

THE ADÉLIE MAIL & CAPE ADARE TIMES

*Transcribed by  
Robert B. Stephenson*

Jaffrey: The Erebus & Terror Press

2020

## Introduction

THIS EXPEDITION publication was a production of Scott's Northern Party. Only one issue appeared. According to Raymond Priestley—one of the authors and the editor—six copies were produced, presumably an original and five carbon copies (although perhaps not: each of the six might have been typed separately). The only copy that is known to exist is in the collections of the Scott Polar Research Institute, Cambridge. The transcription below is of that copy. It was undertaken on several visits to SPRI between 2007 and 2016. No other full transcription exists to my knowledge.

Portions of the newspaper have appeared in various books including *The Wicked Mate: The Antarctic Diaries of Victor Campbell* (Bluntisham Books - Erskine Press, 1988), *'Hell with a Capital H' An Epic Story of Antarctic Survival* by Katherine Lambert (Pimlico, 2002), *The Longest Winter; Scott's Other Heroes* by Meredith Hooper (John Murray, 2010), and probably several others.

The typescript is bound in black cloth buckram with title in gilt on the upper cover: ADÉLIE MAIL | & | CAPE ADARE TIMES. Also, on spine: ADÉLIE MAIL & CAPE ADARE TIMES, 1911-12. The bound volume is 8.5" wide by ca. 13.5" tall.

Page size: 208mm wide x 329mm tall (approximately; individual sheets are attached to stubs.)

The paper is not all of the same quality; some sheets are like onionskin; others are more opaque. The onionskin pages have a watermark: ORIGINAL | OXFORD BANK. The onionskin paper, like the opaque paper, has type impressions on the verso. It almost looks as though the opaque pages were done on a different typewriter at a later time. The leading is consistent throughout the opaque pages unlike the onionskin. There are almost no strikeovers, etc.

In the upper left corner of each sheet is a small single hole that appears to be a pinhole used to keep the sheets together. Each is in the same position so that, as bound, a pin would now go through each without any re-positioning of the sheets. This hole is not found on the opaque sheets.

There is also a double pinhole at the ca. center top of each onionskin sheet that appears to be the result of the sheets being pinned together. They do not all line up, though. The page beginning "Letter 4", "Mother-in-law", "To Let", "often thought", and the last onionskin blank lack these holes. It appears somewhat like the holes created by staples but is not. They are not exactly in the same place on each sheet.

Who were the members of the Northern Party?

George Percy Abbott, *Petty Officer RN.*

Frank Vernon Browning, *Petty Officer RN.*

Victor Lindsey Arbuthnot Campbell, *Leader of the Northern Party*

Harry Dickason, *Seaman RN.*

George Murray Levick, *Surgeon, zoologist, photographer.*

Sir Raymond Edward Priestley, *Geologist and meteorologist.*

One wonders where the other five copies of the *Adélie Mail/Cape Adare Times* may be today. Presumably each member of the Northern Party received a copy. Campbell's papers are at the Centre for Newfoundland Studies, Memorial University Library, St. John's, Newfoundland. There is no mention in the finding aid of the *Adélie Mail/Cape Adare Times*. The Scott Polar Research Institutue holds the papers of Raymond Priestley, 19 volumes and 3 maps; Frank Browning's diary with inserted material; five letters from or to George Abbott; 4 volumes of expedition material and 5 leaves of correspondence associated with George Murray Levick; and Harry Dickason's diary (microfilm). There is no mention in descriptions of these collections of any other copies of the *Adélie Mail/Cape Adare Times*. Perhaps some day one or more copies will turn up.

—Robert B. Stephenson

## Notes

Carriage returns duplicate those of the original typescript.

Some notes and “sics” are added and appear in red.

Pastedown endpaper. Priestley bookplate. Rubber stamp. Call number in pencil.  
Front free endpaper Blank  
Verso front free endpaper Blank  
Added title page:

[Title page (added by Raymond Priestley)]

THE ADÉLIE MAIL  
with which is incorporated the  
CAPE ADARE TIMES

(Being the newspaper of the Northern Party |  
of the south [changed in ink to Scott] Expedition of 1910-13 at |  
Cape Adare, South Victoria Land in 1911-1912.).

Six copies only were typed and the whereabouts  
of the other five are not known.

R.E.P.

Verso of added title page Blank

p. 4 Blank

p. 5:

### THE NAVAL MOUNTED HORSE.

The Scene is at the Naval and Military Tournament at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, London. A.D. 189-. Amidst the din and bustle which is always part and parcel of the assembly a Jolly Jack Tar is seen elbowing his way through the crowd. He is in search of a military pal of his, whom he has spun a few yarns to whilst in the mess which is a mixed one, both the soldier and sailor being catered for in this everwelcome abode. After a fairly long search he finds his pal refreshing himself at one of the "Bars" of the building, and is immediately invited to join him in a "Tonic," which offer, the weather being warm, is promptly accepted. Jack at once broaches the subject uppermost in his mind, namely, a wrestling match on horseback with the military gents as opponents. The soldier to whom the subject is mentioned is a herculean guardsman. He is greatly tickled at the idea and at once accepts the challenge.

These two of Her Majesty's servants then select their respective teams, each team numbering eight men at full strength. The rules governing the combats were:- that no saddle or bridle should be used, that a leather jacket should be worn; anyone being unseated by an opponent so that he touched the ground must retire from the conflict; any one could be attacked by any number of opponents; finally a time limit of ten minutes was allowed, at the end of which time the side with the most mounted men to be declared the winners.

When the announcement of this item was made to the public by the Ringmaster on the eventful evening it caused great enthusiasm. The soldiers first made their appearance riding into the arena in their usual fine soldierly style and they received a fine ovation. Next appeared the Tars, all smiles, on their unaccustomed mounts; they had all judiciously marled down their slacks, so that their opponents should not be able to take advantage of their breezy lower regions. The public gave them also a generous welcome.

Both teams line up facing each other at opposite ends of the arena.

It was the intention of each sailor to select an opponent and unseat him the quickest way he could, a favourite method being to grip the soldier's collar in front and screw up till he was black in the face and then haul him off. The bugle sounds the advance – the horses immediately bound forward unseating most of the sailors, whose horsemanship is not exactly perfect, and Jack sees a vision of his horses "Refreshment Bar" vanishing in front of him. They rise at once and proceed to chase their respective steeds amidst the roars of the delighted audience. After a good deal of manoeuvring each succeeds in catching his horse, and then the public see the various ways in which a horse can be mounted, some of them using the protruding angle of the hind leg as a step, others leading their nag to the barrier, climbing [sic] that, and getting aloft that way.

When they are all mounted again they mean Blood and soon have some of the laughing soldiers looking black. One of them does good work by climbing [sic] on his opponents horse from the rear and tackling the soldier from behind, and this fellow unships three of the enemy by himself.

Eventually there are four sailors left mounted and one soldier who puts up a fine struggle, but at last overpowered by numbers and amid the applause of the public the Naval Mounted Horse are declared the winners.

