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Patron of the New Zealand Antarctic Society:
Patron: Professor Peter Barrett, 2008.
Immediate Past Patron: Sir Edmund Hillary.

NEW ZEALAND ANTARCTIC SOCIETY LIFE MEMBERS

The Society recognises with life membership, those people who excel in furthering the aims and objectives of the Society or who have given outstanding service in Antarctica. They are elected by vote at the Annual General Meeting and are restricted to 15 life members at any time.

Current Life Members by the year elected:

1. Bernard Stonehouse (UK), 1966
2. John Claydon (Canterbury), 1980
3. Jim Lowery (Wellington), 1982
4. Iris Orchard (Canterbury), 1990
5. Robin Ormerod (Wellington), 1996
6. Eric Gibbs (Wellington), 1997
7. Baden Norris (Canterbury), 2003
8. Bill Cranfield (Canterbury), 2003
9. Randal Heke (Wellington), 2003
10. Bill Hopper (Wellington), 2004
11. Malcolm Laird (Canterbury), 2006
12. Arnold Heine (Wellington), 2006
13. Margaret Bradshaw (Canterbury), 2006
14. Ray Dibble (Wellington), 2008
15. Norman Hardie (Canterbury), 2008



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Cover photo:

Stefan Strittmatter 'heroically' reaching for the Marmite. Image courtesy Simon Shelton, Scott Base.

Antarctic Round Up

Letter Received

James Weeks from Georgia, USA emailed the following: *"I am a retired U.S. pilot who flew for the U.S. Navy VX-6 in the Antarctic from 1959 until early 1962. I learned only yesterday from John Stewart, author of Antarctica: an Encyclopedia, that I had been honoured by New Zealand by naming a mountain after me some fifty years ago for my R4D-8 (Super DC-3) crews work with one of your [New Zealand's] explorer teams with dogs and sleds. I would like to thank those responsible for such an honour. My family will carry that honour with pride for generations to come."*

Question Solved

A number of emails were received after the last issue of *Antarctic* was published with the image of the replica Shackleton whisky bottle on the cover. Eagle-eyed readers had noticed and questioned the neck label on the bottle which is printed with the name of the ship *Endurance* rather than *Nimrod*. Nigel Watson, Executive Director of the Antarctic Heritage Trust explained that Ernest Shackleton ordered the whisky under the *Endurance* name as that was what he had planned to call the 1907 expedition ship. When he later settled on the name *Nimrod* for the expedition ship, the *Endurance* name was retained for the 1907 whisky order. Whisky maker Whyte and Mackay's promotional piece at



Neck label for Shackleton whisky bottle. Image courtesy AHT; www.nzah.org.

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=UvnJVSyW2FA> provides the story around the whisky and its recreation.

December 2011

Antarctica Day

Antarctica Day celebrates the signing of the Antarctic Treaty on 1 December 1959. To mark the day, The Association of Polar Early Career Scientists (APECS), the International Arctic Science Committee (IASC) and the Scientific Committee on Antarctic Research (SCAR) contributed to the celebrations with an Antarctica Day Webinar. The online session, including both Antarctic and Arctic science communities included presentations by New Zealand scientists on diverse topics ranging from the Southern Ocean marine food webs, to Antarctic social science research to the history of Antarctica Day. An open discussion followed the presentations.

Falcon Scott Helps Conserve his Grandfather's Antarctic Expedition Base



Falcon Scott in Antarctica. Image courtesy AHT; www.nzah.org.

Captain Robert Falcon Scott's only grandson, Falcon Scott, worked on his grandfather's most famous Antarctic base during the 2011/2012 Antarctic summer season as part of the Antarctic Heritage Trust's team of conservation specialists. Falcon spent over a month at *Terra Nova* hut at Cape Evans, Antarctica during the centenary of his grandfather's attainment of the South Pole. A builder by trade, Falcon undertook carpentry work at the hut,

re-installing stove flues and part of the acetylene plant system as part of the Trust's Ross Sea Heritage Restoration Project.

Falcon stated that *"It is an honour to work on my Grandfather's expedition hut and to work with the team who are conserving it. This wooden hut was the last home my Grandfather knew. It represents the height of his life's achievements. And it stands in testament to the courage and endurance of all those men who shared his passion to explore the science of this amazing continent, and to attain for Britain the South Pole. It's incredible that the hut still remains much the same one hundred years later."*

April 2012

Antarctic Science Video Clips

The National Institute of Water and Atmosphere (NIWA) has made video clips of 14 Antarctic scientists explaining their work with the aid of background images. The videos can be viewed on the NIWA website at <http://www.niwa.co.nz/news-and-publications/videos>.

Imperial Trans Antarctic Expedition – a Glorious Failure

The Canterbury History Association invited Natalie Cadenhead to present an illustrated talk on Shackleton's Imperial Trans Antarctic Expedition at the University of Canterbury. The talk was well attended by Association members and it was brilliant to see Antarctic Society members attend as well.

May 2012

Viewing Antarctica: Present and Past

Two evening sessions related to climate change were held which compared accounts and photographs of early polar exploration with modern observations, climate research and new satellite images. The sessions were provided by Ursula and Wolfgang Rack of the University of Canterbury.



Ross Sea Party of the Imperial Trans Antarctic Expedition. Image courtesy Canterbury Museum: 19XX.2.153.

