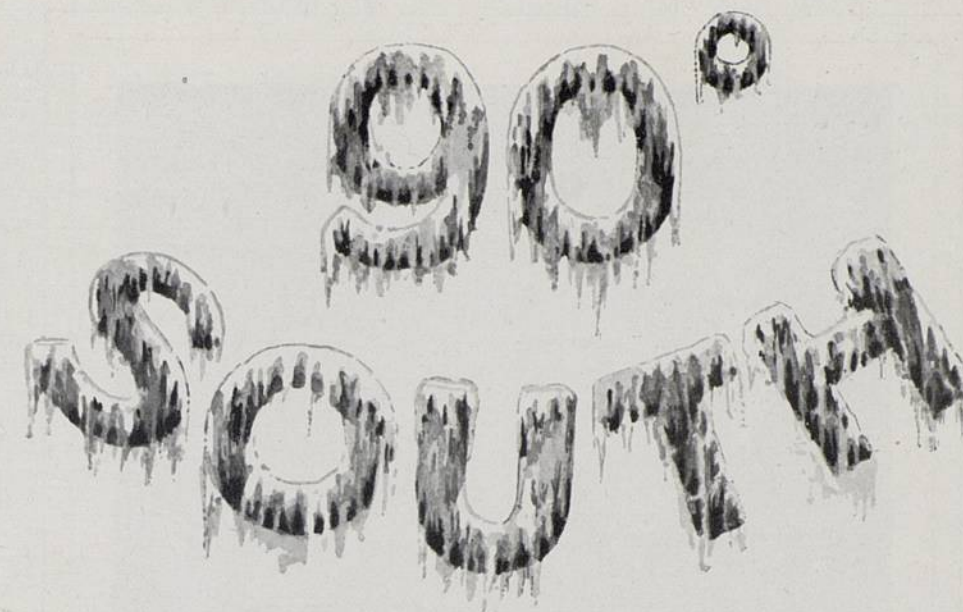
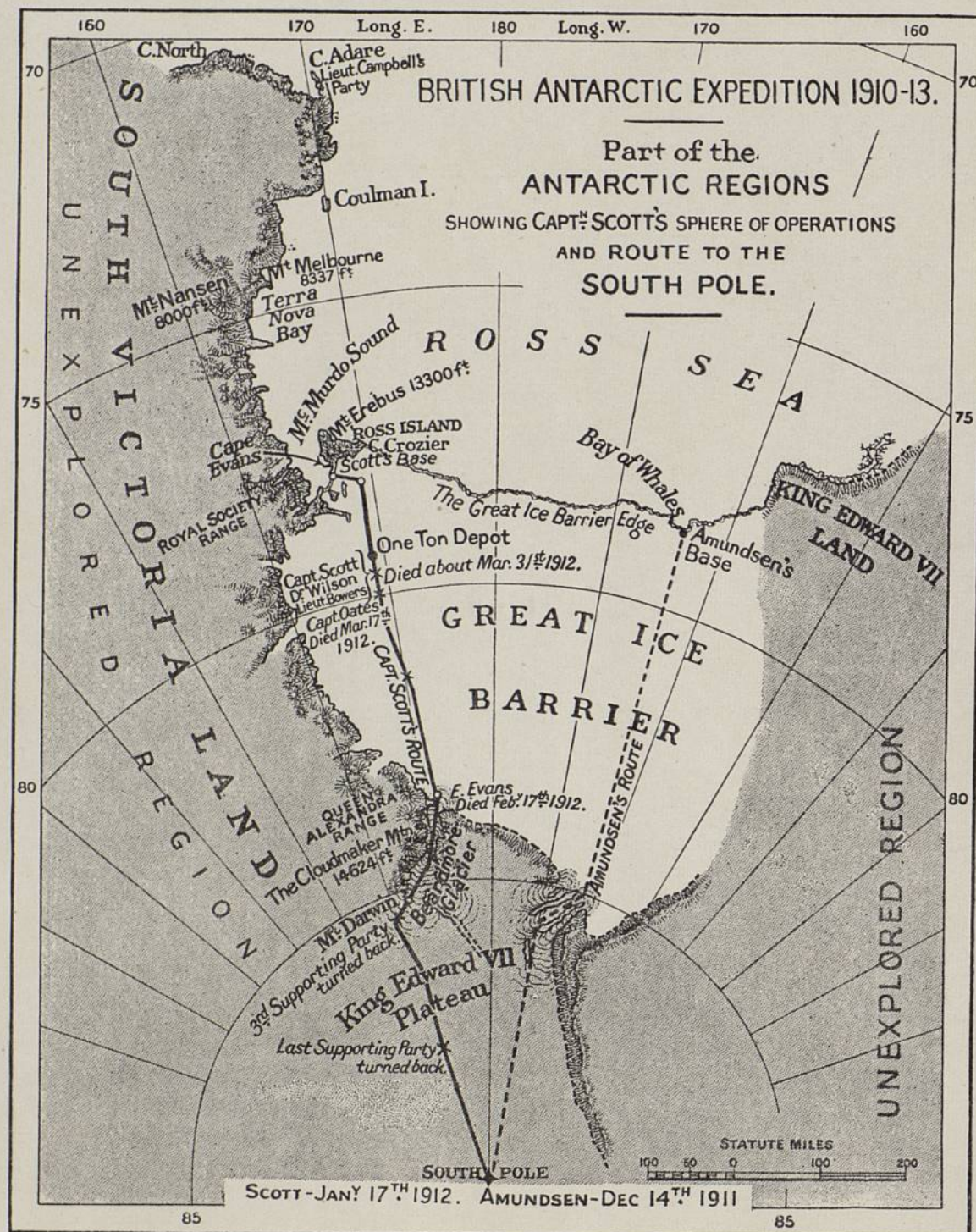




*The "Terra Nova" Icebound.*

*Photograph by Herbert G. Ponting*





THE OFFICIAL FILM RECORD OF  
CAPTAIN SCOTT'S EXPEDITION  
TO THE SOUTH POLE

THE STORY OF AN IMMORTAL ADVENTURE

and of the

NATURE LIFE OF THE  
GREAT WHITE SOUTH

*The Film Photographed and its Story told by*

HERBERT G. PONTING, F.R.P.S., F.R.G.S., F.Z.S.,  
CAMERA ARTIST TO THE BRITISH ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION

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THE RAMPARTS OF THE SOUTH POLE.

