore throughout the night and all day. The gratifying sight of open sea with isolated patches of stream ice presents itself from the summit of "Look Out Bluff". All scour the skyline daily in the expectancy of a mast or plume of smoke. Wondrous sunset. The colours being thrown up on to the clouds as though the ocean were ablaze. The sun's orb sinking into the sea like a golden ball, behind heaving floes and bergs. Such an effect one would expect to see in the desert, but this is a land of varied effects and magic atmosphere. An artists paradise. All hands assemble on the strand awaiting the arrival of penguins, as the birds come ashore through the surf, they are speedily surrounded and adds to our stores. Legs,

breasts, livers and hearts are dissected and laid out in the snow to freeze. The skins are added to the fuel heap which is beginning to please the eye with its swelling proportions. The skins have a coating of  $\frac{3}{6}$  inch blubber and burn superior to seal blubber, only 8 sufficing to cook all meals. 40 birds were secured during the afternoon. 48 penguins off the bet.

6-7-16

The lucky 7th brings mild weather, one young Weddell seal and 71 Gentoo penguins. The stomachs of the birds were distended to their utmost capacity with small fish varying in size from 3 to 9 inches. The contents of some of the stomachs would provide an ample meal for an adult. I counted eight complete fish and about their equal bulk in partly digested fish taken from one bird. What appears so remarkable, is the periodicity with which the birds return from the sea each day, as though sent by a magnanimous providence. One often hears the question asked, if we have not exterminated all the birds that have visited our spit? What brings them hither, and from whence they come?

Make a successful experiment with a new drink. A 3% solution of absolute alcohol (for the Primus stove) sweetened with sugar. This we are holding secret for midwinter's day. Airs from S.W. Temp. 22.

6-8-16

Whilst taking my early morning stroll on the spit, I surprised and secured a magnificent bull Weddell seal. One of the largest specimens captured. The blubber varied up to 5 inches thick and will provide sufficient oil for light, fuel and meat for the entire party for about a week. The equivalent of 80

penguins. Render down some penguin fat for the lamp and found it on a par with seal oil though a trifle less smoky.

Have had ample opportunity of forming our opinion of our sailors, having now lived together under the same confined roof since landing at Cape Wild. In my estimation, with a few exceptions, they are a very meagre set, ignorant and illiterate, and of far more complaining disposition than the shore party. Their sole conversation is their stomach capacity - being grossly incapable of discoursing on even the most commonplace subjects. Even as regards endurance, the genteel born has proved himself far more capable of sustaining prolonged exertion under arduous circumstances and hardships.

6-9-16

Last night's easterly drives the pack in shoreward again, practically cutting out all ocean swell. Clear mild day. Fine sledging ration hoosh for breakfast and the tenderest young seal steaks I have ever tasted, for tea. My bunk which is on the floor adjacent to the bogie comes in for a fair percentage of condensation drips, though this inconvenience is more than made up for by the bogie warmth, (when it is alight) and the privilege of being able to warm victuals left over from one meal for the succeeding one. S.W. wind this evening, temperature 13. No game. The King's birthday was drunk with an aqueous solution concocted from 4 sledging rations (4 -8 oz. packets) and 1/2 to 3/4 lb. sugar to 4 gallons water. E. wind bringing in drift pack. Temp. 20.

6-10-16

S.W. blizzard all day, everyone remaining indoors. The ice has been again blown beyond the horizon, but there is little swell coming in from the North. The penguin fat I rendered down a few days ago for lamps is unsatisfactory, congealing to a dripping consistency at a temperature of 32 degrees, though when in this condition it makes an admirable margarine substitute. Toasted sweethearts and wives with much eclat, music and topicals. The addition of a few spoonfuls of methylated alcohol loosening the tongue of many a backward singer.

6-11-16

Weather calm, with lowest recorded temperature to date, viz 6. The pack is observable miraged up in quaint shapes along the horizon. The intervening expanse of ocean being like a placid lake covered with lotus leaves (pancake ice formed by last night's cold snap). 9 penguins secured to-day.

6-12-16

Variable airs from N. to E. with set snow all day; the pack again drifting shorewards. All keep in the murky atmosphere and semi darkness of indoors.

Everything in a constant state of drip and thaw my surroundings coming in for an over abundant percentage. Time passing wearily nothing to do but sleep, wait and eat. The same menu of penguin breasts and seal is becoming a trifle unpalatable after six months. Our palates crave for a slight change. Spend the morning devising (or trying to) new "hash ups" from steaks left over from breakfast. My bunk being hard against the bogie I had the privilege of doing a little

private cooking, which I am also pleased to do for other members of the payment of two lumps of sugar per week. This is evidently deemed exorbitant as I have few clients. I am not sorry, however, as I wish to preserve the seclusion of my privilege as much as possible. Wild, McIlroy, Rickenson, James and self, all occupying the stove end of the snugery, have formed a coterie and time passes more pleasantly as we discuss travel, motors, "feeds", etc. But all anxiously and longingly await our relief. To-day is the seventh week since the departure of the "Caird". Observed 7 Gentoos and 1 Emperor penguin.

6-13-16

This indolent life and enervating climate is responsible for a mental and physical coma. One feels a disinclination to perform even the small necessities of life requiring exertion, and only feels in a fit state to lie in one's bag and idly ponder. There is little interest in conversation that does not concern the ingredients, baking and production of cakes, pastries, or Farinaceous dietaries, and I fear for the physical results of some of our local recipes, if we had the ingredients to manufacture them. Our grimy and unkempt condition and retrograde method of life, we are becoming more or less habituated to. Though every morning I take my ablutions by means of a damp sock, much the worse for soot and oil. Of these two latter it is impossible to touch any of our interior "furnishings", clothing or sleeping gear, without their leaving a trade mark. Despicably snowy and wet misty weather with a temperature of 31. The shores are still packbound.

6-14-16

Mild calm day, temp. 31, and all take advantage to take exercise. My turn bogie stoker, the entire day's cooking being done with 10 penguin skins. Penguin steak with liver for breakfast, nut food lunch, steaks and hot milk drink for evening. The ice loosens during the day, and by evening a noticeable swell is heaving it. The pack is drifting from W. to E. Salubrious night, resembling a warm summer evening at home, with a heavy falling dew.

6-15-16

Temperature 31, weather mild, with airs from E. to E. by S. Dr. McIlroy's patient Blackborrow who has been treated for a frostbitten foot, since the boat journey - eight weeks ago - had to be operated on to-day, the toes of the left foot having to be amputated at their junction with the foot. All hands, except Wild, self, and How were sent out during the performance to take "fresh air" (they were all subsequently discovered in a cave engaging in the tonsorial arts.) Never perhaps was anaesthetic administered under more extraordinary circumstances. The operating table was built from a number of nut food boxes covered with blankets, the temperature of the "Theatre" (our murky interior) being maintained at 79 degrees by ardently stoking the bogie with penguin skins. In spite of the extremely unfavourable conditions, the operation was eminently successful, and it has been through the indefatigable diligence of Drs. Macklin and McIlroy, that numerous hands, fingers and feet have been saved. Sing song during the evening with numerous new topicals and much persiflage. Hussey's banjo indispensable.

6-16-16

East wind with rain and mist, temp. 30. Indoors all day. Fit drip gutters along the boat gunwales.

Ration bargainings and raffling schemes have suffered a speedy demise, exchange having taken the place. The nut food is the standard currency, though they cannot be purchased for a sovereign a time and has a value of four sledging biscuits. The latter fluctuates from ten to twelve lumps of sugar, whilst steaks or hooshes with difficulty only realise 1/2 cup of watered milk. We are fully fed with the ever unchangeable meat diet and this evening a member being unable to dispose of his superfluous stock by exchange, had to first extol the excellence of its tender juiciness and proportions before anyone would accept it as a gift. Thanks to Providence we are in such a satisfactory condition as regards both food and fuel

6-17-16

Variable winds from N. to Sth. via East. Mild day. Temp. 30. Remarkably temperate weather for midwinter. Went walking round the spit with James during morning. The pack heaving during the day under the influence of heavy swell, rolling in from the east. The ocean being visible to the E. from Lookout Bluff, about 8 miles distant. Hussey entertains on the Banjo, and sweethearts and wives toasted with spirit, wine and milk sweetened in warm water. Have had painful septic thumb, which is now recovering under the treatment of McIlroy.

6-18-16

Delightful day, almost dead calm, with temp. 22. The ice has been loosening during the day, and by evening a heavy N.E. swell had been breaking on the foreshores. The ice has been ground up by wave action into a brash like sledge and is readily

navigable for any craft. All take advantage of the fine weather to promenade and take fresh air. I went for a walk around the foreshores to the cave, and found great pleasure in watching the ice blocks bobbing about in the surf and listening to the sweetest music, - The Song of the Sea. Wonderful effects caused by fog banks and mists rolling over and wreathing the mountains producing exquisite plays of sunshine and shadow.

6-19-16

Remarkably mild weather for midwinter, temp. 26. The ice has now resolved itself into streams of scattered pack. An open ocean swell has been running in all day - serenading us with its song. In fact it is the sweetest music one can listen to whilst laying awake at night. I hear from Dr. McIlroy that Blackborrow's foot is not progressing as well as might be expected. It is suppurating badly and the surrounding tissues are in a very unsatisfactory condition. Hudson who also has been treated for frostbitten hands, since our landing, has developed an abscess on the thigh. The climate is particularly uncongenial for treatment of sickness, so we more anxiously than ever look forward to relief. 8 weeks since departure of the "Caird". 1 Gentoo secured.

6-20-16

Temp. 30. Light airs from S.W. dispel the ice to the horizon, where it appears as scattered stream ice. Light swell during the day has washed the ice foot away exposing the beach again. Secure four Gentoo penguins.

6-21-16

Glorious weather, temperature 20, with heavy surf breaking on the coast, and ice free ocean. Sunrise on the peaks at 9:20

a.m. with nearly 5 1/2 hours sunshine. Spend the day out of doors and selecting small stone specimens from the shingly beach. Secure six Gentoo penguins. All busy composing topical verse and songs for to-morrow - midwinter day.

6-22-16

Sunrise 9:20. 5 1/2 hours sunlight. Daylight 7a.m., dark 5 p.m.

Midwinter's day, warm and mild weather, temp. 30. Sun not observable owing to dense sea fog. Ice free ocean with light surf rolling in. Day of festivities. Extra rations being issued from our meagre store to supply variety. Breakfast Full strength sledging ration. Lunch Pudding made from twelve mouldy nut food bars and 20 biscuits, 4 sledging rations boiled together a delicious change and very filling. Tea Hoosh made from cut up penguin legs, livers and hearts and 4 sledging rations. Milk drink a little stronger than ordinarily (4 rations of trumilk and 3/4 lb. sugar.) Toasts The King, The Sun's return, the Boss and crew of the "Caird" - Sweethearts and wives. The evening passed convivially and pleasantly with a concert. There was no paucity of talent, some 30 items being rendered 50% of which were topical songs and recitations. Lees our "pessimist" and Green the cook, were the principal victims of our irony though practically all came in for honorable criticism. Hussey's repartee and comedy convulsed us immensely. Owing to lack of room, the artists rendered their items from their sleeping bags, certainly the only comfortable seatings our shelter affords. Altogether the evening was very successful and on a par with the previous year spent on board ship, - grub of course, excepted. Turned in at 10 p.m. and slept fairly well excepting for a sterorous (sic) snoring of Lees whom I had to kick on the head many times,

and pelt with pebbles from the floor. Secure 4 Gentoos.  
Temperature 30.

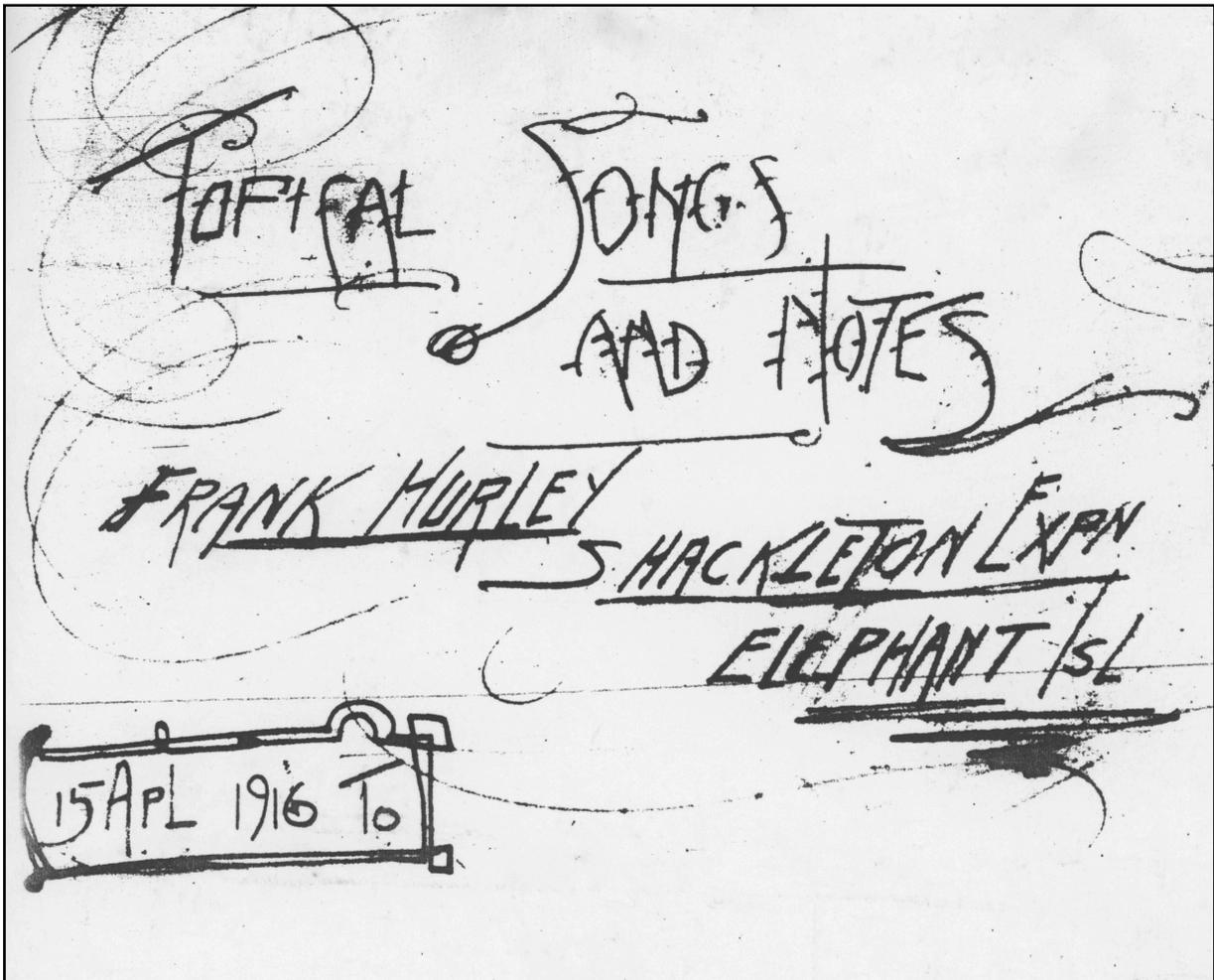


IMAGE - FRANK HURLEY

## TOPICALS

[Composed to Celebrate Mid-Winter's Day, 1916]

### OUR HOME ON ELEPHANT ISLE

by physicist Reginald W. James

Air, Solomon Levi

My name is Franky Wild-O, and my hut's on Elephant Isle  
The most expert of Architects could hardly name its style  
Yet as I sit inside, all snug and listen to the Gale  
I think the pride is pardonable with which I tell my tale.

---

#### CHORUS:

O Franky Wild-O tra-la-la-la-la-la  
Mr. Franky Wild-O tra-la-la-la-la-la  
My name is Franky Wild-O, my hut's on Elephant Isle,  
The walls without a single brick, & the roof's without a tile  
But nevertheless I must confess, by many and many a mile  
It's the most palatial dwelling place, you'll find on Elephant Isle.

---

When first I landed here, I tried to live inside a tent  
And a howling blizzard came along, and in it tore a rent;  
And through the rift came streams of drift, and filled my bag with snow  
I said I'll not put up with this for any winds that blow.

---

I looked around, and soon espied, pulled up upon the strand,  
A pair of boats most stoutly built, which brought us to this land.  
I said you served us once, I'll surely make you serve again  
For if we turn you upside down, you'll keep out snow and rain.

---

And so I got my crew to build two walls of stones and rocks,  
And turned the boats up side by side, and fixed 'em tight with chocks  
We filled the gaps with canvase, and put the stoves inside,  
And then we rested from our work, and had some penguin fried.

---

Our hut is double storeyed, and has bedrooms twenty-two,  
A kitchen, and a dining room, although indeed its true  
We haven't any bathroom, but however you may smile,  
We find it warmer not to wash, in our hut on Elephant Isle.

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## SWEET DREAMS ON ELEPHANT ISLE

Air, Egypt.

Upon an Isle where shores are washed by icy Southern Seas,  
Beneath two upturned boats, there dwell in comfort and in ease,  
A grimy crew, who blown by winds, have drifted many a mile,  
And oft at night within their bags, each face is seen to smile.

---

CHORUS:

They are dreaming of choice sweetmeats and rare confections,  
Drowsy reflections of rich plum cake,  
They have dreams of almond icing, and duffs enticing,  
Which mortal baker could scarcely bake.

---

Each day the birds and beasts, which wealth could never buy  
And penguin breasts, and steaks of seal in juicy blubber fry:  
Yet when the bogie's flame is quenched, and loud resounds each snore  
'Tis certain that each single man, within his bag once more.

---

Someday no doubt a ship will come, and take them from this land  
And oe'r the bounding sea they'll go to England's welcome Strand;  
And as the log rolls off each mile, their heart within them swell  
Wild expectation of the hour when, as they know full well,

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They'll be tucking into sweetmeats, and choice confection  
And eating sections of rich plum cake,  
They'll be eating almond icing, and duffs enticing,  
Until they make their stomachs ache.

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Air: A Village Blacksmith.

OUR COOK.

Within the spreading Bogie smoke, the gasping cook now stands.  
With watery eye, and stirring stick, he turns the stewing pans.  
And the grime and dirt upon his face exceeds that on his hands  
His clothes are black with blubber, soots and grease from many a pan  
And he speaks in quivery tenor tones like good old Mary Ann  
Week in week out, ere break of day, you may see his bogie glow  
Your may see him carving up hoosh meat with blunt sheath knife so slow  
The only light that he works by peeps in at the tiny door.  
And when we eat our hoosh and steaks we are thankful it's not more  
For the meals are full of hairs that fly and grit from off the floor  
He dreams he's back in the bakehouse warm, he makes a snoring noise  
Mixing up rich cakes and pastries and custard puffs so choice,  
He kneads the dough with practiced hand, with gravy fills the pies.  
And with is hard rough hand he draws out drowning mice and flies.  
He's cooked for us in the blizzard drift, with frostbit hands and toes  
Always attempted - never shun - and at each occasion rose.  
Thanks, thanks, to thee, O worthy cook for the hashes you have wrought  
Thus by your frying pan of strife our appetites you thwart.  
Let steaks and hooshes both be large, and you'll win our kindly thought!

---

## MIDWINTER TOPICAL

You ask me for a Topical, alas I much regret,  
My muses lie in slumber and will not verses set.  
A score of themes I've hit on, but they would only serve to tire  
There's such a lack of incident on which to write satire.  
A lyric in hexameter dactylic, blank or prose  
Tis far beyond my talent, so a dogerell I compose.  
We've sung of personalities, and lonely Elephant Isle  
On grub and architecture, and beauties of each dial  
Yet here I must make mention of a sacrilegious sin  
The lopping of the sacred beard from off that holy chin.  
There's many an ode on gloomy Tom<sup>1</sup> - he of the Mont de Piete  
Who'll exchange steaks for Streimers cakes or meat for sugar sweet.  
His Yiddish bargains haunt his dream for he snores and nightly groans  
So Jimmy kicks him on the head, and Wild and I pelt stones.  
Beware ye who would barter of his extortionate rates  
He'll hum and haw although he want your carbohydrates.  
But there's a salt - we've all forgot, called "Greenus the Capacious"  
Whose appetite is so immense even Clark said it's voracious.  
Huge penguin steaks and hooshes are gone in scarce two bites  
And we've eulogised friend Macklin for his famous --- by nights  
But let us change the subject to Winter's festal joys  
We've toasted him in liquor that makes the bosom glow  
But as to its constituents no mortal man doth know.  
Twas for kindling "Primus" we brought it to this land  
But this I know its liquid fire upsets you if you stand  
Famed Meclin anyline it and caled it Aqua Fortes  
And said it likely would induce a state of vigor mortis.  
But a well know Ichthyologist with very learned breath  
Said he used it by the hogshead pronounced Vinii Meth.  
Then up spake our Frankie Wild, "both gentlemen speak rot,  
It's neither "Meth" nor "Aqua Fort" - it's a vintage famed - Gutrot.  
It is the vital sap of life - a Bacchanalian fire.

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<sup>1</sup> Reference to storekeeper Thomas Orde-Lees who had done a lot of mountain-climbing in Switzerland. Orde-Lees didn't drink alcohol or smoke, he was a carbo-holic.

We gulped it down in silence, then chorused, "you're a liar."  
Hail to the sun, luck to the Boss - glory and long lived lives.  
Here's joy to friends and comrades, - our sweethearts and wives.

---

Air: "Every Night"

### LEES' BIRTHDAY

Castaway by a storm-swept bay, on a Sub-Antarctic Isle,  
Where the blizzard sweeps o'er frowning peaks, and the sunbeams rarely smiled.  
We've sailed the seas and trod all lands, a ribald gang of rogues  
Talk Cockney, Scotch, Pseudo Yank, and other outlandish brogues.  
Beneath two boats we dwell content in blubber smoke and haze -  
A grimy crew of twenty-two, counting away long days.

CHORUS:

And every night we dream of England, Every night.  
And we dream that the relief ship is in sight - Every night.  
And a thousand healths so dear we will toast in glorious beer,  
And we won't go home till morning, Every Night

And the food we eat - the indigenous meat, makes dishes very bizarre  
Penguin chests, their livers and legs simmered in right "Jepper"  
The Gentoo breast we eat with zest in luscious blubber friend,  
With a delicious wisp of blubber crisp, is a dish much edified.  
All sorts of seals become our meals, are boiled from nose to tail  
But our epicures wish for the tender flesh - Tis thine fat Paddie hail!

CHORUS:

Every night we've mugs of seal hoosh, Every Night  
And the grit it chokes our teeth up Every Night  
And we have such hunger dreams, when we're gorging so it seems,  
On Pastry, Duffs and Puddings, Every night.

You will laugh Ha Ha! at this next stanza. It's about our grub again.  
Devoutly blesses, by his hand caressed, how its issue give him pain.  
Watch him idly finger with grudging linger, our precious Streimer bars  
With aqueous eye and distressed sigh, he greets our loud hurrahs.  
Eatings charms they give him qualms for games become so rare  
He says our ration far too big, dilute it well with air.

CHORUS:

Every night he dreams of starving, Every night.  
So he keeps his grub and nibbles it, Every night.  
Watch his "Ikey Mo" grimaces, when he had to open cases,  
You may hear his snores of anguish Every night.

Of the next I sing, doth pleasure bring, and are extremely fond  
In trumilk packed with great care whacked, from out this miser's bond  
He barter steaks for those sweet cakes, for cravings grown chronic  
On every dial, there spreads a smile, its flavours act like tonic.  
When bagging seals, we've ambrose meals, on which we lingring brood  
The rest of days, we'll sing a praise to the esteemed Nut Food.

CHORUS:

Every night we dream of Nut Food, Every night.  
And we dream that the relief ship is in sight, Every night.  
Then with zeal of cannibal races, we'll smash open Streimer's case  
And have a nut food orgie, Every night.

## AN INFERNAL LIE

We live within a palace grand, in a climate warm and mild,  
It's roof is two vast golden domes, its architect was Wild.

CHORUS:

It's a lie, - it's a lie - It's a da—-d infernal lie.

It's portals are marble - it's interior like a hold.  
The chimney's swept three times a day, the soot is grains of gold.

CHORUS:

It's a lie, - it's a lie - It's a da—-d infernal lie.

The wall are hung with drapings, festooned in finest silk  
We lie on beds of velvet - do nought but sup "trumilk".

CHORUS:

It's a lie, - it's a lie - It's a da—-d infernal lie.

We're shaded from the sunny glare by stately deodars.  
Our courtyard is mosaiced with Streimers Nut Food bars.

CHORUS:

It's a lie, - it's a lie - It's a da—-d infernal lie.

Now the Lords that dwell within this place lead very virtuous lives  
Each one he keeps a harem fair of Mermaids for his wives.

CHORUS:

It's a lie, - it's a lie - It's a da—-d infernal lie.

We diet on ethereal duffs - confections rich and rare,  
And eating Cakes immensely big like castles in the air.

CHORUS:

It's a lie, - it's a lie - It's a da—-d infernal lie.

Not for the wealth of nations, we'd leave these happy shores,  
We like the bally place to much, and the music of our snores.

CHORUS:

It's a lie, - it's a lie - It's a da—-d infernal lie.

Perhaps you don't believe me and at my words you've smiled,  
But I avow it's gospel truth, just ask that b——r Wild.

CHORUS:

It's a lie, - it's a lie - It's a da—-d infernal lie.

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THE SAILORS ALPHABET.

A stands for anchor that hangs at our bow,  
B for the boatswain that pipes us around  
C for the capstan where we all heave around,  
D for the davits where we lower the boats down.

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CHORUS

E for the ensign that flies at our peak,  
F for the fo'c'sle where all sailors sleep.  
G for the galley, where the cook flies around,  
H for the halyards we hoist up and down.

-----

CHORUS

I for the irons where our stunsail booms ship  
J for the jackstay we hang to aloft.  
K for the keel in the middle of our hold  
L for the lanyards which the shrouds they do hold.

-----

CHORUS

M for the mainmast, so stout and so strong,  
N for the needle, which the compass swings on.  
O for the oars, we pull in our boats,  
P for the pumps which keep us afloat.

-----

CHORUS

Q for the quarterdeck where the skipper walks,  
R for the ratlines where the sailors run aloft.  
S for the stunsails that sweep her along,  
T for the topsails we hoist with a song.

-----

CHORUS

U for the Union Jack that flies so high  
V for the Vane where we all cast our eye.  
W for the wheel where we all take our turn,

XYZ is the name on her stern.

-----

CHORUS

So merrily, So merrily, So merrily are we,  
No mortal on earth's like a sailor at sea.  
Blow high or blow low, as we sail along,  
Give a sailor his grog, and there's nothing goes wrong.

-----

ANTARCTIC ALPHABET

A for Antarctic buried deep by cold snows,  
B for the Blizzard that there fiercely blows.  
C are the chasms - crevasses are called  
D are the dogs by which sledges are hauled.

-----

Chorus

So merrily, so merrily, so merrily are we,  
The life of the explorer is the life of the free.  
So merrily, so merrily, o'er the vast plateau roam,  
With the blizzard our King, and the south trail our home.

-----

E for Endurance, a ship stout and bold,

F for the frostbites we suffer from cold.  
G are the glaciers, where the ice visions flows,  
H is the hut for the winter's repose.

---

I is the ice-blink that hangs o'er the pack  
J une is midwinter cold, stormy and black,  
K are the Killers, our only feared foes.  
L eads are the water-lanes, that pass through the floes.

---

Q for the quadrant we're out to explore,  
R are the rations - we hunger for more.  
S for the sledges, sastrugi, and seals,  
T is a tent where we sleep and take meals.

---

U for the Union Jack that floats o'er our goals,  
V are the vapours, or sea smoke dense rolls,  
W is the Weddell-seal steaks we adore,  
X is the unknown we sledge to explore.  
Y are our yarns, and our chief source of fun,  
Z ero is the temperature in the warm summer's sun.

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6-23-16

My turn bogie stoking. Dull and misty. Temperature plus 33 with warm westerly wind rolling in high seas. The spit reverberates with the roar of the sea breaking on the glaciers and shore, but to us it speaks society and song, - a song of freedom. Never before have I so loved the sea and its song as now. It sets one's mind in motion to lay awake and listen to it at night. That is when one is not distracted by habitual snorers' pig gruntings. A large number of Gentoos come ashore during the afternoon and only two escape. 66 being secured.

6-24-16

Stormy day with W. winds. Temperature plus 32, and occasional snow squalls. Raging sea beating on the coast making the air reverberate and the "Spit" trembles with its fury. I have not observed the surrounding scenery to such advantage as to-day. The stormy seas and gloomy skies adding greatly to its wild grandeur and though naturally preferring calmness and sunshine, aesthetically consider these latter conditions out of harmony. From "Lookout Bluff" I had a prospect over a vastness of heaving ocean, with plunging and surf ridden ice fragments, rocking berglets and foaming reefs, and also observed the break up and dissipation of ice by wave action. Twenty six Gentoo penguins came ashore on the beach and were forthwith captured.

6-25-16

Temp. 28.

