

**SCOTT'S DIARY TELLS SOUTH POLE TRAGEDY**

**PUBLICATION BEGUN OF DOCUMENTS FOUND IN ANTARCTIC DEATH HUT.**

**Explorer's Own Story—Intimate Details of Dreadful Days Intensify the Horror.**

The story of the polar expedition which ended in the first great catastrophe in the history of Antarctic exploration is begun in the July Everybody's Magazine, which is to publish Capt. Scott's diaries in this country. The diaries, records and photographs were discovered and brought back by the relief party that found the bodies of the commander and his followers. There were twelve closely written journals, containing some 200,000 words.

The Terra Nova, which sailed out of the New Zealand harbor of Lyttelton on November 26, 1910, encountered bad weather almost from the beginning. Scott tells of the storm on December 1 and then of the landing in the first week of the new year—1911—on Cape Evans of McMurdo Sound. The second day of disembarkation the party met with a strange adventure.

**Tells of Killer Whales.**

"Close to the water's edge lay the wire stern rope of the ship, and our two Eskimo dogs were tethered to this," Scott writes.

"I do not think of connecting the movements of the whales with this fact, and seeing them so close I shouted to Ponting, who was standing abreast of the ship. He seized his camera, and ran toward the floe edge to get a close picture of the beasts, which had momentarily disappeared.

"The next moment 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. Luckily Ponting kept his feet and was able to flee to security. By an extraordinary chance also the splits had been made around and between the dogs so that neither of them fell into the water.

"Then it was clear that the whales shaded our astonishment for one after another their huge, hideous heads shot vertically into the air through the cracks which they had made. As they reared them to a height of six or eight feet (killers

run to twenty feet long) it was possible to see their tawny head markings, their small, glistening eyes and their terrible array of teeth, by far the largest and most terrifying in the world.

**Dogs Badly Frightened.**

"There cannot be a doubt that they looked up to see what had happened to Ponting and the dogs. The latter were horribly frightened and strained at their chains, whining. The head of one killer must certainly have been within five feet of one of the dogs.

"After this whether they thought the game insignificant or whether they missed Ponting is uncertain, but the terrifying creatures passed on to other hunting."

Three months of open weather were spent in laying the depots southward. Various excitements were occasioned by the dogs and ponies, and these make up the most interesting parts of this part of the diary.

"With our present routine," says Scott, "the dogs remain behind an hour or more trying to hit off their arrival in the new camp soon after the ponies have been picketed. The teams are pulling very well, Meare's especially."

"The animals are getting a little fierce. Two white dogs in Meare's team have been trained to attack strangers. They were quiet enough on board ship but now bark fiercely if any one but their driver approaches the team. They suddenly barked at me as I was pointing out the stopping place to Meares; and Osman, my erstwhile friend, swept around and nipped my leg lightly. I had no stick, and there is no doubt that if Meares had not been on the sledge, the whole team, following the lead of the white dogs, would have been at me in a moment. Hunger and fear are the only realities in dog life, and an empty stomach makes a fierce dog."

**Pony Fights Off Huskies.**

One day near the end of the outward march the pony Weary Willy, true to his name, had lagged behind and, being tired, slipped and fell. A dog team was just coming on. The instant they saw him fall they dashed at him regardless of control.

Weary Willy made a gallant fight of it, biting and shaking some of the dogs with his teeth but getting much bitten himself, though by good hap not seriously. At last the men beat them off, breaking ski sticks and steering stick. Yet the dogs were so tough that they got off unharmed.

Under date of February 10, 1911, the daily routine is described as follows:

"We turn out of our sleeping bags about 9 p. m. Somewhere about 11:30 I shout to the soldier Oates: 'How are things?' There is a response suggesting readiness, and soon after figures are busy among sledges and horses.

"Still we wait; the picketing lines must be gathered up, a few pony putties need adjustment, a party has been slow striking their tent. With numbed fingers on one's horse's bridle and the animal striving to turn its head from the wind, one feels resentful.

**Daily March Begins.**

"At last all is ready. One says: 'All right, Bowers, go ahead,' and Birdie (for such was his nickname) leads his big animal forward, starting, as he continues, at a steady pace. The horses have got cold and at the word they are off—the soldier's and one or two others with a rush.

"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.

"As the end of the half march approaches I get out my whistle. Then at a shrill blast Bowers wheels slightly to the left; his tent mates lead still further out to get the distance for the picket lines. Oates and I stop behind Bowers and Evans, and the two other sledges of our squad behind the two others of Bower's. So we are drawn up in camp formation. The picket lines are across at right angles to the line of advance and secured to the two sledges at each end. 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. They try to time their arrival in the new camp immediately after our own and generally succeed well. 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."

**One Mishap After Another.**

With blizzard weather and the loss of ponies because of it the various parties laying in supplies encountered one misfortune after another. The word now was: "Back to the shelter of Hut Point!" The Barrier was cold and the sea ice so dangerous that it nearly wrecked the expedition then and there.