AIR BALL.

p. 6 Blank

p. 7:

A LAMENT

-----  
Heres to the Blizzard at plus seventeen,  
Heres to the calm Minus Forty,  
The lower degrees that are still and serene,  
The Blizzard so boistrous and rorty.[sic]

-----  
Enveloped in windproof your bodys all right,  
Your hand too lies snug in its mitten,  
But your beautiful nose is exposed to frostbite  
And as often as not is frostbitten.

-----  
Whatever you wear in the wind there remains  
The ever insoluble puzzle  
Of how to be happy though blue in the face  
With the icicles stuck in your muzzle.

-----  
BLUEBELL.  
[in ink: Levick]

[In ink, another verse:]

Hear the wind yell  
Hang on for a spell  
If you let go the rope it may blow you - away.  
REP.

-----  
FOR SALE.

A GAS PLANT. Delicate and penetrating aroma. (Carriage free to the first applicant.)

MAKES DARKNESS VISIBLE.

Appeals to all the senses in turn or simultaneously as desired. When you can't see it you can hear it. When you can't hear it you can SMELL it!!! When you can't smell it it isn't there.

Try it once and you will always (ab)[sic] use it.  
We are giving it away.

Testimonial.

A Geologist from Victoria Land writes.

"I have abused your acetylene plant every night for months, and can honestly say that I have never seen, heard or smelt such a light before.

You are at liberty to use this advertisement in any way you like.

R.E.P. [in ink]

p. 8 Blank

p. 9:

### BURGLAR'S BIRTHDAY.

It was the Birthday of a sailor, by name Burglar Prince. He had seen twenty Summers and as many Winters and he was an Able Seaman on board the H. M. S. Blank.

I do not know how he came [sic] by the handle to his cognomen but do not think it was on account of any burglarious instinct. He was very good-natured but generally in trouble, and was very fond of scrapping.

He was in the second-class for conduct (which is bad) and the third class for leave.[sic](which is worse,) the men in this class for leave only being allowed ashore once in three months; but in all his misfortunes he always went about with a smiling face and apparently enjoyed life.

On this eventful day he had made up his mind to have a good time and in the early morning was busily engaged in dodging one of the Naval Police who was after him for having washed clothes hanging up on the Mess Deck. On seeing the Commander he was awarded five days LOA\* for this breach of discipline. This was a fair start, but nothing daunted that evening he had an excellent time gambling, a pursuit that he was very fond of, and was lucky enough to win a fair amount which he intended to speculate the following week when it would be one of his scanty chances to run ashore.

Whilst the gambling was in progress Burglar put a couple of shillings on a card (the game was Banker.) when somebody bumped him violently on the back. He turned round to see what the joke was, and found it was only one of his Pals just arrived to join in the sport; [sic] On returning to the game he found he had a winning card and was entitled to draw double the amount he had backed. The banker gave him two shillings saying he had only bet one and this so roused the Burglar's ire that he then and there offered to fight the banker for the other money.

The banker whose name was Snaky Flanders and who was one of the upper-deck boxing fraternity, was considered by many to be "hot stuff," and he at once accepted the challenge, and the card party broke up and proceeded forward to the Cable Deck this being the agreed trying place.

As the party went on their way the news soon spread and a motley crowd quickly collected. A fair-sized ring was formed and the pair faced each other with their flannel vests off. There was considerable difference in the build of the two men. Burglar stood 5 feet 4 inches, but very well-made, with a good chest and arms – he was a glutton for punishment as everyone there knew. The Snaky one was tall and wiry standing 5 feet 8 inches, and looking taller than he was when facing his stocky opponent. The referee called time and the fight began.

They slowly circled round for about half a minute, when in the Burglar dashes swinging right and left vigorously. His opponent, however, has a useful straight left and meets his rushes timing him beautifully and at the end of the first round Burglar has certainly had [sic] the worst of it. On resuming, the fight is more even, both men giving and taking punishment freely; but Snaky's straight left puzzles the Burglar and he generally meets it with his face. This goes on with slight variation for eight rounds at the end of which Burglar's right eye is half closed and his lips cut while his opponent looks little the worse for wear.

The ninth round is exciting, Burglar receiving most of the punishment at first, but suddenly flooring his man with a left swing. When Snaky rises he is seen to be bleeding from a cut over the right eye.

The tenth round is the last, Burglar rushes in but is still met with the straight left, and back goes his head; he is now bleeding at the nose and they look a gory pair. Both appear to be tiring when Snaky leads and slips slightly on some blood, which is fatal to him, for Burglar has countered with a right swing – his guardian angel guides his fist with unerring accuracy to his opponent's jaw, and Snaky falls

\* Probably 'Leave of Absence.'



p. 10 Blank

p. 11:

forward and lies unconscious at the victorious Burglar's feet.

Water is soon procured and in a few minutes Snaky is on his feet wondering if it is Christmas or Easter. Burglar shakes him gallantly by the hand and says he has had his bobs worth and wishes to leave it at that, but in the morning his opponent finds him "having a burn" and insists on paying him the money he had backed, and so the deal is squared.

The days roll on and Burglar is on his last days punishment [sic] he hasn't been in serious trouble while doing his five days, and is anxiously looking forward to his run ashore which is in two day's time [no full stop]

He and a Pal of his called Nobby Clark conceive a brilliant idea, namely, a dinner ashore for all the third class for leave men. They ask about a dozen of them who laugh at the idea, but say Yes. So Nobby, who is at present a good character, goes ashore and orders a dinner for fourteen at a Chinese Restaurant, in the name of Mr. Burglar Prince alias Johnny Walker. This dinner is all the talk for'ward for a couple of days. At last the happy day arrives and Burglar is allowed on shore to quench his thirst. The weather is not fine, being hot and sultry, but weather is nothing to this little band of pilgrims, and off they go like a shot. After drinking several glasses of beer Burglar and Nobby proceed to Chu Lung's Restaurant to see that everything is up to date, and they find a fairsized room with a table laid for 14 while the Bill of Fare says:- Chicken, Porterhouse Steak, Omelettes, Fried Oysters, etc. etc. and. [sic] The dinner was to commence at 7 p.m. and when the time arrives and only two of their guests had turned up Burglar sallies forth to look for the laggards, he would have liked to have called them blackguards I expect, had he been able to find them, but seeing none of them about he invited several strangers all Bluejackets, to dine with them; so they gathered round the festive board and had a merry time. The Burglar ordered plenty of beer which Nobby remarked was good. "Yes" Burglar replied, "There's no such thing as bad beer." When their appetites were sufficiently satisfied the M. C. Mr. Prince, rose and remarked that a few songs would be agreeable and singing was soon in full swing. During this pleasant state of affairs Burglar looked meaningly at Nobby and the pair go outside and have a hurried consultation, the result of which seemed peculiar for they both decamp, the conclusion arrived at being to leave their unsuspecting guests to settle the small account. The pair then enjoy themselves as most sailors do and eventually turn up at their ship two days late. Burglar is seen, still smiling, walking along the jetty towards the ship with a black eye, his left arm in a sling and leading a Baboon along by a chain in his right hand. He had been having a yarn with some American sailors about the superiority of the British Navy [no full stop]

When he arrived on board he had a few words with some of his defaulting guests who explained to him that they thought the dinner was a hoax. Burglar replied "Yes," that he thought it was rather a joke.

