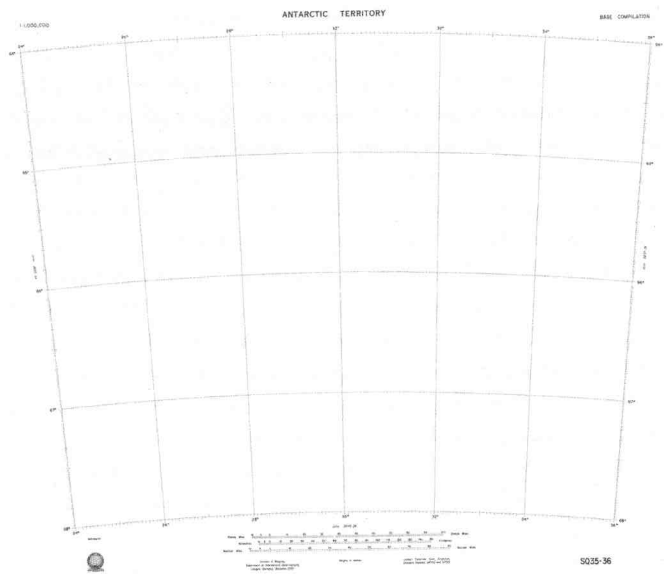
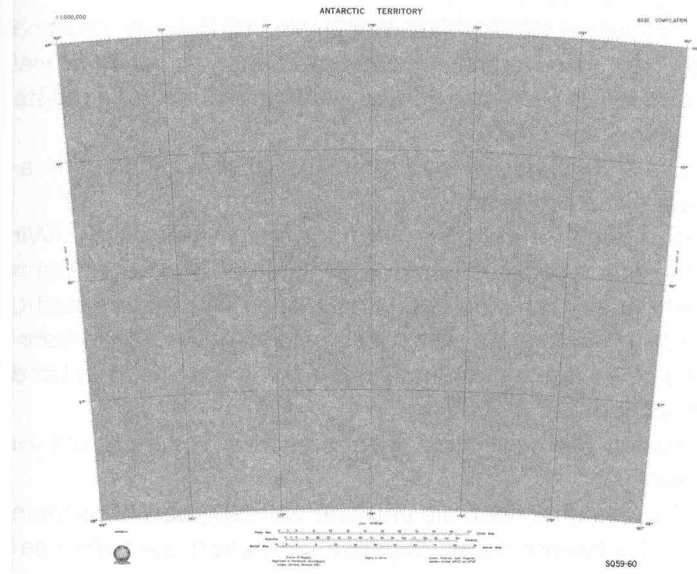


Wednesday, January 4, P.M. - This work is full of surprises. At 6 A.M. we came through the last of the Strait pack some three miles north of Cape Royds. We steered for the Cape, fully expecting to find the edge of the pack ice varying westward from it. To our astonishment we ran on past the Cape with clear water or thin sludge ice on all sides of us. Past Cape Royds, past Cape Barne, past the glacier on its south side, and finally round and past Inaccessible Island, a good 2 miles south of Cape Royds. We could have gone farther, but the last sludge ice seemed to be increasing in thickness, and there was no wintering spot to aim for but Cape Amity. I called a council and put these propositions. To push on to the Glacier Tongue and winter there; to push west to the 'tombstone' ice and to make our way to an inviting spot to the northward of the cape we used to call 'the Skuary'. I favored the latter course, and on discussion we found it obviously the best, so we turned back close around Inaccessible Island and steered for the fast ice of the Cape at full speed. After piercing a small fringe of thin ice at the edge of the fast (floe the ship's stem struck heavily on hard bay ice about a mile and a half from the shore. There was a road to the Cape and a solid wharf on which to land our stores. We made fast with ice anchors. Wilson, Evans, and I went to the Cape, which I had now rechristened Cape Evans in honour of our excellent second in command. A glance at the land showed, as we expected, ideal spots for our wintering station. The rock of the Cape consists mainly of volcanic agglomerate with olivine kenyte; it is much weathered and the disintegration had formed quantities of coarse sand. We chose a spot for the hut on a beach facing N.W. and well protected by numerous small hills behind. This spot seems to have all the local advantages (which I must detail later) for a winter station, and we realized that at length our luck had turned. The most favorable circumstance of all is the steady chance of communication with Cape Amity being established at an early date...

Thursday, June 22. - MIDWINTER. The sun reached its maximum depression at about 2.30 P.M. on the 22nd, Greenwich Mean Time: this is 2.30 A.M. on the 23rd according to the local time of the 180th meridian which we are keeping. Dinner tonight is therefore the meal which is nearest the sun's critical change of course, and has been observed with all the festivity customary at Xmas at home. At tea we broached our enormous Buzard cake, with much gratitude to its provider, Cherry-forward. In preparation for the evening our 'Union Jacks' and sledge flaps were hung about the large table, which itself was laid with glass and a plentiful supply of champagne bottles instead of the customary meys and mineral limejuice jugs. At seven o'clock we sat down to an extravagant bill of fare as compared with our usual simple diet. Beginning on seal soup, by common consent the best decoction that our cook produces, we went on to roast beef with Yorkshire pudding, (fried potatoes and Brussels sprouts. Then followed a flaming plum-pudding and excellent mince pie, and thereafter a dainty savoury of anchovy and cod's roe. A wondrous attractive meal even in so far as judged by our simple lights, but with its garnishments a positive feast, for withal the table was strewn with dishes of burnt almonds, crystallised fruits, chocolates and such toothsome kick-shaws, whilst the unstinted supply of champagne which accompanied the courses was succeeded by a noble array of liqueur bottles from which choice could be made in the dim hazy of trysts. I screened myself up to a little speech which drew attention to the nature of the celebration as a half-way mark not only in our winter but in the plans of the Expedition as originally published. (I fear there are some who don't realize how rapidly time passes and who have barely begun work which by this time ought to be in full swing.) We had come through a summer season and half a winter, and had before us half a winter and a second summer. We ought to know how we stood in every respect; we did know how we stood in regard to stores



Philipp Goldbach, *The Millionth Map (SQ 35-36)*, 2007/08



Philipp Goldbach, *The Millionth Map (SQ 59-60)*, 2007/08