

CAPTAIN SCOTT'S ANTARCTIC PHOTOGRAPHS, 1911

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WORDS AND PHOTOGRAPHS

As they approached the South Pole on the 16th of January 1912, Captain Robert Falcon Scott and his four companions were hoping to find an unbroken horizon of frozen desolation no different from the one they had travelled across for weeks and months. What greeted them instead was a black flag planted thirty-four days earlier by Roald Amundsen's Norwegian expedition.

The tragic story of what led to and followed this moment has never been told in more poignant a manner than by Captain Scott himself in his diary and personal account of his British Antarctic (Terra Nova) Expedition, 1910-1913. Scott's diary was recovered from the tent in which he died alongside Edward Wilson and Henry 'Birdie' Bowers and is now one of the treasures of the British Library. It remains a cornerstone in our understanding of one of the most moving chapters in the history of human exploration. To focus solely on Scott's writings, however, is to overlook his other historical record of the Terra Nova expedition, consisting of more than one hundred photographs taken between September and mid-December 1911.

Captain Scott learned the basics of photographic technique and composition from the expedition's official photographer, Herbert Ponting. Scott took photographs around the hut at Cape Evans, during the Spring Journey to the Ferrar Glacier, and on the Southern Journey to the South Pole. His subjects included his companions, the ponies and sledges, encampments, landscapes, and the struggles of man-hauling. Scott's last photographs were taken on the Beardmore Glacier before his exposed negatives were sent back to Cape Evans with a supporting party led by Charles Wright.

Whether individually or as a group, Captain Scott's photographs carry us back to the heart of the Heroic Age of Antarctic exploration. They also transport us far inland into regions beyond the reach of Ponting, whose fitness and cumbersome equipment prevented him from taking part in longer sledging journeys. Scott's photographs and panoramic images are infused with a quiet simplicity and contemplation that differs from the grand compositions of his photographic master, Ponting. Their unencumbered aesthetics allows them to capture both the vulnerability of the men and their tenacity, the dreariness of the Ice Barrier and the thrill of discovery, the weight of the sledges and the companionship of the ponies.

The photographs also provide clues as to the environmental, logistical and human circumstances that allowed the expedition's successes, but also led to its tragic failures. In contrast to the assurance of Captain Scott's writing in forging a historical narrative, his photographs speak of the doubts and improvisations of a man learning a craft whilst leading an uncertain enterprise. Rather than any hint of heroism, what they convey with a certain melancholy is the singular predicament of a group of explorers immersed in an environment that is as hostile as it is otherworldly.



SPRING JOURNEY





Saturday, August 26. P.M.—Just before lunch the sunshine could be seen gilding the floe, and Ponting and I walked out to the bergs. The nearest one has been overturned and is easily climbed. From the top we could see the sun clear over the rugged outline of C. Barne. It was glorious to stand bathed in brilliant sunshine once more. We felt very young, sang and cheered—we were reminded of the frosty morning in England—everything sparkled and the air had the same crisp feel. There is little new to be said of the return of the sun in Polar regions, yet it is such a very real and important event that one cannot pass it in silence. It changes the outlook on life of every individual, foul weather is robbed of its terrors; if it is stormy to-day it will be fine to-morrow or the next day, and each day's delay will mean a brighter outlook when the sky is clear.

Friday, September 1. A very windy night, dropping to gusts in morning, preceding beautifully calm, bright day. If September holds as good as August we shall not have cause for complaint. ... I have been working very hard at sledging figures with Bowers' able assistance. The scheme develops itself in the light of these figures, and I feel that our organisation will not be found wanting, yet there is an immense amount of detail, and every arrangement has to be more than usually elastic to admit of extreme possibilities of the full success or complete failure of the motors.

Sunday, September 10. A whole week since the last entry in my diary. I feel very negligent of duty, but my whole time has been occupied in making detailed plans for the Southern Journey. These are finished at last, I am glad to say; every figure has been checked by Bowers, who has been an enormous help to me. If the motors are successful, we shall have no difficulty in getting to the Glacier, and if they fail, we shall still get there with any ordinary degree of good fortune. To work three units of four men from that point onwards requires no small provision, but with the proper provision it should take a good deal to stop the attainment of our object. I have tried to take every reasonable possibility of misfortune into consideration, and to so organise the parties as to be prepared to meet them. I fear to be too sanguine, yet taking everything into consideration I feel that our chances ought to be good. The animals are in splendid form. Day by day the ponies get fitter as their exercise increases, and the stronger, harder food toughens their muscles. ... Of hopeful signs for the future none are more remarkable than the health and spirit of our people. It would be impossible to imagine a more vigorous community, and there does not seem to be a single weak spot in the twelve good men and true who are chosen for the Southern advance. All are now experienced sledge travellers, knit together with a bond of friendship that has never been equalled in such circumstances. Thanks to these people, and more especially to Bowers and Petty Officer Evans, there is not a single detail of our equipment which is not arranged with the utmost care and in accordance with the tests of experience. It is good to have arrived at a point where one can run over facts and figures again and again without detecting a flaw or foreseeing a difficulty.

It is a really satisfactory state of affairs all round. If the Southern journey comes off, nothing, not even priority at the Pole, can prevent the Expedition ranking as one of the most important that ever entered the Polar regions.

Thursday, September 14. I have been exceedingly busy finishing up the Southern plans, getting instruction in photographing, and preparing for our jaunt to the west. ... I am determined to make some better show of our photographic work on the Southern trip than has yet been accomplished—with Ponting as a teacher it should be easy. He is prepared to take any pains to ensure good results, not only with his own work, but with that of others showing indeed what a very good chap he is. ... To-morrow, Bowers, Simpson, Petty Officer Evans, and I are off to the west. I want to have another look at the Ferrar Glacier, to measure the stakes put out by Wright last year, to bring my sledging impressions up to date (one loses details of technique very easily), and finally to see what we can do with our cameras. I haven't decided how long we shall stay away or precisely where we shall go; such vague arrangements have an attractive side.

Sunday, October 1. Returned on Thursday from a remarkably pleasant and instructive little spring journey, after an absence of thirteen days from September 15. We covered 152 geographical miles by sledgometer (175 statute miles) in 10 marching days. It took us 2 ½ days to reach Butter Point (28 ½ miles geog.), carrying a part of the Western Party stores which brought our load to 180 lbs. a man. Everything very comfortable; double tent great asset. The 16th: a most glorious day till 4 P.M., then cold southerly wind. We captured many frost-bites. Surface only fairly good; a good many heaps of loose snow which brought sledge up standing. There seems a good deal more snow this side of the Strait; query, less wind. Bowers insists on doing all camp work; he is a positive wonder. I never met such a sledge traveller. The sastrugi all across the strait have been across, the main S. by E. and the other E.S.E., but these are a great study here; the hard snow is striated with long wavy lines crossed with lighter wavy lines. It gives a sort of herringbone effect. After depositing this extra load we proceeded up the Ferrar Glacier; curious low ice foot on left, no tide crack, sea ice very thinly covered with snow. We are getting delightfully fit. Bowers treasure all round, Evans much the same. Simpson learning fast. Find the camp life suits me well except the turning out at night! Three times last night. We were trying nose nips and face guards, marching head to wind all day. We reached Cathedral Rocks on the 19th. Here we found the stakes placed by Wright across the glacier, and spent the remainder of the day and the whole of the 20th in plotting their position accurately. (Very cold wind down glacier increasing. In spite of this Bowers wrestled with theodolite. He is really wonderful. I have never seen anyone who could go on so long with bare fingers. My own fingers went every few moments.) We saw that there had been movement and roughly measured it as about 30 feet. (The old Ferrar Glacier is more lively than we thought.) After plotting the figures it turns out that the movement varies from 24 to 32 feet at different stakes—this in 7 1/2 months. This is an extremely important observation, the first made on the movement of the coastal glaciers, it is more than I expected to find, but small enough to show that the idea of comparative stagnation was correct. Bowers and I exposed a number of plates and films in the glacier which have turned out very well, auguring well for the management of the camera on the Southern journey. On the 21st we came down the glacier and camped at the northern end of the foot. (There appeared to be a storm in the Strait; cumulus cloud over Erebus and the whalebacks. Very stormy look over Lister occasionally and drift from peaks; but all smiling in our Happy Valley. Evidently this is a very favoured spot.) From thence we jogged up the coast on the following days, dipping into New Harbour and climbing the moraine, taking angles and collecting rock specimens. At Cape Bernacchi we found a quantity of pure quartz in situ, and in it veins of copper ore. I got a specimen with two or three large lumps of copper included. This is the first find of minerals suggestive of the possibility of working. The next day we sighted a long, low ice wall, and took it at first for a long glacier tongue stretching seaward from the land. As we approached we saw a dark mark on it. Suddenly it dawned on us that the tongue was detached from the land, and we turned towards it half recognising familiar features. As we got close we saw similarity to our old Erebus Glacier Tongue, and finally caught sight of a flag on it, and suddenly realised that





it might be the piece broken off our old Erebus Glacier Tongue. Sure enough it was; we camped near the outer end, and climbing on to it soon found the depot of fodder left by Campbell and the line of stakes planted to guide our ponies in the autumn. So here firmly anchored was the huge piece broken from the Glacier Tongue in March, a huge tract about 2 miles long, which has turned through half a circle, so that the old western end is now towards the east. Considering the many cracks in the ice mass it is most astonishing that it should have remained intact throughout its sea voyage. At one time it was suggested that the hut should be placed on this Tongue. What an adventurous voyage the occupants would have had! The Tongue which was 5 miles south of C. Evans is now 40 miles W.N.W. of it. From the Glacier Tongue we still pushed north. We reached Dunlop Island on the 24th just before the fog descended on us, and got a view along the stretch of coast to the north which turns at this point. Dunlop Island has undoubtedly been under the sea. We found regular terrace beaches with rounded waterworn stones all over it; its height is 65 feet. After visiting the island it was easy for us to trace the same terrace formation on the coast; in one place we found waterworn stones over 100 feet above sea-level. Nearly all these stones are erratic and, unlike ordinary beach pebbles, the under sides which lie buried have remained angular. Unlike the region of the Ferrar Glacier and New Harbour, the coast to the north of C. Bernacchi runs on in a succession of rounded bays fringed with low ice walls. At the headlands and in irregular spots the gneissic base rock and portions of moraines lie exposed, offering a succession of interesting spots for a visit in search of geological specimens. Behind this fringe there is a long undulating plateau of snow rounding down to the coast; behind this again are a succession of mountain ranges with deep-cut valleys between. As far as we went, these valleys seem to radiate from the region of the summit reached at the head of the Ferrar Glacier. As one approaches the coast, the 'tablecloth' of snow in the foreground cuts off more and more of the inland peaks, and even at a distance it is impossible to get a good view of the inland valleys. To explore these over the ice cap is one of the objects of the Western Party. So far, I never imagined a spring journey could be so pleasant. On the afternoon of the 24th we turned back, and covering nearly eleven miles, camped inside the Glacier Tongue. After noon on the 25th we made a direct course for C. Evans, and in the evening camped well out in the Sound. Bowers got angles from our lunch camp and I took a photographic panorama, which is a good deal over exposed. We only got 2 1/2 miles on the 26th when a heavy blizzard descended on us. We went on against it, the first time I have ever attempted to march into a blizzard; it was quite possible, but progress very slow owing to wind resistance. Decided to camp after we had done two miles. Quite a job getting up the tent, but we managed to do so, and get everything inside clear of snow with the help of much sweeping. With care and extra fuel we have managed to get through the snowy part of the blizzard with less accumulation of snow than I ever remember, and so everywhere all round experience is helping us. It continued to blow hard throughout the 27th, and the 28th proved the most unpleasant day of the trip. We started facing a very keen, frostbiting wind. Although this slowly increased in force, we pushed doggedly on, halting now and again to bring our frozen features round. It was 2 o'clock before we could find a decent site for a lunch camp under a pressure ridge. The fatigue of the prolonged march told on Simpson, whose whole face was frostbitten at one time—it is still much blistered. It came on to drift as we sat in our tent, and again we were weather-bound. At 3 the drift ceased, and we marched on, wind as bad as ever; then I saw an ominous yellow fuzzy appearance on the southern ridges of Erebus, and knew that another snowstorm approached. Foolishly hoping it would pass us by I kept on until Inaccessible Island was suddenly blotted out. Then we rushed for a camp site, but the blizzard was on us. In the driving snow we found it impossible to set up the inner tent, and were obliged to unbend it. It was a long job getting the outer tent set, but thanks to Evans and Bowers it was done at last. We had to risk frostbitten fingers and hang on to the tent with all our energy: got it secured inch by inch, and not such a bad speed all things considered. We had some cocoa and waited. At 9 P.M. the snow drift again took off, and we were now so snowed up, we decided to push on in spite of the wind. We arrived in at 1.15 A.M., pretty well done. The wind never let up for an instant; the temperature remained about -16°, and the 21 statute miles which we marched in the day must be remembered amongst the most strenuous in my memory. Except for the last few days, we enjoyed a degree of comfort which I had not imagined impossible on a spring journey. The temperature was not particularly high, at the mouth of the Ferrar it was -40°, and it varied between -15° and -40° throughout. Of course this is much higher than it would be on the Barrier, but it does not in itself promise much comfort. The amelioration of such conditions we owe to experience. We used one-third more than the summer allowance of fuel. This, with our double tent, allowed a cosy hour after breakfast and supper in which we could dry our socks, &c., and put them on in comfort. We shifted our footgear immediately after the camp was pitched, and by this means kept our feet glowingly warm throughout the night. Nearly all the time we carried our sleeping-bags open on the sledges. Although the sun does not appear to have much effect, I believe this device is of great benefit even in the coldest weather—certainly by this means our bags were kept much freer of moisture than they would have been had they been rolled up in the daytime. The inner tent gets a good deal of ice on it, and I don't see any easy way to prevent this. The journey enables me to advise the Geological Party on their best route to Granite Harbour: this is along the shore, where for the main part the protection of a chain of grounded bergs has preserved the ice from all pressure. Outside these, and occasionally reaching to the headlands, there is a good deal of pressed up ice of this season, together with the latest of the old broken pack. Travelling through this is difficult, as we found on our return journey. Beyond this belt we passed through irregular patches where the ice, freezing at later intervals in the season, has been much screwed. The whole shows the general tendency of the ice to pack along the coast. The objects of our little journey were satisfactorily accomplished, but the greatest source of pleasure to me is to realise that I have such men as Bowers and P.O. Evans for the Southern journey. I do not think that harder men or better sledge travellers ever took the trail. Bowers is a little wonder. I realised all that he must have done for the C. Crozier Party in their far severer experience. In spite of the late hour of our return everyone was soon afoot, and I learned the news at once. E.R. Evans, Gran, and Forde had returned from the Corner Camp journey the day after we left. They were away six nights, four spent on the Barrier under very severe conditions—the minimum for one night registered -73°. I am glad to find that Corner Camp showed up well; in fact, in more than one place remains of last year's pony walls were seen. This removes all anxiety as to the chance of finding the One Ton Camp. On this journey Forde got his hand badly frostbitten. I am annoyed at this, as it argues want of care; moreover there is a good chance that the tip of one of the fingers will be lost, and if this happens or if the hand is slow in recovery, Forde cannot take part in the Western Party. I have no one to replace him. E.R. Evans looks remarkably well, as also Gran. The ponies look very well and all are reported to be very buckish.