On the following day the pair were rewarded for their long absence. Burglar with 14 days Cells, he retired to his small abode perfectly contented, and his Pal, not being quite such a bad character was let off with 14 days LOA. The same day that Burglar was confined a Chinaman arrived on board to see the Master-at-Arms to whom he explained "Verry ugly man he lob Chinaman." After some time it was discovered that he was endeavouring to explain how two sailors had ordered dinner for 14 at his restaurant and had run away without paying the Bill.

The Master-at-Arms asked him if he knew the name of either of the men and he replied that one was called "Johnny Walker." It was explained to the Chinaman that there was none on board who bore that name but he was positive that he had seen the name of the ship on one of the sailors caps so the Master-at-Arms took him to see the Commander who, when he had heard the tale told him to come aboard the following morning. The next morning when the hands were at Divisions the Master-at-Arms went round all ranks with Chu Lung in his wake. When they came to the rank that Nobby was in it made this worthy quake but he looked straight in front of him with a stare like a stone god and they passed him. After they had been all round the Chinaman stopped for'ward by the Forecastle men fairly puzzled. At this unlucky moment up came the prisoners from below for their morning airing and the Chinaman [no full stop]

In lower right corner in ink what appears to be "(Browning)", in any event, the author of the piece.



p. 12 Blank

p. 13:

immediately recognised Burglar, his face once seen was not to be forgotten, and in the end Burglar had to pay the Bill, the defaulting guests helping him over the style. They recognised in him such a STRIKING personality that they thought it as well to anticipate any request he might make.

ONLOOKER.

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POLICE NEWS.

Extracted from the Adélie Mail.

This morning at the Paradise Row Police Court.

Tubby Flipper was charged with severely illtreating his wife, who, it appears, is a very industrious woman and much liked by her neighbours.

On the prisoner being called it was found necessary to put the hand-cuffs on him as he was behaving in a very riotous manner.

Judge C. no sooner heard the case read out than he sentenced the prisoner to 21 days hard labour, the judge remarking that he intended to put a stop to the disgraceful habit of wifebeating which had become the habit at Cape Adare.

The prisoner was removed swearing horribly.

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The next case to be called was an old offender, one Flanagan Flatfoot who it appears was now charged with having caused a large crowd to assemble in the vicinity of Casey's Court with the idea of airing his views on Socialism. P. C. 111 CA.[sic] took the oath and informed his worship that at 11.30 last evening while on point duty at Offal Row his attention was called to the spot by loud cries of "Down with him."

He found the prisoner surrounded by a large mob who were evidently disagreeing with him, and he, the constable, straight away took him in custody.

His worship spoke in very strong terms to the prisoner and sentenced him to one month at the shrimp fishery, remarking that no doubt the prisoner would be able to air his views there. (Laughter.)

The prisoner was removed amongst loud cries from the back of the Court of "Serve him "Right." [three quotation marks]

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We regret to have to report another particularly harrowing case of childstealing from White's Row. The Skua tribe are becoming bolder every day and people are beginning to ask with some justice what our Police Force is for when such depredations are allowed to remain unpunished. In the Highlands people are beginning to take matters into their own hands. A gallant fight put up by Mr. and Mrs. Adélie Penguin Junior this morning resulted in the discomfiture of the robbers and it is hoped that more families will follow the example of these devoted parents.

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p. 14 Blank

p. 15:

A distressing story of grasping avarice was heard this morning when Mrs. Redbreast appeared before Judge C. to ask for redress against one Dr. Levick who had evicted her from the site she had chosen in Guiderope Walk. At one time the whole Court was reduced to tears by the pathos of her narrative, but great enthusiasm was displayed as the dauntless widow described graphically how she was reinstated in her home by her neighbours who turned out in such force and showed such a determined front that this heartless man had perforce been obliged to allow her to occupy his ground. It is reported that there is trouble at Winter Quarters as the Meteorologist is none too pleased at what he has termed "That mistaken act of leniency."

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We were tickled to see Judge C [sic] called upon to do the Solomon act this morning when no less than a dozen families from Casey's Court appeared to lay claim to an egg, (and cracked at that.) The case was a very intricate one and the evidence had been wo [sic so?] well-manufactured that the learned judge was much puzzled to decide. He finally decided to settle the ownership of the chick by lot and excitement prevailed for some time. During the trial the egg was brought into Court in charge of P. C. Al [sic] who sat on it during the whole course of the proceedings.

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LOST.

Miss Isabella Penguin left the parental heap of stones last Saturday and has not since been seen. Anybody giving evidence that may lead to her discovery will be rewarded with a good nesting site on the Knoll and five bricks. It is feared that she has come to a bad end as a brutal looking stranger has been seen about the vicinity for some time previous to her disappearance.

REP [in ink]

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Our Prize Poem.

THE BARROW DIP CIRCLE. by BLUEBELL. ["Levick", in ink]

To-day being calm we take occasion  
To make Magnetic Observation  
With Poles direct and B end dipping [sic]  
We dont care how the frost is nipping  
With instrument first facing East  
Who minds such hardships in the least?  
So merrily we crack our quip  
The while we work the Barrow Dip  
And stamping in the creaking snow,  
Shout "Right away, boys, let her go."  
With instrument now facing West  
The little needle seems possessed.  
Ye Gods! the fun is waking warm  
This must be a Magnetic Storm,  
We pause to find the reason.[sic] and  
Find someones been and kicked the stand.  
For, though a tripod was at school.  
Declared to be a three-legged stool.  
This thing would seem to have indeed  
Enough legs for a centipede,  
The instrument now once again  
Adjusted on a level plane

p. 16 Blank

p. 17:

And the offender roundly cursed  
We set to work with poles reversed  
And watch the swinging needle bend  
Its upper then its lower end,  
And notice twice which way it lean,  
First take the sum and then the mean.  
The workers hands are numb with cold.  
His nose a wonder to behold,  
All this weve done but dont forget  
The funs not nearly over yet,  
Because there still remains of course  
The three times cursed magnetic force,  
The jest this time being much increased  
With both the needles facing East  
We fix, as we are told to do,  
The North end near the tangent screw  
We do not heed the chilly air  
But note each reading down with care  
When on our frozen limbs uprise  
And fill the air with joyous cries,  
Now let us make a huge repast  
The wretched thing is done at last.

BLUEBELL. [“(Levick)” in ink]

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EXCITING SCRAP IN WATER STREET.

The inhabitants in Water Street were to-day entertained to a fine display of the Noble Art. It appears that John Flippertip and Charley Sharpbill were both enamoured of th[sic] same fair charmer.

The lucky Flippertip who is at present the favourite was basking in the smiles of the Fair One when Shapbill appears on the scene.

Without any warning the jealous swain rushes in at Flippertip delivering a rain of blows at his head. Flippertip is taken by surprise but bearing in mind the lady's presence he turns on his rival and a ding-dong battle ensues. Flippertip neatly slips a furious charge by the frantic Sharpbill and delivers a terrific swing which catches his opponent on the side of [sic] head and he falls forward on his face. He is immediately on his feet again and the pair close, here Sharpbill is seen to advantage, using his head well and doing some fierce infighting. On the breakaway Flippertip delivers a smart uppercut which causes his opponent to see visions of the Southern Cross.