A Summer on Ice Presented by the Sir Peter Blake Trust Youth Antarctic Ambassador

John Evans, the 2011 Sir Peter Blake Trust Youth Antarctic Ambassador, spent 13 weeks in Antarctica during the 2011/2012 summer working with the Antarctic Heritage Trust at Scott's *Terra Nova* hut and Shackleton's *Nimrod* base. John, a fourth year engineering student at the University of Canterbury shared his experiences and insights on living and working in an Antarctic field camp for extended periods. The talk, hosted by the Canterbury Branch, was held at the University of Canterbury.

June 2012

Antarctic Index

Indexer Mike Wing has completed the latest combined index of Antarctic which includes the index to Volume 29. It is available on the Societies website: <http://www.antarctic.org.nz/pages/journal.html>. If you would like a printed hard-copy of the index please send your request to Editor, New Zealand Antarctic Society, PO Box 404 Christchurch.

Scott's Last Journey Film Showing

This film was hosted by the Wellington branch of the Society on 13 and 14 June. The film was narrated by Richard Dimpleby and used footage from the 1912 expedition's official photographer Herbert Ponting. A second short film

The Design and Construction of Scott Base Antarctica was also shown. This New Zealand Ministry of Works film follows the building of Scott Base for 357 days from 4 February, 1956.

Longest Night, Shortest Day Mid-Winter Dinner – Christchurch

Christchurch Branch held their mid-winter dinner on 20 June at the International Antarctic Attraction. The guest presenter Al Fastier discussed the Heroic Huts restoration project including the intricacies of restoration and conservation in the Antarctic environment. John Evans, the Sir Peter Blake Trust Antarctic Youth Ambassador for 2011/2012 who worked with Al on the Cape Evans project gave personal insights on what this experience meant for him.

Antarctic Midwinter – Wellington

On 22 June, the Wellington Branch hosted their annual event, inviting diplomats from Antarctic Treaty signatory nations to gather at Antrim House and participate in a live link to winter-over staff at Scott Base.

Conference: What is an Expedition?

A conference addressing the theme "what is an expedition" was held between 27 and 20 June 2012 at the Kioloa Coastal Campus of the Australian National University. The workshop style conference included in-depth case studies of explorations and

expeditionary journeys and organisers aim to publish a volume of essays. More information can be found at <http://history.cass.anu.edu.au/events/what-expedition-conference-workshop>.

July 2012

Our Far South and Beyond Stewart Island

Jack Fenaughty and Dan Zwartz will present an evening of information related to the Our Far South Morgan Foundation project which is aimed at raising New Zealanders' awareness of the importance of the Antarctica, the sub-Antarctic islands and the Southern Ocean. The event will highlight the reasons why this area is of such value and to outline the threats it is under and the opportunities it holds. The event will be held at Turnbull House, Wellington on Thursday 26 July at 6 pm. See <http://www.antarctic.org.nz/whatson.html> for more information.

September 2012

10th Annual S. T. Lee Lecture in Antarctic Studies

Dr QIN Dahe of the China Meteorological Administration will present this lecture which is arranged by the Antarctic Research Centre of the Victoria University of Wellington. For additional information and confirmed date please contact: antarctic-research@vuw.ac.nz.

Wellington AGM 2012

The AGM will be held at Turnbull House, Wellington on Thursday 20 September at 6 pm followed by an informal dinner at a local restaurant. For more information check the Antarctic Society website.

October 2012

Lecture – Conserving the Historic Huts on Ross Island

The annual Sir Holmes Miller Memorial Lecture 2012 will be presented by Al Fastier, Programme Manager for the Antarctic Heritage Trust. Al will address the challenges of conservation in one of the world's harshest environments. It will be held at Turnbull House, Wellington and entry is by gold coin donation. 📄



New Zealand Antarctic Society Conservation Trophy

In May this year the Council of the New Zealand Antarctic Society awarded the prestigious Conservation Trophy to Al Fastier, Programme Manager for the Antarctic Heritage Trust. Society President Graham White presented the trophy to Al during the Antarctic Heritage Trust May Board Meeting.

The trophy is awarded annually to a person or organisation and recognises their significant contribution to Antarctic or sub-Antarctic conservation including preservation of buildings, sites and artefacts of historical significance. In awarding the trophy, the Council recognised Al's outstanding leadership and innovative skills in managing the Ross Sea Heritage Restoration Project.

The Conservation Trophy, a miniature Emperor penguin carved by a Christchurch sculptor in African Walnut, was presented to the Society in 1971 by Peter Voyce and in the past 30 years has been awarded to many notable Antarcticans.

Al, a remote logistics specialist, has worked as Programme Manager for the Antarctic Heritage Trust (New Zealand) since 2006. His role is to oversee the building and artefact conservation programmes for each of the four expedition bases under the Trust's care as part of the Trust's long-term Ross Sea Heritage Restoration Project.

Al spends time each Antarctic summer leading the team of conservation professionals working and living on site at the expedition bases in Antarctica. He has been instrumental in conserving Ernest Shackleton's 1908 base at Cape Royds, and during the 2011/2012 Antarctic season managed the completion of a five year building conservation programme of works at Robert Falcon Scott's iconic 1910 to 1913 base at Cape Evans. His current work involves planning future conservation projects at Cape Adare and Hut Point.