CAPE EVANS





Wednesday, October 3. We have had a very bad weather spell. Friday, the day after we returned, was gloriously fine—it might have been a December day, and an inexperienced visitor might have wondered why on earth we had not started to the South. Saturday supplied a reason; the wind blew cold and cheerless; on Sunday it grew worse, with very thick snow, which continued to fall and drift throughout the whole of Monday. The hut is more drifted up than it has ever been, huge piles of snow behind every heap of boxes, &c. all our paths a foot higher; yet in spite of this the rocks are rather freer of snow. This is due to melting, which is now quite considerable. Wilson tells me the first signs of thaw were seen on the 17th. Yesterday the weather gradually improved, and to-day has been fine and warm again. One fine day in eight is the record immediately previous to this morning. ... Ponting has been doing some wonderfully fine cinematograph work. My incur-

sion into photography has brought me in close touch with him and I realise what a very good fellow he is; no pains are too great for him to take to help and instruct others, whilst his own enthusiasm for his own work is unlimited. His results are wonderfully good, and if he is able to carry out the whole of his programme, we shall have a cinematograph and photographic record which will be absolutely new in expeditionary work. A very serious bit of news to-day. Atkinson says that Jehu is still too weak to pull a load. The pony was bad on the ship and almost died after swimming ashore from the ship—he was one of the ponies returned by Campbell. He has been improving the whole of the winter and Oates has been surprised at the apparent recovery; he looks well and feeds well, though a very weedily built animal compared with the others. I had not expected him to last long, but it will be a bad blow if he fails at the start. I'm afraid there is much pony trouble in store for us. Oates is having great trouble with Christopher, who didn't at all appreciate being harnessed on Sunday, and again to-day he broke away and galloped off over the floe. ... Day is increasingly hopeful about the motors. He is an ingenious person and has been turning up new rollers out of a baulk of oak supplied by Meares, and with Simpson's small motor as a lathe. The motors may save the situation. I have been busy drawing up instructions and making arrangements for the ship, shore station, and sledge parties in the coming season. There is still much work to be done and much, far too much, writing before me. Time simply flies and the sun steadily climbs the heavens. Breakfast, lunch, and supper are now all enjoyed by sunlight, whilst the night is no longer dark. **Friday, October 6.** With the

rise of temperature there has been a slight thaw in the hut; the drips come down the walls and one has found my diary, as its pages show. The drips are already decreasing, and if they represent the whole accumulation of winter moisture it is extraordinarily little, and speaks highly for the design of the hut. There cannot be very much more or the stains would be more significant. Yesterday I had a good look at Jehu and became convinced that he is useless; he is much too weak to pull a load, and three weeks can make no difference. It is necessary to face the facts and I've decided to leave him behind—we must do with nine ponies. Chinaman is rather a doubtful quantity and James Pigg is not a tower of strength, but the other seven are in fine form and must bear the brunt of the work somehow. If we suffer more loss we shall depend on the motor, and then!... well, one must face the bad as well as the good. It is some comfort to know that six of the animals at least are in splendid condition—Victor, Snippets, Christopher, Nobby, Bones are as fit as ponies could well be and are naturally strong, well-shaped beasts, whilst little Michael, though not so shapely, is as strong as he will ever be. To-day Wilson, Oates, Cherry-Garrard, and Crean have gone to Hut Point with their ponies, Oates getting off with Christopher after some difficulty. At 5 o'clock the Hut Point telephone bell suddenly rang (the line was laid by Meares some time ago, but hitherto there has been no communication). In a minute or two we heard a voice, and behold! Communication was established. I had quite a talk with Meares and afterwards with Oates. Not a very wonderful fact, perhaps, but it seems wonderful in the primitive land to be talking to one's fellow beings 15 miles away. Oates told me that the ponies had arrived in fine order, Christopher a little done, but carrying the heaviest load. ... The photography craze is in full swing. Ponting's mastery is ever more impressive, and his pupils improve day by day; nearly all of us have produced good negatives. Debenham and Wright are the most promising, but Taylor, Bowers and I are also getting the hang of the tricky exposures. **Saturday, October 7.** As though to contradict the suggestion of incompetence, friend 'Jehu' pulled with a will this morning—he covered 3 1/2 miles without a stop, the surface being much worse than it was two days ago. He was not at all distressed when he stopped. If he goes on like this he comes into practical politics again, and I am arranging to give 10-foot sledges to him and Chinaman instead of 12-foot. Probably they will not do much, but if they go on as at present we shall get something out of them. **Sunday, October 8.** A very beautiful day. Everyone out and about after Service, all ponies going well. Went to the pressure ridges with Ponting and took a number of photographs. So far good, but the afternoon has brought much worry. About five a telephone message from Nelson's igloo reported that Clissold had fallen from a berg and hurt his back. Bowers organised a sledge party in three minutes, and fortunately Atkinson was on the spot and able to join in. I posted out over the land and found Ponting much distressed and Clissold practically insensible. At this moment the Hut Point ponies were approaching and I ran over to intercept one in case of necessity. But the man part was on the spot first, and after putting the patient in a sleeping-bag, quickly brought him home to the hut. It appears that Clissold was acting as Ponting's 'model' and that the two had been climbing about the berg to get pictures. As far as I can make out Ponting did his best to keep Clissold in safety by lending him his crampons and ice axe, but the latter seems to have missed his footing after one of his 'poses'; he slid over a rounded surface of ice for some 12 feet, then dropped 6 feet on to a sharp angle in the wall of the berg. He must have struck his back and his head; the latter is contused and he is certainly suffering from slight concussion. He complained of his back before he grew unconscious and groaned a good deal when moved in the hut. He came to about an hour after getting to the hut, and was evidently in a good deal of pain; neither Atkinson nor Wilson thinks there is anything very serious, but he has not yet been properly examined and has had a fearful shock at least. I still feel very anxious. To-night Atkinson has injected morphia and will watch by his patient. Troubles rarely come singly, and it occurred to me after Clissold had been brought in that Taylor, who had been bicycling to the Turk's Head, was overdue. We were relieved to hear that with glasses two figures could be seen approaching in South Bay, but at supper Wright appeared very hot and said that Taylor was exhausted in South Bay—he wanted brandy and hot drink. I thought it best to despatch another relief party, but before they were well round the point Taylor was seen coming over the land. He was fearfully done. He must have pressed on towards his objective long after his reason should have warned him that it was time to turn; with this and a good deal of anxiety about Clissold, the day terminates very unpleasantly. **Tuesday, October 10.** Still anxious about Clissold. He has passed two fairly good nights but is barely able to move. He is unnaturally





irritable, but I am told this is a symptom of concussion. This morning he asked for food, which is a good sign, and he was anxious to know if his sledging gear was being got ready. In order not to disappoint him he was assured that all would be ready, but there is scarce a slender chance that he can fill his place in the programme. Meares came from Hut Point yesterday at the front end of a blizzard. Half an hour after his arrival it was as thick as a hedge. He reports another loss—Deek, one of the best pulling dogs, developed the same symptoms which have so unaccountably robbed us before, spent a night in pain, and died in the morning. Wilson thinks the cause is a worm which gets into the blood and thence to the brain. It is trying, but I am past despondency. Things must take their course. Forde's fingers improve, but not very rapidly; it is hard to have two sick men after all the care which has been taken. The weather is very poor—I had hoped for better things this month. So far we have had more days with wind and drift than without. It interferes badly with the ponies exercise. **Friday, October 13.** The past three days have seen a marked improvement in both our invalids. Clissold's inside has been got into working order after a good deal of difficulty; he improves rapidly in spirits as well as towards immunity from pain. The fiction of his preparation to join the motor sledge party is still kept up, but Atkinson says there is not the smallest chance of his being ready. I shall have to be satisfied if he practically recovers by the time we leave with the ponies. Forde's hand took a turn for the better two days ago and he maintains this progress. Atkinson thinks he will be ready to start in ten days' time, but the hand must be carefully nursed till the weather becomes really summery. The weather has continued bad till to-day, which has been perfectly beautiful. A fine warm sun all day—so warm that one could sit about outside in the afternoon, and photographic work was a real pleasure. The ponies have been behaving well, with exceptions. Victor is now quite easy to manage, thanks to Bower's patience. Chinaman goes along very steadily and is not going to be the crock we expected. He has a slow pace which may be troublesome, but when the weather is fine that won't matter if he can get along steadily. The most troublesome animal is Christopher. He is only a source of amusement as long as there is no accident, but I am always a little anxious that he will kick or bite someone. **Sunday, October 15.** Both of our invalids progress favourably. Clissold has had two good nights without the aid of drugs and has recovered his good spirits; pains have departed from his back. The weather is very decidedly warmer and for the past three days has been fine. The thermometer stands by a degree or two below zero and the air feels delightfully mild. Everything of importance is now ready for our start and the ponies improve daily. Clissold's work of cooking has fallen on Hooper and Lashly, and it is satisfactory to find that the various dishes and bread bakings maintain their excellence. It is splendid to have people who refuse to recognise difficulties. **Tuesday, October 17.** Things not going very well; with ponies all pretty well. Animals are improving in form rapidly, even Jehu, though I have ceased to count on that animal. To-night the motors were to be taken onto the floe. The drifts make the road very uneven, and the first and best motor overrode its chain; the chain was replaced and the machine proceeded, but just short of the floe was thrust to a steep inclination by a ridge, and the chain again overrode the sprockets; this time by ill fortune Day slipped at the critical moment and without intention jammed the throttle full on. The engine brought up, but there was an ominous trickle of oil under the back axle, and investigation showed that the axle casing (aluminium) had split. The casing has been stripped and brought into the hut; we may be able to do something to it, but time presses. It all goes to show that we want more experience and workshops. I am secretly convinced that we shall not get much help from the motors, yet nothing has ever happened to them that was unavoidable. A little more care and foresight would make them splendid allies. The trouble is that if they fail, no one will ever believe this. **Wednesday, October 18.** The southerly blizzard has burst on us. The air is thick with snow. A close investigation of the motor axle case shows that repair is possible. **Sunday, October 22.** To-day everything is ready. The loads are arranged on the sea ice, the motors are having a trial run, and, all remaining well with the weather, the party will get away to-morrow. ... The temperature is up to zero about; this probably means about -20° on the Barrier. I wonder how the motors will face the drop if and when they encounter it. Day and Lashly are both hopeful of the machines, and they really ought to do something after all the trouble that has been taken. ... In the transport department, in spite of all the care I have taken to make the details of my plan clear by lucid explanation, I find that Bowers is the only man on whom I can thoroughly rely to carry out the work without mistake, with arrays of figures. For the practical consistent work of pony training Oates is especially capable, and his heart is very much in the business. ... I don't know what to think of Amundsen's chances. If he gets to the Pole, it must be before we do, as he is bound to travel fast with dogs and pretty certain to start early. On this account I decided on a very early date to act exactly as I should have done had he not existed. Any attempt to race must have wrecked my plan, besides which it doesn't appear to be the sort of thing one is out for. ... 'Words must always fail me when I talk of Bill Wilson. I believe he really is the finest character I ever met – the closer one gets to him the more there is to admire. Every quality is so solid and dependable; cannot you imagine how that counts down here? Whatever the matter, one knows Bill will be sound, shrewdly practical, intensely loyal and quite unselfish. Add to this a wider knowledge of persons and things than is at first guessable, a quiet vein of humour and really consummate tact, and you have some idea of his values. I think he is the most popular member of the party, and that is saying much. ... 'Bowers is all and more than I ever expected of him. He is a positive treasure, absolutely trustworthy and prodigiously energetic. He is about the hardest man amongst us, and that is saying a good deal—nothing seems to hurt his tough little body and certainly no hardship daunts his spirit. I shall have a hundred little tales to tell you of his indefatigable zeal, his unselfishness, and his inextinguishable good humour. He surprises always, for his intelligence is of quite a high order and his memory for details most exceptional. You can imagine him, as he is, an indispensable assistant to me in every detail concerning the management and organisation of our sledging work and a delightful companion on the march. 'One of the greatest successes is Wright. He is very thorough and absolutely ready for anything. Like Bowers he has taken to sledging like a duck to water, and although he hasn't had such severe testing, I believe he would stand it pretty nearly as well. Nothing ever seems to worry him, and I can't imagine he ever complained of anything in his life. I don't think I will give such long descriptions of the others, though most of them deserve equally high praise. Taken all round they are a perfectly excellent lot. 'The Soldier is very popular with all—a delightfully humorous cheery old pessimist—striving with the ponies night and day and bringing woeful accounts of their small ailments into the hut. ... 'The study of individual character is a pleasant pastime in such a mixed community of thoroughly nice people, and the study of relationships and interactions is fascinating—men of the most diverse upbringings and experience are really pals with one another, and the subjects which would



be delicate ground of discussion between acquaintances are just those which are most freely used for jests. ... Another trying incident has occurred. We have avoided football this season especially to keep clear of accidents, but on Friday afternoon a match was got up for the cinematograph and Debenham developed a football knee (an old hurt, I have since learnt, or he should not have played). Wilson thinks it will be a week before he is fit to travel, so here we have the Western Party on our hands and wasting the precious hours for that period. The only single compensation is that it gives Forde's hand a better chance. If this waiting were to continue it looks as though we should become a regular party of 'crocks.' Clissold was out of the hut for the first time to-day; he is better but still suffers in his back.

Tuesday, October 24. Two fine days for a wonder. Yesterday the motors seemed ready to start and we all went out on the floe to give them a 'send off.' But the inevitable little defects cropped up, and the machines only got as far as the Cape. A change made by Day in the exhaust arrangements had neglected the heating jackets of the carburetters; one float valve was bent and one clutch troublesome. Day and Lashly spent the afternoon making good these defects in a satisfactory manner. This morning the engines were set going again, and shortly after 10 A.M. a fresh start was made. At first there were a good many stops, but on the whole the engines seemed to be improving all the time. They are not by any means working up to full power yet, and so the pace is very slow. ... Now as I write at 12.30 the machines are about a mile out in the South Bay; both can be seen still under weigh, progressing steadily if slowly. I find myself immensely eager that these tractors should succeed, even though they may not be of great help to our southern advance. A small measure of success will be enough to show their possibilities, their ability to revolutionise Polar transport. Seeing the machines at work to-day, and remembering that every defect so far shown is purely mechanical, it is impossible not to be convinced of their value. But the trifling mechanical defects and lack of experience show the risk of cutting out trials. A season of experiment with a small workshop at hand may be all that stands between success and failure. At any rate before we start we shall certainly know if the worst has happened, or if some measure of success attends this unique effort. The ponies are in fine form. Victor, practically recovered from his wound, has been rushing round with a sledge at a great rate. Even Jehu has been buckish, kicking up his heels and gambolling awkwardly. The invalids progress, Clissold a little alarmed about his back, but without cause.

Friday, October 27. This morning we were away over the floe about 9 A.M. I was anxious to see how the motors started up and agreeably surprised to find that neither driver took more than 20 to 30 minutes to get his machine going, in spite of the difficulties of working a flow lamp in keen cold wind. ... Lashly got away very soon, made a short run of about 1/2 mile, and then after a short halt to cool, a long non-stop for quite 3 miles. The Barrier, five geographical miles from Cape Armitage, now looked very close, but Lashly had overdone matters a bit, run out of lubricant and got his engine too hot. The next run yielded a little over a mile, and he was forced to stop within a few hundred yards of the snow slope leading to the Barrier and wait for more lubricant, as well as for the heat balance in his engine to be restored. ... Meanwhile Day had had the usual balancing trouble and had dropped to a speck, but towards the end of our second run it was evident he had overcome these and was coming along at a fine speed. One soon saw that the men beside the sledges were running. To make a long story short, he stopped to hand over lubricating oil, started at a gallop again, and dashed up the slope without a hitch on his top speed—the first man to run a motor on the Great Barrier! ... Thus the motors left us, travelling on the best surface they have yet encountered—hard windswept snow without sastrugi—a surface which Meares reports to extend to Corner Camp at least. Providing there is no serious accident, the engine troubles will gradually be got over; of that I feel pretty confident. Every day will see improvement as it has done to date, every day the men will get greater confidence with larger experience of the machines and the conditions. ...