Severe storm from N.W. during the night accompanied by strong wind squalls and heavy seas. The latter encroached on

the spit to within four yards of the hut. All spend the afternoon promenading on the spit, watching the surf, and the penguins making their way inshore through it. The birds sustain severe bumpings by being swept against the rocks and ice fragments, which they scarcely appear to heed. The birds effect a landing by being swept up on the beach with the surf; from which they waddle as disconcerted as if emerging from a pond. 33 Gentoos secured.

6-26-16

Temperature 25.

Fine mild morning with heavy ground swell still running. Spend the morning dumping the accumulated penguin carcasses - which were held in reserve in the event of meat shortage. Now however we are in the happy position of having augmented our store by recent catches to a three months' supply on fairly abundant rations. The sea is devoid of any appearance of pack, though there are some 43 bergs visible, many grounded, and all of which have drifted up from the West. Spend a couple of hours watching the rollers dashing against the glacier and grinding up the drift ice. "S' Wester" blows up during the afternoon. Secure 8 Gentoos and observe a Weddell swimming in close to shore. The Cormorants have apparently not migrated, as they are frequently seen fishing in the vicinity in considerable numbers - 9 weeks since departure of "The Caird".

6-27-16

S.W. gale confines all to indoors; the temp. falls to 15. Do nothing but sit in sleeping bags, eat and talk. The cook makes an excellent dish of broiled penguin hearts and paddies and

which would tickle a gourmand's palate, except the gravy, which was a trifle over flavoured by burning. A drink - a decoction of two sledging rations, sugared to taste in 22 pints of water and drank steaming hot, caused the perspiration to flow, so that one felt like being in the hot room of a Turkish bath, rather than freezing on a barren Antarctic Isle as our pitying friends and sympathisers imagine us. We are also extremely grateful for the exuberance of game (penguins) which has come ashore so that we have neither scarcity of food or fuel. If we had but flour, tea, sugar and jam, we could not be better off so far as food is concerned. About 20 Gentoos came ashore but the bad weather has preserved their lives.

6-28-16

Temp. 16. Light S.W. wind, feeling decidedly nippy after the recent high temperatures. Ocean ice free, but some 40 bergs apparently grounded scattered around the seal rocks, 81 Gentoo penguins captured making a total for the month of 524 birds and a grand total of 1150 since landing on the Spit 17th April. We are now in the happy position of discarding the meat and only reserving the skins for fuel. The reason for not reserving the entire meat, being, not only due to a superfluity, but also deterioration on our early meat heaps.

6-29-16

Temperature 16.

Calm with light snowfall and N.N.E. wind during night. The latter drives in and fills the bay with loose drift ice. Secure a sea elephant pup during the afternoon, severely scarred.

Observed 1 Weddell seal swimming close inshore in the brash. Fine sledging ration Hoosh for breakfast puts all in good humour. Our modified menu is as under.

Insert chart\*\*

A drink is made and served on steak days, also on special occasions and when a good catch is effected of penguins or seal. This is generally a couple sledging rations in about 30 pints of water.

6-30-16

N.W. gale all day, the party keeping indoors. All ice has been expelled from W. Bay only little remaining on the eastern side of the spit some 16 Gentoos come ashore but are spared owing to unpropitious weather. Tobacco has run short with the sailors, and they have set about concocting awesome substitutes. Of the quality I cannot speak, but Eureka! what aromas some create. Penguin feathers, rope yarns, dried meat, senegrass and numerous etceteras have been tried to satiate the craving for the soothing tranquillizer (sic).

7-1-16

Beautiful clear atmosphere with bright sunshine and exhilarating breeze from S.W. Both sides of spit ice free, though pack is to be seen on the horizon. Seven Gentoo penguins secured.

7-2-16

The usual Saturday evening toast, sweethearts and wives and the Boss and crew of the "Caird" was drank in a new beverage concocted by Wild (my invention). The ingredients were Spirit Vinii meth, sugar and hot water to which a pinch of ground ginger was added (the latter had been carried in mistake for a tin of pepper). The first sip gave one the impression of hot peppermint; the second in which one gulped down "with bated breath" and noses held, and faces all awry recalled "Vermifuge". The after effects while producing a mild glow, left one's palate with the flavor of match heads. The concoction was eulogised by the sailors, but was condemned by most of the "Staff". My turn bogie stoker, and a steak day. For breakfast and tea we dined off the young sea elephant captured on the 29th inst. The steaks were as tender as fillet steaks, and of equal quality, or so they seemed. Lunch, Nut food. Wet snowy day, all remain indoors.

7-3-16

S.W. blizzard sets in early this morning and has been bombarding us with "window pane" ice and drift all day. The former was manufactured by yesterday's sleet freezing in a thin layer over the surface. This is torn up by the fierce winds and blown about with great force. All confined to our smoky and oily interior. In fact we dared not leave it on account of the dangerous flying ice. 10 weeks since departure of "Caird".

7-4-16

Temp. 22

Heavy S.W. squalls continue all night, but peter out by morning. Calm day with snowfalls, no pack-ice visible, with moderate swell rolling on coast - 16 Gentoos secured. Nothing doing.

7-5-16

Pleasant calm day though dull. During the morning go walking with Wild. We visit a neighbouring cavern in the glacier which was adorned with a magnificence of icicles. Fine shawl-like icicles covered the walls and the roof was adorned with a finish of curiously curved and footlike stallactites (sic), formed by eddy winds deflecting their growth. Wild has devised an ingenious arrangement for the cure of chronic snorers. Lees, who continually disturbs our peaceful slumbers by his habitual trumpeting, was the first offender for the experiment. A slip noose is attached to his arm which is led by a series of eyelets across the bunks in his vicinity. As the various sleepers are disturbed, they vigorously haul on the line - much as one would do to stop a taxi - it might do the latter, but Lees is incorrigible, scarcely heeding our signals. It has been suggested that the noose might be tried round his neck. I'm sure they would exert their full man power. No Penguins. Reading Kane's Grinnel Expedition In search of Sir John Franklin.

7-6-16

The only noteworthy incident of the day was the usual weekly sledging ration Hoosh for breakfast. This is one of the rare occasions when time flies. The sea is strewn with loose pack, (drifting in from East) through which a light swell is noticeable. Open water is to be seen, extending on the horizon. I am of opinion that the pack which blocks these shores is but a narrow belt driven from the Weddell sea by occasional N.W. winds. The great bulk of the ice drifting away to the East and closing the sea in the direction of the South Orkneys. A Weddell seal is seen drifting on the pack. 1 Gentoo captured.

7-7-16

4 p.m. S.W. blizzard blows up last night and has favoured us with terrific gusts till 5 p.m. to-day, when the conditions appear to be moderating. In addition to dense snow drift without, the gusts cause the bogie to backfire and nigh suffocate us with soots and pungent fumes. A very noticeable lengthening of daylight is discernible. This is how we spend our day: - Breakfast 10 a.m. stay in sleeping bag if the weather is bad, or if respectable walk up and down the spit till lunch, 12:30 a.m. Then idle the time away, precisely as the morning till tea at 4:30 p.m. Then into sleeping bags to spend a broken night and so each day passes wearily and monotonously. Each day we scour the horizon for a mast and daily discuss relief - may it come soon.

7-8-16

Temp. 17.

Improved weather, but snowing till evening. Some 150 shags (Cormorants) have been fishing in the calm waters of East Bay: the latter is hemmed in by light drift ice. 35 Gentoo Penguins captured. The Boss, sweethearts and wives toasted in "Gutrot". Spend much time in complaining a list of civilized requirements.

7-9-16

Temp. 30.

Mild pleasant day with light W.N.W. wind raising the Temperature to 30. James and self cut steps to the summit of Lookout Bluff during morning - the Snow track having worn slippery and dangerous. 8 Gentoo penguins captured during

afternoon. Promenade the spit in the moonlight, it being a glorious night. Under such transcending conditions (weather) our abode would be ideal for honey-moon couples. There certainly would be no fear of public molestation, while the wife could start duties by cleaning up "The Snuggery". The "Snuggery" grows more grimy day by day: everything is an oleaginous sooty black. Ourselves have arrived at that limit of discolouration when increments from the smoking bogie, blubber lamps and cooking gear are unnoticed. It is at least comforting to feel that we can become no filthier. Our shingle floor will scarce bear examination by strong light, without even us shuddering and expressing our disapprobation of its state. Oil mixed with reindeer hair, bits of meat senegrass and penguin feathers form a conglomeration which cement the stones together. From time to time we have a spring cleaning, but a fresh supply of flooring material is unavailable as all the shingle is frozen up, and buried by deep drifts. Such is our Home Sweet Home. Hussey entertains with his indispensable banjo, and the company chorus old favourites - The Old Folks at Home - The Swanee River etc.

7-10-16

Wind from N.E. with setting snow and packing the E. and W. Bay to horizon with loose pack ice. All have recourse to our usual invalid confinement - that is remain in sleeping bags till the weather improves. This arrangement is essential, as there is insufficient space and seating accommodation for the entire community on the ground floor. I take a turn relieving the chef for the day, an occupation which I rather like. No life is to be seen without, except Paddy pets and a few snow Petrels, which heedless of any winds that blow, feed on the penguin meat heap and stray scraps. The snow Petrels are

wondrously tame and are so concerned with gorging, as to enable us to approach within a few feet, and even catch them by hand. We feed and encourage these little strangers which add an air of pleasant domesticity to our inhospitable environment.

7-11-16

27. Exquisite sunshine. The finest day for weeks, although the sunbeams have scarcely perceptible warmth, they radiate a cheerfulness which imparts fresh hopes and renewed life to our wearying community. Spend the afternoon in endeavouring to drain our floor which is suffering severely from the effects of recent thaw. The ice in the Bay is of an extremely disseminated character, allowing a considerable ocean swell to pass through it. The glacier in West Bay has advanced about 80 yards in its centre since our landing on the spit. 30 Gentoo penguins, headed by an Adelie were secured during the afternoon. 91 penguins to date.

7-12-16

Thaw water having risen to the uncomfortable extent of rendering the shingly floor a sludgy mess, we set about the smelly occupation of bailing out and reshingling. By means of a sumphole some 80 gallons of cesspit odorous liquid was removed. Exquisite weather with ineffably charming moonlight nights. The present altitude of the moon about 50 degrees illumines shore and sea with almost daylight brilliancy. In spite of our enforced imprisonment and the diminutive extent of our confines I am ever lost in admiration at the wild grandeur of the bluff scarps and the ever changing form of the glaciers. The latter has merged into West Bay some 80 to 110 feet during the 90 days of our residence. Wild fits a window to

our domicile improvised from a chronometer cover. Its efficacy is questionable; the fitting obstructing more light than is transmitted by the small square pane - anyhow it looks homely. Secure two Gentoos.

7-13-16

Temp. 25.

Splendid weather continues with fine atmospheric effects at midday, a single rainbow being observed: The first I have seen for over two years. The ocean remains open, through its surface is strewn with isolated areas of loose drift ice, the latter with bergs drifts from W. to E. This is invariably the direction of drift of the large bergs, the pack being actuated by wind and surface current influences generally E. to W. Sledging ration for breakfast and a welcome diversion at dinner in a successful experiment - Fried Penguin legs. These were delicious and flavorful and a vast improvement over boiling, which successfully extracts all juices, leaving a leathery synthetic rubber like meat, firmly attached by stringy sinews to the bone. 3 Gentoos secured to-day.

7-14-16

Temp. 19.

Phew! The "bogieman" has just raked the days collection of ashes from out the bogie causing everyone to cough and well nigh suffocate from its acrid pungent fumes. We have just dined off a broil of penguin and liver, rather more tasty than our usual hooshes, and drained a steaming bumper of a decoction of two sledging rations in 4 galls. water. This latter expels a perspiration in copious beads so that you who pity us

for being poor shivering frozen beggars, are quite mistaken. The bogie stoked with the blubberous Gentoo skins, glows like a furnace so that we who reside by it are well nigh roasted. Calm weather but pack denser owing to the piling up influence of an E. breeze. All anxious and watching for relief.

7-15-16

I Gentoo secured. From Lookout Bluff, the ocean appears a vast illimitable field of pack though comparatively of light character. This has been driven in by the recent prevailing Easterlies. The Glacier in West Bay, has been extremely active debouching avalanches. Its forward movement can be distinctly heard by a low cracking followed by the dislodgement of immense fragments. The vast section precipitated this afternoon gave rise to an enormous wave, that had it not been for the pack in the bay damping the swell, we had well nigh been washed off the spit. Hearty splicing of the mainbrace in Wild's "Gutrot" this evening and sing song. Toasts - The Boss, and very feelingly, "Sweethearts and Wives".

7-16-16

Warm day and calm with Temperature 28, though as usual sunless. Go for my Sunday promenade. The well beaten 100 yards track on the spit. This, one would not tire of provided we knew Sir E. and the crew of the "Caird" were safe and when relief could be definitely expected. We speculate about the middle of August by the "Aurora". Spend the afternoon with the snare and secured I paddy, and an adult Dominican Gull. Numerous snow petrels gorge themselves off our meat pile over which they exercise a jealous proprietorship, driving off both paddies and Dominican Gulls.

7-17-16

Temp. 24.

Magnificent mild day, with superb sunrise and sunset. I have never yet beheld such a brilliancy of colour and accompanied by such rapid changes as at daybreak. The white peaks assumed a brilliant salmon pink as the sun slowly emerged from the pack covered sea, and with his gradual ascension, went through every gradation of salmon tints to a pale lemon colour. This had the effect of producing a riot of green tints in the glacier, which resembled cliffs of greenstone. The day has been one of serene calm and peace. Such days we welcome joyously, they speed the time and assist the passing of weary hours of waiting. During the morning, chop the legs off about 100 penguin carcasses, and dig up meat heap. We have ample for over two months supply.

7-18-16

Temp. 24.

Delightful weather, continuing sunshiny and pleasant. Spend the morning idling on the shingly beach, admiring the beauty and water worn forms of the pebbles and collecting an occasional souvenir specimen, also pass away the time, sitting by, and lost in contemplating the gorgeous colouring and jagged glacier cliffs. It was pleasantly warm in the sunshine, and the gentle wave motion from the calm pack - scattered sea, on the loose shingle, sounded a pleasant lullaby in my ears. From Lookout Bluff, the ocean spreads out into a vast plain scattered with loose ice floes and calm blue lakes, with a fleet of bergs, diversified in form and size drifting majestically to the east. A gentle swell imparts just a perceptible heaving motion to the

brash and small floes which seem to be moving in lazy sympathy to the gentle beat of the surf. It is a transcending scene of ineffable and tranquil calm - a glimpse into the heart of a gentler nature that rules these shores with a harsh tyranny.

7-19-16

Temp. 27.

All in bags - weather uncongenial, blowing full gale from N.E. to E. Bay jammed with pack. Finish Kane's 1st Vol. Grinnel Expedition which I enjoyed and learned much from. Chat with Wild about Old England and fill in time reading encyclopaedia Brit.

7-20-16

Temp. 30.

Feeling more dirty and grimy than usual it being my day bogie stoking. Such trivialities as sledging ration for breakfast, make us look forward to Thursday's with pleasant anticipation. Thaw water and drainage, (our floor being below the exterior level) had to be again bailed out this morning, pools of water forming over the floor. Some 50 gallons of the vilest obnoxious smelling liquid were removed. The sea is densely packed with broken floe, the result of yesterdays E. gale (which invariably drives pack shorewards). An extreme rise and fall in tides is noticeable.

7-21-16

Temp. 14.

The expected S.W. blizzard, which without exception succeeds an easterly blow has been raging all day. All remain in bags discussing and reading. James, Wild, McIlroy and self discoursing on war problems. I wonder how accurate our conjectures may be. All joints aching through being compelled to be on the hard rubbly floor, which forms my bedstead.

7-22-16 [Ed. Note: Drawings at end of entry]

Now that "Wild's Window" allows a shaft of daylight to dimly illuminate our interior, and one can "see" things, I make note of what can be seen from my corner. This little window which is sewn into the wall contiguous to my claim, and which affords us much pleasure, measures only 6 in. x 6 in. It originally saw service as the lid of a chronometer. On very rare occasions, the early sun bids us good morning, and one sunbeam of welcome yet rather misplaced effulgence on the grimy features of the cook who is bending over the frying pots preparing breakfast. On the more frequent blizzard days, as though to shut out the bleak exterior prospect, this little window frosts over and grows a diversity of exquisite palm leaf crystal forms; even then it transmits sufficient light to read by. McIlroy, Wild, self and James all lie in a row on the ground, at what is known as the "aneurisms" end. I being nearest the stove suffer an alternate roasting by day, and rime showers by night. From the bogie too, soots, grease and other debris emanate through a not over scrupulous cook - Wild and I act as dashboards. Looking down, which deludes one into being quite a distance on account of the semi darkness, to the "Fore End", one observes two small flares, very smoky, that dimly illustrate a row of five, endeavouring to make time pass by reading or argument. These are Macklin, Kerr, Wordie, Hudson and Blackborrow - the latter two invalids.

The intervening space (middle) is filled with cases which do duty for the cook's bed, the meat and skin (fuel) boxes and a mummified looking object, which is "Lees the Snorous" in his chrysalis (reindeer bag). Our ceiling is fearsome and wondrous to behold: it is an attic - our second story, in which reside some ten unkempt and careless lodgers who inadvertently drop boots, mits and a miscellany of apparel on to the ground dwellers. Reindeer hairs rain incessantly, day and night, and with penguin feathers and a little grit - the latter from off the floor, very occasionally savours the hooshes. Thank Heavens man is an adaptable brute, for these foreign intrusions are spat out with as much indifference as though they be orange pips. If we dwell sufficiently long in this domicile, we are like to alter our natural method of walking, for our ceiling which is but 4' 6" high compels us to walk, bent double beneath it, or go on all fours. Our doorway - Cheetham is just crawling in now, bringing in a shower of snow with him - was originally a tent entrance. When one wishes to exit, he unties the cord, securing the mouth of this sack like appendage, and crawls or wriggles out, at the same time exclaiming, Thank God, I'm in the open air. This should suffice to describe our atmosphere, only pleasant when charged by the over-powering yet appetising aroma of burning penguin steaks. From everywhere there dangles an odd collection of blubbery garments through which one crawls much as a chicken in a "foster mother" when moving about. Our walls, of tent canvas, admit as much light as one might expect from a closed venetian blind. It is astonishing how we have habituated ourselves to inconveniences and to habits - which a little time back were regarded with repugnance and hardship. This grotesque "shack" in which we exist is now

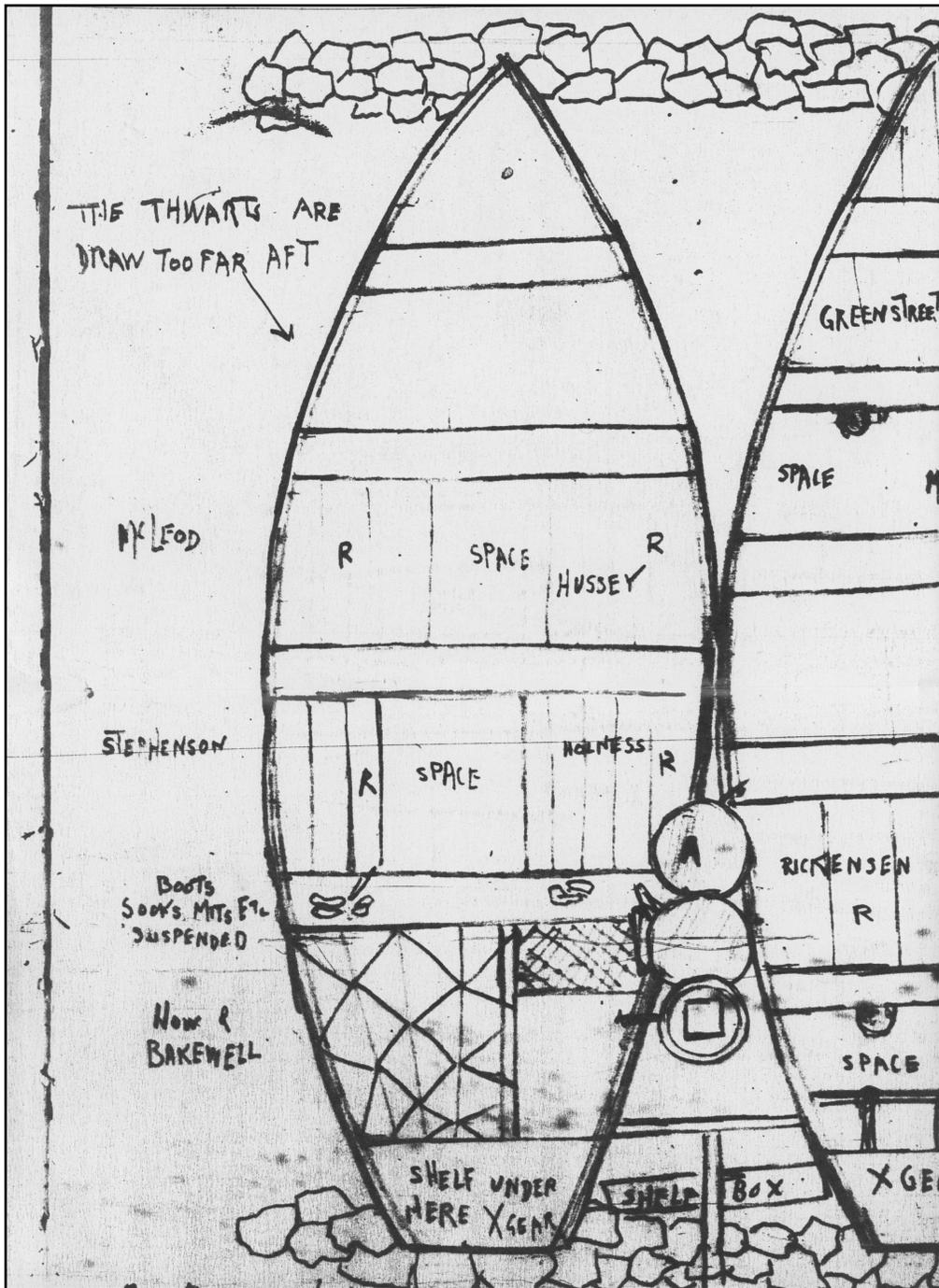
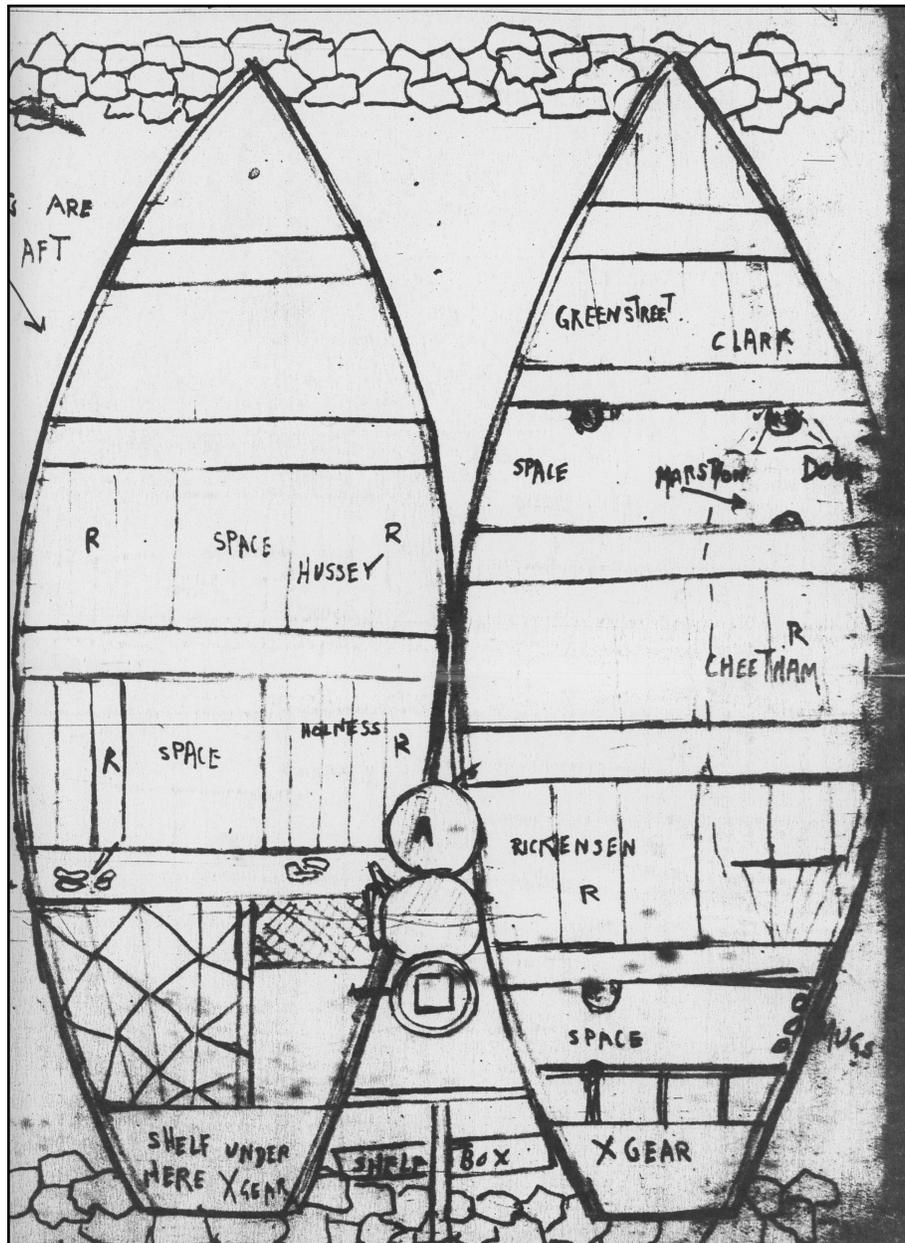


IMAGE: FRANK HURLEY

regarded as comfortable! As to grime and dirt we are as immune and regardless as Esquimaux. This is a glimpse of the interior, which is kitchen, bedroom, sitting-room, library, etc.,



CAPTION

etc. and our present home. Wind falls to variable airs with temperature at 16. Pack being visible on the horizon. The last pipe of tobacco is being smoked tonight by Wild. The majority have accepted senegrass as a substitute. I am mildly appreciative, preferring its "fumes" to dried meat and feathers, as it reminds me of a bush fire. Toast the Boss and crew of the

Caird, also sweethearts and wives with "Gutrot", Banjo and song. Bail 30 galls. water from sumpholes. 3 Gentoos secured.

7-23-16

Temp. 22.

26 Gentoos. Pleasant weather. Pack returns though of loose nature. Very little ocean swell. Secure batch of 26 Gentoos. Commence reading Nordenskjold.

7-24-16

Magnificent bright sunshiny day. All take the opportunity to exercise in the genial warmth of the sun. Pack, very dense

during morning, but disseminating toward evening; drifting rapidly to the east. Spend the day snaring, but the birds extremely wary.

7-25-16

Temp. 31.

Light westerlies all day dispersing the pack, which has now taken the nature of loose drift areas, to the E. During morning Wild shot a fine cow Weddell on an inshore floe in W. Bay. It was a welcome addition to our diminishing store and afforded the party some exercise hauling it up the cliffs and carrying the meat and blubber to camp. The seal contained a foetus, that would probably have been born in a month's time. Owing to the high temperature plus 31, we had a heavy rain shower this afternoon in lieu of the snow which invariably accompanies westerlies. 2 Gentoos also secured.

7-26-16

Temp. plus 32.

A little zest was lent to the monotony of our immutable existence last night; when turning over in my bag, I plunged my hand into water. This induced dreams of falling through cracked floes into the sea, and I awoke precipitately with feelings of apprehension. The reassuring gruntings of miscellaneous snorers dispelled my fears, and an investigation of the wet hand revealed "floors awash". The rain of yesterday drained into our floor space which is now lower than the exterior surface, the latter have built up by snow increments. There was nothing to do but wake Wild, and he, James, McIlroy and self began a midnight bailing. Some 60 gallons of evil

smelling liquid was removed. At 5 a.m. I again found the waters flooding us out, ad but an inch from our bags. Bailing was again resorted to, 40 gallons being removed. Weather extremely boisterous, the most severe gale experienced from N.W. since our residence here. The sea presents a profound spectacle. Its waters being invisible by the driving spume and clouds of hurtling spray. An occasional berg or band of drift ice is driven rapidly eastwards, but the ocean is practically pack free. It is with difficulty one is able to walk about, whilst the fusillade of flying ice that clatters on our roof, resembles a miniature shrapnel bombardment. Fearing for the safety of our roof, extra guys had to be lashed across it. As is customary with high winds and open seas, a number of Gentoos came ashore and 20 were secured.

7-27-16

Temp. 29.

Heavy swell rolling in during the day, which was calm, warm and pleasant. Loose bands of drift ice may be observed from the Bluff, but for navigation purposes, the ocean is as good as an open sea. Engage in slight diversion of cricket during the afternoon; the bat being a small piece of sledge runner, the balls, pebbles from the strand - we are sadly out of practice. Secure 1 Gentoo. 9 months since ship's crushing.

7-28-16

Temp. plus 33.

Nothing happens so I make the usual meteorological entry. Temperature rises to plus 33 with moist W.N.W. wind. High as the thermometer stands, it feels much colder than when we experienced zero temperatures. This is probably due to the

extreme humidity. Stormy seas roar along the shores, seeming to set the earth vibrating. To us the surge of the sea sounds sweetly. It seems to link us with distant lands and dispels that deathlike stagnation which ensues when the shores are ice bound.

