

## CAPT. SCOTT'S OWN STORY OF HIS HEROIC BUT FATAL SOUTH POLE DASH—TOLD FROM BEYOND THE GRAVE



FIRST PUBLICATION IN THE NEWS TO-DAY OF THE DIARY OF THE INTREPID EXPLORER WHO DIED AFTER REACHING SOUTH POLE.—IT'S AN EPIC OF ADVENTURE.—HOW THE "KILLER" WHALES TRIED TO EAT UP HIS DOGS.—ESTABLISHING DEPOTS SOUTHWARD.

New York, June 30.—When Capt. Robert F. Scott, after discovering the south pole and suffering incredible hardships, was starved and frozen to death with four of his men in the Antarctic waste, he left in a sealed tube, a complete diary of the trip up to the hour of his death.

This great epic of adventure was found with Capt. Scott's dead body, and was brought back by the relief party which found the dead bodies of the party and the records they had preserved.

A few of the main facts of the expedition were printed, when the news of Scott's death reached civilization. But the diary itself was turned over, still sealed, to Capt. Scott's widow and has been religiously guarded.

The News today is able to print the chief passages from this remarkable document, by special permission of Everybody's Magazine, which begins publication of the diary in its July number.

The heroism of Scott and his loyal followers appears in every line of this living narrative, TOLD FROM BEYOND THE GRAVE. The story opens with the sailing of the Terra Nova from New Zealand on Nov. 26, 1910, and its immediate struggle with a disastrous storm in the "roaring forties" of the southern seas.

After the great gale came baffling currents and cross-currents, huge ice-bombs and much ice that held the ship back. But, says Capt. Scott in his diary, they kept heart, and arrived at last at the vessel's destination in Ross Sea, in the lee of the great ice barrier that holds the southern continent as with a rampart of steel.

Here they unloaded their cargo, their provisions, dogs, ponies, and sledges and tents, and established a permanent camp safe on the eternal ice field.

While they were discharging their cargo, they had a strange adventure with "killer" whales. Two dogs were tethered to stern rope, on an ice floe beside the ship, while half a dozen whales played around, and a photographer tried to get pictures of them. Suddenly they disappeared.

"The next moment," writes Scott, "the whole floe under him and the dogs heaved up and split into fragments. Whale after whale rose under the ice setting it rocking fiercely. One could hear the booming noise as the whales rose under the ice and struck it with their backs.

"Then, one after another, their huge, hideous heads shot vertically into the air

through the cracks they had made. As they reared them to a height of six or eight feet it was possible to see their tawny heads, marking their small, glistening eyes and their terrible array of teeth, by far the largest and most terrifying in the world."

These strange "killers" had deliberately risen under and broken the ice, two and one-half feet thick, to get at the dogs. But they failed.

Three months were spent in two expeditions, one to "lay depots" toward the south pole to explore the mountains to the east.

The dogs, meanwhile, grew fierce. They fought among themselves, and even attacked Capt. Scott and nearly killed a pony when it fell.

Here is Scott's description of a typical day's march on one of the depot-making trips southward:

"We turn out of our sleeping bags about 9 p.m. Somewhere about 11.30 figures are busy among sledges and horses. It is chilling work.

"The rugs come off the animals, the harness is put on, tents and camp equipment are lashed on the sledges, nose-bags filled for the next halt. One by one the animals are taken off the picket rope and yoked to the sledges.

"The picketing lines must be gathered up, a few more necessary adjustments, a party has been slow striking their tent.

"The horses have got cold, and at the word they are off. Finnesko (fur boots) give a poor foothold on the slippery sastrugi (hardened snow waves) and for a minute or two drivers have some difficulty in maintaining the pace on their feet. Movement is warming, and in ten minutes the column has settled itself to steady marching.

"The pace is still brisk, the light bad, and at intervals one or another of us suddenly steps on a slippery patch and falls prone. The march passes with a steady tramp.

"The weaker ponies drop a bit, but are soon up in line again when the first halt is made.

"As the end of the half-march approaches I get out my whistle. Then at a shrill blast Bowers wheels to the left; his tent mates lead farther out to get the distance for

the picket lines. Oates and I stop behind Bowers and Evans, the two other sledges of our squad behind the two others of Bowers'. So we were drawn up in camp formation. In a few minutes ponies are on the lines covered, tents up again, and cookers, going.

"Meanwhile the dog drivers, after a long, cold wait at the old camp, have packed the last sledge and come trotting along our tracks.

"The mid-march halt runs into an hour and at the end we pack up and tramp forth again. We generally make our final camp about 8 o'clock, and within an hour and a half most of us are in our sleeping bags.

"At the long halts we do our best for our animals by building snow walls and improving their rugs."

Back again at "Safety Camp," near Cape Evans, one party was caught with sledge and ponies on drifting floes, in a churning sea. After many hours of incessant struggle the men and goods were saved, but two ponies were lost.

The eastern exploring party brought back the disconcerting news that Capt. Amundsen, the Danish explorer, had established a winter camp in the Bay of Whales, 128 miles near the pole than Scott's camp, and had the advantage of position for the southern dash the following summer. But Scott resolved to adhere to his plans exactly as if he had not heard of it.

### Actress' Love For A Young Marquis

Frantic Efforts by Sprig of Nobility's Family to Prevent Scandal Are Futile

London, June 30.—The breach of promise suit brought against the Marquis of Northampton by Miss Violet Moss, known on the stage as Daisy Markham, and which the members of the marquis' family have been making frantic efforts to settle for several weeks, will be brought to trial before the high court today.

Miss Markham has refused all compromises made by the family of the young marquis and insists that she is taking the action solely because she loves him.

### After Plucky Aviator's Blood

Mysterious Accidents to German Officer's Outfit Said to be Engineered By Enemies

Berlin, June 30.—For some days past there has been talk of a mysterious sabotage in connection with a commissioned officer's aeroplane. The officer's name is



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cooler weather was held out for Monday, and also thunder showers tonight may alleviate the suffering.

### I. O. O. F. MANCHESTER UNITY BIG EXCURSION TOMORROW

The above society are running their big excursion to Portage la Prairie tomorrow (Dominion Day). All the arrangements are complete, and a good time is assured. Anyone desirous of taking in a picnic on Dominion Day are specially invited to come along. Tickets are selling fast, and may be obtained at the C.N.R. station. The train leaves Brandon at 7.30 a.m. sharp. The four lodges in Winnipeg are also bringing a big crowd.

### LOYALTY AND AFFECTION FOR QUEEN ALEXANDRA

London, June 25.—"Alexandra Day," an annual observance instituted last year in token of the loyalty and affection of the people for Queen Alexandra, was widely celebrated today throughout the United Kingdom. About two-thirds of the people seen in the streets of London wore Queen Alexandra's favorite flower, the little pink and white wild rose. Flower stands were erected in many of the public squares and were presided over by ladies of the nobility. The proceeds of the sales will be donated to numerous charitable and benevolent institutions in which Queen Alexandra is interested.

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