

In 1871, a young newspaper reporter...



dreamed of becoming a polar explorer.

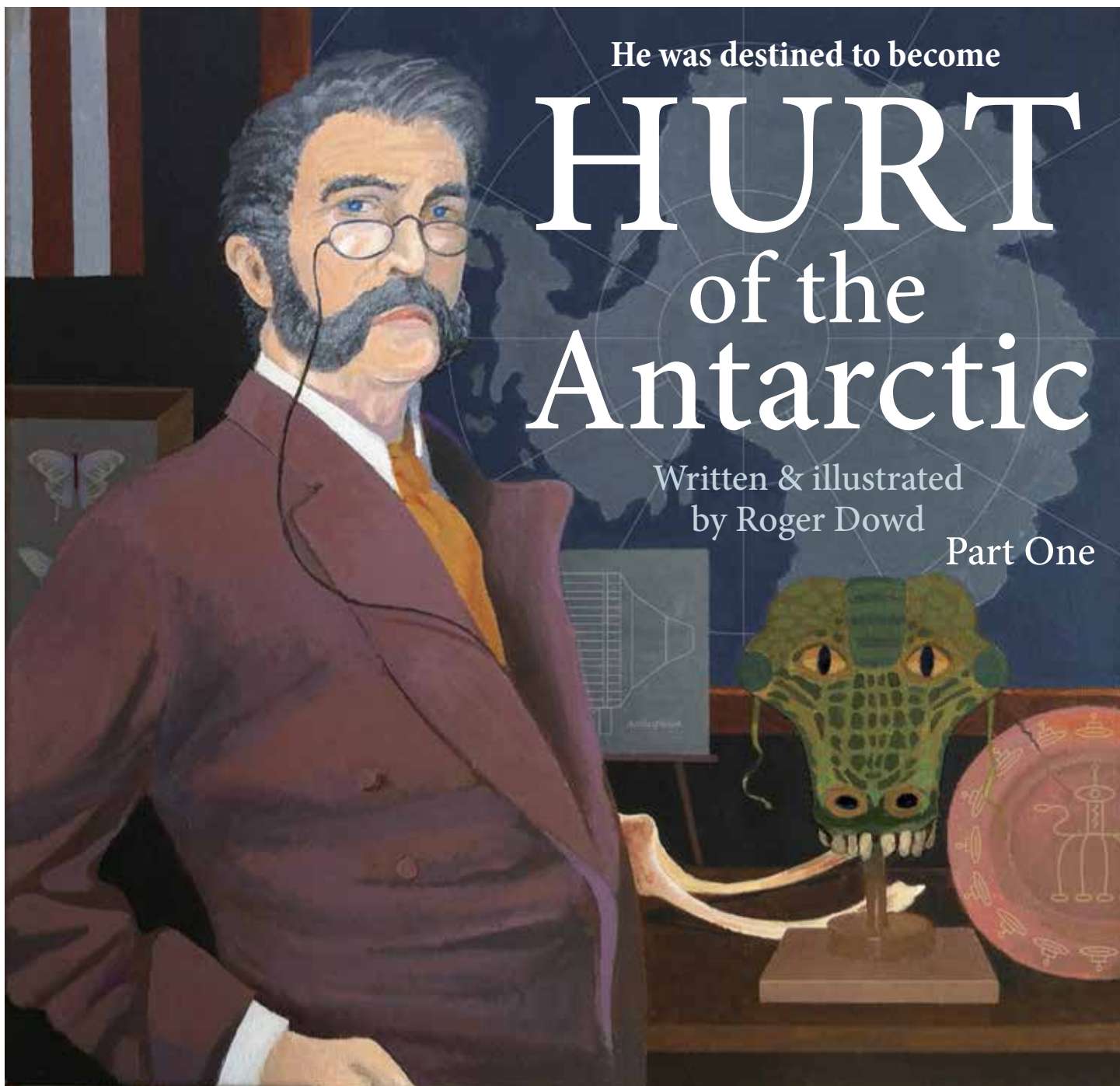


He was destined to become

HURT of the Antarctic

Written & illustrated
by Roger Dowd

Part One





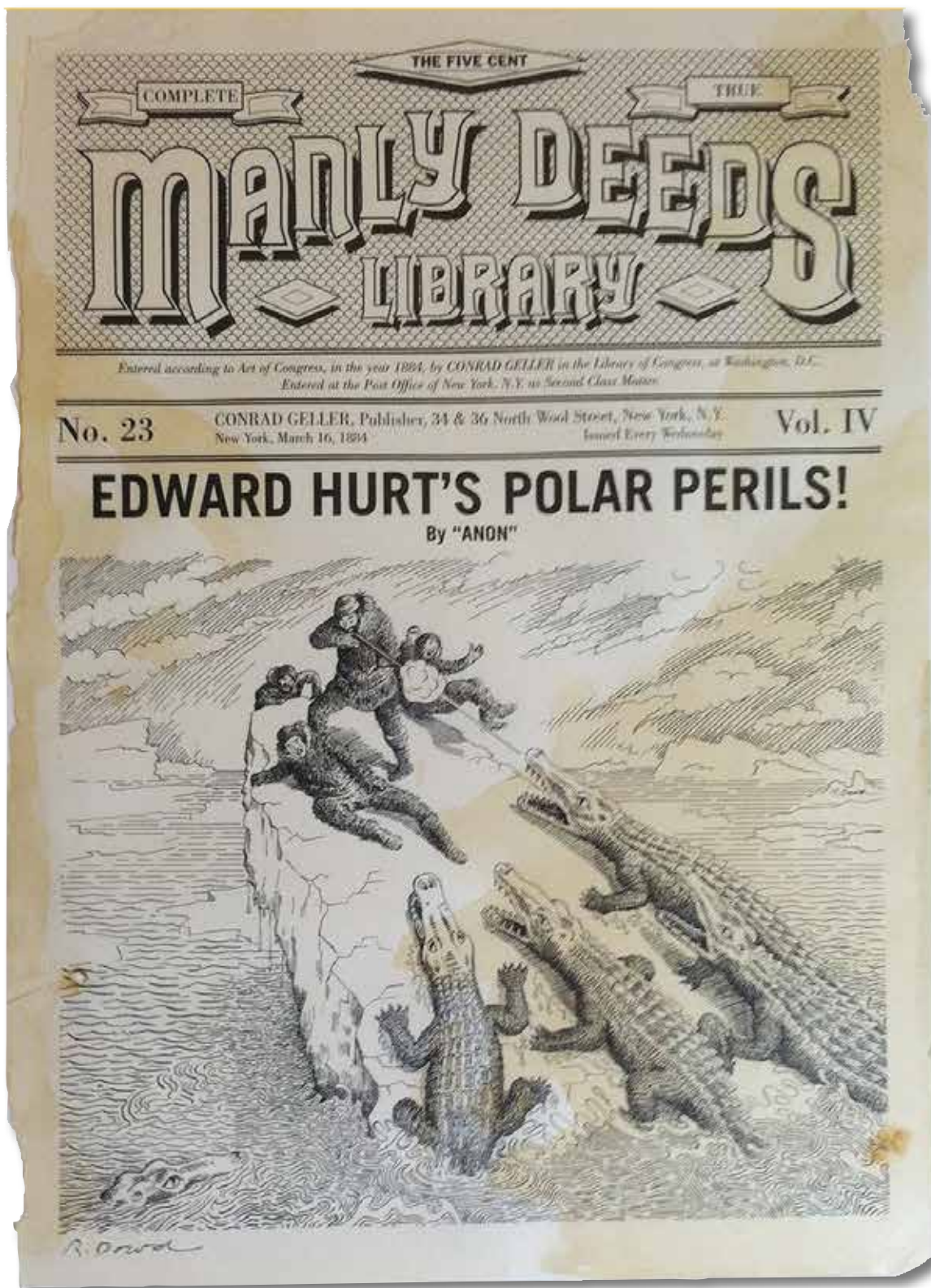
This *Orde van de Keizerspinguin* (Order of the Emperor Penguin) medal was presented to Edward Hurt by King Leopold II of Belgium on August 23, 1892. The arch colonialist “Builder King”, emboldened by his usurpation of the Congo, had cast his eyes on Antarctica. In Edward Hurt, he saw a bold adventurer like Henry Morton Stanley who just might help him acquire more territory for his kingdom.