The ice-cliff in the foreground is the face of the Barne Glacier. It is 220 feet in height. Fifteen miles away in the background the great volcano Mount Erebus rises 13,500 feet into the heavens.

## CAPTAIN R. F. SCOTT, C.V.O., R.N.

CAPTAIN ROBERT FALCON SCOTT was a Devonshire man. Born at Outlands, near Devonport, on June 6th, 1868, he inherited a love for the sea from the seafaring stock from which he sprang. It was but natural therefore that he should choose the Navy as a career.

At the age of fourteen he entered the "Britannia" training-ship, and served subsequently in various vessels of the British Navy.

It was in 1899, whilst serving as First Lieutenant in H.M.S. "Majestic," that Antarctic exploration first attracted his attention. Sir Clements Markham, the Commodore of the Training Squadron, informed him that a project for sending a Naval expedition to the Antarctic was under discussion by the Admiralty. Lieutenant Scott at once applied for the leadership of the enterprise, and in due course was appointed to command it.

This, the "Discovery" Expedition, 1901-4, resulted in valuable contributions to knowledge. It placed some hundreds of miles of new coast line on the map, and the unknown South was penetrated to Lat. 82° 17' S., about five hundred miles from the South Pole, an advance of some three hundred miles on Sir James Ross's record.

On the return of the expedition the leader was promoted to a captaincy in the Navy, and

he was made a Commander of the Royal Victorian Order by King Edward VII.

In August, 1906, he returned to sea duty, and in 1908 became Flag Captain of H.M.S. "Bulwark."

In March, 1909, he went to the Admiralty as Naval Assistant to the Second Sea Lord, but resigned at the end of the year to prepare for his second and last expedition to the Antarctic, the story of which is briefly told elsewhere in this booklet.

Captain Scott was a man of splendid physique, broad and deep-chested. He had tremendous staying-power, and he possessed to a marked degree the organising ability indispensable to the leadership of a great scientific enterprise. Each member of his staff was an expert at some special work, but he would meet them all on their own ground, and discuss the details of their work. He left no stone unturned to master everything in any way bearing on the work he had in hand.



CAPTAIN ROBERT FALCON SCOTT, C.V.O., R.N.

A few days before leaving England, Captain Scott said to a friend, "I cannot imagine a finer death than that of a man, who, having attained the object which he sought, dies rejoicing in his achievement."

The story of how the great explorer lived up to this ideal is now a proud heritage of his race.



## CAPTAIN SCOTT'S COMRADES OF THE POLE JOURNEY

### DR. E. A. WILSON.

Dr. Edward Adrian Wilson, Chief of the Scientific Staff of the Expedition, was born at Cheltenham in 1872. He was educated at Cheltenham College and took his medical degree at Cambridge. He had been a member of the "Discovery" Expedition, 1901-4, and was one of the most eminent Polar zoologists of his day.

He was also an artist of much ability, and recorded in colour the scenes among which the explorers worked. He was tall and thin, all sinew and stamina. Cool and courageous, nothing could dismay him, and even Captain Scott's enthusiasm for Polar exploration was no greater than that of Dr. Wilson's.

Perhaps none of the many tributes which Captain Scott in his journal paid his old comrade better characterises him than the sentence: "It was to 'Uncle Bill's' sound judgment that one and all of us always appealed in matters little or great."

### CAPT. L. E. G. OATES.

Capt. Lawrence Edward Grace Oates was in charge of the Siberian ponies. He was born on March 17th, 1880, at Gestingthorpe Hall, near Halstead, Essex. Both his father and uncle were fond of exploring in the wild parts of the world. He therefore inherited to the full the spirit of adventure.

He was educated for the Army, and joining the 6th "Inniskilling" Dragoons in 1900, fought with his regiment in the South African war. It was here that he earned his nickname "No Surrender" Oates—for heroism during a memorable incident in the fighting.

He was selected by Captain Scott to take charge of the ponies on account of his experience as a cavalry officer, especially in India, and on the Tibetan Expedition.

Captain Oates was tall, strong and athletic, and one of the most modest and unassuming of men.

### LIEUT. H. R. BOWERS.

Lieutenant Henry Robertson Bowers, formerly of the Royal Indian Marine, was the Commissariat Officer of the Expedition, a most important post where an error of judgment might mean disaster. He was chosen by Captain Scott for the Polar party because of his unflagging energy and efficiency, and for the ability and the resource which he had displayed in a most perilous mid-winter journey to Cape Crozier with Dr. Wilson and Mr. A. Cherry-Garrard, the Assistant Zoologist of the Expedition. He was twenty-six years of age.

There are numerous high tributes in Captain Scott's Journal to Bowers' strength and hardihood, his eagerness to help others and his never-failing high spirits.

Of Lieutenant Bowers, Captain Scott wrote: "He is the life of the expedition, and the hardest man that ever went into the Polar regions."