The motor programme is not of vital importance to our plan and it is possible the machines will do little to help us, but already they have vindicated themselves. Even the seamen, who have remained very sceptical of them, have been profoundly impressed. Evans said, 'Lord, sir, I reckon if them things can go on like that you wouldn't want nothing else'—but like everything else of a novel nature, it is the actual sight of them at work that is impressive, and nothing short of a hundred miles over the Barrier will carry conviction to outsiders. Parting with the motors we made haste back to Hut Point and had tea there. My feet got very sore with the unaccustomed soft footgear and crinkly surface, but we decided to get back to Cape Evans. We came along in splendid weather, and after stopping for a cup of tea at Razor Back, reached the hut at 9 P.M., averaging 3 1/2 stat. miles an hour. During the day we walked 26 1/2 stat. miles, not a bad day's work considering condition, but I'm afraid my feet are going to suffer for it.

Saturday, October 28. My feet sore and one 'tendon Achillis' strained (synovitis); shall be right in a day or so, however. Last night tremendous row in the stables. Christopher and Chinaman discovered fighting. Gran nearly got kicked. These ponies are getting above themselves with their high feeding. Oates says that Snippets is still lame and has one leg a little 'heated'; not a pleasant item of news. Debenham is progressing but not very fast; the Western Party will leave after us, of that there is no doubt now. It is trying that they should be wasting the season in this way. All things considered, I shall be glad to get away and put our fortune to the test.

Monday, October 30. Yesterday Wilson, Crean, P.O. Evans, and I donned our sledging kit and camped by the bergs for the benefit of Ponting and his cinematograph; he got a series of films which should be about the most interesting of all his collection. I imagine nothing will take so well as these scenes of camp life. On our return we found Meares had returned; he and the dogs well. He told us that (Lieut.) Evans had come into Hut Point on Saturday to fetch a personal bag left behind there. Evans reported that Lashly's motor had broken down near Safety Camp; they found the big end smashed up in one cylinder and traced it to a faulty casting; they luckily had spare parts, and Day and Lashly worked all night on repairs in a temperature of -25°. By the morning repairs were completed and they had a satisfactory trial run, dragging on loads with both motors. Then Evans found out his loss and returned on ski, whilst, as I gather, the motors proceeded; I don't quite know how, but I suppose they ran one on at a time. On account of this accident and because some of our hardest worked people were badly hit by the two days' absence helping the machines, I have decided to start on Wednesday instead of to-morrow. If the blizzard should blow out, Atkinson and Keohane will set off to-morrow for Hut Point, so that we may see how far Jehu is to be counted on.

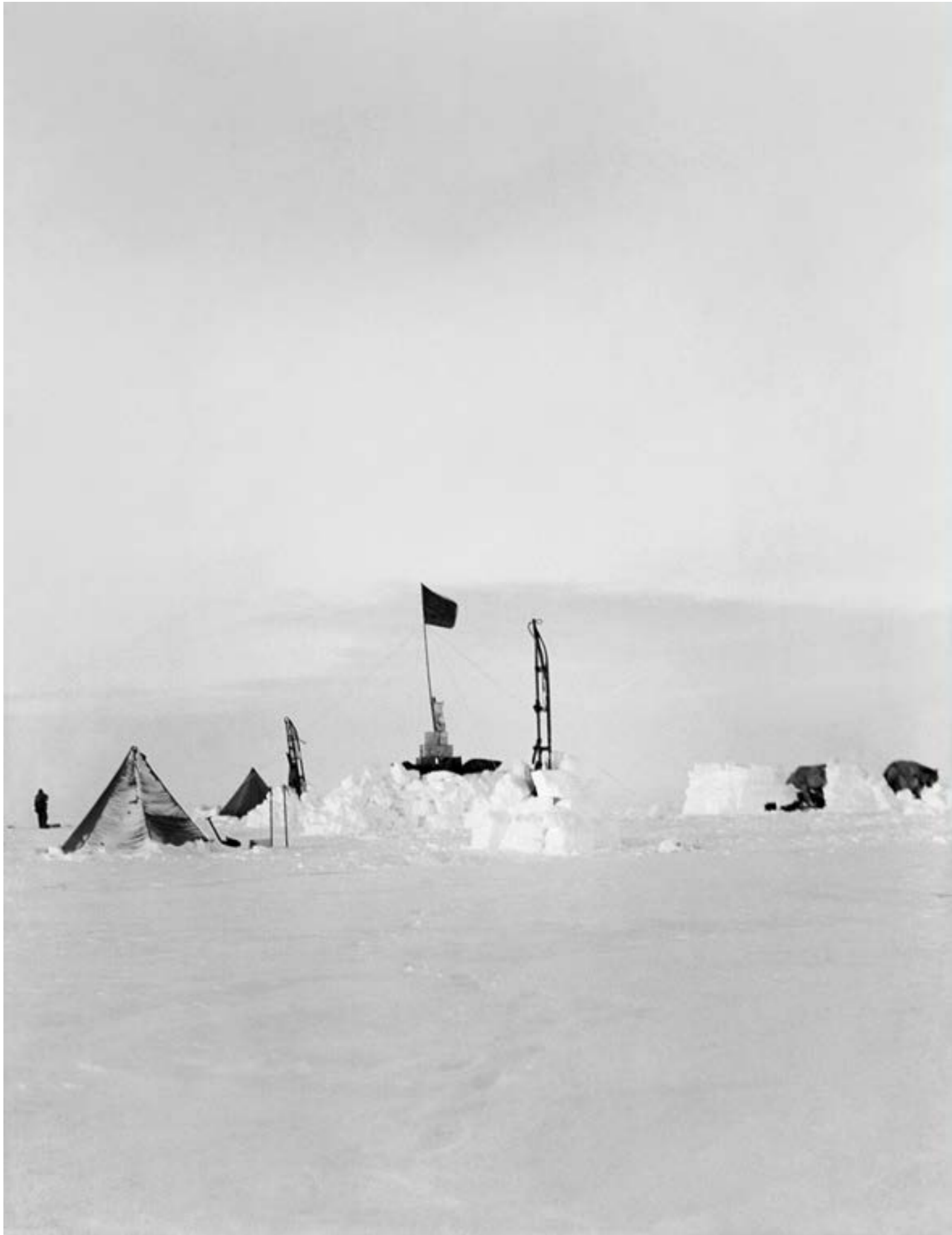
Tuesday, October 31. The blizzard has blown itself out this morning, and this afternoon it has cleared; the sun is shining and the wind dropping. Meares and Ponting are just off to Hut Point. Atkinson and Keohane will probably leave in an hour or so as arranged, and if the weather holds, we shall all get off to-morrow. So here end the entries in this diary with the first chapter of our History. The future is in the lap of the gods; I can think of nothing left undone to deserve success.







SOUTHERN JOURNEY



Wednesday, November 1. Last night we heard that Jehu had reached Hut Point in about 5 1/2 hours. This morning we got away in detachments—Michael, Nobby, Chinaman were first to get away about 11 A.M. The little devil Christopher was harnessed with the usual difficulty and started in kicking mood, Oates holding on for all he was worth. Bones ambled off gently with Crean, and I led Snippets in his wake. Ten minutes after Evans and Snatcher passed at the usual full speed. The wind blew very strong at Razor Back and the sky was threatening—the ponies hate the wind. A mile south of this island Bowers and Victor passed me leaving me where I best wished to be—at the tail of the line.

Thursday, November 2. Hut Point. The march teaches us a good deal as to the paces of the ponies. It reminded me of a regatta or a somewhat disorganised fleet of ships of very unequal speed. The plan for further advance has now been evolved. We shall start in three parties—the very slow ponies, the medium paced, and the fliers. Snatcher starting last will probably overtake the leading unit. All this requires a good deal of arranging. We have decided to begin night marching, and shall get away after supper, I hope. The weather is hourly improving, but at this season that does not count for much. At present our ponies are very comfortably stabled. Michael, Chinaman and James Pigg are actually in the hut. Chinaman kept us alive last night by stamping on the floor. Meares and Demetri are here with the dog team, and Ponting with a great photographic outfit. I fear he won't get much chance to get results.

Friday, November 3. Camp 1. A keen wind with some drift at Hut Point, but we sailed away in detachments. Atkinson's party, Jehu, Chinaman and Jimmy Pigg led off at eight. Just before ten Wilson, Cherry-Garrard and I left. Our ponies marched steadily and well together over the sea ice. The wind dropped a good deal, but the temperature with it, so that the little remaining was very cutting. We found Atkinson at Safety Camp. He had lunched and was just ready to march out again; he reports Chinaman and Jehu tired. Ponting arrived soon after we had camped with Demetri and a small dog team. The cinematograph was up in time to catch the flying rearguard which came along in fine form, Snatcher leading and being stopped every now and again—a wonderful little beast. Christopher had given the usual trouble when harnessed, but was evidently subdued by the Barrier Surface. However, it was not thought advisable to halt him, and so the party fled through in the wake of the advance guard. After lunch we packed up and marched on steadily as before. I don't like these midnight lunches, but for man the march that follows is pleasant when, as to-day, the wind falls and the sun steadily increases its heat. The two parties in front of us camped 5 miles beyond Safety Camp, and we reached their camp some half or three-quarters of an hour later. All the ponies are tethered in good order, but most of them are tired—Chinaman and Jehu very tired. Nearly all are inclined to off feed, but this is very temporary, I think. We have built walls, but there is no wind and the sun gets warmer every minute. Mirage.—Very marked waving effect to east. Small objects greatly exaggerated and showing as dark vertical lines.

Saturday, November 4. Camp 2. Led march—started in what I think will now become the settled order. Atkinson went at 8, ours at 10, Bowers, Oates and Co. at 11.15. Just after starting picked up cheerful note and saw cheerful notices saying all well with motors, both going excellently. Day wrote 'Hope to meet in 80° 30' (Lat.)' Poor chap, within 2 miles he must have had to sing a different tale. It appears they had a bad ground on the morning of the 29th. I suppose the surface was bad and everything seemed to be going wrong. They 'dumped' a good deal of petrol and lubricant. Worse was to follow. Some 4 miles out we met a tin pathetically inscribed, 'Big end Day's motor No. 2 cylinder broken.' Half a mile beyond, as I expected, we found the motor, its tracking sledges and all. Notes from Evans and Day told the tale. The only spare had been used for Lashly's machine, and it would have taken a long time to strip Day's engine so that it could run on three cylinders. They had decided to abandon it and push on with the other alone. They had taken the six bags of forage and some odds and ends, besides their petrol and lubricant. So the dream of great help from the machines is at an end! The track of the remaining motor goes steadily forward, but now, of course, I shall expect to see it every hour of the march. The ponies did pretty well—a cruel soft surface most of the time, but light loads, of course. Jehu is better than I expected to find him, Chinaman not so well. They are bad crocks both of them. It was pretty cold during the night, -7° when we camped, with a crisp breeze blowing. The ponies don't like it, but now, as I write, the sun is shining through a white haze, the wind has dropped, and the picketing line is comfortable for the poor beasts. This, 1 P.M., is the feeding hour—the animals are not yet on feed, but they are coming on. The wind vane left here in the spring shows a predominance of wind from the S.W. quarter. Maximum scratching, about S.W. by W.

Sunday, November 5. Camp 3. 'Corner Camp.' We came over the last lap of the first journey in good order—ponies doing well in soft surface, but, of course, lightly loaded. To-night will show what we can do with the heavier weights. A very troubled note from Evans (with motor) written on morning of 2nd, saying maximum speed was about 7 miles per day. They have taken on nine bags of forage, but there are three black dots to the south which we can only imagine are the deserted motor with its loaded sledges. The men have gone on as a supporting party, as directed. It is a disappointment. I had hoped better of the machines once they got away on the Barrier Surface. The appetites of the ponies are very fanciful. They do not like the oil cake, but for the moment seem to take to some fodder left here. However, they are off that again to-day. It is a sad pity they won't eat well now, because later on one can imagine how ravenous they will become. Chinaman and Jehu will not go far I fear.

Monday, November 6. Camp 4. We started in the usual order, arranging so that full loads should be carried if the black dots to the south prove to be the motor. On arrival at these we found our fears confirmed. A note from Evans stated a recurrence of the old trouble. The big end of No.1 cylinder had cracked, the machine otherwise in good order. Evidently the engines are not fitted for working in this climate, a fact that should be certainly capable of correction. One thing is proved; the system of propulsion is altogether satisfactory. The motor party has proceeded as a man-hauling party as arranged. With their full loads the ponies did splendidly, even Jehu and Chinaman with loads over 450 lbs. stepped out well and have finished as fit as when they started. Atkinson and Wright both think that these animals are improving. The better ponies made nothing of their loads, and my own Snippets had over 700 lbs., sledge included. Of course, the surface is greatly improved; it is that over which we came well last year. We are all much cheered by this performance. It shows a hardening up of ponies which have been well trained; even Oates is pleased! As we came to camp a blizzard threatened, and we built snow walls. One hour after our arrival the wind was pretty strong, but there was not much snow. This state of affairs has continued, but the ponies seem very comfortable. Their new rugs cover them well and the sheltering walls are as high as the animals, so that the wind is practically unfelt behind them.

Tuesday, November 7. Camp 4. The blizzard has continued throughout last night and up to this time of writing, late in the afternoon. ... The ponies, which had been so comparatively comfortable in the earlier stages, were hit as usual when the snow began to fall.





