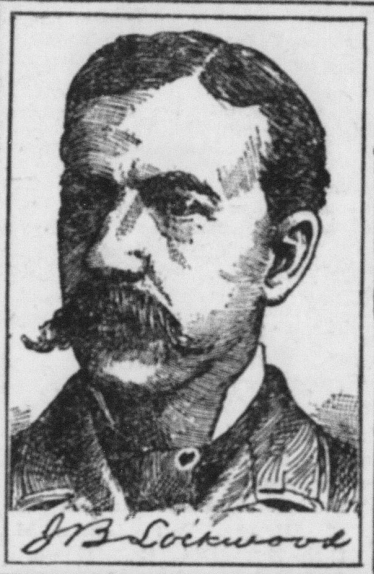


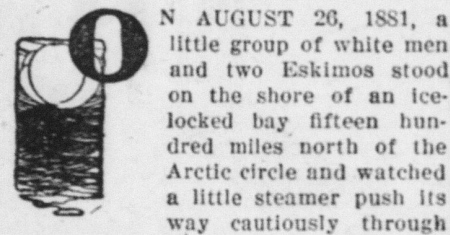
# The Outpost of the Lost



Rescue of the Survivors



By ELMO SCOTT WATSON



ON AUGUST 26, 1881, a little group of white men and two Eskimos stood on the shore of an ice-locked bay fifteen hundred miles north of the Arctic circle and watched a little steamer push its way cautiously through a "lead," a dark streak of open water which ran irregularly across the surface of the frozen sea. The steamer was the "Proteus," which had been held in the ice there for six days while Captain Pike waited in vain for a "lead" to cleave a path through the ice of Lady Franklin bay so that he could start south towards civilization. The men who stood watching the ship until it disappeared from sight were members of the party officially known as the Lady Franklin Bay Expeditionary Force, which had been sent out by the United States government in the interests of science. But it was more commonly known as the Greely Expedition, in honor of its commander, First Lieut. Adolphus W. Greely, of the Fifth cavalry of the United States regular army. His subordinates were Second Lieutenants Frederick F. Kisingbury, of the Eleventh infantry, and James B. Lockwood, of the Twenty-third infantry. These with Octave Pavy, assistant army surgeon, eight sergeants, two corporals and nine privates, most of whom had lately been serving in the Indian wars on the western frontier, and two dog-drivers, Jens Edward and Frederik Thorley Christiansen, comprised the personnel of the party.

The departure of the "Proteus" marked the beginning of what has been aptly called "one of the supreme adventure stories of the world," a story of almost unbelievable human grit and endurance which forms one of the brightest pages in the annals of the American army. For two years this party was as much lost from contact with their fellow men as if they had been on another planet, and when finally the third attempt to rescue Greely succeeded, of the original twenty-five there were just seven left alive and one of these died within twenty-four hours. The other eighteen had perished of starvation or accident after a series of adventures marked by incredible suffering and incredible heroism.

The official records of the Greely expedition were made public soon after Commander W. S. Schley (Admiral Schley, of Spanish-American war fame) and brought its survivors back to the United States on the "Thetis," but it was not until nearly half a century later that the heroic human side of the story became known. For more than forty-five years the diary of Sergeant David L. Brinnard, one of the seven survivors, lay unused in an old trunk. Recently it was brought to light and under the title of "The Outpost of the Lost" it was published by the Bobbs-Merrill company. Today there are but two survivors of the Lady Franklin Bay Expeditionary Force. They are Maj. Gen. A. W. Greely, retired, the commander of the ill-fated expedition, and the man who served as a sergeant under him, now Brig. Gen. David L. Brinnard, retired. It is therefore especially appropriate that his old commander, who once called Brinnard "the most remarkable of a number of remarkable men of that expedition," should write in the book "salutation" to remind himself how "together with our comrades we faced for nine months the prospect of death day by day and were harassed by the sight of our associates perishing of starvation or from vicissitudes in the polar field."