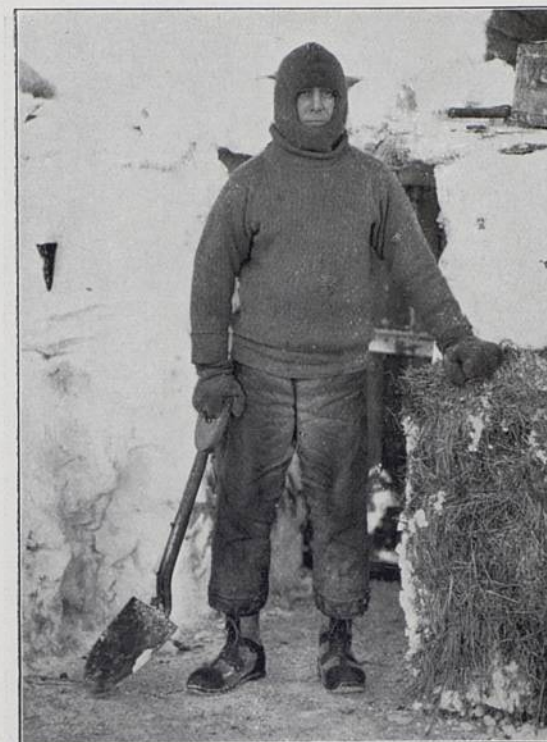
### PETTY OFFICER EDGAR EVANS.

Edgar Evans was the Chief Petty Officer of the "Terra Nova" during the voyage to the Far South, and when the Expedition landed at Ross Island he was placed in charge of the sledging equipment.

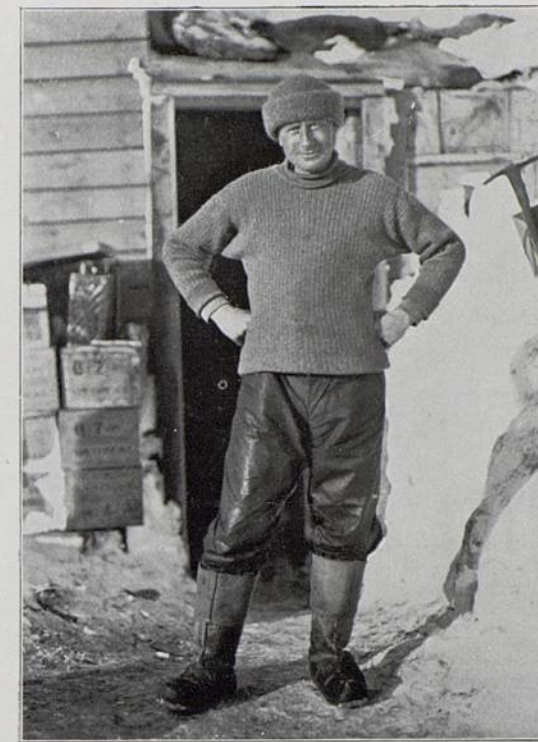
He had taken part in the "Discovery" Expedition of 1901-4, when he earned Captain Scott's highest praise for his presence of mind and resource in the face of difficulty and danger.

"Taff" Evans, as his messmates called him, was the "Strong Man" of the Expedition. He was a big, brawny Welshman, a native of Rhosilly, near Swansea. A typical "handyman" of the British Navy, he was ever ready to repair any damage to sledging gear or other equipment, and his previous Polar experience was of the utmost value in times of imminent peril.

H. G. P.



CAPTAIN L. E. G. OATES.



DR. E. A. WILSON.



PETTY OFFICER EDGAR EVANS.



LIEUTENANT H. R. BOWERS.





THE CASTLE BERG

## A BRIEF STORY OF THE SCOTT EXPEDITION

THE GREAT WHITE SOUTH is the Home of Nature in her wildest and most relentless moods, and it is there that the Hurricane and the Blizzard are born. Its eternal ice is estimated to be 5,000,000 square miles in area, and it covers a continent larger than Australia. It is a region of appalling desolation. It is utterly devoid of vegetation, and no land animals of any kind exist there. The only living creatures are such as come out of the Ocean—the amphibious seals and penguins—and sea-birds which elsewhere are unknown. It is believed that rich deposits of valuable and precious minerals may be hidden in the mountains, and a coal-bed many thousands of miles in extent has already been discovered there.

ANTARCTICA, as that vast continent is named, has never been inhabited by Man. Only a few of the hardest and most determined explorers have ever sought to unveil its mysteries; and the heart of that sterile desolation has been trodden by only ten human beings since the

Creation. It is the Uttermost End of the Earth: 90° SOUTH—THE SOUTH POLE.

Captain Scott's second and last expedition to the Antarctic sailed from London on June 1st, and from Port Chalmers, New Zealand, on November 29th, 1910, in the "Terra Nova," a vessel which had been specially built for Polar work some thirty years previously. His staff included an eminent zoologist, a well-known meteorologist, a physicist, three geologists, two biologists, surveyors, cartographers and a trained parasitologist. Arrangements were also made to secure a complete photographic record of everything which it was possible to illustrate with the camera. The expedition, which numbered all told some 60 officers and men, was one of the best-equipped scientific enterprises ever sent out from any land. The success of its main objects, and the rich harvest of results that were obtained, have more than justified the undertaking.



CAPTAIN SCOTT WRITING HIS JOURNAL IN THE "HUT"

After narrowly escaping destruction in a gale on December 2nd, the "Terra Nova" entered the pack-ice on December 9th. For nearly four weeks she fought her way through one of the greatest ice-fields ever encountered in the Antarctic, and on January 3rd, 1911, the ship arrived off The Great Ice Barrier, which, to all intents and purposes, is the edge of the South Polar Continent. The Great Ice Barrier is the largest known floating glacier in the world, and it covers a bay in that great continent as large as France. It is about 500 miles wide, and it extends southwards for 400 miles to the mountain range which borders the 10,000 feet high plateau in the midst of which the South Pole is situated.