A hot rally takes place several spectators being knocked over and the fighters appear to be weakening from their exertions and stand apart blowing freely. Suddenly Sharpbill dashes at his opponent again swinging left and right viciously, Flippertip ducks and delivers a rain of blows on his opponents [sic] body, when Sharpbill wisely clinches. On the breakaway both are bleeding freely. They fight more cautiously now delivering blows at long range, here Flippertip shows to advantage having a longer reach than his opponent who is certainly not in the same class at out-fighting. At last they come to close quarters again and Sharpbill is in his element using hooks and jabs with telling effect.

Flippertip clinches and they both go down – they are up again Flippertip driving his opponent before him with a rain of swings and uppercuts.

Here Sharpbill falls backwards over a spectator, who is sitting down to watch the fun. He is evidently an old hand at the game for he rises and knocks Flippertip off his feet and calmly sits down again.

This gives Sharpbill a chance to recover himself and the pair are soon at it again. Swings and hooks are the order of the day and they fight each other all over the street. Suddenly Flippertip delivers a right catching his opponent over the jaw and the unlucky Sharpbill falls over backwards. He regains his feet slowly and appears to be groggy.

Flippertip see [sic] his chance and sails into his opponent who after delivering a few feeble blows turns tail and makes off. Flippertip chases him but is himself pretty well blown and at last turns back to seek the cause of the dispute who has been enjoying the scrap with all the air of a part proprietor of the show.

(Abbott) in ink

p. 18 Blank

p. 19:

### BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Extracts from Fraggoff I-donthinkks famous book:-

“Burst on the Antarctic Continent.”

“Leaving for the nonce the fascinating subject of myself, to resume it shortly, I must pause to pourtray [sic] my officers and staff.

Words almost fail to describe the grandeur and child-like simplicity of their rugged features. Captain Fathedssen is the fitting leader of these dauntless fellows. From boyhood he has been connected with the sea, having served an apprenticeship in a fried fish shop at the early age of seven. Indeed, in spite of the frightful hardships endured by this grand old viking, the mark of the fish has never left him, his eyes in particular, bearing marked resemblance to those finny denizens of the vast and majestic ocean, to whose call he has ever responded.

Ah! Those dull blue eyes, such an expanse of orb could only have sprung from the grand old viking stock. Blue to the extreme of blueness but saved from too startling effect by a thin film, lending an air of mystery to the interior, placed tenderly upon them by kind mother Nature.

Each azure globe is surrounded, not by the “white” of the dweller in cities, but by the dull red glow of an autumn sunset. Gazing on them the words spring unbidden to your lips:-

“NEAT BUT NOT GAUDY.”

Such then is my noble captain – the descendent of vikings – the type of the man [sic] I have gathered round me.

As for the others a short anecdote about these noble fellows will give some idea of their deep and rugged natures.

Returning one night from a prawning expedition in the far North, the gallant fellows went ashore for a hard-earned spree. Meeting an old woman wheeling a barrow of potatoes, the gallent band, (who are all descended from Vikings,) raised their war cry and at a dash upset the barrow and the old woman. At this moment a policemen arrived and attempted to restrain them. This so enraged the noble fellows, that one of them picked up a dead cod in his mighty hand, and smote the policeman in the face with it. Matters might now have become serious, had not the first officer of the ship strolled up at this moment and good-naturedly explained matters to the policeman, who of course at once apologised, and so the affair ended. [no close quote]

How few recognise the meaning of the words “generally useful,”

Yet when undergoing terrible hardships on my seemingly endless journey from Cape Hotair to Sir George Prunes glacier I realised them fully in the person of Mr. Fewnear.

There in the snow thousands of thousands of miles from civilisation and just as we thought it was all up with us my companion [no full stop]

FOUND THE CORKSCREW!!!!

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It has seldom been my lot to review such an excellent and thrilling work of fiction as this one of Mr. Fraggoffs and I have thought it better to let the talented author speak for himself.

p. 20 Blank

p. 21:

[In a thick drawn black rectangular border, all in caps. Carriage returns are as shown.]

WE REGRET TO HAVE TO ANNOUNCE THE DEATH OF HIS IMPERIAL PENGUIN MAJESTY, CROZIER XTH, WHO ARRIVED AT CAPE ADARE A WEEK OR TWO AGO SUFFERING FROM A SLIGHT INDISPOSITION WHICH WAS THE RESULT OF TOO CLOSE ATTENTION TO •\*HIS IMPERIAL DUTIES DURING THE PAST WINTER. HE WAS RECEIVED WITH OPEN ARMS BY THE LOYAL POPULATION AND IMMEDIATELY RETIRED TO UNDERGO AN OPERATION BY DR. LEVICK. DEATH WAS INSTANTANEOUS.

THE ADELIE ROOKERY HERE IS TO RECEIVE A FRESH COAT OF PURPLE DURING THE SEASON IN MOURNING FOR THIS ILLUSTRIOUS MONARCH. LONG LIVE THE EMPORER CROZIER XITH.

\* The bullet is added in ink.

p. 20 Blank

p. 21:

SCIENCE NOTES. The Chilly Season.

In response to the eager curiosity expressed by many of our readers with regard to a quarrel between two such eminent men of Science as Dr. Levick and Mr. Priestley we have collected the majority of their early letters to the Adelie Mail and here publish them together by kind permission of our distinguished contemporary [sic]

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THE CONTROVERSY.

Letter 1.

The Mausoleum.  
Golgotha Place.

Dear Sir,

I am writing to contradict a report which has recently appeared through the medium of your excellent paper that a fossil has been discovered in the Cape Adare basalt. Certainly my esteemed friend Dr. Levick did point out to me a structure bearing a faint resemblance, such as might deceive a layman very easily, to an organic structure, but I was able to prove to him beyond doubt that this was only a form of ropy basalt.

Yrs truly,

Raymond E. Priestley.

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Letter 2.

Sir,

Having read in your paper this morning a letter from my respected friend Mr. Priestley, relating to a fossil which I discovered and pointed out to him in the basalt of Cape Adare, I write to say that with due respect to my good friend's judgment, I still maintain my original opinion as to its nature.

Yours truly,

G. Murray Levick.

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Letter 3.

Sir,

In reply to my friend Dr. Levick's letter in your issue of 20th inst., I must say that I am sorry that he, who, although a scientist of some note and of great enthusiasm, cannot lay claim to the training of a geologist, should take it upon himself to reject my decision on a subject that is undoubtedly within my own province. To clinch the matter beyond all further dispute I have had a drawing I have made of the so-called fossil submitted to my friend Prof. Theophilus Hammerhead and he upholds my decision in its entirety.

Yours etc,

Raymond E. Priestley.

p. 22 Blank

p. 23:

Letter 4.

Sir,

This morning I read the reply of my friend Mr. Priestley to my last letter addressed to you, about the fossil which I found in the basalt at Cape Adare. May I venture to ask Mr. Priestley why he broke the fossil with his hammer as soon as he saw it, and why he looks upon his drawing as clinching the argument?

Though an amateur of great enthusiasm he cannot lay claim to the training of an artist, and I do not abate one jot or tittle of what I said in my first letter.

Yrs truly,  
G. Murray Levick.