According to the plans for the expedition, it was to establish a station

in the northern part of Grant or Grinnell Land to study the meteorology of the polar regions. Such a station was established, named Fort Conger and then the "Proteus" which had brought them, sailed away. The "Proteus" was to return the next year, if possible, to carry them away. If not, another relief expedition would be sent for them in August, 1883. In case it should fail, Greely's orders were to leave Fort Conger not later than September 1, 1883 and "retreat southward by boat until the relieving vessel is met or Little Island is reached," or until a sledge party from the Little Island base was met.

As a matter of fact the "Proteus" failed to reach them in August, 1882. But, says the foreword to the book, "The first year had not passed disagreeably, and it is doubtful if anyone regretted the experience, future uncertainty thrown into the bargain. The entire party had had the distinction of spending a winter farther north than any Arctic explorers had ever wintered, with the exception of an English outfit that had wintered on shipboard. Moreover two of their number (Lieutenant Lockwood and Sergeant Brinnard on May 13, 1882) had set a new Furthest North record in the centuries-old race to the pole.

"That first winter there was weather in which Medford rum froze solid and the kerosene oil had to be thawed out before the lamps could be lighted. . . . At first there had been plenty to do, and the work was intelligently organized by the commanding officer and tackled with zeal by the men. . . . But in a few weeks cold and darkness put an end to practically all outside work except the instrument tending near the station. The monotony of the Arctic night produces strange effects on white men. They become melancholy, sleepless and very irritable. . . . Every diversion twenty-five minds could think of was tried out and dropped. "Checkers are all the rage now," wrote Sergeant Brinnard, the faithful diarist. "But nothing lasts like long, loud arguments. Today the subject was the relative merits of the fire departments of Chicago and New York."

However, "the second winter was harder to bear than the first," and "on June 17, 1883, Sergeant Brinnard wrote that although it is a few weeks too early for a relief ship, we cannot keep our eyes from wandering hopefully to the south." But again they were disappointed and they began the tragic retreat related by Brinnard. On August 9, 1883, they set out in small boats through a "lead" which had finally formed in the ice after they had waited for it for several days. Their course was through Kennedy channel, which was filled with grinding floes of ice upon which Greely's force camped when there was no open water through which to push the boats. Whenever they could

use the boats they hugged the coast of Grinnell Land through Kane sea. Early in September they were forced to abandon their boats and for thirty-four days they were adrift on floating ice. Finally they managed to reach Smith sound and landed south of Cape Sabine, north of and opposite Littleton Island, which two hundred and fifty miles away. It was near here that the first year relief ship had been forced to turn back and far south of Cape Sabine, the second year rescue ship had been crushed in the ice and all provisions lost.

The record of their stay at Cape Sabine is one long story of terrible suffering. Here for eighteen months they lived on two months' rations. The simple record of Sergeant Brinnard's diary reveals the horrors of those days as can no extended description. On October 2 he writes:

I took an inventory of the commissary stores last evening and found only 35 days full rations of bread and meat remained. These rations can be extended to 45 days, if we subject ourselves to a greatly reduced diet, but the suffering will be extreme in this low temperature where a man requires from two to three times the normal diet. Also, we have some very hard labor ahead of us incident to the building of winter quarters.

October 28:  
What are we to do? As far as I can see, there is nothing ahead of us except starvation. Every hope of rescue this fall has failed us. How can we hope for anything now from a relief expedition? The civilized world has forgotten us in our hour of need.

March 4, 1884:  
Lieut. Greely reduced the bread issue to eight ounces per man.

Occasionally members of the party were able to shoot a fox to supplement their rations and Sergeant Brinnard rigged up a device for catching shrimps. But as the weary weeks passed the inadequate food, severe cold and the conditions under which they lived took their toll. One by one eighteen of the members of the party including Lieutenants Kisingbury and Lockwood died.

On the evening of June 22, 1884, Sergeant Brinnard lay in the little fly tent which had blown down upon him and his six comrades. Beside them lay the dead body of another. But they were too weak to move it or even try to raise the pole of the tent. Suddenly a voice called out "Greely, are you there?" Brinnard raised himself in his sleeping bag. He knew that voice! It was the voice of Norman, first officer of the "Proteus" in 1881.

