

"SOUTH WITH SHACKLETON" PATROL-LEADER MARR'S
DIARY FROM THE "QUEST"

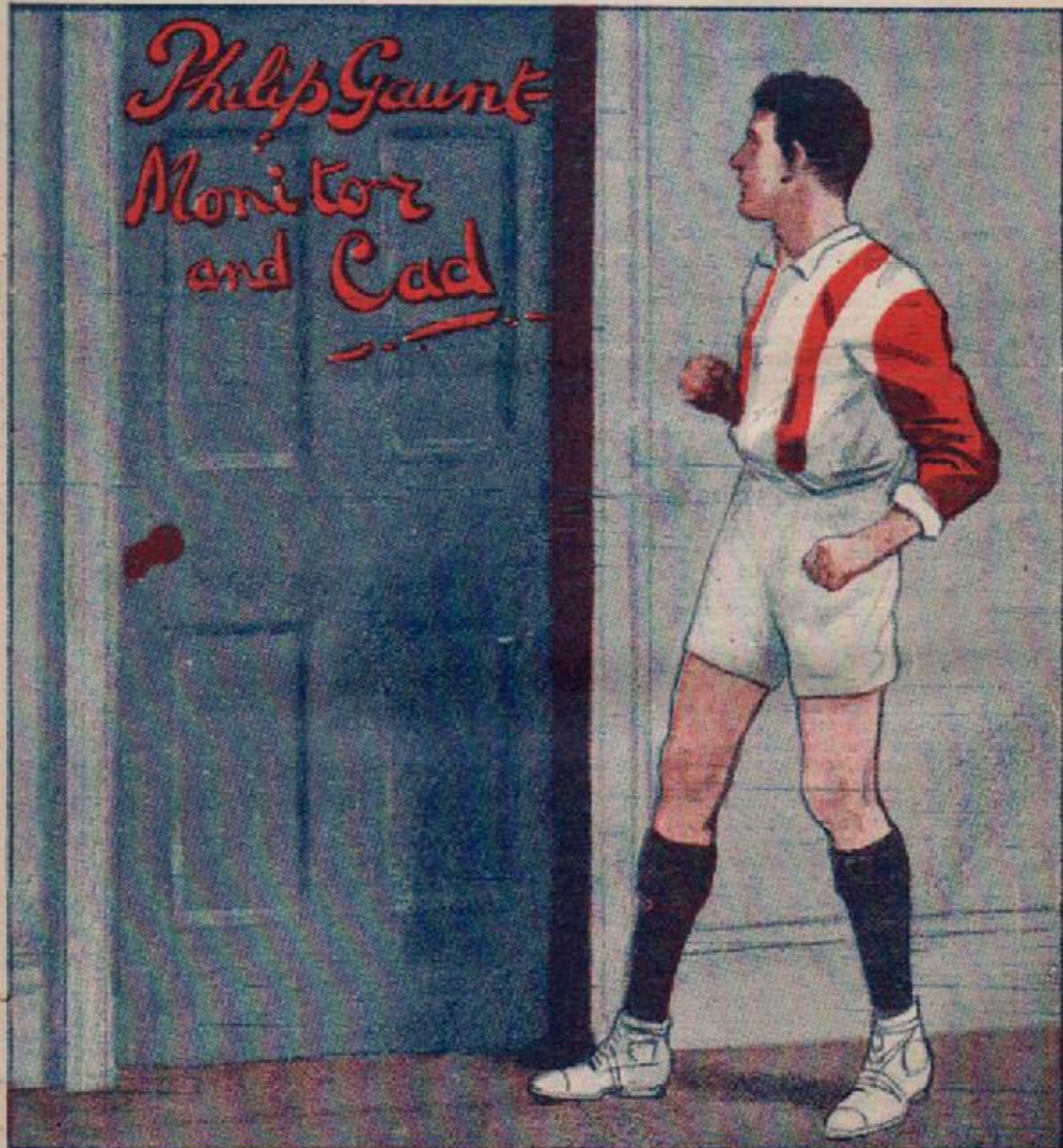


YOUNG ^{2^d} BRITAIN

No. 149.

EVERY THURSDAY.

February 11, 1922.