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Letter 5.

Sir,

My reasons for breaking the soi-disant “FOSSIL!!!” up would be perfectly self-evident to anyone who knows enough about geology to enter into a controversy on that subject with any shadow of justice.

Let Dr. Levick ask any geologist of his acquaintance, I presume he knows some professional scientists, and any such will tell him that it is impossible to diagnose what a rock is composed of from a much weathered exterior. As for Dr. Levicks [sic] insinuation about my draughtsmanship, I consider it in less than his usual good taste.

Yrs etc.,  
Raymond E. Priestley

-----

Letter 6.

Sir,

If Mr. Priestley means that his “draughtsmanship!!!” is in less than my usual good taste, I entirely concur with him.

Anyone but a dunder-head like him would have kept the fossil to show as evidence, and not trusted to one of his drawings!!!

My own opinion is that he made a boss shot at the fossil with his hammer and broke it, and is simply inventing the whole story as an excuse for his clumsiness.

Yrs truly,  
G. Murray Levick.

-----

Letter 7.

Sir

Dr. Levicks [sic] last letter, supposed by the author I presume to be humorous, strikes me, as fair as my hammer struck his “FOSSIL!!!” (Ha! Ha!), as being no better than scurrilous, and I have not the slightest hesitation in stating that he has as much right to give an opinion in Natural Science as I have to decide whether one of his unfortunate patients is suffering from a dry bellyache or from an overdose of some quack medicine.

Yrs etc,  
Raymond E. Priestley



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p. 25:

Letter 8.

Dear Sir,

Mr. Priestley refers to my last letter. I can assure him that it is by no means my last letter. The man is a vulgar impositor [sic] and as for “dry bellyache” I wish Mr. Priestley would get one and that it would dry him up altogether, though from what I know of him he generally keeps pretty good care to keep it wet.

If some philanthropist ever feels inclined to smash Mr. Priestleys head in with his own hammer, I hope he will made a better job of it than that bungler did of my fossil.

Yrs etc.,  
G. Murray Levick.

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Letter 9.

Sir,

The infamous charlatan, who combines in one character the worst points of a Caesar Borgia and a Catherine de Medicis, and who pollutes these pages with the scandalous [sic] scourgings of that putrid cesspool that hotbed of iniquity, miscalled in him a mind, has at last outworn the patience of a long-suffering man. He insinuates that I drink.

I may say that I have seldom or never seen him in a condition when he would have been capable of judging whether I was eating, drinking or sleeping. The very specimen which he seems to have lost sight of in his passion for mudslinging is probably nothing more nor less than a fabric of the inagination [sic], frequently associated in analogous cases with green snakes and pink rats.

Let him be careful lest the world be astonished with the disclosure of a career of successful villainy such as has seldom been equalled in the annals of crime.

Yrs etc.,  
Raymond E Priestley.

-----

Letter 10.

Sir,

Mr. Priestleys letter, which would disgrace the pen of the worst scoundrel that ever lived, is just the sort of effusion that I should have expected him to write, and quite in keeping with his own character and that os [sic. of] his ancestors who were robbers and thieves.

Mr. Priestleys great-uncles aunt on his fathers side, drank himself to death, while everone knows that her husband was a body snatcher, while anyone who cares to inform himself on the subject of Mr. Priestlys [sic] own career has only to consult the columns of the “Police Gazette.”

Yrs truly,  
G. Murray Levick.

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Letter 11.. [sic. 2 periods]

Sir,

In reply to the last epistle of the Quack, I ask, ”Do the public know that Dr. Levicks third cousin poisoned his wife and his

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Mother-in-law in order to possess himself of his wifes settlements. I have frequently heard the surgeon express the most unbounded admiration and envy for the intellect which compassed this monstrous crime, and I believe that it is only his North country caution which prevents him following the example. He has himself already filled more than one churchyard, and his surgery is known indifferently as "The Charnelhouse" and the "Morgue."

Have none of his patients avenging relatives? As it appears not will not some disinterested member of the general public stop his criminal career by cutting his throat with his own scalpel.

Yrs etc.,  
R. E. Priestley.

-----

Several more letters in this style have been received but regard for the publics feelings compels the editor to suppress them, the more so as the scientists appear to have lost sight of the original subject of the argument.

EDITOR.

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#### SEQUEL TO A SCIENTIFIC ARGUMENT.

At the Penelope Point Police Court before Judge Weddell-Leopard, Dr. Levick sues Mr. Priestley for heavy damages in a case of Assault and Battery.

The Defendant first appeared in the dock in a woefully battered condition, looking, as a sailor near our reporter remarked, as if he had struck a cyclone in mid-career; and a few minutes later amidst general excitement the plaintiff was borne in on the shoulders of four stalwart policemen.

The case, which was a very interesting one, was held over on the advice of the Police Medical Officer, but the weapon with which the assault was carried out, a hammer all encrusted with blood and hair, was passed up to the judge for inspection.

-----

#### ODE TO AN ODORIFEROUS PLANT.

We've got a motto, "Never trust to the Light"  
Work by it and you will find,  
You'd see as well if you were blind,  
The gas won't burn, although the smell's a strong one.  
I've often thought to myself I've thought  
What is this plant that we have brought,  
A gas plant, but the wrong one.

HYACINTH.

-----

p. 28 Blank

p. 29:

TO LET.

(On a 7 or 14 years lease.)

MODERN DWELLING HOUSE AT CAPE ADARE.

Airy and bracing situation.  
Surrounded by a large area of well-manured soil.  
Easy access to our world-famed sulphuretted hydrogen lakes.  
A large stock of poultry goes with the house.

-----

VERY CHEAP and GOOD FISHING.

Has been strictly preserved by the last inhabitants.

-----

The very best society to be obtained in the neighborhood.  
The Riviera of the Antarctic is only one days sledge journey away, just far enough to prevent your house being overrun by tourists.

Beautiful weather. We are positively willing to guarantee that no wind of hurricane force shall blow for more than ten days running.

Excellent sealhunting for those not easily fatigued in the chase of these nimble creatures.

All stages between eggs and chickens to be had during the summer.

An aerial railway connects with a summer house at 1000 feet on Cape Adare.

Fine tobogganning and skiing. Paddling and bathing. Fine pebbly beach.

Steamers call occasionally.

-----

Mr. Campbell writes.

“I regret very much that pressure of business calls me away from this fascinating neighbourhood which I have found it exceedingly hard to leave. You will find the house, which was erected by my family under my own supervision, very strongly put together, and never, during the hardest blow, have I known more than six boards removed from the weather side on the same day.

Mysterious noises have been heard from time to time, and these were at first put down to the fact that a pipe had been walled between two of the layers of matchboarding, but I am able to prove that these are not supernatural in origin, but owe their occurrence to the return of some of our neighbors after the closing of the public houses.

I have much enjoyed the fishing in the neighborhood and may say that while wielding rod and line I have never been free from frostbites.[no closing quote]

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Apply to Messrs. Lettem and Allcomb.  
HOUSE AGENTS,  
CAPE ADARE.

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### OUR COOKERY COLUMN.