Cover: Portrait of Edward Hurt ca. 1891, recently discovered in the archives of The Hermitage, Saint Petersburg, Russia. Artist unknown.

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Note: This is a work of historical fantasy comprised of entirely of fabricated artifacts.

In the late 1880s, Edward Aaron Hurt's polar exploits were universally heralded. In fact, they were often fictionalized to a fantastic degree, as seen in this cover of *Manly Deeds*, a popular "penny dreadful" of the day. Today, the Hurt Expedition to uncharted regions of Antarctica is all but forgotten.



Manly Deeds was just one of the many journals of the period that serialized fantastic yarns about cowboys, celebrities and popular heroes. When questioned about this cover story's fanciful depiction of unverified events, publisher Conrad Geller said his publications were meant to be inspirational. "Like virgin marble", he said, "young impressionable minds need to be chiseled early to form the ideal virtues of manliness." As for this particular account of the Hurt Expedition, he insisted that it was "all true!"

No less fantastic than polar ice alligators is the story of Edward Hurt's personal journey. It began as a life of comfort graced by financial success and evolved into to a saga of daunting hardship and surreal adventures. For reasons that will be explained in due course, his is a story that can be told only in fragments. We are pleased to announced that this is the first exposition of its kind since the glow of Hurt's reputation began to ignominiously fade around the turn of the twentieth century. We, however, hope to give the controversial explorer his due.

Roger Dowd
Brockport, New York. 2023

The Unlikely Explorer

As a young newspaper correspondent for *The Brooklyn Clarion*, Edward Hurt reported on the departure of Charles Francis Hall's 1871 expedition to the North Pole. From the docks of the Brooklyn Navy Yard, the young journalist watched longingly as the *Polaris* set sail and rode the outgoing tide to the Narrows of the Hudson River. As it disappeared from view, he regretted that he was not on board and was, instead, a mere landlubber with a desk job.

Hurt revered Charles Francis Hall. By 1869, the famous Arctic explorer had two remarkable expeditions to his credit. Before any of his polar journeys, Hall, too, had been a newspaper man and was the proprietor of *The Cincinnati Occasional* and *The Daily Press*. When his obsession with polar exploration took hold, he sold his business, bid his wife and two children goodbye and signed on with a whaling ship out of New London, Connecticut, destined for Baffin Island*. He was to live among the Inuit (also known as Nunatsiarmiut) for a winter season to learn their ways of hunting, travel and survival.

For a time, Hurt was to continue in his career as a journalist and go on to make a considerable fortune through his labors as a publisher and editor of general interest newspapers and journals. His publications offered readers a potpourri of subject matter; from sports, politics and society gossip to child rearing advice, feminine beauty tips, proper etiquette pointers and book reviews. His something-for-everyone periodicals were very popular and were often sponsored entirely by patent medicine manufacturers. In those arrangements, not only would Hurt garner revenue from a publication's newsstand sales and subscriptions, he would earn commissions from the sale of the medicines and nostrums he advertised.

A staunch supporter of "The Stalwarts", a conservative wing of the Republican Party, Hurt was also the recipient of substantial political patronage during the faction's heyday from 1874 to 1885 when he landed lucrative government printing jobs that kept his state-of-the-art steam-driven presses humming. His flagship publication, *The New Dorp Stalwart*, based in New Dorp, Staten Island, was launched in 1875 and actively championed Chester A. Arthur when the would-be President was still Collector of the Custom House of



Edward Hurt (ca. 1870)

(Continues on page 4)

* Baffin Island in the Canadian territory of Nunavut, is the largest island in Canada and the fifth largest island in the world. Its area is 507,451 km² (195,928 sq mi). It was here that Hall found relics of Sir Martin Frobisher's attempts to mine gold on his third expedition in the 16th-century.

Mr. Chester A. Arthur: A True Stalwart

President Hayes did our thriving region a great disservice and impugned the sterling reputation of an honorable civil servant when he dismissed Chester A. Arthur from the post of Collector of the Customs House of New York. We know of no more honorable public steward than Mr. Arthur who is, above all, a tried and true Stalwart. His principals are Jeffersonian in the spirit of our Republic's first true Republican and, as such, do not merit censure, let alone dismissal.



The Hon. Chester Alan Arthur

On the contrary, we ask if it is a crime to support the rights of civil servants to participate fully in the process that is the cornerstone of our democratic republic. Who knows better the aspirations of the American people than those stout-hearted men who serve the public in the course of their working lives?

The President and his Half-breed supporters have done everything short of declaring war on a tradition that has been the noble legacy of his eighteen predecessors. Why do Half-breeds so fear the time-honored vicissitudes of political change? We say they are afraid of progress! Under the banner of impartiality they would fill our nation's civil service posts with disinterested functionaries more concerned about their wages than with the public's welfare.

This past week we had the pleasure of conversing with the affable Mr. Arthur over a light lunch of oysters and ale at New York's redoubtable Delmonico's. The elegant civil servant comforted us when he said there was no need to lament his change in public fortunes. His current situation, he assured us, was only temporary. The manly Stalwart is a political veteran and no stranger to slings and arrows. He smiled wryly and observed, "I am like the proverbial opossum. When I am assailed, I close my eyes and lay as still as a stone. However, I am not dead by any means."

We pray for his political resurrection.

Edward Aaron Hurt
Publisher
28 September, 1878

The New Dorp Stalwart is published fortnightly by Edward Aaron Hurt, who is the publisher, editor and sole proprietor. We owe no allegiance to any political organization other than the Stalwarts of the Republican Party. Our primary mission is to voice the Truth no matter how vexing it may be to those who disagree with us.

THE NEW DORP STALWART
Volume 3, Number 18 • MDCCLXXVIII
Bridge Street, New Dorp, Staten Island, New York

*Here the young author mixes his Greek mythology. Odysseus, also known by the Latin variant Ulysses, was a legendary Greek king of Ithaca and the hero of Homer's epic poem the Odyssey set before the Trojan war, around 1300 B.C. The Argonauts of ancient Greece, on the other hand, were a band of heroes in Greek mythology, who in the years before the Trojan War, accompanied Jason to Colchis in his quest to find the Golden Fleece. Their name comes from their ship, Argo, named after its builder, Argus.

-Editor

Hurt's editorials, like this one in The New Dorp Stalwart, caught the attention and earned the gratitude of Chester Arthur before his political fortunes changed dramatically in 1881. Vice President Arthur was to become the 21st U. S. President in the wake of President James Garfield's assassination.

The thirty three year-old Hurt was enchanted by Charles Francis Hall. He authored this laudatory piece for The Brooklyn Clarion in the summer of 1871. Although Hall's Polaris expedition was to cost him his life and end in disaster for his ship and crew, his example was to be a lasting inspiration to Hurt.



Commander Charles Hall

Charles Hall's Polaris Expedition Embarks THE POLARIS IS READY GREAT HOPES FOR AMERICAN GLORY!

The newly rechristened Polaris sailed out of Brooklyn Harbor on the morning tide yesterday, 29 June, 1871, with her bold course set to the northernmost latitudes of the globe, if not the North Pole itself. Such is the resolve of her illustrious Commander, Charles Francis Hall. The Polaris is named for the North Star which is to be her protector on her long perilous journey and guide to her destiny in the vast unknown.

Fare Thee Well, O Polaris!

Let neither icebergs nor polar bears nor savage esquimaux indians thwart you in your noble quest! Your master is no stranger to the vicissitudes of polar endeavours, being the Odysseus of two previous arctic voyages that brought him great acclaim and honor to his proud nation. Commander Hall's strong hands will clasp your wheel and, G_d willing, your course will be steady. Stay true to your namesake, the North Star, and you shall never falter. Our prayers are with you and your gallant Argonauts.


- Edward A. Hurt
Correspondent



New York. "We know of no more honorable public steward", Hurt said of Arthur. Six years later, in the wake of the assassination of President James Garfield, then Vice President Arthur was sworn in as the new President. He was not to forget the Staten Island publisher's personal and party loyalty. As events were to prove, the Arthur administration was a godsend to Hurt's aspirations as a polar explorer.



ADVERTISEMENTS 9

Throughout her long and glorious reign, Queen Nefertiti, whose name means "a beautiful woman has come," was adored for her radiant youthful beauty. According to ancient legend, the grateful sun god Aten awarded her with the gifts of health, longevity and everlasting beauty when she proclaimed him lord of her realm. His gift is now available to all modern ladies.