Before working for the Trust, Al had an extensive career working for the Department of Conservation throughout the South Island of New Zealand where he spent extended time working on remote sites such as Raoul and Stephens Islands'. Initially trained as an electrical engineering technician, Al obtained a degree in Parks and Recreation Management from Lincoln University, New Zealand which gave him a broad theoretical understanding of personnel, logistics and heritage management. Both qualifications have allowed him to work in Antarctica. Al first visited Antarctica in 1987,

and during his 15 visits to the Ice he has worked for Antarctica New Zealand, the US Antarctic Program and as a New Zealand government representative

On accepting the award Al commented that, "While it is a great honour to receive the award, I am only one of many involved in the successful outcome of this conservation project. It has been the hard work, dedication and passion of the Trust board, Christchurch AHT team, advisors, on-ice teams, Antarctica New Zealand and funders that have made it all possible." Al enjoys the opportunity to spend quality time in these very special heritage sites. He exudes enthusiasm about the Project and enjoys sharing this with visitors to the hut sites in Antarctica whether they are base staff or the King of Malaysia.

For more information on the work of the Antarctic Heritage Trust please see: <http://www.nzahtr.org/>.



Above top: Graham White presenting Al Fastier with the New Zealand Antarctic Society Conservation Award. Photograph courtesy Graham White.

Above: Al Fastier at Cape Royds hut. Image courtesy AHT.



Antarctic Blizzard

By John H. Lewis (part two of two)

We searched each other's faces with apprehension as the giant force of the wind pushed in the upwind side of the tent while the opposite side flapped wildly. What would happen if this frail bit of cloth was carried away? On our survival course at McMurdo we'd been told that the wind was our enemy, and the snow our friend, but now we wondered how anyone could hope to burrow into the hard-packed snow in the face of this brutal wind.

Back in the radio tent we were crammed with our gear into the seven-square-metre space, with our gear piled against the tent walls to make enough leg room. When we lean against these piles we vibrate like jelly with the agonies of the tent walls. Huddled over the stove, we became damp, then shivering with cold, as the ice crusting our clothing melted. We took turns holding various parts of our bodies over the stove, but there just wasn't enough heat given off. I wondered what would happen if we needed assistance: the people at McMurdo would have to wait for favourable weather to fly to help us. We shouted thoughts like this more frequently as the gusts became more ferocious, each of which made us wonder whether this would be the one to rend a side and expose us to the mad forces that threatened us. It was colder now, and I went about putting on my fleece liners, awkwardly wriggling in the crowded space; I saw myself facing the wind in only my underwear. Shouting into hands cupped over the listener's

ear was the only way of being heard. We would glance searchingly at one another as one of the big gusts hit; when it passed a glimmer of a smile or a shrug of the shoulders communicated relief.

A current of excitement coursed beneath my apprehensions; perhaps it was a mechanism preparing me for the time when our fragile shelter submitted to the wind. This seemed as if it might be inevitable, so we got on the most accessible of our warmest clothing and packed up the radio. All other articles were stowed in sled boxes or in our gear bags. I came across a box of cigars; the smoke lifted our spirits. While the others read, I wrote in my journal, hampered by the bulky clothing and the cold.

At about 3.00 a.m. John and I decided to check the state of the other tents. We bundled up with mufflers and woollen helmets, and drew the hoods of our parkas tight. Outside, the wind sprawled us flat, filling every opening in our clothes with stinging drift. We wiggled and rolled toward the sleep tent, seeing nothing and losing all sense of

direction. It was impossible to stand, so we crawled, but each gust unsteadied or toppled us. After having travelled what seemed to have been hundreds of metres in God-knows-what direction we came up against one of the guy ropes of the sleep tent – only six metres from the tent from which we had started out. Inside, we found that the back wall's guy rope had given way; the fabric was torn and whipping wildly. All gear within was partially buried, and the tent was filling with snow as we groped for equipment, finally coming up with the sleeping bags. The bags were partially filled with snow, and as bulky as a bundle of soggy pillows as we squirmed backwards out the door. Back in the wind the best locomotion I could manage was a sort of ramming along: hips high, pushing with the legs, shoulders and arms embracing two sleeping bags. After delivering the sleeping bags we again went out, in an attempt to retrieve the rest of the gear from the torn tent; but we found the back wall in the meantime had been blown completely against the front,



“The wind must have been blowing at least 130 km/h, ...There was no sign of the tent; I could only head back along the line and have another look.”

and the stuff inside buried or blown away. We returned to the haven of the radio tent, our faces heavily crusted with ice. It was painful to peel it away from our beards, but we had to do this, or let it melt slowly and soak our necks and chests.

