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JOURNAL

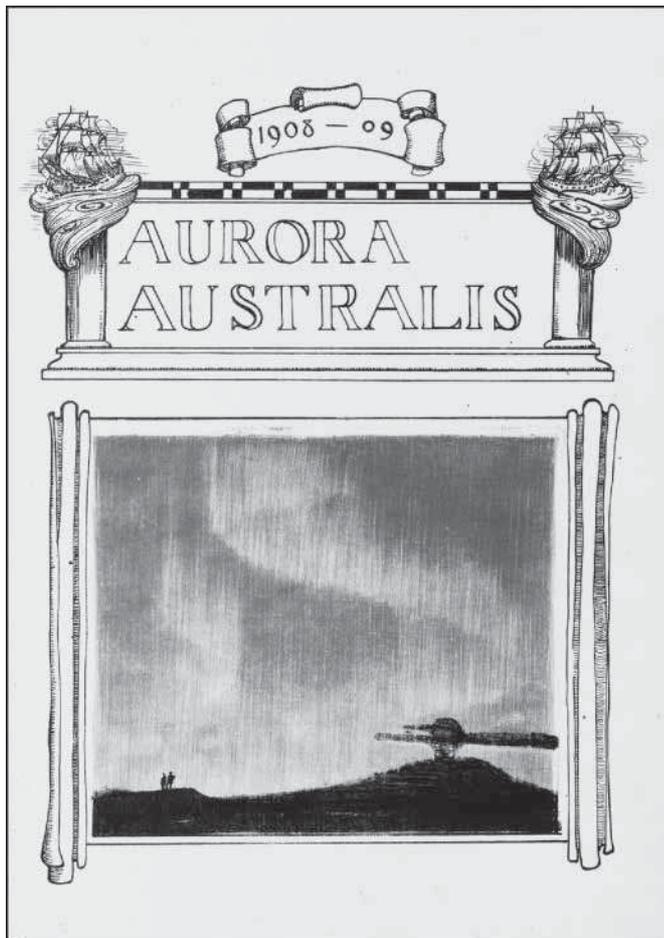
Number Four

Antarctic Exploration



Sir Ernest Shackleton

OCTOBER 2008



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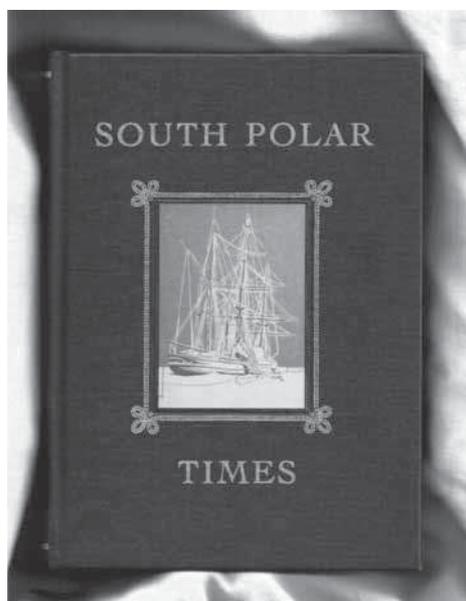
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The James Caird Society Journal - Number Four

October 2008

I would like to thank all of you who sent me kind words of encouragement following the publication of the *JCS Journal Number Three*, my first foray into the world of editorship. I think I set the standard reasonably high and my hope is that this latest issue will not disappoint.

At the risk of repeating myself, I would like to remind members that the intention of the *Journal* is to educate and enlighten the polar enthusiast. Whilst I am desirous to promote the unrivalled legacy of Sir Ernest I am keen, also, to widen the scope of interest and timescale. This and future publications of the *Journal* will strive to achieve this intention.

In this issue (see Contents) I have included extracts from Harry McNish's diary, the enigmatic 'Mr Chippy' on *Endurance*. For all the discussion on *that* polar medal we should not lose sight of the fact that, had it not been for McNish's skilful carpentry, there is a very real chance the *James Caird* would never have reached its destination. I am most grateful to Isabel Laws, Iris Johnstone and Harry's grandson, Tom McNeish (Tom's branch of the family is the only one to use this spelling of the family name), for their kind permission to use parts of the polar diary kept by 'Chippy' during those momentous events on the ice and on the open boat crossing to South Georgia.

I invited Michael Smith to write a piece on The British Antarctic Expedition 1907-09 (*Nimrod*), given the advent of its centenary. It makes excellent reading and sets the scene for the Shackleton Centenary Expedition 2008* which the Society is supporting. The SCE team will be setting off as this issue of the *Journal* goes to print. The team seeks to honour the achievements of the *Nimrod* expedition; to 'finish unfinished business' and to establish the Shackleton Foundation. I hope that it will be possible to include an overview of the results of the SCE in *Number Five*. The archival photographs reproduced on the inside cover of the *Journal* are from the 1907/09 expedition and show various aspects of the Southern Journey [eg, the southern-most camp; the team standing proudly only 97 geographical miles from the Pole; later, the team standing bedraggled on board *Nimrod* after a 1600 mile gruelling march]. Had it not been for Shackleton's single-minded fortitude in achieving the coast, his team (who had to be left at various locations along the return route due to illness and physical exhaustion) would have perished.

Martin Williams has contributed a most useful essay on the Antarctic Treaty. Without this treaty who knows *what* mad scramble for territory would have occurred in the sixties and beyond? In truth, many political commentators believe that the Treaty has merely delayed the day of execution. I hope they are wrong. And what should be done to protect the *Arctic*? To my mind an inaugural Treaty is desperately needed and long overdue.

Some fine books have been published in recent months. Three are reviewed by me; Simon Nasht's *No More Beyond* tells of the unbelievable adventures (mainly polar) of (Sir) Hubert Wilkins 1888- 1958); Meredith Hooper's *Ferocious Summer*, speaks of the author's involvement in Antarctica and tells the story of Antarctic warming and how scientists are piecing together the jigsaw of causes and impacts; Michael Rosove's *Rejoice my Heart* provides a feast of new information about Shackleton and his extended family through the

private correspondence (1922-33) between Shackleton's widow, Emily, and her late husband's biographer (Hugh Robert Mill).

I am delighted that both Meredith Hooper and Michael Rosove have agreed to write for this issue of the *Journal*. Their essays provide a valuable insight into the subject matter of their highly readable books.

Stephenie Barczewski is an academic based at Clemson University, South Carolina. She has written an interesting book (*Antarctic Destinies*) which examines how the stories of the *Terra Nova* and *Endurance* expeditions, and the reputations of their leaders, have evolved over the past century. She has written a brief but succinct overview of her recent work on this subject.

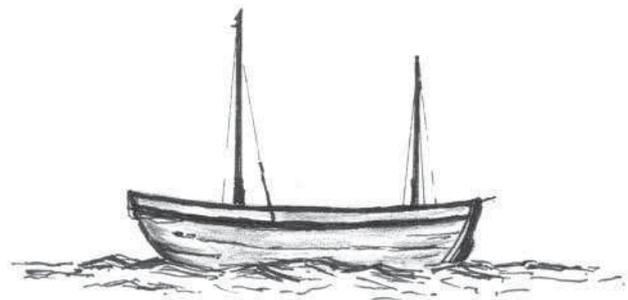
Since going to press two new books have been published and will be reviewed in *Journal Number Five*. See *Stop Press* near the end of this issue.

I encourage you to write to your editor with news, views and anything which may be of polar (in particular, Shackleton) interest. I *did* get some interesting, indeed controversial, feedback from a few members, following publication of *Number Three*. This concerned the article about the work of the Antarctic Heritage Trust – in particular the philosophy of conservation/preservation of the historic huts and the huge costs involved (see *Letters to the Editor*). Debate on current polar issues is to be encouraged and I hope, given time, the *Journal* can play its part in this.

Finally, I would like to thank our advertisers for their faith in the *Journal*. Production costs have risen, in line with greater emphasis on quality of materials and style. Without the financial support offered the Society would have been disadvantaged significantly.

Stephen Scott-Fawcett
October 2008.

* www.shackletoncentenary.org



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Please note that the views expressed in the *Journal* do not represent an official view or stance of either the Society or its committee.

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Extracts of the McNish original diaries have been edited by Shane Murphy with additional input from Stephen Scott-Fawcett and Roderic Dunnett.

The wartime cartoon is reproduced from *The Life and Wartime Cartoons of Philip Zec* [ISBN 0-9549008-1-2].

The portrait on the front cover is of an original oil painting commissioned privately by Stephen Scott-Fawcett in 2007, to celebrate the *Nimrod* Centenary (artist, Martin Gowar). The EHS 'penguin' metal plaque (photograph on the rear cover) may be found at the editor's home on a garden wall.

The archival photographs (inside of front/rear cover) were taken during the *Nimrod* expedition 1907-09, as were the photographs included in Michael Smith's essay. All photographs are reproduced by kind permission of the Scott Polar Research Institute, Cambridge, UK.

The photographs taken at Palmer Station and its locality are by Cara Sucher. Other photographs of Adélie penguins are by Donna Patterson (taken in the 2005/6 season), courtesy of The Polar Research Group.

The pen and ink 'thumbnail' illustrations shown throughout are by Grace Turzig (Walter How's niece).



Nimrod: The British Antarctic Expedition, 1907-09

By

MICHAEL SMITH

For many people, the outstanding achievements and the rare human qualities of Sir Ernest Shackleton are best encapsulated in the Imperial Trans-Antarctic Expedition between 1914 and 1917. Certainly no other venture during the heroic age of Polar exploration can match the pulsating drama, astonishing endurance and inspiring leadership of Shackleton, especially during the saga of *Endurance*.

However over-reliance on the ITAE to measure Shackleton's substance runs the risk of overlooking his British Antarctic Expedition of 1907-09, invariably called the *Nimrod* expedition. But now, as we celebrate the centenary of the expedition, we have an ideal opportunity to re-assess the venture and recognise that *Nimrod* was in many respects Shackleton's greatest achievement.

If *Endurance* was an epic, *Nimrod* was a tour de force. It was an expedition which incorporated great feats of discovery, exceptional courage and the first clear evidence of Shackleton's outstanding leadership skills and judgement as an explorer. Shackleton first touched greatness on *Nimrod* and without the experience gained there, it is possible that *Endurance* may have been a very different story.

Nimrod set new standards in Antarctic exploration and more than any other lifted the veil from the Continent, paving the way for the subsequent exploits of Roald Amundsen and Robert Scott.

In the space of little more than a year, Shackleton's party made the longest Antarctic sledge journey ever and penetrated further into the interior than anyone before. He crossed the Ice Barrier (now called the Ross Ice Shelf) for the first time and pioneered a route through the Trans-Antarctic Mountains by climbing the Beardmore Glacier onto the unexplored Polar Plateau, which revealed that the South Pole was close to two miles above sea level.

The expedition also completed the first ascent of Mount Erebus, made the inaugural trek to the South Magnetic Pole and introduced several new innovations to the Antarctic, including the first motor vehicle and first printing press. An extensive and occasionally under-estimated programme of geology, glaciology and other scientific work was also undertaken and *Nimrod's* all-round achievements were topped off with the satisfaction that not a single life was lost.

But the pinnacle of Shackleton's expedition was to march within 97 miles of the South Pole – the nearest any humans had been to either of the geographic poles - in the most gruelling ordeal and to know exactly when to turn back to avoid certain death for himself and three comrades. The courage that Shackleton showed in turning for home when the South Pole – and the certainty of lasting fame - was within his grasp is truly incredible and without parallel in the history of exploration.

It was also a moment which showed that when Shackleton had to make critical life or death decisions he invariably chose wisely. Equally, abandoning the quest with the Pole virtually in sight cemented forever the unshakable belief that Shackleton, as a leader, placed the lives of his men above everything else.

Roland Huntford, Shackleton's biographer, said halting the march south had taken courage of a special kind and Beau Riffenburgh, author of *Nimrod*, wrote that the momentous decision had taken "a mettle, a fortitude, a strength of mind, character and spirit that set him apart from other heroes of his time."

In the 1940s, the writer Russell Owen – he interviewed Shackleton in 1914 - put it simply: “I regard him as the greatest of all Antarctic leaders. He always knew when to quit and it takes courage to quit in the Antarctic. Shackleton was a rock; the sort of rock men cling to when they have no hope”. (1)

But perhaps the most memorable quotation of all regarding his “failure” to reach the Pole, appropriately enough, came from Shackleton himself. In casual comment with his wife, Emily, he merely remarked: “I thought you’d rather have a live donkey than a dead lion.” Some donkey.

With the wisdom of hindsight, however, all expeditions have their flaws and *Nimrod* was no exception. Most notably, the decision to take Manchurian ponies instead of dogs and skis to the Antarctic was a mistake, though of course Shackleton was not to know that horses are painfully unsuited to the icy regions.

He relied on the advice of others, notably the Arctic traveller, Frederick Jackson who had taken horses to Franz Josef Land a decade earlier. Although dogs were occasionally used on *Discovery*, they were generally a failure because the men never fully mastered the skill of dog-driving and Shackleton probably assumed they were not up to the task.

However, horses are far more inefficient, requiring huge amounts of food which had to be carried on sledges. Once on the march the animals laboured terribly, often breaking through the ice and sinking up to their bellies. A horse’s hoof print is roughly five times the weight of a dog and a human footprint is about 4½ times the weight of ski. More important, horses sweat, dissipating the heat from the bodies, a process which only compounded their appalling suffering.

By comparison, properly driven dogs and men on skis, as Fridtjof Nansen, Otto Sverdrup and other explorers of the time had already proven beyond any reasonable doubt, were the most efficient means of Polar travel. But Shackleton never came to terms with either dogs or skis and instead placed his trust in horses and the gruelling labour of man-hauling sledges. As various writers have since concluded, Shackleton simply lacked the necessary patience to learn these vital skills.

Had he mastered dogs and skis, it is likely that Shackleton would now be remembered as the first man to reach the South Pole and return safely, though this does not minimise the immense dangers of dog-driving around the treacherous crevasses which they encountered on the Beardmore Glacier.

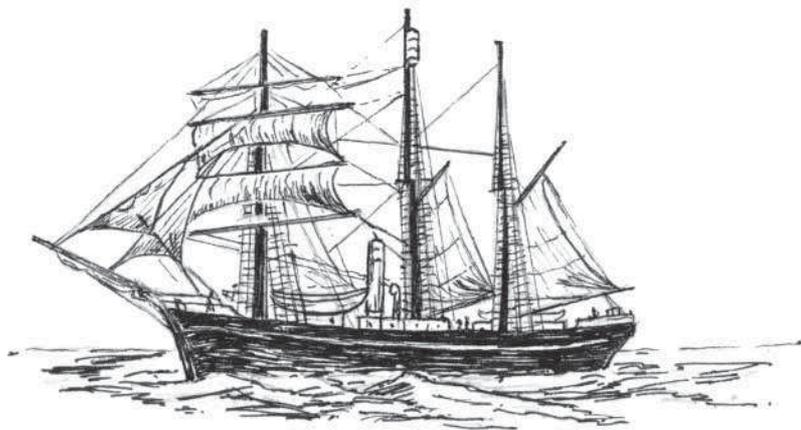
None of this should detract from what Shackleton managed to achieve in the circumstances. But Amundsen, who reached the Pole only two years after Shackleton’s “furthest south” by using expertly driven dog teams, once wrote: “A little more experience... would have crowned their work with success.” (2)

The British Antarctic Expedition grew out of Shackleton’s driving ambition and sense of injustice at being invalidated out of the *Discovery* expedition (1901-04). Almost as soon as returning to Britain in 1903, the restless Shackleton began to prepare for his return south and his ambition was the Pole itself.

The expedition, typically of Shackleton, was badly under-funded and hastily put together. A small, 40 years old sealer called *Nimrod* was purchased for £5,000, a sum worth around £280,000 in today’s terms. The shore party, which included old Antarctic hands like Frank Wild and Ernest Joyce, was eventually 15 strong and given significant extra depth in Australia by the arrival of the eminent scientist, Edgeworth David and the emerging explorer, Douglas Mawson, who was making on his first trip to the Antarctic.

However the expedition was shrouded in controversy almost from the moment that Shackleton revealed his plans. Scott, after his earlier expedition, insisted that the McMurdo Sound area around Ross Island, where *Discovery* berthed, was his exclusive domain and that Shackleton should seek a different base camp site. While this may appear preposterous by modern standards, Scott's demand was nevertheless taken very seriously by Shackleton and after months of bitter wrangling he finally signed a written undertaking not to land at McMurdo Sound. When circumstances subsequently drew him to McMurdo Sound, the honourable Shackleton was riddled with guilt at breaking a promise.

Nimrod sailed from London's East India Docks on July 30th 1907 and by early February 1908 had established a base at Cape Royds, Ross Island. Within a month of landing, the expedition recorded its first notable achievement, the audacious scaling of Mount Erebus, the world's most southerly active volcano, which rises to a height of 12,448 ft (3,794 m) and dominates the landscape of Ross Island.



After hurried preparations, the six man party – Adams, Brocklehurst, David, Mackay, Marshall and Mawson - left Cape Royds on March 5th for the short trip to the foothills of Erebus provisioned for only 10 days. Perhaps the most remarkable feature of the ascent is that none of the party had proper climbing equipment or any notable experience of mountaineering and the one person who had been to Mt Erebus before – Frank Wild – remained behind at Cape Royds. Adams, David, Mackay, Marshall and Mawson nevertheless overcame the effects of high altitude and the difficulty of climbing without adequate gear to scramble to the top on March 10th for one of mountaineering's more daring and unlikely achievements.