Patented
Lotus of the Nile
Formula

Queen Nefertiti's Radiant Youth Tonic

*May be administered
topically or systemically*



You will feel like a Queen

Prolongs Youthfulness While Preserving the Complexion & Skin

Beware of Counterfeits.

The formula for this tonic, long lost to history, is the recent discovery of distinguished Egyptologist and apothecary, Stanley Kuniewicz, who has spent a good part of his academic life deciphering the hieroglyphics in Egypt's Valley of the Kings. He is proud to share his beneficial discovery with American ladies.

Price: 75 Cents
Prepared by
Tervo & Kuniewicz

Bridge Street, New Dorp, Staten Island, New York

Hurt was in business with Tervo & Kuniewicz, the chemists who manufactured their exotic "Youth Tonic" in their apothecary next door to his office in New Dorp, Staten Island.

Pages like these were a main source of Hurt's wealth. A shrewd businessman, he knew how to exploit the demand for patent medicines. Ague, consumption, bilious fever and cachexy may sound sound like mysterious, quaint complaints to modern ears, but they were all too familiar to people of the nineteenth century. There was a great demand for cure-alls in an era when disease transmission and prevention was still poorly understood. The concoctions were mostly palliative and comprised of opiates with

little, or no, curative powers. Some medicines were actually harmful and contained high levels of toxic chemicals like lead and mercury. Beauty enhancers, then as now, were always in demand. Hurt was a business partner with many apothecary chemists. Towards the turn of the century, his involvement in what came to be called "quack" medicine was to be used against him, to the great detriment of his reputation as an explorer and his claims of discovery.

A Benefactor in High Places



President Chester Arthur

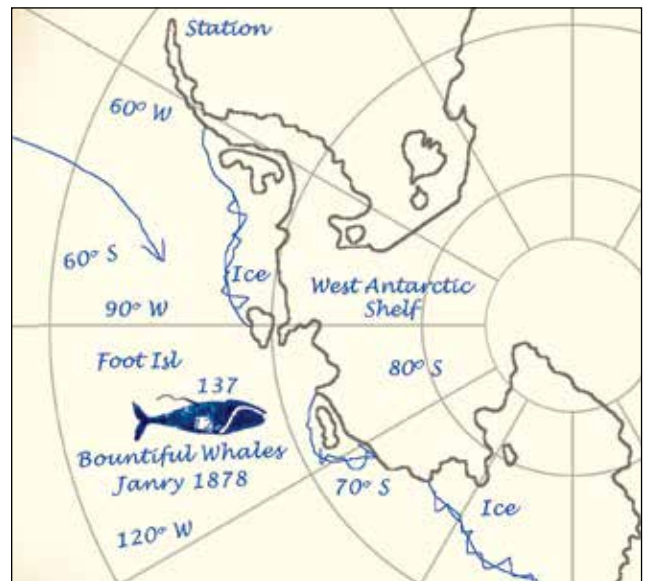
Shortly after Chester A. Arthur became President in late 1881, the First International Polar Year was established. Representatives of Austria, Denmark, Finland, Holland, Norway, Russia, Sweden, and the United States took part in the international Congress, deciding that from August 1, 1882 to August 1, 1883, thirteen arctic and two antarctic stations would be established by the nations and maintained for at least a year. Essentially, it was a territorial land grab in the guise of scientific altruism. President Arthur was quick to turn his eyes towards the South Pole which was comparatively uncharted. He was

also quick to remember the polar aspirations of the Staten Island Stalwart who had supported him years before. On January 1, 1882 President Arthur awarded a commission to Edward Hurt to command an expedition to Antarctica before, as he put it, “any more damned foreigners got to it.”

Sigma Octanis Beckons

By 1880, nearly a decade after the “Polaris Tragedy”, as Charles Francis Hall’s ill-fated expedition to the Arctic came to be called, the tragic hero’s example still cast a spell over Hurt. The Staten Island publisher, now middle aged, was buoyed by the thought that he had less cause for trepidation than Hall when it came to make a similar life-changing decision. He reasoned that his own Civil War experience as a midshipman aboard the *U.S.S. Bermuda* in a Federal blockade squadron in the Atlantic had prepared him well for life at sea. Albeit, it would be a sea that was always frozen for months, or even, years at a time. So it was that Hurt believed that he, too, could be a polar explorer!

Two years before President Arthur’s commission, Hurt had even begun planning an expedition of his own, to be funded entirely by himself and a few wealthy sponsors. He purchased a decommissioned sloop of war and had it repaired and refurbished for the venture. It was the steam sailer *U.S.S. forbearance* and it, too, had seen blockade service during the Civil War. Rechristened *Perseverance*, the seaworthy sloop was launched from its berth in Perth Amboy, New Jersey into the Kill Van Kull on October 1, 1881. Its beams and sides had been reinforced to face the hazards of ice bergs and pack ice. Its old steam engine was replaced by a new one that drove a four-bladed, 16 ft. diameter Hirsh propeller. When Hurt was summoned unexpectedly to the White House only two months later, its readiness for polar service seemed providential.



Whaling captains and their crews were very secretive about the good hunting grounds they may have discovered. This map fragment was among Hurt’s personal effects. It refers to “Foot Island”, which was not on contemporary maps and is not on modern day ones. Where it came from is a mystery. Perhaps he aquired it from an associate of his father-in-law, Captain Robert Mueller.

In 1882, like his benefactor in the Oval Office, Hurt had also envisioned a voyage to the South Pole. He had come to accept the fact that the cherished myth of a northwest passage through ice-free Arctic waters had always been nothing more than an alluring, treacherous fairy tale. He also knew that no glory was to be had in a region where at least eight nations were quibbling over possession of charted territories that few people would care to inhabit. It was the magnetic attraction of the South Pole that now tugged at him. The star he set his sight on was to be *Sigma Octanis*, the South Star of the earth's southernmost latitudes. If any fame was to be had by any intrepid explorer, Hurt believed, it was to be attained in the more remote and uncharted regions of Antarctica. From then on, *Sigma Octanis* and the shimmering lights of the *Aurora Australis* were to be his muses.

Mary Hurt's Familiar Role



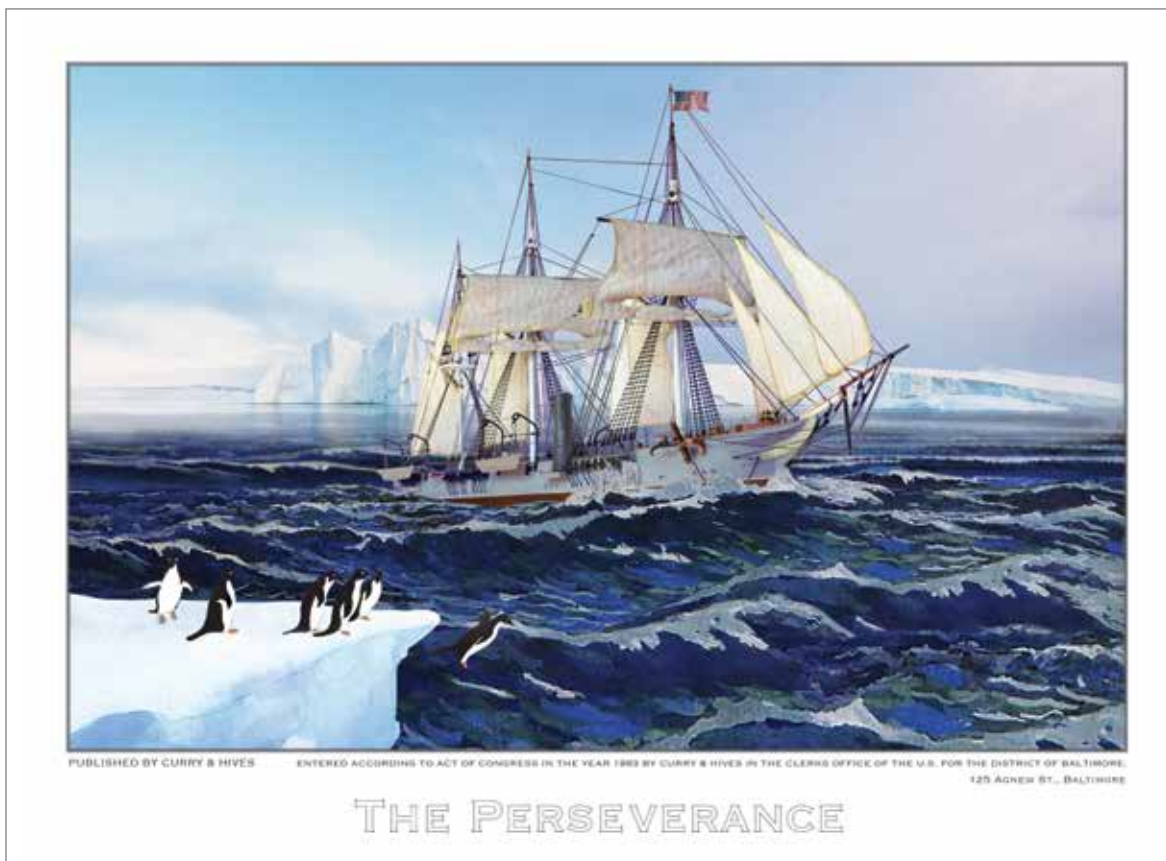
Hurt kept this cameo of Mary with him at all times. He cherished it as a talisman that would protect him in his darkest and most desperate hours.

