

ding and gaunt looking, and upon its precipitous cliffs the long seas of the Southern Ocean fume and rage in acres of white water. Sterile, blasted and dead it is the home of countless penguins that march up and down the cliffs and ledges in regiments and render the region melancholy by their weird and peculiar cries. On the scant rocks that fringe the island at certain spots the Cape Horn seal disports himself with herd or family, and in the darkness of the Antarctic Winter the drifting bergs and floes reel and grind on the iron rocks as they swing north on the flood of the Drift.

The interior of the island is a vast, placid lagoon, undisturbed by the strong gales of the high latitudes and completely rimmed in by the stark cliffs. Close inshore there is a depth of thirty fathoms, but no sounding-line has yet plumbed the depth in the center. Vessels entering this silent lake come in through a narrow channel—a break in the island's rim—taking care to avoid a spur of sunken rocks on the port hand. These rocks were the doom of McDonald's vessel on his former voyage to the island.

As this passage is but a cable's length in width and but a cleft in the cliffs, it is hard to discern from seaward. Thus the name—Deception Island.

It was dark when the *Roberta*, with McDonald conning her, passed Sail Rock and ran down to leeward of Nature's monumental deceit. Hauling their wind, they worked in to the entrance of the lagoon as close as they dared and, letting go the headsails, hove the anchor over in twenty fathoms. Instead of chain cable, the eight-inch manila fishing hawser was bent on—"for good an' sufficient future reasons," the enigmatical McDonald explained.

When the cabin clock of the *Roberta* pointed to the hour of midnight, McDonald called all hands aft. The schooner was rolling slightly to the long swell