The expedition's other great accomplishment was to be the first to locate the South Magnetic Pole, which involved a prodigious round-trip of 790 miles (1,265 km). After allowing for long stretches when they were forced to relay the sledges weighing up to 670 lbs (300 kgs) – relaying means covering three miles for every mile advanced - the total distance travelled was 1,260 miles (2,000 km). The three-man party of David, Mackay and Mawson left Cape Royds in early October, 1908 and reached the South Magnetic Pole on January 15th, 1909 where David, who was 50 years of age, reported they were "too utterly weary" to celebrate.

The group had to overcome perilous travelling conditions, short rations and increasingly acrimonious personal tensions between the men, while in later years some have questioned whether the constantly mobile Magnetic Pole had, in fact, been truly established. However what cannot be denied is that the trio were in the vicinity of the Magnetic Pole and over a period of 122 days David, Mackay and Mawson set a new record for making the longest unsupported sledge journey, a proud record which stood for almost 80 years. It is also obvious that without the subsequent acclaim attached to Shackleton's assault on the South Pole, the

trek to the South Magnetic Pole would have received considerably more recognition as among the finest sledging journeys undertaken during the heroic age of Polar exploration.

The centrepiece of the *Nimrod* expedition was the attempt to reach the South Pole, which began on the morning of October 29th, 1908 as the men travelled the short distance from Cape Royds to the vast, flat Ice Barrier, which it was hoped would provide a smooth highway to the Pole itself. The mood was distinctly optimistic and even the weather was kind, prompting Shackleton to write that everything pointed to an “auspicious beginning”.

Shackleton chose four men to make the trek: Shackleton, at 34, was a year younger than Frank Wild, a wiry 35 years old veteran of *Discovery* whose career in the ice would eventually span five Antarctic expeditions. Jameson Boyd Adams, a 28 years old lieutenant in the Royal Navy Reserve, was second in command and Eric Marshall, a strongly-built doctor and navigator of 29, completed the quartet.

Each man led one of the four surviving Manchurian ponies: Adams with Chinaman, Marshall led Grisi, Shackleton took Quan and Wild had Socks. In support of the main party for the first few miles was a group of five – Armytage, Brocklehurst, Joyce, Marston and Priestley – to establish supply depots for the return journey.

However it was not long before the mood of optimism was punctured by the grim reality of Polar travel. Socks pulled up lame after barely one hour and shortly after Adams had the flesh ripped to the bone by a savage kick from Grisi. The soft snow, which ruled out use of the motor car, made the going very slow and the ponies struggled badly, frequently sinking deep into the yielding surface.

Shackleton had provisioned the expedition for a return journey of close to 1,720 statute miles (2,767 kilometres) in just 91 days, which meant covering an average daily distance of nearly 19 miles (30 km) over hundreds of miles of unknown terrain. It was a hugely optimistic target and by the second week, with the men travelling at less than 7 miles (11 km) a day, Shackleton was already calculating how with “careful management” the party could extend their journey to 110 days by eating a little less each day.

Lesser men, facing such daunting odds, might have given up the fight even at this early stage. Shackleton simply dug deeper into his resources and fought harder.

The supporting party turned for home on November 7th, leaving the four men driving south with each pony pulling around 600 lbs (270 kg). Despite bad weather and dangerous crevasses, the group made decent progress and on one day covered a creditable 14½ miles (23 km). But there was no mistaking the rapid decline in Chinaman and on November 21st the distressed animal was put out of its misery.

The first notable success of the march was recorded on November 26th when Shackleton passed the “furthest south” of 82° 16½’ he had reached with Scott and Wilson in 1902. “A day to remember” Shackleton recorded as they trod where no human footprint had been left before. Most notably, they had covered the same distance in 29 days, half the time Scott’s party had taken.

Two day later Grisi was shot and the two remaining ponies continued south each pulling 630 lbs (285 kg). Each day brought new and wondrous sights as an imposing line of mountains came into view. However the mountain chain turned to the east, blocking their immediate path to the south and demolishing the fond hope that the Ice Barrier ran unopposed all the way to the Pole. The challenge was to pick a route through the peaks, which are now called the Transantarctic Mountains.



Bluff Depot

As November gave way to December, the men reached the severely disturbed area where the mighty natural forces of the Ice Barrier and the mountain ranges collide. Steep pressure ridges, crevasses and soft, deep snow at the bottom of the undulations slowed the pace of advance and the misery for the struggling ponies only worsened. Grisi was shot on December 1st, leaving Socks to pull one sledge and Shackleton, Wild, Adams and Marshall to drag the other. The consolation was that the men enjoyed chunks of horse meat at mealtimes.

But hunger was already a growing cause of concern, even though they had covered barely a quarter of the planned journey. On December 1st, Shackleton wrote: "We are very hungry these days and we know that we are likely to be for another three months."(3)

Soon after the party was searching for a negotiable gap in the mountains and scrambled up a ridge to set eyes on a vast glacier stretched out before them. The glacier, flanked by mountains, ran south-to-north and in Shackleton's words appeared to offer "an open road" towards the Pole.

The great glacier, which Shackleton later named the Beardmore after the expedition benefactor, Sir William Beardmore, is among the world's largest. It is about 125 miles (200 km) long and approximately 25 miles (40 km) wide, rising 7,200 ft (2,200 m) towards the Polar Plateau.

The first-ever climb up the Beardmore began on December 5th. The weather was surprisingly warm, but the going was very hard and a depot was laid to reduce the weight for the uphill grind. Two days later catastrophe struck when Socks crashed through the ice and vanished into a chasm. Wild, who was leading the pony at the time, managed to save himself and the sledge carrying its precious cargo of food and other supplies. But the experiment with the ponies was at an abrupt end and the men now faced more than 1,000 miles of man-hauling to the Pole and back.

The climb resumed with the four men hauling nearly half a ton (450 kg), but the slow pace – only 3 miles (4.8 km) was gained on December 12th – meant a further cut in rations. Breakfast was soon reduced to a mug of pemmican “hoosh” and a single biscuit while lunch consisted of four biscuits, a little chocolate and tea. Dinner was meagre portion of “hoosh”, three biscuits and cocoa which, in total, indicated that the four men were probably consuming less half the estimated 6,000 calories a day they needed for the back-breaking slog up the Beardmore. Sir Ranulph Fiennes, in contrast, burned up 7,000 calories a day on his 1993 man-hauling trek in Antarctica and lost 44 lbs (20 kg) in weight. (4)

Christmas Day brought some relief as they camped at 9,500 ft (8,700 m) on the Polar Plateau, including the luxury of a spoonful of crème de menthe and a cigar. They were just 280 miles (450 km) from Pole. But when Marshall took their temperatures it was discovered that each man was registering 2° below the normal 98.4°.

Once again, it was decided to cut back on food, making the rations for one week stretch to 10 days. All but essential items were cached and a fresh calculation indicated that the men needed to cover 14 miles (22½ km) day to reach the Pole and get back to their depot. It was more than a month since they had last travelled 14 miles in a day and even had they managed to achieve the impossible, the return journey would find the four caught on the open Plateau as the colder autumn season drew near. But Shackleton remained indefatigable.

A strong southerly wind blew directly into their faces as they struggled forward in sub-zero temperatures on a landscape which continued to climb slowly but inexorably upwards. On December 29 their body temperatures registered between 3° and 4° below normal and the effects of higher altitude were clearly evident. Camped at almost two miles above sea level, the men found they were all suffering from either irritating nose-bleeds or piercing headaches.

The opening days of 1909 yielded good distances and for the first time they climbed over 11,000 ft (3,350 m), but the surface was appalling and their physical condition had deteriorated alarmingly. By now the men were walking skeletons, slowly starving to death. Three of the four did not register on Marshall’s thermometer, which only showed as low as 94° because anything less indicated the person was dead.

On January 2nd, Shackleton for the first time recognised that the Pole would remain tantalising beyond reach and he prepared for the disappointment of retreat, ever mindful of their condition. “We are not travelling fast enough to make our food spin out and get back to our depot in time,” he said. “I must look at the matter sensibly and consider the lives of those who are with me.” (5)

With around 175 statute miles to (280 km) to go, Shackleton wrote: “The end is in sight”. His new target was to get within 100 geographic miles (115 statute miles or 185 km) of the Pole. Taking one tent and 10 days of half rations, the party pushed forward, although even pulling a modest 70 lbs (31 kg) a head was a terrible ordeal. On January 7th the flimsy tent was struck by an 80 mph blizzard, which continued to rage for fully 60 hours. “We are so short of food and at this high altitude, 11,600 ft, it is hard to keep any warmth in our bodies between scanty meals,” Shackleton wrote. (6)

When the blizzard finally blew itself out, the men stuffed their pockets with a few biscuits and a little chocolate and set off for a final dash to the south. Without the burden of dragging a sledge, they managed to march – “half walking and half running” said Shackleton - for 5 hours. At 9 o’clock in the morning of January 9, 1909, the group stopped at 88° 23’ S, precisely 97 geographic miles from the Pole. In statute miles they were 111½ miles (179 km) from their goal. “We have shot our bolt,” Shackleton recorded. “Whatever regrets may be, we have done our best.” (7)



Return of the Southern Party after a 126-day journey

Raw courage and Shackleton's inspirational leadership had carried the four men to the historic latitude and it now fell to Shackleton to make the life-or-death decision of when to stop and turn for home. Many years later Adams calculated that another hour's march to the south would have resulted in the death of all four men. (8)

They lingered for only a few brief minutes, long enough to plant the Union Jack, bury a cylinder of stamps and take two photographs. The icy gale that day, Shackleton remembered, "cut us to the bone" and it was 730 geographical or 840 statute miles (1,350 km) back to Cape Royds.

The return journey, without any sense of exaggeration, was a race for life. Shackleton's first biographer, Hugh Robert Mill, wrote that the men started the terrible return journey, "...with Death, on his pale horse, the blizzard, following close." (9)

It was a run which had to be made mostly on half rations and with the Antarctic's deadly autumn season starting to close in. Apart from coping with physical exhaustion, under nourishment and severe dehydration, the party suffered a serious blow with the loss of the sledgemeter, which meant that distances between the lifeline of food depots now had to be estimated. The outward tracks made in the ice on the way south now became essential signposts for the way home.

However, turning for home brought the immediate fillip of the strong wind at their backs. A makeshift sail was fitted to the sledge and the men, despite their tiredness, had to run along to keep up in the gentle decline across the Plateau towards the Beardmore. With two men acting as brakes and two steering, they raced along at positively break-neck pace. Initially they clocked up over 20 miles a day and on January 19th, as they neared the end of the Plateau, an astonishing 29 miles (46.6 km) distance was recorded.

While the depot at the top of the Beardmore provided a little more food and extra clothing, the seriousness of their predicament as they began the treacherous descent of the glacier was acute. Only five days rations were available for a trek to the next depot near the bottom of the Beardmore which had taken 12 days to climb.

The food effectively ran out with about 20 miles (32 km) to the next depot and the men, travelling through what Shackleton described as the "worst surfaces and most dangerous crevasses we have ever encountered," were literally marching on empty. "I cannot describe adequately the mental and physical strain of the last 48 hours," Shackleton wrote. (10)

Marshall, the strongest at this point, made the brave decision to set off alone to find the depot which, fortunately, he located after less than half an hour. He dug up a few chunks of pony meat, some cheese and biscuits and hurried back to his colleagues who had been some 40 hours without solid food.

Shackleton never took his eye off the men for a moment, even when his own health deteriorated badly. Each man went through varying degrees of collapse, including Shackleton. But he summoned extraordinary depths of will-power to drive himself and his colleagues to levels of endurance which are beyond the imagination of most people. Adams observed that the worse Shackleton felt the harder he pulled. It was among Shackleton's most impressive qualities as a leader that, regardless of the dire circumstances, he inspired his men to achieve the impossible.

At one stage Wild was struggling with dysentery and could not keep down either pemmican or pony meat and biscuits, his only source of sustenance, were running out. In an act of enormous generosity Shackleton gave Wild his last precious biscuit. "I do not suppose that anyone else in the world can thoroughly realise how much generosity and sympathy was shown by this," Wild wrote. "But I DO and BY GOD I shall never forget. Thousands of pounds would not have bought that one biscuit." (11)

Progress slowed as the weary group reached the treacherous broken ground where the Beardmore runs into the Barrier, but remarkably they still managed to cover up to 13 miles (21 km) a day. However they had barely five days of half rations to make the next depot – where a few cuts from Grisi awaited – some 60 miles (100 km) across the Barrier. The depot was finally reached with only a few scraps of food left.

Despite being weakened by debilitating bouts of diarrhoea, the men struggled north with the aid of another strong wind at their backs which propelled them along at extraordinary rates. On one day they managed 20 miles (32 km) despite their weakened state, but still stumbled into the depot having eaten all their rations.

Driving themselves forward in temperatures which often fell below -30° F, the men were cheered by the sight of a few familiar mountain peaks which began to appear on the distant horizon. On February 15 Shackleton celebrated his 35th birthday with a cigarette made from pipe tobacco and some coarse paper. "It was delicious," he remembered.

Somehow the party summoned up the will to overcome the constant hunger, biting cold and their feeble state to make astonishing distances and reach the penultimate food cache - Depot A - with a few scraps to eat. On that day alone the emaciated men travelled 14 miles (22 km) in 52° of frost. Next day they confronted a blizzard and temperatures below -30° and Shackleton reported they were so thin that "our bones ache as we lie on the hard snow in our sleeping bags."

Yet the invigorating effects of a wholesome meal could not disguise the fact that the season was closing in and the ship was scheduled to leave Cape Royds before they could drag themselves back to the hut. Shackleton had left Cape Royds in October with the clear message

that, to avoid getting trapped ice, *Nimrod* should sail north if the party had not returned by March 1st.

After struggling into the final depot, they gorged on the plentiful supply of food but still faced the daunting prospect of covering over 50 miles (80 km) to Cape Royds in time to catch *Nimrod*. A few more miles were clocked up but a further bout of diarrhoea and a blizzard penned them in the tent for a day, a delay they could ill afford. On February 27th – less than 48 hours before *Nimrod's* schedule sailing – Shackleton took another critical decision and boldly elected to make a dash for the hut.

Leaving Adams to take care of the severely weakened Marshall, Shackleton struck out with the indefatigable Wild to make the 30-odd miles (48 km) to the old *Discovery* hut at Hut Point. Flogging their gaunt bodies for one last push, Shackleton and Wild somehow staggered to Hut Point to discover no signs of *Nimrod* and an ambiguous note pinned to the door implying that the ship would sail by February 26th – two days earlier than expected.

The pair, doubtless mortified by the fear of spending another year at Cape Royds, tried in vain to send a signal and eventually managed to tear down *Discovery's* old magnetic hut and start a fire. A flag was raised and on March 1st *Nimrod* suddenly emerged from behind a cliff face to greet two skeletal figures waving frantically. "They had given us up for lost," said Shackleton.

This was hardly surprising since according to the basic arithmetic the party should have perished. Shackleton had left base camp provisioned with 91 days food. When he and Wild were picked up they had been gone for 120 days and Adams and Marshall were still marooned out on the Barrier. Including bouts of relaying sledges, the distance covered - in statute miles - was 1,725 miles and 300 yards (2,776 km), the majority over unbroken ground.

By now Shackleton had been on the march for over 48 hours without proper rest but the responsibility for his men was the priority and incredibly, he led a party of four back onto the



Crowds welcome the return of Nimrod on March 24th, 1909, Lyttleton, NZ.

Barrier to rescue Adams and Marshall. By late on March 3rd, after almost five days of frantic activity and precious little rest, Shackleton had covered another 60 miles (100 km) and steered all members the Southern Party safely on board *Nimrod*.

Shackleton finally returned to Britain in June 1909, where he was greeted as a national hero. He enjoyed celebrity status, was knighted in the King's birthday honours and absolutely delighted when Parliament granted a sizeable loan of £20,000 (the equivalent of well over £1,000,000 today) to settle many of the expedition's considerable debts.

However, the great achievements of the *Nimrod* expedition were soon overshadowed by a succession of momentous events elsewhere which, inevitably, pushed Shackleton's exploits to the back of the public's mind. Within months of Shackleton's return in 1909, the Americans, Frederick Cook and Robert Peary, each laid separate claims to being the first man to reach the North Pole and sparked a global controversy which, to some extent, continues until this day.

In March 1912 news reached the outside world that Amundsen's team of five Norwegians had surpassed Shackleton to stand at the South Pole and only one month later brought the shocking news that the passenger liner, *Titanic*, had struck an iceberg and sank with the loss of over 1,500 lives. Shackleton, with his knowledge of navigating the ice, was summoned to give evidence at the official enquiry into the disaster.

By early 1913 there was a further outpouring of national mourning at word from the Antarctic that Captain Scott's entire five-man Polar party had perished on the return march from the Pole and only a year later the entire world was grieving over the escalating slaughter of the First World War. But by the summer of 1914 Shackleton was already heading south on *Endurance* for the unforgettable Imperial Trans-Antarctic expedition and for many people *Nimrod* was a distant memory.