We have done everything possible to shelter and protect them, but there seems no way of keeping them comfortable. We men are snug and comfortable enough, but it is very evil to lie here and know that the weather is steadily sapping the strength of the beasts on which so much depends. It requires much philosophy to be cheerful on such occasions. In the midst of the drift this forenoon the dog party came up and camped about a quarter of a mile to leeward. Meares has played too much for safety in catching us so soon, but it is satisfactory to find the dogs will pull the loads and can be driven to face such a wind as we have had. It shows that they ought to be able to help us a good deal. The tents and sledges are badly drifted up, and the drifts behind the pony walls have been dug out several times. I shall be glad indeed to be on the march again, and oh! for a little sun. The ponies are all quite warm when covered by their rugs. Some of the fine drift snow finds its way under the rugs, and especially under the broad belly straps; this melts and makes the coat wet if allowed to remain. It is not easy to understand at first why the blizzard should have such a withering effect on the poor beasts. I think it is mainly due to the exceeding fineness of the snow particles, which, like finely divided powder, penetrate the hair of the coat and lodge in the inner warmth. Here it melts, and as water carries off the animal heat. **Wednesday, November 8.** Camp 5. Wind with overcast threatening sky continued to a late hour last night. The question of starting was open for a long time, and many were unfavourable. I decided we must go, and soon after midnight the advance guard got away. To my surprise, when the rugs were stripped from the 'crocks' they appeared quite fresh and fit. Both Jehu and Chinaman had a skittish little run. When their heads were loose Chinaman indulged in a playful buck. All three started with their loads at a brisk pace. It was a great relief to find that they had not suffered at all from the blizzard. They went out six geographical miles, and our section going at a good round pace found them encamped as usual. After they had gone, we waited for the rearguard to come up and joined with them. For the next 5 miles the bunch of seven kept together in fine style, and with wind dropping, sun gaining in power, and ponies going well, the march was a real pleasure. One gained confidence every moment in the animals; they brought along their heavy loads without a hint of tiredness. All take the patches of soft snow with an easy stride, not bothering themselves at all. ... Everyone is as fit as can be. It was wonderfully warm as we camped this morning at 11 o'clock; the wind has dropped completely and the sun shines gloriously. Men and ponies revel in such weather. **Thursday, November 9.** Camp 6. Sticking to programme, we are going a little over 10 miles (geo.) nightly. Atkinson started his party at 11 and went on for 7 miles to escape a cold little night breeze which quickly dropped. He was some time at his lunch camp, so that starting to join the rearguard we came in together the last 2 miles. The experience showed that the slow advance guard ponies are forced out of their place by joining with the others, whilst the fast rearguard is reduced in speed. Obviously it is not an advantage to be together, yet all the ponies are doing well. ... Things look hopeful. The weather is beautiful—temp. -12°, with a bright sun. Some stratus cloud about Discovery and over White Island. The sastrugi about here are very various in direction and the surface a good deal ploughed up, showing that the Bluff influences the wind direction even out as far as this camp. The surface is hard; I take it about as good as we shall get. **Friday, November 10.** Camp 7. A very horrid march. A strong head wind during the first part—5 miles (geo.)—then a snowstorm. Wright leading found steering so difficult after three miles (geo.) that the party decided to camp. Luckily just before camping he rediscovered Evans' track (motor party) so that, given decent weather, we shall be able to follow this. The ponies did excellently as usual, but the surface is good distinctly. The wind has dropped and the weather is clearing now that we have camped. It is disappointing to miss even 1 1/2 miles. **Saturday, November 11.** Camp 8. It cleared somewhat just before the start of our march, but the snow which had fallen in the day remained soft and flocculent on the surface. Added to this we entered on an area of soft crust between a few scattered hard sastrugi. In pits between these in places the snow lay in sandy heaps. A worse set of conditions for the ponies could scarcely be imagined. Nevertheless they came through pretty well, the strong ones excellently, but the crocks had had enough at 9 1/2 miles. Such a surface makes one anxious in spite of the rapidity with which changes take place. I expected these marches to be a little difficult, but not near so bad as to-day. It is snowing again as we camp, with a slight north-easterly breeze. It is difficult to make out what is happening to the weather—it is all part of the general warming up, but I wish the sky would clear. In spite of the surface, the dogs ran up from the camp before last, over 20 miles, in the night. They are working splendidly so far. **Sunday, November 12.** Camp 9. Our marches are uniformly horrid just at present. The surface remains wretched, not quite so heavy as yesterday, perhaps, but very near at times. ... One's spirit became very low. However, the crocks set off again, the rearguard came up, passed us in camp, and then on march about 3 miles on, so that they camped about the same time. The Soldier thinks Chinaman will last for a good many days yet, an extraordinary confession of hope for him. The rest of the animals are as well as can be expected—Jehu rather better. These weather appearances change every minute. When we camped there was a chill northerly breeze, a black sky, and light falling snow. Now the sky is clearing and the sun shining an hour later. The temperature remains about -10° in the daytime. **Monday, November 13.** Camp 10. Another horrid march in a terrible light, surface very bad. Ponies came through all well, but they are being tried hard by the surface conditions. We followed tracks most of the way, neither party seeing the other except towards camping time. ... We shall be in a better position to know how we stand when we get to One Ton Camp, now only 17 or 18 miles, but I am anxious about these beasts—very anxious, they are not the ponies they ought to have been, and if they pull through well, all the thanks will be due to Oates. 3 P.M.— It has been snowing consistently for some hours, adding to the soft surface accumulation inch upon inch. What can such weather mean? ... The camp is very silent and cheerless, signs that things are going awry. **Tuesday, November 14.** Camp 11. The surface little improved, but a slightly better and much more cheerful march. ... One Ton Camp is only about 7 miles farther. Meanwhile we passed two of Evans' cairns today and one old cairn of last year, so that we ought to have little difficulty in finding our depôt. Although we have been passing the black land of the Bluff I have not seen a sign of this land for four days. I had not thought it possible that misty conditions could continue for so long a time in this region; always before we have seen the land repeatedly. **Wednesday, November 15.** Camp 12. Found our One Ton Camp without difficulty [130 geographical miles from Cape Evans]. ... Oates thinks the ponies will get through, but that they have lost condition quicker than he expected. Considering his usually pessimistic attitude this must be thought a hopeful view. Personally I am much more hopeful. I think that a good many of the beasts are actually in better form than when they started, and that there is no need to be alarmed about the remainder, always excepting the weak ones which we have always regarded with doubt. Well, we must wait and see how things go. ...

It was a very beautiful day yesterday, bright sun, but as we marched, towards midnight, the sky gradually became overcast; very beautiful halo rings formed around the sun. Four separate rings were very distinct. Wilson descried a fifth—the orange colour with blue interspace formed very fine contrasts. We now clearly see the corona ring on the snow surface. The spread of stratus cloud overhead was very remarkable. The sky was blue all around the horizon, but overhead a cumulo-stratus grew early; it seemed to be drifting to the south and later to the east. The broken cumulus slowly changed to a uniform stratus, which seems to be thinning as the sun gains power. There is a very thin light fall of snow crystals, but the surface deposit seems to be abating the evaporation for the moment, outpacing the light snowfall. The crystals barely exist a moment when they light on our equipment, so that everything on and about the sledges is drying rapidly. When the sky was clear above the horizon we got a good view of the distant land all around to the west; white patches of mountains to the W.S.W. must be 120 miles distant. During the night we saw Discovery and the Royal Society Range, the first view for many days, but we have not seen Erebus for a week, and in that direction the clouds seem ever to concentrate. It is very interesting to watch the weather phenomena of the Barrier, but one prefers the sunshine to days such as this, when everything is blankly white and a sense of oppression is inevitable.

Thursday, November 16. Camp 12. Resting. A stiff little southerly breeze all day, dropping towards evening. The temperature -15°. Ponies pretty comfortable in rugs and behind good walls. We have reorganised the loads, taking on about 580 lbs. with the stronger ponies, 400 odd with the others.

Friday, November 17. Camp 13. ... On the whole, and considering the weights, the ponies did very well, but the surface was comparatively good. Christopher showed signs of trouble at start, but was coaxed into position for the traces to be hooked. There was some ice on his runner and he had a very heavy drag, therefore a good deal done on arrival; also his load seems heavier and deader than the others. It is early days to wonder whether the little beasts will last; one can only hope they will, but the weakness of breeding and age is showing itself already.

Saturday, November 18. Camp 14. The ponies are not pulling well. The surface is, if anything, a little worse than yesterday, but I should think about the sort of thing we shall have to expect hence-forward. I had a panic that we were carrying too much food and this morning we have discussed the matter and decided we can leave a sack. We have done the usual 13 miles (geog.) with a few hundred yards to make the 15 statute. The temperature was -21° when we camped last night, now it is -3°. The crocks are going on, very wonderfully. Oates gives Chinaman at least three days, and Wright says he may go for a week. This is slightly inspiriting, but how much better would it have been to have had ten really reliable beasts. It's touch and go whether we scrape up to the Glacier; meanwhile we get along somehow. At any rate the bright sunshine makes everything look more hopeful.

Sunday, November 19. Camp 15. We have struck a real bad surface, sledges pulling well over it, but ponies sinking very deep. The result is to about finish Jehu. He was terribly done on getting in tonight. He may go another march, but not more, I think. Considering the surface the other ponies did well. The ponies occasionally sink halfway to the hock, little Michael once or twice almost to the hock itself. Luckily the weather now is glorious for resting the animals, which are very placid and quiet in the brilliant sun. ... Have been taking photographs, Bowers also.

Monday, November 20. Camp 16. The surface a little better. Sastrugi becoming more and more definite from S.E. Struck a few hard patches which made me hopeful of much better things, but these did not last long. The crocks still go. ... The dogs found the surface heavy. To-morrow I propose to relieve them of a forage bag.

Tuesday, November 21. Camp 17. Lat. 80° 35'. ... We marched to the usual lunch camp and saw a large cairn ahead. Two miles beyond we came on the Motor Party in Lat. 80° 32'. We learned that they had been waiting for six days. They all look very fit, but declare themselves to be very hungry. This is interesting as showing conclusively that a ration amply sufficient for the needs of men leading ponies is quite insufficient for men doing hard pulling work; it therefore fully justifies the provision which we have made for the Summit work. Even on that I have little doubt we shall soon get hungry. Day looks very thin, almost gaunt, but fit. The weather is beautiful—long may it so continue. (Temp. +6°, 11 A.M.) It is decided to take on the Motor Party in advance for three days, then Day and Hooper return. We hope Jehu will last three days; he will then be finished in any case and fed to the dogs. It is amusing to see Meares looking eagerly for the chance of a feed for his animals; he has been expecting it daily. On the other hand, Atkinson and Oates are eager to get the poor animal beyond the point at which Shackleton killed his first beast. Reports on Chinaman are very favourable, and it really looks as though the ponies are going to do what is hoped of them.

Wednesday, November 22. Camp 18. Everything much the same. The ponies thinner but not much weaker. The crocks still going along. Jehu is now called 'The Barrier Wonder' and Chinaman 'The Thunderbolt'. Two days more and they will be well past the spot at which Shackleton killed his first animal. Nobby keeps his pre-eminence of condition and has now the heaviest load by some 50 lbs.; most of the others are under 500 lbs. load, and I hope will be eased further yet. The dogs are in good form still, and came up well with their loads this morning (night temp. -1.4°). It looks as though we ought to get through to the Glacier without great difficulty. The weather is glorious and the ponies can make the most of their rest during the warmest hours, but they certainly lose in one way by marching at night. The surface is much easier for the sledges when the sun is warm, and for about three hours before and after midnight the friction noticeably increases. It is just a question whether this extra weight on the loads is compensated by the resting temperature. We are quite steady on the march now, and though not fast yet get through with few stops. The animals seem to be getting accustomed to the steady, heavy plod and take the deep places less fussily.

Thursday, November 23. Camp 19. Getting along. I think the ponies will get through; we are now 150 geographical miles from the Glacier. But it is still rather touch and go. If one or more ponies were to go rapidly down hill we might be in queer street. The surface is much the same I think; before lunch there seemed to be a marked improvement, and after lunch the ponies marched much better, so that one supposed a betterment of the friction. It is banking up to the south (T. +9°) and I'm afraid we may get a blizzard. I hope to goodness it is not going to stop one marching; forage won't allow that.

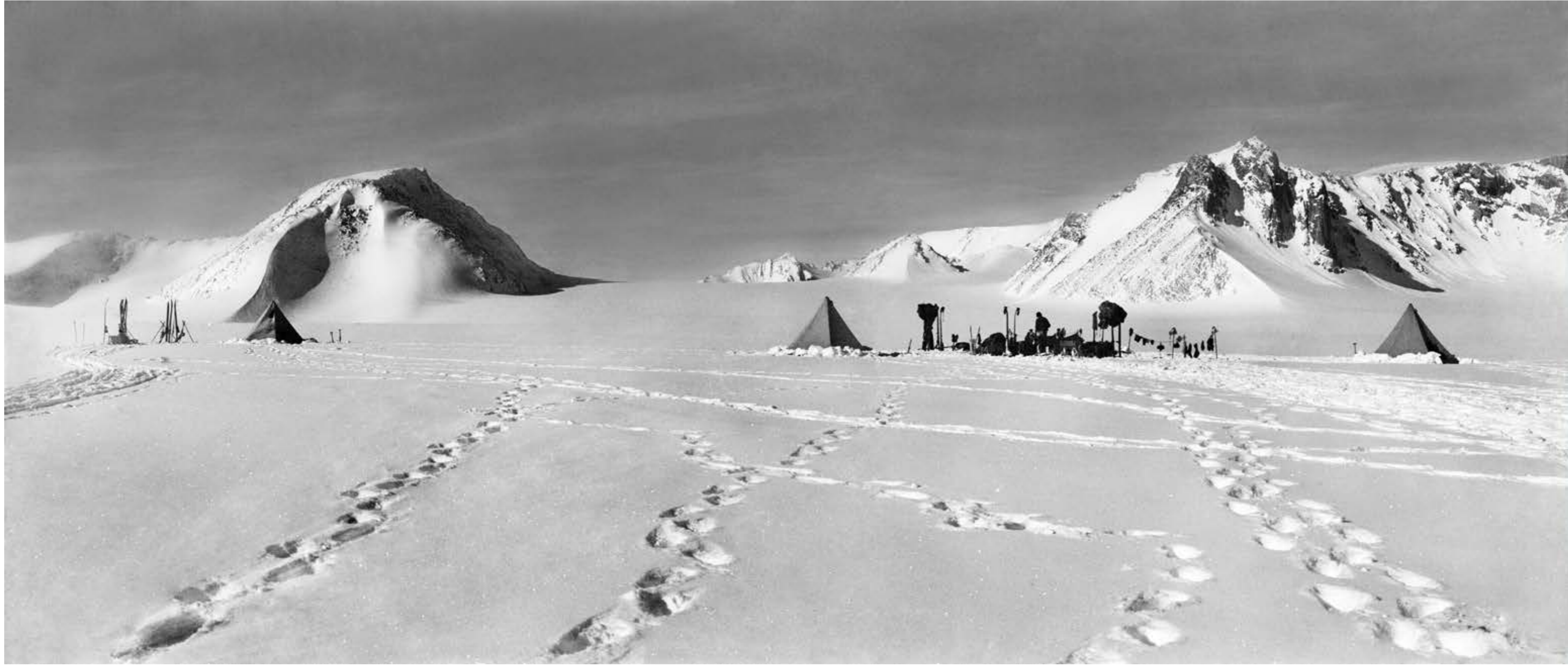
Friday, November 24. Camp 20. There was a cold wind changing from south to S.E. and overcast sky all day yesterday. A gloomy start to our march, but the cloud rapidly lifted, bands of clear sky broke through from east to west, and the remnants of cloud dissipated. Now the sun is very bright and warm. We did the usual march very easily over a fairly good surface, the ponies now quite steady and regular. Since the junction with the Motor Party the procedure has been for the man-hauling people to go forward just ahead of the crocks, the other party following 2 or 3 hours later. To-day we closed less than usual, so that the crocks must have been going very well. However, the fiat had already gone forth, and this morning after the march poor old Jehu was led back on the track and shot.