By this time we'd been up over twenty hours – but we had one more task before settling down. The white gas supply in the radio tent was nearly exhausted, and it had been some time since we'd had anything to eat or drink. We planned our trip to the supply in the cook tent more carefully than our last venture outside: whoever went out was to be secured to a rope, which we made from a dozen two-metre lengths of heavy rawhide. I volunteered to go, tied an end about my waist, and plunged out into the blizzard. As I started crawling downwind in the direction of the cook tent a gust rolled me, and when I resumed crawling I was tangled in the line. The front of my parka hood was formed into a tunnel, but the turbulence insured that everything was filled with blowing snow, including my goggles. I was disoriented after the tumble, and had only the wind direction to guide me. I could scarcely see my hand close to my face. I guessed the cook tent to be situated almost directly downwind of the radio tent – so, I kept the wind at

my rear and proceeded as best I could, feeling my way with my hands, trying to stay up on hands and knees. Each gust flattened me and filled my hood with snow. The wind must have been blowing at least 130 km/h, and the gusts exceeded that by 30 to 50 km/h. Then I felt a tug at my waist: I'd come to the end of the rope. There was no sign of the tent; I could only head back along the line and have another look. Heading into the wind proved much more difficult than following it: it tended to lift my chest and reduce traction. The worst part was having the blowing snow assail my partly exposed face, which, even though ice-encrusted, felt as if it was being sandblasted. I turned my head as far from the wind as I could and went along with even less sense of equilibrium than before. I travelled upwind for what I judged to be 9 to 12 metres, and then I tacked to the right, thinking that I should come either to a tent or the cargo sleds. With unreasonable luck, one hand encountered the all-but-buried handle of a shovel that was planted near the door of the cook tent. I looked up to see a vague greenish blotch ahead; the tent was still there.

I worked at freeing the shovel, finally tearing it loose and then attacking the drift at the door. The wind attempted to wrench the shovel from my hands

Photos from left to right:

1. J Wilbanks digging our after a blow, 30 November 1967. All images courtesy John Lewis.
2. Camp at end of moraine stripe. 7 December 1967.
3. Just unloaded and the C-130 is ready to leave us. 29 October 1967.
4. J Lewis looking across Balchen Glacier towards Lewis Rocks. 11 December 1967.
5. Looking straight down in to wind moat. 11 December 1967.
6. Camp at put-in site. 29 October 1967.

as I was crouched uncomfortably and without much stability; but after several minutes of exertion, I'd burrowed far enough to find the ties securing the door. At last I was able to slide headfirst down the ramp I'd dug into the tent. A deluge of snow accompanied me. I found that the walls had held, although the upwind side bulged after having evidently lost its guy rope.

Food and gear were scattered everywhere. I stuffed my pockets with tea bags, cocoa, spoons, cups, a tea pot, biscuits and other goodies. The jerry can was over half full with gas, so I was able to avoid the crosswind expedition to the supply on the sleds. After squirming out and up from the tent I turned, and, with the jerry can caught between my knees, I tied the door. This meant exposing bare hands to the abrasive snow for long enough to numb them.

The line tied to my waist was buried in places, and I had to stop to yank it free before going on, face turned from the wind. Finally, I was at the door of the radio tent, where a tug on the line opened the door to me and eager hands reached out to help me in. Chuck and John wondered what had taken me so long. About 15 minutes after I had left them they had felt the tug on the line when I had reached the end, and

Continued over...



it was then 45 minutes more before I reappeared. It was incredible that a trip to a tent only six metres away could take an hour. There was reason for the fatigue I felt.

John and Chuck melted snow for tea while I cleared the snow and ice from my outer clothing and face. By the time the water was boiling it was six in the morning and we were sleepy. The cup of tea was refreshing and warming, and we munched on some frozen biscuits to fill the empty places in our stomachs. I produced a mess of chocolate bars and we had a luxurious dessert. The high noise level and shaking of the tent continued unabated; there was no suggestion that the wind was dying down. It had been battering us this fiercely for 24 hours, and in our drowsy states we had almost become used to it. The gusts no longer evoked the anxiety of some hours before.

By this time we were slipping into some sort of suspended state in which not much seemed to matter. The long confinement and hours of apprehension had combined to wear away my feelings to the point that I cared only about being able to sleep uninterrupted. At odd times now I found myself cursing unreasonably at the uncontrollable forces hemming us in; at other I was stoically patient. We stared at nothing in particular, leaning there on our piles of gear. Random and unconnected thoughts entered and left my consciousness. After experiencing these extreme conditions for so long I found that reality was dreamlike.

Smoking a cigar now and then helped break the monotony. I could concentrate for just a few minutes at a time while reading; it was dim and cold in the tent, so the book slipped out of my grasp enough times to make me lose patience with the effort. Every movement brought relatively warm skin into contact with

“...there was no suggestion that the wind was dying down. It had been battering us this fiercely for 24 hours...”

cold clothing, so we were constrained to sit as still as possible to preserve an illusion of warmth. I wondered whether I'd ever be warm again – and whether I'd ever get out of there. So sluggish were my thoughts, I felt sometimes as if I'd always been there; as if I'd known no other existence.

Then, at 3.15 p.m., we all looked at our watches at the same time: there was a sudden diminution in the noise; we could converse fairly easily. Immediately our spirits rose; we chattered excitedly about how fine it would be to get outside and back to work. Within 20 minutes there was practically no wind. The abruptness of the change held us amazed and almost unable to move. The silence was deafening. We scrambled elatedly from the tent into a whiteout, but with about 30 km of visibility. Nearby was the chaos of our camp.

Photos from left to right:

1. Slide. 10 December 1967.
2. Looking down at camp. 15 November 1967.
3. C. Bitgood, J. Wilbanks, J. Lewis. 26 December 1967.