7-29-16

Temp. plus 29.

Bogie stoking and in consequence am kept indoors. We had an excellent pudding for lunch for which each man "pooled" two biscuits (2 days ration). These were pulverised and mixed with 6 sledging rations and sweetened. By the addition of water and a vigorous boiling, these ingredients form a fine pasty mass, not unlike bread pudding. Stormy weather and rough seas continue. Sweethearts and wives toasted. Wild brings in Worsley's bag and dries the contents. 12 Gentoos secured. Wind N.W.

7-30-16

Wind veers to N.E. and temperature falls to plus 21. Cold, gloomy and misty aspect the very embodiment of dreary inhospitality. To-day seems to be particularly monotonous and the wild magnificence of the precipitous cliffs that limit us to the circumscribed confines of Cape Wild, loom through the mist like prison walls, sinister and inaccessible. If there were only some duties, useful or otherwise, to be performed, the burden of time would be more pleasant, and at present our sole exercise is to promenade up and down the 80 yards of the spit, or climb to the lookout and scan the misty skyline for a mast. We look forward anxiously to the forthcoming month, when relief is anticipated. One grows weary of continually

estimating the days from the "Cairds" departure to the hoped for arrival of the Aurora. Our sanguine hopes anticipate relief about the 16th August - 15 weeks from the Cairds putting to sea. However we must be thankful we have ample seal and penguin to eat and warmth. Our habitat is as comfortable as might be expected, and with such manifold blessings, we must be content to be hopeful and patient. Hussey plays the banjo seated at the foot of my bunk whilst all join in chorus. 3 Gentoos secured.

7-31-16

Temp. 30.

A welcome day as being the eve of a new month. All look forward to the coming month for relief is expected. Spring appears to have set in in earnest. High temperatures with occasional rain and wet snow falls and a noticeable return in bird and seal life. Wild shot a young Weddell during the morning and has secured a cow Weddell about a mile along the coast, which was cached. The comparatively ice free ocean of the morning, was by evening almost entirely covered by pack, having drifted up from that inexhaustible source - north of Cornwallis Island - from whence it spreads with incredible speed to the west like a vast nebulous cloud. 4 Gentoos secured.

8-1-16

Two years since the "Endurance" left London and twelve months ago since she experienced her first severe nipping from the pressure. What vicissitudes and trials we have passed through since - what days of incessant anxiety till she was finally crushed 2 1/2 months later and then our weary

watching and waiting of the floe drifting slowly northward to where? Six months of this well nigh intolerable life of insecurity, the final disruption of the ice, and our phenomenal escape to our present habitat, flit through our mind as a chaotic confused nightmare. The past twelve months appear to have passed speedily enough and though we have been dwelling here in a life of security for nearly 4 months, this latter period seems longer than the preceding balance of the year. This doubtless is occasioned by our counting the days and the daily expectations of deferred relief, as well as our having no specialized, or in fact any work to perform. Surely the Old Aurora will come this month, and so the watching day by day and the anxiety for the safety of our comrades of the Caird, lay a holding hand on the already retarded passage of time. I have been reading Nordenskjold all day, and so similar to our own position is his narrative that I become so interested and absorbed that I actually felt it was our party that was being rescued by the "Uruguay". The weather abominably moist and wet with frequent rain showers. Temperature 31.5.

8-2-16

(Paid Lees bet I nut food.) There is an air of expectancy pervading our cottage and someone climbs thrice or four times daily to the Lookout (on the Bluff) to scour the horizon for a mast. Relief is the salient topic of present day discourse and fertile imagination compute with, what we all hope, unequivocal precision, the 16th as being the date of the ship's arrival. A strong aroma as of a prairie fire pervades the atmosphere. It is the curling fumes that arise from the bowls of the slaves of My Lady Nicotine, whom now that their stocks of the soothing herb have expired, violently fumigate her

ladyship and everyone else with senegrass. Many bizarre mixtures and experiments have been tried to alleviate the cravings for tobacco, and one tried to-day is worthy of mention. A collection of the bowls of all the available "Old Warriors" (pipe) was boiled in water to extract the flavours and juices. To this decoction a handful of senegrass was added and given a protracted boil. The grass was then dried and tried. Of the efficiency of the mixture I am not capable of writing, but if the grimace and aromas are any criterion, I imagine the result was unsuccessful. Gloomy weather continues - with incessant snow and high temperatures. As a result, the floor was bailed out five times during the day. A narrow belt of pack is concentrated along the coast but beyond can be seen the open rolling sea, dark and stormy. Temperature 34.25.

8-3-16 Nation Day.  
Temperature 27.

Continued snowing throughout last night, and all day. The landscape appears more bleak, wintry and inhospitable than ever. Even the rocks on the sheer mountain sides are bemantled with snow, the peaks themselves looking like vast snow dumps. James and I take fresh air in the cave, watching the stormy sea churning up the brash ice and sludge. I have never beheld a scene embodying such wild and profound desolation. Huge fragments of ice, rounded by attrition strew the foreshores which have been built up into high brashy banks by last night's high tide and heavy sea. The seas breaking on the rocks are laden with round ice blocks, that jostle and crunch one another with a crackle like small artillery.

8-4-16

Temp. 27.

Absolutely nothing doing but waiting. All keep indoors owing to miserable weather. Wind W.S.W. Musical evening.

8-5-16

Temp. 32.

The prevailing high temperatures are responsible for extremely heavy precipitation, which manifests itself by incessant snowfalls and showers. This weather is very depressing for apart from the curtailment of our outdoor walks, we are held imprisoned in our "boat shelter", which means sitting like an invalid in one's sleeping bag and re-reading the same few books. The high temperature induces a state of thaw in the surface snows, a considerable amount of the water finding its way into our Cottage. To avoid being flooded out we are compelled to bail out every four or five hours. Beneath our pebble floor lies a deposit of penguin guano, which dissolving in the water produces a vile smelling liquid. A welcome addition to our supplies was effected by the capture of 39 Gentoos. Heavy seas continue to W. to W.S.W. winds.

8-6-16

Temp. 29.

One of the finest days we have as yet experienced on the spit. Bright sunshine with light S.W. wind. The sunlight gave ineffable charm to the mountains, over which thin wisps of cloud drifted - giving a variety of chiaroscuro effects. On the

summit of Lookout Bluff - where one was pleasantly warm, a number of the party collected, basking in the sun, and viewing the magnificent seascape before them. Exquisitely clear, one had an unsurpassed view of the Cape Horn rollers spending their wrath on stranded icebergs, over which they dashed clouds of spray. The recent heavy seas have torn away the icefoot and at low tide one can now walk on a narrow gravel beach. It would be ideal weather for the ship to arrive. 30 Gentoos secured. Brilliantly moonlight.

8-7-16

Temp. 31.5

Wind variable. Just retiring for the night, (5:45 p.m.) after an "arduous" days Peggy - which is assistant messman. These duties are but nominal and embrace the supplying of culinary ice, bringing in the meat and skins for fuel. I am now free practically till my next round of bogie fireman on the 16th. What an idle useless existence. The sea is entirely ice free and any ship could reach these shores with facility. Several large bergs have drifted from the west and grounded on the shelf in the vicinity of the seal rocks and off West Bay observe a full grown bull sea elephant, apparently looking for a landing place. Three other seals were also observed. This is an extremely cheerful sign as it would appear life is beginning to return again to these parts. The ice foot which has grown to a height of 6 feet is beginning to dissipate beneath the influences of high temperatures and the surf. James and I have an enjoyable walk on the beach, which is now displaying a narrow strip of ice free gravel. There is also a noticeable evaporation of the snow surface. Secure 45 Gentoos penguins.

8-8-16

Clark relieves the cook for a week. The biscuits, which we generally have fried in blubber oil for lunch, were rather overcooked, tasting like compressed coffee. We ate them with as much relish as though they were medicine. He rehabilitates himself in favour, by concocting an excellent evening hoosh. Seal meat finely chopped, penguin livers, blubber and a quantity of dulse, which I collected from the beach. Gloomy day, with noon temp. plus 32.2 and at 4 p.m. plus 34. Rains all the afternoon. Open sea. I try fishing again but without any luck. 6 Gentoos secured.

8-9-16

Temp. 32.

12 Gentoos. Light airs from west. Nothing of import beyond drying my bag which got very wet through rain leaking through the roof last night. Fill in time retranscribing a section of my notes. Unpleasant foggy and moist day. No ice is apparent to the north-ward.

8-10-16

Strong S.W. wind with snow squalls. Occupy the day by constructing a small window and sewing it on to the "hut wall". The pane is a piece of celluloid 9 x 7; three of which I rescued from a photo portfolio on the floe. By hiding in a log book they were brought with us, and are now going to do us the good service of supplying daylight, in lieu of our detestable smoky and I candle power blubber lamps. About 30 Gentoo penguins came ashore and I am pleased the weather was too bad to slay them. We are heartily sick of being compelled to kill every bird that comes ashore for food, and will be pleased

when the sea elephants return that this unfortunately essential slaughter may cease. A bull sea elephant would equal at least 150 penguins.

8-11-16

Temp. 28.5.

A large Weddell came ashore by the slipway I cut in the ice foot early this morning and was secured for the larder. Clark who is cook pro tem, treated us to sumptuous meals of Weddell steaks. These were excellent and equal to, in our present opinions, the best beef- steaks, (I don't think). No penguins were killed to-day as we have, Thank God, an ample store of meat and blubber. Delightful weather and a charming moonlight night. Several of us climbed to the "Outlook" where we had a transcending vista over the sea, resplendent with cloud shadows and silver ripples. It is particularly gratifying that the penguins are allowed to remain without being slaughtered. Their presence brings an air of homeliness to our environment. There is also a noticeable return of bird life. Wild shoots a leopard which escapes.

8-12-16

Temperature plus 32.

Young Weddell seal secured during the morning. The ice foot disappearing very rapidly. Owing to a superfluity of blubber yesterday, have been feeling very bilious all day, the sight of blubber is now nauseating. The penguins congregate around the hut, paying little heed to us. One little fellow fell into some soot and got his white breast very dirty. He appeared

to be as concerned as a dignified old gentleman who had dirtied his expensive dress shirt.

8-13-16

Temp. plus 32. Lat. 61.

Beautiful sunshiny day, and one of the most temperate we have experienced on Elephant Island. In sheltered corners in the sun, it was pleasantly warm, the rock faces with snow mantling were in a high state of thaw and given a couple more such days would be snow free. James and I spend most of the day in peripatetic exercise and sitting in a sunny corner watching heavy surf on the rocks. I discover that dulse if boiled for about six hours assumes a jelly-like consistency and if sugared tastes much like arrowroot. A large batch of Gentoos came ashore but happy to state we have no need of meat at present. Beautiful full moon at night.

8-14-16

Temp. plus 32.

A repetition of yesterday's salubrious weather. The party were allowed to ramble along the southern foreshore of East Bay, this being rendered possible by the comparative safe condition of a large snowdump across which a track was made - the only possible means of leaving the spit. The walk to an adjacent point, 3/4 miles distant was particularly enjoyable and a welcome relief from the eternal parading of the "spit". Many enjoy dabbling in the numerous rock pools collecting limpids and dulse. We had a unique marine diet this evening comprising three courses. A broil made of chopped seal and penguin livers, fried in seal blubber; vegetables, dulse boiled to

a thick jelly and boiled limpids. Clark terminates his week as cook. Bakewell taking office. A large Weddell cow comes ashore and is captured. She contained a well advanced foetus. Beautiful moonlight night with flood tides.

8-15-16

The limpids we had for last night's meal were so generally approved of that numerous enthusiastic epicures sallied forth on a limpid collecting excursion, at low tide this after-noon. We found large numbers of the shell fish in the rockpools, but it was cold work baring the arms to the shoulder and picking the limpids from the ice cold water. About 8 to 900 were collected and we had a delicious change in diet. An oyster supper. Dulse is also finding much favour and when boiled to a jelly and sweetened makes an excellent arrowroot substitute. It is a pleasant change pottering about amongst the rock pools, which were covered by icefoot during the winter, and now are transported into life with sprouting seaweed, small fish and animalculae with the advent of approaching summer. About 30 Gentoos are ashore and all enjoy watching their quaint actions.

8-16-16

Temp. plus 27.

The temperature but 5 degrees below the mean daily average for the past week lent a decidedly palpable keenness to the day. Macklin and self went for a mornings stroll along the snow dumps fringing the foreshores of East Bay. We were able to walk about 1 1/2 miles from the camp, till stopped by a sheer rock face, that towered some 900 feet above us. The scenery is beyond my powers of description. The cliffs rise

almost vertical from the sea for 4 to 500 feet, and then by steep terraces to over 1000 culminating in a magnificent peak over 3000 feet high. A fine view was had of the interior ice cap of the island, which tumbled down the sea like a frozen waterfall, near the base of this peak. The coast here is absolutely inaccessible and abounds with hanging glaciers. Spent afternoon collecting limpids and dulse but it was painfully cold work. For tea we had penguin steak, dulse boiled to a jelly for vegetable and a hors d'oeuvre of boiled limpids. Drink of nut food milk boiled in water. Hussey entertains us on his banjo during the evening. Impossible to write coherently on account of the haranguing going on, about radio activity, between James and Lees. Pack observed on horizon.

8-17-16

Temperature falls to 12.5. The ice has put in a reappearance light brash in the bay, and heavier extending along the whole visible horizon. With a light easterly wind, the temperature fell to 12.5 which would indicate a vast field of pack in that direction. At low tide the beach was obscured by stranded brash and the rocks up to high tide mark are covered by a thick pellicle of ice. Breakfast: sledging ration. Lunch: Dulse boiled to a jelly and sweetened also seal liver. Tea: owing to all having big appetites 3 penguin legs, drink weak sledging rations.

8-18-16

Temp. 31.5.

Strong E.N.E. wind during the night with heavy snow fall. From Lookout Bluff no water is visible, the pack appearing as dense as we have ever seen it. Practically no swell motion

penetrates. Ice blink girdles the horizon, though with the present existing rise in temperature it would seem the field cannot be of great extent. During the low tide James and I had a pleasant stroll along the beach of West Bay.

8-19-16

Temp. plus 32.

Wind from N.E. with driving snow during the night and morning. The extremely heavy precipitation of snow has formed deep dumps in the lees, and added nearly a foot to the surface depth of the spit. This renders walking extremely difficult owing to the soft nature; our only bit of comfortable walking being a strip of gravel on West Bay fore-shores, 20 yards long. The pack is unchanged being composed of old floe and closely packed; no water is visible from the Bluff and the outlook over the sea, veiled with fog is both bleak and depressing, owing to the prevailing low tides the foreshores are littered with stranded floes. Considerable activity is taking place in the glaciers. Interesting discussion with James radio activity.

8-20-16

Temp. noon, plus 32. 2 p.m., plus 35.5.

To-day sees the last of the nut food rations. We are all filled with regrets for not only were these rations our exclusive luxury, but the days in which they were distributed, Wednesdays and Sundays, 1 ration per man, were Gala days; for then we also had the dried milk in which they were packed, made into an evening drink. The looking forward to "nut food days" split up the week's meals, which can only be

substituted by seal or penguins. We still have sufficient biscuits however, to last at the issue of 1 per man on Mondays, Tuesdays, Fridays and Saturdays for the midday meal till 15th September, and sledging rations on Thursday mornings till the same time. And thankful we must be however, that we have experienced neither scarcity of meat nor blubber and everyone has been able to have his fill of this excellent food with which nature provides us. All are becoming anxious for the safety of the Caird, as allowing a fair margin of time for contingencies, the Aurora should have made her appearance by now. The weather is wretched. A stagnant calm of air and ocean alike, the latter obscured by heavy pack and a dense wet mist hangs like a pall over land and sea. The silence is extremely oppressive and we long to hear the beat of the sea on the shores which now are covered by a diverse assemblage of stranded floes. There is nought to do but stay in one's sleeping bag or else wander in the soft snow and become thoroughly wet.

8-21-16

Temp. 31.5.

6 p.m. Heavy snow fall continued throughout the night and most of the day. For the past 24 hours 15 inches have fallen making over two feet since the 18th. The sound of the surf could be faintly heard, breaking on the pack margin during the morning and by this evening a heavy swell is grinding up the floes, open water being visible but a couple of miles off. N.W. breeze. Discussion with Wild re the despatch of a party to

Deception Harbour in the event of the Aurora not putting in an appearance. Read King Henry V.

8-22-16

Temp. 31.

Slight improvement in weather having had cessation in snowfall. Walking our only recreation is irksome, as the spit is simply deluged in soft snows. Heavy swell running in from N.E. which has ground up the pack into small brash. Nothing doing.

8-23-16

Temp. plus 28 1/2.

Nut food day has been and gone. The meal was substituted with boiled seal ribs. The best I can say is, they were something to eat. N. to N.E. wind continues and the shores are still pack-bound, though a periodic swell occasionally rolls in. Water pools are to be observed reflected in the sky. Considerable anxiety is being felt for the Caird.

8-24-16

Temp. plus 28.

Beautiful sunshiny day, sunrise at 7 a.m. Sun altitude at noon 17, 37'. High sea running all day. The ocean appearing as a vast field of heaving brash. During the afternoon seated in the warm sunshine, we were spectators of the impressive power of the ocean on the pack ice. Immediately below us the sea is torn by shoals and reefs on which the heavy swell pounded the already demolished floes to fragments. These whirled up

in the fury of the surf, were transformed into a jostling grinding mass the initial stages of that brashy sludge, which is at present obscuring the surface of the sea. Two days ago the same heaving brash was a passive expanse of large floes. This brash under the influence of a relatively warm sea undergoes a speedy dissolution. Wave action forms the salient destructive agency in the disintegration of the South Polar pack, and maintains the cycle of nature's equilibrium, by returning these vast fields of pack ice to its prime element practically independent of solar radiation. Seven paddies which had been uncovered from the meat heap were subjected to card cutting for proprietorship. Six were thus disposed of, James and self drawing a tie for the seventh. Phenomenal cutting ensued during which we each had six turns, the numbers coinciding, I won the paddy by the 13th cut! Six Gentoos secured. The paddies were highly gamy being nearly 3 months old.

8-25-16

Temp. plus 31.

Variable airs from E. to N.W. yesterday's high sea has subsided with the result that the pack has again drifted in. I have much cause to be regretful in my selection of bunk space alongside the bogie, which being genially warm during the winter, well nigh roasts me now, especially as the more fierce burning blubber has taken the place of penguin skins.

Weeks menu henceforth:

Insert chart

Should penguin or seals be plentiful, the lunch meal is subject to variation, by substituting penguin or seal liver. Occasionally dulse is boiled to a jelly and served as a vegetable, or when tides and calms - which are rare indeed - are favourable, limpids are collected and eaten as a luxury. It will be observed that our diet is almost exclusively meat and blubber; the amount of farinaceous and carbohydrate ration being so small as to be practically negligible. Although we have been living on this immutable meat food for six months, it has not grown so irksome as one might imagine, and we are always ready for penguin or seal steaks fried in blubber or a ragout of chopped seal meat, liver and heart cooked by simmering for three hours. All enjoy the fullness of stomach and health and are increasing their weight, which attests to the excellence of seals and penguins flesh. Apart from the antiscorbutic properties when fresh, the meat improves by keeping and we find after a couple of months "hanging" in these temperatures it becomes pleasantly gamy.

8-26-16

Temp. 35.

Variable winds from E. S.W. with heavy thaw and rain. During the afternoon Marston, James and self amused ourselves modelling an Aunt Sally and a young girl, from snow which was of right consistency. Open water is observable about 1 1/2 mile distant - with a heavy swell setting in from N.E. Thursdays and Saturdays are gala days, on Thursday morning we have a sledging ration, and Saturdays is pudding day, a mixture of biscuit, powdered, to which is added six rations and a cup of sugar. These ingredients are well boiled, woe betide

the cook who burns them, and eaten very slowly to derive the maximum pleasure therefrom.

8-27-16

Temp. plus 31.

During the morning the old galley was cleared of snow and after renovating the old bogie it was installed. This will allow the weekly cook to enjoy the outside air as the lunch meal will be cooked there, weather favourable. Greenstreet cooked the vertebra of a seal by boiling in a solution of 1 part sea water to three fresh. A large piece of blubber was added to and boiled with the meat. The experiment was greatly appreciated, the meat being delicious, and exquisitely tender. Section of a seal's head that was also similarly treated, tasted like pig's cheek. The seal meat had improved in flavour by the maturing influence of two months hanging!

After lunch a W.S.W. wind sprang up with increasing force and much to our delight drove the ice out of the bay. As our meat (penguin) heap is becoming low, the open water will give us an opportunity of securing fresh supplies of penguin meat.

8-28-16

Temp. 32.2

Strong N.W. to W.S.W. wind all day, with occasional bursts of sun through the scudding cloud rifts. No ill effects were experienced from the salt water cooking yesterday, though each must have drunk full 1/3 of a pint. During the morning all were occupied shovelling away snow dumps which have collected around the hut, about 6 feet high. Greenstreet's

weekly cooking session expires and How will carry on. 6 Gentoos added to the larder.

8-29-16

Temp. plus 32.5. 2:30 p.m., plus 35.

Moderate S.W. wind continues keeping the sky clear of clouds with brilliant sunshine. All continue the work of removing snow dumps. During afternoon collect limpids and dulse. Observe many young limpids and that the dulse had grown over an inch the past week. No penguins.

8-30-16

Day of Wonders

During morning collect limpids, along foreshores E. Bay and return to Hut at noon. Whilst the party were in at lunch, Marston and I were without shelling limpids, when I called Marston's attention to a curious piece of ice on the horizon which bore a striking resemblance to a ship. Whilst we were so engaged a ship rounded the Gnomon Island. We immediately called out Ship O' which was instantly followed by a general exodus of cheering - (semi-hysterical) of the inmates. The hoosh was left to burn and the meal forgotten. A beacon was kindled and attention attracted to which the vessel signalled response. She came within safe distance and lowered a boat. On coming along side we recognised the Boss and heartily thanked God for his safety. All gear was hurriedly rowed to the vessel in just under the hour (1 p.m. to 2 p.m.). (The Yelcho under command Captain Pardo.) We subsequently learned that this was the fourth attempt made to

effect our rescue. Had a musical evening and heard all the news of the war of the world etc. etc. on board.

8-31-16

Now that the initial excitement has subsided I append a more rational entry of the pre-ceding day. After the general exodus from the Hut, all gear which consisted of notes, photographic negatives and a few personal sundries, was carried to a suitable embarking rock, together with the invalid Blackborrow (who had been confined to the hut since its erection), by this time the boat was alongside manned by a Chilian crew with Sir E. in charge. Fortunately the sea was calm, and all the gear and personnel were transferred to the "Yelcho" without mishap and amidst salvos of cheering on either sides. I am not very susceptible to emotions, but this happy reunion with our comrades whom we had almost given up for lost, and our happy release, with these lonely peaks like mute sentinels witnessing our departure has left an indelible impression. Two boatloads sufficed to carry all our worldly belongings and ourselves on board. At 2 p.m. we were underway, with engines at full speed, racing for the open sea and freedom. Oh! the bliss of once more feeling the motion of the sea; the music of fresh though foreign voices and to sense at last that our anxieties and privations are ended and will soon be re-united with home and civilization. Yet as those noble peaks faded away in the mist, I could scarce repress feelings of sadness, to leave perhaps for ever the land that has rained on us its bounty and been our salvation. Our hut, a lone relic of our habitation will become a centre around which convoys of penguins will assemble to gaze with curiosity and deliberate its origin. Good old Elephant Isle. After taking a photograph, our first thoughts were to wash, this novel

sensation rejuvenated and gave us something of the appearance of our fellows. How joyfully our palate responded to these new flavours. Quite a change I assure you after living exclusively on seal or penguin for 5 months. And coffee! and wine! sure we did toast old Bacchus, the King, the Boss, the "Caird", the Chilian Government, Captain Pardo, the Chilian Navy, our deliverers, etc., etc. Then there were toasts to be returned, which toasting ceased on the expiry of the available vintage. The excitement of the night did not enable many to secure sleep. I lay on the floor wrapped in a blanket, meditating and thinking how ineffably more pleasing to be kept awake by the throb of the engines, that are hurrying us back to life, than lie like smouldering logs on Elephant Isle, hearking (sic) to the stertorous snores that ebbed away our existence. There was so much news to be told, of the wonderful adventures of the Boss and his companions on the Caird, of their crossing those blizzard swept ranges of South Georgia and how after three unsuccessful attempts and miraculous escapes to rescue us from the besetting ice, was rewarded by his fourth effort. Good old Boss! The war news and multitudinous magazines and cablegrams furnish us with a profusion of data that will acquaint us with all the worlds doings to which we have been strangers.

9-1-16

We have learned further details of the remarkable efforts and hairbreadth escapes of Sir E. and his party. We all admire and applaud his indefatigable pertinacity, determination and enduring hopes, and honor him accordingly. Three times he endeavoured to relieve us, each time compelled to retreat from an impenetrable ice barrier, undaunted, his fourth attempt has been successful and stands as one of the most

brilliant achievements in the annals of exploration. (1st Trip) After sixteen days of unspeakable privations in the "Caird", the Party reach the West coast of South Georgia. 800 miles of turbulent sub-antarctic ocean had been crossed in a small whale boat, but 23 feet long. The whole time shivering from cold and being soaked with water, they landed six emaciated individuals more dead than alive, just in the nick of time. Several days were spent recuperating in a small cave before crossing the incognita and....

9-2-16

Delightful sunshiny day, calm sea. Passed through Straits Lemaire last night with six knot current against us and choppy sea. Fine calm sea all day. Prepare cable, concise description life on Elephant Island. Enter "narrows" 10 p.m. and drop anchor Rio Jac Sea at 4 p.m. (6 miles from Punta Arenas.)

9-3-16

Beautiful sunrise, with fine mist effects over the hills and distant mts. surrounding Punta Arenas. Shortly after 7 a.m. Sir E. rowed ashore and telephoned our arrival on to Punta Arenas, so that the populace might roll up and greet us after church, we being due to arrive at 12 noon. The Yelcho was bedecked with flags, and we moved off from moorings in order to arrive punctually. From the Bay, Punta Arenas stretches along the undulating foreshores, backed by high hills with sprinkling of snow on their summits. At the Rio Sao end one observes the high aerial poles of the powerful wireless station, the shipping being anchored in the deeper waters at the opposite end of the town. It is a charming scene clad with foliage, which appeared extremely inviting to us, who have not

gazed on even a grass blade for two years. Many German merchantmen were layed up and painted neutral colours. On nearing the town we observed displayed everywhere the flag of welcome, the Chilian Ensign. On nearing the jetty we were deafened by the tooting of whistles and cheering motor craft, which was taken up by the vast gathering on the piers and waterfronts. All introduced to the Governor. On landing from the motor launch we were welcomed by an immense crowd frantically cheering and by the Naval Band. We march through the street in our filthy Elephant Island togs, followed by the band, through packed streets bedecked with flags. Never had I dreamt that such a warm reception could be given to utter strangers. It was palpable the greetings were not mere idle display, nor had that vast congregation assembled out of idle curiosity. Every where were manifestations and expressions of genuine sympathy nor was it confined to expressions, everyone was keen to assist and in numerous cases to have us as their guests. I shall ever remember this kindness and goodwill. Such a crowd has not yet been witnessed in Punta Arenas, 8000 to 9000 people must have gathered to welcome us. Immediately on taking up residence at the Royal Hotel, had a glorious scrub and bath, the first for ten months! Oh! the luxury of sensing cleanliness. Sir E. had arranged that a collection of apparel and underwear should be at our disposal, and attired in clean regalia it would be nigh impossible to recognise in us the unkempt, grimy, refugees from Elephant Island. Had stroll to the English Club, and accorded hearty welcome. If each man had been a brother, kindlier feeling or sentiments could not have been expressed. Extremely comfortable quarters at hotel. Orchestra at dinner in our honour. Party roll up at the British Club 9 p.m.

9-4-16

Our reception at the Club last night was magnificent. Over 150 members were present, and accorded us a warm enthusiastic welcome. Songs were sung, topical and recitations, speeches were made and responded to, clubmen danced with the expedition members and the halls resounded with continuous bursts of genuine British laughter, and expressions of fraternity. The Admiral of the Chilian Fleet made an excellent and pertinent speech to which Sir E. responded in well chosen words. When one is amongst those who have actually subscribed to equip the ship which made a determined attempt to rescue us, he is with the right sort of friends - those that arise to the occasion in times of need. During the day, Mr. Vega, the leading photographer of the town placed his fine dark rooms at my disposal and I spent most of the time in developing. All the plates which were exposed on the wreck nearly twelve months ago turned out excellently. The small Kodak film suffered through the protracted keeping, but will be printable. Mr. Dixon, Chief Engineer, Chilian Navy, is having constructed a developing machine in order that I might run through my film (Cine.) During the morning did some shopping. Delightful day.