In our anxiety to cater for all classes of readers, we have this week instructed our chief reporter to gain some experience in cooking as carried out in its most primitive modern form, namely whilst Spring Sledging along the coast of Victoria Land. As the sledge party have returned with no very aggravated symptoms of indigestion we presume that the experiment has been more or less successful, and we here insert his description of the trip, from a cookery point of view.

-----

It must be borne in mind that a hot meal is necessary for those who undergo the hardships of sledging. (They don't always get it, either. Ed.) And as there are no restaurants to supply us with the same we have something with us that will cook a meal in the smallest amount of time possible, also with the smallest consumption of fuel.

What we have is a Primus Lamp which consumes oil and is worked by a pump, which compressed the air in the body of the lamp so that a stream of oil vapour is forced up through the nozzle of the lamp.

On the top of this is placed a cooker filled with ice or snow which has to be melted before anything like a meal is started.

Our meals to be cooked are pemmican and cocoa or tea twice a day, at breakfast and dinner, and if, as sometimes happened, (That "sometimes" is drawing things a bit mild I think. Ed.) we had heavy work during the forenoon, we had hot cocoa and tea for lunch.

I will now explain as fully as possible the proceedings before a meal is cooked. As soon as the tent is up I hop inside with the primus and box of small parts, (repair outfit and spares,) fix the lamp in a round shallow tray which is a part of the aluminium cooker, fill the cup attached to the lamp with alcohol, or with oil if we have no spirit with us, light it and wait until the nipple of the lamp is properly warmed.

Then the air pressure is increased slowly by means of the pump until [sic] a good flame is produced, and the cooker is placed on top, having been previously filled by one of the other men with snow or ice, ice for preference because it yield [sic] mor [sic] water in proportion to the bulk melted. Now a wait of some minutes follow until the ice is melted. When the water is ready, if pemmican is required first. I next see to the amount of water left in the inner cooker, pouring any extra water into the outer cooker; place inside the pemmican, powdered biscuit and salt to taste, replace the covers, and anxiously wait for the pemmican to just come to the boil when a nice hot steaming meal is ready.

The next thing to prepare is either tea or cocoa and with that and biscuits which, thank Heaven, do not require any cooking, completes the meal.

Now all this may seem to the reader so easy that he wants at once to go and be cook on a Spring sledging expedition himself, but let him wait a minute before he packs his sledge and moves off amidst the rejoicings of his friends and neighbors. To prove to him that it is not as easy as it sounds I will detail to him what happened at my first attempt.

I got inside the tent with the lamp all right, (I have known men fail to do this. Ed.) and as far as the alcohol stage, (Shame!! It must have been the medicine brandy.) when unfortunately I started pumping up before the nipple was sufficiently warmed, thereby causing a high flame which gave me a fright as I thought the tent had caught fire. After overcoming this difficulty and getting the lamp to burn properly, my sledging companions having by this time entered the tent looking very hungry and adding their quota to the blueness and haziness of the atmosphere, I in my excitement made a grab for the cooker with my bare hands, and found the cold metal sticking to my fingers. Giving a shout of pain I endeavored to release them and in doing so I knocked over the lamp which had been burning excellently until then and

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(We were obliged to cut the next paragraph out. Ed.[no close parenthesis] Students of Antarctic language will be able to obtain a copy of it by sending their name and address and an asbestos envelope to the Editor of the Adélie Annual, 17 Frostbite Place, Cape Adare.) ---- thus giving me the extra work of starting over again. However, by going along carefully, I got things as far as the melting stage, and after putting in the pemmican etc., I put the outside cover on too quickly thereby causing the lamp to go out. I was now past the Christian stage, and the names I called the whole concern are unprintable.

(I wonder what stage he called the one just now, I should think the Mahommedan. In justice to him, however, I must say that he has surpassed himself in this second stage which will require a fireproof safe before it can be trusted in the office buildings.)

I now relit the lamp. (It probably didn't want any other heating. Ed.) and after a while, it seemed to me like hours, as my companions sat eating their biscuits and looking as if they would like to eat me, but refraining from an audible comment because they knew that I was only waiting [sic] an excuse to throw the who business up, my heart gave a quick jump when I saw steam arising and knew that in a short time the hash [sic] would be ready. Carefully lifting the various covers, by the way there are three, I peeped in the pot but the mess was not cooked, so I as carefully replaced them and awaited further results. These came sooner than I expected, and as it never rains but it pours, I heard a hissing sound accompanied by the combined healthy but, to say the least disagreeable smell of pemmican and oil, and the lamp was put out, the tent filled with steam, and the whole neighborhood with sulphurous language of the most aggravated sort, for now that there was no fear of their being called to do any cooking my solo was accompanied by a hearty chorus from the other members of the party. The longed-for pemmican had boiled over. I was now feeling desperate, and lifting the various covers off very dis-carefully I extracted the inner pot containing the "hoosh," and proceed [sic] to put the contents into four pots. Having done this I was handing the pots round to my companions when accidentally I dropped one, which caused a little mild comment from the would be diner, (The comment was no doubt like the Bishop's ale, "Mild but Still Bitter.")

The contents were not wasted, being scraped off the floor with a spoon, and the reindeer hairs which accompanied the hoosh were a welcome variant. The steam had not yet cleared away and the one candle-power, properly called, dark lantern did not throw [sic] much light on the scene, happily for me I thought at the time as it hid my blushes. (He couldn't blush.) On asking my companions if they would like tea or cocoa to follow I was told that pemmican was quite enough to-night so I accordingly got on with my own meal thankful that I did not have to light the lamp again. (I find it hard to believe this about the refusal of the second course, and I advise my readers to take it with a pinch of salt as we take the pemmican. Ed.)

When the meal was finished I proceeded to pack up the various things belonging to my department, and in attempting to rise I lifted the floor cloth with me, capsizing the water that was in the outside cooker. The pemmican that was previously spilt had frozen on my trousers.

----- (A comparatively feeble effort this time, I even hesitated whether I could with propriety print it, but after consultation with the Editor of the "Children's Home" I have decided that after all it is better left out if only for consistency. Ed.) -----

To this I did not pay much heed as I was feeling just about done up, and longing to get inside my sleeping bag. When I eventually did manage to get in bed I was dreading the morning to come as I knew I would have to be quick preparing breakfast on account of having to put in a good day's work. Is it to be wondered that I had awful dreams of the lamp exploding, the tent catching fire, the pemmican boiling over etc., etc. I may safely say that I had very little sleep that night.

Turning out a 6 a.m. I was determined that I would prepare breakfast without a single accident, having previously received a gentle hint that I had not all day to do it in. I lit the lamp all right, put the cooker on, and reached the boiling stage without a single mishap, excepting that I forgot to put salt in the pemmican, a mistake that was soon put to rights. I was now quite pleased with myself and started on the cocoa, but, after a long wait, the lamp having gone out once, it was decided to give it a miss as we had already wasted a good deal of time, so we struck camp and proceeded on our march along the coast.

From this time, however, I steadily improved, until at times I



p. 34 Blank

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often thought how clumsy I was at my first attempt. By the time that the first trip was finished I could manage the whole concern successfully.