A few sad tatters remained of the sleep tent; everything else was deeply buried. The sun we hadn't seen for a week was starting to break through the low layer of clouds. Above the clouds we could see deep blue sky over the mountains to the west.

We laughed madly on learning from McMurdo radio that they had had no radio reception for the past couple of days; they apologized for not receiving us. (We had to wait until later to tell someone about our ordeal.) We began the task of digging out, enjoying the increasing visibility and freedom from the wind. Ahead lay time and space for our work. Beneath our eagerness to get going lay some newfound confidence. We had been baptized. ❄

NEW ZEALAND

14 SEPTEMBER
— 14 OCTOBER

ICEFEST

Bringing Antarctica to Christchurch

Celebrate New Zealand's connection with "The Ice" with four weeks of serious fun when NZ IceFest brings Antarctica to Christchurch.

Make sure you visit these spectacular festival highlights.

Still Life: Inside the Antarctic Huts of Scott and Shackleton



This visual and sensory experience will take you inside the historic huts of explorers Captain Robert Falcon Scott and Sir Ernest Shackleton. STILL LIFE is a unique photographic record of these iconic buildings, now cared for by the Antarctic Heritage Trust (New Zealand), that a century on captures the landscape, isolation and the lives of the men through the scientific and everyday objects they left behind.

Antarctic Superstars



This topical, if not exactly tropical, series of talks will bring a mix of discussion wonder and knowledge to the UC Geo Dome, at the heart of Hagley Park Ice Station.

A hub for Antarctic science, education, art and films; you will get the chance to consider the big issues – from climate change to the oceans, to the difference the New Zealand - Antarctic relationship makes to our economy.

State Ice Rink



Get your skates on and enjoy the outdoor rink set against the beautiful Antarctic landscape of Hagley Park Ice Station. Just like being there, only with less risk of being surprised by sea lions!

nzicefest.co.nz





The *Terra Nova* leaving Cardiff on 15 June 1910. The Welsh flag flies from the mizzen mast, while the White Ensign flies from the mizzen gaff. On the foremast is the flag of the City of Cardiff. Image courtesy National Museum of Wales.

Captain Scott's Welsh Flag

By Tom Sharpe and Elen Phillips

Support from Wales and Welsh business was fundamental to the successful departure of Scott's 1910–13 British Antarctic Expedition from the United Kingdom. Such was the level of support that Scott named Cardiff as the home port of the *Terra Nova*. To mark the Welsh contribution, Scott was presented with a large Welsh flag which was flown on the ship and at the expedition's winter quarters hut at Cape Evans on Ross Island. When the *Terra Nova* returned to Cardiff, the flag was presented to the National Museum of Wales.

When Captain Scott's ship, the *Terra Nova*, sailed from Cardiff on 15 June 1910, the national flag of Wales, *Y Ddraig Goch* (the Red Dragon), proudly flew from her mizzen mast. With the flag of the City of Cardiff flying from the foremast, Scott was displaying his gratitude to the South Wales business community. With free fuel, coal, tinplate, docks facilities and financial support of about £2,500 (\$5,100 New Zealand dollars), as well as civic dinners and receptions, Cardiff had been generous and enthusiastic in its support of the British Antarctic Expedition. Its civic and business leaders were out to re-brand Cardiff 'as one of the most enterprising cities in the Empire', in the words of the Town Clerk, J. L. Wheatley, and they displayed this new-found civic confidence by closely associating

Cardiff with Scott's expedition to this last great frontier.

It was Lieutenant E.R.G.R. (Teddy) Evans, who brought the prospect of Welsh sponsorship with him when he joined Scott's expedition as second-in-command in mid-July 1909. Earlier that summer, Evans had been exploiting his (perhaps tenuous) Welsh connections to cultivate support for his own Antarctic expedition. The key to his success was his new friend William Davies, editor of the Welsh newspaper, *The Western Mail*.

Davies threw himself wholeheartedly behind Evans' expedition, and then Scott's. Through Davies, in October 1909 Evans was introduced to Cardiff's leading businessmen, in particular Daniel Radcliffe and William Tatem who ran major shipping companies in Cardiff Docks. Davies



Full-page advertisement for James Howell & Co. who made the flag. Image courtesy National Museum of Wales.

was also instrumental in persuading the Government to give a grant of £20,000 to Scott's expedition; the Chancellor of the Exchequer was another Welshman, and Davies' friend, David Lloyd George. Arguably, without Welsh backing, Scott's expedition might never have proceeded.

On 1 November 1909, over lunch hosted by Radcliffe to introduce Evans to the Cardiff business community, it was announced that a large Welsh flag was to be made and presented to the expedition so that it could fly at the South Pole. The idea was originally that of Mrs William Davies and the flag was to be made by a local draper, James Howell, a prominent figure within Cardiff's business community and whose department store, established in 1865, was the largest of its kind in Wales.

The flag was presented to the expedition at a departure dinner held at the Royal Hotel in Cardiff on 13 June 1910, two days before the expedition left for Antarctica. Made from a coarse woollen fabric, with selvages at the top and bottom edges, the flag measures an impressive 3.45 m x 1.83 m. The dragon motif is a red fabric cut-out which has been machine stitched to the green and white ground fabric. Details – such as its claws, tongue and eyes – have been achieved using black and white paint.