"It's Norman!" he shouted in a weak voice. He crawled from beneath the tent and Norman thrust a hand-tack in his hand. A moment later Lieutenant Colwell came running over the hill. Brinnard was sitting on the ground gnawing at the hand-tack, but as he saw an officer approaching, the old habits of the regular army sergeant asserted itself. He tottered to his feet and attempted to salute! But Colwell clasped his hand and they went together into the tent, there to rouse the dazed Greely and to tell him that the ship "Thetis" had arrived with relief at last.

## A Religious Law

It would be easier, I fancy, writes "Looker-on" in the London Daily Chronicle, to recall instances of beards being forbidden by law than of their being made compulsory, as is the case in Afghanistan, according to a message from Kandahar. Beards often have a religious significance. The really strict adherent of the Jewish faith is always bearded, while priests of the Russian Orthodox church must wear

beards and allow their hair to grow as well. More strictly speaking, the canon law says that the hair must never be cut from the day on which ordination takes place, and so the Orthodox cleric is free—unofficially—to restrain an inconvenient growth of his tresses by judicious singeing from time to time!

**Where Pleasure Lies**  
Owning the richest treasure in the world is useless unless some one else shares them.—American Magazine.

**Uncle Eben**  
"De hard part 'bout a p'ntical argument," said Uncle Eben, "is dat two people is liable to get mixed up tryin' to 'splain somethin' dat never was fully 'splained to either of 'em."—Washington Star.

**Why Not Ask Them?**  
"Feed a cold and starve a fever," say the doctors. What we would like to know is why every girl we take out has a cold instead of a fever.—London Opinion.

## Community Building

### Many Cities Adopting Zone Regulation Idea

Cities, towns and villages in all sections of the United States, with a total population of 37,000,000, have enacted zoning regulations, a survey just completed by the division of building and housing of the Department of Commerce reveals.

The survey shows the extent to which the municipal zoning idea has spread in recent years. In 1916 such regulations were in force in only eight cities. The number increased slowly up to 1920, after which the progress was rapid.

During 1928, 87 municipalities passed zoning ordinances, while 101 either adopted more comprehensive zoning laws or amended existing regulations to make them more effective. An analysis of the 87 new zoning ordinances which were passed shows that 44 of them were comprehensive—that is, the use, height and area of buildings were regulated. Twenty-seven merely controlled the use of buildings. Seven controlled the use and area of buildings, and two were temporary enactments pending the preparation of zoning laws to suit the local requirement.

New York led in the number of municipalities zoned during 1928, with 23 cities, towns and villages. Ohio and Pennsylvania tied for second place with six each. Youngstown, Ohio; Waterbury, Conn., and Altoona, Pa., were three of the largest cities which adopted zoning regulations during the year.

### Make Attractive Town

**Matter of Civic Pride**  
A preliminary to an attractive city, in all its districts, is an aroused public pride. Nobody can be proud of dirt, litter and unsightliness. Where community pride comes, the other must go. Once let residents of a block or a larger section decide that their homes or places of business will be made and kept attractive, and the trick is turned.

That is the encouraging aspect of the city-wide clean-up campaign being pushed. Dirt and ugliness have been attacked with good results here and there. They will be besieged at other points. They even may be made so conspicuous they will lose their respectability altogether, and no district, however large or small, could feel at ease as long as they were around. There might even be a sense of disgrace and humiliation. Such wonders have been. Let the clean-up work continue. It may come about that any district inclined to be indifferent will be made to feel it doesn't belong in Kansas City at all. That would go for the indifferent individual, too.—Kansas City Star.

### Garden Hints

In the private garden one should express his own idea of outdoor beauty. There should be planting to give privacy and screen out unsightly views. This may be arranged so that passers-by on the street can get a glimpse of the beauty within without privacy being destroyed. Comfortable furniture, perhaps a swing, seats, chairs and a table, will give the yard the look of an abiding place. Bird houses will attract feathered visitors to entertain us. And flowers will help make the outdoor living room the source of joy throughout the summer.

### Small Town's Importance

"One may look to the American town for much of future America," reads an editorial in the Household Magazine. "The town has what neither the city nor the open country possesses. It is different. It is an indicator of neither the large city nor the country, yet it is in touch with both. It is a place to live in. People in town know that everybody has to co-operate if there is to be a new community center, a better-looking business street, medical attention in the schools, or any other modern enterprise."

