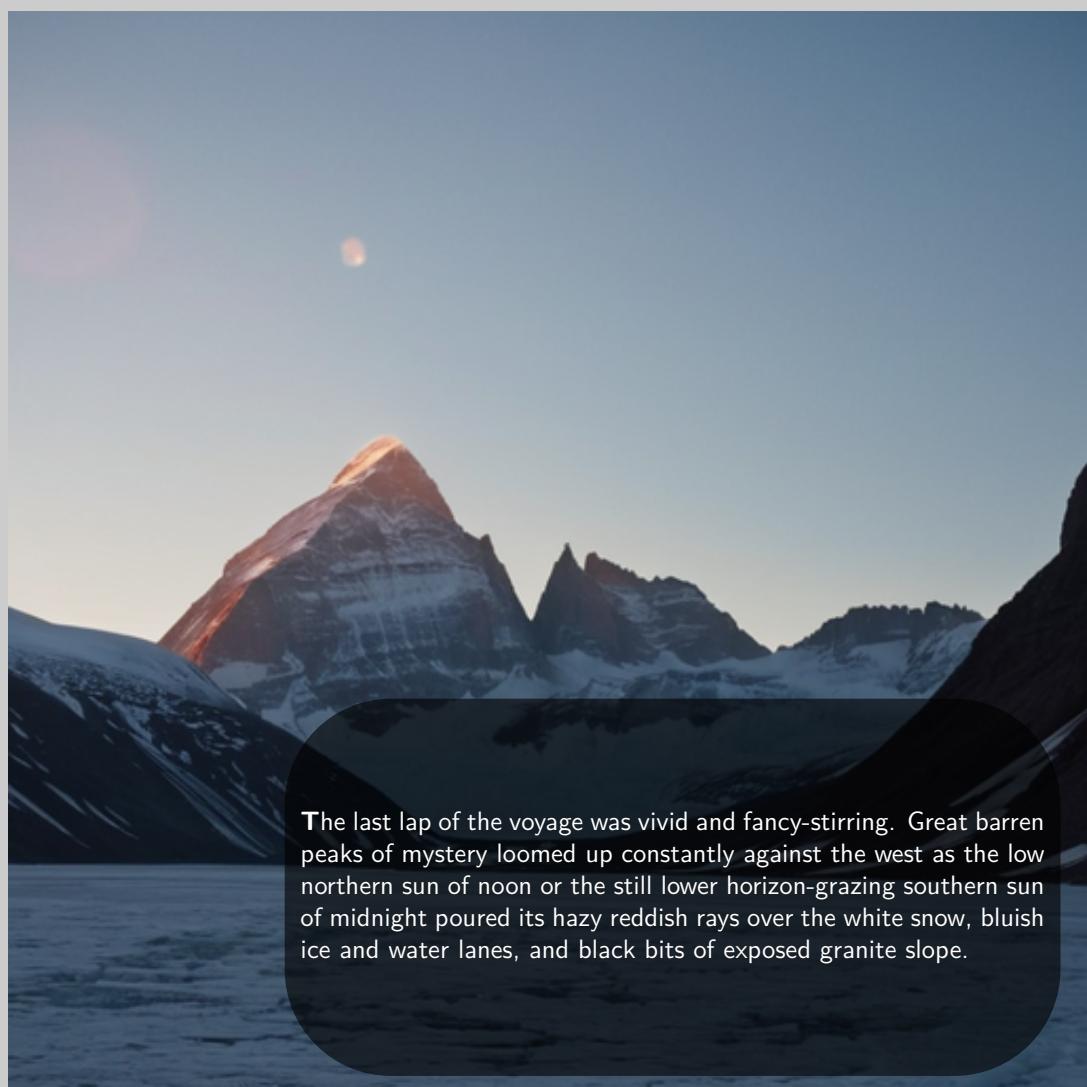
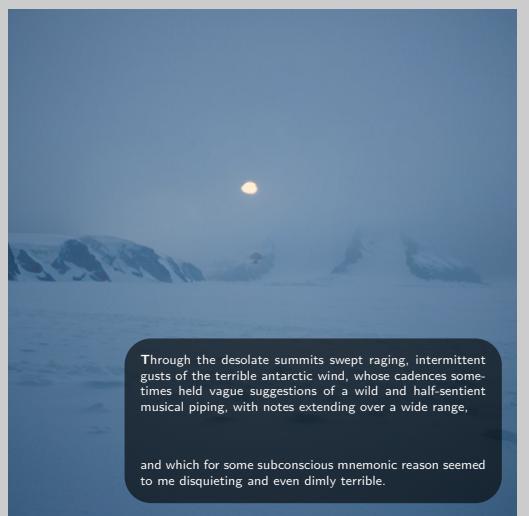


The last lap of the voyage was vivid and fancy-stirring.