I could write several paragraph [sic] on the subject of the inconvenience due solely and simply to the low temperatures, and I had even gone so far as to submit some sheets to the Editor, but my respected chief is a strict churchman and he said that while he admired the essay immensely felt\* that it was incompatible with the politics of the paper to publish illustrated tales, even true ones. I have not forgotten the blisters on my fingers, the result of grabbing the cooker with my bare hands.

PRIMUS.

[In ink below: (Dickason)]

\* 'felt' added in margin in ink.

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#### PURELY ANTARCTIC RECIPES.

##### COOKED METEOROLOGICAL RECORDS.

Strangely enough many scientists prefer their meteorological records uncooked, but anyone who requires a detailed account of this very easy method of cooking them may obtain it by sending a postal order for half a crown and a stamped and addressed envelope to "The Cookery Department, Adélie Annual, Cape Adare. [no close quote]

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##### BLIZZARD PUDDING.

This famous pudding was invented by the present Abbot of the Cape Adare Monastery, and the recipe is published by his permission.

Take 3 oz. of Arrowroot, add a pint of milk, and bring to the boil, place a pound of fruit, cherries preferred, in a mould pour the arrowroot over this and leave to set.

-----

##### CURACOA [sic] SAUCE.

This excellent sauce is at present all the rage in Antarctic Society with plumpudding. Its preparation is very simple. Take a large soup ladle, if this cannot be obtained a pint pewter cup will do as well, fill it with curacoa, and hold it over a match until it is warm. Then pour it over the pudding, which has first been disintegrated with a fork, and light the curacoa with several hundred wooden matches, leaving the charcoal ends of the matches in the plate. When eating it it is the fashion to screw the face up and say "How ripping."

-----

##### SEAL RISSOLES.

Mince sealmeat, add a little powered [sic] biscuit, and a little parsley season to taste. Make up into rissoles and brush lightly with a greased brush. Put into the oven and bake for half an hour.

##### AUNT MARY.

-----

#### A NAVAL ANECDOTE.

Scene the upper deck of a British Cruiser.

Time, 4. 30 p.m. Hands to fire stations.

Previously an order had been passed to the effect that if "Fire Increasing rapidly" was piped, the stokers' fire party should at once connect up extra hose.

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COMMANDER:- Quartermaster. Quartermaster.  
QUARTERMASTER:- (A little deaf.) Rushing aft. Aye, Aye! Sir!  
COMMANDER:- Pipe "Fire increasing rapidly."  
QUARTERMASTER. Aye! Aye! Sir!

Tee weet Tee weeo, Fire increasing "SPLENDIDLY" shouted out the Q. M., and it was a few minutes before he woke up to the fact that something was wrong.

SCUD.

-----

#### A STORY FOR CHILDREN.

Pygoscelis went swimming one quiet summers day,  
But Orca Gladiator also swam, not far away.  
Pygoscelis (anhungered) sought to fill his empty maw  
And gobbled up Euphasia, such a meal you never saw  
But Orca too was hungry, and would eat, and quite right too  
He couldn't help it, and besides, he'd nothing else to do.  
Pygoscelis did not return, his wife sat on alone  
And warmed the eggs "watch and stop on" till she was skin and bone,  
Her neighbors then began to make remarks and throw out hints,  
One said, "Her cock has left his wife because the poor thing squints"  
She didn't mind starvation, but she couldn't stand it when  
Another said, "He'd thrown himself away on such a hen."  
Her hackles rose, then rose she too, and off she went to see  
On what unusual errand her defaulting mate could be.  
Her neighbors soon came spying round, now she was safe away,  
And thought that now the sun shone bright, they might as well make hay  
The skuas soon sharked both the eggs, the penguins every stone  
Till nothing but a hole remained to mark the place alone.

The Moral.

The Morals [sic] very hard to find its puzzled many men  
Philosophers, indeed, have tried and tried since God knows when  
And yet a story's never yet existed, so they say,  
Without a moral to be drawn, so listen children pray  
You little beggars, when your [sic] on your holidays from school  
Should take care not to fill your little bellies quite so full  
For if you don't I tell you just as sure as eggs is eggs  
A killer whale will seize you by your bally little legs,  
For Orca Gladiator simply doesn't care a straw  
Whats [sic] your Daddys [sic] rank and station once he has you in his maw.

-----

N.B. For the complete elucidation of the above fragment it is necessary to state that Pygoscelis Adelie is the scientific name for the Adelie penguin, Orca Gladiator for the killer whale, and Euphausia\* for a kind of crustacean which is the staple food of the Adelie penguin.

[(Levick) in ink]

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\* Spelled 'Euphasia' above.



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p. 39:

TO LET.

The late inhabitants with much regret  
Beg to announce this hut is now to let.  
They grieve exceedingly they cannot stay,  
But urgent business calls them away.  
The hut and furniture, thus on the market,  
Remains for anyone who cares to shark it,  
And if you care to walk in, I dare say Gents,  
You wont [sic] be worried by no dashed house agents  
There'll be no rent to pay, no tax nor poor rate,  
You wont [sic] be fussed, or called on by the curate,  
Whilst duns will leave you quiet for a space,  
Being positively strangers to this place.  
A place, in short, a prince might well inhabit;  
Look! What a chance! And no one here to grab it.  
Each time the wind blows plates rain off the shelves,  
For, with the hut, we put them up ourselves,  
And consequently were prepared to state  
Each plank is split and not a nail's in straight.  
This latter dodge was ours, and quite a great one,  
(A crooked nail sticks faster than a straight one)  
Its [sic] all yours for the asking, every splinter,  
But, hurry up, it wont [sic] last out next winter.

BLUEBELL.

-----

In ink in Priestley's hand: When I visited the hut in 1959 | with Deep Freeze IV only two walls | and one gable were standing. R. E. Priestley.

Note: In Priestley's diary there is a sketch in red ink showing the hut and four penguins with a sign reading: "TO LET DESIRABLE RESIDENCE"

p. 40 Blank  
p. 41 Blank  
p. 42 Blank  
p.43:

[This text is not in Priestley's journal. This is much darker, crisper type. Could it have been added later?

This is where the paper becomes more opaque, less onionskin. The pages are attached at the gutter margins on stubs (the onion skin pages are also). The paper has chain lines but no watermark. One can see type impressions on the verso and holding the pages up to the light can see some erasures. Conclusion: These pages are original typescript not carbon copies.

There is a watermark on the onionskin: ORIGINAL OXFORD BANK, running vertically.]

#### A Legend of Portsmouth.

-----  
A more wonderful story has never been told  
Than the one I intend by your leave to unfold  
How a sentry became in a manner most tragic  
Transferred with his box, by the art of black magic,  
At the dead hour of night, in a way so mysterious  
I'm certain you'll hardly believe I am serious,  
From Portsmouth to Gosport, and all done so neatly  
As left the authorities puzzled completely.