Hurt married his high school sweetheart, Mary Mueller, a year after being mustered out of the Federal Navy in 1865. As the daughter of a sea captain and a sister to a brother who was the First Mate on a China Trade merchant vessel, Mary was accustomed to long separations from the men in her family as they spent years at a time chasing whales or plying the trade routes of the orient and east Africa.

Her husband's wanderlust was a surprise to her, however. On their wedding day on November 16, 1866, she was content to think that her dapper bridegroom was destined to be a life-long armchair explorer safely at the helm of his writing desk on Staten Island. Little did she suspect that her Edward, in his mind and heart, harbored dreams of broader horizons where grey skies met frozen oceans that were often blurred by blinding ice storms or enshrouded in perpetual darkness for many months out of the year.

Hail Columbia!

On the morning of July 4th 1882, the *Perseverance* embarked from Perth Amboy New Jersey on the outgoing tide. Crowds of well wishers cheered and waved their goodbyes from the shipyard's piers as the Keasbee Christian Seminary Band played "Hail Columbia" and other rousing patriotic tunes. It was only fitting that the auspicious occasion began on the nation's 106th Anniversary; the Hurt Expedition represented non-sectarian hope and glory to a nation that was still healing from the wounds of the Civil War.



This popular *Curry & Hives* print from 1883 commemorated the voyage that captured America's imagination.

MUSTER ROLL OF THE PERSEVERANCE EXPEDITION

Edward A. Hurt Commander

Alejandro Solorsano	Sailing & Ice Master	Dudley Field	Chief Engineer & Naturalist
Nathaniel Field	Assistant Navigator	Stefan Munz	Cook & Photographer
Lawrence Federico	First Mate & Surgeon	Craig Muirhead	Supply Officer
Enrique Tervo	Second Mate	Kimball Miskoe	Assistant Engineer
Richard Cavanaugh	Carpenter & Mechanic	Ramon Hooper	Fireman

Seamen

Felix Abscond	Thomas Fleet	Victor Corrienda	Philip Driven	William Begoney	Queequeg, Jr.
Sven Schussnig	Hans Ausgefuhrt	Pierre Puer	Vito Esecuzione	Joseph Tingler	Sidney Lost
Edvard Leffing	Arvid Hiihto	Manuel Miedo	Thomas Horizon	Max Van Unkempt	Alexander Doe
Marjak Zepft	Joseph Blow	Jesus Mirar	Mohammed K.	Ishmael Jones	Petter Spudd
Tooka Inu	Rufus Leakin	Oscar Hammer	Nicholas Vendor	Armand Nihilist	

For the most part, all of the officers and craftsmen aboard the ship were long standing friends and colleagues of Hurt's. They were "the right sort", as he would say. They were competent, though not exactly experts, in their respective fields. On their long voyage south there would be plenty of time for them to hone up on their areas of interest, he reasoned. The ship's seamen, on the other hand, were recruited by Mike Mattera, one of President Arthur's Stalwart political cronies from his old Roscoe Conkling* days. Hurt was grateful to be able to delegate this task to someone with close connections to the New York waterfront. However, as we shall see, this decision was to have disastrous consequences. To begin with, nine of Mattera's recruits jumped ship at the first port of call in Montevideo, Uruguay. No South American seamen could be found to replace them.

Discoveries and Dangers

The voyage to the Antarctic Circle was fairly uneventful. The seas below the tip of South America were unusually calm insofar as the usual gales and storms were not life-threatening. There was even time to land in Ushuala, Tierra Del Fuego to take on fresh water and hunt walrus. Chief Engineer and naturalist, Dudley Field, was delighted to have time to observe and make note of two remarkable finds in his artist's notebook. Within a week, however, the *Perseverance* had sailed into pack ice. The expedition's fortunes were about to change.



Dudley Field's sketchbook and notes:

"The Polar Platypus differs from its Australian relative in many ways. For one thing, it has venomous spurs on all four feet."

"This little fellow landed on our rigging and departed quickly. I had to draw him from memory. He looked like a Eurasian Hooploe (sic) but was a fisher bird in frigid waters"

8 *Roscoe Conkling was a prominent U.S. Republican leader best known for his control of political patronage as the Stalwart faction's boss in his home state of New York. Before becoming president, Chester Arthur was his loyal lieutenant.



Icebound. March 1883. The *Perseverance* is trapped in Antarctic pack ice. Such predicaments were always to be expected as winter approached in polar regions. Unfortunately, even under steam power and with reinforced hulls to break up ice, the ship was not able to reach a safe anchorage in a more sheltered location before winter's onset.

The photograph below created a sensation when it was discovered in 1971. Pulled from a gelatin film negative, it was one of several artifacts discovered in an Argentinian warehouse. It appears to be a photograph of Hurt among Pre-Columbian ruins. The lurid iconography of the ruins share some stylistic traits with Mayan and other Meso-American civilizations of the first millenia.

With the scant documentation available, not much else can be said about it.

Some scholars maintain that this photograph validates Hurt's most controversial claim of discovery; a previously unknown ancient civilization. In 1971 reknowned pre-Columbian archeologist Jonathan Baranowski translated the glyphs seen on the wall in the distance. (see page 10)

The interior of Mt. Terror, or Mt. Arthur as it came to be called,, was to unveil even more startling discoveries.





Archeologist Johnathan Baranowski's translation of the glyphs seen on the wall in the upper right

Commander Hurt's Model #356 Wollensak compass





The *Perseverance* is crushed by ice as Hurt looks on in despair.

Darkness and Disasters

The punishing winter that lasted more than eight months was an ordeal for everyone. Temperatures plunged to as low as -60°F (-51°C). Least prepared for life in nearly six months of darkness were the seamen who had little to occupy their time other than conserving their body heat, sleeping, and playing cards, which often led to fighting. Day by day it became apparent that they were all recruited without regard for their previous maritime service. Few had been on voyages venturing further north than southern Greenland or south of Argentina. To Hurt's discredit, discipline was very lax. Strict naval discipline should have been mandatory and enforced in such an undertaking. However, the entire enterprise was conceived as a quasi-scientific endeavour and not one to be managed under the auspices of the United States Navy, as it should have been. As events would show, in their idleness, the men plotted to desert and prepare for an escape as soon as the ice started breaking up.



That opportunity came earlier than expected and almost by necessity. The *Perseverance*, firmly embedded in the drifting pack ice, was constantly battered around by the strong cross 11

currents of other ice floes. As it broke up in the September thaw, the ice opened up wide sea channels that would close up again as quickly as they had opened crushing every natural or manmade object in their way.

On the morning of October 8, 1883, *The Perseverance* itself was crushed. At first, in the morning darkness, the men were awakened by a deep grinding sound. It felt like the ship might be lifted up on to the ice as it was squeezed by walls of ice. Then, slowly but surely, there were loud snaps one after the other as the bulkheads were crushed and the port side hull timbers smashed in. Within a few hours, all hands escaped overboard and spread out on to the ice. They rescued whatever they could. However, while the officers and engineers gathered together to plan a course of action, sixteen of the sailors commandeered two lifeboats. Then, according to plan, the seamen dragged them to an open channel, launched the vessels and headed north towards the open water on the horizon. During the long winter they conspired and secretly fashioned makeshift sails for just these circumstances; seeing to it that the crafts were fully equipped and provisioned. Six hours later, the *Perseverance* was swallowed by the ice. The treacherous seamen were never heard from again.