9-5-16

To-day I heard of an amusing episode connected with our arrival at the hotel, in Elephant Island deshabelle. One of the maids, so overcome by our wild mein (and perhaps aroma) was scared away, and has not since returned. I wonder if she would be as deeply impressed if she now saw the transition that attire, soap, water, the scrubbing brush and the tonsorial artist has wrought in us. Some, even to me, are almost unrecognisable. All members except Wild, Clark, Rickinson

and self, are the guests of friends - we preferring the uncurbed freedom of Hotel life. We are the recipients of several minor yet gracious acts of hospitality, which are worthy of record. Two Chilian proletariat brought their guitars to the hotel, and serenaded us at dinner last night. La Paloma, La Boheme, Carmen, etc. they played with sympathy and accomplishment. The Chauffeurs who are now on strike have placed motor cars at our free disposal, exonerating us from the inconveniences of the strike, and announcing it as a small tribute towards our welcome by them. Surely such actions allows one to peer into the inner natures of the people, who so load us with kindness and hospitality.

The Governor held a reception yesterday afternoon, and boxes have been given us for the Theatre this evening; photographic work exonerates me from these manifold engagements. This latter has been phenomenally successful, considering the vicissitude through which it has passed and the fact that many of the films were exposed twelve months ago, and their guarantee as per label ended about that time.

Our hotel host has had special dishes prepared for Clark and I. Notably an exquisitely flavoured omelette stuffed with edible sea urchins, and some delicious savoury meat pies, called "Empanado". The custom of Chile as regards meals is viz. light breakfast, cup coffee - toast, 8 a.m. to 9:30 a.m.; a solid midday meal of five to six courses at noon; a substantial tea at 7:30 p.m. Puddings and pastry are rarely eaten, though I hold in high esteem the menu and Cuisine.

9-6-16

Spend the day between the hotel and Vega's dark room, developing Cinema film. The film exposed twelve months ago has lost nothing of its excellent quality. Developing apparatus was made by Mr. Dixon, Naval Engineer, gratuitously. A reception was given at the Club at 4 p.m. by the aforesaid gentleman, which all thoroughly enjoyed - my work precluded my attendance. Have caught slight cold. Clark and self, who were chums during the expedition, have made the acquaintance of numerous friends, bent on showing us round, and have placed their offices at our disposal. The British element here is very strong. The Club has a roll of over 200 members, and comprises most of the leading commercial folk and capitalists. They cling together with true British patriotism, and form a powerful assemblage.

In this distant, though important town, it is gratifying to note that most of the foodstuffs are British, generally Mortons. For the most part Chilian wines or beers are drunk, which have good body and matured flavour. There is an unrivalled port of special merit, which is comparable with the best French and Australian.

9-7-16

Most of the influential citizens of Punta Arenas will be suffering from the results of the magnificent welcome given us last night at the Magallanes Club. This affair was practically the official welcome by the Chilian nation. The banquetting (sic) hall was splendidly decorated with festoons of evergreens and blazed with electric light; no curb being laid on the expenditure to render the function a success. The banquet began at 8:30 p.m. and then through the long list of Chilian culinary triumphs, closed at 1:30 a.m. Over 150 sat down to this brilliant

assemblage, the wealth and culture of the nation, so that it is not surprising that a considerable time elapsed between courses. Suitable Wines, the finest of Chilian vintages, were attached to each course, and Champagne ran like water. I estimate that over 350 bottles of vintage were drained during the evening. The multitudinous dishes were given topical names, the orchestral music being similarly cartooned. Social positions are eliminated in this overwhelming wave of national hospitality, and I had the unique experience of observing a greaser, (one of the Expedition Engineers) drinking champagne familiarly with millionaires, and puffing luxuriously the best of cigars, with the complacency of a magnate. Then there were a few others, the guests of the wealthy, flashing diamond pins, and wearing fur lined overcoats. What a change from filthy, blubber reeking garb, and how amusing to observe the "inflation" and growth of head. The President of the Club made a touching speech in Spanish (I imagine it must have been, from the vehement applause). Sir Ernest responding in English. Enthusiasm was unbounded when Admiral Lopez read a decree from the President, promoting Captain Pardo of the Yelcho, to the rank of 1st Lieutenant. This admirable gentleman is well worthy of the distinction, and merits all praise for his brilliant achievement. Numerous toasts were drunk and responded to enthusiastically. The National Anthem and the Anthem of Chile were greeted with ringing cheers, which left no doubt as to the sympathies of the nation in respect to Britain. The magnificence of the welcome, apart from ourselves, must play favourably in the minds of all Britishers, and intimates the feeling of friendship existing with the Empire. Punta Arenas is a town of expensive living, dominating in wealth, and where Champagne is drunk like soda-water, and cash is but the fuel of enjoyment. Continue

developing Cinema films which has been successful beyond anticipation. Sir E. transmits a 1,500 word telegram to London, description of life on Elephant Island.

9-8-16

The reception at the Magallanes Club surpassed the magnificent occasions accorded us elsewhere, as regards prolongation, and the amount of champagne and wine drunk. The Club doors were locked after 1 a.m. and no one allowed egress till 8 a.m. Clark and our esteemed friend Monsieur Foulon escaped this ordeal of Chilian hospitality - under pretext, and with the assurance of return (which did not come off). All the Champagne was exhausted at 8 a.m. which accounts for the termination of this riotous orgie. Twelve cases of Champagne, equal to 144 bottles were drunk, and twenty-four cases of selected wines, (288 bottles) making an aggregate of 432 bottles. Champagne Mumm costs here 1,3,4 (pounds) per bottle. The wine bill thus amounted to over 250 (pounds)! During the feast, if one happens to lift his eyes from his plate he was bound to catch the eyes of another, then up would go glass and with the expression of "Salud" (health) greetings would be drunk. The gracious manner and culture of the aristocracy is especially pleasing, and the greeting which a host gives to his guest, is to intimate that everything is at the guest's disposal and while he is with the host, the latter's effects are to be used as if they were the property of the guest. During the afternoon I went with Messr. Foulon and his wool buyer to the "barraca"? (show) and examined the samples of wool, and inspected the well appointed premises. I was pleased to notice the installation of a small wool press, manufactured by Pitchie Bros. of Auburn, N.S.W.

The splendid studio and dark room of Senor Vega, have been placed at my disposal unreservedly, and I have made the utmost use of them. The fine shop contains the latest in photographic equipment, and the assortment of delicate mountings, albums, plates, papers, and sundries, exceeds those purchasable in Sydney. This is surprising when one considers that Punta Arenas is about six days steam from Buenos Ayres, and with the exception of the convict settlement of Ushuaia, is the most southerly town in the world. Entertainments continue to be given, afternoon levees and "midnight" receptions, which I skillfully yet determinedly evade. One grows heartily sick of this prolonged revellery (sic), and had it not been for my photographic work, I should have immediately made my exit to the Camp - (country) to study country life and sheep farming methods. I met Wild to-day wearing a fur overcoat worth over 200 guineas. I suppose the owner considers its value increased by being worn by this distinguished explorer.

9-9-16

Devote the morning to the making of a number of lantern slides for Wild. During the afternoon I had a delightful motor run twenty miles out with Messrs. Foulon and Quondan. Very little attention appears to be paid the roads outside of Punta Arenas, which are in despicable conditions. This is regrettable not only from the transit point of view, but for motors, which would afford the inhabitants of this isolated town a means of spending much time pleasantly in touring. The ways are impassable. We passed by the racecourse, now being decorated for a picnic reception to-morrow, and by the great wireless station, which ranks as one of the most powerful in existence. There are many exquisite glimpses a little beyond

here, as the road meanders close to a narrow shingly beach and rises and falls with the undulations of the lands. We passed through a belt of sparse forest, the trees, a species of -----, being covered by a curious beardlike lichen and a mistletoe pended in considerable bright yellow tufts from the branches. We returned to Messrs. Qandon's comfortable home where we partook of afternoon tea with his charming wife and which enabled me to take a fleeting glimpse of domestic life. Messrs. Foulon and Qandon are two Belgian woolbuyers, representing a wealthy Belgian firm, whom I have had the good fortune to make acquaintance with. The members were given extra receptions during the afternoon and evening, which I evaded through having a cold.

9-10-16

The Acturiano arrived from Buenos Ayres and Sir E. and self went on board early. We brought off a new cinema apparatus, that had been ordered from Buenos Ayres. The afternoon witnessed an unique event. A picnic given in our favour at the race course. Sports were indulged in and we had the privilege of being spectators to the roasting of 150 sheep, by the native method employed in the country. The carcasses are dressed, stretched on stakes, and arranged around a log fire, where the cooking is effected by radiation. The function was an immense success. During the evening, Wild gave a lecture in aid of the hospital, which was well attended. Mrs. and Miss Bell dined with Mr. Foulon and self after which we spent the evening at their home. All are suffering from effects of change in climate. This cold manifests itself in loss of voice with an accompanying hacking cough. Met a Mr. Hannan from the Glebe - there are many Australians connected with sheep farming out here.

9-11-16

Entertainments continue, which I dodge. Purchased a new Camera from Senor Vega and arrange for a voyage to Quartermasts Island to-morrow to cinema Penguins and Cormorants. Developing and printing. Have tea with Mr. Kwandin.

9-12-16

Up at 6 a.m. and to the pier to embark for Quartermast Island. Owing to the severe wind blowing, the skipper did not put in an appearance till 9:30 a.m. when we had returned to the hotel, so cancelled the trip. In afternoon went to the Electric light station, which I was pleased to find of the most modern type and in a flourishing state - paying an annual dividend of 12%. The plant is steam driven. A large Diesel Engine installed met with mishap recently by one of the cylinders being blown to fragments. Later Clark and I went to the Wireless Station. This prodigious installation ranks as one of the worlds largest. It is equipped with the most modern instruments and has a large range over the Andes and to the north of over 900 miles. The vast Aerial is supported by six tall columns each 250 feet high - its capacity is 50 amps. In the evening spent a most pleasant time at Mrs. Hannam's (who is a native of Broadway, Glebe) with music, and entertained by her two charming daughters. Hussey with his banjo rendered many old familiars that recalled Elephant Island. Suffering from severe cold.

9-13-16

Suffering effects of cold with wretched cough, remain indoors and dose up with tabloids. During afternoon have visit from the Padre of Ushuaia and the Miss Hannams.

9-14-16

Have a fine run to one of the adjacent farms on Myer Brown's car with Gibbon and Clark. Afternoon pleasantly spent shooting duck. Rivers comes to dinner and we discuss Australia, and discover we have numerous mutual acquaintances. The time for departure is fixed at 4 p.m. tomorrow.

9-15-16

Left Punta Arenas 5:15 p.m. and had a great send off. All the steam boats maintained a raucous salute with their whistles till the "waving" crowd of friends which thronged the pier became absorbed in the blurry landscapes. Punta Arenas has treated us with the most profound kindness, and though the greeting crowds may be larger in the more populated cities, it can never be more sincere or hearty. The calm evening was disturbed by high winds just before midnight, and increased to a howling gale, with thick rain squalls and mists. With the heavy load of coal aboard her, our decks were awash and it was decided to anchor in a sheltered harbour and await more favourable weather conditions.

9-16-16

The Yelcho has been making bad weather diving her bows beneath the rollers sweeping down the straits. Scenery obscured by heavy rain. 2 p.m. anchor dropped in charming little harbour abounding with coves and sheltered nooks. Numerous large waterfalls plunge in cataracts down the steep mountain sides which are covered with a tangle of trees and rich foliage. The view from our anchorage with the high snow capped peaks encircling us excels anything we have yet seen. During the afternoon a boat party rowed ashore for a

promenade. They reported the undergrowth to be a species of holly which is just coming into berry. Underfoot one walks on a carpet of moss and maiden hair fern and coarse tussock grass. It seems hardly possible that the verdure could be so luxuriant, considering that the land is drenched by rain about 365 days out of the year, and the sun scarcely ever shines.

9-17-16

Anchor winched up at 6 a.m. Decided improvements in weather; occasional bursts of sunshine through snow squalls. The scenery is somewhat monotonous but pretty. The channels vary in width from 4 - 5 miles down to 1/2 a mile and are girt by snow-powdered ridges rising to about 200 - 300 feet. The foreshores and lower slopes of the mountains are densely covered with stunted trees decaying stumps, mosses and lichens. Drop anchor at 6 p.m. in sheltered nook, as owing to shoals and narrows the straits are rendered unnavigable after dark. The forehold has been converted into living quarters, and is both cold and damp, so that I prefer the coal dust of the engine room with its warm steaming vapours, and thither I carry my mattress at night and repose on the "fidley" being called in the morning by the starting of the engines.

9-18-16

Anchor raised 6 a.m. Straits maintain their reputation for atrocious weather. Raining in torrents, with heavy winds - not ceasing for a moment throughout the day. Scenery would be charming if it could be observed more clearly, being hidden by fog and squalls. Just before lunch, owing to the obscuring of the guiding landscape, we managed to run a bit too close to one side of the channel, and struck with much force on an unchartered rock. The vessel rose about two feet, and glided

or rather scraped across the submerged reef. A hurried examination was made, and our apprehensive imaginations of torn plates and taking to the boats, was allayed by the welcome news that the "Yelcho" was making no water. I would far rather be stranded on Elephant Island than among this maze of islets and channels. The latter are practically submerged by the deluging rains and afford absolutely no shelter. The weather continuing so thick as to menace navigation, anchor was dropped in a calm and mountain-locked harbour at 3 p.m. During the afternoon a canoe load of Indians came aboard. Never have I seen such destitution and such forlorn creatures. The family, (for I took them to be such) were in a filthy condition. Their clothes, the few offcasts of civilization were saturated with rain, and the poor devils were shivering with cold. We gave them a collection of miscellaneous old clothes, and some food, which appeared to please them immensely. I candidly believe we were far better off at Elephant Island, than these poor human outcasts. A large tramp, the "Sacramento" making for Punta Arenas anchored close to us during the evening.

9-19-16

Up anchor at daybreak, and away. Continuous deluging rains all day. The channels are too wide to render the scenery imposing. Spend day letter writing and discussing future events. Drop anchor at 5 p.m. An exquisite little harbour - Sandy Cove. A number of the party rowed ashore and collected specimens, but it was much too wet to be pleasant. The sheltered waters are encircled by high snow capped mountains thickly clad to the snow line with luxuriant foliage and conifers. Everything is beautifully green.

9-20-16

Slight improvement in weather. Pass through "Chasm Narrows" and "English Narrows". These two passes excel in grandeur any we have yet passed through. Chasm Pass with its narrow waterway from which rise precipitous peaks hung with dense foliage, and studded with tiny wooded islets is especially beautiful. Towering above all, in the background, rise a shapely army of vast peaks capped with snow. Innumerable cascades tumble from the mountain crests and awaken the quiet with their gushing torrents. At 7:30 p.m. we left the Channels and entered the Gulf of Penas.

9-21-16

The Gulf of Penas - (Penance) - is reputed for its bad weather and it made no exception of dolling us a sample. The sea increased, and the Yelcho tossed about in fine style. Diving her forecastle under the heavy seas and with decks awash, she behaved like a porpoise. At 4 p.m. it was decided to run into Refuge Bay for shelter. Passing through a narrow rock girt channel, we entered a wonderful little cove, walled in by mountain peaks, densely clad with an exuberance of trees and vegetation. This tiny cove is just large enough for the "Yelcho" to swing at her anchor. It is a heavenly spot, and a welcome relief after the storm tossing of the Gulf of Penas.

9-22-16

An early departure from our sheltering harbour brought us by 7 a.m. into the tossing of the open ocean again. Only seven miles, however had to be crossed, and we entered another stretch of wonderful waterways - The Darwin Channels. The scenery remains unchanged, but the channels are much wider. There is a pleasant rise in temperature, as we steam north. It

is intended to steam throughout the night, rather intricate navigation amidst this maze of unlit channels, reefs and islets. Heavy rain continues.

9-23-16

I venture a few remarks on the "Yelcho". The "Yelcho" under Captain Pardo, effected our relief from Elephant Island on 30th August, through the instrumentality of the Chilian Government to which she belongs. The "Yelcho" was originally a British tug; has seen some twelve years of active service, and I must say, she looks it. The Chilians are not a maritime nation, and the "Yelcho" is a corroborative testimony. Her length is about 20 feet less than our Manly Bay ferry craft, with corresponding shortage of beam. She is a veritable porpoise in rough weather, diving under, and making bad weather of the smallest seas, which rake her decks, and give one the impression that she was intended as a water tender. In rough weather, anchors, chains, deck cargo, etc., maintain an eternal clanking and bumping, which is only exceeded by the thumping of the seas on the vessel's bilges, as she dives her lifted bows into the trough of the oncoming seas. One feels apprehensive of their safety, when they are able to pull large rust flakes off the vessel's plates, and especially when they are wise to the fact that the ship's bottom has suffered through scratching the rocks on the 18th. The "Yelcho" like all other craft is fitted with pumps. She is unique in this respect however, her pumps don't work! Crazy old craft! The aspect of her rigging reminds one of a Christmas tree. Ropes ends and stranded cables dangle from aloft, and in fact everywhere in a most unsailor-like fashion. "Yelcho", you are not given the attention you deserve, anything will rot and decay, if not attended to, and I am certain your hull has never shone

proudly with paint since you left the hands of your makers. Her Officers, contrary to what might be expected of such laxity, do not share the same forlorn appearance as the "Yelcho". Captain Pardo and his mate, Aguerrie, are two of the coolest individuals I have as yet encountered, and think no more of gliding full speed over shallow reefs or driving their crazy craft through angry and unknown waters, than the average ferry skipper does of guiding his boat on the circumscribed routes of peaceful harbours.

The grub on board the "Yelcho" is Chilian - typically Chilian! About six courses each meal. However the cook manages to produce such a multitude of dishes from his tiny galley is beyond comprehension. Yesterday I solved the secret. A number of various ingredients are boiled in separate saucepans and compounded according to the cook's whim for each course. A wonderful dish was made by pouring the grease off the boiling mutton into cups, and breaking an egg into each. Mashed up potatoes with finely cut up meat and boiled beans, all mixed together constitutes another course, and the same cut up meat and mashed potatoes, minus the beans but with a handful of raisins added forms another. Hence a dozen courses can be produced by varying proportions and ----- the changes of half a dozen saucepan ingredients. This scheme is the ideal of domestic economy - nothing is wasted! Puddings are rarely, if ever, eaten. Improved weather and channels much wider and general aspect of country less mountainous. We passed numerous farms, and small settlements that reminded me much of my native country. The soil is very fertile and vegetables are raised in profusion; also poultry farming is indulged in extensively. Eggs here realize 1/2d to 3/4d each, as against

their selling price in Punta Arenas of 2d to 2 1/2d each. At 4 p.m. we anchored off the town of Ancud, the capital of the island of Chilloay, (pron. Chiloe).

Several of our party went ashore to rubberneck, i.e. to view the town. Ancud is pictorially situated on hilly ground, surrounded by green hills, now brilliant with Gorse, and broom blossoms. From the sea, the town appears uninviting, but one's opinion changes on closer inspection. The most striking edifice which dominates the town is the R.C. Cathedral, a pretentious construction that might well grace more populous surroundings. Many, or most of the buildings are of wooden construction, the streets clean, and splendidly kept, and the atmosphere of the town indicates prosperity. On landing at the Pier, James and self made the acquaintance of a Mr. Gilchrist (an Englishman) who showed us around and with whom we dined - usual 5 to 6 courses. The balance of the party went to the Casino, unknown to us, where we duly arrived also. A banquet had been prepared by the Commandants and Military Officers of Ancud, and James and self were forced to indulge again in a second huge meal. Great enthusiasm was displayed at the meal, wine and champagne was more copious than water, so that the banquet was one eternal exchange of greeting and Saluings. I think Sir E. and Pardo should receive a percentage of profits from the winegrowers, as the number of bottles that have been drained to toast - Vive la Shackleton, and Vive la Pardo, is appalling. We practically were the means of exhausting the vaults of Punta Arenas and Ancud must have suffered. In "Saluing" you must control, or force your physiognomy to wear an absolutely agreeable and complacent expression, and greet your friend with a merry glad eye, then with a deft and graceful turn of the

wrist you raise the sparkling vintage as graciously as possible utter in your most mellifluous voice, "Salu", at the same time draining the glass. You must then curb your expression - don't look awry (even if you hate wine like myself) but appear as happy as if you really were so. The regimental band serenaded us at dinner, and as we had to depart rather hurriedly for the "Yelcho" followed us down to the wharf. Here, whilst waiting for a boat to put off, the scene was riotously merry. The Chilian Nation Anthem was sung, and the national dance was indulged in by Officers hugging us and whirling us around, and by the assemblage that had gathered to look on. The wharf was slippery with the drizzling rain that was falling, and slips were numerous. The Boss and the Austere Commandants - quakered together to the immense delight and approbation of clapping hands and hoarse cheering throats. The Boss excelled - that is as regards ballet kicking and handkerchief fluttering. He and Pardo were whisked up by the crowd and carried shoulder high up and down the pier to cheers and musical accompaniments. Then came the time to depart - very touching - each embraced the other (I am not accustomed to this method of farewell except with Senoritas) with an effeminate cuddle - by the way, the Commandante made an excellent buffer with his corpulent waistcoat, and so I hugged him out of devilment, that he squeaked quite like a lady should do. We embarked on our skiff with cheers ringing from the wharf and the heavens weeping from above. We shall never forget Ancud. The "Yelcho" upped anchor and with the agility of a porpoise began her caperings once more in the rolling swell of the old Pacific. Our next port of call will be Coronel where we take on coal.

9-24-16

With equable weather, the "Yelcho" has been making her 10 knots per hour. We all take turns steering. Sea calm and following, causing the "Yelcho" to glide along with a pleasant, easy undulating motion. We anticipate arriving Coronel tomorrow at 10 a.m.

9-25-16

10 a. m. Arrived Coronel to take on coal. As customary a multitude of small craft came off, whistles shrieked, and the usual handshaking greetings exchanged. Coronel is a coaling port. Many of the mines are apparently marked out, as the buildings and surroundings are in a state of ruin. The Merchantmen anchor in the somewhat exposed harbour, tendering being effected between the numerous piers and ships by barges. As it is advantageous that I should be in Valparaiso as soon as possible, Sir E. arranged through the medium of the Consul (Cooper) that I should travel by express thereto. The remainder of the party are being entertained at Conception, - a large town of some 70,000 and an hour's train from Coronel. Unfortunately my speedy departure precluded an investigation of this beautiful town. Conception is built with a frontage to the Bio Bio River, a stream about 2 feet deep and 2 miles wide. My fleeting observations gave me a favourable impression - excellent roadways, buildings, Poplar Avenues, backed by rolling green hills, squared out with cultivation or clotted densely with shrubs. The immediate country transcends with glimpses of verdant hills crossed by occasional poplar groves.

9-26 & 27-16

Arrived in Valparaiso. Met by McLean, Consul General for England, Morrison and Kenrick. Put in hand lantern slides - 60

having to be made for the lecture at Santiago on Thursday evening. Discovered that Kenrick is a native of Waratah, N.S.W. and head of the firm, Kenrick and Co. - the coal magnate of this city. There is a kindred spirit existing between fellow countrymen, more poignant than freemasonry itself - that patriotic love of our land and that great fraternity that mates each citizen, irrespective of class or creed, a brother. To meet an Australian in any corner of the Globe, is to meet one of our great family that embraces every "man jack" of the Commonwealth. So by the guidance of Messrs. Kenrick, Morrison and McLean, I found the embarrassment of being a foreigner in a foreign land removed. Morrison, an awfully dear and fine fellow is my host, and every kindness that father or mother could bestow on a son has been lavished on me at his magnificent home. Good friend Morrison, may time but weave closer our friendship. The "Yelcho" arrived punctual on time, 10:30 a.m. (27th) and I went out on Kenrick's launch "The Wallaroo" to meet her. We went alongside the "Pratt" the Admiral's Flagship from where I took Cinema. Admiral Gomez is a fine fellow, a regular Britisher, though Chilian. Great enthusiasm was displayed as the "Yelcho" steamed up between the Warships, followed by myriads of launches, skiffs and every description of contrivance that would float. Sirens deafened us, and massed band serenaded the scene; the heartiest welcome that Britishers could have deluged on them. Around the landing stage, a vast throng collected of perhaps 15 - 20,000 persons. Windows were alive with waving handkerchiefs and every salient outlook was obscured by a dense assemblage. The welcome was such that made every Englishman feel there was no doubt as to the deep set sentiments of this Chilian nation. After a formal greeting at the -----, the party had a pleasantly quiet luncheon at

the English Club. Late in the afternoon I went to Mr. Kenrick's palace, surrounded by beautiful grounds, and had a pleasant half hour chat with Mrs. Kenrick - a native of Armidale, N.S.W. and her two charming daughters. The party, except myself, repaired to Santiago by the night train.

9-28-16

Arrived Santiago, but had so much to attend to, precluding my seeing around. Met Messrs. Johnstone and Jones, who are the principals directing entertaining etc. Lecture at 6 p.m. great success. The huge theatre being filled. Santiago magnificent city of some 500,000. It is the concentration of the wealth of Chili, and many splendid buildings. Our visit is doing much towards assisting the British community in Chili. The German section maintains a frigid silence, and from confidential sources is furious.

9-29-16

Up at 6 a.m. and by rail return to Valparaiso, 125 miles. Sir E. gives lecture in the theatre at evening which was attended by overflowing house - great numbers being refused admission. Am staying with Mr. J. J. Morrison, who is both father and mother to me. Morrison is the kindest and most considerate host I have ever met. His magnificent home has been placed at our disposal entirely, and it would be impossible to be the recipient of more deep and sympathetic hospitality. Met many distinguished citizens during the day. Charmed with Valparaiso.

9-30-16

Lunched at Venia del Mar - toasts the Chilian Navy. Brilliant assemblage, Admiralty, distinguished personnel and their wives, etc. Dine at evening with our very esteemed and charming

host, Mr. Morrison, and his guests, Mr. and Mrs. Lyon. The party left for Santiago at 12 midnight, minus Clark and myself. They are to dine with the President to-morrow, and will visit the races to be held there in their honour.

10-1-16

Owing to our kind host having to go into hospital to-morrow, we have accepted Mr. Kenrick's invitation to spend till Monday evening at his home. During afternoon Motor over the hills to a large ranch in which our friend is interested. I was astonished to observe large plantations of Eucalyptus Globulus on the Estate. Mr. K. informs me that over 35,000 new trees are planted out each year. There are over 800,000 on the Estate.

Cutting the trees for firewood, each would realise 5/- to 7/6 each. The seed is imported from Australia. Mr. Kenrick's home is a palace surrounded by a botanical garden built on a lofty hill 4 to 5 miles from town, one has transcending glimpses of rolling hills away to the distant sea. The Kenricks are enthusiastic Australians, and so cultivate many of our native trees. The grounds are magnificent and fall away in gentle terraces to the bottom of a secluded gully planted with wattle and gum trees.

10-2-16

The time has come when we must part from those who have been a fountain of kindness and whom we deeply esteem. Altogether our stay has been but a few days in Valparaiso. Clark and I have made numerous staunch friends. This is the more understandable (damn this train, it sways so that it is nigh impossible to write) for there are many Australians here, and between my fellow countrymen there exists a bond more

poignant than freemasonry itself. Many folks here I have met, with whom some curious coincidences exist. Kenrick was born near Waratah, N.S.W. and we have many mutual friends. Our chats of the homeland made me feel quite homesick. Whilst operating in the theatre projection box, a Mrs. O'Connor, (nee Clark) came in to greet me, and in her I recognised an old friend of Yachting picnics on Sydney Harbour! A still more extraordinary coincidence. I was introduced to a Mr. Hurley in the English Club, whom I learnt was from N.S.W. Inquired his town, which turned out to be Sydney, the Suburb, the Glebe, the street, St. John's Road! He is a nephew of the Nosworthy's, and resided but a few hundred yards from my home. A busy day we spent in packing and placing the important negatives and films on board the Orissa. We will join her in Monte Video about the 14th. We bid adieu to Valparaiso (and our friend Morrison in hospital) and join up with the rest of the Expedition at Los Andes. Pardo journeyed up with us in the train and was met with cries of Vive la Pardo, as we passed through the stations and pelted with flowers.

10-3-16

Stayed at Los Andes the night, and by special train across the Andes to Mendoza. The railroad is an astounding work of engineering skill, triumphing over a rugged wild and apparently impassable nature. The pass over the mountains is over 11,000 feet, and passes across precipitous mountain faces, o'erhung by vast rock masses that appear to scowl at those two narrow silver ribbons, which have conquered the Andes and link together the two nations, Chili and the Argentine. Frequently the track is swept away or buried by rock and snow avalanches, which are precipitated from the crests of the

peaks, which tower in terrible magnificence to over 15,000 feet. The long stretches of rock, the steep grades frequently 8%, and the high price of fuel, at present make the running of the line a loss. From a scenic point of view, there can be little in the world to excel the wild grandeur of this railroad. I was in a particularly fortunate position for the taking of photographs - the train being stopped where ever required. Arrived at Mendoza (Argentina 6 p.m.) where there was a great crowd awaiting us, and all were whisked off to the English Club to meet the ladies. Little time being at disposal we were thoroughly banqueted in a restaurant car, adjacent to our train. The car was decorated with flowers and bunting, and the banquet excellent as well as the wine. Several excellent speeches were made. I made the acquaintance of a Mr. Stubbs, whose son I know very well also another from North Sydney. Left Mendoza 7:30 p.m. Mendoza is charmingly situated near the foot of the Andes, Argentine side, has a population of between 60 and 70,000 is the centre of the wine and fruit growing.

