

see page 26 S. Polar Times/

W. R. Kowalsky ?

Never mind *The Blizzard*
I'm all right.



May 1902.

2
NOTES

Owing to the amount of time occupied in producing fifty copies of this paper, it must necessarily be very limited in size, so the Editor hopes that those who do not find their contributions in this number will not be disappointed, for they may appear at some future date.

The Editor wishes to draw the attention of the Public to the most important feature of this paper, "The Blizzard's Gallery of Famous People". The services of a celebrated artist have been engaged for this work, and the portraits are true to life, even though that be not the opinion of the subjects themselves, and if they think them unflattering, they must not blame the artist, but rather the severe weather, which has even affected the ink used in printing, changing it from blue to green, and from green to purple; so if they do not see the delicate contour, the regular features, and the noble expression that their looking glasses would lead them to expect, in these reproductions, they must blame the low temperatures which have of late affected the office machinery.

The Editor wishes to give a short account of each portrait appearing in this month's Blizzard.

No 1 --- represents Mr Ike Doggo, who kindly consented to join the N A E, and who, by means of his visiting card informed his numerous patrons of his intentions. It has been rather unkindly stated, that the people of Christchurch thought there was a paper chase on. This portrait is not an impressionist study, but the usual appearance of Mr Ike Doggo.

No 2 --- Readers of The Blizzard will doubtless recollect a beautiful portrait that was printed on the backs of postcards, and which was selling by thousands in Lyttelton before we left; the title was "Stoker and dog Vinker". Through the genius of the artist, we can now feast our eyes on those classic features again, and enjoy the details which come out more clearly, as the picture is somewhat enlarged.

No 3 --- Readers are requested to hold this portrait up to the light after looking at it. The Editor of this paper hearing that this well known person had lost his nether garments, asked the artist to make a picture of him, as the reporters said he was arrayed in a novel dress. It appears that as there was not a sufficient quantity of the proper tartan on board, and as the rigour of this place exceeds that of the "Dewy North" he had ingeniously fashioned a kilt out of his fur

blouse, a sporran out of the tail flippers of the Weddell seal, and a chisel doing duty as a skien dhu, fixed according to the custom of his ancestors, in the side of a pimpy.

THE H
when he's used his chess-words over, the hundred blades of steel,
And he's paid half D's by dozens and expects to pay some more
He may lose this nasty habit, long before he saves the pack,
But for every little guessword he has to pay what we get back

Chorus

DOG MEDICINE
TO BE WELL SHAKEN
BEFORE TAKEN
BY THE DOG



ABOUT POLAR EXPEDITIONS

There seems to be only one verger who is
printers at the office of this paper
trying and they are always out after
paces of modern metre, when sitting
This is the verger-- about--
Regard now this here South Pole, wo
is a place where an man, with an
I use to hear your answer now. With
It only them wots I tell, the in
Or else I tell you that they wot al
And as if I'm interested, would
The man as is for good, the man as is for



MR IKE DOGGO
S.S. DISCOVERY
NATIONAL ANTARCTIC
EXPEDITION

THE BLIZZARD

When he's used his cuss-words over, some hundred times or more,
And he's paid half D's by dozens and expects to pay some more
He may lose this nasty habit, long before he leaves the pack,
But for every little cussword he must pay when we get back

Chorus

We've selected two or three, from this Cuss Fraternity
To collect it D by D, till the ship gets back
And we say to one and all, these cuss-words great and small
Will buy booze enough to knock, them all " Flat Aback " .

KID

ABOUT POLAR EXPLORERS

(There seems to be only one verse, which is a comfort, for the
printers at the office of this paper think the run on poetry rather
trying and they are always out after beer to help them through the
mazes of modern metre, when sitting up these sundry rhymes. ED)

This is the verse-----

Regardez now this here South Pole, wot's covered up with snow,
Is it a place where any man, with any sense would go ???
I pause to hear your answer now; With one accord its No!!!
Its only them wots lost some tiles, and aint responsible 'tween whiles
Or else 'tis pore young things thats got, all sorts of tempers and
And feels as if Antarctic ice, would cool them down and make them
Tis such as them as seeks for poles, We pities them pore simple soles.

3-

THE BLIZZARD

NON-CUSS JACK

With the ship in Winter Harbour, and the daylight nearly gone
When cuss-words all are whispered, for the jacks have formed a club
Which leaves them free for weeping, but holds the cusses back
Or all the members of the club are on the Cusser's track
To charge him half a stiver for the cuss he can't hold back.