One man who did not allow events elsewhere to influence his opinion was Roald Amundsen, the most successful explorer of the age. On his journey to the South Pole in 1911, Amundsen took time to pay generous tribute as his party reached the latitude of Shackleton's "furthest south" only two years earlier. He wrote: "We did not pass that spot without according our highest tribute of admiration to the man, who – together with his gallant companions – had planted his country's flag so infinitely nearer to the goal than any of his precursors. Sir Ernest Shackleton's name will always be written in the annals of Antarctic exploration in letters of fire." (12)

A few years after *Nimrod*, Sir Ernest Shackleton was asked to name the basic qualities necessary to become a successful Polar explorer. In order of importance, he listed them as: "First, optimism; second, patience; third, physical endurance; fourth, idealism; fifth, and last, courage." (13)

It was on *Nimrod* – the British Antarctic Expedition – that Shackleton for the first time put these exceptional qualities into practice and displayed the raw ingredients of greatness.

References

- 1 Russell Owen, *The Antarctic Ocean*, p175-76
- 2 Roland Huntford, *Shackleton*, p692
- 3 Sir Ernest Shackleton, *Heart of the Antarctic*, p177
- 4 Sir Ranulph Fiennes, *Captain Scott*, p285
- 5 Shackleton, p205
- 6 Shackleton, p209
- 7 Shackleton, p210

- 8 Margery & James Fisher, *Shackleton*, p218
- 9 Hugh R Mill, *The Life of Sir Ernest Shackleton*, p145
- 10 Shackleton, p215
- 11 Beau Riffenburgh, *Nimrod*, p257
- 12 Huntford, p692
- 13 Sir E. H. Shackleton, The Making of an Explorer, *Pearsons Magazine*, August, 1914

To the South Pole

	<i>Year</i>	<i>Geog. Miles From Pole</i>
James Cook	1774	1,130
James C Ross	1842	711
Carsten Borchgrevink	1900	670
Robert Scott	1902	463
Ernest Shackleton	1909	97
Roald Amundsen	1911	0

Shore Party

Ernest Shackleton, commander (1874-1922)
 Jameson Boyd Adams, meteorologist (1880-1962)
 Bertram Armytage, in charge of ponies (1869-1910)
 Sir Philip Brocklehurst, assistant geologist (1887-1975)
 Prof T.W. Edgeworth David, director of scientific staff (1858-1934)
 Bernard Day, motor expert (1884-1934)
 Ernest Joyce, in charge of dogs, sledges (1875-1940)
 Dr Alastair Forbes Mackay, surgeon (1878-1914)
 Dr Eric Marshall, surgeon, cartographer (1879-1963)
 George Marston, artist (1882-1940)
 Douglas Mawson, physicist (1882-1958)
 James Murray, biologist (1865-1914)
 Raymond Priestley, geologist (1886-1974)
 William Roberts, cook (1872-?)
 Frank Wild, in charge of provisions (1873-1939)

Selected further reading

(Those seeking a fuller bibliography of published and unpublished material relating to the British Antarctic Expedition should consult Beau Riffenburgh's fine book, *Nimrod*.)

Amundsen, Roald	<i>The South Pole</i> , Hurst & Co, 1976
Fiennes, Ranulph	<i>Captain Scott</i> , Hodder & Stoughton, 2003
Fisher, Margery & James	<i>Shackleton</i> , James Barrie, 1957
Huntford, Roland	<i>Scott & Amundsen</i> , Hodder & Stoughton, 1979
Huntford, Roland	<i>Shackleton</i> , Hodder & Stoughton, 1985
Jacka, F & E	<i>Mawson's Antarctic Diaries</i> , Unwin Hyman, 1988
Joyce, Ernest	<i>The South Polar Trail</i> , Duckworth, 1929
Mill, Hugh R	<i>The Life of Sir Ernest Shackleton</i> , Heinemann, 1923
Mills, Leif	<i>Frank Wild</i> , Caedmon of Whitby, 1999
Owen, Roderick	<i>The Antarctic Ocean</i> , Museum Press, 1948

Riffenburgh, Beau	<i>Nimrod</i> , Bloomsbury, 2004
Shackleton, Sir Ernest	<i>The Heart of the Antarctic</i> , Heinemann, 1910
Shackleton, Jonathan & John MacKenna	<i>Shackleton: An Irishman in Antarctica</i> , Lilliput Press, 2002
Smith, Michael	<i>Shackleton: The Boss</i> , The Collins Press, 2004 (for children)

- Michael Smith has written widely about the history of Polar exploration. He has also contributed to numerous TV and radio programmes and lectured extensively on the subject.

His books include a biography of Sir Ernest Shackleton written for children, *Shackleton: The Boss* (Collins Press, 2004).

Other books:

An Unsung Hero - Tom Crean (Collins Press/Headline, 2000);

I Am Just Going Outside - Captain Oates (Spellmount 2002);

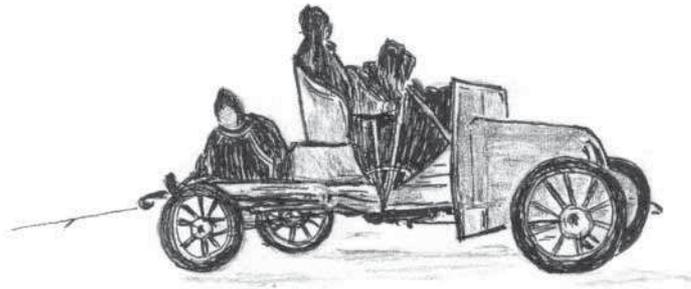
Sir James Wordie - Polar Crusader (Birlinn, 2004);

Captain Francis Crozier - Last Man Standing? (Collins Press 2006);

Tom Crean - An Illustrated Life (Collins Press, 2006).

FOR CHILDREN: *Tom Crean - The Iceman* (Collins Press, 2003)

CONTRIBUTOR: *Shackleton: The Antarctic & Endurance* (Dulwich College, 2000)



Endurance and Harry McNish

I am indebted to Roddy Dunnett for drawing my attention to these extracts taken from Harry McNish's *Endurance* diary. As I understand it, Shane Murphy has transcribed it onto a CD-ROM. I have tried to contact Shane for more information on the background to his work but to no avail.

I am very grateful to members of the McNish family (in particular, Isabel Laws) who have given me permission to reproduce extracts of Chippy's diary and I apologise to Shane Murphy if I include anything that might be described as 'his' version.

The carpenter of the *Endurance* used a unique style in his diary. Certainly, his spelling and grammar are somewhat idiosyncratic. For the sake of clarity I have changed some of Harry's spellings and sentence constructions. I do not believe this detracts from the essence of Chippy's narrative. Here is a man with a story to tell in a way he liked and was perfectly comfortable with. The mere fact that he took the trouble to write *anything*, given the travails of the expedition, is a credit to him.

The carpenter's diary reveals a man of many 'sides'. It is true some found him arrogant and abrasive, on occasions. There is that awkward and challenging moment when Harry questioned Shackleton's authority, following the loss of the ship (although there is no mention of this in his diary). Chippy's diary reveals, however, other aspects. Here is a craftsman at his best, always turning his woodworking skills to great use and for the benefit of all. Often, Chippy would work under terrible conditions and for long hours with the barest of equipment. His ability to improvise when materials were missing or in short supply was second to none. The diary shows a softer side to the Scotsman, too. He would refer, often, to his 'loved ones' at home. He hated the mercy-shooting of the animals (the dogs, as well as his beloved Mrs Chippy).

Harry's *real* name was **Henry** McNish. He was born in 1874 (the same year as Shackleton) at Port Glasgow Scotland and died in 1930 at Wellington, NZ, in rather impoverished circumstances.

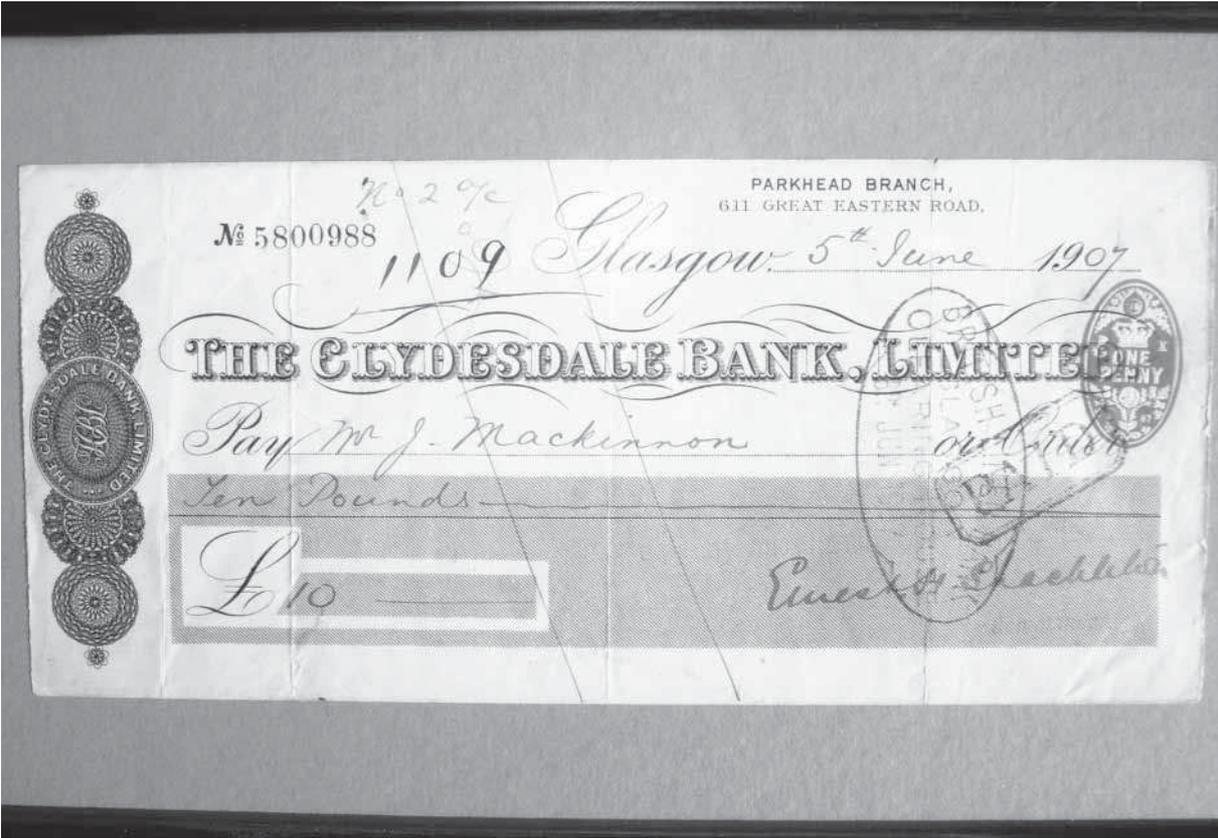
McNish was the oldest crew member (40) on the Imperial Trans-Antarctic Expedition (1914-17). Crucially, he was responsible for much of the work that was carried out on the *James Caird* to maximise her chances of safe passage across the high seas. The epic journey of the *Caird* across a thousand storm-tossed miles of Southern Ocean is the stuff of legend. Without that journey, Frank Wild and his band of men would have perished on Elephant Island. Indirectly, at least, Chippy played his part in their salvation.

After the loss of the *Endurance* McNish refused, for a brief moment, to follow orders. The risk of mutiny was very real. Attempts to man-haul the *James Caird*, *Stancombe Wills* and *Dudley Docker* across the ice floes (at Shackleton's suggestion) proved very hard work and the carpenter refused to take his turn in the harness. This was a real low point for The Boss and his men. Perhaps McNish had become impatient and doubted his leader's ability to save them? However, Sir Ernest dealt with this insurrection head-on. He sternly reminded the carpenter (and all his men) of the contractual obligation to obey orders. He made it patently clear, too, that their *only* chance of survival was to stick and work together. McNish sorted himself out and got on with the job. Notwithstanding McNish's carpentry contribution (Worsley, the captain of the *Endurance*, called him, 'a splendid shipwright') the Scotsman was one of only four expedition members (McNish, Vincent, Holness and Stephenson) *not* to be awarded the Polar Medal, upon their return to England.

After the expedition McNish returned to the Merchant Navy. It is said that he would often complain of physical pain in his joints, following the open ocean odyssey of the *Caird*. Eventually, Harry secured a job with the New Zealand Shipping Company. In 1925 he moved there, alone. He worked on the waterfront in Wellington until injury made it impossible to work. Destitute, he would sleep in the wharf sheds under a tarpaulin, relying upon the charity of the local dockworkers to get by. After a while a place was found for him in the Ohiro Benevolent Home. Sadly, his health continued to decline. He died in Wellington Hospital on 24th September 1930. Two days later he was buried with full naval honours (courtesy of 12 men from *HMS Dunedin*, who happened to be in port at the time). However, it wasn't until the New Zealand Antarctic Society Inc (NZAS) stepped in that Chippy's grave became marked, some thirty years later. A headstone was erected at the Karori Cemetery on 10th May 1959. In 2004, the NZAS tidied the grave and a life-size bronze sculpture of McNish's beloved cat, Mrs Chippy, was placed on it.

In 1958 the British Antarctic Survey named a small island in his honour. 'McNish Island' (originally spelt 'McNeish Island') lies in the approaches to King Haakon Bay, South Georgia. In October 2006, a small, oval, wall plaque commemorating his achievements was unveiled at the Port Glasgow Library (in his home town).

Stephen Scott-Fawcett



£10 cheque issued in June 1907 by Ernest Shackleton for Nimrod expedition supplies

Extracts from the diary of Harry McNish (*Endurance Expedition*)

Source: Microfilm G512, National Library of Australia, Canberra.

[The text has been transcribed principally by Shane Murphy and re-worked by Stephen Scott-Fawcett]

Shane Murphy comments:-

'Before the loss of the *Endurance* this diary appears to be recorded in black ink; thereafter, it seems to be in pencil (spellings and punctuation are variable).

I have tried to recreate this document as accurately as possible but, certainly, I have made mistakes.....

Occasional related entries by other diarists are included **.'

[**Orde-Lees wrote;

Outbound from England to Buenos Aires: "There are 4 tables. I chose to sit at the same table as Cheetham and McNish because I thought a little unrefined company would be good training for hut life, but I must say that McNish is a tough proposition. First he sucks his teeth loudly then he produces a match, carefully sharpens it and proceeds to perform various dental operations, occasionally he expectorates through the window and at scooping up peas with a knife he is a perfect juggler.....

I feel sure I 'get on his nerves' as much as he does on mine.

In the saloon we have 4 little separate tables, as you know I have made a point of sitting at the same table as the 4th Officer who was a sailor on Scott's expedition']

[December 1914]

Wednesday 9th - Under sail course SE. Very light wind. Sighted a stream of ice.

7.0AM started engines 11.15AM - course SE made fast all sail & set them again 2.0PM sighted the pack. 4.15PM entered pack. 5.0PM went about 2 miles & found it too heavy. Come clear again. 9.0PM run 91[?] miles steering ENE heavy snow.

Thursday 10th- Entered pack at 7.45AM. Run 129 miles all hands stand by set fore topsail 9.30AM I am repairing pram. Began to snow. 3.0PM stopped work. Concert to be held in the rookery tonight. The skipper had his hand bitten by one of the dogs (Mac).

Friday 11th - Grand Concert last night but heavy snow today, all square sails set. Hard NE breeze. Done 5[3?] miles through very heavy pack ice. Passed a sea leopard & crab eating seal on floe. I fitted up a weather screen on the bridge had tea. Turned in at 9.0PM. Temperature 27.

Saturday 12th - Lat 60-52 S Long 14-2 W. Run 33 miles through heavy ice & snow showers ... Turned out 7.30PM, had breakfast & oiled all round & cleaned tools & made semaphore signal for bridge. Had a sleep from 2.0PM. Had 'sweethearts & wives' at 8.0PM followed by songs. Turned in at 9.0PM.

Sunday 13th - Lat 61-21 Long 14-50 W. 53 miles course 3/4 W fine morning temperature plus 30 (2 points below freezing). Turned out 7.30AM & sounded bilges reported same to the Boss. Had breakfast at 8.0AM. Done a bit of washing & put pockets on oilskin coat. Had lunch.



Slept 2 hours. We got a Ross seal at 3.0PM which Mr. Wild shot. Got him on board & skinned the same all ready for cooking. Still going through heavy pack ice but (it is) loose. I hope we get out of it soon to get to our destination turned in 10.0PM

Monday 14th - Lat 61-36S 17-54 W. Long run 18 miles course S by E heavy pack. Turned out 5.30AM. Had cocoa then rounded ship. Smoked until breakfast which consisted of seal liver & bacon. Started making toggles for sledges. Seal meat for dinner. Put up locker in Boss's cabin in the afternoon. Stopped work 3.15PM. Had sardines for tea. Had my usual smoke & walk round. Turned in 8.30PM.

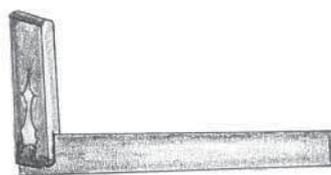
Tuesday 15th - Lat 61-31S Long 18-8. Lost six miles. Blowing hard from SW. Engines going slow ahead to keep the rudder clear. Turned out 6.30AM. Sounded 10" in bilges. Had breakfast, curried salmon. Made a pig pen for the two pigs both of which belong to myself. One I got at Leith the other at Grytviken. Had lunch. Put a door on the storeroom. Captured a young Weddell & Penguin at 5.15PM so we will have fresh beef tomorrow.