10-4-16

After good and much needed sleep awake to find bright sunshine flooding the landscape. The Pampa or vast plains of the Argentine. The country is duplicate of the plains of central Queensland, just as destitute of trees, perfectly flat, and as dry. Numerous demonstrations of welcome at the various stations we passed through. Arrived B.A. 7 p.m. where we were met by cheering concourse, and recognised many old friends of two years back. We put up at the luxurious Plaza Hotel, the Ritz of Buenos Ayres. During evening a welcome was given us, in the form of a fashionable society concert at the Prince George's Hall. As usual the house was packed. During the interval it

was arranged that those who so desired were enabled to shake hands with the boss. The result was that the poor fellow was compelled to shake hands with 700.

10-5-16

The Scientific societies of the Argentine gave us a welcome in the Prince George's Hall during the afternoon which was fully attended. As all the lectures were in Spanish, to us it was not so interesting had it been in English. Open film negotiations with Lightner and Lecon.

10-6-16

Nothing doing, but met Captain Harrison, an old friend with whom Sir E. travelled from England at the beginning of the Expedition, to cinema.

10-7-16

Engaged on Sir E.'s affairs so have no time to look around yet. Cabled Perris re securing sanction to appoint agents for South America. Go out with Harrison and purchase suit which I wanted in a hurry. Write letters. All party except Wild and self transferred to the Phoenix Hotel - less pretentious and more reasonable "digs". This Hotel "The Plaza" is THE Hotel of Buenos Ayres. A place of luxury and where those who have more money than they can comfortably do with are relieved of same. It costs here between 10 and 14 pounds per week! A meal of no pretensions costs 10/-.

10-8-16

Sir Ernest left 8:30 for Valparaiso. The starting of his long journey for the relief of the marooned party at the Ross Sea Base. From Valparaiso he will proceed by steamer to Colon,

thence by rail to San Francisco, and by the "Ventura" to Sydney. He should arrive there by 25th November. With him is Worsley who will navigate the "Aurora". I am keen to hear of the involved result of this trip as the Commonwealth Government have already appointed Captain Davis to command the relief Expedition. Spend lovely day in hotel. During afternoon have interview with Lyall of the "Herald" who is writing up the film.

10-9-16

Morning despatch cables to Perris and Krenttschist. Dine at the Menindez house with the family. Menindez in Chili is called the King of Patagonia, they are among the wealthiest folk in South America.) Afternoon tea at Harrods. This magnificent establishment is ever crowded with the elite. Gorgeously dressed. It is the centre of fashions, and one sees here the most beautiful of women and shopgirls. As for prices I should say they are just double those of London. The members of the Expedition leave for London to-morrow by the "Highland Laddie".

10-10-16

Went to station with Sir Reginald Tower to see the members of the Expedition off. Then to Sir R's office, (British Legation) to explain and exhibit album. Dine with Colonel Brainard and thence to United States Embassy with Col. B to do same. Colonel Brainard is a delightful personage and one of the survivors of the famous Greeley Expedition. Lightner visits me at hotel and we discuss film matters, dine together and introduced to numerous distinguishedists. Transmit Cable Perris and Shackleton.

10-11-16

Waste morning procuring passport. I comment very unfavourably on the lackadaisical and phlegmatic way in which business is transacted at the Consulate. Book passages via the Orissa, which sails on the 15th. Afternoon tea at Harrods with Lyall and Editor of the Buenos Ayres Herald. Harrods is the fashionable rendezvous of the town, and I cannot help saying that I have never beheld or do I expect to see such a uniformly charming assemblage of women and so richly attired. The traces of Spanish blood lends to the womenfolk that charming olive tinted complexion that one cannot help but admire. Physically their development and deportment is perfect, and I defy Paris to present such a uniformity of elegance in dress and fashion. To-morrow the President of the Argentine Republic rescinds his seat (expiration of 6 years term of office) to the new President, and there has been much visiting of gaudily tinselled representatives of the various South American republics. Each republic appears to be endeavouring to eclipse the other in the gait of dress and uniform, and from my quiet corner in the Plaza was nearly convulsed with merriment to observe the obsequious bows and greeting exchanged between these ostentatious figureheads, which would fly at each other's throats with little provocation. Little love or federation exists between the South American Republics. The Navies whilst being strongly pro British are balanced by a more or less pro German Armies - which is not to be wondered at, as these latter scum have been the modellers.

10-12-16

Dine with Buchanan at Plaza, and spend evening in interesting discussion of Scientific nature. Town illuminated during

evening and much turmoil owing to inauguration ceremonies new President.

10-13-16

Visited Sobral Geological Survey and found him to be an excellent fellow. Was surprised to find in his library Mawson's "Home of the Blizzard". This he kindly loaned me. Spent afternoon and evening perusing the books which recalled to me so poignantly old time that my luxurious surroundings dissolved once more into the roaring rushing land of the blizzard, and to the conviviality of the hut. I read Bages account of the Magnetic pole journey. All our old phrases, jokes and coined words faithfully retained and longed for those times again - Poor old Bob shot at Gallipoli, how my heart aches to think of it. Mawson's book is all that could be desired, and the illustrations have been done full duty to. The style is excellent and to me, that have digested most polar works, it stands unrivalled.

10-14-16

Greenstreet tells me that the sailors were treated with all consideration by Cooper. The 5 pounds advanced to each man by Sir E. for expenses toward gear was "blown in" and they then demanded Cooper to purchase and supply everything for them. Cooper has defrayed cost of living till present date. Greenstreet says they definitely refused to go on to the boats. Sobral of Geological Survey dined with me to-day, and I found him an excellent and interesting companion. We discussed at some length the Weddell sea and I was deeply interested in his accounts of the Nordenskjold Expedition. Left Buenos Ayres with some regret at 10 p.m. by the river steamer for Monte Video. Sobral Gavuzzi and Lyall came

down to bid me Bon Voyage. The first stage of the lengthy voyage to London.

10-15-16

Arrived in Monte Video, and having had a good night's sleep on board the comfortable river boat. After some delay we were transferred to the Orissa. Very few passengers travelling but the number was much augmented by a touring dramatic Coy, (French) for Rio Janeiro. The "Orissa" is unarmed - 23 years of age and very comfortable. Captain Oakley is the genial skipper. Left Monte Video at 2 p.m. Weather cold.

10-16-16

Delightful weather and perfectly calm. At table sit on the Captain's right hand opposite a much travelled and highly interesting spinster, Miss Hughes. Madame, (a french lady) very nervous and muchly afraid of submarines sits adjacent; whilst on my right are two Americans, Mr. & Mrs. Shuttock of New York. We are certainly never wanting in conversational topics and are a happy table therewithal. Chief topic U 53.

10-17 & 18-16

At sea. Play deck golf.

10-19-16

Arise early to examine scenery and to form an opinion over this much controverted subject - the relative charms and beauties of Rio v. Sydney. Coaling operations were immediately begun as soon as we were alongside by the primitive arrangement of small baskets. Many labourers and much noise. After breakfast, four other passengers and myself hired a motor car from 10 a.m. till 4 p.m. which we secured

after much bargaining for the small sum of 2 pounds. We motored along the superb Avenida Central - (the main thoroughfare) with its beautifully surfaced asphaltum, its fine buildings, and what impressed me greatly the highly ornate mosaic sidewalk. In these latter the expenditure seems to be wanton, for efficiency has been sacrificed to mere gaudiness and display. The unevenness of the patterns makes walking not as pleasant as it might be. We turned into that magnificent and superbly kept Avenida Beira-Mar, a perfect motoring road, as can be justly said of all the motoring roads thoroughfares in Rio Janeiro. The Avenida skirts the harbour and is flanked by verdant lawns and palms, perfectly unkept, that sooth the eye with their inviting shade. A delightful run of a couple of miles, we thoroughly enjoyed along the beautiful motor track fringing the beach at Copacabana. We returned by a different route to the sugar loaf Mountain. The summit of this peak is reached by a wonderful Aerial tramway which spans the valleys in two sweeps, return fare 4/-. Sugar Loaf Mountain appears like an enormous erratic towering over 1,200 feet above the Bay. The transcending view from its summit excels in grandeur and beauty anything I have ever previously gazed on. The Harbour, hemmed in by jagged and grotesque shaped ranges equals Sydney Harbour. It is difficult, being a Sydneyite to give an unbiased view - but I suppose had I been a Brazilian I should say Rio was better. Sydney has a subtle charm of its own. Rio has been favoured by nature piling up great fantastic hills, and covering them with tropical verdure. These mountains constitute an unsurpassable background for the great improvements that have been effected by man. "Rio" in this latter respect presents us a silent lesson. Its avenues, parks, promenades, etc., I venture to say are unexcelled by any city of the world - man combined with nature (the latter he seems to

have glorified - if that were possible) harmoniously amalgamated their efforts in producing a locality that is the embodiment and culmination of all that is beautiful and aesthetic. Below us nestling amongst the vallies and confronting the wondrous harbour stretches Rio. Looking seaward one had vistas of a series of crescent shaped beaches, linking mountain headlands and bluff. Harbourwise the enchanting view of the calm water floecked (sic) with some 400 islets, reminded me forcibly of the fine view in Broken Bay, N.S.W. at Kuringai Chase. (Theatrical troupe and several friends left here and a new troupe embarks.) Surely the entire resources of Brazil have been concentrated on the beautification of the capital. We visited many of the numerous parks, the Museums and "rubbernecked" anything that was to be seen in the city. Values are calculated in so many Reis. Our lunch, which was not an over pretentious one cost roughly 8000 reis each. The account presented by the waiter was appalling, amounting to some 40,000 reis. I was much relieved to learn that 1000 reis was the equivalent to 1/-. Left Rio at 6:30 p.m. Next Port call Lisbon. Retail market values appear to be much the same as Buenos Ayres, and though Rio is far ahead of Buenos Ayres in scenic charm, it falls behind it with buildings and population. Neither are the women folk so beautiful in Rio, or is there such a display of individual wealth or dress.

10-21-16

Nothing doing. Piecing together film.

10-23-16

Beautiful day with pleasant tempering winds. Spent morning piecing together cinema film. Afternoon on deck reading tales

of Mean Streets. Captain Oaklym, Commander, I find an excellent fellow, and I spend much time in pleasant conversation with him.

10-24-16

Spend morning connecting together film assisted by a Mr. Money, (one of the passengers). Afternoon sit on deck endeavouring to learn Spanish from two ladies of Italy. Adele Roessinger and Celestine Cauciam. The number of languages spoken on board is astonishing, and one feels their helplessness in being confined to English. But we English are an egotistic race, and are not inclined to adapt ourselves to those who do not understand our language. One word however, appears to be universal the world over, and that is the work KODAK. Whatever the language, all understand what Kodak means. Beautiful calm day, with shoals of flying fish skimming the brilliant blue sea. Temperature moderate for equatorial latitudes.

10-25-16

Crossed line on 25th. Pleasant, Calm. Weather.

10-26 to 29-16

Weather 26th, 27th, 28th, with strong headwinds. Average daily run 310, to 315 miles. Spend mornings piecing together the Expedition Negative. Afternoons spent in endeavouring to hold converse with an Italian lady, which is highly amusing. By signs and an occasional French and Spanish word I generally manage to convey my meaning. The most enjoyable part of the day is from 6 p.m. to 7 p.m. when I sit with the Skipper in the cool of the evening, and converse on miscellaneous expedition matters, and the War, etc. After Cocktails we dine

at 7 p.m. and later have music, and read or play chess with Captain Skeely. 29th fresh wind and moderate sea. Our old ship however is delightfully comfortable and steady. Reading Tennyson.

10-30 & 31-16

Beautiful weather continues. Amuse myself and others by endeavouring to converse by signs and sundry fragments of Spanish with an isolated French word or so interposed. At meals, time passes very pleasantly. A Miss Hughes, Madame Milano, Capt. Oakley, Captain Skeely, Mr. Prior and a couple others sit at our table interchanging interesting intercourse. I keep things alive by misplaced parsiflage and banter.

11-1 & 2 - 16

Same delightful weather conditions continue. The weekly wireless was read with eagerness and many are very apprehensive of our safety as regards submarines. All have been instructed in the methods of attaching the lifebelts, and allotted to the various boats. The boats are swung out in the davits ready for instant lowering, should any emergency arise. The weather is very noticeably colder. Expect to arrive Lisborn to-morrow morning at 6 a.m.

11-3-16

Arrived 4 a.m. off Lisborn and as the Port is blocked till 8 a.m. had to heave to. Atrocious weather, blowing a gale with pouring rain. The Pilot coming on board at 8:30 a.m. we proceeded up river, passing in close proximity to fields of mines and buoys supporting submarine nets. Owing to the reports of German submarines operating and sinking a number of vessels in the vicinity, there has been a considerable

efflux of passengers, which were booked for La Rochelle (France), and which will now proceed overland by rail. The Italian Opera Troup left here and if no extra passengers join the ship, the termination of the voyage is going to be deadly dull. The sole conversation is submarines, as we are now within the limits of their operations.

11-4-16

Morning blowing gale, with heavy rain squalls; so that I decided not to go ashore and contented myself with surveying the landscape through the glasses. Lisborn, I learn, has a population of some 350, to 400,000. From our anchorage it appears to have been built on very hilly land, which whilst adding materially to its beauty, also displays to advantage the buildings. During the afternoon, an improvement in the weather enabled coaling to be carried on, the "Orissa" moving up stream for the purpose. We have added to our passenger list a Capt. Chapman whose ship the "2681" was torpedoed off these shores a few days ago; also the crew of a small steamer which foundered locally, and who are returning home as D.S.S.?

11-5-16

Left Lisborn at 8:15 p.m. and had rough passage crossing the Bar at the mouth of the Tagus. The wind and sea increased so that we have been rolling and pitching all day. This has its compensations as conditions are unsuitable for submarines. It will be with some feeling of relief when we set foot in Old England, after this gauntlet running and Submarine dodging.

11-6-16

During the early hours of morning we dropped anchor in the splendid harbour off Viego. The town looked very picturesque

built on the hillside with the green surrounding mountains. The harbour itself appears somewhat like Rio de Janeiro, being surrounded by low mountains. It is a charming place. A number of small boats laden with a coarsely decorated pottery came alongside and did a fairly brisk trade. The bargaining was particularly amusing. To sea again at 10 a.m. Outside it was blowing heavily which increased to a full gale and heavy sea, fortunately however, the gale was a following one. Anchored in Coruna Harbour at 7:30 p.m. Wind conditions furious.

11-7-16

At 6 a.m. steamed into the inner harbour Coruna. Heavy wind and rain continuing. As we remain in the various ports, but a few hours, there is no time to go ashore. About 75, chiefly 3rd class passengers embarked en route for the United States. From the sea, Coruna is a pretty little town, and would appear much like Sydney Farm Cove, if the latter were built on. Left Coruna 9:30 a.m. strong following wind and sea. A keen look-out is maintained for Submarines, though it would appear there is just as much opportunity "going up" from stray mines as the ports in the vicinity are all mined. Both these latter are the salient topic of conversation on board.

11-8-16

Made the port of La Rochelle 4:30 p.m. and anchored for the night. The coast up from Bordeaux is mined and vessels are warned of the fields by an indication line of buoys. The coast of France in this locality is especially well lit by light-houses and harbour buoys. During afternoon passed several steamers and patrol boats. About 40 passengers disembarked here. What little of La Rochelle one could see from the deck of the

steamer was both bleak and uninteresting. Disagreeable weather continuing. Captain Chapman entertains during evening.

11-9-16

(Miss H. makes a confession.) Left La Rochelle 6 a.m. and followed the countour of the French coast till 9 p.m. when we had a parting glimpse of the powerful light at Ushant. Passed several patrols during the day. Heavy head sea. Much anxiety concerning submarines. The voyage here being hazardous, as we are now passing through a somewhat actively frequented area. Our sympathy is for our Skipper who is having both an anxious and strenuous time. One realises here the great work our Navy and patrols are performing in scavenging the seas of these malignant parasites.

11-10-16

The first glimpse of Old England, Wolf Rock 8 a.m. I am informed that the present weather conditions is characteristic of England, it being both misty and damp. During the early morning we narrowly escaped colliding with a Norwegian steamer in the fog. Pass many ships during the day, and to me it is difficult to realise that there is any lurking Sub-marine danger, as shipping appears to be so little affected. To-morrow we hope to arrive in Liverpool about 8 a.m. and it will be with no regrets when we set foot on land.

11-11-16

About 6 a.m. we entered the Port of Liverpool and anchored in the Channel, being delayed entering the docks by several transports with Canadian troops. Here the War is brought very cogently home to one, as the huge transports swarming

like bees with khaki clad and cheering men, drew up alongside the docks. The way being clear at 1 p.m. we moved up to the berth through a maze of docks and waterways, active and crammed with shipping. Huge vessels were coming and going - discharging or loading, like ferryboats. The customs occupied considerable time, especially with the film, which was weighed - a method of estimating the length and charged an import duty of 5d per foot. The entire film netted a customs revenue of 120 pounds. What little I saw of Liverpool impressed me with its smoke, dirty looking buildings, and immensity of shipping. Mr. Bussey, representing Mr. Perris met me on board the "Orissa", and so facilitated and made easy my passage through the customs and to London. The voyage from Buenos Ayres was thoroughly enjoyable, and a welcome relax after our bumping from pillar to post, through Chili and the Argentine. At 4 p.m. we boarded the Express to London. As darkness sets in now very early, I had but a peep at the delightful green fields bounded by brown hedges that cover the land like a patchwork. Occasionally one had charming vistas of winding canals and rural glimpses and avenues of birch and oak, russet, brown and yellow with the glory of late Autumn. I was surprised to learn we were travelling at an average speed of 50 miles per hour, so smoothly and noiselessly were we speeding along. We arrived in London at 8:30 p.m. and straightaway to the Chronicle, where I had a lengthy talk with Mr. Perris on Expedition affairs, and handed over the film. I subsequently took up residence at the Imperial Hotel, Russell Square.

11-15-16

Deeply considered film affair, and arrived at the decision that it would be inadvisable to have it projected or marketed in

anyway whatsoever, until an addition of suitable animal life in which the film is lacking be secured. I have suggested to Perris that for the mutual benefit of all concerned, I return to South Georgia and take the necessary subjects. I believe that by this means the film value would be increased tenfold. Perris appears pleased with the project, and is endeavouring to secure all rights from the ITA film syndicate for 10,000 pounds. During the morning - Daily Chronicle. Lunch Sir Douglas Mawson and Mr. Gent. Afternoon D.C. Mr. Wilkins of the Steffanson Expedition, dined with me this evening at the Imperial. We subsequently viewed the Battle of the Somme at the Scala Theatre, and later exchanged views on the respective Expeditions. Mawson returns to Liverpool.

11-16-16

Working at Daily Chronicle dark-room on Elephant Island negatives. Evening went out to Dad McLean's home, but found I had mistaken the evening, and found both himself and Mrs. McLean out. They reside at Hamlet Gardens about seven miles out & London, being very dark, I had a fine scout to find their whereabouts. The numbers too, on a dark night are most perplexing. Houses fronting a square are numbered consecutively right around the square, and independent of streets. Not content with this puzzle, buildings with flats are numbered vertically! in this street. London is bad enough to find one's location in daytime and physically impossible at night when the lights are subdued. Add to this an occasional dense fog. Even policemen and motor busses get lost.

11-17-16

Work on Elephant Island negatives during the day at the "Chronicle" - Clark and Wordie pay me a visit. At evening I

paid a thoroughly enjoyable visit to Dad McLean's home. It was like old time discussing the Aust. Ant. Expedition. McLean has married the Steno-grapher who did the typing for the "Home of the Blizzard", and I well envy him his choice. Mrs. McLean is not only beautiful, but intellectual and charming. Dad has done well, and I am pleased to say they are as happy as lovebirds. Weather cold and windy.

11-18-16

Morning raining. London is the gloomiest place on earth in the wet. A thin layer of liquid mud covers the roadways which are rendered extremely slippery thereby. Morning visit Clark and Wordie at the London Hotel, thence to the Daily Chronicle to work on the Elephant Island negatives. Afternoon visit Miss Grenier whom I met on board the "Remuera" over two years ago on my way to join the Expedition. At night with Perris to view Ponting's pictures. They are the acme of photographic perfection. Ponting's patter is splendid and gives one the impression the penguins were actually performing to his words. The show well deserves its world wide merit. Ponting's manner and delivery is excellent.

11-19-16

With Perris till 1 a.m. and to bed about 2:30 a.m. Went out early to "Dad" McLeans, arriving 12:30 - I received a great surprise to meet Miss May Pattinson (a Sydney friend of Dad's and mine) at his home. She is over here on War hospital work. We spent a very pleasant afternoon discussing and calling to mind old times. We left at 6 p.m. and I to the Chronicle. Curtis, their photographer, has been all day on Elephant Island photographs. Cold wet weather continues,

which coupled with the short days and dark nights renders London dismal and depressing.

11-20-16

Went to Raines at Ealing during the morning, and put in hand three sets of carbon prints off the Expedition negatives, also a set of prints off the Mawson negatives for my private collection. Met Dad McLean there and subsequently lunched at his flat in Ravenscourt Flat. I was delighted to meet my chum Bickerton during the evening, (of the Mawson Expedition) and with whom I dined. Poor old Bick has had his face sadly disfigured by the bursting of a machine gun. He is the same as when I knew him three years back.

11-21-16

Up early and to Walford? to the Paget Coy. and put in hand the colour pictures of the Expedition. Wafford? is about 16 miles out of London. I could see nothing of the land-scape on account of thick veiling fog. During afternoon to Raines at Ealing, and started them on making slides and albums. One of which is for the King. To bed at 9 p.m.

11-22-16

Morning at Chronicle. Subsequently went out with Clark who wished me to be best man, he being married to-morrow at Brighton. A previous appointment precluded me. After-noon with good old Gent. Spend evening in correspondence.

11-23-16

During morning, through courtesy of my old friend, Mr. Gent I was able to witness the first official showing of the Salonika films at the West End Cinema, Piccadilly. The show and films

were quite good. I was introduced to Lady Scott and her charming young son, Peter. Mr. Wilkins of the Steffanson Expedition was with us also. I lunched with Wilkins and then to the "Daily Chronicle" on Expedition photographs. Dined at evening with Bickerton, and then to the Alhambra to see that amusing comedy, "The Bing Boys are Here". George Robey had the whole audience in constant convulsions.

11-24-16

Arose with touch of influenza, - to Chronicle, and on to Expedition work. Lunched with Dr. Hugh Mill, Mr. Scott Keltie (Royal Geographical Society) and McLean. Afternoon to Chronicle. Light fog and drizzle; the very quintessence of gloom. Perris informs me he holds an option for purchasing Itas share for 10,000 pounds.

11-25-16

Lunched with Lady Scott, whom I found to be an unaffected charming woman. She was intensely interested in the Expedition, and while evidently not being too amiably inclined towards Shackleton, admires his magnificent work. I related our experiences to which she was an ardent listener. Lady Scott is a Sculptor, and the numerous emblems of her work, which I observed, testify to her mastery of the art. The superb bronze statue of her husband in (blank) is by Lady Scott herself. At night Dad McLean and his wife accompanied by myself, spent an interesting few hours at the Chronicle offices, having a look around. For the first time, I beheld the stupendous organization and machinery necessary to produce a London daily. Mr. Mascord in charge of Mechanical Department showed us everything, from the Editorial department in their beautiful offices on the top floor, down to

the great presses, each producing over 800 copies a minute! The entire buildings, which are only partially completed, comprise 6 acres of floor space. Have severe cold.

11-26-16

Had interesting conversation with a Captain Ireland from Sydney, who has been through Egypt, Gallipoli, and France. He was personally acquainted with Bage and Webb. His narratives were fascinating. Afternoon walked in Hyde Park with Miss Grenier. It seemed a great promenade of soldiers and sweethearts and wives. Hyde Park is a delightful old place, the trees have lost all their leaf and the garb of winter is on everything. Mildly misty and damp. Write letters.

11-27-16

Morning to Raines? & Coy. Ealing. We are having a number of albums made by them for distribution. Their work is excellent. Afternoon had a walk along the Thames embankment with James, who also dined with me at evening.

11-28-16

All London is excitement on account of a Zeppelin raid which took place in the small hours of this morning. 4 Zeppelins participated and two were brought down. Late at noon a German Seaplane dropped a bomb just in front of Harrods. News of both occurrences are indefinite at present. Had telegram from Azzie Webb intimating he has a fortnight's leave and is coming to London to spend it with me. Good old Azzie, how I welcome him. Over two years since he met me last in N.Z. what we both have gone through since then, and here we meet in London. This evening went to see Mr. & Mrs. Ogilvie, and met a Mr. Poland, who was a fellow passenger also on the

"Remuera" with us at the close of 1914 to (Sept., Oct.,) Buenos Ayres. We were right hospitably entertained. Two years has made little difference in Mr. Ogilvie, though he has aged somewhat.

11-29-16

Morning at Chronicle, and returning to the Hotel for lunch, who should tap at my door, but good old Azzie Webb. I cannot say what unbounded delight his stalwart self has given me - especially as he has a whole fortnight's leave. During the afternoon I went with him to make a few purchases and then we had a rare good talk over old times, and what diverse happenings have overtaken the 2 1/2 years since we last met at Wellington, N.Z. What he has seen, and been through at the front! and thank God untouched. May he ever remain so is my prayer.

11-30-16

Morning. Azzie and self to Ealing and Raines, who have in hand a number of albums for the Expedition. Raines are to be complimented on their magnificent work. On way to town called into Archie McLeans. Dined with Lady Scott and Mr. Wilkins of the Steffanson Expedition. Lady Scott we found indisposed suffering from a mild attack of influenza. I am more charmed than ever with her delightful unassuming disposition.

12-1-16

Slight dissension with Perris, who informed me that the boat for South Georgia is to leave on the 5th inst. This gives me no time to accumulate equipment and it therefore compels me to remain in London an additional 3 weeks. This waste of time could have been easily avoided had arrangements been

entered into at the proper time. Afternoon tea at Dad McLeans. Webb and Wild were also there. Evening to see Razzle Dazzle at the Empire. The staging was spectacularly superb, the acting and singing beggarly.

12-2-16

Had our photographs taken during the morning (Webb and self) thence to Chronicle and commenced the first stages of a contract in conjunction with the coming visit to South Georgia. Afternoon to visit Mrs. Bage and daughter who are at present in London. I also met a Miss Moore, whom I was acquainted with previously and whom I met on a voyage to Java. Wild and Webb also constituted the visitors. Mrs. Bage is still greatly cut up over Bob's death. At evening we met Sir Douglas Mawson, who is staying at the same hotel with us, having come down from Liverpool to see Webb. With Lieutenant Ireland we all went round to the various theatres, which we found full, and ended up by going to the Marble Arch Picture Hall. The pictures were good, and we spent altogether a very pleasant evening.

12-3-16

Sir Douglas, Webb and self had a delightful Sunday morning walk through Hyde Park, and lunched with Mr. McKellar at the hotel of that name. Mr. McKellar was the donor of the Australian Antarctic Expedition library, and at the same time, an enthusiastic and material helper in all matters pertaining to exploration. We all took afternoon tea with Lady Hart - whose husband (deceased) is famed for his work in China, subsequently all to Lady Scott's. We found her ladyship in bed, from where she engaged in an interesting and unassuming conversation. She is a delightful woman, well read with

matters associated with travel and exploration, and grasps situations intuitively. We dined at Prince's in Piccadilly, and then to the Imperial after a splendid day.

12-4-16

To Chronicle during the day compiling a list for the coming South Georgia Expedition. Mawson and Webb visited Dr. Chree at Kew, so I did not meet them till dinner; after which we all assembled in the lounge and talked of old times. Azzie's conversation is rife and brilliant with vivid descriptions of work at the front. He has been in the thick of it. The best day we have had for some time: bursts of sunshine and exhilarating.

12-5-16

Morning to Daily Chronicle. Afternoon with Mawson and Webb to the Gaumont Coy - Shepherds Bush, to see the Australian Expedition film projected. This excellent production appears to have become much scratched by handling. The subjects are magnificent. Evening to Chronicle where Perris has had a lantern installed for the projection of coloured (natural) plates. They are beyond my sanguine expectations.

12-6-16

To Chronicle in morning. Afternoon with Azzie to Ponting's magnificent lecture "With Captain Scott in the Antarctic". This is my 3rd visit to the show, and it is to me as fresh as ever. At evening to Daly's theatre to see "The Happy Day" a bright comedy redundant with wit, song and buoyancy. We enjoyed it to the full - up to date it is the most pleasant evening I have spent in London. I received a very kind tribute from Ponting

to my work in the Antarctic. A copy of his beautifully illustrated work in Lotus Land. This is one of the highest tributes that could be paid to a brother artist of the trail, as Ponting is looked upon as being the leader in Antarctic Photography.