The expedition landed, on January 4th, on Ross Island, at a place which was named Cape Evans, in honour of Lieutenant Evans, who was the Second-in-Command of the Expedition. Here, on a sandy beach, at the foot of the great active volcano, Mount Erebus, seventeen Siberian ponies, thirty dogs, three motor-sledges, and supplies sufficient to last for three years, were landed; and a building was erected to serve as winter quarters for the main party of twenty-four, whilst another smaller party of six, under the command of Lieutenant Victor Campbell, proceeded in the "Terra Nova" with the intention

of exploring King Edward VII Land. This, however, was found to be impossible, the shore being everywhere so precipitous that a landing could not be effected. Lieutenant Campbell then decided to land on the Great Ice Barrier, and, whilst looking for a suitable place, found that a Norwegian Expedition, commanded by Captain Roald Amundsen, had already landed, and had established winter quarters at the Bay of Whales, which was distant about 400 miles from Captain Scott's base at Ross Island.

The Norwegian Expedition left Norway with the published intention of crossing the North Pole. But some weeks after both expeditions had sailed, and all Scott's plans were known to the world, news was received that Amundsen had abandoned his idea of going North, and would endeavour to reach the South Pole. As two expeditions could not operate from the same base at the same time, Lieutenant Campbell's party proceeded to Cape Adare, in Victoria Land, and explored for a year in that region.

The next ten months were spent by the Main Party in making preparations for the principal object of the enterprise, the journey to the Pole, which would begin the following November. On April 23rd the sun disappeared, and two weeks of gradually deepening twilight preceded



the four-months night of the Polar winter. On August 26th the sun returned, and on November 1st the severity of the weather had moderated sufficiently for the start of the 1,800 miles journey to and from the South Pole. Captain Scott wrote in his Journal: "The future is in the lap of the gods; I can think of nothing left undone to deserve success."

Sixteen members of the expedition started on the Polar journey, eleven acting as Supporting Parties, with supplies for the five who would attempt to reach the Pole. They had with them ten ponies, twenty-two dogs and two motor sledges.

The first 20 miles of the great journey lay over the frozen sea, then for 400 miles they had to travel over that trackless and blizzard-swept wilderness, the Great Ice Barrier, to the mountain range which borders the Polar Plateau. Matters went fairly well for the next three weeks, except for the breakdown of the motor-tractors, which had to be abandoned after going about 60 miles.

On December 5th a howling blizzard began, and it raged for four days, rendering travel for the time being impossible. This, and subsequent bad fortune, delayed operations far behind Captain Scott's schedule, and caused a shortage of provisions, which contributed later to disastrous results.

The work of the ponies finished at the foot of the Beardmore Glacier on December 9th, and Mr. Meares, and the Siberian dog-driver, Dimitri Geroff, with the dog-teams, were sent back. The "Beardmore" is a pass in the mountain range discovered by Sir Ernest Shackleton in 1908. The greatest known land glacier in the world, it flows for 120 miles from the 10,000 feet high Polar Plateau to the Great Ice Barrier. Henceforth the three other parties that went on had to man-haul the heavy sledges.

On December 21st, at the head of the Beardmore Glacier, the Third Supporting Party—Dr. Atkinson, Mr. Wright, Mr. Cherry-Garrard and Petty Officer Keohane—had finished their work and started on their return journey to Ross Island. The distance to the South Pole was now about 350 miles, and the elevation 8,000 feet above the Great Ice Barrier. On January 4th, 1912, the Last Supporting Party of three—Lieutenant Evans and Petty Officers Lashly and Crean—deposited their supplies and headed back to Ross Island; Captain Scott, Dr. Wilson, Captain Oates, Lieutenant Bowers and Petty Officer Evans going forward, hoping to cover the remaining 150 miles to the Pole in about twelve days. On January 6th the maximum

height of 10,570 feet above the Great Ice Barrier was recorded.

Ten days later, January 16th, when 27 miles from the Pole, Captain Scott wrote in his Journal: "We started off in high spirits, feeling that to-morrow would see us at our destination. About the second hour of the march Bowers' sharp eyes detected a black speck ahead. We marched on and found it was a black flag tied to a sledge-bearer; near by the remains of a camp, and the clear traces of dogs' paws—many dogs. This told us the whole story. The Norwegians have forestalled us and are first at the Pole. It is a terrible disappointment, and I am very sorry for my loyal companions. To-morrow we must march on to the Pole, and then hasten home with all the speed we can compass. All the day-dreams must go; it will be a wearisome return."

They marched on, and when they arrived at the Goal of Their Hopes they found a small deserted tent. In it was a record stating that Captain Amundsen and four other Norwegians had reached the South Pole on December 14th. Scott wrote: "The Pole! Yes, but under very different circumstances from those expected. . . . Great God, this is an awful place, and terrible to have laboured to without the reward of priority."

With broken hopes, but unbroken spirit, that gallant little band at the uttermost end of the earth then turned their backs to the Pole and faced northwards. As he thought of the tremendous 900-mile journey before them, Captain Scott wrote: "Now for the run home, and a desperate struggle. I wonder if we can do it."

The pages of his Journal which follow are an account of the most heroic and self-sacrificing struggle against overwhelming odds in the annals of Polar exploration. By January 24th apprehension had deepened. Scott wrote: "This is the second full gale since we left the Pole. I don't like the look of it. Is the weather breaking up? If so, God help us, with the tremendous journey and scanty food."

It is as though the Leader heard the approaching footfalls of Death, and Death was indeed near at hand. The blasting of his beloved chief's ambition to be first to reach the Pole was a blow from which Petty Officer Evans never recovered. His failure seems to have begun to date from that time. His condition gradually became worse, and on February 17th he died from concussion of the brain, caused by a fall on rough ice at the foot of the Beardmore Glacier. Captain Scott wrote: "It is a terrible thing to lose a companion in this way. His death left us a shaken party."

The quotations are from "Scott's Last Expedition" (Messrs. John Murray).