-----  
At midnight, (the noon of nightwatchmen and ghosts)  
Some young naval officers left the Blue Posts  
En route for the last boat to leave for the ship  
Just then setting off on a long foreign trip.  
Their general appearance was certainly such  
As led you to think they'd been having too much:  
At any rate slamming the door with a thud,  
They shouted: "They didn't care if it rained mud",  
From which quaint remark we may surely suspicion  
These midshipmen weren't in a sober condition.  
On leaving the inn they turned sharp to the right  
And ran as the Sally Port hove into sight.  
No voices but theirs stirred the still midnight airs,  
Their boat gently bumped at the foot of the stairs,  
The crew ready waiting with oars at the dip  
To row the whole lot of them off to the ship.  
But hark [ ' but possibly ! meant ] I was wrong when I said that no noise  
But their own, met the ears of those mischievous boys  
From somewhere a most unaccountable sound  
Rose up from apparently under the ground,  
Resembling more nearly the rumbling of thunder  
Than anything else, so they stopped, and no wonder.  
And here gentle reader I'll ask you to pause  
While I make a digression to tell you the cause  
Of sounds which were really so truly Satanic  
As put those young nautical blades in a panic.

-----  
Private Patrick Muldoon of the "Seventy First"  
Was too much addicted to quenching his thirst  
In fact from his days as a young recruit  
He hated the tedium of sentry-go duty,  
Proclaiming the fact that he thought it was wrong  
To keep a young man from his beer for so long.  
As he lay on his bed he spent many long nights  
In wondering how he could put this to rights,  
His thirst having lately become so distressing  
He felt the affair to be urgently pressing;  
So giving the matter much thought and attention  
Necessity, ever the dam of Invention,  
Put such a good plan in the Irishman's brain  
He swore he would never go thirsty again;  
So, hardly concealing his great satisfaction,  
He set about putting his plan into action,  
And very soon, deftly completing his task  
He gave to his musket the role of a flask  
By merely adopting the simple expedient  
Of stopping both ends with some sort of ingredient  
Preventing the liquor within running out.  
The score stood one up to Muldoon without doubt.

I trust you will pardon this long retrogression  
On which I embarked to put you in possession  
Of facts which at first may appear out of season  
But which I've related with every good reason,  
Our hero indeed, you will see very soon  
Was born in the person of Patrick Muldoon.

-----

And now to return to the thread of our tale  
We'll pick up the end where we left it, and hail  
To the old Sally Port where we left some young boys  
Hunting round for the cause of a curious noise.  
They hadn't been long on the trail when they found  
That the noise, which at first seemed to come from the ground,  
Was nearer at hand, and in fact that it all  
Came out of a sentry box under the wall.  
Quite stiff to attention the sentry-box stood,  
As steady and straight as a sentry-box should,  
And yet its interior sadly belied  
Such pompous display of its soldierly pride;  
For all in a heap on its floor limply curled  
And, (putting it plainly) quite dead to the world  
Lay Patrick Muldoon who had drained to the dregs  
His musket, and quite lost the use of his legs.  
He often declared when he talked of such things  
The Patrick Muldoons were descended from kings,  
But if this was so we can certainly say  
This branch had descended a very long way  
For though, "Facilis est descensus Averno"  
No king was e'er known to get fuddled, Oh dear No.  
Though Patrick lay speechless upon his beam ends  
His nose played a tune which made ample amends,  
And showing what wonderful strains it could play  
Was cheerfully giving the whole show away.  
So one of the midshipmen said with a leer  
We really must not leave this poor fellow here  
Or into the guardroom he'll surely be locked;  
His regiment too would be awfully shocked,  
When over at Gosport today I detected  
A mile and a half of the beach unprotected,  
Where surely a sentry should be near at hand  
In case of an enemy stealing the sand.  
This set them to work without further delay  
To carry the innocent victim away,  
And bearing the box shoulder high like a coffin  
It proved most convenient for taking him off in,  
The two after oarsmen vacating their seats,  
They placed him with reverence in the stern sheets,  
Then pushed off and got him away in a twinkling  
Without the authorities getting an inkling.

-----

As the sun pushed his face o'er the Eastern horizon  
The first thing it set its inquisitive eyes on  
Were Wight and the Solent down which a ship sped  
With white ensign flying and all her sail spread  
And as she receded, a little white speck,  
There stood in a group on her broad quarter deck  
Some midshipmen looking so guiltless and pure  
That any observer would feel very sure  
That nothing on earth would induce them to hurt you  
Or tempt them away from the pathways of viture.

Lord Darnley, we think, must have felt some surprise  
When Bothwell projected him into the skies;  
Abimelech, too, must have looked rather cheap  
When the brick from the tower struck him all of a heap,  
But either of these was a mere little joke  
To the shock which our sentry received when he woke.  
He bolted from out of his box like a rabbit  
And springing to 'tention from sheer force of habit,  
By grounding the stock of his gun on a hummick, [sic]  
Inflating his chest, and withdrawing his stummick,  
And bringing his heels into line with a click,  
He stood up as stiff and as straight as a stick,  
Yet sweating with terror at every pore  
As he stared at the fort on the opposite shore  
Where he should have been, for his tottering brain  
Could find no solution at all to explain  
How on earth it was done, if on earth he could be,  
When he felt in himself so completely at sea.

-----

His absence by now, you may safely infer  
Had caused at his barracks the deuce of a stir.  
Now the orderly officer placed no belief  
In the story reported by Muldoons relief.  
“This absolute nonsense” he sternly asserted,  
“The man and his box cannot both have deserted”  
“Pay heed to your duty and look with more care”,  
“And see that you bring in the renegade pair”.  
A few minutes later a rumour gained ground  
Which said a strange sentry and box had been found  
Placed over at Gosport right out on the spit  
Which certainly didn't need guarding a bit.  
The adjutant then went and bearded the Colonel  
Whose language at once became simply infernal.  
Some subalterns trembled (on hearing the din) for  
The forty eight hours they had come to put in for,  
Well knowing explosions like this one may strike  
Both guilty and innocent persons alike,  
And just as their leave seemed assured, here some noodle  
Had gone and upset the whole blooming caboodle.  
The fat being now fairly spilt on the fire  
Six men and a sargeant [sic] were sent to inquire  
And found there was truth in the wonderful story  
For there stood Muldoon all alone in his glory  
All sweating and pale with amazement and terror  
A pretty stuffed goose the man looked and no error,  
The sergeant possessed such a voice of command  
It was raucous enough to have drowned a brass band,  
At least, when his language was fairly a humming  
It came in a torrent no band could have swum in,  
And all his best powers of sulphurous oration  
He called to his aid on this special occasion.  
He started with “Halt Quick March Stand at ease Shun”  
Then waxing more fluent when once he'd begun,  
Went off in a flood of abuse and invective  
Expressed here in blanks, which are just as effective.

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The sum of the impolite words which he spoke  
Tells up to four dashes, five blanks and a stroke,  
I fear you must fain rest content with the summing  
The meaning in print would be too unbecoming.  
He might just as well have harangued a stone wall  
For out of Muldoon he got nothing at all,  
He not understanding the matter a bit,  
Ex nihil, some sage has remarked, nihil fit.  
The sergeant at any rate very nigh threw one.  
This plan having failed he adopted a new one  
And fell in the man and his box, and in short  
He soon had them back at the old Sally Port  
Where, putting the sentry box back on the gate  
They formed up and entered the barracks in state.  
The Colonel confined him to cells, he asserting  
He'd have him courtmartialled on charge of deserting,  
Which seeing it wasn't his fault he'd got stuck  
In such a rough fix, was darnation rough luck.

G.M.L.

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