After our doubts as to his reaching Hut Point, it is wonderful to think that he has actually got eight marches beyond our last year limit and could have gone more. However, towards the end he was pulling very little, and on the whole it is merciful to have ended his life. **Saturday, November 25.** Camp 21. ... Last night we bade farewell to Day and Hooper and set out with the new organisation. All started together, the man-haulers, Evans, Lashly, and Atkinson, going ahead with their gear on the 10-ft. sledge. Chinaman and James Pigg next, and the rest some ten minutes behind. We reached the lunch camp together and started there from in the same order, the two crocks somewhat behind, but not more than 300 yards at the finish, so we all got into camp very satisfactorily together. The men said the first march was extremely heavy (T.-2°). The sun has been shining all night, but towards midnight light mist clouds arose, half obscuring the leading parties. Land can be dimly discerned nearly ahead. The ponies are slowly tiring, but we lighten loads again to-morrow by making another depôt. The men are pulling with ski sticks and say that they are a great assistance. I think of taking them up the Glacier. Jehu has certainly come up trumps after all, and Chinaman bids fair to be even more valuable. Only a few more marches to feel safe in getting to our first goal. **Sunday, November 26.** Camp 22. Lunch camp. ... Snow began falling during the second march; it is blowing from the W.S.W., force 2 to 3, with snow pattering on the tent, a kind of summery blizzard that reminds one of April showers at home. The ponies came well on the second march and we shall start 2 hours later again to-morrow, i.e. at 3 A.M. (T. +13°). From this it will be a very short step to day routine when the time comes for man-hauling. The sastrugi seem to be gradually coming more to the south and a little more confused; now and again they are crossed with hard westerly sastrugi. The walking is tiring for the men, one's feet sinking 2 or 3 inches at each step. Chinaman and Jimmy Pigg kept up splendidly with the other ponies. It is always rather dismal work walking over the great snow plain when sky and surface merge in one pall of dead whiteness, but it is cheering to be in such good company with everything going on steadily and well. The dogs came up as we camped. Meares says the best surface he has had yet. **Monday, November 27.** Camp 23. (T. +8°, 12 P.M.; +2°, 3 A.M.; +13°, 11 A.M.; +17°, 3 P.M.) Quite the most trying march we have had. The surface very poor at start. The advance party got away in front but made heavy weather of it, and we caught them up several times. This threw the ponies out of their regular work and prolonged the march. It grew overcast again, although after a summery blizzard all yesterday there was promise of better things. Starting at 3 A.M. we did not get to lunch camp much before 9. The second march was even worse. The advance party started on ski, the leading marks failed altogether, and they had the greatest difficulty in keeping a course. At the midcairn building halt the snow suddenly came down heavily, with a rise of temperature, and the ski became hopelessly clogged (bad fahrer, as the Norwegians say). At this time the surface was unspeakably heavy for pulling, but in a few minutes a south wind sprang up and a beneficial result was immediately felt. Pulling on foot, the advance had even greater difficulty in going straight until the last half mile, when the sky broke slightly. We got off our march, but under the most harassing circumstances and with the animals very tired. It is snowing hard again now, and heaven only knows when it will stop. ... If it were not for the surface and bad light, things would not be so bad. There are few sastrugi and little deep snow. For the most part men and ponies sink to a hard crust some 3 or 4 inches beneath the soft upper snow. Tiring for the men, but in itself more even, and therefore less tiring for the animals. ... It is several days since we had a glimpse of land which makes conditions especially gloomy. **Tuesday, November 28.** Camp 24. The most dismal start imaginable. Thick as a hedge, snow falling and drifting with keen southerly wind. The men pulled out at 3.15 with Chinaman and James Pigg. We followed at 4.20, just catching the party at the lunch camp at 8.30. Things got better half way; the sky showed signs of clearing and the steering improved. Now, at lunch, it is getting thick again. When will the wretched blizzard be over? The walking is better for ponies, worse for men; there is nearly everywhere a hard crust some 3 to 6 inches down. Towards the end of the march we crossed a succession of high hard south-easterly sastrugi, widely dispersed. I don't know what to make of these. Second march almost as horrid as the first. Wind blowing strong from the south, shifting to S.E. as the snowstorms fell on us, when we could see little or nothing, and the driving snow hit us stingingly in the face. ... Chinaman, 'The Thunderbolt,' has been shot to-night. Plucky little chap, he has stuck it out well and leaves the stage but a few days before his fellows. We have only four bags of forage (each one 30 lbs.) left, but these should give seven marches with all the remaining animals, and we are less than 90 miles from the Glacier. Bowers tells me that the barometer was phenomenally low both during this blizzard and the last. This has certainly been the most unexpected and trying summer blizzard yet experienced in this region. I only trust it is over. There is not much to choose between the remaining ponies. Nobby and Bones are the strongest, Victor and Christopher the weakest, but all should get through. The land doesn't show up yet. **Wednesday, November 29.** Camp 25. Lat. 82° 21'. Things much better. The land showed up late yesterday; Mount Markham, a magnificent triple peak, appearing wonderfully close, Cape Lyttelton and Cape Goldie. We did our march in good time, leaving about 4.20, and getting into this camp at 1.15. About 7 ½ hours on the march. I suppose our speed throughout averages 2 stat. miles an hour. The land showed hazily on the march, at times looking remarkably near. Sheety white snowy stratus cloud hung about overhead during the first march, but now the sky is clearing, the sun very warm and bright. Land shows up almost ahead now, our pony goal less than 70 miles away. The ponies are tired, but I believe all have five days' work left in them, and some a great deal more. ... The men-haulers started 1 1/2 hours before us and got here a good hour ahead, travelling easily throughout. Such is the surface with the sun on it, justifying my decision to work towards day marching. Evans has suggested the word 'glide' for the quality of surface indicated. 'Surface' is more comprehensive, and includes the crusts and liability to sink in them. From this point of view the surface is distinctly bad. The ponies plough deep all the time, and the men most of the time. The sastrugi are rather more clearly S.E.; this would be from winds sweeping along the coast. We have a recurrence of 'sinking crusts'—areas which give way with a report. There has been little of this since we left One Ton Camp until yesterday and to-day, when it is again very marked. Certainly the open Barrier conditions are different from those near the coast. Altogether things look much better and everyone is in excellent spirits. **Thursday, November 30.** Camp 26. A very pleasant day for marching, but a very tiring march for the poor animals, which, with the exception of Nobby, are showing signs of failure all round. We were slower by half an hour or more than yesterday. Except that the loads are light now and there are still eight animals left, things don't look too pleasant, but we should be less than 60 miles from our first point of aim. The surface was much worse to-day, the ponies sinking to their knees very often. There were a few harder patches towards the end of the march. In spite of the sun there was not much 'glide' on the snow.



The dogs are reported as doing very well. They are going to be a great standby, no doubt. The land has been veiled in thin white mist; it appeared at intervals after we camped and I had taken a couple of photographs. **Friday, December 1.** Camp 27. Lat. 82° 47′. The ponies are tiring pretty rapidly. It is a question of days with all except Nobby. Yet they are outlasting the forage, and to-night against some opinion I decided Christopher must go. He has been shot; less regret goes with him than the others, in remembrance of all the trouble he gave at the outset, and the unsatisfactory way he has gone of late. Here we leave a depôt [31] so that no extra weight is brought on the other ponies; in fact there is a slight diminution. Three more marches ought to bring us through. With the seven crocks and the dog teams we must get through I think. The men alone ought not to have heavy loads on the surface, which is extremely trying. ... I think the sight of land has helped the animals, but not much. We started in bright warm sunshine and with the mountains wonderfully clear on our right hand, but towards the end of the march clouds worked up from the east and a thin broken cumulo-stratus now overspreads the sky, leaving the land still visible but dull. A fine glacier descends from Mount Longstaff. It has cut very deep and the walls stand at an angle of at least 50°. Otherwise, although there are many cwms on the lower ranges, the mountains themselves seem little carved. They are rounded massive structures. **Saturday, December 2.** Camp 28. Lat. 83°. Started under very bad weather conditions. ... The ponies went poorly on the first march, when there was little or no wind and a high temperature. They were sinking deep on a wretched surface. I suggested to Oates that he should have a roving commission to watch the animals, but he much preferred to lead one, so I handed over Snippets very willingly and went on ski myself. It was very easy work for me and I took several photographs of the ponies plunging along—the light very strong at 3 (Watkins actinometer). ... Sad to have to order Victor’s end—poor Bowers feels it. He is in excellent condition and will provide us five feeds for the dogs. (Temp +17°). We must kill now as the forage is so short, but we have reached the 83rd parallel and are practically safe to get through. To-night the sky is breaking and conditions generally more promising—it is dreadfully dismal work marching through the blank wall of white, and we should have very great difficulty if we had not a party to go ahead and show the course. The dogs are doing splendidly and will take a heavier load from to-morrow. We kill another pony to-morrow night if we get our march off, and shall then have nearly three days’ food for the other five. In fact everything looks well if the weather will only give us a chance to see our way to the Glacier. Wild, in his Diary of Shackleton’s Journey, remarks on December 15, that it is the first day for a month that he could not record splendid weather. With us a fine day has been the exception so far.

Sunday, December 3. Camp 29. Our luck in weather is preposterous. I roused at 2.30 A.M., intending to get away at 5. It was thick and snowy, yet we could have got on; but at breakfast the wind increased, and by 4.30 it was blowing a full gale from the south. The pony wall blew down, huge drifts collected, and the sledges were quickly buried. It was the strongest wind I have known here in summer. ... The changes of conditions are inconceivably rapid, perfectly bewildering. In spite of all these difficulties we have managed to get 11 1/2 miles south and to this camp at 7 P.M. the conditions of marching simply horrible.

Monday, December 4. Camp 29, 9 A.M. I roused the party at 6. During the night the wind had changed from N.N.W. to S.S.E.; it was not strong, but the sun was obscured and the sky looked heavy; patches of land could be faintly seen and we thought that at any rate we could get on, but during breakfast the wind suddenly increased in force and afterwards a glance outside was sufficient to show a regular white flouy blizzard. We have all been out building fresh wall for the ponies—an uninviting task, but one which greatly adds to the comfort of the animals who look sleepy and bored, but not at all cold. The dogs came up with us as we camped last night and the man-haulers arrived this morning as we finished the pony wall. So we are all together again. The latter had great difficulty in following our tracks, and say they could not have steered a course without them. It is utterly impossible to push ahead in this weather, and one is at a complete loss to account for it. The barometer rose from 29.4 to 29.9 last night, a phenomenal rise. Evidently there is very great disturbance of atmospheric conditions. Well, one must stick it out, that is all, and hope for better things, but it makes me feel a little bitter to contrast such weather with that experienced by our predecessors. Camp 30.—The wind fell in the forenoon, at 12.30 the sky began to clear, by 1 the sun shone, by 2 P.M. we were away, and by 8 P.M. camped here with 13 miles to the good. The land was quite clear throughout the march and the features easily recognised.

Tuesday, December 5. Camp 30. Noon. We awoke this morning to a raging, howling blizzard. ... What on earth does such weather mean for this time of year? It is more than our share of ill-fortune, I think, but the luck may turn yet. I doubt if any party could travel in such weather even with the wind, certainly no one could travel against it. Is there some widespread atmospheric disturbance which will be felt in this region as a bad season, or are we merely the victims of exceptional local conditions? If the latter, there is food for thought in picturing our small party struggling against adversity in one place whilst others go smilingly forward in the sunshine. How great may be the element of luck! No foresight—no procedure—could have prepared us for this state of affairs. Had we been ten times as experienced or certain of our aim we should not have expected such rebuffs. 11 P.M.—It has blown hard all day with quite the greatest snowfall I remember. The drifts about the tents are simply huge. The temperature was +27° this forenoon, and rose to +31° in the afternoon, at which time the snow melted as it fell on anything but the snow, and, as a consequence, there are pools of water on everything, the tents are wet through, also the wind clothes, night boots, &c.; water drips from the tent poles and door, lies on the floor-cloth, soaks the sleeping-bags, and makes everything pretty wretched. If a cold snap follows before we have had time to dry our things, we shall be mighty uncomfortable. Yet after all it would be humorous enough if it were not for the seriousness of delay—we can’t afford that, and it’s real hard luck that it should come at such a time.

Wednesday, December 6. Camp 30. Noon. Miserable, utterly miserable. We have camped in the ‘Slough of Despond.’ The tempest rages with unabated violence. The temperature has gone to 33°; everything in the tent is soaking. People returning from the outside look exactly as though they had been in a heavy shower of rain. They drip pools on the floorcloth. The snow is steadily climbing higher about walls, ponies, tents, and sledges. The ponies look utterly desolate. Oh! but this is too crushing, and we are only 12 miles from the Glacier. A hopeless feeling descends on one and is hard to fight off. What immense patience is needed for such occasions! ... We are very, very wet.

Thursday, December 7. Camp 30. The storm continues and the situation is now serious. One small feed remains for the ponies after to-day, so that we must either march to-morrow or sacrifice the animals. That is not the worst; with the help of the dogs we could get on, without doubt. The serious part is that we have this morning started our summer rations, that is to say, the food calculated from the Glacier depot has been begun. The first supporting party can only go on a fortnight







from this date and so forth. The storm shows no sign of abatement and its character is as unpleasant as ever. The promise of last night died away about 3 A.M., when the temperature and wind rose again, and things reverted to the old conditions. I can find no sign of an end, and all of us agree that it is utterly impossible to move. Resignation to misfortune is the only attitude, but not an easy one to adopt. It seems undeserved where plans were well laid and so nearly crowned with a first success. I cannot see that any plan would be altered if it were to do again, the margin for bad weather was ample according to all experience, and this stormy December—our finest month—is a thing that the most cautious organiser might not have been prepared to encounter. It is very evil to lie here in a wet sleeping-bag and think of the pity of it, whilst with no break in the overcast sky things go steadily from bad to worse (T. 32°). ... Midnight. Little or no improvement. The barometer is rising—perhaps there is hope in that. Surely few situations could be more exasperating than this of forced inactivity when every day and indeed one hour counts. To be here watching the mottled wet green walls of our tent, the glistening wet bamboos, the bedraggled sopping socks and loose articles dangling in the middle, the saddened countenances of my companions—to hear the everlasting patter of the falling snow and the ceaseless rattle of the fluttering canvas—to feel the wet clinging dampness of clothes and everything touched, and to know that without there is but a blank wall of white on every side—these are the physical surroundings. Add the stress of sighted failure of our whole plan, and anyone must find the circumstances unenviable. But yet, after all, one can go on striving, endeavouring to find a stimulation in the difficulties that arise.

Friday, December 8. Camp 30. Hoped again hope for better conditions, to wake to the mournfullest snow and wind as usual. We had breakfast at 10, and at noon the wind dropped. We set about digging out the sledges, no light task. We then shifted our tent sites. All tents had been reduced to the smallest volume by the gradual pressure of snow. The old sites are deep pits with hollowed-in wet centres. The re-setting of the tent has at least given us comfort, especially since the wind has dropped. About 4 the sky showed signs of breaking, the sun and a few patches of land could be dimly discerned. The wind shifted in light airs and a little hope revived. Alas! as I write the sun has disappeared and snow is again falling. Our case is growing desperate. Evans and his man-haulers tried to pull a load this afternoon. They managed to move a sledge with four people on it, pulling in ski. Pulling on foot they sank to the knees. The snow all about us is terribly deep. We tried Nobby and he plunged to his belly in it. Wilson thinks the ponies finished, but Oates thinks they will get another march in spite of the surface, if it comes to-morrow. If it should not, we must kill the ponies to-morrow and get on as best we can with the men on ski and dogs. But one wonders what the dogs can do on such a surface. I much fear they also will prove inadequate. Oh! for fine weather, if only to the Glacier. The temperature remains 33°, and everything is disgustingly wet. ... 11 P.M.—The wind has gone to the north, the sky is really breaking at last, the sun showing less sparingly, and the land appearing out of the haze. The temperature has fallen to 26°, and the water nuisance is already abating. With so fair a promise of improvement it would be too cruel to have to face bad weather to-morrow. There is good cheer in the camp to-night in the prospect of action.

Saturday, December 9. Camp 31. I turned out two or three times in the night to find the weather slowly improving; at 5.30 we all got up, and at 8 got away with the ponies—a most painful day. The tremendous snowfall of the late storm has made the surface intolerably soft, and after the first hour there was no glide. We pressed on the poor half-rationed animals, but could get none to lead for more than a few minutes; following, the animals would do fairly well. It looked as we could never make headway; the man-haulers were pressed into the service to aid matters. ... At 8 P.M. the ponies were quite done, one and all. They came on painfully slowly a few hundred yards at a time. By this time I was hauling ahead, a ridiculously light load, and yet finding the pulling heavy enough. We camped, and the ponies have been shot. Poor beasts! They have done wonderfully well considering the terrible circumstances under which they worked, but yet it is hard to have to kill them so early. The dogs are going well in spite of the surface, but here again one cannot get the help one would wish. (T. 19°.) I cannot load the animals heavily on such snow. The scenery is most impressive; three huge pillars of granite form the right buttress of the Gateway, and a sharp spur of Mount Hope the left. The land is much more snow-covered than when we saw it before the storm. In spite of some doubt in our outlook, everyone is very cheerful tonight and jokes are flying freely around.