It was flown on the *Terra Nova* as the ship sailed from Cardiff on 15 June 1910, and on St David's Day, 1st March 1911, this Welsh flag was hoisted in Antarctica at Scott's winter quarters hut at Cape Evans on Ross Island. Sadly, it never flew at the South Pole; perhaps, if Teddy Evans had been selected for the final polar party, it might have done. But it did fly again at Cape Evans on 1st March 1912.

The *Terra Nova* returned to Cardiff on 14 June 1913, almost exactly three years to the day since its departure, the Welsh flag flying from the mainmast as the ship sailed up the Bristol Channel and into Cardiff Docks. A dinner was held two days later to mark the expedition's return, in the same hotel that had hosted the pre-departure dinner, and there Teddy Evans announced that the flag was to be given to the National Museum of Wales. But following the festivities there seems to have been some confusion as



The Welsh flag presented to Scott's expedition in 1910. Photograph courtesy Tom Sharpe.

to what Evans had done with the flag at the dinner. In a later exchange of correspondence with the Director of the Museum, Evans seemed to believe that he had given it to the Lord Mayor. After some four months of searching, the flag eventually turned up, still in the Royal Hotel. It must have been a good night.

Captain Scott's Welsh flag has been in the collections of the National Museum of Wales ever since. It was displayed in a temporary exhibition in the summer of 1914 and again in 2010 and 2012 to mark the centenary of the expedition. But it seems that we don't have all of it. In June 1913, the *Western Mail* reported that the flag returned considerably smaller than when the ship had left. While the *Terra Nova* was berthed at Lyttleton in New Zealand on the journey back from Antarctica, the representatives of the local Welsh societies were allowed to cut away portions of the flag as mementoes of the expedition. A broad seam down the width of the flag may be the result. The red dragon is no longer in the centre of the flag, suggesting some removal of fabric from the width. Perhaps, somewhere in New Zealand, there are a few swatches of

green or white fabric surviving from Scott's Welsh flag. If so, we'd love to know about it!

If you have information on the flag pieces please email: Tom Sharpe on tom.sharpe@museumwales.ac.uk 📧



The flag on display above the *Terra Nova*'s figurehead, Captain Scott: South for Science exhibition, National Museum of Wales, January-May 2012. Photograph courtesy Tom Sharpe.



Above left: Stefan Strittmatter 'heroically' reaching for the Marmite. Above right top: Stefan Strittmatter, Georgina Whiteley and Gretel Evans, conservators working for AHT and hailing from the UK show off the boxes of Marmite stored for winter at Scott Base. Above right bottom: Scott Base water engineer Tom Newell has been enjoying lots of cheesymite scrolls. Below: Gretel Evans and Georgina Whiteley putting the Marmite 'on ice'. All images in this article courtesy of Simon Shelton, Scott Base.

Antarctic Marmite Cache

In March this year food manufacturer Sanitarium announced that, due to earthquake damage to the cooling tower at their Christchurch factory the nearby Marmite building had become unsafe and, the company had to suspend production of the breakfast spread until at least July.

The Christchurch plant produces about 640,000 kg of Marmite every year.

News of the impending Marmite shortage quickly spread worldwide with newspapers in the UK, Europe, Australia and the USA advising expatriate New Zealanders to stock up on supplies and even calling it the “the great New Zealand Marmite famine”. While most countries in the world would not find the situation at all important, in New Zealand, Prime Minister John Key was interviewed about the shortage. Foodstuffs, which owns the New World, Pak’n’Save and Four Square brands, reported that Marmite flew off supermarket shelves the moment the news of the shortage broke. At the same time TradeMe auctions exploded offering people’s personal supplies for ever increasing reserve prices. The situation became ‘dire’ with some Marmite lovers dubbing it ‘Marmageddon’, and others considering switching to Vegemite. Massey University’s Head of Marketing, Professor Malcolm Wright, said Kiwis see Marmite as “part of their lives” explaining the phenomenon.

While New Zealand was going through this Marmite ‘crisis’ the fourteen winter-over Scott Base staff were sitting back enjoying their well-stocked supply. When the news hit in New Zealand Scott Base staff assessed that they had about 250 jars, equating to between 35 and 40 litres. This was enough

to last the year and more than they needed before post-winter flights to the Ice start in August 2012.

Scott Base winter leader and “more of a Vegemite man” Simon Shelton was not averse to rubbing it in by talking to the press about the cheesymite scrolls (toasted rolls of cheese and Marmite) which staff were enjoying for their morning tea.

Simon said that staff was open to bartering their marmite supplies, especially for fresh fruit and vegetables, supplies of which had run out at Scott Base. The winter leader was “missing that crunch” of fresh produce and said he had seen “a picture of strawberries...[t]hat had quite an appeal.” While Simon joked that staff were “willing to put a few jars on TradeMe” it might take some time before they could fly it out from Antarctica. Scott Base is now in their winter season with no flights in or out of Antarctica until Winfly (winter flight) in August.

The sun set in Antarctica on April 24 and will not be seen again until August 19. Shelton said Scott Base’s chef would make do with canned, dried and frozen food until then, but some products, such as apples and eggs, were coated with wax to prolong their shelf life.