Wednesday 16th - Lat 61-41 S Lon 18-6 W. Started this morning 7.0AM. Fitted key for lock in store room door then sounded bilges (18") inches. Got pumps started then started on pram. Fitted in two planks & cinched the same. Stopped work at 5.0PM. Sounded bilges again at 7.0PM (10"). The day's run - 11 miles but going very well since noon. There have been heavy snow squalls all day but the pack looks much opener now. It looks more like bay ice. Turned in at 9.0PM.

Thursday 17th - Lat 62-13 Lon 18-52. Run 39 miles. Turned out 7.30AM. Fine day but cold temperature 23. Sounded bilges 13". Started on pram after breakfast. Stopped in floe at 9.30AM. All hands on ice after penguins. Got 9. Got ship clear again 3.10PM. Made very good headway until 6.0PM then we had to break a passage through ice 12 to 14 ft thick. We are in open patch now for about 3 miles but it looks very heavy ahead. Turned in 8.0PM.

Friday 18th - Lat 62-42 Lon 18-11. Run 39 miles. Turned out 7.0AM. A fine morning but cold. Temperature plus 24. I re-sounded as usual 1 ft. (Had) breakfast which consisted of seal steaks & onions. Ship jammed in ice since 11.5AM. We shot 3 seals & got them on board. Three penguins visited us this evening. Mr Hussey gave them a selection of music but when he started a (Scottish) selection they got disgusted and walked away. 6.30PM ice opening up. Ship started on our way again. The ice is open now about one and half miles. Turned in 8.0PM.

Thursday 31st - Lat 66-47 S Lon 15-45 W. Run 51 miles. Temperature plus 25. Turned out 7.0AM. Sounded. Had breakfast. Made grating for wheel. We caught 5 penguins today. 1 emperor & 4 Adélies. We are still getting along but slow as the ice is a bit heavy & close. We are about 149 miles from Coates Land. Tomorrow is New Year's day & I hope you & Tips will have a Happy New Year & all the years to come. From Daddy.



[January 1915]

Friday 1st - Lat 67-45 S Lon 15-18 W. Run 6.9 miles. Temperature plus 26. I was first feasted[?] by the skipper at 12.20AM & turned out at 6.0AM. Sounded the bilges then shaved clean as I have not shaved since we left BA. I feel want of my whiskers but I won't do it again until next Hogmanay & then we will turning towards Home & those we love best. I got the day over with sleeping and reading and turned in

Saturday 9th- This is the anniversary of Shackleton's 'Farthest South' & everything looks much better as the floe opened up all around and we are under way again. We had sweethearts & wives as usual & turned in 9.0AM.

Sunday 10th- Lat 72-25 S Lon 15-57 W. Temperature plus 25 but wind very cold. We have sighted Coates Land this afternoon 4.15 PM & hundreds of seals floating on ice all round us so we are going farther south. Our run today 136 miles

Monday 11th- Lat 73-20 S Lon 20-33 W. Temperature plus 23. Run 109 miles. We are getting around Coates land - soundings at noon 155 fathoms close to barrier ice. I started making a small chest of drawers for the Boss to use in the hut. We are stopped at present as it is very thick and snowing very heavy but I think we will get under way again before morning & if all well we will be at the end of Coates land tomorrow which was Bruce's Furthest South.

Saturday 16th- Lat 76-11 S Lon 27-12 W. Run 124 miles but it is blowing very hard we went into the ice at the foot of a glacier & got some collections of granite. We are hove to now under the lee of a berg.

Monday 18th - Lat 76-27 S Long 29-46 W. We have done 23 miles but we have come to a full stop again. I think we will have to wait until it opens up a bit as it is very heavy ice. We had soundings today - 1080 fathoms. I finished the drawers.

Sunday 24th - Still fast & no signs of any opening. Pressure is still a serious business & if we don't get out of it soon I would not give much for our chances of ever getting away from here as we seem to be wedged into a bay & there is only one chance for us that is a breeze of SE wind.

Monday 25th -Still fast in the ice. We tried today to cut away the ice to relieve the ship but it was (of) no use as there is a piece about 70 feet square under our keel forward.

Tuesday 26th -Still fast in the ice. The water has opened out a bit ahead of us but the floe we are in is still as sound as ever. We caught a young emperor penguin today.

Thursday 28th - Temperature plus 6. Very cold. Still fast and no signs of any change Lat 76-50 S Long 40 W. We are drifting NW & our seal meat is finished. The dogs are on short rations & we have only tinned meats ourselves. So things don't look so well. We saw two seals this evening but there was water between us and them. We took soundings today through a hole in the ice. Sea depth - 320 fathoms



[March, 1915]

Monday 1st - Turned out 7-30AM. Snowing. Temperature Minus 8. Started to cover in the after part of the ship for the winter we shot 9 seals but only got 4 alongside as there is a blizzard blowing at present from the NW. All hands are at present building igloos for the dogs. We had two of our sledges smashed today as the floes are so rough.

Tuesday 2nd - Turned out 7-30AM. Still the blizzard continues. I am getting the hold ready for winter quarters as our cabins are in a very bad state. The temperature in my cabin last night was Minus 2 & tonight it is plus 1.

Wednesday 3rd - Turned out 7-30AM. A fine morning but cold. I started again on the after end to close it in. We had one of our best dogs die today of stoppage in bowels & we had 4 more shot as they were dying with worms.

Thursday 4th - This is my Loved One's birthday. I trust in God she is well, also Wee Tips. It is very cold. Temperature Minus 15. I have been trying today to finish the construction aft but I had to give it up after having the little finger of my left hand bitten.

Saturday 13th - A fine day. Temperature plus 15. Wind NW light. Put up the stove down below & all hands migrated. This evening we had our usual 'sweethearts & wives'. Turned in my new cabin. Me & Mr Cheetham are cabin mates.

Monday 15th - Temperature Minus 4. We started our winter routine today. No work after 1.0 PM. The shore party are exercising the dogs. I am on the sick list with a poisoned finger. We had one seal today

Tuesday 16th - Temperature plus 13. A strong blizzard from NE. No outside work only arguments about the war. We are getting very anxious to get news of some kind. We had a wireless receiver installed before we left B.A. but we have not received anything since Nov 1st 1914. 600 miles south of B.A.

Wednesday 17th - Temperature plus 7 at 8 AM but Minus 10 at noon. Had one seal today. Ice cracking all around. Making preparations for bringing the dogs onboard. The blizzard still continues. No one allowed to leave the ship until further orders. Started scaling boiler today.

Thursday 18th - Temperature Minus 11. A lot of open water around but too late to be of any good. Every one in the best of health but McLeod & myself. He has one finger bitten & mine looks a bit better.

Friday 19th - Lat 77-8. Temperature Zero. Drifting to the westward. We had 7 seals today. It is Marston's birthday so there was a drink allowed.

Sunday 28th - My wee Love's birthday & I hope both her & my Big Love are well & God Bless them. Lat 76-26 S. Drifting south again. Temperature Minus 9. On Sundays there is no work on dogs exercise & the crew get ice on board for cooking and drinking purposes.

Monday 29th - Lat 76-24 Lon 33-12. Temperature Minus 6. I started work today making a tide vane. It is for going about 30 fathoms under the ice with a compass attached to indicate the undercurrent. The crew have been put on their allowance of butter as we are getting short of that. There is only about 60 lbs left. We have butter on the table for breakfast only. all our potatoes have gone wrong but we have plenty preserved ones. Soundings today - 385 fathoms.

[April, 1915]

Thursday 8th - Temperature plus 10. Wind still from NNE. All hands busy digging out dogs & sledging snow away from the ship as the weight is sinking the floe which means thicker ice to get out of. We held Wordie's birthday (party) tonight

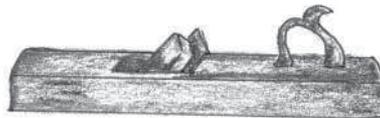
Friday 9th - Temperature plus 21/2 & falling fast. The crew & teamsters busy rebuilding igloos as they have been nearly all buried. We caught a fine emperor penguin today. He came up the rudder hole & we had a few specimens in the dredge.

Saturday 10th - Temperature minus 12. Shortened up the wire around the ship. No one allowed over the side until further orders as it is snowing & blowing hard. we had sweethearts & wives & health to the Army & Navy. We are all in the pink of condition. Only anxious for the war

news but we unanimously hope that the War God has been crushed without any further loss of life & we are all sorry we have no hand in the hanging of him but we all sincerely hope the Russians will capture him for if Briton do they will set him up in a palace for the ratepayers to keep

Sunday 11th - Lat 76-18 S. Temperature plus 10. Usual routine. (De-)iced ship. I had a walk along the young ice with McLeod for about 4 miles. It was a treat & good going. Had penguin for dinner. It was a treat after being so long on seal meat

Monday 12th - Lat 76-19 S. We are drifting SW. Temperature plus 18. I finished the companionway I was making & we got the same fitted. There is no one (who) would take for the same ship as left London. The motor has broken down so there has been no dredging & he is wishing himself at home. He is the only unfortunate as he has no practical experience of motors so Hurley is doing his repairs.



[May, 1915]

Thursday 6th - This is my cabin mate's & Hussey's birthday. Temperature minus 12. Lat 75-17 S 41-37 W. The usual routine amongst the dogs. We got 9 penguins today; one party was shooting while another party was sledging them back to the ship. The motor has gone on the sick list again. They had to haul the trawl by hand but they got some very good specimens. I am making a heavy wooden frame for a sledge to put the small 3 1/2 horse power motor for dredging operations.

Wednesday 12th - Temperature Plus 9. It is blowing a blizzard now. No teams out today. 6 of 7 of Sadie's Pups died this morning. I have started to take the wheels of the aeroplane sledge & to put them on to the small frame I made. No outside work.

Thursday 20th - Temperature Plus 2. Blowing hard from ESE. No dogs out today as it is too dark. Crew (de-)ice(d) ship. We all had our hair cut to the scalp & then had our photograph taken after in the Ritz. We look a lot of convicts & we are not much short of that life at present but still hoping to get to civilisation some day.

Friday 21st - Temperature Plus 7. Snowing & blowing wind SE. Soundings 155 fathoms. The teams had a short run today. Hurley is busy fitting up 3 cluster lights to give us light to get the dogs on board if the ice should break up.

[June, 1915]

Thursday 3rd - Temperature Minus 15. We celebrate the King's birthday with bread & cheese & butter for lunch & grog in the evening of which I have not tasted since Jan 19th.

Sunday 6th - Temperature Minus 26, the lowest we have had yet. No one allowed out as it has been too dark.

Monday 7th - Temperature Minus 20. There is no run for the dogs as the floe has become much smaller. Lat 74-40. Soundings 258 fathoms. There is good breeze of SW wind so I expect we are drifting to the northward. We had a gramophone selection last night. It passed away a couple of hours as the night is so long now. It takes something to break the monotony.

Tuesday 8th - Temperature Minus 19. Lat 74-27. Soundings 288 fathoms. We have drifted 12 miles nearer home & the Lord be thanked for that much as I am about sick of the whole thing as we cant growl about being over-fed. Just what keeps us alive? We have all lost weight. I have lost 2 stone since B.A. 8 pounds last month as we weigh in every month. I made a pair of doors for the companionway. The teams had a short run

Wednesday 9th - Temperature Minus 24. Lat 74-26. Soundings 290 fathoms. It has been a fine day (what there was of it-one hour from 11-30 to 1-30 (and)that was only twilight). They had a short run with the dogs. I am making a wash tub & it will be number 7 since we left Plymouth. Hurley has been taking flashlight pictures. He has secured some of the best. Peggie Lees went for an exercise on an old bike & he had it all night. A search party found him at 4-PM but minus the bike. He left it behind somewhere but don't know where so he is not to leave the ship again. Poor fellow he is only mad.

Monday 14th - Temperature Minus 1. The usual routine today. The dogs had a short run. We are going to have a race tomorrow if there is any light.

Tuesday 15th - Temperature Minus 9. The light is bad with fog but the race was run. 700 yards five teams 700 lbs (about 100 lb per dog) the favourite won by 10 seconds

Wild's Team	2	Minutes	16	Seconds
Hurley's "	2	"	26	"
Crean's "	2	"	37	"
Macklin's "	3	"	7	"
McIlroy's "	3	"	12	"

Sunday 20th - Lat 74-351/2 S Long 46-12 W. Temperature Minus 6. We have a half a mile north with 1600 to go to Sough Georgia so if we go on as we are doing at present we wont be long but with the drift being all westerly it makes us believe there is a channel between Graham Land & the Antarctic Continent.

Monday 21st - Lat 74-30 S Lon 46-39 W. Temperature zero & blowing hard from the SW. We have done 51/2 miles nearer home since yesterday & we are feeling a bit better over it now. All hands are preparing for the fete tomorrow night as it is Midwinter's Day. We will be having the sun back again in another six weeks so that (in) itself is something to look forward to. We had the usual routine today. McLeod brought in a penguin with him this afternoon so there must be open water about somewhere.

Tuesday 22nd – Midwinter's Day. A lovely morning. Lat 74-21 S Temperature Minus 14. We had sausages & onions fried for breakfast & it was a treat after being so long on seal & penguin meat. No work. Only (de-)ice the ship & a run for the dogs. McLeod & myself done about 7 miles walking around the ship. My finger is getting on alright now. We had another treat for lunch - Bovril (for the first time), cheese & bread & a cup of tea. After them tea & cake at 4-0PM (a present from some one at home). Dinner at 6-0PM- roast pork, stewed apples & preserved peas with plum pudding. Then we had a concert which started at 8-0PM & finished at midnight.

Friday 25th - Lat 73-56 S. Lon 46-18 West. Temperature Minus 20. Sounding 236 fathoms. A light Northerly breeze. We had the trawl down today & only got a few stones. I cut a hole through the ice to measure the thickness. From Feb 18th until now it has made 4 ft 3 inches. We had a race between Wild & Hurley's teams today which Wild won. The distance as last time 700 yards.

2 minutes 9 seconds	2 minutes 18 seconds
Wild's	Hurley's
Dogs	Dogs

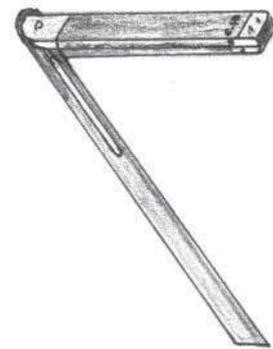
[July, 1915]

Saturday 10th - Temperature Minus 27. No wind & a good surface for walking. I was one of the scrubbers of the Ritz today and had of a fine walk afterwards. There is a lot of pressure & open water about 300 yards on our starboard beam but far enough off to keep us safe from harm. We had a lantern lecture on New Zealand last night from the skipper. He is a native of New Zealand & we finished up drinking the health of our loved ones at home

[**Hurley wrote: Gave a lantern lecture on New Zealand. Worsley I allowed to do the lecturing, he being a native born New Zealander. He spoke very ineloquently, his descriptions being confined to "It is - er - er - so and so." He, however, retrieved himself by executing a Maori war-dance.]

Thursday 15th - Temperature Minus 13. The blizzard still continues so we are getting a little bit further north, at least we hope so. All hands digging out dogs. No other work. The drift around the ship is about 12-to 14 ft high on our starboard side. It is level with the top of our bulwarks. The ship has taken a slight list to starboard. My theory of the 'bump' has turned out correct. When we froze in here we had 15 tons of coal on deck & all the hut timber on the portside. Since we have been here we have used up all the coal & the timber is all up on the poop deck on the starboard side. All the stores we have used have been taken from the portside & that's what has caused the ice to surge up to starboard.

Sunday 18th - Temperature Minus 18. A fine morning. A lovely blaze of red light on the horizon which had a peculiar effect on the floe making everything look red. We had a walk about 2 miles until stopped by open water. The dogs had plenty of exercise. We have been drifting back South these last two days but it has started to blow again from the SW so we are homeward bound again. We have the gramophone going with all the latest songs. We never have had a religious service since the second out from Plymouth. Plenty of filthy remarks as there are a few who cant speak of anything else & of course they think it makes them manly instead of blaggards. I don't see how we could have better luck than we have had & if we are spared to get out of it I don't think there will be many volunteers to come back.



Friday 23rd - Lat 73-14 S Lon 49 W. Still blowing hard wind. Still SW. All the Shore Party getting the sledging rations passed on deck ready for an emergency for if the floe breaks in the wake of the ship she would not last one hour. I am fitting one of the whale boats on the runners of the motor sledge ready for crossing the ice to the nearest known land 170 miles as near as we can judge from here

Saturday 24th - Lat 73-4 S. Soundings 185 fathoms. No dogs or anyone allowed away from the ship as the floe has cracked all over & there is a lot of heavy pressure going on about 400 yards from us. We have every thing prepared for leaving the ship. We had our usual 'sweethearts & wives' - pressure or not.

Monday 26th - Lat 72-52 S. Temperature Minus 16. Soundings 189 fathoms. A Lovely morning. Light WSW breeze. We had an anxious time of it last night as the ice pressure was bad all round us & we were turned in with our Burberrys on ready to jump at a call but everything went off alright during the night. The pressure is within 20 yards of our stern & it is to be hoped it will stay there. The dogs had a run round the ship & all hands have had their usual exercise. We saw the sun for the first time for 86 days & that means a lot to us now as we will have more daylight as we go along & we are looking for higher Temperatures. We don't want

this floe to break up until there is some open water for it would mean the ship being crushed if we got adrift at present.