Sunday, December 10. Camp 32. I was very anxious about getting our loads forward over such an appalling surface, and that we have done so is mainly due to the ski. I roused everyone at 8, but it was noon before all the readjustments of load had been made and we were ready to start. The dogs carried 600 lbs. of our weight besides the depot (200 lbs.). It was greatly to my surprise when we—my own party—with a ‘one, two, three together’ started our sledge, and we found it running fairly easily behind us. We did the first mile at a rate of about 2 miles an hour, having previously very carefully scraped and dried our runners. The day was gloriously fine and we were soon perspiring. After the first mile we began to rise, and for some way on a steep slope we held to our ski and kept going. Then the slope got steeper and the surface much worse, and we had to take off our ski. The pulling after this was extraordinarily fatiguing. We sank above our finnesko everywhere, and in places nearly to our knees. The runners of the sledge got coated with a thin film of ice from which we could not free them, and the sledges themselves sank to the crossbars in soft spots. All the time they were literally ploughing the snow. ... It is very serious business if the men are going to crack up. As for myself, I never felt fitter and my party can easily hold its own. P.O. Evans, of course, is a tower of strength, but Oates and Wilson are doing splendidly also. Here where we are camped the snow is worse than I have ever seen it, but we are in a hollow. Every step here one sinks to the knees and the uneven surface is obviously insufficient to support the sledges. ... Hereabouts Shackleton found blue ice. It seems an extraordinary difference in fortune, and at every step S.’s luck becomes more evident. I take the dogs on for half a day to-morrow, then send them home. We have 200 lbs. to add to each sledge load and could easily do it on a reasonable surface, but it looks very much as though we shall be forced to relay if present conditions hold.

Monday, December 11. Camp 33. A very good day from one point of view, very bad from another. ... The great thing is to keep the sledge moving, and for an hour or more there were dozens of critical moments when it all but stopped, and not a few in which it brought up altogether. The latter were very trying and tiring. But suddenly the surface grew more uniform and we more accustomed to the game, for after a long stop to let the other parties come up, I started at 6 and ran on till 7, pulling easily without a halt at the rate of about 2 miles an hour. I was very jubilant; all difficulties seemed to be vanishing; but unfortunately our history was not repeated with the other parties. Bowers came up about half an hour after us. They also had done well at the last, and I’m pretty sure they will get on all right. Keohane is the only weak spot, and he only, I think,

because blind (temporarily). But Evans' party didn't get up till 10. They started quite well, but got into difficulties, did just the wrong thing by straining again and again, and so, tiring themselves, went from bad to worse. ... This forenoon Wilson went over to a boulder poised on the glacier. It proved to be a very coarse granite with large crystals of quartz in it. Evidently the rock of which the pillars of the Gateway and other neighbouring hills are formed. **Tuesday, December 12.** Camp 34. We have had a hard day, and during the forenoon it was my team which made the heaviest weather of the work. We got bogged again and again, and, do what we would, the sledge dragged like lead. The others were working hard but nothing to be compared to us. ... It is evident that what I expected has occurred. The whole of the lower valley is filled with snow from the recent storm, and if we had not had ski we should be hopelessly bogged. On foot one sinks to the knees, and if pulling on a sledge to half-way between knee and thigh. It would, therefore, be absolutely impossible to advance on foot with our loads. Considering all things, we are getting better on ski. A crust is forming over the soft snow. In a week or so I have little doubt it will be strong enough to support sledges and men. At present it carries neither properly. The sledges get bogged every now and again, sinking to the crossbars. Needless to say, the hauling is terrible when this occurs. We steered for the Commonwealth Range during the forenoon till we reached about the middle of the glacier. This showed that the unnamed glacier to the S.W. raised great pressure. Observing this, I altered course for the 'Cloudmaker' and later still farther to the west. We must be getting a much better view of the southern side of the main glacier than Shackleton got, and consequently have observed a number of peaks which he did not notice. We are about 5 or 5 ½ days behind him as a result of the storm, but on this surface our sledges could not be more heavily laden than they are, in fact we have not nearly enough runner surface as it is. Moreover, the sledges are packed too high and therefore capsize too easily. **Wednesday, December 13.** Camp 35. A most damnably dismal day. ... When we got away we soon discovered how awful the surface had become; added to the forenoon difficulties the snow had become wet and sticky. We got our load along, soon passing Bowers, but the toil was simply awful. We were soaked with perspiration and thoroughly breathless with our efforts. Again and again the sledge got one runner on harder snow than the other, canted on its side, and refused to move. At the top of the rise I found Evans reduced to relay work, and Bowers followed his example soon after. We got our whole load through till 7 P.M., camping time, but only with repeated halts and labour which was altogether too strenuous. The other parties certainly cannot get a full load along on the surface, and I much doubt if we could continue to do so, but we must try again to-morrow. I suppose we have advanced a bare 4 miles to-day and the aspect of things is very little changed. Our height is now about 1,500 feet; I had pinned my faith on getting better conditions as we rose, but it looks as though matters were getting worse instead of better. As far as the Cloudmaker the valley looks like a huge basin for the lodgement of such snow as this. We can but toil on, but it is woefully disheartening. I am not at all hungry, but pretty thirsty. I find our summit ration is even too filling for the present. Two skuas came round the camp at lunch, no doubt attracted by our 'Shambles' camp. **Thursday, December 14.** Camp 36. Indigestion and the soggy condition of clothes kept me awake for some time last night, and the exceptional exercise gives bad attacks of cramp. Our lips are getting raw and blistered. The eyes of the party are improving, I am glad to say. We are just starting our march with no very hopeful outlook. (T. +13'). ... We must have come 11 or 12 miles (stat.). We got fearfully hot on the march, sweated through everything and stripped off jerseys. The result is we are pretty cold and clammy now, but escape from the soft snow and a good march compensate every discomfort. At lunch the blue ice was about 2 feet beneath us, now it is barely a foot, so that I suppose we shall soon find it uncovered. To-night the sky is overcast and wind has been blowing up the glacier. I think there will be another spell of gloomy weather on the Barrier, and the question is whether this part of the glacier escapes. There are crevasses about, one about eighteen inches across outside Bowers' tent, and a narrower one outside our own. I think the soft snow trouble is at an end, and I could wish nothing better than a continuance of the present surface. Towards the end of the march we were pulling our loads with the greatest ease. It is splendid to be getting along and to find some adequate return for the work we are putting into the business. **Friday, December 15.** Camp 37. (Height about 2500. Lat. About 84° 8'.) Got away at 8; marched till 1; the surface improving and snow covering thinner over the blue ice, but the sky overcast and glooming, the clouds ever coming lower, and Evans' is now decidedly the slowest unit, though Bowers' is not much faster. We keep up and overhaul either without difficulty. It was an enormous relief yesterday to get steady going without involuntary stops, but yesterday and this morning, once the sledge was stopped, it was very difficult to start again—the runners got temporarily stuck. This afternoon for the first time we could start by giving one good heave together, and so for the first time we are able to stop to readjust footgear or do any other desirable task. This is a second relief for which we are most grateful. At the lunch camp the snow covering was less than a foot, and at this it is a bare nine inches; patches of ice and hard névé are showing through in places. I meant to camp at 6.30, but before 5.- the sky came down on us with falling snow. We could see nothing, and the pulling grew very heavy. At 5.45 there seemed nothing to do but camp—another interrupted march. Our luck is really very bad. We should have done a good march to-day, as it is we have covered about 11 miles (stat.). **Saturday, December 16.** Camp 38. A gloomy morning, clearing at noon and ending in a gloriously fine evening. Although constantly anxious in the morning, the light held good for travelling throughout the day, and we have covered 11 miles (stat.), altering the aspect of the glacier greatly. But the travelling has been very hard. ... We must push on all we can, for we are now 6 days behind Shackleton, all due to that wretched storm. So far, since we got amongst the disturbances we have not seen such alarming crevasses as I had expected; certainly dogs could have come up as far as this. At present one gets terribly hot and perspiring on the march, and quickly cold when halted, but the sun makes up for all evils. It is very difficult to know what to do about the ski; their weight is considerable and yet under certain circumstances they are extraordinarily useful. Everyone is very satisfied with our summit ration. The party which has been man-hauling for so long say they are far less hungry than they used to be. It is good to think that the majority will keep up this good feeding all through. **Sunday, December 17.** Camp 39. Soon after starting we found ourselves in rather a mess; bad pressure ahead and long waves between us and the land. Blue ice showed on the crests of the waves; very soft snow lay in the hollows. We had to cross the waves in places 30 feet from crest to hollow, and we did it by sitting on the sledge and letting her go. Thus we went down with a rush and our impetus carried us some way up the other side; then followed a fearfully tough drag to rise the next crest. After two hours of this I saw a larger wave, the crest of which continued hard ice up the glacier; we reached this and got excellent travelling for 2 miles on it, then rose on a steep gradient,





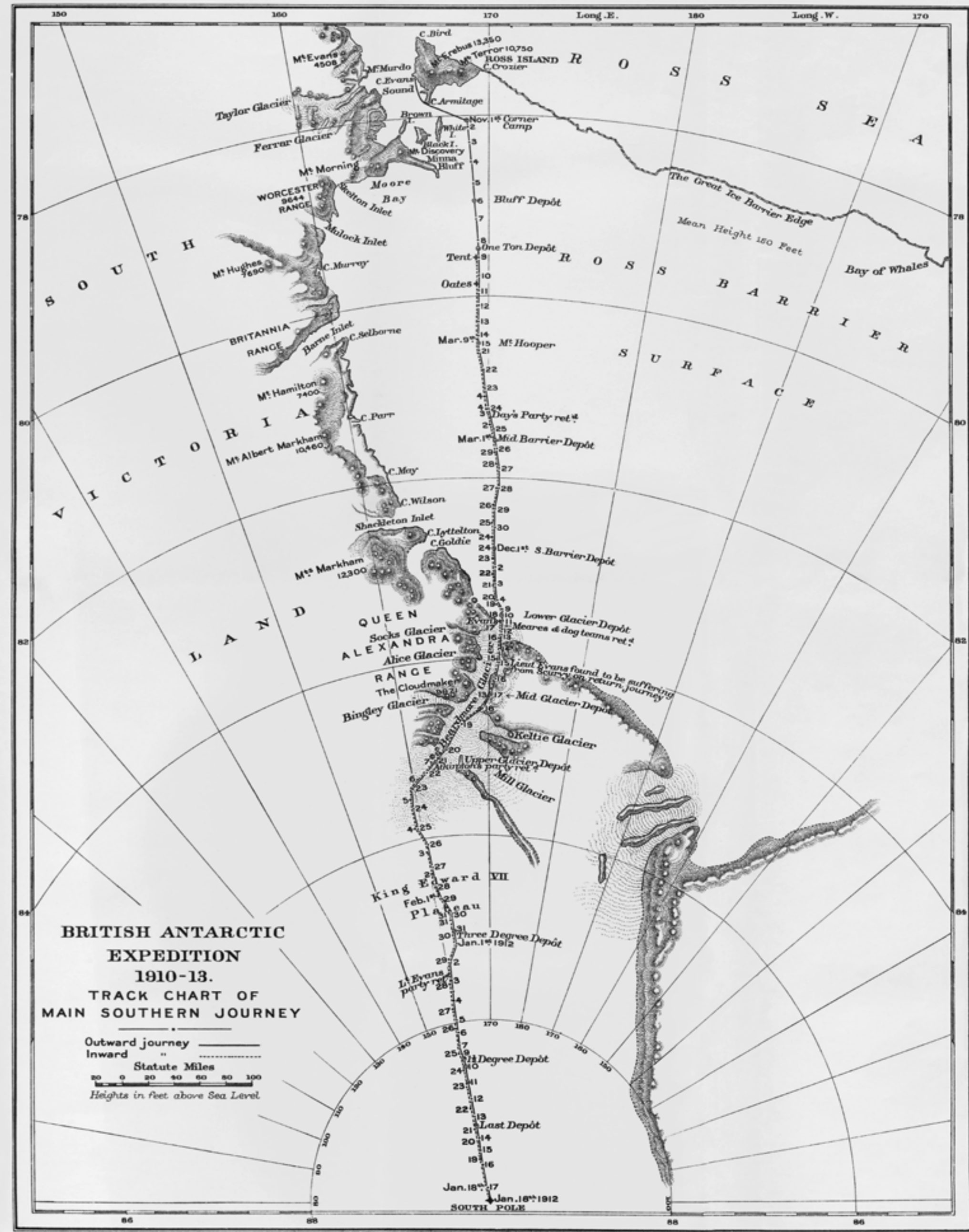
and so topped the pressure ridge. The smooth ice is again lost and we have patches of hard and soft snow with ice peeping out in places, cracks in all directions, and legs very frequently down. We have done very nearly 5 miles (geo.). ... If we can keep up the pace, we gain on Shackleton, and I don't see any reason why we shouldn't, except that more pressure is showing up ahead. For once one can say 'sufficient for the day is the good thereof.' Our luck may be on the turn—I think we deserve it. In spite of the hard work everyone is very fit and very cheerful, feeling well fed and eager for more toil. Eyes are much better except poor Wilson's; he has caught a very bad attack. Remembering his trouble on our last Southern journey, I fear he is in for a very bad time. We got fearfully hot this morning and marched in singlets, which became wringing wet; thus uncovered the sun gets at one's skin, and then the wind, which makes it horribly uncomfortable. Our lips are very sore. We cover them with the soft silk plaster which seems about the best thing for the purpose. I'm inclined to think that the summit trouble will be mostly due to the chill falling on sunburned skins. Even now one feels the cold strike directly one stops. We get fearfully thirsty and chip up ice on the march, as well as drinking a great deal of water on halting. Our fuel only just does it, but that is all we want, and we have a bit in hand for the summit. ... We have worn our crampons all day and are delighted with them. P.O. Evans, the inventor of both crampons and ski shoes, is greatly pleased, and certainly we owe him much. **Monday, December 18.**