AT THE SOUTH POLE

CAPTAIN OATES

LIEUT. BOWERS

CAPTAIN SCOTT

DR. WILSON

P.O. EVANS

The other four explorers then left the Beardmore and struck out on to the Great Ice Barrier. The cold continued intense, ranging from 30° to 50° F. below zero, and the surface of the ice became bad beyond their worst fears. These things delayed them woefully, and delay meant further shortage of food and oil fuel. The terrific strain on their strength was beginning terribly to tell. On March 3rd Scott wrote: "We can't keep up this pulling, that is certain. Amongst ourselves we are unendingly cheerful, but what each man feels in his heart I can only guess."

Three days later Captain Oates, whose feet had been for some time past badly frozen, was unable to pull. "He is wonderfully plucky," wrote Captain Scott, "as his feet must be giving him great pain. The poor soldier does his utmost and suffers much. If we were all fit, I should have hopes of getting through."

On March 11th Oates was very near the end. Scott wrote: "What he will do, God only knows. He is a brave fine fellow. He asked for advice. Nothing could be done but to urge him to march as long as he could."

Realising that his own desperate condition was menacing the lives of his comrades, Oates

begged them to go on, and leave him in his sleeping-bag to die. That they would not do. He struggled along in agony beside the sledge, but he was completely maimed by frozen feet. By March 16th he could go no further. Scott wrote: "We knew that the end had come. Oates did not—would not—give up hope to the very end. He slept through the night, hoping not to wake, but he woke in the morning. It was blowing a blizzard. He said: 'I am just going outside and may be some time.' He went out into the blizzard, and we have not seen him since. We knew that poor Oates was walking to his death, but though we tried to dissuade him, we knew it was the act of a brave man and an English gentleman."

Captain Scott, Dr. Wilson and Lieutenant Bowers started off again with heavy hearts. They were now themselves all suffering intensely from frostbite, and from the effects of the privations they had endured.

They pitched their 60th Camp from the Pole on March 19th, 11 miles from a depot of plentiful supplies of food and fuel. That day a blizzard began which, as the meteorological records at winter quarters show, lasted for ten



days. For those three dauntless souls who had stuck to their sick companions to the last, the end had come. Eight days later, March 29th, Captain Scott made the final entry in his Journal: "Since the 21st we have had a continuous gale. We had fuel to make two cups of tea apiece, and bare food for two days on the 20th. Every day we have been ready to start for our depot 11 miles away, but outside the tent it remains a scene of whirling drift. I do not think we can hope for better things now. We shall stick it out to the end, and the end cannot be far."

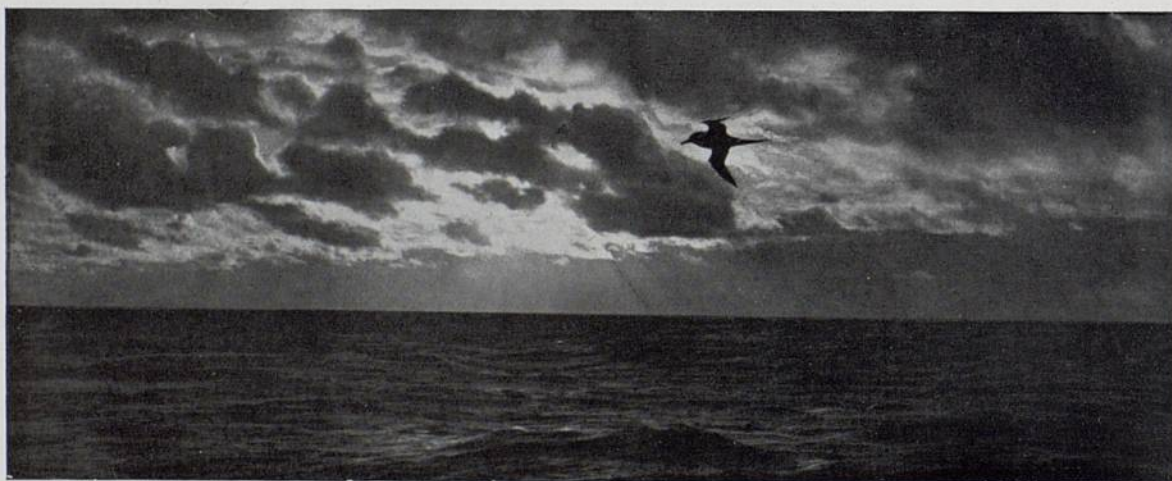
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Owing to the fall of winter and consequent darkness, it was not until the following October that a Search Party was able to set out from Cape Evans. They reached the fateful tent on November 12th. Wilson and Bowers were found in the attitude of sleep, their sleeping-bags closed over their heads as they would naturally close them. Scott died later. The little wallet containing his three note-books was under his shoulders, and his arm flung across Wilson.

So they were found—eight months later.

In one of his note-books, in a "Message to the Public," Captain Scott had written:—

*"I do not think human beings ever came through such a month as we have come through, and we should have got through, in spite of everything, but for the storm which has fallen on us within 11 miles of the depot at which we hoped to secure our final supplies."*



HOMeward BOUND IN THE ROSS SEA

*"We took risks, we knew we took them; things have come out against us, and therefore we have no cause for complaint, but bow to the Will of Providence, determined still to do our best to the last."*

*"Had we lived, I should have had a tale to tell of the hardihood, endurance and courage of my companions which would have stirred the heart of every Englishman. These rough notes and our dead bodies must tell the tale."*

*"We are weak, writing is difficult, but for my own sake I do not regret this journey, which has shown that Englishmen can endure hardships, help one another, and meet death with as great a fortitude as ever in the past."*  
—R. SCOTT.