Friday 30th - Temperature Plus 1. No sight. The Dog men are still busy at their kennels. The crew are shifting drift. I have been busy with the Boss's cabin trying to stop the condensation.



[August, 1915]

Sunday 1st - Temperature Minus 7. Blowing a gale of Southerly wind & the floe we were in has all broken up. We got the dogs on board at 10-30AM. Everyone got our warm clothes put up in as small a bundle as possible ready to get on to the floe. It was noon before we had the boats & everything ready. We have had a start out of our monotony if ever any one had one for the ice has all broken up & the worst part of it was broke right through the middle of the ship, one half going one way & one the other. It almost broke us in two halves. This hung on for about 20 minutes when the piece that was catching our bows split the other way. One piece going under our bows which relieved us for a time but we are still in a precarious position. It is 7 PM & there is no sign of a lull but the pressure has stopped as all the ice seems to be jammed up solid. There will be a lot of pressure when the gale subsides. I have placed my loved one's photos inside my bible we got presented with from Queen Alexandra & put them in my bag.

[In the diary there is a large diagram with ship heeled to starboard with a huge block of pressure approaching from right; titled below in large letters: 'Position of the ship Sunday August 1st 1915 7-0 PM very thick & dark']

Monday 2nd - Temperature Zero. Still blowing hard. All hands getting things in order on deck. The pressure has stopped now for a bit but we don't know the minute it is going to start again.

Thursday 5th - Temperature Minus 9. Lat 71-51 S. we are getting along very well now it has been a beautiful day & we had real sun shine for about 4 hours. I am busy building new kennels for the dogs so we are using up the last of the hut timber as the means to get more at either South Georgia or the Falklands. The sounding today was 1143 fathoms - a big difference from last week. There were four dogs shot today as they were only eating food and no good & we are short of dog food now. We got a penguin this afternoon.

Tuesday 24th - Temperature Minus 10. Wind SSW. We had a procession of the dogs before the Cinematographer. The crew are clearing up the fore part of the ship.

Wednesday 25th - Temperature Minus 9. Soundings 1907 fathoms. Lat 70-9 S Lon 50-12 W. We had the dog drivers & their leaders photographed today.

Thursday 26th - Temperature Minus 15. Wind South light. There is a lot of pressure going on about 500 yards on the port bow. Hurley has been busy taking photos all round as there is fine sunlight. I am making stools for the Ritz.

Friday 27th - Temperature Minus 21. A fine day. We were all turned out last night or this morning early as the floe cracked right across the ship. At 2 AM we had all the sledges to get on board which did not take us long but the ship was in a perilous position if the floe had twisted anyway.

Saturday 28th - Lat 69-57. Temperature Minus 22 but a splendid day as there is no wind. We had another bang last night under the bottom as the ice was pressed under our keel. I think

with the temperature of the water rising a piece broke off and came up under the bottom. We had our usual sweethearts & wives.

[September 1915]

Saturday 4th - Lat 69-54 Lon 50-20 West. We have had a lot of very hard pressure during the week. There were times when we thought it was not possible the ship would stand it. She sprung in many places. One of the 3 ft square (metal) plates was buckled up 1 1/2 inches in the middle. At that time she was hanging on from the main mast aft & nothing forward. The keel is jammed & there is no way in clearing it but at present everything is quiet. We are freezing in again but there are a lot of cracks all around the floe.

Tuesday 28th - Temperature Plus 2. The wind there is light & seems to be going round to the south. We have started the daylight saving scheme by putting the clock back an hour. It gives us longer evenings. I am still working at the wheelhouse but only three hours a day (that is the hours of work all through the winter).

Wednesday 29th - My birthday & I sincerely hope to spend my next one at home. There is a fine breeze - a southerly wind - at present & there is a crack in the floe about 10 yards ahead of the ship. If the wind holds in this direction for a while it will open the ice up. The temperature is still Plus 4 which shows there must be open water south of us. The floe opening up shows the ice is clear north. We had a gramophone selection to celebrate my birthday with cake & grog.

Thursday 30th - Lat 69-29 S 51-6 W. We had a lively day. The dogs were out & brought in 2 penguins & the skipper sighted a seal. The crew went with the Boss & shot it & brought it in. Then we saw four more seals & Crean & Wild went & brought two in & left the other two until tomorrow. McLeod & I went for a stroll out to the open water but we had to run back for the crack opened up along side the ship. The sledges had to be brought on board & while we were busy the ice closed again but not in the same position. One corner caught our side abreast of the fore-rigging & buckled the between deck & bent beams like a piece of cane. We really thought she was going to pieces when the pressure stopped. Everything is well at present. The wind has died away but there is every sign of a blow coming from SW.

[October, 1915]

Tuesday 19th - We have had an exciting time of it since Friday last [15th]. The pool we were in closed up with a hard breeze from the NW. We had very heavy pressure all day on Saturday & Sunday. Then, on Sunday night, the floe on our starboard side started to twist forward while the one on our portside held us under the bow. Then, something had to go as it pushed the ship up 4 ft aft & 1 ft 6 in forward. It gave us a list of twenty degrees which left all the weight of the ship on the floe on our portside. At 4-30PM yesterday the floe on our portside gave way & the ship fell over on her beam ends. Her keel was visible on the starboard side. We were in a very critical position until 7.00PM when the floe on our portside cracked across, abreast of our main rigging, & went aft. This freed us & we got her up right. Then we started to fill the boiler which we had done on Saturday [16th] when, owing to one of the doors leaking, it had to be pumped out. We have got the fires underway now so if there is any movement or opening we will be ready for it. There has been a killer whale playing around the ship all evening. All hands are busy cutting up all kinds of timber for the boilers. I cut up the pram this afternoon and have started to build a 10 ft punt.

Sunday (24th) - Lat 69-8 S Lon 51-20 W. We had a fine night last night. We drank the health of our sweethearts & wives but I am afraid we won't do so much longer as we have sprung a leak. I am working all night trying to stop it. The pressure is getting worse.

Monday (25th) - I don't know what Lat we are in at present but things looks a bit serious now. I have built a coffer dam in the engine room & we are still managing to keep the water down with the pumps. Sir Ernest & most of the hands are packing sledges I am afraid it is all up with the ship.

[Lees - Monday October 15th: The carpenter turned to like a Trojan & has worked continuously for 48 hrs building a coffer dam across the inside of the stern of the ship with a view to minimising the leakage & with so much success already that it has, at any rate, considerably reduced it.]**

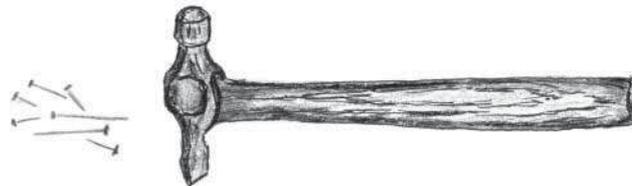
Wednesday 27th & Thursday 28th [*the 26th was a Tuesday; the ship was abandoned on Wednesday the 27th*] - We have left the ship this afternoon as she is going to pieces fast. The stern post broke this evening & then the keel was torn out of her. Then she filled rapidly

We have passed our first night on the floe & we had to shift our camp about 1 am this morning as the ice split about 1 yard from our tent. I am in a tent with Mr Wild, Dr McIlroy & Mr Wordie. It is Thursday night now & we have shifted our camp 3 times. We got a seal today. I am busy getting the two boats fixed on sledges. We have all been fitted out with a new rig out of warm clothing & 1 pound of tobacco & sleeping bags. There were only 18 skin bags & we cast lots for them. I was lucky for the first time in my life for I drew one.

Friday 29th - We have everything about ready for the march which is 270 miles to the nearest known land over very rough floes as it is all knocked up with the pressure. The ice has cut clean through the ship so she has had a short career

Saturday 30th - We got everything ready & started on our first sledging journey but we only managed 1 mile it is very hard going & we have a relay with the boats which means pulling one for a bit & then going back for the other

Sunday 31st - We have done 3/4 a mile today to a fine berg floe & as far as things went today it was very well. The dogs (have) done excellent. They took one boat & the men (took) the other which meant a lot less labour



[November, 1915]

Monday 1st - We got two seals yesterday & we had a fine feed as we are on half sledging rations which is good but we have only as much as keeps us for 70 days. God only knows when we will get to the land & even when there it may be another year after that before we get to civilisation. We have made up our minds to stop on this floe until the fast ice opens up; then take to the boats. If all goes well I hope we will get out as fast as we would have got out in the ship.

Thursday 4th - Lat 69-1 S Lon 51-57 W. Temperature Plus 10. We have been busy at the ship getting all the wood & stores that is possible to get. I have cut 2 holes through the deck (which is 2 ft 9 inches under water) above the store room. We got 3 tons of stores out today. I am cutting another hole tomorrow & we expect to get all that is in the store but there is another

store that we can't get at as there is 12 ft of water over it. We are hoping now that this floe won't break up for a month at least - until we have gorged ourselves properly.

Sunday 7th - Lat 68-50 S Lon 52-10 W. The blizzard still continues but we all hope it lasts for a month as we have done 16 miles NW since our last observation. There has been nothing done today only a few have been rigging up a range for cooking out of the ash chute. It has turned out very well. We had a fine hoosh tonight of corned meat and preserved potatoes. It was a treat. Now we are lying smoking in our bags.

Tuesday 9th - Lat 68-35 1/2 S Lon 52-18 W. There was four teams away seal hunting & they brought back 3 penguins & the seal meat we had in the ship which was lying on the floe alongside where we had thrown it the day we left her. She is down level with the decks now but there is a lot of ice under her. When the floe opens we expect she will sink as she is broken in two halves. I am still busy at the sledge.

Tuesday 16th - Lat 68-30 S Lon 52-23 W. Temperature Plus 20. I have been busy since Saturday finishing the sledge for the boat & now I am building the boat up 1 foot higher and decking her in halfway, making her fit to carry the whole party in case we have to make a longer journey than we now anticipate at present. We had 1 seal on Saturday but none since the wind has been NE these last 3 days. We have held our own against it.

Thursday 18th - Lat 68-38 S Lon 52-23 W. Temperature Plus 15. We had all hands, bar myself & my mate, on a seal hunt today they only got 3 penguins but we had a seal this morning which came almost up to the tents. McLeod and I are busy at the boat & everybody is very well pleased to see how it is progressing. I have only a saw hammer & chisel & adze but we are managing all right.

Sunday 21st - We have got a fine fair wind at last although it is our unlucky day for all our disasters happen on a Sunday. The ship sank this evening at 5-20 PM so we have seen the last of her. I have been busy all day with the boats. A seal came into the camp this morning & the party went back to the first camp to bring me some more wood. We killed another seal. There is a whole string of bergs to the SW of us & going N of us. The whole floe has become loose now it only means a few days of this wind to give us an opening.

[Worsley: Sunday 21st: The carpenter and his assistants work all day to complete the whaler. The work on her must not be interrupted for fear that the floes might break up before she is quite ready to take the water.]**

[Worsley: Monday 22nd: Carpenter finishes building topsides, forward and after whalebacks on whaler and fits pump, made by Hurley, into her. All that now remains is to caulk her topsides. She could now, at a pinch, carry 29 men. She can carry 61/2 tons measurement of 31/2 tons deadweight besides her gear.]**

Tuesday 23rd - Lat 68-34 S Lon 52-29 W. Temperature Plus 15. We got 4 seals today. I am still busy at the boats

[Worsley: Tuesday 23rd: Carpenter caulking topsides of whaler with cotton thread. We have not been able to secure pitch, putty or ship's paints, but Marston's oil colours come in handy for covering and filling up seams, possibly the first time that artist's colours have been used for 'paying' the seams of a ship's boat. Rickenson makes a rudder for the whaler.]**

Wednesday 24th - Lat 68-27. We have drifted 7 miles North since Yesterday noon but I expect we have done a lot of easting as it is blowing hard from SW. The ice is getting more loose every day. We are only waiting for a lead to open close to our floe then we start west for Robinson Island. If all goes well there is a party of 4 to cross (from) Graham Land to Deception Harbour



to find a relief vessel as there are a lot of whalers around that district during the summer. I have finished the whale boat. Only a few odds & ends which can be done any time. I am putting thwarts in another one to tow after us with stores.

[Worsley: Wednesday 24th - Cut down the second cutter's lugsail into a mizzen for the whaler, for which the carpenter fits her with a small mizzen mast, cut down from second cutter's mast. The whaler is already fitted with a standing lug and jib, the first whaler with a dipping lug.]**

Saturday 27th - Lat 68-18 Lon 52-24 W. I have been busy finishing up the boats & now I have got all three ready for the water. I have started to raise the Dudley Docker (a little) higher at my leisure. It is (a) pastime for me & at makes the boat carry more & (be) more seaworthy. We have had 4 seals since Wednesday [24th] so we are living like fighting cocks now. Plenty of good seal steaks & seal stews. We never fared better & we are still drifting North which makes us

all happy. If all goes well we are looking to be (in)civilisation about April & if not we will spend the winter most likely at Paulet Island or Snow Hill. We know there is a hut at Snow Hill & a stone hut & stores at Paulet Island.

Sunday 28th - Lat 68-11 S Lon 52-24 W. Temperature Plus 20. We got 3 seals today. I am not working today as I feel a bit off with my old troubles the piles. They have been exercising the dogs round the floe. I expect we will have to part with the dogs one of these days as we can't take them with us in the boats. It will be a sad day as we all have taken to the dogs. I had to part with my pet Misses Chippie the day after we left the ship. I was hurt but I knew it was impossible to take her with us.

[December, 1915]

Friday 3rd - Lat 67-56 S Lon. I have been busy at the boats. I finished the Dudley Docker on Wednesday & I have started to make pumps for the three of them as it is much handier than bailing with a dish. There are sundry small jobs to finish them ready for the water. We shifted our camp to a higher position yesterday as we were getting pretty near the water through the snow melting. We are still drifting N & there is a fine breeze of SE wind at present. The ice is more loose than it was. Three teams went to our first camp & brought back all the blankets & clothing they could get. We will, in a probably, have to winter on some part of Graham land but if there is a possible chance of getting to civilisation in the boats we intend to make a bold attempt

Saturday 4th - Lat 67-54 S Lon 52-29 W. They have been exercising the dogs round the floe while some have been clearing up around the camp. I have been working at the James Caird getting all in order for the water. The Boss is laid up with sciatica.

Saturday 18th - Lat 67-3 S. Temperature Plus 21. It is blowing hard from ENE. We have drifted 3 miles south since yesterday but I think we went a good bit west. There has been nothing doing these last two days only reading & playing cards. One would imagine (we were) in Ratcliffe Highway or some other den by the language that is being used. I have been shipmates with all sorts of men both in sail and steam but never nothing like some of our shore party. The most filthy language is used as terms of endearment. Worse of all (it) is tolerated.

Tuesday 21st - Lat 67-10 S Lon. 52-33 W. We got 3 seals today. The Boss, Wild, Crean & Hurley went out 6 miles from here & returned with good news. There are plenty (of) big floes about a mile from here & the surface is very good. So, we are going to make a start west as soon as I get the second sledge ready. As we are only taking 2 boats I cut a sledge in two but I will have it all right by tomorrow night. We are holding Xmas tomorrow as we want to eat up the best of our stores before leaving them. Then we leave here with 90 days rations.

Wednesday 22nd - Xmas Day with us & I hope you are all having a good Xmas at home. I have been busy today but I managed to get the sledge ready as we start at 4.0AM tomorrow. There has been no scarcity of food as we can lift & eat anything we want today as we have to leave a lot behind.

Thursday 23rd - We started this morning at 5.0 AM & relayed the boats for 11/4 miles & shifted camp to the same floe. Finished at 1.0 PM & turned in.

Friday 24th - We started last night at 8.0 PM & done a mile & had to stop as we have come up to open cracks. As there is a movement among the floes we put up the tents & turned in at 1 AM. 8 PM we have done nothing today as there have been a lot of cracks open but they have closed now & we are starting at 2.0 AM. We got 2 seals today.

Wednesday 29th - We turned out at 6-45AM. Had hoosh & turned to general work around the camp. The Boss went out scouting to find a road west but came back early as He found the floe we were on was open & cracks all around. So we got in harness & started to shift the boats & sledges on to a better floe. We had to come back 3/4 a mile. There is a fine breeze of SE wind at present & there is a better appearance of open water tonight. We have done 8 miles in a week sledging which is good for the amount of bridges & pressure ridges we have had to contend with.

Thursday 30th - Lat 67 S Lon 52-46 W. Temperature Plus 29. We had to shift camp again this morning at 6-30 AM as the floe cracked between the tents. So we went back 200 yards on to a more solid piece. We got 5 seals & 1 Adélie penguin. I have been refastening & caulking the Dudley Docker as she has all opened up going over the hummocks of ice. We had a breeze of Southerly wind but it is flat calm now. (There is) a good water sky to the westward so we still hope to clear before the winter sets in.