The desertion of those sixteen crew members was one thing. The loss of six more men was another. By now, the remaining castaways were all stranded out on the ice.



Unsteady on their feet as the pack ice breaks apart, the men attempt to rejoin the other crew members. They were not so fortunate. Within the next few days, (l-r) Richard Cavanaugh, Greg Muirhead, Alejandro Solorsano, Kimball Miscoe, Vito Escuzione and Ramon Hooper were carried away by the unpredictable currents. Miraculously, they were rescued by the *Anita Cleary*, an American whaling ship, thirty two days later.

Inexorably, and within a very short period of time, the ice under their feet started breaking up, forcing groups of men to become separated. Trapped on a small shelf of crumbling pack ice, six of them drifted out of sight without so much as a lifeboat. They had two horses, a tent and ample provisions. However, those provisions were also intended for the five men that were left behind.

The *Aeolusploion*

Hurt's adventurous spirit often turned to whimsical inventions that he embraced with more enthusiasm than reason. One such invention was the lighter-than-air *Aeolusploion* (GK: *aeolus* = wind, *ploion* = vessel) that he brought with him on the expedition. It was a hydrogen-filled, electric powered airship that was intended for use as an observation balloon or, possibly, a mode of transportation over vast stretches of polar ice. That certainly would have helped in the dire circumstances they found themselves in. The craft, with its electric motor-driven twin propellers and "wind rudder" had novel features that predated those of successful aircraft of the early twentieth century. Nevertheless, it was totally unsuitable for a region of the earth characterized by frequent sudden storms and gale force winds.

The airship had barely been tested, except for a partial inflation on a Staten Island cow pasture on a mild spring day. Even when it was deflated, it took up a tremendous amount of storage space aboard the *Perseverance*. Along with 40 tons of iron filings and 40 tons of sulfuric acid to produce the necessary hydrogen, it was, in the journal entry of engineer Kimball



Hurt gives instructions to several unidentified crew members. First Mate, Federico Lawrence, is at the rudders. Hydrogen for the craft was produced from sulfuric acid, iron filings and sea water. The dual propellers driven by a Franz Kravogl electric motor.



On its maiden Antarctic voyage, the *Aeolusplion* failed miserably. It rose to a height of a little more than one hundred feet and then slowly deflated, collapsing back on to the ice like a drowsy walrus. It was never inflated again and was left where it had floundered. In the trying months to come, the luckless craft was to become a salvation of the Hurt Expedition in a way that was as wonderful as it was unforeseen.

Miskoe, “a hideous beached cachalot* in the very belly of our ship”. The crew generally regarded the visionary craft as little more than ballast that encroached on their spare living quarters

**cachalot is another term for sperm whale*

Ever Onward

Bringing Tibetan horses along on the expedition was another of Hurt’s experiments. He had read about the nomadic horseman of Tibet who had trained their horses to live on meat. In the frigid Himalayan mountains good pasture and grazing lands are scarce. The ever imaginative explorer reasoned that if Antarctica, too, was devoid of pastureland, then why not bring the thick coated, carnivorous equines along to pull sleds and perform other tasks? They could be fed on seal meat, penguin, or, perhaps, fish. Unfortunately, the hardy animals were to serve the imperiled expedition in a more practical manner unforeseen by its commander; they became its emergency food source.



After butchering the remaining Tibetan horses for food, two unidentified expedition members haul a sled across the ice. This mask was used by one of the men to avoid snowblindness. The trek was exhausting and perilous. Three men died on the trek to Foot Island.

Despite the *Aeolusplion's* ignominious end, the editors of *Manly Deeds*, half a hemisphere away, could not resist depicting its historic ascent in Antarctic waters as a stunning success. They were not in contact with the expedition. The publisher of the tabloid, Conrad Geller, had heard of Hurt's trial flight of the experimental craft two years earlier in Staten Island. Oblivious to the expedition's travails, his passion for fantasy and a good yarn was not to be dampened. As a result, in the public mind, fantasy became reality, as there had been no reports from the expedition since its departure from South America. In the pages of *Manly Deeds* and other such publications, Hurt was depicted as a fearless commander in the face of dire circumstances. In due time, the public would learn that the actual occurrences were no less fantastic.

Manly Deeds Library • Vol. IV • No. 24



Into the Mists

With the collapse of the *Aeolus* and the loss of the horses, the remaining expedition members were faced with the arduous task of reaching solid land by trekking over crashing and crumbling ice floes. The nearest landfall was at the base of *Mt. Terror* on *Foot Island*, thirteen miles away. Hauling sleds containing their remaining provisions and equipment, the men had to follow whatever course was made available to them by the drifting ice, adding distance and precious time to their exhausting endeavor. Hurt had been so shaken by the loss of his ship and their dire circumstances that he was silent most of the time, not issuing a single command. Then, in the course of the trek, three men perished. Edvard Leffing, Arvid Hiito and Manuel Miedo slipped on one particular stretch of heaving ice and fell into a swift flowing channel. They were swept away before a rescue attempt could be made.

As soon as the castaways touched the terra firma of *Foot Island*, they were compelled to seek higher ground. Large blocks of ice were being thrust on to the shore by the currents and



The dreaded **Mt. Terror** turned out to be the expedition's refuge. Renamed **Mt. Arthur**, in honor of the American President, it was to be both a refuge and terror unlike anything they could have expected.

frenzied crosstides, threatening to trap or crush the men where they stood. The ice floe that had ferried them to the island crumbled apart as soon as it ran aground on the sharp rocks. It was their good fortune that a gradual escarpment of barely 15 degrees rose a few hundred yards from where they were, affording them a route off the beach to put themselves out of harms way. In their fatigued state, they trekked a much steeper upward grade to a plateau at 1,200 ft. where they found shelter under a granite ledge behind a ridge. It was a great relief to discover that *Mount Terror* was a geological thermal anomaly and not a threatening volcano as they had feared. Although the ground beneath their feet was stony and frozen, it was as welcoming as a feather bed in comparison to the rocking ice floes to which they had become accustomed. Quickly erecting their single flimsy tent and foregoing any more nourishment than what they had in their pockets, they turned into their soggy sleeping bags and quickly fell asleep.

Queek's Return

Among the sixteen deserters who had commandeered two lifeboats containing firearms and vital provisions to escape into open waters was Queequeg Jr., son of the illustrious harpooner of *Moby Dick* fame. Queek, as he was called by his shipmates, stood about 6 ft. tall with a muscular build and shared the menacing features of his warrior ancestors. With his numerous tattoos, drooping moustache, and head shaved bald, save for a topknot of long black hair that cascaded like braided rope to his broad shoulders, his ferocious appearance belied his loyal and gentle nature. Although he had forsworn hunting whales in the late 1870's, he still held on to the business end of his harpoon, forever carrying it in his knapsack as a juju to guard him against threatening forces of all kinds, physical and spiritual.

Events were soon to prove that Queek was very much his father's son when it came to his sense of honor. In the long dark months leading up to his shipmates' desertion, his faulty comprehension of English had led him to misunderstand their intentions as they secretly planned and prepared for their escape. On the fateful day of the *Perseverance's* destruction, he had joined them only because he thought they had all been ordered to board the lifeboats. An hour or so after their escape, when he realized the sinister truth, he considered the plotters' actions dishonorable. He drew his harpoon blade and demanded to be let out on the nearest ice floe so he could rejoin the stranded officers and scientists of the doomed ship. "True warriors stood by their comrades in the face of adversity!" Surprised by his demands, but glad to be rid of the man they called "The Cannibal" when he was out of earshot, the grumbling, cursing sailors let him jump out of the boat and onto a stretch of crumbling ice.