12-7-16

The political crisis which has been absorbing the attention of all - shadowing even the War - has been terminated, and there is every possibility of the new Cabinet carrying on War in a more determined and wholehearted way. Lent to the Shackleton Expedition 300 pounds. Afternoon went to the great universal store of Gamages, where I purchased equipment for my coming Expedition, from rubber boots to an ice axe. As a Christmas bazaar is in full swing, the stores were more or less congested with people, which despite the cry of war economy seemed to be making all sorts of worthless and unnecessary purchases. At night with Lieutenant Ireland to the "Bing Boys are Here" at the Alhambra. The house was packed; only standing room being available. The audience appeared mostly to be Officers and soldiers on leave with lady companions. Both music and acting were superb, and kept the house in a continual state of hilarity. No doubt these shows are an essential relax to the returned soldiers and helps all for the time being to forget the horrors of this War.

12-8-16

My somewhat isolated existence has been made more pleasant by several Australians I have met here. Capt. Ireland came down for his usual week end and I was very pleased to meet him. He hails from Adelaide. I also became acquainted with Capt. Riley and Capt. Smith, both of Adelaide, and we

went to the Alhambra to see the "Bing Boys" again. This we all thoroughly enjoyed, and though it is my third visit, George Robey is always fresh, keeping the house in a tumult of laughter.

12-9-16

During the evening I met Sir Douglas Mawson, who is down from Liverpool for the week-end. It is not only a pleasure to meet Australians over here, but to talk of Home is the next best thing we can do to returning there.

12-10-16

Went out for stroll around the Strand to Trafalgar Square and thence into St. James Park with Lieutenant Ireland during morning. The winter mists veiling the numerous monuments, and bare trees gave that charm for which London is so famous. Afternoon went for walk with Sir Douglas through Regent Park. It is pitiful to see the forlorn state in which all things are allowed to lapse on account of the shortage of labour - through the war. Hedges and lawns which have taken a score of years to form are now overgrown and unkempt. But in spite of all this I was delighted and impressed to see how tame the pigeons and sparrows were, practically feeding from one's hand; and the little bushy tailed squirrels, also rushed out to meet and take the proffered nut from one's fingers. Beautiful it is to see how a little kindness makes these creatures forget their inherent fear of humans, and become so perfectly tamed. It was charming too, to see the children feeding the swans and flocks of sea gulls that are attracted to the pond by the knowledge that they will meet with kindness and tit bits. We called on Mrs. Bage at 5 p.m. and met Dr. McLean and his wife also three old friends, Mr. & Mrs. Baker from Melbourne, and

Miss Moore of West Australia. Sir Douglas and I stayed for tea and cheered up Mrs. Bage considerably, for the time being, freeing her mind of thinking of her son, and my dear friend, Bob.

12-11-16

Put in hand making of Cinema tanks for South Georgia. Sir Douglas returned to Liverpool at 6 p.m. Went to Pontings lecture at evening, which I am more in raptures over than ever. Everything harmonises and synchronises perfectly. I afterwards met Ponting and went to his flat, which I found very cosy, and decorated with many beautiful Japanese curios. What took my eye particularly, was a perfect specimen of Japanese metal art which was executed with such perfection that the model appeared to be a tiny elephant just posing. Every hair and detail was there in microscopic detail.

12-12-16

Morning to Raines and Coy. at Ealing. Afternoon at Chronicle. Dine with Ponting. Mr. P. showed me through his portfolio of Japan pictures, each of which was a gem of photography. I have never set eyes on more beautiful work in my life. At evening to his show at the Philharmonic with his brother, where he introduced me to a very charming young lady, a Miss Saunders. The show is magnificent beyond words. Suffering from a severe cough.

12-13-16

Blackborrow returned to London bringing with him two cases containing Expedition records and my lenses. Eric Webb returned to France. Hussey dined with me during the evening, and after we both went to see the Bing Boys. We also went

round to George Robey's dressing room, and had a few moments chat with the king of mirth during a brief interval off the stage. He is a marvellous man, and I should think a rare good fellow. He gave us both an autographic photo, and invited us to come and see him again. Which opportunity I shall avail myself of. A stiff whisky and soda all but turned me upside down. It is impossible to book seats for the Bing Boys, except for months ahead.

12-14-16

Morning out to the Jap motor works at Tottenham. These people are making a cinema machine for my coming trip to South Georgia. They are world wide famed for their motors and their cinema instruments are of the same standard. Heavy foggy weather dull and depressing. It was like walking through a sulphurous smoke all day. Darkness at 3:30 p.m. but for that matter the light the entire day, was a semi darkness. How one sighs in London for a sunshiny day.

12-15-16

The "Sphere" published their second series of the Shackleton Pictures to-day. It is a fine tribute and exceptional advertisement for the Expedition, to be given such attention with practically unlimited space in the leading press, when its pages could be outcrowded with war and Ministerial photographs. We could not have wished for more notoriety or salience even in times of peace. Left by 9:30 train for Leicester, having accepted an invitation to visit the works of Messrs. Taylor Taylor & Hobson. Leicester is 100 miles from London but the run takes only 1 3/4 hours. The country to Bedford was covered with snow, and presented the charming scenes one conjures in the imagination, or sees in fairy tale

books. There is a noticeable stimulus in agriculture due to national necessity, and the empowering of the Board of Agriculture to cultivate any lands they may select. I met Mr. Hobson of the firm, and was treated with the utmost kindness and hospitality.

I have great admiration for T.T.&H. They are progressive, and their magnificent works is equipped as to turn out the highest grade work at a reasonable figure. At present they are engaged on government work, telescopes, chynometers etc. I had a good view over their works, and was struck with the marvellous machinery, designed and constructed by the firm themselves, and by the superior class of the employees. Mr. Hobson had a word or a greeting for everyone. How did the football go on Saturday, Jack? Have you recovered Miss So and So? etc. etc.. It was gratifying to see the enthusiasm and keenness displayed by all which is but the outcome of a kind and considerate management. The firm made me the very kind present of a couple of lenses. I have much to be thankful for from Mr. J.J. Rouse, who recently, while over here, said much good about me. I lunched with Mr. Hobson, whom I speedily recognised to be a fine English gentleman. Returned to London 4 p.m. where I found it very foggy and dark after a profitable and enjoyable day. To Ponting's lecture at night. Was aroused at midnight by a tapping at my door, and who should walk in but Leslie Blake! He is just over on leave, and heard of my whereabouts from Webb, whom he met at Havre. This is a piece of great good fortune.

12-16-16

Dense foggy day, a regular peasouper, which did not clear until 11 p.m. Morning with Blake around the city. Afternoon to

Madame Tussauds. This huge waxworks display I found very disappointing. The terrors of the Chamber of Horrors are absurdly overrated. Evening we went to the Bing Boys. Blake is woman mad and gives me the P.I.P.

12-17-16

Morning Captain Smith, Blake and self went to Petticoat Lane. This thoroughfare was choked with a dense throng mostly "kids" buying or selling a bewildering collection of every conceivable ware, from hair dye and gold watches to lingerie and edibles. The lane rang with an eternal din of raucous salesmen whose pithy comments on their goods provoked considerable amusement and laughter. One vendor of watches offered 15 jewelled solid silver watches at 10/- and finally effected a sale at 3/6. He announced the fact that he was just selling them for charity, the proceeds were for the hospital, and that he himself was that latter institution. The hair dipman quoted a lengthy series of testimonies who praised the efficacy of his mixture. Amongst them he jocularly mentioned Lord Byron, Lord Johnstone, Lord Blimme, etc. Vases and glassware were knocked down at such low prices that gave one the impression that the salesman really was a beneficent distributor. Altogether it is a remarkable place, and one of the places in London that should be seen. I am told that the unwary may enter Petticoat Lane wearing his watch and chain, and buy it again at a stall at the exit end. Afternoon went for a stroll with Blake around Leicester Square, Piccadilly and finally through Hyde Park. A typical London winter afternoon, keen and misty. I would heartily have enjoyed the stroll, but as Blake's sole conversation was women, I found it so irksome that I told him I had an appointment to keep (whether he was successful in effecting a catch, I don't know).

I was interested in an harangue by Mrs. Pankhurst on her views of our methods of conducting the War.

12-18-16

Spent morning despatching photographs of Eric and myself to various friends. Afternoon same. Evening to High Jinks with Blake at Queens Theatre. High Jinks is the most amusing thing I have seen for many a day, and free from any vulgarity. The play is one long chain of ludicrous happenings that provoke unending laughter. I think (blank) surpassed, or at least equals even George Robey. The girls are pretty, the staging good, the jokes piquant and clever, and the music catchy. It is a wholesome mirthful show.

12-19-16

The usual recurrence of murky misty, drizzling weather. The inhabitants of London appear to live in a state of semi darkness during the winter. Morning Daily Chronicle assembling gear. Afternoon met Miss Grenier and had walk along embankment. Subsequently to Chronicle.

12-20-16

Morning to Chronicle and lunched with my friend, Fred Gent, who brought with him a Mr. Butler from Sydney. Butler took the film of my departure for the across Australia tour with ----- . Evening to see Potash and Perlmutter in society with Miss Holland (of the Imperial) at Queens Theatre. The acting was magnificent the play is extremely clever, though it palls on one a bit through lack of music.

12-21-16

To Barker's Studios at Ealing during the morning. These are probably the most modern and excellently equipped studios and works for the production of Cinema film in London. Barker has installed a number of efficient printing machines, which automatically grade the light according to the density of the negative. The printing is therefore more or less mechanical and foolproof and can be manipulated by girls of little experience. The surroundings of the studios are so constructed as to be used for background and staging effects. Evening to Theodore & Coy. at the Gaiety Theatre. The play is extremely whimsical, but not on a par with "High Jinks".

12-22-16

To Chronicle. Examined small projecting machine at Butchers and ordered same. This is to be used for piecing together the Expedition film at our own discretion and where we please. Afternoon spent with Blake making purchases. Everyone appears busy and the shops are crammed making purchases for Xmas. Stayed at hotel during evening.

12-23-16

Wet wretched morning. Went to Westminster Abbey with Blake. This gloomy yet magnificent mausoleum - the great treasury of the last remains of the great and noble would take a week to examine. The very atmosphere, and the connection with historical antiquity is overawing, but one must see the transcending magnificence of the architecture to sense its beauty and power. At evening to "The Belle of New York" at the Strand. The show was disappointing being enacted by apparently a second rate company with worn out scenery. Altogether the staging and acting in London does not surpass in any way what one sees in Sydney. The prices however are

slightly higher here. Blake I find a bore. (Booked reserved stalls 12/6).

12-24-16

What remembrances crowd on me this evening - my first Xmas Eve in the civilized world for over five years! 12 months ago we were drifting on an icefloe in the Weddell Sea. 2 years back - forcing our way through a congested sea of ice and bergs in the vicinity of Coats Land. 3 years saw me in the "Aurora" in Commonwealth Bay, Adelie Land, narrowly escaping shipwreck in a blizzard off those shores. 4 years ago, with poor old Bage, (killed at Gallipoli) and Azzie Webb near the South Magnetic Pole out on the Plateau, and vividly do I remember the Xmas Eve of 1911 when through our anchor dragging we narrowly escaped going ashore at Caroline Cove Macquarie Island. To-day I'm in London, waiting for a ship to take me south once more! Xmas Eve in London is not as it is depicted in fairy books and on Xmas cards. It is dull, moist and foggy, just a typical winter's day in London. This morning I went for a walk round Hyde Park, afternoon with Miss Holland (from the hotel) for a quiet promenade down Oxford Street; had afternoon tea at the Blenheim Cafe, spent an hour at the Cinema Marble Arch. Dined at Prince's in Piccadilly, and in the evening to the Alhambra, (Leicester Square) to hear a musical concert.

12-25-16

Christmas Day in London, without friends, and all sources of amusement closed, promised to be dully monotonous. Passed the morning in the Lounge idling over a prehistoric volume of Country Life. Lunched with Colonel Fethers. The embargo on courses at table was removed, and in lieu of the

compulsory two course lunch, and three course dinner, one was allowed to indulge in a menu a la carte. Afternoon I spent out at Ealing with the Colonel at a cousins. I found Mr. & Mrs. Clark charming folk and very hospitable, and thoroughly enjoyed myself. Returned to town and went with Colonel Fethers to Paddington station, where he commenced the first stage of his long trip to Australia. All day I have been wondering what Mother, Dorry and Elsa have been doing this Christmas. I long to be with them.

12-26-16

The good old English fog has been so dense all day, that I lost my way when visiting Mr. Mackellar at lunch to-day. The three hours I spent with him were redolent with interesting travel narrative. Mackellar is an extraordinary man, who, having little to do, dabbles in the national affairs of both Mexico and Montenegro, in which countries he has been an extensive traveller, and is regarded as an authority. Spent afternoon at the Chronicle erecting a projector for the films. Spent evening yarning with several young officers from Sydney.

12-27-16

Christmas festivities over, things are normal again. A dense fog obscures the city, so that it is almost impossible to see across the road. At evening vehicular road traffic was practically suspended, and were it not for the tubes, everything would be hopelessly disorganised. At the principal corners powerful kerosene pressure vaporisers shed a feeble glow, that illumines their immediate surroundings like a flame seen through a smoking fire. The pedestrians carry electric torches, which keep up an intermittent flashing like glow-worms; and I am told that this is not a dense London fog! One could not even

see to the end of the dining hall; this heavy smoking atmosphere pervades everything, even the bedrooms. Is it any wonder one hears an incessant coughing everywhere? It is fog throat. Went to Daly's Theatre to see "Young England". The house was not over-packed, but the play is delightfully interesting, refined, and superbly acted with exquisite music. It is one of the most charming plays I have as yet been to in London.

12-28-16

The fog has dissipated (sic), the morning being comparatively clear. To Daily Chronicle. Spend day letter writing. London is at present a hotbed of infamy and immorals. This, of course, has developed through the War, which has stirred the dormant animal passions of man. Prostitutes appear to have flocked to the city, where in powder and attire, no doubt they present a meretricious attraction to those who have returned from the thunder of battle. It is a deplorable state of affairs. So hard is it to discriminate between the respect-able and the irresponsible, that I find it more satisfactory to keep aloof. I am not nevertheless, a wowser - but one can hardly associate with "demurely forward" wenches, without being talked about and 'blowing in quids', so I am not having any. London appears to be thriving under the influences of War. This is occasioned, of course, by the vast number of Colonials and Imperials, who spend their 10 days leave here. Their accumulated back-money burns and quickly goes, so that one sees no demonstrations of poverty, but overstocked and busy shops. Rarely even does one hear the War talked of - generally it is Theatres. The purchasing value of a sovereign has decreased during the past two years to about 13/-.

12-29-16

There is nought to record beyond that there is a prolongation of atrocious weather - I have a relapse of influenza, and that I have turned into bed at 9 p.m. All day at Chronicle, and completed erection of small projector. Lunched at the Waldorf with James.

12-30 & 31-16 & 1-1-17

No news beyond I have such an atrocious attack of influenza, sore throat and coughing, that I have spent as little time as possible away from the Hotel. London possesses the worst climate I have ever as yet experienced, as regards producing colds and sickness - everywhere one hears that same hacking cough.

1-2-17

To Chronicle, spending morning running through film on the projector, afternoon with shorthand writer dictating diary for typing. Evening to bed early.

1-3-17

Spent from 10 a.m. to 4:30 p.m. at Chronicle with Shorthand writer re-transcribing my diaries. At evening with Miss Holland to High Jinks. This delightful comic play is having a great and well merited run. Berry is magnificent and maintains the house in a continuous uproar. Decided improvements in weather, also a noticeable rise in temperature. Considerably recovered from my cough.

1-4-17

Finish dictating my diaries. Evening to Mrs. Morrison's, wife of Jack Morrison, my very dear friend of Valparaiso. Mrs. M. I

found a rabid Scotswoman, but I regret to say she appears too fond of her cocktails and whisky's and sodas for my liking. She is not good enough for my friend.

1-5-17

At Chronicle looking through and joining up films. Evening at Hotel entertained by Maid. Wet rainy night.

1-6-17

Projecting and connecting up film. Also throw on the screen section taken in Finsen (Norway) at the beginning of the Expedition. Evening at the Hotel.

Perris by an error, printed in Lloyd's weekly, a photograph of General McKinnon in mistake for Mrs. Cornwallis West; fortunately the machines were stopped before many hundreds of thousands were run off. This case of society intrigue has been attracting great public interest at the present time. Mrs. Cornwallis West denounces a young officer (whom through her influence has been raised to the rank of Lieutenant) on account of alleged insult to her. Mrs. Cornwallis West is aged over 60 years, and of very curious morals. There is no doubt that the young officer displeased her in a "certain way", and so earned her displeasure. The press are making a great scandal song of it.

1-7-17

Morning idled away in bed till 11 a.m. Afternoon at Daily Chronicle actively engaged piecing together film and writing up lecture for it. Evening to bed early. The best way to pass a Sunday evening.

1-8-17

Extremely busy at Chronicle piecing together film and at evening went to Hoopla. Gertie Millar is both vivacious and versatile, though in my opinion lacks refinement. The show is extremely amusing.

1-9-17

Spend day at Chronicle on film and install a new projecting arc which has given me much trouble. Evening at hotel. Receive Chilian mail. (correcting a copy of diary)

1-10-17

Engaged on film and writing up lecture. Walter Hannam is over on 10 days leave from France, but I am rather over busy to spend much time running round. He looks as well as ever, and I should say he has an extremely safe occupation. He informs me that although he has been 16 months in France, he has not so much as even seen a dead man! Correcting my diary in my room this evening, a knock at the door announced my old friend Jock Wordie. We chatted pleasantly on till near midnight.

1-11-17

On film all day. Wretched morning. Been snowing overnight and streets mushy with half thawed snow and mud. London streets although being magnificently made, have a thin layer of liquid mud covering them, (when it rains) which is splashed up by motors and vehicles in a fountain like fashion. Look out for yourself if a fast travelling motor bus happens to pass within half a dozen yards. Evening correct typed copies of diary.

1-12-17

On film all day. Wretched drizzling weather. Lunched at Chronicle with Perris - ham and bread and butter. I esteem Perris greatly. An excellent business man, and as great a "sticker" for Shackleton as I am. To "High Jinks" during evening. Although this is the third time I have seen this comic opera, it does not cease to give me the greatest enjoyment. Berry is unsurpassable.

1-13-17

To Chronicle. Purchased 3 magnificent little Poms. off Curtis. I hope to take these with me to South Georgia and include them in various cinema pictures. At evening completed correction of Elephant Island Diary. Lieutenant Ireland staying at Hotel.

1-14-17

Went with Ireland for a morning stroll around "Petticoat Lane". Afternoon for a quiet promenade along Oxford Street and Piccadilly. Evening to a musical concert with Ireland to the Alhambra. The world famous London Symphonial Orchestra rendered many favourites which together with excellent vocal items and violin solos, constituted an unsurpassable programme. This is the ideal method of spending Sunday evening in London.

1-15-17

To Chronicle. Lunched with Miss Holland at Prince's. Evening amused watching the antics of Little Blizzard, my miniature Pom.

1-16-17

Wretched wet day. Streets mush with wet snow and the squares white. To Chronicle. Afternoon went for stroll with Ireland. Late afternoon to Highgate Hall, to see my colour plates projected on the screen in large size. I was highly satisfied with the pictures, the colours being exquisitely bright and vivid. The run in from Highgate in the taxi was nerve-racking, the car skidding in the mushy snow, and being driven much too fast for my inclinations.

1-17-17

Went with Perris and Bussey to Newtons, - Lantern experts - to arrange for construction of lantern to project with colour and ordinary slides. Afternoon to Frascati's for lunch. Although we had but two bottles of Sauterne, it upset my equilibrium slightly and I spent the rest of the afternoon at the Imperial. Evening to Cinderella at London Opera House.

1-18-17

Evening to Middlesex Theatre with Ireland. This is the cheapest show I have been in, 2/2 for the stalls. One can judge the type of audience and acting by the charge. The show was so rotten that it gave us amusement to watch it - and yet it appealed to the class of people.

1-19-17

To Chronicle. Evening to Cinderella at the London Opera House. This is the most magnificent theatre in London. The acting was quite in unison and unexcelled by any other company at present in London. The orchestra is all women, except the conductor, and I must confess they are equal to any of the usual male orchestras. I thoroughly enjoyed the evening.

1-20-17

Wretched weather. The streets in a state of liquid mud which is splashed about by the vehicles and motors to the discomfort of pedestrians. Evening I went to see Daddy Long Legs played at the Duke of York Theatre. The acting is superior to anything I have yet seen in London. The play opens with an orphanage scene ruled by the iron hand and viperous tongue of the Matron. The Heroine, a young girl who had risen on account of her genius from the orphan scholars, is treated with inexorable harshness. She finds a true friend however, in one of the Trustees who visits the school, and he is induced to send the girl to a high class ladies College. All the time however, the girl is unaware who her benefactor is, and has seen only his shadow, so she christens him, on account of its distorted shape - Daddy Long Legs. Four years elapse and the girl has become a great favourite at the College. She skillfully evades the questions put to her from the well born folk to disclose her identity. Each month she had written a letter to Daddy Long Legs, picturing him to herself as a feeble old man. Daddy Long Legs feel interested in his ward, and having a niece also at the College visits her incog., as Travis. He falls in love with the girl at first sight and when vacation comes around as Daddy Long Legs, he sends her away to the farm of his old Nurse as Travis he visits her and his affections are reciprocated, though she will not marry him on account of her low birth, which she keeps a secret. She is about to leave College and by appointment with her lady friend who has stuck to her from the orphanage times they visit Daddy Long Legs. The girl then discovers that Daddy Long Legs is none other than her lover Travis, and everything ends as it should. This pretty little episode is acted just as realistically as though

it were life and continues to be received with great enthusiasm.

1-21-17

Renewal of the "Floo" so remained in Hotel all day - dull, foggy and wet.

1-22-17

To Chronicle. Lunched with my old friend Fred Gent, and a Mr. Martin from Sydney. Afternoon went to see the Macklin Expedition to Central Africa Pictures with Greenstreet out at Notting Gate Hill. Some of the subjects were quite unique and altogether very fine, but the photographic quality left much to be desired. Evening nowhere. To bed early, having the P.I.P.

1-23-17

Mild attack "Floo" which is very prevalent. Morning to Chronicle. Afternoon to Dentist to have teeth stopped and overhauled, which gave me "jip" for a couple of hours. Improvement in weather and a noticeable lengthening in the days.

1-24-17

Had display of the Paget Colour Plates in the Polytechnic Hall. The pictures were projected 75 feet on to a screen about 18 feet square, though the size of the picture was 25 feet. The size of the slides is 1/2 plate, with a current consumption of 60 amp. the projected image was magnificent. The slide stood the test splendidly only just warming up with this current and left no doubt as to the unqualified success of the process. In evening to the Oxford Music Hall with Captain Farnham.

1-25-17

Morning to Chronicle. Mrs. Bright came to town and we went together to see Ireland, who is now in the Wansworth Hospital. Evening to High Jinks which is, if anything, funnier and more vivacious than ever.

1-26-17

With Captain Farnham to the Royal - a Bohemian Cafe - which is a place worth seeing but not to be frequented.

1-28 & 29-17

Went to Dunstable, - a small village about 35 miles away and stayed with Mr. & Mrs. Bright. Visited the Dunstable Signalling Camp, where there are about 2000 recruits being taught. Much interested in the construction of "dugouts" and "trenches" also the communication methods. Sunday afternoon walk over the downs, which are covered with snow. The weather biting cold. Dunstable is the centre of a rural district, and is just as we imagine an English village, with quaint old dwellings, hedge-rowed farms and tree lined lanes. Return to London by 11:25 a.m. train. Evening to London Pride at Wyndhams Theatre.

1-30-17

Lunched and spent the morning with Greenstreet. Received two letters from Elsa. Afternoon to Chronicle. Evening to Pictures.

1-31-17

Weather very cold and snowing all day, beautifying everything in a white covering. It is said to be the coldest winter for nearly 20 years, - everything is frozen up and skating is in full swing. Day to Chronicle, evening remained at Hotel.

2-1-17

Remarkably dark day. It would appear as though there was an extremely dense fogbank, which did not descend to the ground level, but which effectually absorbed most of the daylight. At noon it was semi-dark. The absorbing topic is the threatened Submarine "frightfulness", which though causing much apprehension, is met with all by the confidence reposed in our Anti-U boat method of combating this new atrocity. Everyone asks "Will the States come in?" The general opinion is No. I learn that my time for departing to South Georgia will be about the 15th to 20th. To Chronicle. Evening writing up film.

2-3-17

Morning Chronicle. Evening project film for Perris and Kedrick?. Everyone is in a state of excitement and tension regarding the position the States will assume, in regard to Germany threatening to wage submarine warfare on all neutral shipping. This evening I learned from Perris that diplomatic relations have been severed with Germany and the States, and that a Declaration of War appears inevitable. All are of the opinion it is the only course the States could pursue. This undoubtedly means the defeat of Germany, and the conclusion of the War at what is hoped no very distant date. Great excitement prevails and nothing else is spoken of.

2-4-17

Sunday afternoon. The prospect without could scarcely be more inhospitable. Gloomy and snowing with everything clad in white. Spend morning at the Chronicle and afternoon writing. Evening with Miss Holland to Prince's Cafe.

2-5-17

A beautiful sight presented itself as I left the hotel this morning. Last night a heavy fall of snow had fallen, and as the temperature was well below freezing, it lay in a thick white layer on the roads and sidewalks. I went for a taxi run out to Ealing and as the traffic is not heavy out this way, the snow was not churned up into mush. Hyde Park looked glorious - a vast field of white with the leafless trees bemantled in scintillating snow crystals. All my time spent in London was well repaid by the beautiful vision of winter. Fleet Street always aesthetic in fog, rain, or sunshine, impressed me immensely, with the great dome of St. Pauls towering high above snow topped roofs. I think at such a time one sees London at its best. The dear old London we used to read about when children, and see expressed on Christmas Cards. It is just as we used to imagine it to be. This evening Perris had the sad news that three of our comrades from the Ross Sea Base were lost; McIntosh, Heywood and Spencer Smith. I am to leave London next Monday, which I will do with deep regret.

2-6th to 10th-17

Extremely busy packing and preparing for departure to South Georgia. Went to see Chu Chin Chow. Anthony in Wonderland, and Vanity Fair; all of which were excellent. Film occupies my time during the day to the utmost. On 9th heard the sad news of the disaster to the Ross Sea Party.

2-11-17

After waiting in London for 93 days, the date of the long delayed departure has arrived. Great activity packing, assisted by my two good friends B. & E. All my equipment was previously assembled at the Daily Chronicle and was carted to the Euston Station to catch the 11:30 p.m. for Glasgow. Two of the Cinema tanks weighed 3 1/2 cwt. each, being in excess of the regulation weights 2 1/2 cwt. Freely tipping and bluff worked wonders: and Bussey, who is accompanying me to Glasgow had the satisfaction of seeing all the gear transferred to the luggage van. Dined at Frascatti and left Euston Station 11:30 p.m. We turned in at once and were soon speeding on the first stage of the long voyage to Sth Georgia. My entire equipment weighs about 15 cwt. I have with me two beautiful Pomeranian pups which I am taking for stage effects.

2-12-17

Arrived Glasgow 9:45 a.m. Extremely comfortable travelling. At daybreak passed through undulating country buried in snow. The effect was charming in the morning sun-light, trees laden with snow and waterpools frozen up everywhere. Glasgow approach was heralded by great Iron and Steel works and chimneys belching forth smoke every-where.

We arrived at Central Station dead on time, a vast superstructure of steel girders roofed with glass, around which is built the colossal Hotel edifice. After seeing our gear directed we took up residence in the Central Hotel, probably the best appointed house in Glasgow. Bussey, who has come up to assist and see me off, and I occupy a large bedroom which overlooks the station and we have a fine vista of the

trains coming and going. Troops arriving and departing, friends embracing others parting. After lunch we went down to the Pentaur which is lying in Queens dock. We anticipate she will leave on Thursday. The decks are being shored up and piled with barrels for the Whaling station. She is in a filthy condition with Coal and Oil, but it is not unusual for these oil transports. I am pleased to see she is being fitted with a gun on the poop. During afternoon Bussey and I went for a pleasant walk along Glasgow's principal thoroughfare, Sauchiehall Street. What struck me at once was the accent. There is no mistaking either Scotch lasses or the brogue.

Perris has succeeded marvellously in the dissemination of Shackleton's cable of the disaster to the Ross Sea Party. Every paper in the Kingdom has two columns. Shackleton never has had such notoriety before.

2-13-17

To-day I signed on as the Pentaur's purser at 1/6 per month. This is a board of trade regulation as the Pentaur is not a passenger vessel. We spent the morning pottering around the docks and noticed all the merchantmen are arming at a feverish rate. Guns and mountings are being fitted to every ship, and it looks as though the submarines will have a fairly tough time in the near future. Afternoon tea at Cranstons, where we sampled many of the typically Scotch cakes and pastries. Evening - to the Alhambra Music Hall, which passed the evening off very pleasantly. Made my Will.

2-14-17

Bussey returned to London via Leith at noon. Afternoon - went down aboard the Pentaur with all my effects. She is just

about the filthiest craft I have ever travelled on which is not surprising, as her cargo is coal and oil barrels. These ingredients mixed on the decks with straw and other debris have formed a thick pasty layer. In addition we have several litters of young pigs, kittens and my two "Poms" - Blizzard and Blubber. Some delay is being experienced owing to a gun being fitted, but we expect to be off at 5 a.m. Went out with the Skipper during the evening. Poor fellow was so awkward at dinner that he amused me immensely. The bewildering array of cutlery embarrassed him considerably but he embarrassed me just as much by upsetting his beer, which he insisted on having, over the table. Then he said, "H i the firs time I hae been i sick a big place i me life." We returned to the Pentaur 10 p.m. to find the steam blowing off in rare style, something having gone wrong with the safety valve.