\* \* \* \*

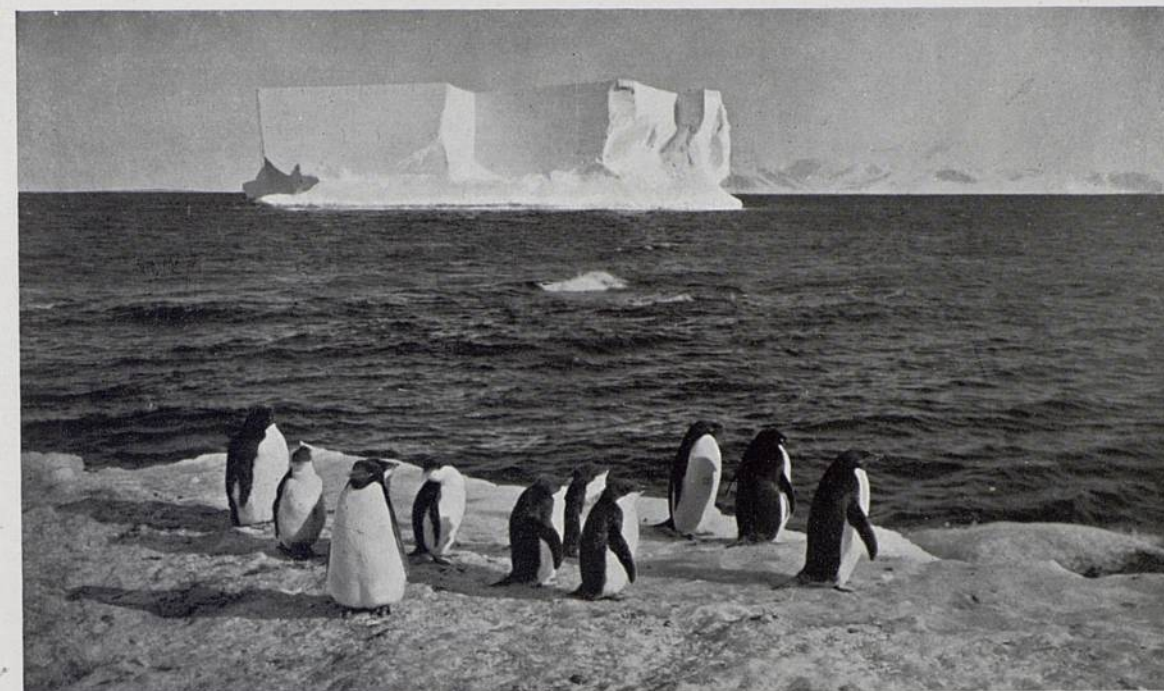
Over their bodies a great cairn of ice was raised, surmounted by a cross.

A search was made for Captain Oates' body, but it was never found. The kindly snow had covered his body, giving it a fitting burial. A cross was placed on the scene of the search, with the inscription:—

*"Hereabouts Died a Very Gallant Gentleman, Captain L. E. G. Oates, of the Inniskilling Dragoons."*

Later, at Ross Island, a cross was erected to the memory of Captain Scott, Dr. Wilson, Captain Oates, Lieutenant Bowers and Petty Officer Evans, on which this line from Tennyson's "Ulysses" was carved—than which no man had ever a nobler epitaph:—

*"To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield."*



ADÉLIE PENGUINS AT ROSS ISLAND.

ON the great Antarctic continent the only living creatures are such as come out of the sea, and sea-birds. Of these the most numerous on Ross Island are the Weddell Seal and the Adélie penguin.

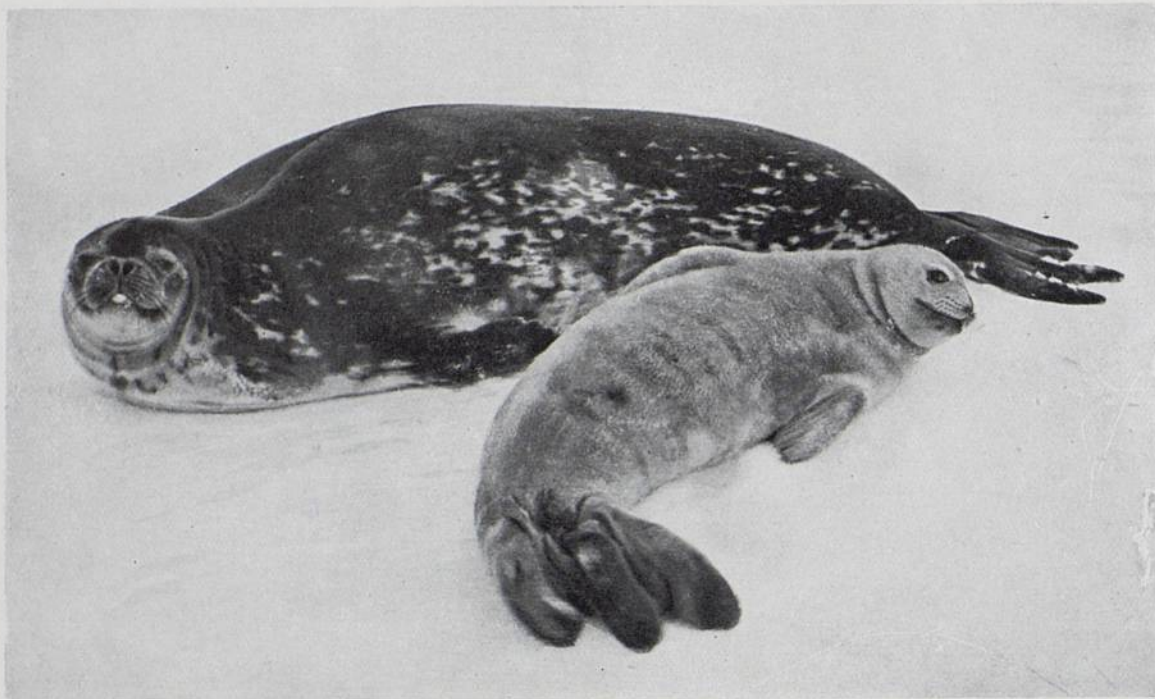
Full grown Adélie penguins stand about two feet high, and though the quaintest of birds, they are among the most handsome of Polar creatures. Nothing could be more striking than the contrast of their raven-black and snow-white plumage, which gleams with a beautiful sheen; and they are the only known penguins with white eyelids and white rims around their eyes, which give them an exceedingly droll appearance.