Marmite’s traditional rival, Vegemite, was also in abundance according to Simon so proponents of both sides of the yeast-spread debate at Scott Base will be satisfied. 🍪





Oriana Wilson. Image courtesy Canterbury Museum: ms 64:2 (detail).

The Shack on Kinsey Terrace

By Katherine McInnes

What is your personal 'South Pole'? Mine is a flat pack shack on Kinsey Terrace, Christchurch, New Zealand that I trekked half way around the world to see. When I got there, I found it teetering on the edge of a new cliff created by an earthquake aftershock. It was cordoned off due to danger from the cliff edge.

I had first seen the shack in a photograph album at the Scott Polar Research Institute in Cambridge, UK, captioned 'Uncle Bill's Cabin'. 'Bill' was the nickname for Dr Edward Wilson, Captain Robert Falcon Scott's right hand man. The woman who oversaw the reassembly of the hut was Oriana Wilson, 'Bill's wife. She is not only my heroine but New Zealand's – in 1918 she was awarded a CBE for her work at the New Zealand War Office in London.

'The government of NZ recommended me for a CBE!' she wrote to Bill's fellow explorer, Apsley Cherry Garrard in 1918. 'I was never more amazed than when I got the letter from Whitehall & am very pleased to be identified with NZ in this way ... I think how amused & pleased Bill would have been.'

Oriana is my heroine because, like her husband, she does some pretty dangerous things. Oriana is not your common garden 'grass widow'. She was optimistic, resourceful and fun. I travelled all the way from Cheltenham in England where she lived, to Christchurch where she also lived, to find a thin strip of orange plastic tape between me and my goal. The shack on the other side of the cordon was intended for her and her husband on his return from the South Pole. Only he never returned.

'Uncle Bill's Cabin' has survived the earthquakes that finished off the more substantial modern house five meters away. They made them tough. The stairs up to the viewing platform are a little wonky. The chimney has fallen down – but otherwise, it is still waterproof, still cosy, still there.

Oriana used the shack as her base

while she waited in New Zealand from February 1912 until, in February 1913, she learned from the headlines of the *Evening Post* in Christchurch that her husband had died, that she had in fact, been a widow for a year.

Edward Wilson's body still lies in the Antarctic, buried beneath a hundred years of snow. The glacier is a moving river of ice and so, sometime in the future, the tent may reach the ice cliff at the edge of the sea and Bill and his long dead companions may tumble into the Antarctic Ocean.

Oriana's shack is still there, but only just. Like that frozen tent, it is also subject to the laws of nature. The earthquake took 15 metres off the Port Hills' cliff on which it stands. One more aftershock and it will tumble (or be pushed) onto the beach below.

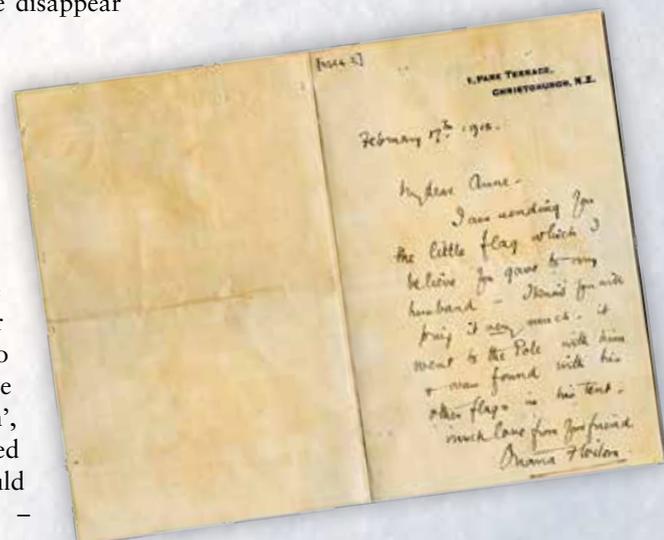
So should we leave it? Should we resign ourselves to watching New Zealand's Antarctic heritage disappear in a cloud of demolition quake dust? It is only a shack, after all.

But it is not just any shack. Like the inhabitants of Christchurch, when the shack was erected and christened, Oriana did not know what the future would bring, whether there would be 'shocks' to endure. She endorsed the name: 'Uncle Bill's Cabin', because she had promised her husband that she would be 'bright' and positive – 'and I intend to, to the very last'. The shack represents an indomitable spirit, a refusal to