Some five miles of sea ice extended between the solid plane of the

**Barrier and Hut Point.**

Bowers, with Cherry-Garrard and Crean, had duly made for Hut Point with the ponies. As they advanced over the sea ice toward Hut Point one crack appeared after another till at last they reached one which showed the ice to be actually on the move. At once they turned and hastened back—but the ice was drifting out to sea!

The ponies behaved splendidly, jumping the ever widening cracks with extraordinary sagacity, while their drivers launched the sledges back over the cracks in order not to risk the ponies' legs. Eventually they reached what looked like a safe place. Men and ponies were thoroughly exhausted. Camp was pitched and the weary party fell asleep.

But soon Bowers was awakened by a strange noise. The ice had begun to break up even at their camping spot; one of their four ponies had disappeared into the sea and they were surrounded by water.

Packing up hurriedly, for five long hours they fought their way over three-quarters of a mile of drifting ice getting ponies and loads from floe to floe. They stuck to their charges manfully. On them depended the hope of reaching the pole, for the loss of more ponies and equipment must spell ruin for their chief's plans. Open water cut them off from the Barrier, and had they been able to reach it there was small prospect of finding a way for the ponies up the ice wall. And all round the savage killer whales were blowing and snorting in the open water spaces.

**Volunteers to Find Help.**

Crean then with great gallantry volunteered to make his way somehow to firm ground and find help. It was a desperate venture; he jumped from floe to floe, and at last with the help of his ski stick climbed up the face of the Barrier from a piece of ice which touched the ice cliff at the right moment.

Cherry-Garrard stayed with Bowers, at his request, for little Bowers would never give up his charge while a gleam of hope remained, and for a whole day these two were afloat.

To the rescue, then; but not without a plan. First to Safety Camp to take up some provisions and oil; and then to the scene of the disasters, marching carefully along the ice edge.

"To my joy," says Scott, "I caught sight of the lost party. We got our Alpine rope and with its help dragged the two men to the surface. I pitched camp at a safe distance from the edge and then we all started salvage work. The ice had ceased to drift and lay close and quiet against the Barrier's edge. We got the men at 5:30 P. M., and all the sledges and effects on to the Barrier by 4 P. M.

"It was awful," Scott writes. "I called all hands and pointed out my road. Bowers and Oates went out on it with a sledge and worked their way to the remaining ponies and started back with them along the same track. Meanwhile Cherry and I dug a road at the Barrier edge. We saved one pony. For a time I thought we should get both, but Bower's poor animal slipped at a jump and plunged into the water."

**LOOKOUT.**

Lookout, June 26.—There will be a picnic at this place July 4th. All welcome.

Mrs. Hattie Hill, of Tioga Center, N. Y., spent last week with relatives at this place.

On Friday last Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Maudsley and Mr. and Mrs. William Flynn drove to Callicoon to spend a short time.

Mrs. Hattie Daney is quite ill with erysipelas of the face.

Charles Larson and two brothers, of Ludlow, Pa., are guests at Peter H. Cole's.

Mrs. Huldah Pullis is entertaining her daughter, Miss Addie Pullis, of Newburgh, N. Y.

John H. Flynn recently purchased a fine colt from a party at Bangall. Mr. and Mrs. Joel G. Hill and son Lewis were in Honesdale one day last week.

Several from this place attended the quarterly conference at Stalker last Friday.

We are sorry to learn of the death of Mrs. Thomas Slater of Equinunk. She was formerly Miss Mary Brown of this place. Her remains will be brought to Lookout for burial.

Mr. and Mrs. Webster Lyter and daughter Dorothy, of Callicoon, were guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Rufus T. Ross on Sunday last.

Mrs. A. Marks is spending several days with relatives at Equinunk.

We understand that Amasia Conklin is about to dispose of his farm.

The death of John W. Cole, which occurred at his late home at 11:30 o'clock June 16, cast a gloom over this and many surrounding communities. He was taken very suddenly ill the previous Wednesday while on his way home from the Lookout creamery where he had been with his milk. When he reached home a physician, Dr. F. C. Frisbie, of Equinunk, was speedily summoned, but pronounced the case pneumonia. The disease was of a very severe type, and although his wife and parents assisted by many kind and sympathizing friends and neighbors did all in their power to alleviate his sufferings, the progress of the disease could not be stayed and he succumbed to the inevitable as above stated. The deceased was born Aug. 11, 1873, in Sussex county, N. J., being nearly forty years of age and having spent the greater part of his life in Wayne county. He leaves to mourn his loss a wife and one son, Lynn, aged 9 years, also his aged parents, Mr. and Mrs. Peter H. Cole. He was a member of the I. O. O. F. of Long Eddy, N. Y., for sixteen years prior to his death. The funeral was held in Lookout church on Thursday and was very largely attended by friends from far and near. Services were very ably conducted by Rev. A. Manship, our pastor. A large delegation of Odd Fellows from several different lodges were present and took charge of the services at the grave.

Quite a large number of Look-

out people attended the Children's Day exercises at Braman last Sunday night.

Miss Mary Cole, who has been visiting relatives at Branchville, N. J., has returned to this place.