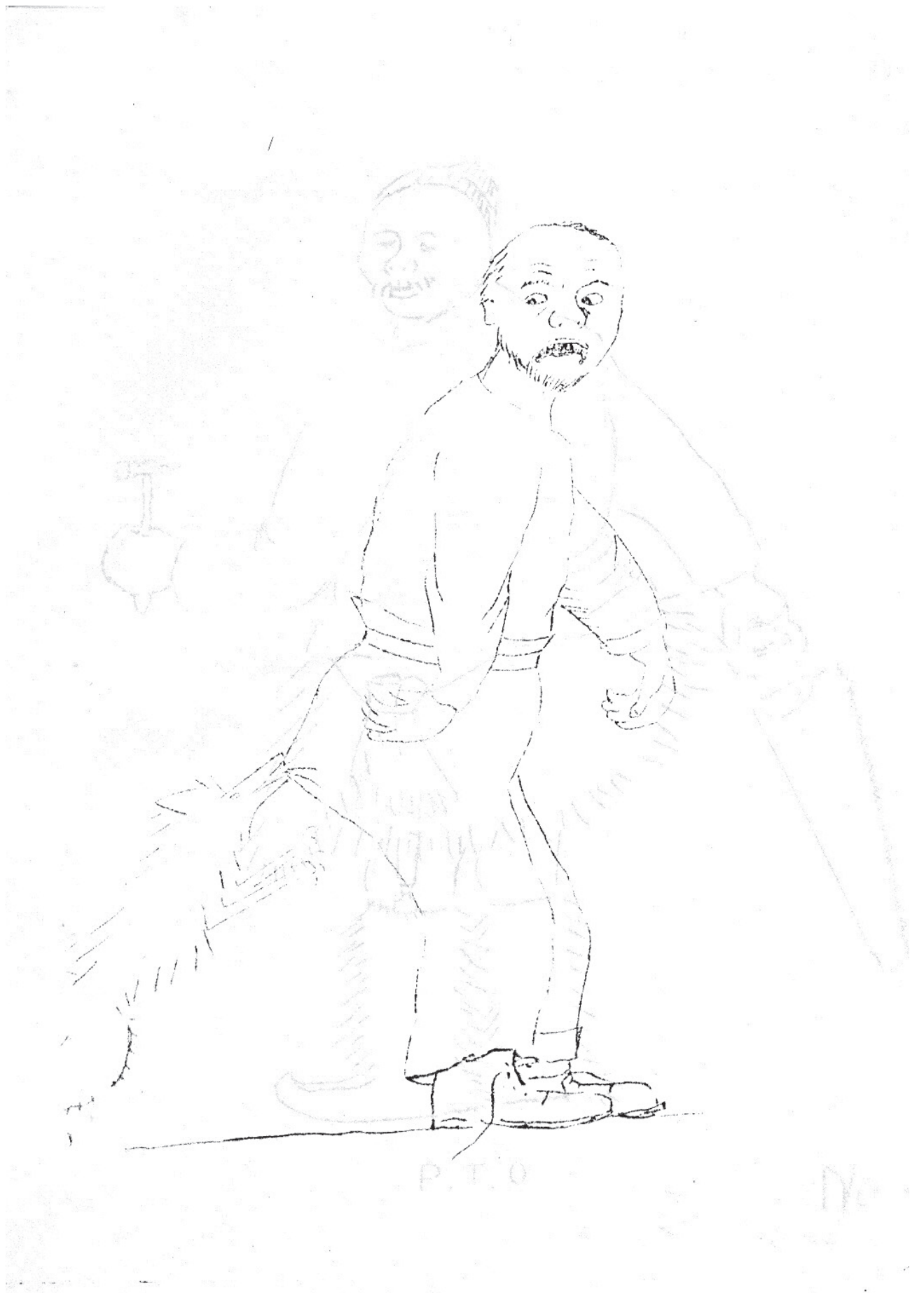
Chorus

Now this Cuss Fraternity,
Was formed in Number Three
And a glorious pile there'll be
When the ship gets back
For the worst Cuss of them all
Is neither short nor tall
Pays more half D's than all
Other Non-Cuss Jacks

Where he goes the Club goes with him, on the ship or out on ski
Even for'ard in the Galley, a non cuss he must be
And if o'er the ice he travels, or gets cussing on the snow
His little game is given away, and he has to pay "What Ho!"

Chorus

And this Cuss Fraternity
When they're safe across the sea
Not a sober man there'll be
When the ship gets back
For they'll smell the "Hole in the Wall"
All members great and small
Mop booze enough for all
To forget the Icy Packs.





P. T. O .

No 3

THE BLIZZARD

A SEALING TOUR.

Four stalwart hearty seamen bold
Around Seal Bay they went,
Across the ice and snow so cold,
Upon some sealing bent.

Now these four seamen "Oh" so bold
A sledge and dog team took
With a pick and shovel, so I am told
From the ship that laid in the brook

Now when they got to Seal Bay
This marine animal got in their way
They hit it with a broken car
That they had found upon the shore.

This seal jumped up and gave a roar
Which made its head so very sore,
They then stabbed it to the heart,
Its life from this world did then depart.

Then these four seamen quick and smart
Had their knives so keen and sharp,
They took that skin from off that seal
As if each one did an orange peel.

Upon the sledge these seals were placed
As hard as rock and stiff as paste,
Then back to the ship the sailors went
Thinking of the pleasure they had spent.

When to the ship they arrived
To the seals meat the crew did dive
With open mouths and staring eyes
Like cannibals waiting for human lives.

The cooks arm began to ache
Whilst turning this seal meat into steak,
With onion sauce he did make
And made it taste just first rate.

FMOS-DAH