PHILIP GAUNT STARED AT THAT SCATHING SENTENCE. (from "THE RISE OF THE HOUSE OF USHER," Our Splendid School Story, Inside.)



(Daily Mail Photo.)
A Merry Meal on Board After the Gale.

IMPRESSIONS OF A SCOUT ON THE "QUEST."

THE Quest made her final departure from Plymouth on September 24th, 1921. I say final departure, for we had already left London a week before. We had had a wonderful send-off, both from London and Plymouth—in fact, we had been rather overwhelmed by well-wishing people, and were glad at last to be clear of it all.

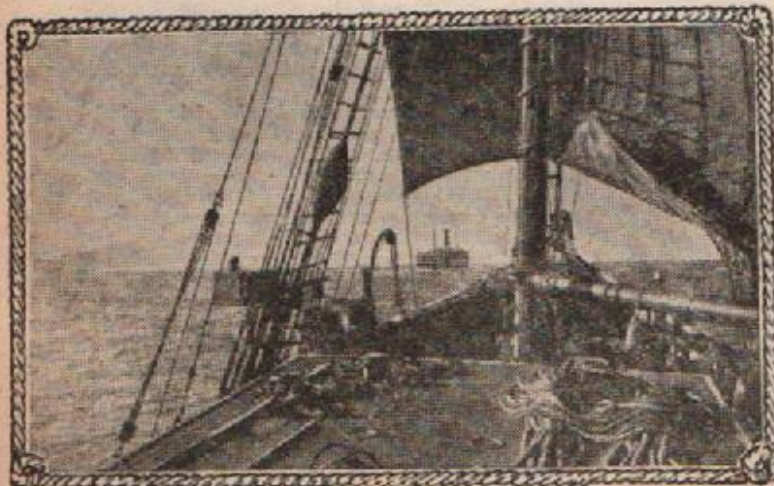
I shall not forget in a hurry my first few days at sea.

On the day we left Plymouth I volunteered to go down the stokehold, and was told off, for a start, to trim coal. This is a delightful occupation, which consists of going down into the bunkers and shovelling coal to within easy reach of the fireman.

Inside, the bunkers are pitch black, and the air—well, there is no air but coal dust. This finds its way into one's ears, nose, eyes, mouth, and lungs. One literally breathes coal dust.

After I had trimmed sufficient coal I started stoking. I managed to complete my watch, but the heat did not go well with me.

My watches, I may say, were from twelve noon till four in the afternoon, with the same hours again in the morning. During the intervening hours I was off duty. By the time my next watch had come round we had run into dirty weather, and I was thoroughly sick. My stoking, I must confess, was not up to the mark, and the heat of the engine-room did not help me much. Indeed, I was feeling more dead than alive, for I had caught a slight chill from sitting in the cold air on deck after the heat below. To make matters even worse, the ship was rolling pretty heavily, owing to the high seas. What with this rolling and the heat, and the



The "Quest" in Full Sail.

"South With"

THE EXCLUSIVE DIARY OF

unsteady nature of my limbs, I was very much afraid I should fall into the fire or become mixed up with the crank-shaft in the bilges.

Immediately I came off watch I made straight for my bunk, where I remained without eating a morsel until twelve noon, when I rose again for my next watch. This was, of course, as enjoyable as the others.

My efforts at stoking were concluded at the end of the fourth day, and by that time I had partially recovered, although as yet I was very weak.

Before we came to Plymouth my work had been mainly with the cook. Now, however, I was to take my turn at the wheel and on deck.

As you can guess, I felt very important during my first hour at the wheel, but this feeling soon wore off. During one's watch one is not always on the wheel, but on deck part of the time.

Decks have to be cleaned every day, sails to be hoisted and taken in, and then there is all the work connected with sails, such as reefing, coiling ropes, etc.

After the four hours are finished you are on your watch below. During the "watch below" you are free to do anything you like, and there is always something to do. You can wash your clothes and yourself. If you happen to keep a diary you can write that up. There are plenty of books to read. And then, of course, you can always do nothing!

We had now been at sea about ten days, and had had time to settle down into a kind of routine.