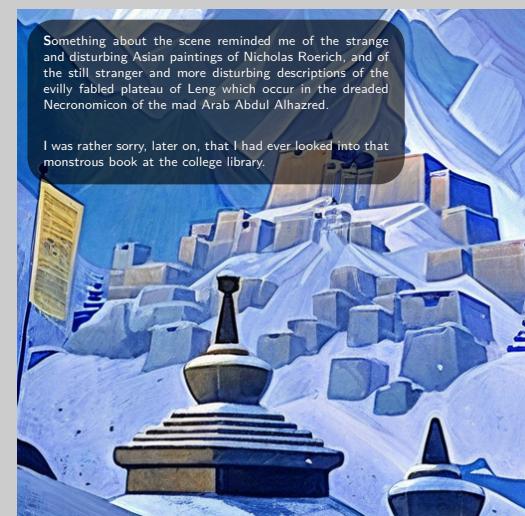


The last lap of the voyage was vivid and fancy-stirring. Great barren peaks of mystery loomed up constantly against the west as the low northern sun of noon or the still lower horizon-grazing southern sun of midnight poured its hazy reddish rays over the white snow, bluish ice and water lanes, and black bits of exposed granite slope.



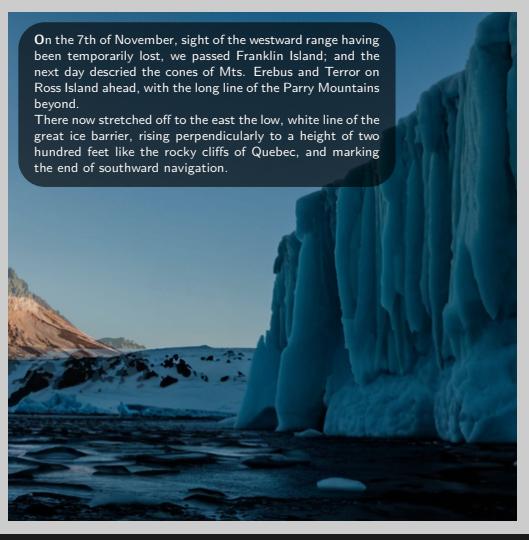
Through the desolate summits swept raging, intermittent gusts of the terrible antarctic wind, whose cadences sometimes held vague suggestions of a wild and half-sentient musical piping, with notes extending over a wide range,

and which for some subconscious mnemonic reason seemed to me disquieting and even dimly terrible.



Something about the scene reminded me of the strange and disturbing Asian paintings of Nicholas Roerich, and of the still stranger and more disturbing descriptions of the evilly fabled plateau of Leng which occur in the dreaded Necronomicon of the mad Arab Abdul Alhazred.

I was rather sorry, later on, that I had ever looked into that monstrous book at the college library.



On the 7th of November, sight of the westward range having been temporarily lost, we passed Franklin Island; and the next day descried the cones of Mts. Erebus and Terror on Ross Island ahead, with the long line of the Parry Mountains beyond.

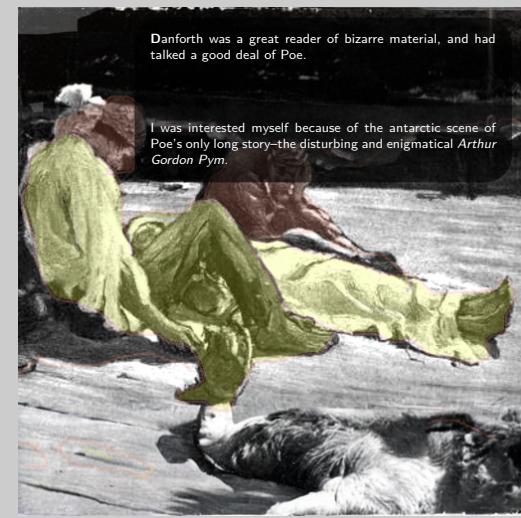
There now stretched off to the east the low, white line of the great ice barrier, rising perpendicularly to a height of two hundred feet like the rocky cliffs of Quebec, and marking the end of southward navigation.



