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the southern part of the island, afforded us the greatest scope for exploratory work; it was a land of wide sweeping glaciers and jagged mountain ranges whose summits, reaching up from the seracs and precipitous rock faces, towered thousand of feet above us, half hidden in a turbulent and cloud-swept sky. After hauling our sledges over a 4,000 foot pass we made our way down towards the Novosilski Glacier from where a trig. station was later carried out from the top of a 7,200 ft. peak, the greatest height ever reached in South Georgia. When camped at the head of the most southerly Glacier flowing into Drygalski Fjord, we were assailed by a violent blizzard which blew steadily and unremittingly for 8 days and nights, burying our tents beneath heavy drifts of snow and putting us well behind our schedule.

We left Base Camp at the beginning of March for our fourth and last journey. Our route up the Neumayer Glacier was undertaken in a race against bad weather and time and the going over the heavily broken and crevassed glacier was the toughest we had yet encountered. However, within 5 days we were encamped on the Kohl-Larsen Plateau (2,860 ft.) and, after being laid up for 48 hours by a fierce blizzard, we awoke on the morning of the 14th to a fine and clear day. While three men went off to do a nearby survey, the remainder of us started to move camp. About midday a wind sprang up and a certain amount of drift began to blow, so we pitched tents. Shortly before the others were expected back, the five of us went out to meet them; the weather rapidly worsened with fierce winds and blinding snow. We missed each other and then, on making our way back to camp, we failed to find our tents. By evening, having been lost in the blizzard for some three hours and with darkness not far off, we realized that our survival in the open could only be a matter of hours — it was imperative to find some shelter. Shortly afterwards we found and entered a crevasse in a glacier where we spent the next 15 hours, without food and with a difficult problem to solve. Next morning, though the storm was still raging, we decided to make for the coast about 15 miles away. Buffeted by strong winds, half suffocated by swirling drifts, floundering through deep mounds of accumulated snow, we nevertheless managed to force a way across and, despite falling through innumerable hidden crevasses (we were without ropes), to reach the coast that evening alive.

The other three had in the meantime reached the tents but, after waiting two days for us in vain, had given us up as lost and made their way down to the coast too. So we eventually met up and while one party returned to the Plateau to complete the survey and salvage most of the equipment which had had to be abandoned there, the others returned to Base Camp to pack up and make ready for our departure.

On March 31st we sailed round to Leith Harbour (the British whaling station) and there went aboard the tanker "Southern Garden". Three days later we sailed away and before long the rugged coastline of South Georgia, our home for many months disappeared from view. Three weeks later we called in at the Cape Verde Islands to refuel and then we were once again on the high seas, heading into warmer weather. On May 6th we steamed up the busy Thames estuary and that same evening tied up in Tilbury Harbour.

ABSCHIED VON BARTHOLDI'S RESTAURANT.

I ha gmänt es seg en Gschpass
wo's mer gsäät händ: "Sie tüend zue!"
Dötte-n-a de Charlott Gass
Macht me halt no öppe t'Chueh.

Nöd bloss wegem guete-n-Esse
sömmer zom Bartholdi choo,
me-n-isch gern dött ane gsässe
zom e chli en Schwätz abloo.

För e Stöndli (oder mee!)
isch-me gse wie-n-i de Schwiz,
Trääne hätt's vor Lache ggee
über mengem guete Witz.

Fabrikante, Rentiers,
Geschäftslüüt au, vo alle Sorte,
hätt me troffe dött ond gsäh
os de meischte Schwizer Orte.

Vo de guete-n-alte Zitt
händs vill gredt, von nünzger Johre,
aber au die machet mit
wo erscht schpöter sönd gebore.

Aber jetz isch alls verbii,
Gselligkeit ond Bärnerplatte;
Gömmmer näbe-n-anderscht hii
Isch es doch bloss wie-n-en Schatte.

Doch mer wönn'd die Sach verstoh,
Em Meischer tuets jo selber weh,
mer chönn'd jo no in Lade goo
ond chaufet dött jetz omso mee!

D. B. Dabby.

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