The cook is called at half-past five, his fire having already been lit for him by one of the four-to-eight morning watch. By the way, I hate this watch. I am not sure why, but I expect it is because there is no chance of getting back to bed after it. Coffee is served for all on watch at six. Before breakfast the decks, wheelhouse, and ward-room are scrubbed down. The ward-room serves as smoking-room, sitting-room, and dining-room for all hands, and also provides sleeping accommodation for the men. All hands are called at half-past seven, and breakfast is served at eight.

After breakfast the watch may be employed in various ways, as cleaning paintwork, painting ship, working the sails, trimming coal, etc. For these two last jobs all hands are usually called.

Lunch is at one in the afternoon. Work slacks off, and those rest who feel inclined.

The engineers, stokers, and the cook have their own work to do, while one usually finds the scientists at odd times during the day, pottering about at some job of their own, besides having their watches to do. Dinner is served at six, and all are ready to turn in by nine o'clock.

So far, then, the weather had been nasty, but not exceptionally bad, but on the morning of October 1st, about nine o'clock, a gale sprang up with remarkable rapidity. This was the first one I had encountered.

In five minutes the ship was rolling so much from side to side that I thought every moment she would capsize. Someone said later that the ends of the yard-arms were touching the water. I was on the after end of the ship at the time and, consequently, did not see this.

The sea was breaking over her bows, and every time she rolled she shipped a large quantity of water over the rails. We tried to set the mizzen sail, but it was torn by the force of the wind.

(All rights reserved.)

Shackleton

PATROL-LEADER S. MARR.

The waves were very high. At one time they would tower above us, at the next moment we would be away on the crest of a big one, looking down into the trough.

We had sandwiches on deck for lunch, because it was impossible for dishes to remain on the table below. It was not until evening the sea subsided.

The wind had been dead against us, and to make matters worse the engines had been going very badly, so that we had made practically no headway.

Later the engines became so poor that we decided to put in to Lisbon for repairs.

We entered the mouth of the Tagus on the night of October 3rd. We had been promised a tug by wireless, but the promise had been subsequently cancelled because the tug could not face the seas.

On the morning of the 4th we steamed up the river with the tug, which had now ventured out. Lisbon presented a pretty spectacle with the sun shining on its white walls and red roofs.

Lisbon is built on several hills, and its streets, for the most part, are, consequently, very steep. Within the city many of the houses are painted and plastered over with cheap designs. There are, however, many fine buildings, as in all Continental cities.

Palms and other tropical plants grow in abundance all over the town.

The streets are cobbled with polygonal fragments of stone, and the pavements with smaller pieces which are, in many of the better parts of the city, worked into beautiful mosaic designs in black and white.

I was much impressed by the recklessness of the Portuguese motor-driver. He drives at full speed in the thickest traffic, and I have seen four cars abreast where scarcely two would have passed in England.

On the 11th we left Lisbon for Madeira. There is little to note except that we had engine trouble again, and quite a number of us were none the worse for being seasick.

We reached Madeira on the 17th, and anchored off the town of Funchal. The island rises abruptly from the water for upwards of two or three thousand feet, and the slopes are thickly dotted with houses.

The town of Funchal is built on the slopes, and is, for the most part, indescribably dirty. The streets are cobbled with small pebbles, very hard to walk upon. There are scarcely any wheeled vehicles to be seen, with the exception of a few very ancient motor-cars. The chief conveyances—and these you find trundling about in every quarter—are rough wooden sledges, drawn by cattle. Farther up the hills, away from the town, the slopes are covered with sugar cane. The roads between the plantations were cobbled by Portuguese convicts.

The 18th of October saw us under way again for St. Vincent, one of the Cape Verde Islands. We arrived there, after an uneventful voyage, on the 25th. As we sailed in I was amazed at the utter barrenness of the land. If ever there was an ironbound coast, this is one. There was absolutely nothing to see but bare rock rising very steeply from the sea for upwards of fifteen hundred feet, or thereabouts. There were no trees, no greenness—there did not even appear to be any soil. On going ashore, however, we found that St. Vincent bore traces of great volcanic action, and what was not bare rock was covered with a dry, reddish, volcanic earth. Owing to lack



(Daily Mail Photo.)