Camp 40. Lunch nearly 4000 feet above Barrier. Overcast and snowing this morning as I expected, land showing on starboard hand, so, though it was gloomy and depressing, we could march, and did. ... Afternoon.—(Night camp No. 40, about 4500 above Barrier. T. -11°. Lat. about 84° 34'.) After lunch got on some very rough stuff within a few hundred yards of pressure ridge. There seemed no alternative, and we went through with it. Later, the glacier opened out into a broad basin with irregular undulations, and we on to a better surface, but later on again this improvement nearly vanished, so that it has been hard going all day, but we have done a good mileage (over 14 stat.). We are less than five days behind S. now. There was a promise of a clearance about noon, but later more snow clouds drifted over from the east, and now it is snowing again. We have scarcely caught a glimpse of the eastern side of the glacier all day. The western side has not been clear enough to photograph at the halts. It is very annoying, but I suppose we must be thankful when we can get our marches off. Still sweating horribly on the march and very thirsty at the halts. **Tuesday, December 19.** Lunch, rise 650. Dist. 8 ½ geo. Camp 41. Things are looking up. Started on good surface, soon came to very annoying criss-cross cracks. I fell into two and have bad bruises on knee and thigh, but we got along all the time until we reached an admirable smooth ice surface excellent for travelling. The last mile, névé predominating and therefore the pulling a trifle harder, we have risen into the upper basin of the glacier. Seemingly close about us are the various land masses which adjoin the summit: it looks as though we might have difficulties in the last narrows. We are having a long lunch hour for angles, photographs, and sketches. The slight south-westerly wind came down the glacier as we started, and the sky, which was overcast, has rapidly cleared in consequence. Night. Height about 5800. Camp 41. We stepped off this afternoon at the rate of 2 miles or more an hour, with the very satisfactory result of 17 (stat.) miles to the good for the day. It has not been a strain, except perhaps for me with my wounds received early in the day. The wind has kept us cool on the march, which has in consequence been very much pleasanter; we are not wet in our clothes to-night, and have not suffered from the same overpowering thirst as on previous days. (T. -11°. (Min. -5°.) Evans and Bowers are busy taking angles; as they have been all day, we shall have material for an excellent chart. Days like this put heart in one. **Wednesday, December 20.** Camp 42. 6500 feet about. ... At lunch Wilson and Bowers walked back 2 miles or so to try and find Bowers' broken sledgometer, without result. During their absence a fog spread about us, carried up the valleys by easterly wind. We started the afternoon march in this fog very unpleasantly, but later it gradually lifted, and to-night it is very fine and warm. As the fog lifted we saw a huge line of pressure ahead; I steered for a place where the slope looked smoother, and we are camped beneath the spot to-night. We must be ahead of Shackleton's position on the 17th. All day we have been admiring a wonderful banded structure of the rock; to-night it is beautifully clear on Mount Darwin. I have just told off the people to return to-morrow night: Atkinson, Wright, Cherry-Garrard, and Keohane. All are disappointed—poor Wright rather bitterly, I fear. I dreaded this necessity of choosing—nothing could be more heartrending. I calculated our programme to start from 85° 10' with 12 units of food [36] and eight men. We ought to be in this position to-morrow night, less one day's food. After all our harassing trouble one cannot but be satisfied with such a prospect. **Thursday, December 21.** Camp 43. Lat. 85° 7' Long. 163° 4'. Height about 8000 feet. Upper Glacier Dépôt. Temp. -2°. We climbed the ice slope this morning and found a very bad surface on top, as far as crevasses were concerned. ... At 12

the wind came from the north, bringing the inevitable [mist] up the valley and covering us just as we were in the worst of places. We camped for lunch, and were obliged to wait two and a half hours for a clearance. Then the sun began to struggle through and we were off. We soon got out of the worst crevasses and on to a long snow slope leading on part of Mount Darwin. It was a very long stiff pull up, and I held on till 7.30, when, the other team being some way astern, I camped. We have done a good march, risen to a satisfactory altitude, and reached a good place for our depot. To-morrow we start with our fullest summit load, and the first march should show us the possibilities of our achievement. The temperature has dropped below zero, but to-night it is so calm and bright that one feels delightfully warm and comfortable in the tent. Such weather helps greatly in all the sorting arrangements, &c., which are going on to-night. For me it is an immense relief to have the indefatigable little Bowers to see to all detail arrangements of this sort. ... 'Since writing the above I made a dash for it, got out of the valley out of the fog and away from crevasses. So here we are practically on the summit and up to date in the provision line. We ought to get through.'

Friday, December 22. Camp 44, about 7100 feet. T. -1°. Bar. 22.3. This, the third stage of our journey, is opening with good promise. We made our depot this morning, then said an affecting farewell to the returning party, who have taken things very well, dear good fellows as they are. Then we started with our heavy loads about 9.20, I in some trepidation—quickly dissipated as we went off and up a slope at a smart pace. The second sledge came close behind us, showing that we have weeded the weak spots and made the proper choice for the returning party. ... To-morrow we march long hours, about 9 I hope. Every day the loads will lighten, and so we ought to make the requisite progress. **Saturday, December 23.** To me, for the first time our goal seems really in sight. We can pull our loads and pull them much faster and farther than I expected in my most hopeful moments. I only pray for a fair share of good weather. There is a cold wind now as expected, but with good clothes and well fed as we are, we can stick a lot worse than we are getting. I trust this may prove the turning-point in our fortunes for which we have waited so patiently.





London: Smith, Elder & Co.

Reproduced at Stanford's Geog. Estab. London

Scott, Robert Falcon, and Leonard Huxley. *Scott's last expedition: Vol. I. Being the journals of Captain R. F. Scott, R. N., C. V. O.* London: Smith, Elder & Co., 1913.

INVENTORY OF CAPTAIN SCOTT'S NEGATIVES

The following pages index and present one hundred and twelve surviving negatives from the one hundred and twenty-three known to have been exposed by Captain Scott in Antarctica in 1911. The negatives are shown in their current state of preservation without any cleaning or restitution. Whilst improbable, it is possible that missing negatives will resurface in the future.

In the interest of continuity, the numbers and titles used to identify the negatives are the same as those used by Dr David M. Wilson in his *Revised Illustrated Catalogue of Captain Scott's Photographs*, published by the Scott Polar Research Institute in 2019. The numbers all begin with 'S' for Scott and represent a careful assemblage of the original numbering system used by Herbert Ponting and Frank Debenham when they first numbered the negatives at Cape Evans, as well as later sequences of numbers that include those on the back of the set of contact prints made by Ponting once back in England and those of the Raines & Co. album, both of which are now in the Scott Polar Research Institute's collection. Like preceding numbering systems, Dr Wilson's list is not chronological.

S1 View from Sea Ice: Blue Glacier to Kukri Hills, mouth of Dry Valley. Almost identical to S2.
Spring Journey sequence. Panorama with S9, S10 & S29, 25 September 1911.
Glass plate negative.

S2 View from Sea Ice: Blue Glacier to Kukri Hills, mouth of Dry Valley. Almost identical to S1.
Spring Journey sequence. Panorama with S9, S10 & S29, 25 September 1911.
Glass plate negative.

S3 Camp on the Ferrar Glacier: Mt. Sister, the Overflow Glacier and the Royal Society Range.
Spring Journey sequence, September 1911.
Glass plate negative.

S4 Camp on the Ferrar Glacier: looking up the Ferrar Glacier from opposite the Overflow Glacier, towards Descent Glacier and Cathedral Rocks.
Spring Journey sequence, September 1911.
Glass plate negative.

S5 Camp on the Ferrar Glacier: looking up the Ferrar Glacier from opposite the Overflow Glacier, towards Descent Glacier and Cathedral Rocks.
Spring Journey sequence, September 1911.
Glass plate negative.

S6 The Kitticarrara Glacier.
Spring Journey sequence, September 1911.
Glass plate negative.

S7 Camp under First Cathedral Rock, Ferrar Glacier.
Spring Journey sequence, September 1911.
Glass plate negative.

S8 Camp on the Ferrar Glacier: Mt. Sister, the Overflow Glacier and the Royal Society Range.
Spring Journey sequence, September 1911.
Glass plate negative.

S9 View from Sea Ice: Kukri Hills to Victoria Lower Glacier.
Spring Journey sequence. Panorama with S1 or S2, S10 & S29, 25 September 1911.
Glass plate negative.

S10 View from Sea Ice: Victoria Lower Glacier to Cape Roberts.
Spring Journey sequence. Panorama with S1 or S2, S9 & S29, 25 September 1911.
Glass plate negative.

S11 View of Cathedral Rocks (Detail 4).
Spring Journey sequence, September 1911.
Cellulose nitrate negative.

S12 View of Cape Evans from the Ramp.
Cape Evans, Ramp sequence, October 1911.
Cellulose nitrate negative.

S13 Herbert Ponting working at Cape Evans.
Ponting Exposure experiments, 7 September 1911.
Cellulose nitrate negative.

S14 Mount Erebus, from the sea ice.
Cape Evans, ice field sequence, 8 October 1911.
Cellulose nitrate negative.

S15 Unidentified pony camp (1).
Southern Journey, Great Ice Barrier, November 1911.
Cellulose nitrate negative.

S16 P.O. Edgar Evans with the pony Snatcher.
Cape Evans, pony training sequence, October 1911.
Glass plate negative.

S17 P.O. Keohane with the pony Jimmy Pig.
Cape Evans, pony training sequence, October 1911.
Glass plate negative.

S18 Looking SE from Windvane Hill above the Hut, towards the lower slopes of Mount Erebus. Herbert Ponting photographing.
Cape Evans, Ramp sequence, 1 October 1911.
Glass plate negative.

S19 Looking SE from Windvane Hill above the Hut, towards the lower slopes of Mount Erebus. Herbert Ponting photographing.
Cape Evans, Ramp sequence, 1 October 1911.
Glass plate negative.

S20 View of Cape Evans Hut from the Ramp.
Cape Evans, Ramp sequence, October 1911.
Glass plate negative.

S22 Mt. Erebus from the Ramp. Telephoto.
Cape Evans, Ramp sequence, October 1911.
Glass plate negative.

S23 Dr. Edward Wilson with the pony Nobby, at Cape Evans.
Cape Evans, pony training sequence, October 1911.
Glass plate negative.

S24 Portrait of Henry 'Birdie' Bowers.
Cape Evans, portraits sequence, October 1911.
Glass plate negative.

S25 Captain Oates assisting Lt. Bowers to harness the pony Victor.
Cape Evans, pony training sequence, October 1911.
Glass plate negative.

S26 Herbert Ponting at work on the sea ice near Cape Evans.
Cape Evans, ice crack sequence, 8 October 1911.
Glass plate negative.

S27 View of Cape Evans with Mount Erebus.
Cape Evans, hut sequence, October 1911.
Glass plate negative.

S28 Pony Party travelling across the sea ice, with bergs. Either Pony Training or Depot Laying Journey from Cape Evans, October 1911.
Cellulose nitrate negative.

S29 Part of the panorama of the Ferrar Glacier mouth.
Spring Journey sequence. Panorama with S1 or S2, S9 & S10, 25 September 1911.
Glass plate negative.

S30 Unidentified figure photographing on a glacier.
Probably Henry 'Birdie' Bowers on the Beardmore Glacier, 13 December 1911, lunch camp.
Glass plate negative.

S31 Preparing the sledge. Mt Kyffin in background.
Southern Journey, Beardmore Glacier, 13 December 1911, lunch camp.
Glass plate negative.

S32 Socks Glacier (l) to Mount Fox (r).
Southern Journey, Beardmore Glacier. Panorama with S33, 13 December 1911, lunch camp.
Glass plate negative.

S33 Dr. Edward Wilson sketching, Mount Elizabeth (l) to Mount Anne (r). Southern Journey, Beardmore Glacier. Panorama with S32, 13 December 1911, lunch camp. Glass plate negative.

S34 Looking NW towards the Pillar Rocks (c) and Mount Smith (l). Southern Journey, Beardmore Glacier, 12 December 1911, lunch camp. Glass plate negative.

S36 Unidentified pony camp (1). Southern Journey, Great Ice Barrier, November 1911. Glass plate negative.

S37 Unidentified pony camp (1). Southern Journey, Great Ice Barrier, November 1911. Glass plate negative.

S38 Unidentified pony camp (1). Southern Journey, Great Ice Barrier, November 1911. Glass plate negative.

S39 Unidentified pony camp (1). Southern Journey, Great Ice Barrier, November 1911. Glass plate negative.

S40 Unidentified pony camp (1). Southern Journey, Great Ice Barrier, November 1911. Glass plate negative.

S41 Unidentified pony camp (1). Southern Journey, Great Ice Barrier, November 1911. Glass plate negative.

S43 Unidentified pony camp, looking west to Mount Markham, Cape Wilson and Shackleton Inlet (Farthest South, 1902-1903). Southern Journey, Great Ice Barrier, November 1911. Glass plate negative.

S44 Portrait of a man. Probably of Captain L.E.G. Oates. Cape Evans, portraits sequence, October 1911. Cellulose nitrate negative.

S45 Pony camp, Camp 26, looking west to Mount Longstaff. Southern Journey, Great Ice Barrier, 1 December 1911. Glass plate negative.

S46 Pony camp, Camp 26, looking west to Mount Longstaff. Southern Journey, Great Ice Barrier, 1 December 1911. Glass plate negative.

S47 Dog camp, Camp 26, looking Northwest to Mount Markham. Southern Journey, Great Ice Barrier, 1 December 1911. Glass plate negative.

S48 Looking up The Gateway from Camp 31, Shambles Camp. Southern Journey, Great Ice Barrier, 1 December 1911. Glass plate negative.

S49 Looking up The Gateway to Mount Hope, from Camp 31, Shambles Camp. Southern Journey, Great Ice Barrier. Panorama with S50, 9 December 1911. Glass plate negative.

S50 Looking up The Gateway from Camp 31, Shambles Camp. Southern Journey, Great Ice Barrier. Panorama with S49, 9 December 1911. Glass plate negative.

S51 Looking up The Gateway from Camp 31, Shambles Camp. Southern Journey, Great Ice Barrier, 9 December 1911. Glass plate negative.

S52 Looking North, back towards The Gateway from the Lower Glacier Depot. Southern Journey, Beardmore Glacier, 11 December 1911. Glass plate negative.

S53 Looking SSW towards the Granite Pillars from the Lower Glacier Depot. Southern Journey, Beardmore Glacier, 11 December 1911. Glass plate negative.

S54 Winter Quarters: the expedition hut with snow drifts. Cape Evans, hut sequence, October 1911. Cellulose nitrate negative.

S55 Ponies on the march. Southern Journey, Great Ice Barrier, 2 December 1911. Cellulose nitrate negative.

S56 Foundering in soft snow: (l-r) Cherry-Garrard, Bowers, Keohane and Crean. Southern Journey, Beardmore Glacier, 13 December 1911, lunch camp. Cellulose nitrate negative.

S57 Pony camp, Camp 15: probably Bowers drying out with (l-r) ponies Victor, Snatcher, Bones, Christopher. Southern Journey, Great Ice Barrier, 19 November 1911. Cellulose nitrate negative.

S58 Pony camp, Camp 15: (l-r) ponies Snippetts, Nobby, Michael and Jimmy Pigg. Southern Journey, Great Ice Barrier, 19 November 1911. Cellulose nitrate negative.

S59 Pony camp, Camp 15: (l-r) ponies Snippetts, Nobby, Michael and Jimmy Pigg. Southern Journey, Great Ice Barrier, 19 November 1911. Cellulose nitrate negative.

S60 Pony camp, Camp 15: (l-r) Jehu, Chinaman, Victor, Snatcher, Bones, Christopher, Snippets, Nobby, Michael and Jimmy Pigg. Southern Journey, Great Ice Barrier, 19 November 1911. Cellulose nitrate negative.

S61 Unidentified pony camp (2). Southern Journey, Great Ice Barrier, November 1911. Cellulose nitrate negative.

S62 Unidentified pony camp (2). Southern Journey, Great Ice Barrier, November 1911. Cellulose nitrate negative.

S63 Unidentified pony camp (2). Southern Journey, Great Ice Barrier, November 1911. Cellulose nitrate negative.

S65 Unidentified pony camp (2). Southern Journey, Great Ice Barrier, November 1911. Cellulose nitrate negative.

S66 Camp 12: ‘One Ton Depot’. Southern Journey, Great Ice Barrier, 16 November 1911. Cellulose nitrate negative.

S67 Foundering in soft snow: probably Keohane and Crean waiting to depart. Southern Journey, Beardmore Glacier, 13 December 1911, lunch camp. Cellulose nitrate negative.

S68 Foundering in soft snow: P.O. Evans and Captain Oates repairing sledge. Southern Journey, Beardmore Glacier, 13 December 1911, lunch camp. Cellulose nitrate negative.