The life of the Adélie penguin is one of constant strife against the rigours of the elements and the dangers of the sea; for their habitat is the most tempestuous region of the Earth, and whilst seeking their food, a shrimplike crustacea, in the sea, they are constantly at the mercy of deadly foes which prey on them.

Colonies of Adélie penguins make their nests of small stones at favoured places along the coast of Ross Island, and two eggs are laid. These eggs have to undergo many hardships, for frequent blizzards rage during the nesting season; but the penguins do not forsake their nests. They sit with stern determination on their eggs, even though the snow may lie several feet deep above them, waiting until the wind blows it away. During these blizzards they go entirely without food, for their mates are unable to bring it to them; and the persistent creatures sometimes fast in such storms for ten days or more.

The chicks are hatched about the middle to the end of December—which is, of course, the Antarctic midsummer, for the seasons are reversed south of the Equator—and a very strenuous time then follows for their parents to keep them fed until they are old enough to take to the sea, where they must henceforth seek their own living, ever threatened with the dangers which there confront them.





A WEDDELL SEAL AND CUB.

UNLIKE its antipodes, the Arctic, where Polar bears abound, on the great Antarctic continent no land animals of any kind exist. Consequently seals can sleep and rear their young on the ice, safe from depredations by land enemies, such as the fur-bearing seals of the Arctic must ever be on guard against. Several different species of seals are indigenous to the Antarctic, but the most numerous in the vicinity of Ross Island is the Weddell seal.

A full-grown Weddell seal may be as much as 10 feet long, and weigh half a ton. They are fish-eating creatures, and from examination of the contents of the stomachs of many it would seem that their principal food is a fish known as *Notothenia*. As seals are mammals they must frequently come to the surface to breathe and to sleep. They often bask on the ice or on the land for days on end. Seal flesh is the principal food of man whenever he enters these regions, and fortunately along the coast of the Antarctic continent seals are abundant.

Weddell seals have handsome coats, which vary so much in their markings that sometimes it seems hardly possible that neighbours basking on the ice can be of the same species. They range in colour from brown to black, and are usually streaked and spotted with grey and silver—the finest coats exhibiting all of these shades. Their coats, however, are not fur, but coarse hair.

The seal cubs are born on the ice, about the end of October, in localities which are to some extent sheltered from the wind, in the lee of islands or of stranded icebergs. They are beautiful little creatures, covered with cream-coloured down, which is shed about the time they are a month old. As soon as the hair coat replaces it, the young seals are ready for their first dip. They are suckled by their dams for several weeks after their initiation into the sea. Then they must fend for themselves, menaced by never-ceasing dangers, for deadly enemies haunt the Antarctic waters. The worst of these are the terrible Killer Whales.



A KILLER WHALE.

KILLERS are small whales, about 20 to 30 feet long, but they have terrible teeth, and are the most ferocious creatures in the ocean. They are constantly on the hunt for seals, on which they prey. They even attack and kill the great baleen, or whalebone whales.

Whales are mammals and, like the seals, they come to the surface for air. They do not blow water out of their nostrils when they breathe, but when rising to the surface they commence to exhale their breath just before the head appears, and the so-called "spout" of a whale is the spray that is blown upwards by its visible hot breath. When a Killer whale blows it shows only a part of its head and back and its dorsal fin. After it has filled its lungs with a fresh supply of air, the whale sounds—that is, it dives deep.

Killer whales hunt seals not only in the ocean, but also when the seals are on the ice. Hunting in packs, or "schools," with fiendish cunning they project their heads over the edge of the ice, and if they see seals basking on it they attack from below. Breaking the ice up with their

backs they precipitate the seals into the sea, and doubtless find them easy prey.

Sometimes we saw a pack of killers hunting. Their dorsal fins moving along above the surface of the sea were always a most sinister sight, knowing, as we did, the evil record of the owners below.

Once we witnessed one of those thrilling nature-life dramas which are constantly occurring in the Antarctic seas. A pack of killers sighted a seal on the ice. It was a mother seal, and she had a baby in the water. As the whales drew near the mother dived into the sea, almost into the jaws of the terrible creatures, to try and lure them from her cub. Frenzied with fear she again leapt on to the ice, and the little one tried to struggle out, too. Once more the mother dived and vainly tried to heave the baby out upon her back.

The killers were drawing nearer every moment, but we were watching by the loaded whale gun. Just as the foremost whale had almost reached the seals the harpoon was fired. Then the frightened monsters dived under the ice, and the mother and her baby were saved.





## THE BRITISH ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION AT ROSS ISLAND

*Left to right. Standing—*MR. GRIFFITH TAYLOR, Geologist. MR. A. CHERRY-GARRARD, Assistant Zoologist. MR. B. DAY, Motor Engineer. MR. E. W. NELSON, Biologist. LIEUT. E. R. G. R. EVANS, R.N., Second-in-Command. CAPTAIN L. E. G. OATES, in charge of Ponies. DR. E. L. ATKINSON, Surgeon-Lieut., R.N., Parasitologist. CAPTAIN R. F. SCOTT, C.V.O., R.N., Leader. MR. C. S. WRIGHT, Physicist. P. KEOHANE, Petty-Officer, R.N., Transport. LIEUT. T. GRAN, Ski Expert. W. LASHLY, Petty Officer, R.N., Transport. F. J. HOOPER, Steward, R.N. R. FORDE, Petty Officer, R.N. Transport. ANTON KONDRACHENKO, Russian Groom, Pony Transport. DIMITRI GEROFF, Russian Dog Driver. *Left to right. Sitting—*LIEUT. H. R. BOWERS, R.I.M. Commissariat. MR. C. H. MEARS, Dog Transport. MR. F. DEBENHAM, Geologist. DR. E. A. WILSON, Chief of the Scientific Staff. DR. G. C. SIMPSON, Meteorologist. EDGAR EVANS, Petty Officer, R.N., Transport. T. CREAN, Petty Officer, R.N., Transport.