A Yarn of Great Adventure by Sir Ernest Shackleton.

of rain, there was no vegetation except a few miserable stalks of maize on the higher slopes. But for another island in the group, which is somewhat more fertile, the people would assuredly starve.

We journeyed quite a long way among the hills upon very small donkeys. This was the first time I had been astride one, and I confess for the first hundred yards I was rather at sea. After a while I made a better show, but I do not think these animals would have made much speed had it not been for several native boys who kept belabouring their hind quarters with clubs.

We left this wilderness of rock on the 29th, with our ice-chests well packed with fresh provisions, which we had received from a liner that had called there. We had fruit in abundance, for we were now entering tropical waters, where this would be in great demand.

Up to this time our fresh provisions had just lasted us from port to port. St. Vincent to Rio is a long way, however, and, having used up our fresh provisions, we had recourse to our ample store of tinned food.

The weather was very hot, and we wore little in the way of dress, singlets and shorts being worn for the most part. Those who did not possess the latter made short work of their long trousers by cutting them. Any old hat was worn to keep off the sun, and stockings were dispensed with, only canvas deckshoes being worn.

Schools of flying fish were seen practically every day, numerous schools of porpoises, and occasional albacore. The weather was very changeable, sometimes blazing hot, sometimes quite cool and windy. Again, we would be battered by intermittent squalls of driving rain, or drenched by a steady torrential downpour. On the whole,

(Continued on page 23.)



(Daily Mail Photo.)

After Stoking—"Black" Looks Aboard.

February 11, 1922.

"SOUTH WITH SHACKLETON."

(Continued from page 11.)

the weather was rather cooler than I expected it would be.

About twelve noon on November 4th, a large school of porpoises came round us. Mr. Eriksen harpooned one from the bowsprit, sticking it fairly in the back. In a flash it was away, after dragging with it the length of rope attached to the barb. Several men had now got hold of the rope, and were bent on making it fast to a bollard. Mr. Eriksen, however, shouted "Steek—steek!" in great excitement, and those on the rope stuck on to it for all they were worth. This, apparently, did not suit him, for he continued to shout more wildly than before, and at length made it understood that he wanted them to slack off, so as to give the animal more play. Mr. Eriksen, being a Norwegian, had, apparently, reverted to his own language for the moment, thus causing the misunderstanding.

The rope was slacked off, and we went to the starboard side and began pulling in the stricken fish, which was breathing hard, the blood pouring from its wound. Its strength was well-nigh spent, and it was wallowing helplessly when we at length drew it close up. Before we pulled it over the side, however, Mr. Wild shot it.

The porpoise measured seven feet seven inches, but we had, unfortunately, no means by which we could weigh it. The best steaks were cut off for the cook, and the tail was kept as a souvenir. The rest was returned to the sea.

Four days after this incident, on November 8th, we landed on St. Paul's Rocks. These rocks are quite small, the greatest length being perhaps two hundred yards, the greatest height sixty feet. They are covered to a large extent with guano, due to the great number of birds which congregate there. This gives the rocks a dazzling whiteness in the sun.

I was struck, on landing, by the myriads of crabs which scuttled away in every direction at our approach.

The rocks also were alive with birds, which appeared to be very tame. One could go right up to them before they would fly off, and if they were sitting by their young they would not budge an inch, but would sit squeaking and flapping their wings. It is hardly correct, however, to say that these birds were tame, for, having never set eyes on man before, they probably did not know whether to fear him or suffer him to approach. Perhaps they were curious.

We saw a rather peculiar sight. A large crab had found a dead flying-fish, and was very stolidly picking pieces off and tucking them into its mouth. About twenty smaller crabs were also trying to get a bite. He would not suffer this, and kept dragging the fish away, or, if any became too obstreperous, he would kick them away with his hind legs.

The little cove on which we landed was alive with sharks. About a dozen of these were caught in the course of the day, but were thrown back as being unfit for food. One could scarcely see the bottom for these monsters. It had been a very hot day, and we were all sunburnt when we returned to the ship.

We left the rocks that night for Rio. The journey was comparatively uneventful. For most of the way the seas were fairly high, and we had cool winds crossing the Line. Towards Rio, however, the weather became hotter, and the sea calmer. I worked with the cook the greater part of the time, but on several occasions all hands were called upon to trim the bunkers. The ship, too, was thoroughly painted.