So it was that Queek, son of the noble Queequeg, was abandoned on the frozen sea with nothing more than the furs on his back, a small knapsack of seal meat, his good luck harpoon blade and his courage. He could see the peak of *Mount Terror* in the distance, beyond the

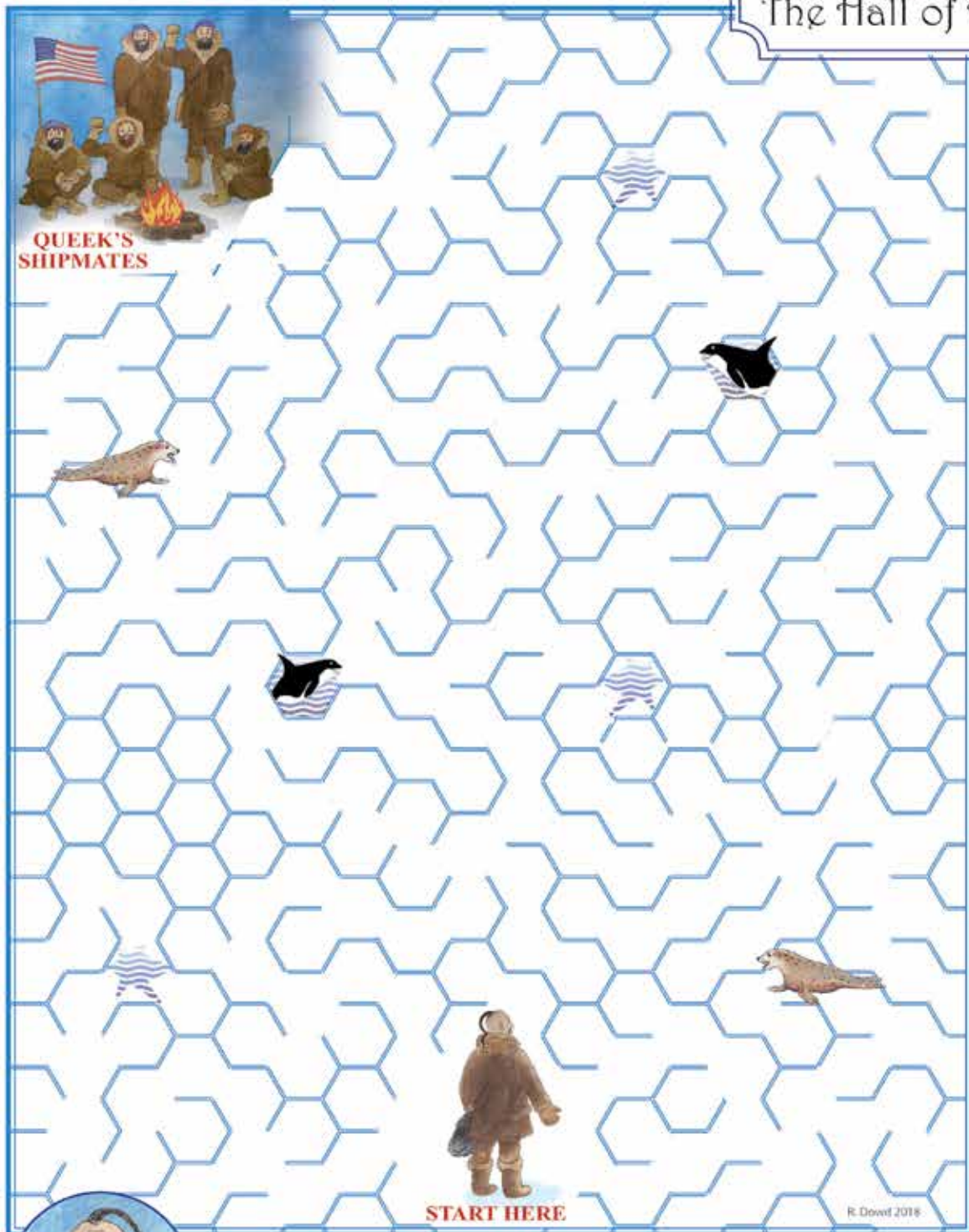


Queequeg Jr. with his JuJu

Professor Frolic's Fun For Boys and Girls Help Queek Find His Way!

World's
Columbian
Exposition
Chicago ~ 1893

The Hall of Heroes



Stranded and alone, Queek must find his way over the treacherous ice to join his shipmates. Can you help him? Beware! There are dangers!

Hole in the ice!



Killer Whale!



Leopard Seal!



R. Dowd 2018

expanse of jumbled ice floes. The castaways of the *Perseverance*, however, were nowhere to be seen. “My juju he show me way,” he said to himself. It was not a time to pause for reflection. Alone, with absolute faith in his spiritual advisor, Queek began his trek to Foot Island to rejoin his imperiled shipmates.

Deeper and Deeper

The sight of dense green vegetation nestled deep within the crater was a wonder none of the men could have anticipated or dared to have imagined. For quite some time, they stood in silence and stared in disbelief at what lay before them. By then, Commander Hurt had regained his composure which had been badly shaken by their ordeals. His journal entry on 3 February, 1886, the first in nearly two weeks, conveys a sense of wonder and hope stimulated by the realization that his expedition was entering truly unknown territory.

“The earthy fragrance of moist vegetation, carried by the chasm’s thermal updrafts, overwhelmed our senses which had been long accustomed to deprivation. After so many months out on the icy sea with its monotonous odor of frozen brine, and in the fetid air of our ship’s



Above. This recently discovered Photocrom was long believed to be a photograph of the 1880s Ernst expedition in New Zealand. It is, in fact, from the Hurt expedition. This color photographic process had been invented in the 1880s by Hans Jakob Schmid (1856–1924)

Left. In the decade to follow, Queek’s noble and heroic actions were to become legendary to a generation of school children. The World’s Columbian Exposition in 1893 featured this simple printed maze game in its “Hall of Heroes” pavillion.

holds, we had forgotten the smell of verdant life. It took a long while to regain our senses before we could turn out attention to more practical matters. We needed to depart the exposed summit of Mt. Terror as soon as possible and forge a trail into the deep interior of our discovery.

Our descent was slow and arduous. We would make our way over and around jagged outcroppings, only to retrace our steps if we were thwarted by rushing streams or expanses of rock slides too difficult to traverse. Nonetheless, with trial and error, we forged ahead. As we trekked deeper into our refuge's embrace, we began to hear the chirping of birds and the clicking of insects. The temperatures rose to nearly 60°F and gradually increased with every decline in elevation. Soon we shed our fur clothing and rejoiced to be clad only in our skivvies, laughing at the thought that we were like sheep that had just been shorn. Now we were free of our heavy winter coats! The steep cliffs seemed to radiate heat even though they were, in some places, coated with frost or sparkling with icicles. What a wonder this is, we thought. The melodious sounds of wildlife and rushing streams were underscored by the muffled rumblings of distant waterfalls. One cascade that graced the crater's broad vista plummeted more than 150 feet.

Despite our weary state and as enchanted as we were, we remained vigilant. Mindful of the timeworn adage "If it seems too good to be true, it probably is", we proceeded with caution, always on the lookout for hidden dangers. Geothermal activity is always driven by volcanism. Any number of noxious gases resulting from sudden eruptions could easily overwhelm and kill us. For all we knew, the billowy white mists that often clouded our path could contain lethal miasmas that we might not detect until it was too late.

For our safety, I ordered Chief Engineer Field to lead us in our cautious descent. In his vocation he had spent many hours in chemistry laboratories. I reasoned he



Queek calls out for his shipmates in this restored 1890's woodblock print by Japanese artist Rashadan Dogo. Queek's story and the Hurt expedition captivated the imaginations of artists the world over.

was the one member of our party most likely to recognize the odors of noxious gases or hazardous vapors if we happened upon them. To be sure, choosing Mr. Field to be our leader at this perilous stage of our journey was a dubious honor I had bestowed upon him. Nevertheless, he accepted the assignment with his usual good nature and remarked with a wry smile "So you want me to be like the canary in the coal mine, eh, Commander?!"

E. Hurt

It did not take long for the men to be reminded of their perilous circumstances. A few hours into their descent, after traversing expanses rock filled gullies and ravines, the ground beneath them suddenly began to tremble. Then, a loud bang as startling and concussive as a thunder clap knocked them to their knees. Instinctively, they flattened themselves and hugged the ground as the deafening rumble echoed off the canyon walls and gradually subsided, merging into the sound of boulders, stones and pebbles tumbling into the chasm's depths. The terror lasted barely twenty seconds before it dissolved into an erie stillness. The shipmates were accustomed to tumbling around on a storm-tossed ocean. but this was something entirely different. Chief Engineer Field was to write "the sound of our beating hearts afterwards lasted longer than the sudden malestrom".

As the men regained their senses and congratulated themselves at having survived the violent tremors without harm, they were startled by the sight that was right before their eyes. The cliff face that was barely fifty feet away revealed the skeletal remains of a prehistoric beast the likes of which they had only seen in the fossil collections of Yale paleontologist Othniel Marsh.*



This colorized version of a photograph discovered in 1970 shows Assistant Navigator Nathaniel Field standing next to the crater wall in the aftermath of the landslide that exposed the prehistoric creature's skeletal remains. Note the creature's expansive wing structure. A decade later, a nearly identical photograph of the same scene was discovered in the 1890's stereopticon image seen above.