## PIONEERS OF THE ANTARCTIC

FROM the time of Captain James Cook, who, in 1773, was the first navigator to cross the Antarctic Circle, British explorers have ever been pioneers in pushing farther and still farther South. Captain Cook's record was  $71^{\circ} 10' S.$ , or about 1,500 miles south of the southernmost point of New Zealand.

Fifty years later Charles Weddell forced his way 200 miles nearer the South Pole, and reached  $74^{\circ} 15' S.$ , in 1823. In 1841 Sir James Ross discovered the Great Ice Barrier,  $77^{\circ} S.$  His record stood for sixty years, and then Captain R. F. Scott, on his first expedition, 1901-4, penetrated to  $82^{\circ} 16' S.$ , an advance of more than 300 miles. Sir Ernest Shackleton made a still greater advance on Captain Scott's record, and reached  $88^{\circ} 23' S.$ , which is within

100 miles of the coveted goal, in 1909. In the same year two other members of his expedition—Professor Edgeworth David and Dr. Douglas Mawson—discovered the Magnetic South Pole, which is about 1,000 miles north of the Geographical South Pole.

In 1910 Captain Scott left England on his second and successful, though ill-fated, attempt to reach the uttermost end of the earth. In that year an expedition under Captain Roald Amundsen also left Norway with the object of discovering the South Pole. His expedition was also successful, and the Norwegian explorer had the honour of planting his country's flag at the Pole on December 14th, 1911. Captain Scott reached the goal of his hopes on January 17th, 1912, and found that Amundsen had preceded him.



VICE-ADMIRAL E. R. G. R. EVANS, C.B., D.S.O.  
*Second in Command of the Expedition.*

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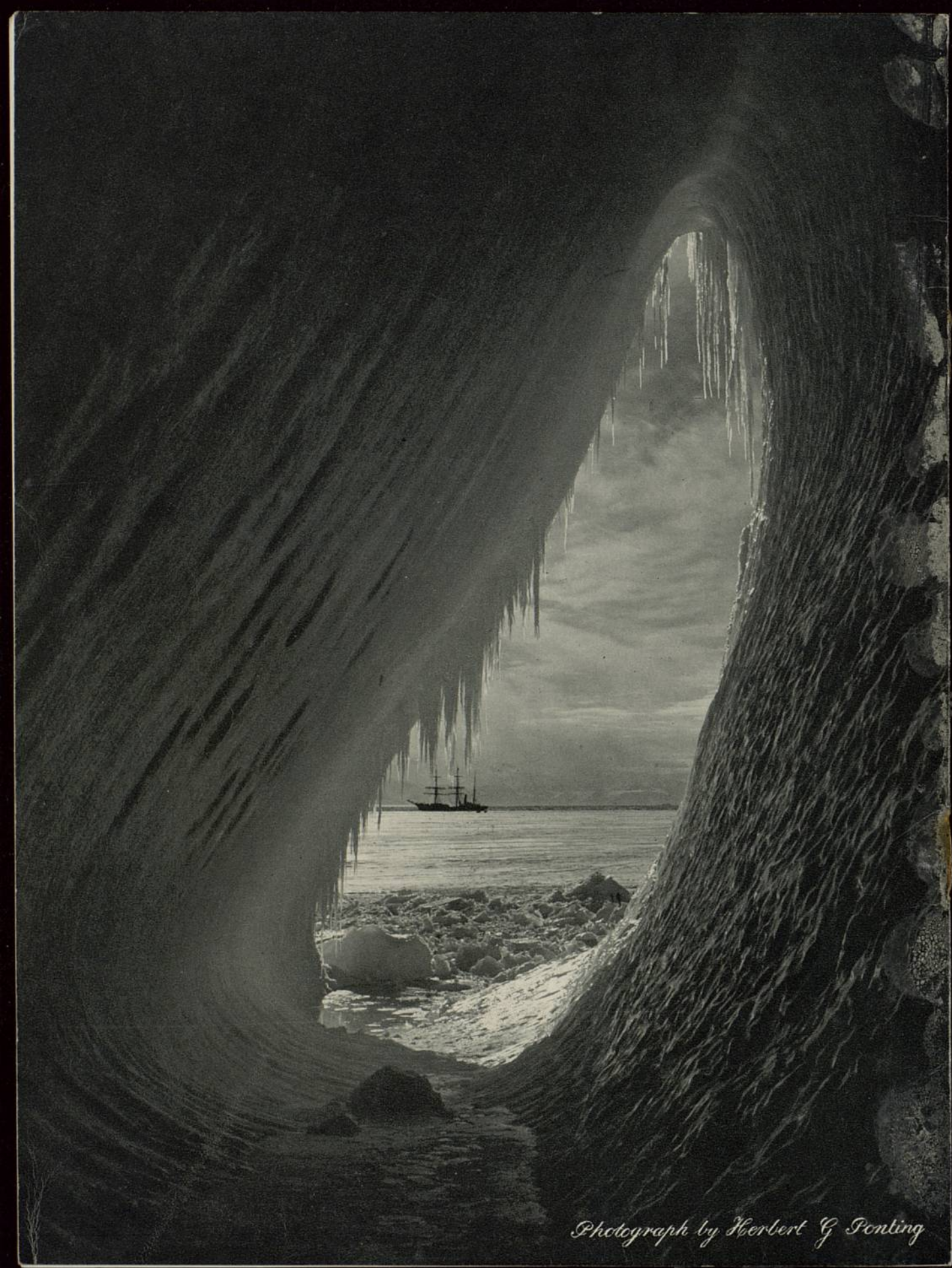
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