Puffs of smoke from Erebus came intermittently, and one of the graduate assistants—a brilliant young fellow named Dainforth—pointed out what looked like lava on the snowy slope,

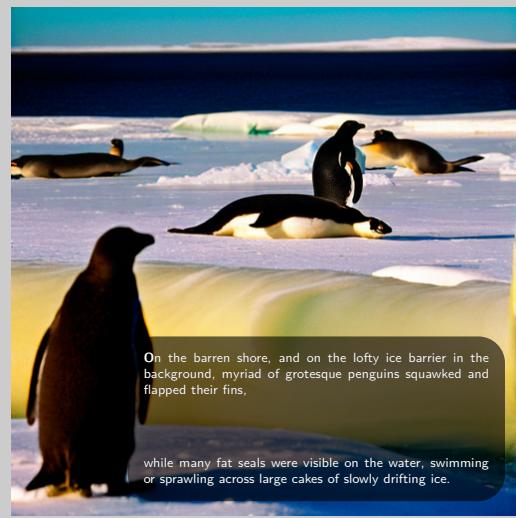
remarking that this mountain, discovered in 1840, had undoubtedly been the source of Poe's image when he wrote seven years later:

The lavas that restlessly roll
Their sulphurous currents down Yaanek
In the ultimate climes of the pole
That groan as they roll down Mount Yaanek
In the realms of the boreal pole



Danforth was a great reader of bizarre material, and had talked a good deal of Poe.

I was interested myself because of the antarctic scene of Poe's only long story—the disturbing and enigmatical *Arthur Gordon Pym*.



On the barren shore, and on the lofty ice barrier in the background, myriad of grotesque penguins squawked and flapped their fins,

while many fat seals were visible on the water, swimming or sprawled across large cakes of slowly drifting ice.



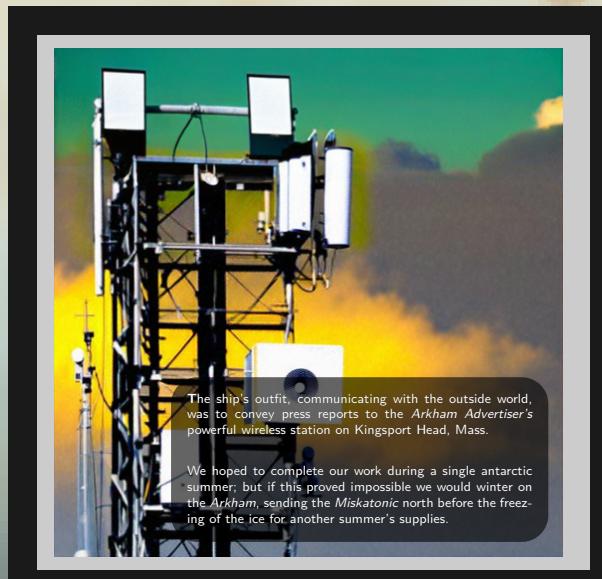
Using small boats, we effected a difficult landing on Ross Island shortly after midnight, on the morning of the 9th, carrying a line of cable from each of the ships and preparing to unload supplies by means of a breeches-buoy arrangement.

Our sensations on first treading antarctic soil were poignant and complex, even though at this particular point the Scott and Shackleton expeditions had preceded us.



Our camp on the frozen shore below the volcano's slope was only a provisional one, headquarters being kept aboard the *Arkham*.

We landed all our drilling apparatus, dogs, sledges, tents, provisions, gasoline tanks, experimental ice-melting outfit, cameras, both ordinary and aerial, aéroplane parts, and other accessories, including three small portable wireless outfits—besides those in the planes—capable of communicating with the *Arkham*'s large outfit from any part of the antarctic continent that we would be likely to visit.



The ship's outfit, communicating with the outside world, was to convey press reports to the *Arkham Advertiser*'s powerful wireless station on Kingsport Head, Mass.

We hoped to complete our work during a single antarctic summer, but if this proved impossible we would winter on the *Arkham*, sending the *Miskatonic* north before the freezing of the ice for another summer's supplies.