2-15-17

Left Queens dock about 5 a.m. but owing to heavy fog were unable to make much headway. Owing to the tide running out we took the bottom at 9 a.m. and did not move again until 3 p.m. As the fog cleared I had a fine view of the river banks flanked by fine rising hills. The scenery was very charming, but what impressed me greatly was the great number of ship building yards and the vast quantity of craft being constructed. There is not a yard with a vacant slipway. Vessels chiefly cargo, were there in every stage of completion, from laying down the keels to the finishing of deck fittings. I also noticed several submarines and torpedo craft nearing the launching stage. We passed Greenock, where we dropped the pilot, a city whose foreshores are a forest of crane structures and slips for ship construction. I have volunteered to assist the two armourers as sight layer and have been undergoing a course of

instruction. The gun is a 12 pounder, mounted on the stern of the vessel and is obscured by folding canvas flaps. On the approach of an enemy, these fall down and clear the way for action. On our way down the Clyde, several torpedo boats passed us, as well as an auxiliary cruiser.

2-16-17 - 1st day out.

Kept in close to Irish Coast all day. The only interesting incidents being the trial of our gun, which sent two shots just skimming over a box at 900 yards, and the passing of Light ships. These latter are moored at frequent intervals along the coast, near to the fringe of a shallow bank which extends almost the entire Irish Coast facing the Irish Sea. We passed several patrol boats, one of which came alongside and gave sailing orders. It is a wretched misty and wet night and we are just entering the worst sector of the danger zone. The Entrance of St. George's Channel.

2-17-17 - 2nd day out.

During the day we have been coasting leisurely along the Irish Coast, having only about 60 miles to make to the Skelligs, from which point we steer a due W. course, as soon as night closes in. This morning upwards of a dozen "tramps" passed us homeward bound, and had a submarine been near it must have had a rich harvest. A vigorous watch is maintained on board and the gunners are on the alert beside the gun, ready should a periscope appear. We are not anxious to meet with the enemy; but he who gives neither quarter or mercy, must needs expect a return in the same measure, and so we will fight until one is the master.

The Irish Coast here is both wild and rugged, with numerous precipitous rocky Islets lying off jagged and unscaleable cliffs. There are innumerable deep set bays that would afford excellent hiding places for submarines, so it is not surprising that we steam along, hugging the shore with mingled feelings of anxiety and apprehension. The next few days we run the gauntlet of the blockade, and I must confess that the mariners life at sea these times is both hazardous and unenviable. Daytime - when the lurking danger can be seen is bad enough, but with the obscuring cover of night the possibility of unseen approach, and hidden attack is multiplied. A big ship presents an ample target even at night, whilst a submarine could come almost alongside without observation. We passed numerous merchantmen and one large passenger steamer, waiting in these bays, until the darkness might hide them from lurking subs. Navigation in absolute darkness enhances the possibility of collision, but this is infinitely preferable to carrying lights that would speedily put a flotilla of submarines in ones wake. It was only last night we missed running down a patrol boat by a few yards. One might say the sea is not all it is cracked up to be this time of mines and torpedoes.

2-18-17 - 3rd day out.

Headwind with wretched misty weather, which it must be admitted has its compensations, in so much as limiting the outlook for submarines. I was much amused by the doling out of tobacco and cigarettes to the crew during the afternoon. It appears that this commodity is allowed out of the country duty free, which means a very considerable reduction in price. Some 32 members, which comprise the crew, arraigned themselves in a queue and took turns, as the old steward supplied them with the requisite amount of tobacco. (All) the

while the Captain extolling in broadest Scotch, on its quality and price. The latter he was extremely punctilious about, mentioning so many halfpence advance on the previous voyage. Meanness or call it "exactness", is a trait which I have noticed in everyone who speaks with the brogue. In signing the receipt book for their tobacco, I was astonished (at) the number incapable of writing their own name.

2-19-17 - 4th day out.

Heavy head seas and winds have decreased our speed to about 8 Knots. Never have I been in a ship that takes such keen enjoyment in throwing herself about in the sea. One would think she was going to dive under, but she rises gleefully to the sea, and plunges her stern in with such decision, that the racing propellor is brought up with a suddenness that sets the whole saloon in violent vibration. Thank Heavens I am not subject to mal-de-mer, for I would have been but a ghost long before now. Instead I am working out a mathematical calculation, of how many times I am going to be shot out of bunk before reaching South Georgia.

Finished reading A Confidential Agent by James Payne.

2-20-17 - 5th day out.

Fresh gale from South last night bringing up heavy sea. I experienced about the severest pitching and rolling motion of any ship I have travelled on. During the small hours of the morning, the stacks of barrels on the deck began shifting, and carried away four of the shores. It looked as though the lot would have gone overboard, and consequently the course had to be altered so as to avoid the rolling motion from a beam

sea. The lashings were tightened and extra supports put in, so that we were able to resume our original course.

Afternoon - Weather moderated, but a heavy cross sea still makes one uneasy, whether he is going to be ejected from bunk. A mild breeze continues blowing from the south, bearing with it the breath of equatorial temperatures.

Blizzard and Blubber have overcome their first qualms of ocean travel, and have proclivities for making companions with the pigs. This afternoon I had to haul them out of the trough, where they were indulging in a disputed orgie, of slops and titbits, with their newly made friends.

2-21-17 - 6th day.

The swell has abated, enabling better headway to be achieved, 220 miles being recorded by noon. In spite of what I anticipated time passes by reasonably quickly, though life on board is as lonely as if I had the ship to myself; the after end in truth I have. The Pentaur was originally a German owned passenger boat, trading on the West Coast, South America. She is well accommodated to take 30 Saloon and I don't know how many 2nd Class. Owing to the discontinuance of shipping with Norway, there are no passengers or rather workmen (chiefly Norwegian) for the Whaling Station, so I find myself with the entire saloon to myself and the old Steward. Reading keeps me occupied and I suppose the solitary confinement I will accustom myself to. The ship's deck is stacked high with four tiers of oil barrels, so that my promenade is confined to some 20 paces around the poop. My exclusive amusement is to "rag" the old Steward on his Scotch brogue by

misinterpretation, and teasing Blubber and Blizzard, rather puerile amusement.

2-22-17 - 7th day out.

The unconscious Scotch wit is to me ever a source of amusement. At meals an argument invariably ensues over some trivial matter between the Captain and Steward (who are both fairly well on in years) and the varied hypotheses advanced in support of each one's views, is bewildering and amusing. It invariably ends up by neither gaining a point; for the Captain says, "Ach Dinna argue mon ye kin aw about it", to which the Steward replies: - "Nae its na me at aw its ye as kins everathing." These little discussions become so absurdly heated, that I often think it will end in fisticuffs, but they both understand one another and after all its but Scotch temperament.

We passed, about 10 a.m. the North Sands, a vessel belonging to this same Company, and on her way home from Sth. Georgia. Both blew salutes on their whistles, which sounded to me as a defiance to "German frightfulness". During the evening headwinds blew afresh, and once more the Pentaur is diving her bows and cocking her stern to the swell which is rolling up from the South. Covered 222 miles.

2-23-17 - 8th day out, 219 miles

Beautiful calm day. Fill in my time writing letters. Glorious night with the crescent moon beaming in a sky of starlit brilliance.

2-24-17 - 9th day out. Run 242 miles.

Tranquil seas and blue sky with warm sunshine. Blizzard and Blubber are becoming very lively, scampering around the deck and making chums with the pigs and sailors. Spend the day letter writing. The Chief Engineer entertains with a Gramophone Concert.

2-25-17 - 10th day out. Run 250 miles.

Sunday - The same as all other days, letter writing.

2-26-17 - 11th day out. Run 238 miles.

Enjoy a morning's chat on the bridge with the Mate who interested me by recounting his experiences in various ports. Afternoon writing and learning Spanish. Dull muggy weather.

2-27-17 - 12th day out. Run 246 miles.

Day of glorious calm and sunshine. Observe shoal porpoises fishing, also a whale. Nothing exciting (beyond feeding, the pigs our sole amusement). Chief entertains with Gramophone.

2-28-17 - 13th day out.

Boiling hot. Course altered to East at 11 a.m. as we have to make up 150 miles in that direction, having sailed this distance Westward, off the Irish Coast to evade submarines. Beautiful night with our wake and prow brilliantly aglow with phosphorescence.

3-1-17 - 14th day.

Arrive at St. Vincent before daybreak, but owing to port regulations, vessels are prohibited entering before daylight. To pass away the time, we steamed close along the coast of St. Vincent Island which presented an imposing silhouette of

jagged and serrated scarps. Away on our port stretched the island of San Antonio, with its elevated and serrated summit hidden by a bank of rolling Cumulus clouds nearly 6000 feet high. Almost immediately on coming to anchor in the port, we were surrounded by a large number of what the sailors term, "bumboats", their negro occupants offering for sale oranges, cocoanuts, bananas, flyingfish, etc. Looking shorewards the view is not an inviting one. The township (Portuguese) stretches along the waterfront for perhaps 3/4 mile and is flanked by a lofty and irregular ridge, absolutely devoid of any vestige of vegetation. A few ships are anchored in the bay - a shallow basin, protected from the N. East trade winds by the surrounding hills. A great number of coal barges are moored inshore, for St. Vincent is essentially a coaling station depot. On going ashore I found the town quite interesting, several of the streets planted with Shade trees, very clean, and extremely populous with small native boys and women. The former followed in our trail begging pence, but with very little success. I received a cable from Perris at the St. Vincent Coal Company and was surprised to discover my name well known here, through press illustrations.

We had lunch at the Central Hotel, a pretentious edifice decorated with ostentatious colours, on the best fare that the town affords. Quite a nice little meal and a pleasant change after ships diet. The native women appear to be the slaves of the place, the men spectators, and their profuse families with ever a keen perception for the stranger, the beggars. St. Vincent at present is undergoing great depression through the war. Dependent exclusively on shipping, its trade has suffered severely through the greivous curtailment of vessels. Altogether it is not a place to live in. Even its water is

supplied from the neighbouring Island of San Antonio, where also Fruit and Vegetables are raised in one of its more fertile valleys. We took on board 350 tons of Coal (all coals are brought from England) and 19 tons of water, as well as some fresh stores and 60 fowls. We left the port at 6 p.m. A beautiful moonlight night.

3-2-17 - 15th

Excellent weather and perfectly calm seas. The N.E. trades are still with us and for these latitudes the temperature is pleasantly tempered.

3-3-17 - 16th day.

The ocean is as calm as though we were sailing down harbour. Awakened this morning by the hens up on deck greeting daybreak. Trifling as the incident seems, it is the first time I have heard the domestic crow of the Chanticleer for three years. What memories it awakened. In our passage Southward we disturb shoals of flying fish which rise on their transparent wings - wings apparently inadequate to support their weight and make a precipitate flight of a hundred yards or so. A flock of stormy petrels too, follow in our wake, and break the dreary loneliness of these birdless northern seas. During the early morning a boiler tube sprung a leak which compelled us to go half speed for some time.

Weather, though dull continues mild and pleasant. Our latitude is 10 degrees North.

3-4-17 - 17th day.

It is a pleasant relief that on board ship one is not continually diving ones hand into a pocket to tip a waiter or other

servant. Nothing is more loathing to a patron than searching in a pocket for change and "popping" it under cover of a plate, half ashamed to be seen, or else dropping it into an outstretched palm, performing a slight of hand feat, by which it is hoped to elude observation. Why is this thing tolerated by the British public? All unanimously agree that the system should be stamped out, but like many another British proposal, it never gets any further than the talking. There are but two ways of combating the evil. No assistance can be looked for from those who give tips; for so habituated are all to tipping, that the habit has become to be looked upon, almost as an obligation if not a duty! The Government should legislate; and compel all those employing servants to pay a minimum living wage, heavily penalising the system of employment without wages, which renders the servant entirely dependent on tithes. The people by the formation of Trades Unions might amalgamate and arrange a wage standard, which by the prescribed methods of Trades Unionism would achieve to the same ultimate object. Why should any traveller or "guest", after having disbursed his accounts, be the prey of this debased and contemptible system?

After completing the morning toilette, you repair to the breakfast room. The waitress is very attentive (of course she expects to be tipped - unless you are a Don Juan). As soon as you have breakfasted and risen from your seat, she looks under the plate for the usual 4d or 6d tip. I might mention these poor girls receive but 4/9 a week wages, and their board and lodging (such as it is) but have to attire and pay their own washing on 4/9 a week! How can they do it honourably? From your rooms you ride down in the lift, and as the lift attendant receives next to none, if any, wages, you contrive to

hand him (unseen like) 2d. Leaving the Hotel vestibule you pass through a string of obsequious fawning porters, who all rush to open the door for you. You pass them unheeded, deeming them parasites unworthy of being regarded as men, though feeling conscious that they should be tipped nevertheless. Even on the sideway stands a pompous person bearing the dignity? of the hotel, gaily uniformed who whistles up a taxi for you, and who looks to be really above tipping. He opens the taxi door, tells the taxi driver your orders, and all but holds his hand ready for what you may feel inclined to give him. When you leave the vehicle there is another tip over and above the meter register. At office thank heavens things are different. The Employees are well paid, and apart from being derogatory, tipping would not be tolerated by the management. Why is it not compulsory that hotels be conducted on similar exemplary lines? Go to the Cafe for lunch, there's the tip again to the waiter and the tip for the cloakroom attendant. You won't even escape the afternoon tea girls - this latter you don't mind if it were possible the Hotel authorities would charge you for your bed in proportion to the amount of sleep you had in it.

Leaving the Hotel, sees you giving a gratuity to the Chambermaid (who by the way is the only deserving case) and running the gauntlet of all the porters and servants who anticipate your departure, by your telltale luggage, and who arrange themselves in your proximity with submissive expectancy. One sighs with relief to be off; and cannot help but feel repugnance for a system that debases human nature and absorbs individualism. Tipping is a national curse that not only is derogatory to the giver but degrades the servant. It is the outcome of a miserable policy which allows wealthy

institutions to "Sponge" on their guests to defray the wages of their servants in order to swell their dividends and despotic interests.

234 mile run.

Fowl for lunch! 5 St. Vincent fowls fall a prey to our appetites. Calm sea pleasant N.E. tempering wind. Reading Drift by L.T. Meade. Blubber takes fit of distemper.

3-5-17 - 229 m. 18th day out.

Sudden rise in temperature and sweltering hot all day. The sea is exquisitely calm and beautiful. The quiet of the ship I enjoy immensely, more so as one is able to move about in deshabille which renders the passage, especially in these tropical zones, pleasantly comfortable old ship and must have been a fine craft in her day. Sitting alone in the scrupulously clean and well kept saloon, I can almost imagine being on a private yacht. Spent the day learning Spanish, washing clothes, washing Blizzard, and playing poker patience with the Skipper who amused me considerably by showing me many prehistoric card tricks. Blubber I am afraid has pegged out as he has been missing all day.

3-6-17 - 19th day out.

Crossed the Equator at 9 a.m. More perfect weather it would be impossible to experience, were it not for the excessive heat. The ocean is as tranquil as a vast lake, there not being sufficient motion in the sea to move the ship. At sunset the prospect was one of profound peace, not a breath of wind disturbed the rippleless sea, and the Sun set amidst a blazing bank of cumulus, tingeing the sea with a fiery sheen. Reading

"She" by R. Haggard. The Skipper engages the gunner and myself in heated argument over relation conundrums and other diverse problems.

8 p.m. - Just up on deck, a gentle breeze has sprung up tempering the heated atmosphere and Oh the glory of the tropical sea silvered by the full moon. It is Arcady. Now that the Skipper has learned to play poker patience, it takes all my patience playing with him. Every hour of the day he desires me to take a hand.

3-7-17- 20th day out.

We are in the "Doldrums" - the centre of the great system between the N.E. and S.E. trade winds. The Doldrums in the old sailing days was a much dreaded area, for often a brave vessel would lay becalmed, beneath a relentless burning sun, for three weeks before a favourable breeze would swell her sails. And so we steam through a stagnant sea and moveless atmosphere, with the blinding sun over our masthead at noon, and the sea gleaming and radiating heat like an illimitable plain of liquid silver. As night draws on and the crepuscular glow fades in the West, heavy banks of Cumulus clouds, towering and black, roll up from the south and burst into sheets of rain, like a miniature deluge. Occasionally lightning may be observed lighting up the clouds with fitful gleam, and the occasional glimpsing of the moon through the rugged clouds combines to make a scene of rare enchantment. Read She during the day. Trying to write while the Skipper and Steward are in heated argument.

3-8-17 - 21st day.

Run to noon 241 miles. Strong S.E. wind which alleviates to some extent the burning heat. As I have little to do beyond reading, the passage is becoming monotonous, especially as those on board are unable to engage in conversation or discussion.

3-9-17 - 22nd day out - 231 miles run.

Repetition of the same beautiful weather. Wash miscellaneous apparel. Play poker patience. Read Ohmar Khayyam. The Chief Engineer entertains with gramophone. Chiefly Scotch melodies (or rather discords).

3-10-17 - 23rd day out.

Glorious weather. The ocean is as placid as a tranquil lake. Tonight's full moon silvers the sea with the brilliancy of day. If one had but a companion I could not enjoy a trip more. This evening I was invited along to the Chief Engineer's cabin to participate in the merriment of a "Gramophone dance". I found the Elite already arrived. There included the host, the cook, the 3rd Engineer, etc. A small table well laden with that imperative essential of the Scotsman, Whiskey was given frequent attention to. The music was chiefly Bagpipe jigs and reels, to which the jovial guests responded by executing, with some accomplishment, a series of bizarre dances. In proportion to the fall of the liquid in the bottles so also did the spirits rise, and I admired the manner in which two sets executed a jig to quick time, with only a ground space of 4 ft. 6 in. x 4 ft. 6 in. Then there were songs, chorused by voices, discordant and inebriated. Nevertheless it was a happy little gathering that dispersed at midnight, to awaken in the morning with sad heads.

3-11-17 - run 242 miles.

Observed Trinidad Island low down on the horizon and some 60 miles distant at 4 p.m. (Lat. 20. 30 S. Long. 29. 22) off island. Trinidad I ascertained is a barren pile of rocks rising to 3000 feet and about 3 miles in length. It is extremely difficult to effect a landing as the island is surrounded by surging coral reefs and rocks. I believe however it is possessed with some rather unique natural scenery, there being a magnificent archway worn by the sea in the perpendicular cliffs some 450 feet in length and 50 feet high. On this side of (West) the island there are also two remarkable rocks. The Ninepin and Sugarloaf. We passed the island at 20 miles about 10 p.m. when it loomed up with alluring mystery, that was much accentuated by the brilliant moonlight and heavy cloud banks.

Weather extremely enervating and will welcome the balm of Southern latitude.

3-12-17 - 247 miles.

Same weather conditions but slightly cooler. Our exit from tropical latitudes was marked by fierce downpours of rain. During the day (in fact the past week) the sky has been covered by magnificent cloud forms. These amorphous masses assumed every conceivable shape, apparently torn by fierce upper air currents. Towards sunset the clouds were resplendent with glorious light effects; one vast pile of cumulus, lit by the full light of the sun closely resembled a range of snow covered ranges, with the summit peak glowing like a volcano - being tinged with a ruddy glare. Then one could observe faces, figures and other definite forms rapidly dissipating into "cats tails" and wisps.

3-13-17 - run 244 miles. Lat. 26.43, Long 31.28.

The most oppressive day we have experienced. The breeze, which was a following one, brought with it the breath of the Equator and so heated the ships plates and decks that she felt like a huge oven. It was milder though on the deck at evening, and the Capt. and I spent an hour picking out the constellations and stars. Rarely have I seen a more beautiful display of the heavens than tonight. Many of the Northern hemisphere stars are still visible. Sirius is dazzling in the Zenith and Canopus is scarcely less brilliant. Away to the North West the Pleiades are spangling like a group of scintillating gems and to the South gleams the most beautiful of all constellations, our glorious Southern Cross. Jupiter is setting and looms above the sea, like the masthead light of a passing vessel. As we gaze we feel those same feelings of awe and profound admiration come over us, as all who gaze heavenward experience when they behold the sublimity of the universe and the realms of the Almighty.

3-14-17 - 27th day.

Slightly cooler with a high wind from the N.W. This has increased our travel southward by 1/2 knot per hour total days run 254 miles.

Read The Lone Pine.

3-15-17 - 28th day.

Wind from the S.E. which brings up a swell making us pitch violently. To-day, a number of Albatross have been following in our wake, their presence lends an air of homeliness to the sea, which has been practically destitute of bird life since leaving Glasgow. In the evening we had a gramophone concert

enlivened and made vivacious by the free administration of the whisky bottle. As the brand savors much of methylated spirit I declined the hospitality. A mixture of Step, Jig and Reel to a repetition of the same tune (the Kalrad) maintained the concert till 1 a.m.

3-16-17 - 29th day out - run 220 miles.

It is very noticeably colder to-day with a bleak wind from S.W. Chief Engineer and Skip-per who are both having a prolonged bout, keep up a continual tirade argument and wake me up hourly to advise as an authority. After confiding them to the tropical regions with forceful language, I managed to get some rest, though the cries for Steward and the Cook popping continued till the small hours of the morning.

3-17-17 - 30th day out - Lat. 42 S.

Nothing doing. Endeavour to amuse myself at the Piano and by reading miscellaneous uninteresting books, having exhausted all my literature. The Skipper is on the bottle and in a fractious mood. Two young pigs are killed for tomorrow's dinner, and the sailormen all have ominous premonitions of bad weather. It being a tradition that pig sticking is followed by foul weather.

3-18-17 - 31 days out.

Hove to at 3 a.m. owing to heavy mist coming on and being in the supposed proximity to ice. The fact is the Skipper has an attack of nerves after his recent whisky bout, and has not the nerve of a child. It is just as well this is a cargo boat; for passengers would scarcely submit to navigation being stopped by mist or darkness. We are just as likely to collide with

aeroplanes, as ice or other vessels. Noticeably colder and misty though sea calm.

3-19-17 - 32 days out.

Hove to during the night and moved again at 4 a.m. During the afternoon we observed about a dozen small berg fragments. I have a sincere contempt for the method in which this vessel is navigated. The Skipper is in an eternal funk, and in my mind would be afraid to navigate on a pond if there were ducks in it. The weather happily continues wondrously calm.

3-20-17 - 33 days out.

Yesterday evening the engines were stopped and we came to rest just before 6 p.m., but why, no one knows. We lay hove to all night in a sea uncannily calm. Laying in one's berth it scarcely seemed possible that we were afloat on mid ocean. The vessel was absolutely motionless and an eerie stillness enveloped us. Held up by ice! It so reminded me of when we lay in our bunks on the Endurance, and the occasional creak of fixtures sounded like the ominous murmurings of the pressure ice. But what a difference. There we lay cradled amidst a chaos of sinister ice hummocks, here we rest on a stagnant sea, afraid to move through the timidity of a panicky skipper. At daybreak we moved on again and at 8 a.m. came abreast of an immense flotilla of small ice bergs. These were drifting in a rank and file formation and I counted no less than 150 from the deck. In this impressive barrier were many large gaps through which a direct southward route could easily have been made; with characteristic indecision the helm was put hard over and we have been coursing to and fro, like a patrol, throughout the day, why an endeavour was not made to go

round this absurd barrier is beyond comprehension; but like one who is scared of his foe's shadow, we ran away from the bergs at full speed Northward! How some of our Antarctic skippers would have laughed at this ludicrous terrorised navigation! As the bergs would not get out of our way, we were apparently incapable of getting out of theirs and so we hove to at 3 p.m. The weather continues marvellous and very thankful I am for it, as we will not be moving off again until tomorrow.

I found out that this chain of berg was over 30 miles in length. It consisted of old worn fragments and stumps. This vast collection of dissipating bergs is evidently due to strong counter currents which holds them between opposing influences.

3-21-17 - 34 days out.

This excursion is becoming no better than a farce; for at daybreak we continued retreating, Northwards till noon, in which position we were some 400 miles from the Island. On Monday evening we were but 300! Evidently the Captain is obsessed with chimerical apprehensions, for he steams madly away from any observable ice. His golden rule and guiding influence tells him to run from ice, get away anywhere, and in any direction put it below the skyline in fact anywhere as long as it is out of sight. For no reason we have been steaming Westward all day since noon and as it is now six p.m. the engines are about to stop and let us drift like a rolling log in a rising sea. There is not a spoonful of ice in sight but his aberrant intellect sees it lurking everywhere. Our position is so ridiculous that I can scarcely refrain from laughing, and but for my loss in time, I shall deem it a rare yarn to spin by the

fireside as one of the most ludicrous positions I have ever been in on the high seas. The weather has every appearance of breaking. Strong S.W. winds setting in.

3-22-17 - 35th day out.

A move at 5 a.m. and as we are evidently North of ice we continue a southward course till night-fall.

A heavy S.W. wind has set in causing us to roll and pitch violently in the rising sea. Amuse myself shorthand and on the piano. Hove to 7 p.m.

3-23-17 - 36th day out.

When we hove to this evening we were about 77 miles north of Cape Buller Sth. Georgia. During the early morning we passed through a fair number of broken bergs and the remainder of the day have made a very fair passage. The night is pitch black with a stormy sea causing us to roll considerably, and I for one, will be extremely happy to set foot on solid land. We should have been riding at anchor last Wednesday, instead of rolling out here midst drifting bergs - a mere toy of the elements.

3-24-17 - 37 days out.

Hove to all day on account of mist. The mist, however, was never sufficiently thick to make a passage hazardous. It is exasperating to be wasting time out here idly, tossing about in a heavy sea, because the skipper's nerves are bursting through excessive use of "stimulant". Just after dinner we heard close on our starboard the reverberating roar of a berg breaking up. This transpired sufficiently close to cause some discomfort, as the berg was obscured by fog; later however, the mist lifted

and disclosed a large berg surrounded by "calves" or fragments but a 1/4 mile off. The wind has dropped and bears promise of favourable conditions for the morrow.

3-25-17 - 38 days out.

Off at 5:30 a.m. and a few hours later observed several whalers, as we continued south-ward we passed in all about a dozen, all scouting for whales. At 12 noon we came close to the Island which was densely obscured by fog. Following close inshore we entered Leith Harbour at 2 p.m. Several skippers from other vessels came aboard to welcome us and learn news. I met Mr. Henricksen on shore and Sorlee of the Stromness station. I learned that Whales are extremely scarce, only a couple being captured for the week, against the customary dozen per day last season. It would appear as though the whales are being exterminated from these waters, which is not astonishing, as there are six stations employing 30 whaling vessels ardently fishing for them. We go alongside tomorrow.

3-26-17

We moved from our anchorage and moored alongside the small jetty at 6 a.m. with another transport "The Albuera" moored on our starboard. Both vessels are secured by extremely heavy cables, as occasionally terrific winds sweep down from the mountains carrying all insecurities before them. There is little work going on at the factory owing to the extreme paucity of whales, so superfluous labour is being utilised on the erection of very considerable extensions to the factory. Interviewed Mr. Henricksen relative to my prospects in hand, and found that gentleman both courteous and willing to assist me to his utmost. Having decided to remain on

board ship I unpacked all my cases and with satisfaction discovered everything intact. Given reasonable weather, all should be successful; but the season I am afraid is much advanced, and the percentage of favourable conditions will be small.

Characteristic mists and rain have endured all day.

3-27-17

Magnificent sunshine. I arranged with Mr. Henricksen for a trip to Hercules Bay in the Matilda. Left the jetty at 9:15 a.m. with Capt. Mansen of the Albuera for a companion. The Matilda is one of the craziest craft I have ever voyaged on. Apart from her capricious antics at sea she has the appearance of a small ferry built of rusty tin plates; and I am certain her sides are no thicker. Leaving Leith Harbor we met a heavy head sea, so that Matilda began waltzing in a most turbulent fashion. Two hours of this buck-jumping brought us to the moorings in the calm waters of Hercules Bay. To my infinite delight I discovered a rookery of sea elephants. The hills and foreshores were covered with masses of the most exquisite colourings. Verdant green, russet brown, lemon colour and an infinite variety of delicate tints, lent an added glory to one of the most transcending views. In the background rose a face of the Fortuna Glacier, surrounded by razor and needle like scarps, while on the flat moraine plain in the foreground, basked families of elephants. The ground was treacherous walking being a maze of bogs and slime pits, the heaven and haven of these creatures. My cameras secured many records and altogether we spent both an enjoyable and profitable day. Our return with the following sea was more

speedy and pleasant. I dined on the Albuera and arranged with Mr. H. for a cruise to Bird Island on Thursday.