Thelma, little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Rutledge, who has been very sick, we are glad to report is on the gain.

**STERLING.**

Sterling, June 26.—After a long, dry spell the rain came last week as a God-send and now vegetation is reviving and everything is doing well except the hay crop, which is a very important one, is short.

On Wednesday evening the Sterling Grange had cream and cake and a good social time.

On the 20th an entertainment was held at the church in which cream and cake were served and an interesting program was rendered consisting of music by the young ladies of the choir, viz. Misses Susan Cross, organist, Ruth Webster, Beulah Cross, Leta Barnes, Ethel Myers, Myrtle Ammerman and recitations were given by Dr. R. A. Smith, Olive Simons, Gerd Butler and Lowell Cross.

On the 21st the Odd Fellows treated themselves to cream and cake and also had music by Miss Ruth Webster and recitations by R. A. Smith, G. I. Gilpin, S. N. Cross and M. A. Gilpin. Brief remarks were also made by others. There was a good turnout.

On the 22d Dr. C. E. Cross and family, of Stroudsburg, brought up Earl Cross, who has just finished a dental course at the University of Pennsylvania, and returned on the same day.

Willie Simons and Lowell Cross took a load of young folks to Tobyhanna Sunday to see the soldiers.

Some time ago W. H. Stevens fell while repairing a phone and he is still confined to the house. He has put in several days at the State Hospital in Scranton but has received but little benefit.

Mrs. W. J. Philo is getting an artificial limb in Scranton and we sincerely hope that it will be a success.

Post No. 389, G. A. R., met last Saturday and all of the old veterans expect to go to Gettysburg that can possibly get there.

Mrs. P. W. Gillmer is again able to get to church. We might also add that we are pleased to say most of the folks in this section attend church and Sunday school.

**DAMASCUS.**

Damascus, June 26.—Mrs. A. G. Gregg is under the care of a physician.

The remains of Miss Rosa Tyler were brought here for interment a few days ago. She was a native of this place, but had been living with her brother in New York city for a few years. She was one of a large family of sons and daughters born to Calvin and Margaret Tyler, being a grand-daughter of the late Judge Moses Tyler on the maternal side and bore the same relation to the late Benjamin Tyler on the paternal side. Deceased was a music teacher and for many years was the organist in the M. S. church. Interment was made in the M. E. cemetery. Three brothers and one sister survive.

The Social Club, of Tyler Hill, gave a banquet in the West Shore House, Beachlake, on Tuesday last, Mrs. Thomas D. Griffith being the entertainer. The party was composed of Mesdames Griffith, Alfist, Minch, Van Vlack, Schlumbohm, Smithers, Brown and Miss Florence M. Brush, of Tyler Hill, Mrs. Thos. Jackson, of Laurel Heights, Mrs. E. C. Clark, of Boyds Mills, and Mrs. W. D. Orr of Calkins. Mrs. Forrest Taylor, a daughter of the entertainer, was present as an honorary member of the club. Mrs. E. T. Oliver and Mrs. B. C. Ross were prevented from attending by sudden illness of both.

Mrs. Charles Book arrived here on Tuesday from Los Angeles to spend a few days in her old home. She says the journey at this season was very fatiguing but she stood it well.

A card from Miss Bernice Gregg, daughter of William A. Gregg, who is visiting her brother, Royal, in Providence, Rhode Island, states that she is well and having a most delightful time. On Wednesday last she was one of an auto party who made a trip to Newport and Boston. Her sister, Mrs. Perry Griffith, of Rutherford, N. J., is with her. Her visit will be extended.

Fred Keesler, of Canastota, N. Y., attended the funeral of his sister, Mrs. J. L. Monington, of Bethany. His wife accompanied him. From Bethany they came to Galilee where Mrs. Keesler is visiting her father, John B. Keesler. The former Mr. Keesler returned to Canastota. On Saturday last the daughter joined her mother at the grandfather's at Galilee.

Miss Alma F. Canfield, of Galilee is helping her sister, Mrs. R. S. Tegeler, of Milanville Heights, care for little Ruth Alma.

We noticed the other day that J. T. Bradley has a fine patch of potatoes and they are in blossom.

L. K. Suttiff recently attended the funeral of his sister-in-law at Addison, N. Y. His wife accompanied him.

Peter Knecht, of Brooklyn, N. Y., recently sold his farm near what was formerly Abrahamsville, to a Mr. Winslow, of Brooklyn. This was formerly the Thomas Gregg farm. Mr. Knecht has been in the cider and vinegar business in the above named city for many years. First as a foreman for John A. Dowst and now as president of the Wayne County Produce Company.

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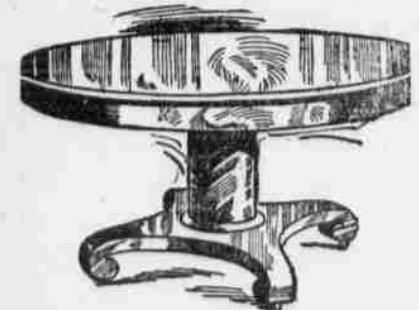
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