[Lees: This abrupt termination to our march, begun under such propitious circumstances, has had a distinctly depressing morale effect on our party, especially the sailors, but it has also brought out the best in all though it has shown up one or two in their true colours, notably the objectionable cantankerous carpenter who was so grossly insubordinate to Capt. Worsley on the march when hauling the boats that Sir Ernest found it expedient to call a muster & read over the ship's articles]**

Friday 31st - Hogmanay & a bitter one to being adrift on the ice instead of enjoying the pleasures of life like rich people... As the saying is, 'there must be some fools in this world'. We had 2 seals today. I have finished the Dudley Docker. We are going to put her in a pool tomorrow to see how much weight she carries as we have only the two boats now having left the Stancombe Wills at the Ocean Camp.

[January 1916]

Saturday 1st - New Year's Day (which we celebrate in Scotland with cake & wine) we are celebrating... here afloat on the Antarctic ice- floes not knowing what way we will drift next or be frozen in for another winter. I am thinking on the luck...so many at home are having today while we had for Breakfast; a seal steak, a cup of tea: for Dinner; 1 pancake made from flour &

water fried in seal blubber: for Supper; stewed seal meat & cocoa. Then we turn into our sleeping bags on the snow & dream of the loved ones at home & happy days to come.

Sunday 2nd - Lat 66-57 S Lon 52-48 W. 186 miles from the known land which we could do in 4 days had we open water. There has been distinct movement in the ice all round our camp but it is very slow. We had 4 seals today. I was caulking the keel seam & setting up the rest of the James Caird & I expect to finish it tomorrow. Of course, Sunday has never been recognised amongst us since we left BA.

Monday 3rd - Lat 66-55 S Lon 52-42 W. We got 3 more seals which leaves us a month's food for man & dogs in hand. I finished the caulking of the James Caird. I am trying seal blood & flour mixed for putty which we hope will turn out all right as we want something to keep the caulking in when the boats begin to work.

Friday 14th - Lat 66-56 S Lon 52-35 W. We shifted camp back on to another floe today as we had a lot of pressure on the piece we were on last night. Then we had one of the saddest events since we left home happen. There were 27 of our faithful dogs shot to save our food supplies. Hurley & Macklin have gone on a sledge journey to Ocean camp to bring what food stuffs we left there. Their dogs have to go the same way when the dog food we have left of the seals we got a fortnight ago is finished.

Monday 17th - No Observation as it has been overcast all day. Temperature Minus 2. We got 4 seals this forenoon but we are not getting as much to eat as some of our pessimists has been running around the camp saying we can't get of the ice this summer. There were 2 dogs shot & we had a visit from a giant petrel which shows there must be open water close to. There is a fine SW breeze.

Thursday 20th - The blizzard still continues but we are getting along very well under the conditions. Greenstreet is laid up with rhumatics & Crean was a bit off colour yesterday but he is much better today. With the drift we can't get our sleeping bags dried. They are soaking wet as the heat of our body causes the snow under us to melt. We are in the habit of drying our bags every morning but this [blizzard] has continued for 4 days now & not much signs of it taking off. We only want 1 hour without snow & then it can continue for another week.

Saturday 22nd - Lat 65-32 S Lon 52-22 W. We have done 11 miles today but the SW wind has finished & there is a light northerly breeze at present. Our camp was a great sight today with masts & oars standing up in the snow & clothes, beds, boats, finescoes & blankets all out to dry. Anyone would have thought it was our washing day. It was far from that as we have not had our faces washed since we left the ship. The only wash we have now is a rub with soft snow but it won't be long now as it is only 153 miles to Paulet Island where we know there is plenty of food & I expect soap too. If we only had water for the boats.

Monday 31st - Lat 65-15 S Lon 51-57 W. Temperature Plus 27. We got 1 seal & Hurley took 3 shots at another but it was not brought in. The party brought a few books from the Ocean camp which is in great demand. We are very short of reading matter. I have read the Bible from beginning to end. I made a pair of ski sticks today

[February, 1916]

Monday 7th - Lat 65-2 S Lon 53-3 W. Temperature Plus 28. It has been blowing hard from the SE since Saturday with heavy snow until 6 AM this morning. Then the wind veered round to the NW & cleared up. It gave us a chance to get our sleeping bags dried. There are big movement gains on at present. The two bergs we passed on our way here from Ocean Camp have changed their position (three points within the last 4 hours). So the piece we are on is either turning round or we have broken away from the main body of ice. There is nothing to do about the

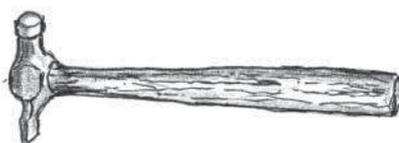
camp. We talk of what we will eat when we get to civilisation. I myself would give a sovereign for 1 slice of bread & butter & two duck eggs. There is nothing for it but get into our sleeping bags. And smoke away the hunger- what Lloyd George calls a luxury for working men. I wish to God he was here. I expect we will have to submit to having about (£?) deducted from our wages after being out of the world for 2 years & receiving no benefits. Then they will say Briton is a free country. *This* is where he & his fellow ministers should be, for any good they ever (have) done (for) a working man or woman.

Saturday 12th - Lat 64-4 S Lon 53-20 W. Temperature Plus 29. There has been a fine breeze of SE wind all day but it is dead calm now & a fine clear night so we are expecting a change of wind. We got a Weddell seal this morning which will keep the pot boiling for a few days more. We are still having 1 hot drink daily. I smoked myself sick trying to stifle the hunger. Long may our tobacco last as it is fine when one is hungry (and) fit to have a smoke.

Tuesday 15th - The Boss's birthday. We had a seal steak & a cup of tea for breakfast; a bannock made of dog pemmican & a cup of water for dinner; a cup of stewed seal meat & water for tea. God knows we are only having (enough to) keep us alive. But we are still happy though hungry & talking of what we'll eat when we get to civilisation.

Thursday 24th - Lat 64-40 S Lon 53-19 W. Temperature Plus 9. There has been a fine breeze of SW wind but at present it is very light. We got 80 penguins. We are only 94 miles from Paulet Island & 81 miles from Danger Island. Which we could do in 24 hours in the boats if we only had the water.

Saturday 26th - Lat 64-37 S Lon 53-20 W. Temperature Plus 27. There has been a fine breeze of S-by W Wind all day & We are gradually getting nearer the Land. The skipper says he has seen it. But we know him to be a liar as Mt Haddington is only 6300 ft & can only be seen 80 miles off & we are 91 miles from Snow Hill & the mountain is 20 miles behind West of that.



[March, 1916]

Thursday 2nd - No observations as it has been too thick. There is a fine breeze of SW wind. This has opened everything up. There are large pools to be seen all around us at present so I do believe we will make a move one of these days. The men say our Lease is not up yet, & if such is the case there is no doubt we will stop until it is up.

Friday 10th - Lat 64 S 53-9 W. Temperature Plus 15. All hands were busy this forenoon putting the stores in the different boats and taking them out again, marking the sledges for each boat. This will save a lot of trouble when we take to the boats. Then they put the boats back on the sledges. I repaired a boat sledge & fixed a boat hook. We got 10 penguins. But there have been no seals about for some time now. Whether they have gone N or not is hard to say.

Tuesday 14th - Temperature Plus .9 There is a blizzard on at present from SE. We have not been outside the tents and everything is wet so it is not very comfortable.....We have some here that don't wish to get in the boats. They want to drift ashore, which we can't do. I notice those are the ones who have never done a day's work in this world & don't intend to as long as they can act the parasite on somebody else. They know themselves to be useless & I expect they won't be much more use in a boat.

Thursday 16th - Temperature Plus 27. There was some very heavy pressure during the night and everything has closed up again. We got 2 seals & 10 penguins. No observations. It has been overcast all day. I don't suppose there is much chance of us seeing Paulet (Island) now. It will be the South Shetlands or the Orkneys. I am positive we lost our chance last we but one dare not say so. We are more like prisoners than anything else & a damned worse off.....

Thursday 23rd - Lat 63-15 S 53-29 W. Temperature Plus 3. Sir Ernest sighted the land at 7 AM. There has been a lot of doubt in the skipper's part as he never saw it first. After being on the 'look out' this last 2 months & reporting so many bergs as being land. He is feeling sick over it being seen by anyone else. We are on a short scale of provisions now as our seal meat & penguin is about finished, with very little blubber to burn.

Saturday 25th - There is a blizzard on at present. I prophesied this yesterday as there is never a fine day in those Latitudes (without) 3 bad ones against it. Our floe is beginning to look dangerous now. It is beginning to crack in many places. Our bill of fare now for breakfast

1/4 lb of meat & half a cup of watery milk

Lunch

1 sledging biscuit & tinned herring

Dinner

1/2 lb of dog pemmican or 1/2 lb of boiled meat
& 6 of cubes of sugar

Tuesday 28th - My wee Love's birthday & I hope mother & her are doing well. We did not get an observation but we got a seal which means a lot to us. There was another up about 1 mile away but we could not get near it as there are a lot of open cracks full of brash ice. However, the one will help us (keep) going. There was a Cape Pigeon flying around here this morning.

Thursday 30th - We had a rude awakening this morning. All hands were roused out as our floe started to break up. Well, we got the boats & sledges shifted and were going to have breakfast when (it) cracked again, under the James Caird. We got her over before she fell in the ditch. While at breakfast a Sea Leopard came up & went to sleep peacefully. It was his last sleep as Wild went out & shot him. Then he shot the last of our faithful dogs, of which we kept the five young ones for food. Their flesh tastes a treat. It is a big treat for us after being so long on seal meat and this last 14 days on almost nothing. We got 20 fish in the Leopard's stomach & we are having them for breakfast tomorrow.



[April, 1916]

Friday 7th - Lat 62-8 S 54-22 W. Temperature Plus 17. We sighted Clarence Island bearing NNE & about 60 miles off. At first sight it only looked about 10 or 12 miles. We have drifted E with the NW breeze yesterday & it is good for us too for we were bound through the straits between King George & Elephant Island. It is hard to say how this ice would act in the open sea. At present there is a fine SW breeze which is driving us NE & if the ice opens we are bound to land on Elephant or Clarence. Dr McIlroy & myself have been on the sick list owing to have eaten too much seal oil & blubber last night. It is over 5 months since we have had fats and our stomachs couldn't stand the sudden change. There has been a great many whales blowing all round us since early this morning & seals lying, basking on the floes. (There is) plenty (of) bird life.

[At this point there is a break in the narrative. Some diary pages appear to be missing. This coincides with when the three lifeboats were suddenly called into use as the floes finally broke up and, after some scary moments at sea, finally made landfall on Elephant Island]

Sunday 16th – (Blackborrow) is in a bad way. Both feet (as all his toes are gone). Rest are getting along very well. Only Hudson who has gone off his head & both his hands are pretty bad yet. Wild & his party arrived back at 8-30AM so we all turned out & hauled the boat up. He reports a fine place 7 miles from here so we are going to shift to it tomorrow

Monday 17th - We turned out early & got the boats launched at high water. But it was 11-25AM before we got away - right in the heart of a heavy SW squall. Everything went well for the first 2 miles. After that it was nothing but a succession of heavy snow squalls. (It was) as much as we could do to keep up against them & prevent ourselves from being blown out to sea. We arrived at our destination at 4-00PM. By the time we had everything ashore it was getting dark. Then we had a hot drink & rolled up for the night with a watch set.

Tuesday 18th – Wild's birthday. A Blizzard is on at present. The sea came up to the Caird & washed away a bag of underclothes that we had for the relief party who went in the James Caird. It is a big loss on an occasion like this. Dr McIlroy was on watch at the time & anyone who knows him would expect nothing else as he is almost too tired to move. We turned out after lunch & hauled the boats further up the beach & squared things up for the night. The blizzard still continues. No. 5 tent has blown to ribbons & all the others are down flat on top of our sleeping bags & held there by large stones.

Thursday 20th - A better day with occasional snow squalls. I don't think there are ever many fine days on this forlorn island. Started to dismantle the Docker to deck in the Caird which is going to South Georgia for relief as I don't think there will be many survivors if they have to put in a winter here. There are 4 on the sick list at present. So, there is a party of 6 going to Georgia in the Caird. The party includes:
Sir Ernest; Skipper; Crean; McNish; Carty; Vincent.

Friday 21st - All hands are busy skinning & storing penguins. Some (are) repairing the Caird's gear. Two are sewing canvas for the deck. Myself, Marston & McLeod are busy getting the Caird ready. There has been heavy snow squalls all day. There are 5 on the sick list: some heart trouble; some frostbite & 1 dilly. I expect to finish the boat tomorrow & sail on Sunday.

Saturday 22nd - There has been a SE blizzard raging all day so there has been nothing doing but lying in our wet bags & have our rations passed in. We hauled the Caird further up the beach last night. A good thing for us as it would not have been a pleasant job in a day like this.

Sunday 23rd - We were out last night & pulled the Caird further up the beach as there was a higher tide & more surf than usual. I have been busy getting the boat ready. It has been snowing & blowing very hard all day. Cheetham & McCarthy have been busy trying to stretch the canvas for the deck. They had rather a job as it was frozen stiff. They had to pull the needle through with a pair of pinchers. Marsten & McLeod have been assisting me.

Monday 24th - A fine morning. I started on the boat at daybreak & finished at 10 AM. Then all hands were mustered & we launched her. As we were getting her off the beach a heavy surf came up. Owing to us being unable to get her bow off the beach she almost capsized. As it was she emptied me & Vincent overboard but we regained the beach again & went off in the Stancombe Wills. We got her ballasted & the stores aboard & everything ready. We (said) (our) goodbye(s) to our companions & set sail on our 870 miles to South Georgia. At 12-30 & at 2 PM we came to a stream of ice which we managed to get through in about an hour. Then we were in the open sea wet through but happy.



Photo by Cara Sucher: Palmer Station, Anvers Island, Antarctic Peninsula



Photo by Cara Sucher: Adélie Penguins on Torgersen Island, off Palmer Station.

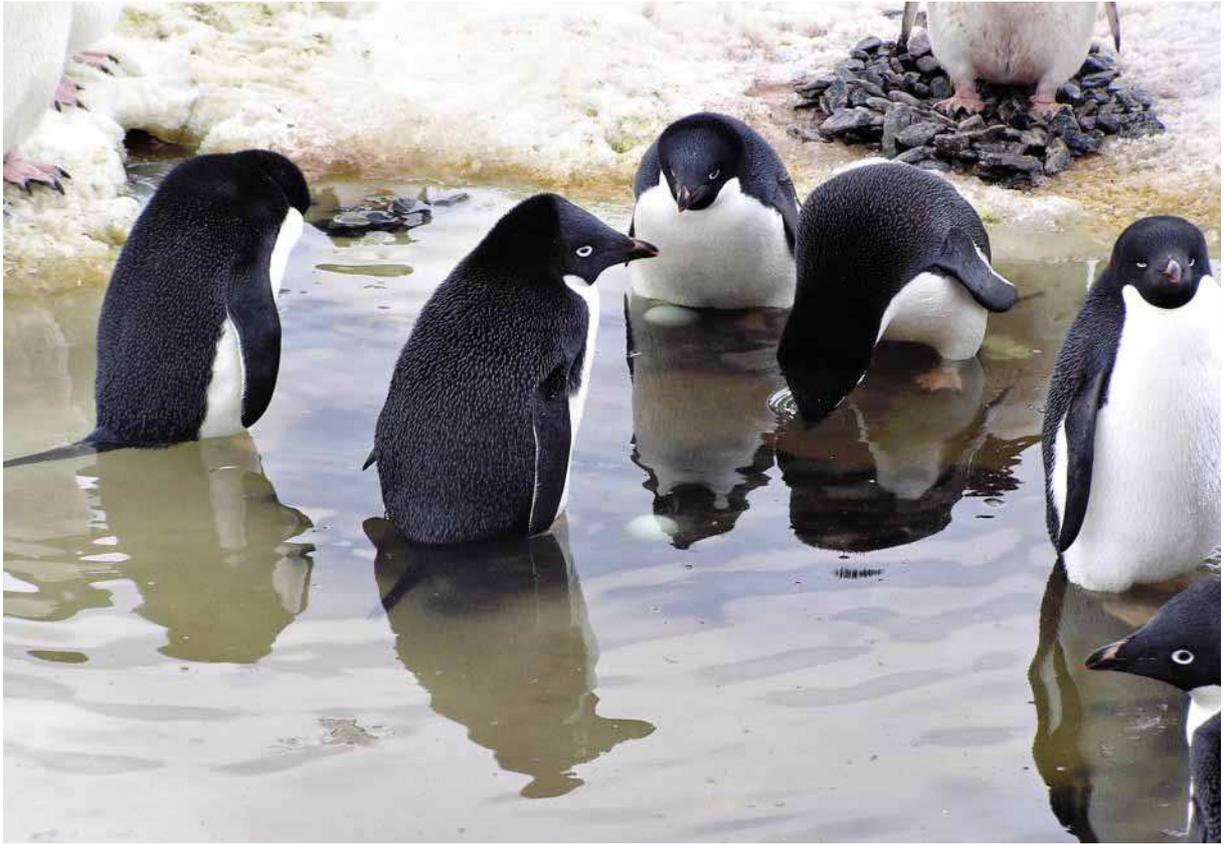


Photo by Donna Patterson: Palmer Station



Photo by Donna Patterson: Palmer Station

Tuesday 25th - Fine WSW breeze running all day sky overcast. Wednesday 26th - WSW gale. Squally & cloudy. A run of 100 miles. Thursday 27th - Northerly gale, overcast & heavy squalls. Hove - to. Friday 28th - Light NW to W winds misty high NW swell. Saturday 29th - Fresh W to SW breeze, squally (with) running high seas. Sunday 30th - Hove - to at 8 AM & put out sea anchor at 3 PM. Heavy sprays breaking over the boat & freezing solid.