Together Again

Without much further travail, as dusk approached, the men descended into the crater as far as they could. Hemmed in by cliff walls on all sides, they would have been able to go further only if they waded in any one of the many streams and followed their courses into the caves and culverts that now confronted them. In their exhausted state, no one was inclined to explore any further. That would come in due time. For now, the party was content just to find a clearing on some loamy soil, sufficiently sheltered by a canopy of oak-like deciduous trees. The spot seemed nearly idyllic and inhabited by a profusion of harmless wildlife. Colorful butterflies with strange markings fluttered everywhere. Nevertheless, the men remained vigilant. It took the bedraggled party two days to set up camp, get their bearings and begin to regain their strength.

By the fifth day of their encampment, the men had settled in and began to feel fairly safe and secure in their new surroundings. Nestled in dense forestation that blocked out most natural light even in the daytime, at night the six men huddled together around a cozy campfire that comforted them, heightening the camaraderie that had been forged by their shared hardships. The chattering, rustling and howls of nocturnal creatures, so menacing on the first day, were now very familiar. Those strange sounds had come to embrace them like the soothing



warm mists that arose from the nearby thermal springs. Deep in the mountain's bosom, night-time was dreamlike. By comparison, starless and moonless nights on turbulent seas had been much more frightening to the veteran seamen.

On this evening, however - close to midnight - the sudden appearance of a large silhouette stumbling into their midst made all of the men jump to their feet in alarm and reach for anything close at hand. Waving whatever they had at hand, they shouted menacingly, "Scat! Scat! Away, damn you!" at the approaching apparition. Hurt and Lawrence banged their mess tins with spoons. Munz waved a torch, scattering sparks in every direction. Engineer Field rattled the side of a barrel with an axe handle. But it was his grandson, the young Nathaniel Field who was the first to recognize the surprise visitor. "Well, blow me down", he exclaimed. "It's Queek!" Here was a shipmate no one had ever expected to ever see again. They had all written Queequeg Jr. off as just another one of the deserters who had left them stranded on the crumbling pack ice. He was the savage! "The Cannibal", as they had called him. Now, here he was looking haggard, but with a broad, grateful smile and holding out his arms. "Brothers! Brothers, I find you," he muttered plaintively. Touched by his meekness and careworn appearance, his shipmates quickly realized that he, too, had been left behind by the deserters. What they could not have imagined is that he had requested to be stranded, just so he could rejoin them!

The noble harpooner was exhausted by his long solitary journey. When he was about

The Fish Weir

One early morning, Queek and assistant navigator Nathaniel Field set to work building a weir to catch fish and eels. The unlikely pair had developed an easy camaraderie since the prodigal sailor's arrival. The young sailor and the seasoned harpooner shared a passion for fresh water fishing and quickly had their eyes on the cold swift stream that flowed near the camp. Featuring a narrow section that was shallow enough to wade across, it afforded an ideal spot for their enterprise. Their first task was arduous, taking two days to complete. They had to cut down nearly 200 suitable tree limbs to fashion sturdy wooden stakes. After that, they spent nearly three days driving the stakes into the stream's clay bottom, closely spacing them to form a tapering enclosure to corral their prey in the downstream current. Once that labor was completed, at the narrow end of the weir they fabricated a basket trap of woven twigs and reeds. The smaller eels and fish would slip through the trap easily enough. But, they reasoned, in the course of only a few hours enough bigger quarry would be trapped to provide all of the men with a day's hearty catch. It didn't take long for them to be rewarded for their efforts.

With their display of industry and ingenuity, Queek and Nate won all of the men's respect and gratitude. Queek was especially satisfied with the accomplishment. He was well aware that his return to the expedition presented a new challenge to his shipmates inasmuch as he would be another mouth to feed. He took comfort in knowing that any of the fish that were not readily eaten could be salted, smoked and preserved as provisions for whatever new challenges awaited them. Both he and Nathaniel were to provide further noteworthy surprises to their shipmates in the days to come.

to collapse face first into the fire, the men caught him, covered him with blankets and attempted to feed him some warm broth to revive him. But, by then, he had fallen into a deep sleep untroubled by heaving ice floes or sudden rock slides. Two nights were to pass before Queek would awaken.

The Indigestible Harehog

Chief Engineer Field's journal entry for the cuddly looking Harehog reflected a grave disappointment in the animal's potential as easy game. He was to write "*Harehogs are everywhere in these wilds. It appears that they have no natural predators. They certainly have nothing to fear from us. We were quick to discover that their flesh is so vile to the taste, the men say they would rather eat raw penguin meat than these creatures. As we depend on hunting for survival, this is not a comforting state of affairs.*"



A New Mission

In the days that followed, as their energies and spirits revived, it became increasingly clear to all the men that their refuge — cozy as it was — was a very strange place, indeed. There was ample game to be hunted, but the wildlife was both exotic and familiar, with many species displaying characteristics that suggested a kinship with similar wildlife in earth's temperate zones. An hour's hunt was sure to be bountiful. The rabbit-like harehogs were everywhere to be found, as were the unwary partatoos that resembled pheasants but had bright blue plumage and roosted on low tree branches. The streams and ponds teemed with fish.

What was most surprising, however, was the steady day-to-day evenness of the climate which was comfortable, but humid, owing to the numerous thermal emissions. In Antarctica, weather conditions are constantly changing, dramatically and often violently. Yet, in the basin of Mt. Arthur the temperatures consistently ranged from 60° F in early morning to 90° F in the

The providential Lilly Fish

Thanks to Assistant Engineer Field and Queek's fish weir, a bountiful catch of fish and eels became a dependable daily occurrence. Above all, it was the fortuitous presence of a unique species of fish that was to serve them well. Once again, Chief Engineer Field's illustrated journal tells the story: "*The markings of this heretofore unknown species of fish so closely resembles Neptune's trident, I thought it might be aptly called the Posiedon Fish in humble acknowledgement of their namesake. However, the lads are so taken with the creature's alluring blue eyes, they unanimously chose to name it The Lillian Russell Fish, or Lilly Fish, after the comely songstress who has won everyones' heart.*"





Eight of Dudley Field's butterfly specimens. No one would have believed that such colorful butterflies would be discovered below the Antarctic Circle. The markings on their wings were to be surprisingly recognizable to both Twentieth Century entomologists and ordinary citizens.

afternoon, day after day. As in the equatorial tropics, there would be a cooling rainfall in late afternoon. The downpour would last about ten minutes, nourishing the lush growth that included mysterious orchids, vines and fungi that sheltered a profusion of insects, reptiles and other creatures. After the routine cloud bursts, an appreciative chorus of frogs and crickets would accompany the pattering sounds of dripping leaves and gurgling streams. Otherwise, from daybreak to evening, hazy sunlight prevailed, as if controlled by the dilation and closing of the crater's rim at its very summit. The question arose; could there possibly be daylight in the crater during the six months of constant darkness during the long polar winter when dead of night and numbing temperatures of -60° F are a fact of life? Without daily sunlight and warmth, at the earth's southern extremity, how could such a profusion of flora and fauna be accounted for in the lovely refuge that harbored them? Engineer Field was not the only man who grappled with that question. On 9 March, 1886, Hurt made this entry in his diary:

"We need to know more about our strange world but we cannot stay here forever. I have commanded the men to form three groups, each to go in a different direction to search for a route out of here or, at least to learn more about our unusual surroundings. After no longer than three days, the teams are to reconnoiter back at camp and share what they have learned. With winter quickly approaching, it appears that we will be forced to spend another year in these latitudes at this location. It would be madness for us to go back out on the polar wastes now, without our bearings and a course to follow. May G_d guide us and protect us."

– E. Hurt

So it was decided that the six men would split up into three pairs with each pair assigned a different objective. Their densely forested refuge had been largely unexplored since their arrival. They understood full well that if they were ever to return to civilization they would have to see what their options and resources were for such a daunting challenge. After four days of exploration, they would return to base camp and share what they had learned about their surroundings.

The two senior members of the expedition, Dudley Field and Hurt, assumed the responsibility of exploring the basin's interior. That would require slashing their way through the dense vegetation so they could survey the surrounding cliffs in search of possible escape routes.