We sighted the coast of South America on November 21st. On the following day we passed the Sugar-loaf Mountain, and entered the magnificent Bay of Rio. We were slightly late, for the Brazilians had fired off their guns on the previous day, expecting us to arrive then. We were to be billeted ashore in hotels and private houses, and I am sure that everyone was glad of the prospect of sleeping on a bed for some time.

COMPETITION CHAT.

Here are this week's competitions, and I'm sure you will all go in for at least one of them, though I hope that you will enter for them all:

Two Five Shilling Cash Prizes will be awarded to the two girls who send in the best riddle or catch, also—

Two Five Shilling Cash Prizes will be awarded to the two best catches or riddles sent in by my boy readers.

That's easy, isn't it? So set to work and address your entries to Competition Editor, YOUNG BARRIS, Gough House, Gough Square, London, E.C. 4.

If you don't happen to know any riddles or catches you can try this competition instead:

Two Five Shilling Cash Prizes will be awarded to the two girls who send me in the best answer to the following: "If you were not yourself, who would you rather be—and why?" As it is you are a Miss Somebody. Supposing you had your choice, would you rather be a princess, a tennis champion, a Society beauty, a dancer, a cinema star, a famous actress, a great singer, an authoress, or any of the other hundred and one things that people are? Just write and tell me your wish.

Now, there will be **Two Five Shilling Cash Prizes** as well for two boys who send me the best answer to the same question. Now, then, Mr. Tommy Jones, who would you like to be if you had the choice? What about a prince, a boxing champion, England's footer captain, the captain of the champion cricket county?

You all know what you would like to be, so write and tell me.

15th CRACK FOOTBALLERS CONTEST.

In this competition one competitor sent in a correct solution of the pictures. The First Prize of 25 has therefore been awarded to:

ALBERT WOODCOCK, 9, Warton Terrace, Bootle, Liverpool.

Five competitors sent in solutions containing one error each. A Prize of a Football each has therefore been awarded to:

Arthur Howitt jun., Rock House, Oundle, Northants; William Stroud, 22, Langton Avenue, East Ham, E. 6; Percy Bowles, 34, Collins Cross, Bishops Stortford, Herts; Albert G. Diver, 35, Rutland Road, South Hackney, E. 9; George L. Mitchell, 37, Gothic Street, Rock Ferry, Cheshire.

The eight Prizes of 5s. each have been awarded to the following competitors, with two errors each:

Evelyn Bowles, 34, Collins Cross, Bishops Stortford, Herts; Arthur Wm. Diver, 35, Rutland Road, South Hackney, E. 9; Horace Cox, 75, Lennox Road, Hillsborough, Sheffield; L. Field, Melanethon, Rosebery Road, Felixstowe; Betty Bromfield, Rosebery Road, Felixstowe; Alec V. Fincham, 1, Foxton Villas, Fungate, Peterborough; Richard Jennings, 134, Rushmore Road, Lower Clapton, E. 5; William Wicken, 6, The Warren, West Dean, Chichester, Sussex.

SOLUTION.

Joseph Clennel, now playing for Cardiff City, must be reckoned

among the most skilful of inside-lefts this country has produced in recent years. He is a small man, but can shoot with surprising strength when in his best form.

29th GENERAL ELECTION COMPETITION WINNERS.

F. Gilbey, 140, High Street, Braintree, Essex; L. Gregory, 17, Victoria Avenue, Levenshulme; R. Whitley, 12, Blawart Hill Terrace, Scotatoun, Glasgow; E. Brain, 47, Dove Street, Kingsdown, Bristol; F. Fair, 73, Donald Street, Roath Park, Cardiff; G. I. Rush, 35, Carlisle Road, Dublin; L. Dyson, 11, Norman Terrace, Lindley, Huddersfield; P. Edge, 50, Ashwood Lane East, Stockport; E. Brain, 47, Dove Street, Kingsdown, Bristol; H. Davies, 29, Haiker Street, Keighley.

Something
Absolutely new!

No. 1 of

Sports Fun 2

Pages and pages of screamingly
funny Football Cartoons feature:—

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The Famous "Daily Mail" Cartoonist