[May, 1916]

Monday 1st - SSW gale now blowing. Laying- to with sea anchor & mizzen.

(Tuesday 2nd – Sunday 7th – no diary entries)

Monday 8th – Hove-to in NW gale. We sighted the land last night & stood out to sea again. We have been driven in on the land by the gale & had a hard struggle to clear it by beating off under reefed mainsail jib & mizzen. We were only about 2 hours standing on the starboard tack of the land when the wind veered round to SW - a fair wind so we put about & steered W by N for the night.

Tuesday 9th – At daybreak the land was in sight again. As we only had 3 pints of water left Sir Ernest decided we should make for a haven of some sort to replenish our water. While (we tried) to beat up King Haakon Bay we had a trying time with heavy squalls & darkness coming on. We ran into a little cove just inside the point to get our gear & stores out. We dumped the ballast & tried to pull the boat up but as we were all about done up we left her rolling in the surf for the night with 1 man on watch. The Boss found a cave & drove us into it for the night. After trying to sleep in our wet clothes we were called out at 3 AM as the painter had carried away. We tried to turn the boat over and roll her up the beach but it was too much for us so we had a good hot hoosh & stood by until daylight.

Wednesday 10th - We decided to make the boat lighter so that we could handle her & make for the head of the bay. Half the party will go overland for assistance as we have one man done up. He has been like this from the first night we left Elephant Island. The Boss & Crean went over the hill & found some albatross nests with young on them & the skipper went up & brought down an old & a young one. We stewed the old one & had it for lunch. It was a treat. Then we had our nut food & a hot drink & turned in for the night.

Thursday 11th - I am still busy at the boat. All hands have been gathering dry tussock grass for the floor of the cave. The Boss & skipper have fixed up the sails at the mouth & there is a good wood- fire going & our wet clothes (are) drying. We have not been (as) comfortable for (the last) 5 weeks. We had 3 young & 1 old albatross for lunch with 1 pint of gravy which beats all the chicken soup I have ever tasted. I have just been thinking what our companions would say if they had food like this.

Friday 12th - I am still busy at the boat. Whilst the skipper does the (hunting) & brings home the food Vincent lays down by the fire & smokes, sometimes coming out for more wood while the Boss & Crean look after the cooking. McCarthy is my assistant. We had 4 young birds for lunch, then we think of hard times.

Saturday 13th - I am finishing the boat today. We are going in the morning if it is fine. We had another big lunch

Sunday 14th - It has been blowing & raining all night so we had to postpone our journey until better weather. We turned out at 8 AM & had hoosh. The Boss & skipper went away for a walk round the bay (to see) if (was) possible find a place with seals to keep us in food & fuel while they go overland. I went on top of the hill & had a lay in the grass. It put me in mind of old times at home sitting on the hillside looking down at the sea. McCarthy picked up the boat's

rudder which we lost the night we arrived. Vincent is still lying down by the fire keeping it going & always smoking. We are having two meals only today as we are getting bucked up again & we have only 80 biscuits which are wanted for the overland party.

Letter to H McNish

May 16th. 1916
South Georgia

Sir,

I am about to try and reach Husvik on the East Coast of this island for relief for our party. I am leaving you in charge of this party consisting of Vincent, McCarthy, yourself. You will remain here until relief arrives. You have ample seal food which you can supplement with birds & fish according to your skill.

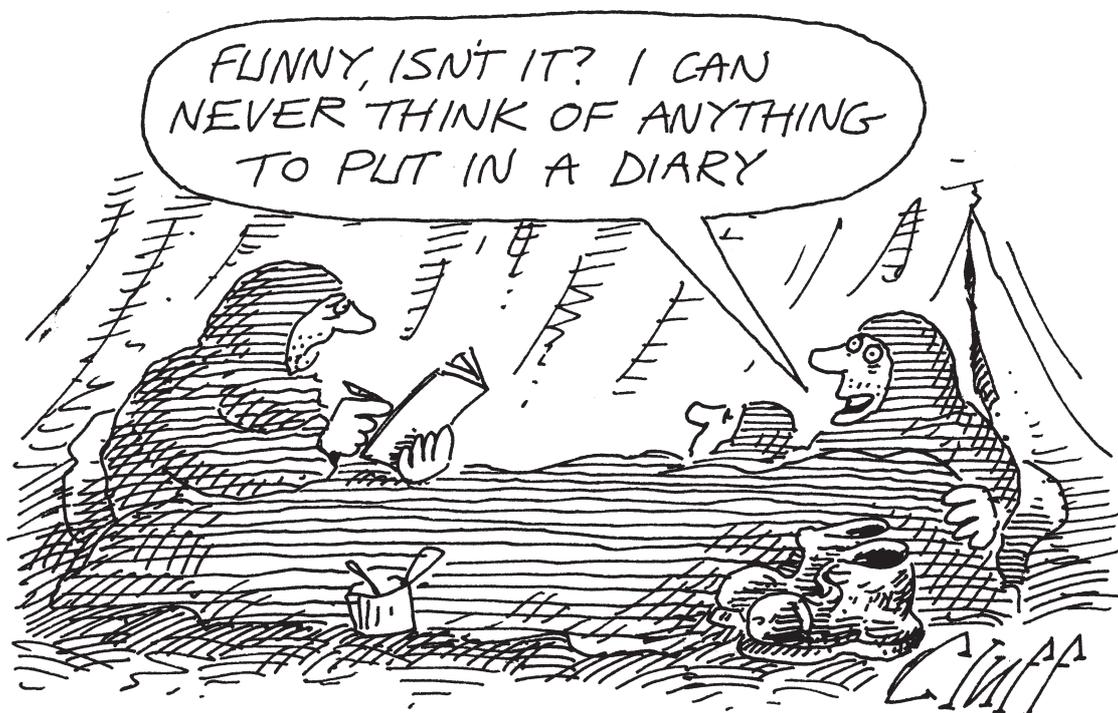
You are left with a double-barrelled gun; 50 cartridges; 40 to 50 Bovril sledging rations; 25 to 30 biscuits; 40 (bars of) nut food.

You also have all the necessary equipment to support life for an indefinite period. In the event of my non-return you had better, after winter is over, try and sail round to the East Coast.

The course I am making towards Husvik is East Magnetic.

I trust to have you relieved in a few days.

Yours Faithfully
EH Shackleton

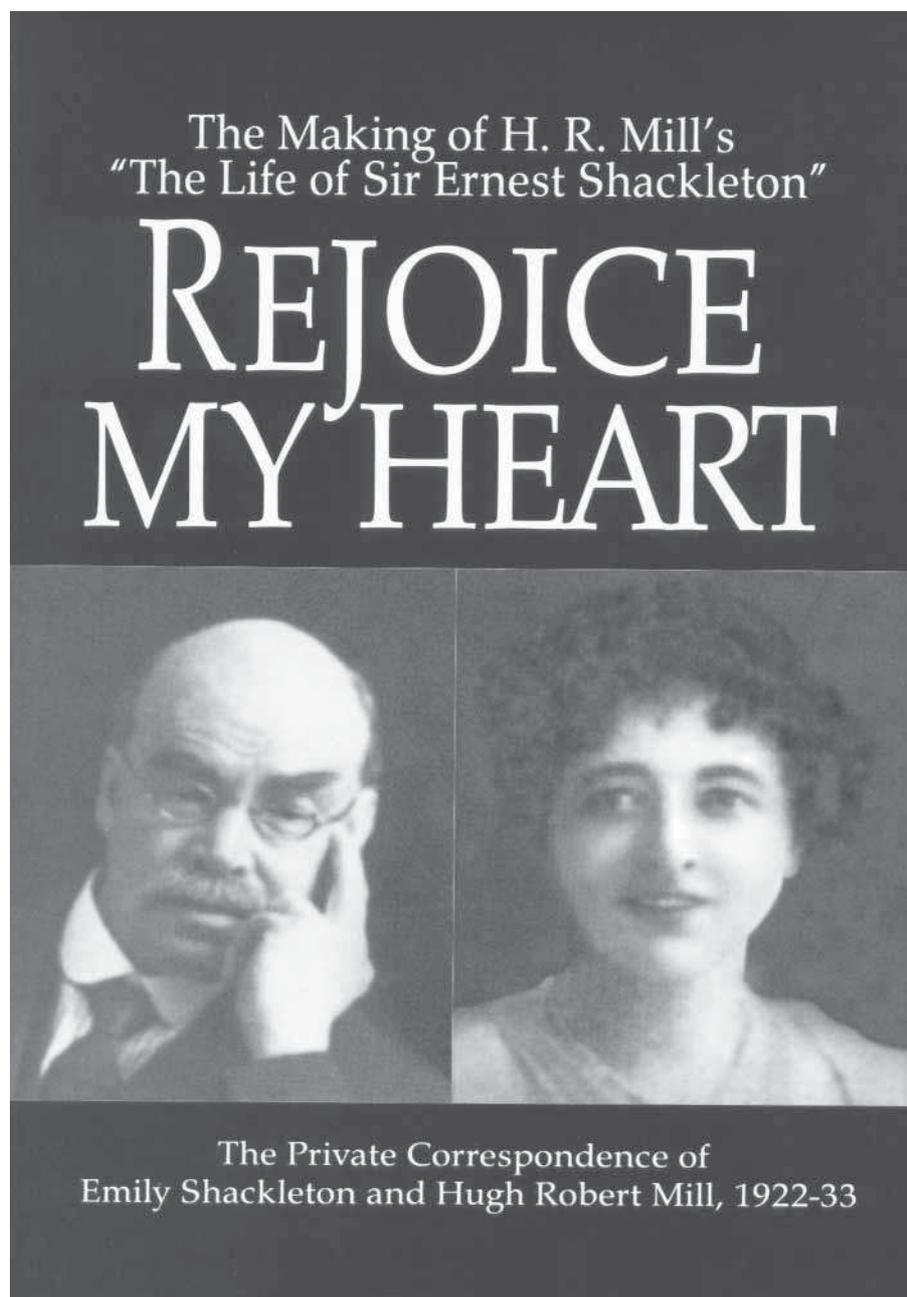


The Making of *Rejoice My Heart*

By

MICHAEL H. ROSOVE

On 12 July 2007, *Rejoice My Heart: The Making of H. R. Mill's "The Life of Sir Ernest Shackleton"; The Private Correspondence of Dr. Hugh Robert Mill and Lady Shackleton, 1922-33* was published. Hugh Robert Mill (1861-1950) and Emily Mary Shackleton (1868-1936) are names from the heroic era of Antarctic exploration familiar to most Antarcticans and certainly to Shackletonians, but who among us can say we have a good sense of their personalities? As significant in the early twentieth-century history of Antarctica as they are, neither ever visited the southern continent, and their names are virtually absent from the exploration narratives.



Mill was the greatest Antarctic historian of his day; we may glean some sense of him from his classic *The Siege of the South Pole* and from his autobiography. Emily was Ernest's wife and the mother of his three children, and also the bedrock of his life when he was not away on his expeditions. Clues to her character until now have been sequestered in her unpublished letters and her family's lore. Mill and Emily had been linked for many years through Ernest, whose close relationship with Mill had begun on the *Discovery* in 1901. The biography Mill wrote after his friend's death at South Georgia on 5 January 1922, *The Life of Sir Ernest Shackleton* (London: William Heinemann, 1923), remains a cornerstone of the Shackleton analytical literature. Now, in *Rejoice My Heart*, we can trace the creation of this essential work by peeking in on the uncensored correspondence between the two figures who conceived it, Mill and Emily, and at the same instant appreciate firsthand just who they were: they never expected, of course, that their words would ever become public. We are fortunate that these two communicated largely by written correspondence. Mill lived in Surrey, and Emily lived some seventy kilometers away in Eastbourne. Travel was time consuming, and telephone calls were expensive; but the postal service was cheap and efficient.

The story behind the preparation of *Rejoice My Heart* is the subject of this article. From the early 1990s I was at work on two books concerning the classical and heroic periods of Antarctic exploration (Cook to Shackleton). One was an expedition-by-expedition history, *Let Heroes Speak: Antarctic Explorers, 1772-1922* (Annapolis: Naval Institute Press, 2000). The other was to be a comprehensive bibliography of the same period. My experience with the N.I.P. was favorable, but I learned that an author surrenders a great deal of control to a publisher. In the case of the bibliography, I had my own ideas as to fonts, text formatting, paper, and binding, and did not want to relinquish my preferences. I therefore resolved to become a publisher myself. That required creating a publishing entity (business registration, city license, web site, establishing relationships with printers and binders, myriad details). I named the entity Adélie Books after my favorite penguin, an Antarctic if ever there was one. I published the bibliography as *Antarctica, 1772-1922: Freestanding Publications through 1999* (Santa Monica, California: Adélie Books, 2001). As long as I had created the publishing entity, why not pursue further projects? My mission? "Dedicated to advancing knowledge of the south polar regions." The first book was followed by another in 2004 concerning the Nordenskjöld relief expedition, *When the Corvette Uruguay Was Dismasted: The Return of the Uruguay from the Antarctic in 1903*. The third was *Rejoice My Heart*.

While I was at the Scott Polar Research Institute (SPRI) in 1998 reading documents seeking grist for the bibliography, I examined the correspondence Mill had received from Emily dating from 18 April 1922, the day she formally invited Mill to write the *Life*. The correspondence was part of the H. R. Mill Bequest, 1950. The numerous letters revealed Emily's essential involvement in preparing the biography—she had entrée to Ernest's relatives, friends, expedition mates, prominent societal figures, and mountains of documents; Mill had the consummate abilities to synthesize and write that Emily self-admittedly lacked. Both were equally dedicated to producing a monument to Ernest's life, achievements, and memory. With perfectly complementary roles, theirs was a collaboration made in heaven.

I wondered at the time whether the other side of the correspondence, Mill's letters to Emily, had survived. Emily had so ardently appealed to Mill in that first letter—he had apparently accepted immediately by letter as the next day she wrote back in thrall, "Your kind letter rejoiced my heart." What exactly did this gentlemanly historian say beyond a simple "yes" that so thrilled her?

Christie's London held an "Exploration and Travel" sale on 24-25 September 2003 that contained various items from The Shackleton Collection. Voila! the other half of the correspondence was there (lot 371), albeit lacking a number of Mill's letters that have been untraceable. Now we know, for example, that Mill responded on the selfsame 18 April 1922, "Your letter has made a very strong appeal to me. I should be overjoyed if I could only help in

producing such a life of Ernest as his memory deserves....” Suddenly, with the appearance of Mill’s letters to Emily, the opportunity to tell the story of the first Shackleton biography presented itself. The lure of doing so was irresistible. My wife Sheila read what Mill had written, grasped the significance, and enthusiastically supported the project.

There existed only one other published Antarctic correspondence, a wonderful book entitled *This Everlasting Silence: The Love Letters of Paquita Delprat & Douglas Mawson 1911-1914*, edited by Nancy Robinson Flannery (Carlton South: Melbourne University Press, 2000). (Flannery’s use of Paquita’s and Douglas’s handwriting as endpapers was such a good idea that I did the same with Emily’s and Mill’s.) This kind of Antarctic publishing has been too long neglected despite its obvious value, and I felt pleased at the chance to enlarge this genre.

I contacted then-archivist and curator Robert Headland of SPRI to describe the opportunity that lay before us. I asked with some trepidation if he would be willing to photocopy the entire Emily-to-Mill correspondence: Bob was usually resistant to such requests. I would take care of the rest, I explained, and give half the profits to SPRI’s William Mills Library Acquisition Fund. I was delighted with Bob’s immediate assent contingent only on Alexandra (Zaz) Shackleton’s approval of the project. Bob contacted Zaz; I did the same, detailing the project and inviting her to write a preface about her grandmother Emily. Zaz approved and unconditionally volunteered her assistance, and she has been a stalwart supporter of the venture since. I called historian T. H. (Tim) Baughman, who I already knew to be a passionate admirer of Mill, to write a biographical sketch of Mill’s life and career. He was only too pleased to have a chance to wax about his hero in print.

The photocopies of Emily’s letters to Mill arrived shortly from SPRI. Coupled with Mill’s letters, we were able to discern the origins of Shackleton’s love of poetry, the depth of Ernest and Emily’s romance, connections in the Shackleton inner circle, the family squabbles. We also appreciated Mill’s firm guidance, his fairness and desire to avoid controversy, but how he miscalculated and had to deal with an angry Captain Rupert England of the *Nimrod* after the book was published. We saw both the demur and determined sides of Emily, how she managed raising her three children on a shoestring budget, and how Kathleen Scott intimidated her. And more. Above all, there was an unmistakable tender and endearing feeling between the two parties despite the formalities of “Dear Dr. Mill, Yours very sincerely, Emily Shackleton” (with the exception of one “Emmie Shackleton”) and “Dear Lady Shackleton, Yours very sincerely, Hugh Robert Mill.”

And so the foundation for the book was now set—what remained for me was to transcribe and annotate the correspondence, provide an editor’s note, select illustrations, supply an index, arrange the printing, binding, and dustjacket design, and recruit advance reviewers.

