

COMMANDER EVANS TO VISIT PEMBROKE

Commander Evans, C. B., R. N., the Second in Command of the British Antarctic Expedition of 1910-1913, is so saturated with the idea of his own un-importance; he is so sublimely indifferent to what others may think of him, and so impressed with the degree of importance that should be given to the expedition itself, to Captain Scott and to those other heroes who died after giving to the world the best that was in them to give, that it is difficult at times to realize when—listening to his account of what took place down in "The Frozen Hell"—that it was he and no other who is the remaining, living chief character in the play that was enacted with such realism in the name of science and in the cause of the further enlightenment of the human race. When Evans tells of what was done by "the second in command," or by "the party in charge of the second in command," it is not always quite clear to the listeners that it is he, the speaker, who was the leader at this particular time; that it was to him that we are indebted for what was done; that it was he who has brought to the outer world the results of the

channels and brought harmony out of discord; had the diverse views of the various departments brought about something bordering upon dissension,—it was Evans who carefully led the men back to a sane and safe elimination of what was objectionable in the line of debate.

Evans was leaned upon by Scott at every turn. It was Evans whose counsel brought about this remedy or that advance; it was Evans' judgment that was sought and followed when the mental faculties of the others were dimmed and clouded by too long tension upon some one thought or plan of action; and once in command, never did the men waver in their obedience. Yes, once they flatly refused to obey orders—when Evans ordered them to leave him and seek safety for themselves—unhampered by his dead weight. Evans was the last to leave Scott, and to see him alive. With two companions he had almost gone to the pole with Scott, reaching 88 degrees, 35 minutes, when he in turn had to start on the homeward journey. But the hardship has done its work and he was eon down with scurvy. Ill beyond expression, har-



COMMANDER EVANS

The Gallant Officer Who Was the Last Man to See Captain Scott Near the Pole.

expedition that has meant so much to the cause of heroism and to the advancement of the world's knowledge of the frozen south.

As a matter of fact, it was Evans who took upon himself the brunt of many a petty hardship, to relieve the man in charge of the expedition and to permit him to remain at the front, unhampered by the worries of the details that go to make up the life of any company of men who are devoting their lives an expedition of like nature—an undertaking as the proposed discovery of a pole. There never was an expedition of like nature—and expedition that made such demands upon the patience and good nature of the members of the company; that kept its men in close quarters, isolated from all other companionship but their own—that was brought to termination with so little friction. It is usual in such companies to find animosities, strifes, hatreds engendered by the very fact of the constant rubbing against one another's private lives; it is the record of every other such an attempt to herd men in such close quarters for so long a time that the very fact that the men could not get away from one another for an hour's respite worked havoc among them and bred such rancor that outbreaks were frequent and disastrous to the ultimate good of the undertaking. That no such displays of temper were recorded during this expedition was due in large measure to the thoughtfulness of Commander Evans. Did the men find stories dull and tedious and too often rehearsed, another form of entertainment was planned for the long evenings. Photographic reminders tell the outer world of hours spent with illustrated lectures and informal talks upon lands seen by only one or at most a few of those in the little company; lectures upon topics intimately connected with the work in hand, and lectures upon matters as far removed from the day's drudgery as could be planned. One of the pictures in the Scott book shows a table at which the men are seated, enjoying the dinner given by Captain Scott on his 43rd birthday; others show the games in which the men participated, out doors and in. Was one of the men ill, it was Evans who consulted with the doctor about the case and cheered up the invalid, did discouragement brood heavily over their after supper conversation, it was Evans who tactfully turned

the subject of discussion into other channels and brought harmony out of discord; had the diverse views of the various departments brought about something bordering upon dissension,—it was Evans who carefully led the men back to a sane and safe elimination of what was objectionable in the line of debate.

Evans was leaned upon by Scott at every turn. It was Evans whose counsel brought about this remedy or that advance; it was Evans' judgment that was sought and followed when the mental faculties of the others were dimmed and clouded by too long tension upon some one thought or plan of action; and once in command, never did the men waver in their obedience. Yes, once they flatly refused to obey orders—when Evans ordered them to leave him and seek safety for themselves—unhampered by his dead weight. Evans was the last to leave Scott, and to see him alive. With two companions he had almost gone to the pole with Scott, reaching 88 degrees, 35 minutes, when he in turn had to start on the homeward journey. But the hardship has done its work and he was eon down with scurvy. Ill beyond expression, har-