3-28-17

Accompanied by Capt. Manson I climbed to the crest of Leith Harbor Glacier. This extremely steep climb took us to an elevation of over 2000 feet in little more than a mile. Several fields of crevasses gave us some difficulty in negotiating, and terrific wind puffs made exposed climbing hazardous. From the summit a magnificent panorama of snow mantled peaks and glaciers, with innumerable bays and coves far below us exhibited itself. The Allardyce Range and Mt. Paget and The "Sugarloaf" stood out in all their precipitous splendour, like titanic spires. Rolling banks of cumulus swept in billows round their lofty crests and at times assumed forms weird and surflike. The brilliant sunshine added to our enjoyment and enabled me to secure many fine plates. I visited Mr. Henricksen this evening who courteously arranged for a voyage to the Westernmost point of the Island. We leave at 6 a.m. to-morrow.

3-29-17

Left Leith Harbor station at 7 a.m. on the Matilda in a heavy downpour of rain and moderate gale, which conditions prevailed all day. Outside the harbor we encountered a high sea and the Matilda treated us with a buck-jumping display that made one apprehensive as to her stability. One moment we ran on the crest of a big sea and then head under; starboard rail awash, and then such a violent lurch to port, so that we daren't let go our holding. We made a wet passage to Restitution Harbor where we were compelled to weather. My ardour undamped as we steamed by the Glaciers in Antarctic

Bay, but the weather was so atrocious that I reaped little benefit. We returned to our mooring alongside the "Sound of Jura" an auxiliary barque anchored in Restitution Harbor. We were hospitably entertained by the Skipper with whom we took and enjoyed meals, and inspected the large Whaling Station now under construction for the Irvine Company. The surrounding scenery is wild and menacing with jagged peaks rising to the skies above us, around which the whirling mists and squalls play in seething eddies. In the quiet cabin of the "Sound of Jura". We played euchre, while the howling of wind and heavy rain without, but reminded us of our wild and isolated locality in this outcast island.

3-30-17

Left Prince Olaf Harbor at 7:30 a.m. after taking breakfast with Capt. Rochester on board the "Sound of Jura". We rounded the reef off the Entrance and made for the Bay of Isles which we reached a couple of hours later. We anchored in a tiny little sheltered harbor and all went ashore. We found a large number of huge sea elephants sleeping amongst the tussac grass and filmed them. The Bay of Isles boasts a magnificent shingly beach, which being remarkably flat, forms an ideal camping ground for elephants and penguins. At the Eastern end of the beach we discovered a rookery of King Penguins. The old birds in the long fluffy plumage were ensconced in the centre of the assemblage. The King Penguin is remarkable for its magnificent plumage, being the most beautiful of all the penguin species. The back is of a dark slatey hue, the breast beautiful with a metallic like sheen and graduated from a deep orange around the neck to the faintest of lemon tints on the breast. The King Penguin makes no nest. The egg is laid on the

feet and incubated in a feathery pouch between the legs; this is also peculiar to the Emperor Penguin.

A dense mist coming down, we returned to the Matilda just in time to avoid a heavy downpour. We leave this anchor for Bird Island at 6 a.m.

3-31-17

A high wind from S.W. caused us to leave our exposed anchorage at daybreak, the anchor dragging and nearly allowing us to drift up on to the beach. We made the opposite side of the Bay in a mild blizzard and gained Rosita Harbor where we have been laying all day. Terrific gusts carrying snow lash the water into sheets of spray and have kept us confined to the tiny cabin of the Matilda. The outlook landward embodies the greatest inhospitality. The landscape is buried deep in snow, and from the glacier immediately on our starboard, streams of drift are carried in the squalls far seaward. It is a pocket edition of Antarctica wild in mood and bleak beyond description.

We are anxious about our anchor holding through the night.

4-1-17

An abatement in the wind allowed us to go ashore and secure a few pictures, but the conditions were anything but satisfactory. The land is covered with snow from yesterday's blizzard and winter reigns. I discovered a rookery of Gentoo Penguins, which was inhabited with young birds nearing the adult stage. There were also a considerable number number of Sea Elephants frolicing in the neighbouring pools.

We left the anchorage in Rosita Harbor at 12:30 p.m. and reached Leith Harbor at 5 p.m. the sea having abated. After dining on the Albuera I went ashore to view the pictures. I was astonished to find a small well built hall about 30 x 20, crammed with an appreciative seating accommodation was speedily filled with "Early doors". The atmosphere was redolent with the reek of Whale oil smoking being strictly prohibited. The orchestra, two fiddles and banjo sawed away with some accomplishment to "The White Slave Traffic", a flickering picture much too big for the hall and insufficiently illuminated. This however is over critical, for no matter how bad the quality of pictures they are boon to these outcasts, whose environment is Winter and banishment from the civilized world, and whose occupation is both noisome and degrading. I visited Mr. Henricksen in his cosy villa and met the charming wives of Capt. Stenholz and Dr. \_\_\_\_\_ of Hawick and many other acquaintances. After dinner the Cinema orchestra played dances for us and all spent a most enjoyable evening.

4-2-17

I started out early this morning on a climbing excursion to ascend the surrounding peaks of Leith Station.

My ascent was rendered extremely tiresome by the weight of my photographic apparatus. After negotiating many intricate and precipitous ways I succeeded in reaching the summit. A dreamlike panorama unfolded itself from this 1500 ft. pinnacle. The Allardyce range with its majestic and shapely peaks, formed an imposing background to a bird's eye of Bays and rocky landscape, spread here and there with snow patches and verdant tussac grass. Descending into the valley at the rear of

Stromness Station, I was struck by the variety of tints of the vegetation. These, a great variety of mosses, lichens and grasses spread the valley like a great carpet, curiously mingling together in riot of vivid colours. There were patches, that at a short distance gave one the impression that green, red, yellow and brown paints had been thrown confusedly on the landscape, and which on only close investigation, disclosed a galaxy of multicolored mosses. Never have I seen such an assemblage of exquisite harmony displayed in the vegetation of other lands as I feasted on, midst these mosses and grasses. Examine but a square yard of the valleys of South Georgia and it resolves itself into a miniature garden, that one cannot help but remark - "Oh! how lovely". Tiny streamlets gush down from snow-clad summits, and ripple through banks of emerald mosses on their way to the larger streams or lakes, that reflect Tussac banks and snowy peaks. This is Sth. Georgia on a sunny summers day! Whales are extremely scarce at the Station - one however secured to-day measured 98 feet, the record size for the season.

4-3-17

Magnificent placid and sunshiny day. I went with several skippers and Binny to Grytviken and Husk. At Grytviken I met my old friend McDougall and his wife. It seemed quite like home to return to King Edward Cove, where we anchored in the Endurance 2 1/2 years ago. The glaciers were dazzling in the glaring sunlight and the mountains stood out like scenic cardboards against the blue sky. It was a day such as these latitudes rarely boast of. We returned to the Pentaur at dark.

4-4-17

Arose at 5 a.m. and out to photograph the sunrise which is generally at this time of the year extremely beautiful. This morning however a heavy mist overspread the landscape so the results were fruitless.

Remained on ship all day developing plates. I find two seconds exposure at 16' is correct for Paget Colour plates. This evening engaged in euchre tournament with Capt. Bauman, Mansen and Symans. To-morrow weather favouring, the 2nd Mate Mr. Leask and myself leave for Jason Harbor till Monday.

4-5-17

I left Leith Harbor in the Matilda at 10 a.m. accompanied by the 2nd Mate who is to do duties as a factotum. Our destination was the picturesque harbor called Little Jason about 1 1/2 hours run from Leith Harbor and situated at the head of West Fjord, Cumberland Bay. The weather was threatening, heavy squalls breaking down the Fjord, so that we were happy to reach our sheltered harbor. On going ashore we were exuberant to find two charming beaches with tussock and moss covered hills in the background. It is a place of nature's rest and quiet. Here and there a huge sea elephant or a number of pups basked on the beach, whilst coveys of Penguins promenaded the strands, and like so many sightseers waddled up to inquisitively peruse the intruders. As we set about erecting our tent, they chatted away amongst themselves, evidently discussing the procedure with much vehemence, for it all ended in a quarrel, in which there was much pecking and pugilistic efforts with the flappers. We found a natural cosy corner for our tent, sheltered from all winds, and in the centre of an artists paradise. The hills and sward are a gaiety of tints that fills me with ecstasies, and

which baffles me to describe it adequately. In front of our tent lies the harbor, like a great pool, and in the distance a range of fine mountains around which the mists and blue haze curl in fleeting clouds. One can walk from point to point of the bay along a beautiful shingly beach, hearing nothing but the gentle "sish" of the water, and the occasional grunt of a sea elephant, with penguins for company. If the weather will but favour us we are in a dreamland. I have instructed that the "Matilda" returns for us on Tuesday, as there is much work to be done here.

4-6-17 - Good Friday.

At daybreak I was up snapping the sunrise, and after an early breakfast of eggs and bread and jam we walked over to the glacier which is about 1/2 a mile away. We rambled through a natural garden of gorgeously coloured mosses and tussac grasses; but when we arrived at the Neumeyer glacier what a glory was unfolded. The sun was high above the mountains gleaming down on to a wall of blue ice that reflected the light with a dazzling luminosity. The top of the glacier was crenellated into fantastic embrasures, that rose terrace above terrace to some distant mist shrouded peaks. The beach in the foreground and the bay were strewn with ice fragments from the glacier, which we discovered to be in high activity shedding avalanches every few moments. The water was so calm that the glacier was reflected with scarcely any disturbance. I soon exposed a dozen plates and secured much film of sea elephants etc. At evening I made a roaring camp fire with elephant blubber and drift wood. I also fried some Gentoo penguin steaks which we found delicious and not in the least "fishy". Leask enjoyed them, and I was interested to ascertain the flavour after civilized diet; thinking that our

"Antarctic" appreciations might be due to our craving for fatty foods. This I have dispelled; as the Gentoo beefsteaks I found the equal of any beefsteak. We are extremely comfortable in our tent, but the amount of photographic gear rather curtails our feet room. It gratifies me to be able to go to sleep, feeling that the day has been successful.

4-7-17 - 10 p.m.

I have just escaped from the confines of my sleeping bag, where I have been changing plates and re-loading film for the past hour and a half. As the moon is shining without it is much too bright inside the tent without extra cover. Remarkably beautiful weather is favouring us. To-day was brilliantly sunshine till 2 p.m. so Leask and I after an early breakfast set off for the Glacier 3/4 mile away. We carried a 1/1 plate, and 1/2 plate, and a Cinema between us. No words at my command can describe the ineffable beauty of the ice face, with its jagged top and ice spires. The glacier which evidently has a swift flow is a chaos of serraces and crevasses. When the sun got a little behind the ice face, it glowed with an intense blue translucency, that gave one the impression it was emitting light. Last night a huge avalanche had detached itself from the glacier face, and we found the contiguous beach covered with diversified ice fragments. As we watched the glacier, a continual crackle of small avalanches was to be observed, falling into the bay, and as I write now, there is a continuous booming as of distant guns.

After lunch we climbed to the crest of an adjacent hill, and had an inspiring view as we gazed down onto the glacier from 2000 feet. Three glaciers conform together to make this grand ice stream, which from our elevation looked like a furrowed

field of marble. Terrace rose above Terrace, tipped with dazzling sunlight, until they were lost in the distant ice cap. Leask remarked it looked like an overcrowded vastness of marble tomb-stones. Behind the glacier rose in majestic grandeur the great peaks of the "Three Brothers". Now and then peering from out a wind torn sea of cloud, their spire like peaks rose with one unscaleable sweep to nearly 8000 feet. The spectacle is the finest and most profound sight I have ever gazed on. As the sun set, the clouds and snows glowed with the pink alpengluh, that glorified, if possible, this visionary wildness. We returned to camp and made a roaring fire of sea elephant blubber, in an improvised stove I constructed from several iron hoops found on the sea beach. We ate heartily - ay ravenously of fine penguin and sea elephant steaks, which were tender, delicious and flavorful. So we sat at our evening meal, the moon rose behind the mountains, and silvered the quiet bay in front of us. Two penguins came ashore and waddled up to us, inquisitively watching us eat, and then doing the round of the camp picking and peering into everything. The strap of my camera bag nonplussed them immensely; for they played with it for fully 1/4 of an hour. Satisfied with their prospect, they waddled away taking with them a small piece of wood as a trophy. As I watched them I thought of those lines of Coleridge's:

"Oh happy living things no tongue their beauty  
might declare

A spring of love burst from my heart and I blessed  
them unaware."

The weather is all that can be desired and splendid for camping, being both mild and not too cold.

4-8-17 - Easter Sunday.

I was up before sunrise in quest of sunrise effects. The weather of South Georgia is extremely capricious. The sun might be beaming one moment, and the next the sky will suddenly overcloud and blizzard. To me, my spirits rise and fall with each cloud that hides the sun's face; for one must take the fullest advantage of every sunray. The weather again gave promise of a fine day and Leask and I set out early for the peak summit which we climbed yesterday afternoon. We found the climbing very difficult cutting our hands on the scree and sharp frost splintered rocks. The glacier lay below us dazzling in the morning sunlight, with the peaks of the "Three Brothers" in the background breaking the scud clouds like billows against the crags. The whole scene was the embodiment of wildest grandeur and profound desolation. After securing several pictures we ran or rather skid down the steep scree face on the opposite side to which we climbed. In the valley we discovered a lake of considerable dimensions, fed by glacier streams and snow caps. The surrounding foreshores were ablaze with vivid coloured mosses and small plants with small globular prickly seeds. These latter caused us much discomfort, working through the clothes and irritating the skin, so that much of my aesthetic ravings as to their beauty and the provision of nature for scattering and propagating the species was lost on Leask. Skirting the margin of the lake, we climbed onto the glacier and endeavoured to wend a way into its centre. We had to abandon the attempt, however, as we were unsuitably equipped and I was unwilling that we should hazard ourselves

amidst the maze of crevices and serraces. We had a magnificent glimpse, however, of this chaotic glacier stream, that appeared to be absolutely impenetrable owing to its frightfully contorted and broken nature. The surface was just a vast field of pinnacles and chasms, and rendered the more dangerous by collapsing ice blocks and rotten ice. Streams of thaw water could be heard gurgling deep down in the blue ravines, and ice which we tumbled in could be heard dashing their way from side to side, till a faint splash told us that they had reached a distant bottom. We returned to our home, or camp, over heaps of detritus and moranic debris which showed the glacier to be in rapid recession. A welcome cup of tea and a hearty good meal by the side of a roaring blubber fire made us in a very good humour and anxious to court our well earned repose in the snugger of our tent and sleeping bags.

4-9-17

During last night we had much reason to thank ourselves for the sheltered selection of our camping site. The wind roared over the mountains and eddied around our tent, so that we had well founded apprehensions of being blown seaward. Nothing so drastic occurred however and we had the satisfaction of observing the sky being swept of mists and clouds and our hopes for a good day were fulfilled. During the morning I secured some fine film of sea elephants, and in the afternoon we labouriously climbed with the gear to a nearby mountain summit. Mists however precluded our securing pictures and we returned early to camp and to a much welcome rest.

4-10-17

During our camping session the weather has been remarkably favourable. Exceptional sunshine has favoured us for at least 6 hours during the day, and has culminated in one to-day, of almost tropical mildness. Our charming little harbour looked more smiling and pleasant than ever, but was perhaps beautified the more by stream ice having drifted in from the adjacent glaciers. Early afoot, the sunrise tinted the peaks and hills with a glowing pink, that was mirrored in our placid harbour. The plain over which we passed towards the glacier Neumeyer Glacier was a garden of glorious tints, and the towns which chequered these mossy landscapes, reflected clouds and mountains with perfect duplicity. The "Matilda" arrived at noon with several friends on board, anxious to learn of our experiences and hardships, which I assured them were nothing more than if we had been in an enjoyable picnic. Leask and I again climbed to the summit overlooking the Neumeyer glacier for the fourth time. The sun rewarded our efforts. The mists were dispelled, and the serraced ice stream was backed with stately peaks that stood out in naked grandeur. Such a scene is adequately versified by Service.

"Have you gazed on naked grandeur  
Where there's nothing else to gaze on  
Set pieces and drop curtain scenes galore,  
Big mountains heaved to heaven,  
Which the blinding sunsets blaze on  
Black canyons where the rapids rip and roar.

Have you swept the visioned valley  
With the green stream streaking through and  
Searched the vastness for something you have lost.

Have you strung your soul to silence?  
Then for God's sake go and do it;  
Hear the challenge, learn the lesson, pay the cost."

And just so as we looked southward, over tangled icefields and mighty mountains, the scene was inexpressibly wild and grand; while to the north lay our garden valley, spangled with lakes and myriad streamlets. The crescent of the Bay, with its tiny Islet and across the Bay the great range of the precipitous Allardyce mountains composed such a scene of harmony and felicity that I felt - give me a home here and I could wish for nothing more. Our friends who were as eulogistic as myself over this beauty spot joined their regrets with us in having to return by the "Matilda". Our short two hours run was very pleasant in the dusk of twilight, and I had a rare opportunity of observing the ruggedness of the ranges as they were thrown up in silhouette. The Horizon resembled a vast saw with here and there a gapped tooth. Away in the distance the light of Cape Saunders blinked at us. The entrance to Stromness Bay. We arrived on board the Pentaur at 7 p.m. The sojourn was extremely successful as I exposed some six dozen plates and over 1,000 feet of film.

4-11-17

I spend the day developing 50 negatives I ran through and the results were up to all expectations.

4-12-17

Developed during the morning all the colour plates which were very successful. During the afternoon I visited Mr. Henricksen, and gave him advice respecting his Kinema plant.

These alterations he has put in hand. Made arrangements to go to the Bay of Isles on 14th.

4-13-17

During the morning assembled all my equipment and stores for my weeks expedition to the Bay of Isles. Afternoon visited Mr. Henricksen who took me on a tour of inspection over the works. There were about ten whales at the bay and the process of oil production was in full swing. More interesting however than the commercial, was the domestic side of the station. The kitchen department which at present cooks for 350 men is replete with the most modern equipment and is exemplary of cleanliness, as in fact all the houses and departments are. The Baker produces 180 loaves per day and the Butcher manufactures an admirable assortment of sausages, collops, etc., from varying proportions of pig and whalemeat. The piggery houses 300 pigs, which allows a continual supply of two pigs per week. Altogether it is a collective scene of bustle and activity, encircled by towering peaks, an oasis of civilization midst a wild desolate and grand nature.

4-14-17

The "Matilda" called for us at 6:30 a.m. and Leask as before accompanied me. We are going to camp for a week at the Bay of Isles some 30 miles to the West. With calm weather at the beginning, we made speedy way, but a heavy gale coming up from S.E. made the possibility of a landing rather dubious; more especially as the timorous Captain Carsen skippered. Eventually we made a small sea bay, and succeeded in landing with some difficulty our bulky equipment, by about 12:30 p.m. The "Matilda" returned and we immediately scouted for a

suitable camping ground. The S.E. gale increased to a mild blizzard with astonishing large flakes of wet snow and as we could find no lee we erected a wall of stones to break the force of the tempest. We speedily became soaked to the skin and cold to the "core". Our little tent covered a space of 7 x 6 of wet muddy clay, but it was some respite to crawl inside out of the elements. We laid our firewood supply on the floor, and when the floor cloth was laid things looked more comfortable; but not for long for the increasing rain began to rise beneath our floor, so that I was compelled to cut a trench encircling the tent. The clay was of a particularly adherent nature, building up in large lumps to one's feet and sticking to everything to which it came in contact with. It was with feelings of relief that we doffed our saturated garments and got into our sleeping bags, anxious, however, whether our tent would withstand the terrific gusts, or whether we would be washed out. The day, combined with our surroundings, was one of the most inhospitable I have gone through.

4-15-17

Rained all day and not having dry gear remained in sleeping bags. Cooked grub on the Primus. Towards evening weather cleared a little and we went for a stroll along the beach to the King Penguin rookery. Turned in 7:45. Blowing and raining.

4-16-17

Last night's wind so menaced the safety of the tent that this morning we were compelled to erect another stone breakwind as the wind had changed its direction. Advantage we took of the cessation of rain, to dry our clothes, but as the air was practically saturated, we were not altogether successful. I am putting on a wet garment each night, so that

on awakening in the morning it is reasonably dry. I took pictures of the King Penguins this afternoon, it raining the while, and under unusually bad circumstances. Later we strolled along the gravel beach and collected a number of sea elephant tusks. Our environment is bleak and desolate. Our tent is pitched in the centre of a vast area of moranic debris, a dirty glacier is on our right, and in the background are arraigned a series of peaks hid by fog. It is a place that makes one feel gloomy to tread it, and I only wish there was a slight lee elsewhere, where we could "reside" in more congenial surroundings.

To bed 8 p.m. With strong S.W. wind making us anxious for the safety of our tent.

4-17-17

Morning cold and blowy with wind from S.W. Later however it cleared and we were favoured by sunshine. Leask and I spent the morning amongst the sea elephants, which lay in the long tussac grass in great numbers. Some huge bulls measuring about 18 feet, lay packed together like sacks of potatoes and gave us some fine displays for the cinema. After lunch we strolled down the great beach to the King Penguin rookery, which being lit by full sunlight presented a spectacle of gorgeous colours. The birds blazoned like shining metal, and the young in their long brown fluffy plumage with the brown mosses and green tussacs covering the ground, made such a riot of tints, that were it not for the infallibility of the colour plate such a scene would be discredited. We returned to camp killed a sea elephant for its blubber - which is our fuel, and cut a stack of tussac grass, which we placed beneath our floor cloth in lieu of a "feather" mattress. I scarcely know

whether to appreciate the comfort for an army of beetles and grubs creep slowly up our tent walls, and one can scarcely enjoy the full benefits of the couch when there are such a stream of intruders. We had an excellent meal in honor of the day's sunshine!

Beef a la mode - Petit Pois - and pomme de terre. Dessert Peaches a la Sud Georgia. Gingerbread, Tea.

The Viands were cooked by the aid of the blubber fire. A barrel hoop from the beach served for a grate and a log of drift wood for the table.

4-18-17

Scotch mist with rain all day- conditions harmonious to our desolate surroundings. Leask and I occupied our morning collecting sea-elephant tusks along the beach, and cutting them out from old carcasses. Conditions are so unfavourable for photography, that cameras have been laid by for the day. Afternoon I skinned a King penguin in the tent, an occupation rendered the more difficult owing to limited space, and having to use a camera case for a table. There is not a breath of wind, and the pattering of rain on the tent and quiet, fill one with a certain amount of gloom. Leask is an excellent assistant, always ready to do his share, unselfish and a good companion. This week spent at one of the most inhospitable spots of South Georgia, with abominable weather, has not damped our ardour of spirits; but the weather appears to have set in for winter, and on my return from this trip, I intend abandoning further expeditions.

4-19-17

Fine sunrise effect which I secured in colour. Morning walked down to the King penguin rookery and as the sun came out I took some cinema films. In the afternoon I found some young Albatrosses and Giant Petrels nesting. The latter birds are in an advanced stage of moulting and will be on the wing in about a fortnight's time. The Albatross chicks are very beautiful, and resemble a large ball of white fluff. The nest is built up about 15 to 18 inches from the ground and is composed of a mixture of moss, tussac and mud; it is about 18 inches in diameter.

We have much reason to be thankful for our comparatively sheltered site, and our rock breakwinds, the wind now blowing a full gale from S.W. and roaring over this scene of desolation with eerie noises.

The Bay of Isles, where we are camped, is an open inlet of the sea, some 4 to 5 miles across. As its name implies, it is studded with numerous islets and reefs, which to some extent break the swell from the open ocean; there is little shelter, however, the wind sweeping down the mountain gorges and glaciers with unimpeded fury. Several glaciers debouch into the bay, one at the head, Rosita Harbour being particularly active. The mountains here are much more snow-covered than further east, evidently due to the excess of condensation on them from the S.W. and Westerly prevailing winds. Numerous penguin and Sea Elephant rookeries are to be found along the foreshores, but otherwise the Bay is uninteresting and unpictorial.

4-20-17

The morning pleasantly sunshiny and warm enabled me to secure colour plates and films. In the afternoon we walked along the S.W. Beach in front of the Glacier - a walk extremely enjoyable, with the glacier face 100 feet high seeming to overhang the narrow strip of beach. We were blocked at the distant end of the Glacier beach by a swift running stream, which rushed from under the Glacier foot and evidently fed by the thaw caused by the warm morning. At 3:30 p.m. the Matilda hove in sight, and as the weather was propitious, we disbanded camp and embarked with all haste. The weather here being dangerously changeful and though being calm at sea, a gale may be sweeping down the adjacent glaciers, making the task of embarking highly hazardous.

We left the Bay of Isles at 4:30 p.m. and steamed to Prince Olaf Harbour where an anchorage for the night was made.

Collectively the trip has been fairly successful. The weather during my week's camping was what one much expects this time of the year. Cold stormy and wet: nevertheless we enjoyed it, and my regrets are that it will be my last camping for many a long day to come.

4-21-17

At daybreak the clanking of the Matilda's anchor being hauled up awakened us, and shortly after we felt the rolling of a head sea as we left Prince Olaf Harbour. We arrived at Leith Harbour. 10:30. The Harpoon had arrived from Buenos Ayres a few days previously, and Mr. Henricksen kindly handed me copies of the B.A. Herald which learned me up in worldly doings to April 1st. The Albuerra is leaving for London next

Wednesday and I am making every effort to leave by her. Spent afternoon overhauling Cine developing gear ashore.

4-22-17

My darkroom on shore is all that can be desired for producing good work. Mr. Henricksen has kindly placed at my disposal his bathroom. This room is in every respect convenient and might have been constructed for my purpose. It is steam heated, and abundant supply of water, and steam water heating arrangement. The floor is so paved that chemicals or water may be tipped on it with impunity: add to this the blessing of electric light and innumerable cockroaches (which though harmless are quite unnecessary) and you have my developing room. I developed 700 feet this evening and found it all in perfect condition.

4-23 & 24-17 - Continue developing.

The results are beyond all expectations and in spite of the antithesis in light the exposures are accurate to a fraction. I spent a very pleasant evening on board the Cameron with Captain Mansen, Smith, and the Doctor, engaged in a euchre tournament.

4-25-17

In view of the Albuerra being unarmed, I have decided to postpone my sailing and will proceed by the Harpoon to Buenos Ayres, taking from there the securest passage to London. Concluded developing. Wretched rainy weather.

END

## Background Information on James Francis Hurley provided by Mitchell Library, State Library of New South Wales

James Francis Hurley, photographer, Antarctic explorer and author, was born in Sydney, N.S.W., on 15 Oct., 1885. In 1911, he became a member of the Australasian Antarctic Expedition, 1911 - 1914, and was appointed to the staff of the Main Base Party as the official photographer. This party, consisting of 18 men, was led by Sir Douglas Mawson. They were landed on the Adelie Land coast, Antarctica, by the S.Y. Aurora on 8 Jan., 1912. From 10 Nov., 1912 to 10 Jan., 1913, Hurley accompanied Edward Frederick Robert Bage and Eric Norman Webb on the Southern Sledge journey. He remained at the Main Base, Adelie Land, until the 8 Feb., 1913, when the majority of the party was relieved by the S.Y. Aurora. In Oct., 1914, Hurley joined Sir Ernest Henry Shackleton's Imperial Trans-Antarctic Expedition, 1914 - 1917; the aim of which was to cross the Antarctic continent via the South Pole. On 5 Nov., 1914, the Expedition party arrived at the remote whaling station of Grytviken, South Georgia, Atlantic Ocean, on board the Endurance. On 5 Dec., 1914, the Endurance departed from South Georgia for the Weddell Sea, Antarctica. During Jan. and Feb. of 1915, the Endurance became trapped in the ice. On 27 Oct., 1915, she was crushed. Consequently, the Expedition party was forced to camp on the ice floe which drifted towards Elephant Island in the South Shetland Islands. In three life boats from the Endurance the party was able to reach Elephant Island on 15 April 1916. One of the boats, named the James Caird, was strengthened, and Shackleton, together with five companions, sailed 800 miles across stormy seas to South Georgia to effect a rescue. The remainder of the party on Elephant Island lived in a structure of two upturned boats on rock walls and fastened together with canvas. These quarters, which housed in cramp conditions 22 men, were named the snuggery. They were rescued by

the Chilean trawler Yelcho on the 30 Aug., 1916. Hurley arrived in London on 15 Nov., 1916, and immediately handed over his film record to Ernest Perris, the Expedition's agent in London. Because of gaps in the film, necessitated by the need to abandon many of the plates after the Endurance was crushed, Hurley volunteered to return to South Georgia to photograph suitable animal footage. Hurley left Glasgow, Scotland, on board the Pentaur on 15 Feb., 1917, arriving in South Georgia on 25 Mar., 1917. He returned to London in June, 1917, shortly after which he was appointed as official photographer to the Australian Imperial Force. He served in France and Palestine. Hurley died on the 16 Jan., 1962.

#### SOURCE INFORMATION:

Folder ML MSS. 389/1 (CY1423)

Sledging diary, 10 Nov. 1912 - 10 Jan. 1913, kept while a member of the Australasian Antarctic Expedition, 1911 - 1914, together with an edited typescript transcript.

Diary had also been used to record i.e. sledging songs.

Includes references to Edward Frederick Robert Bage, 1912 - 1913, and Eric Norman Webb, 1912 - 1913.

Box ML Mss. 389/2 (CY1423)

Diaries, 5 Nov. 1914 - 25 Apr. 1917, kept while a member of the Imperial Trans-Antarctic Expedition, 1914 - 1917