### Early Zoning Methods

The early methods of zoning were predicated upon conditions which have been rapidly shifting. Thus, ugly, steam-driven industry required complete isolation, while modern electrically powered plants might frequently, except for stereotyped zoning, more readily permit a restoration of a convenient relation of work place and dwelling place typical of the earlier industrial town.

### Color in Small Garden

Everything is seen closely in the small garden. A single plant or flower becomes the subject of attention rather than the mass of the border. More care must be taken to remove minor imperfections, but there is less for which to care. Color schemes may more easily be handled and close attention to color will be well repaid here.

### Loss by Poor Planning

Lack of permanence of economic stability and of co-ordination are said by architects to be characteristic of much of the land and building development of United States communities. Because of this, there are great economic and social losses.

### Who Wants to be Bald?

Not many, and when you are getting that way and losing hair, which ends in baldness, you want a good remedy that will stop falling hair, dandruff and grow hair on the bald head BARE-TO-HAIR is what you want.

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### Blessing Bestowed on Product of Vineyards

In nearly all the vineyards of France the annual celebrations have just taken place, in the course of which the year's vintage receives priestly benediction.

One of the most curious of these festivities is that held at Boulbon a village near Tarascon in Provence. All the inhabitants of the countryside around Tarascon, on the day of the celebration, march first upon Boulbon, and then from the village to a chapel on a neighboring hilltop.

Every processioner carries in the crook of his arm an unopened bottle of local wine, which, when the chapel is reached, is blessed by the priest, who sprinkles holy water upon it. Whereupon every one draws his cork and drinks; and then, carefully guarding the bottle, which he keeps until the following year, he returns to Boulbon with song and dance.

### Misunderstanding

The late Avery Hopwood, the playwright who bequeathed a quarter of a million to the University of Michigan for annual literary prizes, was talking one day in New York about a banned book.

"The libraries," he said, "banned this book because they misunderstood it. The thing is ludicrous, really. It reminds me of the colored woman who staggered out of a chiropodist's establishment with a very large and heavy burly bag on her back. " 'Calls hissef' a chiropodist," she grunted, 'and can't stuff a dog!'"

### Triplets Won't Separate

Orena, Reona, and Ramona Bever are sisters and triplets, the daughters of Mr. and Mrs. M. S. Bever of Anaheim, Calif., and were members of this year's graduating class at the Anaheim high school. They are looking forward to other scholastic endeavors, perhaps college, although they are inclined to consider a business course first. Whatever they decide upon, it will be "all for one, one for all," they assert.

### Not a Total Loss

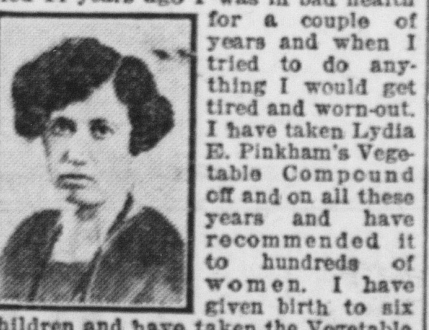
The Groom—What will we do with all this junk we got as wedding presents?

The Bride—Oh, don't worry. I'll be giving bridge parties and I can get rid of most of the worst ones by using them as prizes.

## TOOK ADVICE OF HER MOTHER

### Praises Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Wetmore, Colo.—"When I was married 14 years ago I was in bad health for a couple of years and when I tried to do anything I would get tired and worn-out. I have taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound off and on all these years and have recommended it to hundreds of women. I have given birth to six children and have taken the Vegetable Compound as a tonic before child birth. It has done me worlds of good. My mother had taken it several times and she recommended it to me."



Mrs. JOHN BARBEE, Wetmore, Colorado.

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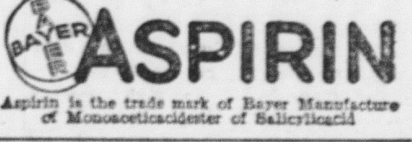
### Gone Are the Days

"Binks used to be a great sportsman," remarked Brown. "Is he reconciled to married life?"

"I think so," replied his friend. "I called on him recently and found him sifting ashes through an old tennis racket!"



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