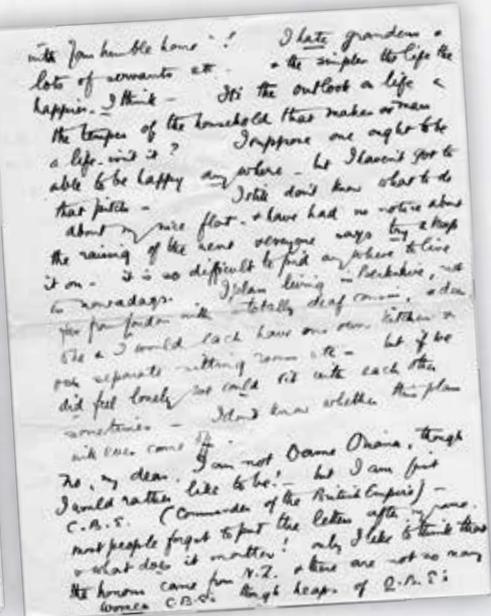
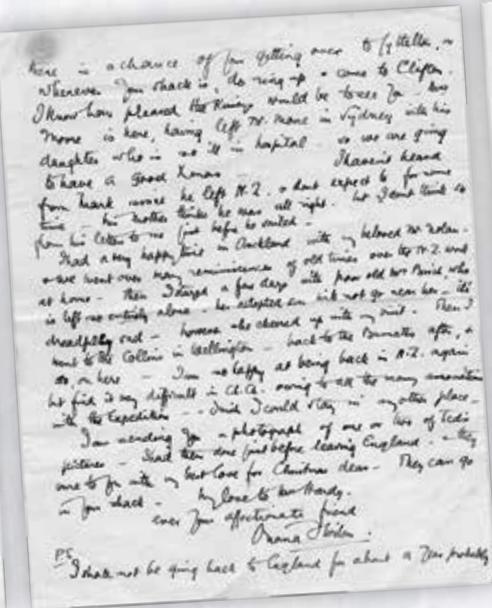
be cowed by circumstance, a refusal to mope. Her cheer, even after Bill's death, was contagious.

From a purely heritage perspective, this shack is intrinsically valuable. Granted, New Zealand tourism is partly about adrenaline activities, bungee jumping, jet boating – but at regular intervals along the country roads there are much visited heritage sites labelled unambiguously: 'Historic Place'.

Oriana's shack is an 'Historic Place'. It began life as the meteorological Hut taken to the Antarctic by the *Terra Nova* for Captain Scott in 1911 but brought back in 1912, still in its wrapping. It was unloaded and dragged up from Lyttelton Harbour by mules to be erected on the Port Hills above Christchurch in the garden of the expedition agent, Sir Joseph Kinsey.



Letter from Oriana Wilson to her friend Anne Hardy relating to a miniature flag Edward Wilson took to the South Pole. Image courtesy Canterbury Museum: ms 64:2.



Letter from Oriana Wilson to Anne Hardy sent from Joseph Kinseys house on Clifton Terrace, where the 'shack' was built. Image courtesy Canterbury Museum: ms 64:5.

This is the kind of flat pack home that the early pioneers to New Zealand used, except those were even more basic 'V' frames. Oriana's shack was designed by Boulton and Paul, Ltd of Norwich, UK. It is of solid tongue and groove construction with lead roof decking, a teak veranda and flooring so hard that it breaks nails. It is the kind of light, easy to erect structure that the pioneering, post-earthquake residents of Christchurch are currently erecting on the rubble outside the red zone.

This shack is all that remains of Kinsey's Sumner property which was demolished in 2005. 2012 is centenary year of the fateful *Terra Nova* expedition. The shack seems a fitting memorial to the polar explorers that passed through and the unsung

heroines (as poet John Milton pointed out: 'They also serve who stand and wait', some of them, so effectively, that they are awarded a CBE.)

But it is unlikely that it will be protected. 'It is not registered. It is not listed,' despairs a spokesman at Historic Places Trust, Pouhere Taonga, 'It is not even pre-1900!' He refers me to the Christchurch City Council, a council inundated with more urgent requests from people whose homes have been destroyed. I refer myself to our UK Heritage Lottery Fund, a fund reachable only through a wall of words like 'evaluation', 'strategy' and 'data'.

The shack is currently in a private plot on Kinsey Terrace. If red tape, real and metaphorical, allowed, it could be disassembled and moved to a safer plot, near or perhaps in, Canterbury Museum where an example of a pioneer 'V' frame hut already stands.

The morning I left Christchurch, the television news announced that the council would be inspecting a cemetery in which human bones have surfaced in some of the graves. The process of liquefaction in the eastern suburbs is thought to be to blame. The past will not be buried. With sufficient funding, Oriana's shack, or 'Uncle Bill's Cabin', could, and should, be saved.



Inside of Christmas card sent from Oriana Wilson to friends in New Zealand. Image courtesy Canterbury Museum: ms 64:10.



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Crevasse

The tell tale crystal byway,
Smooth and straight the track,
Laid by no man, trod by no foot,
Deep wintered between white verges,
Road to adventure?
Road to oblivion.

A tap, a probe with the long ice chisel...
An indigo eye blinks open
And from dark unfathomable void
Gazes softly up at me,
Taunting me, tempting me.
"Come closer! Cone and follow!"
Thus speaks the silent seduction.

But what am I you one-eyed hag?
A fool?
Your enchantment is that of a sorceress
Luring me to your embrace
To chance delight against disaster
To dice with abyssal deal;
For of old do I know you:
Veiled, your gaping maw,
Cloaked, your cavernous belly,
Masked, your teeth of shining crystal,
Sharp and hungry for innocent traveller.
And yet...

Within that innocent, murderous stare,
A glimpse, a hint of beauty.
I will slice away your face of falsehood,
Strike off your mantle of deceit,
I will lay you naked to the sky.
And pluck the ice treasures from your deeps
Let the sun play his iridescent rays
Upon your fine cut glass
Your chiming chandeliers,
Your diadems
That no Dutch diamond cutter could equal.

How can such joy, such wonder
Be entombed in such a place of dread
You blue lack pit,
You mantrap,
You crevasse.

By Peter Noble