Dudley Field did this quick sketch of a flower that was seen everywhere, Hurt was to write in his diary. "When I wandered the pleasant countryside of Staten Island as a boy I gave no thought to the humble *Hesperis Matronalis* that graced hills and meadows in such abundance. Here, in our desperate isolation surrounded by so much that is strange and threatening, their presence is as comforting as they are surprising".

Lawrence and Munz were assigned the task of retracing the steps that led the party to its verdant sanctuary. That is, they were to make their ascent to the crater's rim by way of the course they had taken on their descent. Once they reached the highest possible elevation they were to survey the polar ocean's northern horizons in search of open sea lanes through the pack ice and a possible route off the mountain to a suitable embarkation point. It was a very challenging task, indeed.

Queek and the young Field's mission was to find a course, possibly a chasm or channel, out of the crater basin. There was an area in particular that had aroused their interest; a marshy area near a cave they had discovered just a few days before. What struck them was the fact that the water was saline, suggesting that it might be a tidal basin. If so, they reasoned, the cave that fed the pool might be a sea level waterway through the mountain and out to the coastline. They were determined to find out. It was fortuitous that, in the course of their weir building enterprise, they had constructed a primitive boat that would be suited for the task.

In the early morning of 8 July, 1886 the men broke camp and went their separate ways.

The Electro Miasma

For Munz and Lawrence the trek back up to the crater's rim wasn't anywhere near as arduous as the descent four months earlier. They were well rested and their packs light, containing but a few day's provisions and bed rolls. The warm thermal updrafts comforted them in the hazy sunshine. Knowing the way, they had every reason to expect that it would be an easy day's hike. Instead, they were to be in for a terrible shock, literally and figuratively.

When they were barely two hundred yards from the summit they encountered a mysterious force — an invisible barrier — that prevented them from going any further. Munz was the first to run into it. In fact, he hit his head on it. The path ahead was clearly visible, but the strange force preventing them from going any further was unyielding. As Lawrence described it later, it was as if they encountered a liquid glass ceiling. The phenomenon existed at the same

Truly Astonishing Adventures • *Edward Hurt and the Crater of No Return*



This recently colorized photograph shows the effect of the “electro miasma” on Stephan Munz’s hand. The injury forced the men to return to base camp before reaching the summit of Mt. Arthur.

Truly Astonishing Adventures

The penny dreadful of this name picked up the story of the Hurt expedition in 1888. By then, Hurt’s claims of discovery were just beginning to be met with skepticism. Nevertheless, the tabloid picked up where *Manly Deeds* had left off. When it ceased publication in 1887, **Truly Astonishing Adventures** tried to reach a broader and more sophisticated audience, including women. The publisher was the legendary suffragette activist Abby Foster who believed that women loved adventure as much as men and yearned for domestic escapism at a time when women’s publications at the time focused on the “womany virtues” of housekeeping and childrearing.

elevation no matter where they turned. In his frustration the photographer repeatedly thrust his fists into the mysterious fluid in an attempt to punch his way through. But the effort was as futile as punching water. Then, just as he was about to stop, a violent electric shock struck his left hand and pulsed through his body, knocking him to the ground.

“Lightning!”, Munz yelled. *“Mother of G_d damned lightning!”*

The stricken man gasped for breath and cradled his wounded arm, now burned and blistered. So it was that the pair’s jaunty climb to the crater’s rim was thwarted by a mysterious force. The pressing question being *“what was that force?”*.

It was clear that the two men could not go any further. Lawrence tended to his companion’s injuries the best he could, wrapping them in a piece cotton cloth cut from his own shirt. They settled down where they stood, ate a cold meal of dried Lilly fish, and spent the night where they were. The following day they headed back to camp, as Munz stoically bore his pain in silence while he trudged down the trail. They both felt the pain of defeat more than anything else and wondered what they would say to their shipmates about their failed mission. Their hopes for escape would now have to depend on what the others might discover.

Trapped!

According to their original plan, the teams were to regroup back at camp within the allotted four days of searching for accessible routes out of the crater. When there was no sign of Queek and young Field in seven days, Hurt, Engineer Field, Munz and Lawrence began to have very deep concerns about their missing comrades. The two had been ordered to explore possible subterranean routes through Mt. Arthur’s interior to the outside world. They were ordered to follow the course of the northward flowing stream to the tidal pool they had seen. It was thought that it just might provide a waterway that threaded its way through granite passageways out to the ocean shoreline. The pair equipped their makeshift craft and provisioned themselves precisely for that challenge. Little did the pair know that all hopes were on them now. Hurt and the senior Field, on their mission, had encountered the same ominous force that barred Munz and Lawrence from reaching the crater’s rim. It began to appear that Mt. Terror might have been well named after all.

TO BE CONTINUED...



*In the next chapter
Hurt and his men
come to grips that
they are trapped
by a mysterious
force that prevents
them from leaving
their strange refuge.
Escape will require
all of the ingenuity
and courage
they can muster!*

Inspired by Sir Ernest Shackleton and the members of his harrowing 1914 - 1917 expedition to Antarctica. They were REAL polar explorers!

Notes & Credits

All text, modelmaking, art and photography by Roger Dowd unless noted otherwise. Copy-editing by Nathaniel Dowd.

Note: "Digital imaging" refers to use of graphic design software, including Adobe Photoshop (Ps), Adobe InDesign (Id), Adobe Illustrator (Ai) and QuarkExpress (Qx) Those abbreviations are used here for clarification.

Cover: Top two images: Character modeling and styling. kit-bashing. Photography. Painting: Acrylics. Digital imaging: Ai. Id. Ps

Inside front cover: Original source image for medal drawn digitally. Ai
Medal cast in faux bronze by Hudson Valley Awards, Goshen, NY

Page 1: Pen and ink. Digital imaging. Ai. Qx. Page distressed to appear aged.

Page 2: Character modeling and styling. Photography.

Page 3: Both portraits. Pen and ink. Digital imaging. Id.

News clippings are fabricated and distressed to appear aged.

Page 4: Pen and ink. Digital imaging. Ai. Id. Page distressed to appear aged.

Page 5: Portrait: pen and ink.

Map: Digital imaging. Ai. Ps

Page 6: Prop fabrication. Character modelling and styling. Digital imaging. Photography.

Page 7: Digital montage with original water color elements and modelmaking.

Page 8: Prop fabrication. Water color. Pen and ink. Photography.

Page 9: Top & bottom: Modelmaking. Table top diorama. Photography by Stephen E. Munz.

Page 10: Top inset image: Digital imaging. Ps • Bottom: Prop fabrication. Photography.

Page 11: Top: Modelmaking. Table top diorama. Photography. Digital imaging. Ps

Bottom: Character modeling and styling. Photography

Page 12: Modelmaking. Table top diorama. Photography. Digital imaging. Ps

Page 13: Modelmaking. Table top diorama. Photography. Digital imaging. Ps

Page 14: Top image: Modelmaking. Table top diorama. Digital imaging. Ps
Bottom image. Leathercraft. Photography.

Page 15: Pen and ink. Digital imaging. Id

Page 16: Acrylic painting

Page 17: Character modeling and styling. Photography

Page 18: Watercolor . Digital imaging. Ai. Id. Page distressed to appear aged.

Page 19: Modelmaking. Table top diorama. Photography. Digital imaging. Ps

Page 20: Adobe Illustrator Illustration

Page 21: Modelmaking. Photography. Top image: Digital imaging. Ps. Id

Page 22: Modelmaking. Table top diorama. Photography.

Page 24: Top: watercolor

Bottom: Adobe Illustrator Illustration inset into photo of distressed paper

Page 22: Modelmaking. Table top diorama. Photography.

Page 25: Butterfly wings: Adobe Illustrator art on acetate. Bodies: Painted sculpey and wire

Page 26: Watercolor and pencil.

Page 27: Pen and Ink. Digital Imaging. Id. Inset: Modelmaking and photography

Page 28: Modelmaking. Table top diorama. Photography. Digital imaging. Ps

Back cover: Location photography. Digital imaging. Ps

Dedicated to my good friend and fellow backpacker Larry Frederick (aka: Frederick Lawrence) who shared many exploration adventures with me over the years; including the Grand Canyon, Zion National Park and the Appalachian Trail.



Hurt's headstone in the *Ebenezer Baptist Church Cemetery*.
Winfield, New Jersey. May 16, 1980.