S69 After sketching: Wilson, adjusting footwear. Southern Journey, Beardmore Glacier, 13 December 1911, lunch camp. Cellulose nitrate negative.

S70 Foundering in soft snow: (l-r) Cherry-Garrard, Bowers, Keohane and Crean. Southern Journey, Beardmore Glacier, 13 December 1911, lunch camp. Cellulose nitrate negative.

S71 Foundering in soft snow: Bowers sledge, Wilson pushing; Oates and P.O. Evans repairing. Southern Journey, Beardmore Glacier, 13 December 1911, lunch camp. Cellulose nitrate negative.

S73 Herbert Ponting working at Cape Evans. Ponting exposure experiments, 7 September 1911. Cellulose nitrate negative.

S74 Herbert Ponting working at Cape Evans. Ponting exposure experiments, 7 September 1911. Cellulose nitrate negative.

S75 Herbert Ponting working at Cape Evans. Ponting exposure experiments, 7 September 1911. Cellulose nitrate negative.

S76 Herbert Ponting working at Cape Evans. Ponting exposure experiments, 7 September 1911. Cellulose nitrate negative.

S77 The weather station at Windvane Hill. Cape Evans, Ramp sequence, October 1911. Cellulose nitrate negative.

S78 Winter quarters: the expedition hut, with Lt. ‘Birdie’ Bowers. Cape Evans, hut sequence, October 1911. Cellulose nitrate negative.

S79 Ice field on the lower slopes of Mount Erebus. Cape Evans, ice field sequence, 8 October 1911. Cellulose nitrate negative.

S80 Ice crack, towards Cape Barne. Cape Evans, ice crack sequence, 8 October 1911. Cellulose nitrate negative.

S81 Herbert Ponting photographing ice crack. Cape Evans, ice crack sequence, 8 October 1911. Cellulose nitrate negative.

S82 Mount Erebus. Cape Evans, ice field sequence, 8 October 1911. Cellulose nitrate negative.

S83 Lower reaches of Mt. Erebus. Cape Evans, ice field sequence, 8 October 1911. Cellulose nitrate negative.

S84 Unidentified Pony Camp (1) Lt. ‘Birdie’ Bowers and ponies shelter behind an ice wall. Southern Journey, Great Ice Barrier, November 1911. Cellulose nitrate negative.

S86 Pony Camp, Camp 15: (l-r) ponies Jehu and Chinaman. Southern Journey, Great Ice Barrier, 19 November 1911. Cellulose nitrate negative.

S87 Camp 12: ‘One Ton Depot’. Southern Journey, Great Ice Barrier, 16 November 1911. Cellulose nitrate negative.

S88 Camp 12: ‘One Ton Depot’. Southern Journey, Great Ice Barrier, 16 November 1911. Cellulose nitrate negative.

S89 Ponies on the march. Southern Journey, Great Ice Barrier, 2 December 1911. Cellulose nitrate negative.

S90 Ponies on the march. Southern Journey, Great Ice Barrier, 2 December 1911. Cellulose nitrate negative.

S91 Ponies on the march. Southern Journey, Great Ice Barrier, 2 December 1911. Cellulose nitrate negative.

S92 Ponies on the march. Southern Journey, Great Ice Barrier, 2 December 1911. Cellulose nitrate negative.

S93 Ponies on the march. Southern Journey, Great Ice Barrier, 2 December 1911. Cellulose nitrate negative.

S94 Ponies on the march. Southern Journey, Great Ice Barrier, 2 December 1911. Cellulose nitrate negative.

S95 Ponies on the march. Southern Journey, Great Ice Barrier, 2 December 1911. Cellulose nitrate negative.

S96 Ponies on the march. Southern Journey, Great Ice Barrier, 2 December 1911. Cellulose nitrate negative.

S97 Ponies on the march. Southern Journey, Great Ice Barrier, 2 December 1911. Cellulose nitrate negative.

S98 Probably Bowers or Anton with pony Victor. Cape Evans, pony training sequence, October 1911. Cellulose nitrate negative.

S99 Probably Bowers or Anton with pony Victor. Cape Evans, pony training sequence, October 1911. Cellulose nitrate negative.

S100 Probably Demetri Gerof with dog team. Cape Evans, dog sequence, October 1911. Cellulose nitrate negative.

S101 Dog team in training. Cape Evans, dog sequence, October 1911. Cellulose nitrate negative.

S102 Probably P.O. Evans, repairing a sledge. Cape Evans, portraits sequence, October 1911. Cellulose nitrate negative.

S103 Probably P.O. Patrick Keohane, with the pony Jimmy Pig. Cape Evans, pony training sequence, October 1911. Cellulose nitrate negative.

S104 P.O. Patrick Keohane, with the pony Jimmy Pig. Cape Evans, pony training sequence, October 1911. Cellulose nitrate negative.

S105 P.O. Patrick Keohane, with the pony Jimmy Pig. Cape Evans, pony training sequence, October 1911. Cellulose nitrate negative.

S106 Apsley Cherry-Garrard, with the pony Michael. Cape Evans, pony training sequence, October 1911. Cellulose nitrate negative.

S107 Lt. Bowers and Anton Omelchenko, chasing the pony Victor. Cape Evans, pony training sequence, October 1911. Cellulose nitrate negative.

S109 George Simpson or P.O. Evans on Ferrar Glacier. Spring Journey sequence, September 1911. Cellulose nitrate negative.

S111 George Simpson or P.O. Evans on Ferrar Glacier. Spring Journey sequence, September 1911. Cellulose nitrate negative.

S112 Portrait of a man. Probably of Captain L.E.G. Oates. Cape Evans, portraits sequence, October 1911. Cellulose nitrate negative.

S115 ‘Birdie’ Bowers and Anton Omelchenko, chasing the pony Victor. Cape Evans, pony training sequence, October 1911. Cellulose nitrate negative.

S116 Probably Oates, Bowers and Anton with pony Victor. Cape Evans, pony training sequence, October 1911. Cellulose nitrate negative.

S117 ‘Birdie’ Bowers and probably Oates, with pony Victor. Cape Evans, pony training sequence, October 1911. Cellulose nitrate negative.

S118 Tom Crean with the pony, Bones and Wilson with the pony Nobby. Cape Evans, pony training sequence, October 1911. Cellulose nitrate negative.

S119 Camp 12: ‘One Ton Depot’. Southern Journey, Great Ice Barrier, 16 November 1911. Cellulose nitrate negative.

S120 Camp 12: ‘One Ton Depot’. Southern Journey: Great Ice Barrier, 16 November 1911. Cellulose nitrate negative.

S121 Foundering in soft snow: Pulling (l-r) Cherry-Garrard; Bowers; Keohane; and Crean. Pushing: Captain Scott or Captain Oates (front) and Dr. Wilson (behind). Southern Journey, Beardmore Glacier, 13 December 1911, lunch camp. Cellulose nitrate negative.

S123 Unidentified Pony Camp (2). Southern Journey, Great Ice Barrier, November 1911. Cellulose nitrate negative.



S1



S2



S3



S10



S11



S12



S4



S5



S6



S13



S14



S15



S7



S8



S9



S16



S17



S18



S19



S20



S22



S29



S30



S31



S23



S24



S25



S32



S33



S34



S26



S27



S28



S36



S37



S38



S39



S40



S41



S49



S50



S51



S43



S44



S45



S52



S53



S54



S46



S47



S48



S55



S56



S57



S58



S59



S60



S68



S69



S70



S61



S62



S63



S71



S73



S74



S65



S66



S67



S75



S76



S77



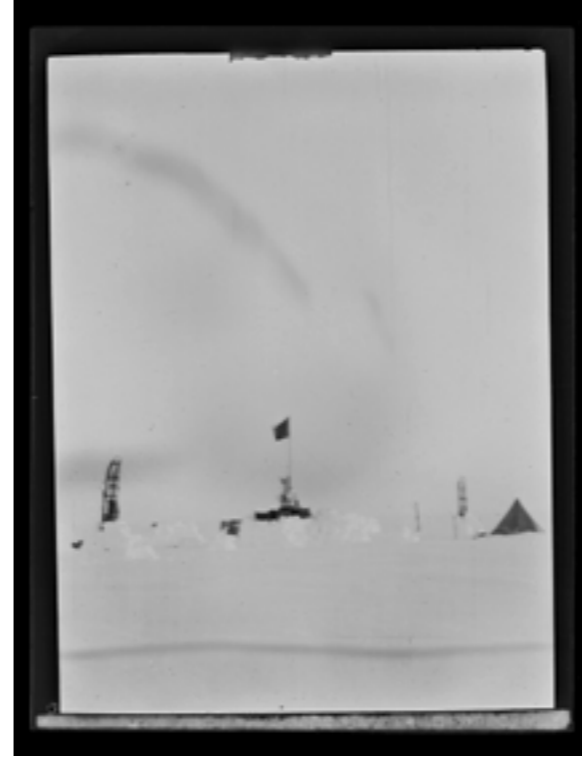
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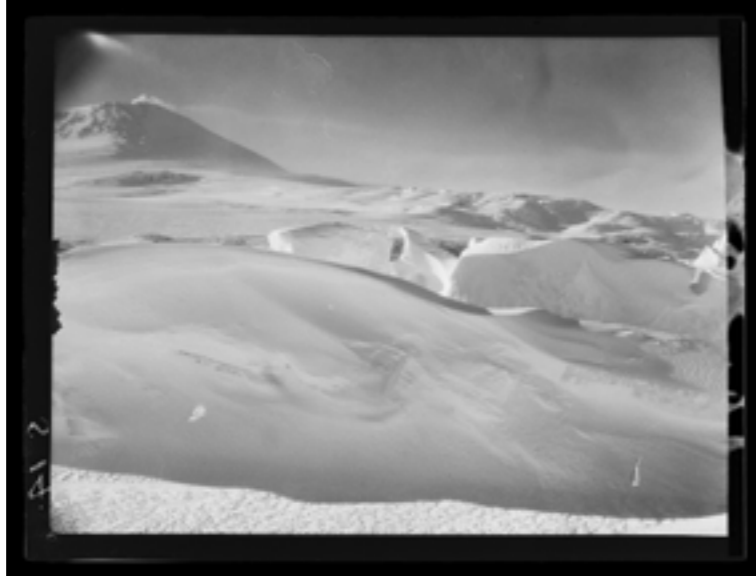
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S90



S81



S82



S83



S91



S92



S93



S84



S86



S87



S94



S95



S96



S97



S98



S99



S106



S107



S109



S100



S101



S102



S111



S112



S115



S103



S104



S105



S116



S117



S118



S119



S120



S121



S123

HISTORY OF CAPTAIN SCOTT'S NEGATIVES

After taking his last photographs on the Beardmore Glacier on the 13th of December 1911, Captain Scott sent his exposed negatives back to Cape Evans with a supporting party led by Charles Wright. Henry 'Birdie' Bowers sent back his exposed negatives at the same time but kept a camera that was later used to take photographs at the South Pole.

On reaching Cape Evans on the 26th of January 1912, Wright handed both sets of negatives to Herbert Ponting who developed them and praised their quality. Before sailing back to New Zealand aboard the Terra Nova in early March, Ponting put Frank Debenham in charge of the photographic programme and left him the negatives to hand back to Scott and Bowers on their return from the South Pole. As winter set in and it became clear that the Pole Party had met a tragic end, Debenham completed the numbering and cataloguing of the negatives that had been started by Ponting.

Following the public announcement of the Pole Party's demise and the return of the remaining expedition members to Britain in 1913, Captain Scott's negatives were once again put in the care of Ponting. Although a handful of Scott's photographs found their way into magazines, scientific reports and published diaries, the great majority remained forgotten for more than seventy years. That is, until a set of one hundred and nine 10 x 8 cm contact prints produced by Ponting prior to his death in 1935 re-emerged at a New York auction in 2001. The private collector who purchased them eventually sold them on to the Scott Polar Research Institute, University of Cambridge, in 2012.

Less than a year later, the Institute was bequeathed an album containing one hundred and twenty-three contact prints of Captain Scott's negatives that had been assembled by Raines & Co. in 1913 in order to market Scott's photographs alongside those by Bowers and Tryggve Gran (a Norwegian member of the expedition who had not taken part in the trek to the South Pole). The contact prints in the Raines & Co. album both overlapped and extended the one hundred and nine contact prints of Scott's negatives purchased by the Institute in 2012.

In 2014, one hundred and twelve of Captain Scott's original negatives (forty-three glass plates and sixty-nine cellulose nitrate) also re-emerged and were offered for sale by a private collector. These matched the two existing sets of contact prints discussed above and were in a satisfactory state of preservation. Once again, the Scott Polar Research Institute was able to add the negatives to its collections through a public appeal and to archive them alongside the contact prints and Raines & Co. album.

Most recently, this acquisition has allowed the Scott Polar Research Institute to collaborate with Salto Ulbeek Publishers to produce the present volume in which the prints and inventory are all printed from Captain's Scott's original negatives. This is the first time that the negatives have been used to print since Herbert Ponting produced the contact prints discussed above.

EDITORIAL NOTES

Printed entirely in platinum-palladium, a photographic technique renowned for its exceptional stability and aesthetic qualities, the purpose of this volume is to enhance the appreciation of Captain Scott's photographs and to secure their preservation beyond the life of the negatives as these invariably fade with time.

The thirty photographs and panoramas printed in the first section of the volume were selected on the basis of their pictorial strength and chronological importance. Whilst all one hundred and twelve surviving negatives presented in the inventory section are shown in their current state of preservation, those included in the first section have been digitally cleaned, assembled and restituted to their full advantage through the subtle use of modern digital tools and techniques.

The choice to digitally reconstitute the photographs in the first section was driven by the ambition to reduce any degradation of the negatives that has occurred through time and to maximize the information content of the negatives as a recording of a particular scene and moment. This was achieved with minimal manipulation or transformation of the primary photographic information. Where negatives contain unwanted imperfections such as light streaks, scratches, deterioration or vignetting, these were considered to be unintentional disruptions, a record of which nevertheless remains in the inventory and the negatives themselves.

Whereas Captain Scott had originally intended negatives S29/S2/S9/S10, S99/S100 and S49/S50 to be presented as panoramic sequences, composites S3/S4, S45/S46 and S109/S111 are contemporary interpretations assembled from negatives that offered the possibility unintentionally.

S3/S4 : Panoramic composite. Numbers S3 and S4 show the same tent photographed from two different angles. The tent was removed in number S3 and kept in number S4 in order to assemble a panorama from both negatives with the tent showing just once. Vignetting removed from both negatives.

S7 : Vignetting removed from top and bottom of the image.

S27 : Restoration of top portion of the sky. Vignetting removed from bottom of the image.

S29/S2/S9/S10 : Panoramic sequence. Numbers S29, S2, S9 and S10 assembled as one image. Vignetting removed from all three negatives. Cropping of one-fifth of S29 corresponding to the left-hand side of the image.

S33/S32 : Panoramic sequence. Numbers S33 and S32 assembled as one image.

S45/S46 : Photographic composite. Most of the image is from negative number S46. One-sixth of the image, on the right-hand side, is from negative number S45.

S49/S50 : Panoramic sequence. Numbers S49 and S50 assembled as one image. Removal of light streaks in bottom left-hand corner of negative S49. Restitution of bottom right-hand corner of negative S50.

S100 : Extreme right hand side of the photograph and lead dog's muzzle restituted after having been covered by adhesive tape.

S109/S111 : Photographic composite. Most of the image is from negative number S109. One-sixth of the image, to the right-hand side, is from negative number S111.

Captain Scott's writings are drawn from his journals and presented as excerpts.

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Southern Party at the South Pole, 18 January 1912. Photograph by Henry R. Bowers.