The transcription of Mill’s letters was a straightforward matter thanks to the legibility of his handwriting. With Emily, the matter was quite the reverse, her script being exceedingly difficult to decipher. Sheila and I poured endlessly over innumerable trouble spots, and I sent over two dozen passages to Zaz and Tim with pleas for help. Amazingly to all of us, in the end only a few words remained unclarified.

As for annotations, many concerned identifying the myriad individuals referred to in the letters. Some were obvious, for example, polar expedition participants and associates, and famous poets. Many were not, such as politicians, naval and other military officers of the day. Without Google, the task of identifying all these people would have been far more difficult and protracted. I decided on a uniform approach of identifying all individuals regardless of familiarity. Mill and Emily also often referred to obscure events that required elucidation. Mill’s *Life*, the Shackleton biographies by Margery and James Fisher and Roland Huntford, Beau Riffenburgh’s *Nimrod*, and Jonathan Shackleton and John McKenna’s *Shackleton: An Irishman in Antarctica* were all tremendously helpful sources.

I had worked amicably with the printing firm of Edwards Brothers, Ann Arbor, Michigan, on both prior Adélie Books publications and so decided to work with them again. Neither of the two previous publications had dustjackets, so creating one would be a new adventure. The Edwards Brothers team referred me to a designer, Michelle DiFilippo of Phoenix, Arizona, who was capable and easy to work with in a give-and-take of ideas.

Most fortunate was the line-up of renowned polar people who agreed to be advance reviewers—Margot Morrell, Ann Savours, Robert Stephenson, and Sara Wheeler. They provided thoughtful reviews and helped clear up some remaining obscure matters. Sheila and I each did a final proofreading—in this regard, it is worth mentioning that Mill himself, referring to the proofreading of the *Life* that he and Emily did, commented on how nearly impossible it is to render a text absolutely free from glitches. How true that remains.

Book production always seems to take longer than expected, and *Rejoice My Heart* was no exception. It looked as if there were always just one more task. But at last, on 12 July 2007, the long-awaited moment came—the entire publication run of five hundred copies arrived. That day was one of celebration for all involved, and it was designated the official date of publication, culminating a three-and-a-half year project from conception to fruition. My sincere wish is that this book may honour Mill and Emily for their indelible, important work and that we might come to know these two better than we did before.

Rejoice My Heart is available either from adeliebooks.com, spri.cam.ac.uk/shop, or your polar bookseller.



News from the front line: Palmer's penguins

By Meredith Hooper

An Introduction by Stephen Scott-Fawcett

I first met Meredith Hooper at 1300 hrs on Saturday 15th May 1999 in London. How can I be so sure about this? It was the occasion of a JCS trip to the National Maritime Museum which was followed by lunch at a pub not far from the (pre-fire) Cutty Sark. The President sat on my left, Meredith on my right and Richard, (Meredith's husband) sat opposite. I was surrounded! It was my first meeting with 'true' polar people and I was enthralled. It was my debut outing with the James Caird Society as a reasonably new member. It was the start of a good friendship.

As the cover to her latest book states, Meredith's writing ranges from award-winning non-fiction books for all ages, to academic article. Her acclaimed fiction written for children has been published in many languages. During the last fifteen years, selected as a writer on US and Australian programmes, she has specialised in writing about the history, geology and wildlife of Antarctica.

*In her recent book **The Ferocious Summer** Meredith tells the story of Antarctic warming, at least as far as the western side of the Antarctic Peninsula is concerned. I asked her to write a piece for the Journal explaining the background to the book. She agreed readily. In her covering email to me she commented that she very much wanted people to buy her book if only to highlight the findings of the invaluable research carried out by Bill Fraser over many seasons on the Adélie penguin colonies at and around Palmer Station. Here is what she has to say:*

.....

It's Saturday, 15 February. Summer is ending. Bill has promised to take me out to Humble Island to watch the weighing of the Adélie fledglings. Slim, hesitant, hungry - the fledglings are losing the last clumps of down, revealing their adult plumage, ready to enter the water for the first time. To hunt, and be hunted. To try to survive their first, vulnerable, winter. Weighing them is important for Bill's research programme. This morning the maximum number of this season's fledglings from Humble could be congregating on the main beach, about to leave the colonies. They decide when. If you've missed it, you've missed it. You can't get them back.

Here at Palmer Station, on the western side of the Antarctic Peninsula, we travel to our local off-shore islands in light, nippy rubber zodiacs. As long as winds are under 40 knots, and the ice allows. The weather drives every decision. Now, this Saturday, we wake to find the ice blocking our front door. A wide wedge of brash hems us in, glowing greys, and reduced whites, slow-motion heaving reaching almost to the islands, clicking, clacking, clattering as the swell sucks in and out. Remnants of last winter's floes jumbled up with lumps of old iceberg and larger slices of ice cliff, chips and bits filling the spaces between, like thick vegetable soup. All night the wind brought the brash in, a silent passenger. Winds and currents are always moving rafts of sea ice around, bringing them north, into bays, up against the land, disbursing them back out.

Bill Fraser, the American seabird ecologist whose studies of Adélies at Palmer I've come to observe and write about, has worked in Antarctica since 1975. Most summers he lives here, at this smallest of the three US Antarctic scientific bases. He's a Palmer habitue. Now he studies the satellite images of current weather in the coms room, the tracings of the anemometer positioned on the roof above our sleeping quarters - assesses possibilities against experience - and decides we can slide in our 16 foot 25 hp zodiacs over the tops of the flattish ice pieces, and

manoeuvre between the large lumps. So we crawl and wriggle, reverse and shove, propeller slicing like a food mixer through the brash, taking 20 minutes to get through 300 metres. Once at Humble we scramble up the high landing rocks, stop part way to take off our orange survival suits, fold them inside out against the weather, wedge them in a crevice and weigh them down with stones, then work our way across the island. The surface is old snow drifts, or bare rock slick with wet guano and elephant seal muck.

110 fledglings are clustered on the beach. Bill is happy. He decides that 35 need to be caught, and weighed.

Every October, winter over, days warming, Adélie penguins swim in to some of the Palmer islands. The males arrive first, primed with enough food to last them through five weeks of fasting. Then the females. Hopping from rock to rock, sliding on their bellies across snow, the penguins come back to the places where last summer, and the summer before that, they bred, and raised their chicks. The islands provide what they need. Open ground with small stones for nest building, and snow banks for fresh water. Winter's sea ice is retreating, the ocean alive with food. The pressing business of mating, egg laying, protecting and feeding their chicks, is about to start.

This is drowned landscape, land half-submerged, half-revealed. An ice sheet once covered it hiding headlands, coves and inlets under a frozen mass. As the ice retreated, islands appeared, rocky scraps, their surfaces fractured, scattered with shards and fragments, colonised by bright orange and yellow lichens, and thumb-high patches of Antarctica's only two flowering plants. Each island different, each with precise habitats. Palmer's comfortable blue-painted station buildings put up in the late 1960s straddle a stubby promontory on the southern coast of Anvers Island, the second biggest island off the peninsula coast. Anvers has snow covered mountains, abrupt glaciers and an ice sheet 2000 feet thick. Behind the station ice meets the sea in magnificent ice cliffs, sections slicing away, collapsing and crumbling with sharp bangs and hollow rumbles, and clouds of ice dust. Unpredictable performances. Compulsive viewing. I arrived at Palmer, first time, in December 1998. I'd been on the US research vessel Laurence M Gould for a month bucketing around the South Shetland Islands and along the peninsula, while geologists and seismologists measured tectonic plate activity with GPS receivers, and deployed round yellow seismographs to the bottom of the ocean, cross-hatching back and forth to pinpoint each position. I shared a cabin next to the din of the reverse-thrusting engines, and worked with my lap top strapped to a lab bench, bracing on a high stool in a narrow window-less laboratory. At Palmer, I was allocated a bottom bunk in a four-berth room opposite the sociable bar/lounge/video room. Our curtainless windows faced the beauty of the ice cliffs and light drenched our space. We safety-pinned old grey army blankets around our bunks to create a semblance of dark for sleeping. But when Dawn, the early morning cook who slept in the upper bunk climbed past at 4.30 am, to begin breadmaking in the kitchen - several hours of glorious daylight had already happened.



That summer, out in the penguin colonies, the Adélies panted in temperatures hovering around zero centigrade. The ground was pinky-brown stained with the guano of thousands of penguin meals, the remnants of hundreds of thousands of krill and small fish, each located in the ocean and caught in a penguin's bill. Shiny-clean birds ran in from the sea, relieving their grubby, hungry partners, and taking over nest duty. The din of living filled the air - the cackling, calling, grunting, the sounds of bills snapping and clashing, the insistent cheeping of chicks. A haze of dust and feathers rose over the massed nests; the pervasive, pungent smell of food being crammed into demanding chicks, and processed out, clung to our clothes, stuck to our boots. Brown skuas strutted and swooped, watching for opportunities. Single penguins patrolled the edges of the colonies. The intense activity of a penguin summer has a rhythm. It catches you up, sweeps you along - it's there in the early accounts of explorers and scientists, in the descriptions of dedicated penguin observers, and delighted visitors. Everyone engrossed in the privilege of watching. Of being tolerated.

I'd seen vast Adélie colonies on the other side of Antarctica, where the continent bulges towards Australia. Hillsides dense with birds, the sound of their calling rising in crescendo then fading to silence like crowds at a football match. I'd walked one midnight across the frozen sea to an island, its surface laced and woven with 20,000 nesting Adélies. The colonies at Palmer were much smaller. But I could travel out to the islands with the field workers, even help a bit. The weather that summer was calm, the pace benign. At Palmer the Birders monitored breeding, egg-laying and chick-rearing success, arrivals and departures, assembling data sets of regular, repetitive information. As well, they collected data during the summer season on nesting giant petrels, blue-eyed shags, kelp gulls, on the brown skua pairs controlling the Adélie colonies, and the large population of south polar skuas. They censused seals - Weddells, leopards, crabeaters, elephants, and ever increasing numbers of furs. But the real focus was the Adélies. Scientists began counting Adélies at Palmer in 1975, when the number of breeding pairs arriving at the five inner island study sites was put at 15,202. But ever since then the numbers had been going down. Sitting in the chief scientist's office in the admin corridor above the laboratories, Bill Fraser began telling me why he thought this was happening. The copier parked in the corridor outside clacked and clattered. The Station Manager worked in shorts, T shirt and flipflops. Radio messages from the coms room interjected, in brief bursts. Delicious smells of ever-brewing coffee, and lunch to come, drifted in from the galley beyond. Through the small office window I could see the ice sheet, a kind of dense yet shadowy white, the even line of its horizon intersecting the view, intense blue sky above, 1000 feet thickness of ice below. Imperceptibly moving, a bulking presence quarter of a mile from where we sat. Inconceivable force. Frozen fresh water, made from snow falling, year on year, layers squeezing under the weight of new snow, turning to ice. Each snow crystal carrying a miniscule record of the air it fell through - temperature, the mix and proportion of gases, particles floating by. The history of our most recent climate, a vertical archive, century stacked beneath century.

Bill's hypothesis was that Palmer's Adélies were reducing in number because of climate change. Long term data sets of surface temperatures collected at various sites in the region had been pushed into computers, and there were enough - particularly the British figures taken meticulously at Faraday Station not far down the coast, six times every 24 hours for fifty years - to show that temperatures were rising on the western side of the Antarctic Peninsula. The most rapid rise occurred in winter, although scientists had no idea why. The Antarctic Peninsula was currently one of the fastest warming places on earth.

To Bill, the warming had an impact on Palmer's Adélies in two ways. Every autumn the seas surrounding Antarctica start to freeze. The sea ice spreads and thickens, effectively doubling the size of the continent. The annual growth and decline of Antarctica's sea ice - the vast expanding and contracting of frozen white - is central to the way our planet functions. But along the western side of the Antarctic Peninsula the mean annual sea ice extent had been decreasing since 1979 when reliable satellite observations became available. Sea ice - and the detail of what happens to it each year - is vital to the survival of Adélies. Adélies are obligate

inhabitants of sea ice. At the same time warming air, holding more moisture, was resulting in increasing amounts of snow. Snow can negatively affect nest sites, and the timing of breeding. Each of Palmer's islands was in a sense a laboratory, with a set of observable conditions. Bill called them his work benches. The impact of snow on particular nest sites was measurable.

Palmer was chosen by the Americans as a biological research station in the 1960s partly because - as a hinge area - sub-Antarctic animals shared spaces with true polar species. To the north, maritime conditions dominate: warmer, moister. Further south is dry continental cold. In 1997 palaeobiologist Steve Emslie dug through an abandoned penguin colony at Palmer, layer by layer of dark-stained penguin guano, sorting bits of bone, fragments of eggshells, squid beaks, feathers, fish scales. Radiocarbon analysis revealed that Palmer's islands have been home to Adélie penguins - and no other species of penguin - for the last seven centuries. Now, with warming, penguins from further north were moving into local nesting sites: chinstraps in increasing numbers, and gentoos. Bill was building up the data he needed to sustain his hypothesis. At the same time he was working to understand the Adélie's lives at sea, and in winter. The assumption had been that Palmer's Adélie's went north for the winter, away from increasing cold and dark. In fact they head south towards the pack ice and winter darkness, feeding in polynyas, expanses of open water, then sleeping on the sea ice, small humps, snow covered, through each long night. Adélie's are birds that cannot fly. Where they forage is limited by the distance they can travel, and the presence of their haul-out platform, sea ice. The open ocean is off-limits, by definition.

I made a decision. I was here on the Antarctic Peninsula funded as a writer by the US National Science Foundation Artists & Writers Program. A humanities person, not a scientist. My first trip to the continent in 1994 had been as a writer funded by the Australians. I'd travelled along the peninsula with the Royal Navy, on HMS Endurance. I'd written books and articles about Antarctica, for the general market and for children. Now I wanted to come back again, to try and understand what was happening in this precisely located part of our warming planet. Palmer's penguins were a route into climate change. I wanted to tell their story in an accessible way, for the rest of us. What happens in the polar regions is highly significant. The impacts are world-wide. Yet scientists did not know why the Antarctic Peninsula was warming so rapidly. I wanted to find out more. My life in London was hedged around with work and family commitments. It wasn't easy to leave, again. But Bill and I made a joint application, we got through the process: I could live at Palmer for four months, to experience the 2001-2002 Adélie season.

This time the difference was startling. From the beginning. The islands, as we arrived, were still snow covered. Adélie's stood forlornly, scattered across the landscape. It was early January, high summer. Three years ago at the end of the first week in January the grey woolly chicks were starting to wander from their nests, and cluster in mini-creches. Now, those chicks that had got through to hatching were still very young, helpless, lying on their bellies. The season, Bill told me, had gone to hell. The weather had been relentless, dire. Palmer's penguins were in crisis, barely holding on. 'We are arriving to a catastrophe, walking into a bitter scenario produced by climate change. The Adélie's don't have the capacity to survive the drastic changes that are occurring.'

Palmer's Adélie's were being hammered. Through October and November storms roared down from the north. Thick wet snow buried the birds on their pebble nests. Melting snow drowned eggs. Parents abandoned their nests, unable to sustain the effort. Forty per cent of the expected number of Adélie's never even arrived to begin the annual business of rearing the season's chicks. Blizzards continued through December. Days were lost, work schedules fell far behind. Now - January - storm after storm could be seen on the satellite images curling like a hook over the top of the Antarctic Peninsula, driving in with heavy winds, snow and sleet. Getting through the season's tasks was difficult: travelling out to the islands in the zodiacs to tramp through snow or slush, over slippery rocks, tough. Rough seas regularly stopped all boating. Moods

tightened. The stress of unfinished tasks began to grate. The few fine days only served to remind us what it should be like. Then rain belted down. Palmer has snow - sleet - but never rain. Chicks' down isn't waterproof. They shivered, bedraggled little bundles on the wet, muddy ground, chilled through. Many were too small to survive, late chicks, hatched late because the unseasonable snow had delayed nest building, and mating. Brown skuas feasted at their leisure. It wasn't that they took more. But, as Bill's robust assistant and partner Donna Patterson put it, 100 chicks in a colony, the skuas take 20, that leaves 80. Reduce the colony down to 50 chicks, the skuas take 20, that leaves only 30.

7,161 pairs of Adélies arrived at the study islands for the 2000-2001 season. In 2001-2002 numbers plummeted to 4,288 pairs. Reproductive success per pair halved. It hurt, to witness the Adélies' pain. They struggled. They persisted. Many failed. The fledglings I went out through the brash ice to watch being weighed on Humble that February morning were light, late chicks. Many of them simply had not accumulated sufficient blubber fat to survive their first winter at sea. They weren't heavy enough. Climate change was delivering a heavy thump. The results were as Bill predicted.

Nothing like this weather had been seen. The pattern stuck for more than five months, wrapped around the top of the Antarctic Peninsula like a collar, from late in September 2001 to the end of February 2002. The warmest temperatures so far recorded hit the region. In March, at summer's end, much of Larsen B, the massive ice shelf 160 kilometres directly to the east of Palmer across the mountains, collapsed, at unimagined speed. 500 billion tonnes of ice, gone for ever, maps suddenly redundant, the outline of the peninsula's east coast reconfigured in days.

The Antarctic Peninsula has continued to warm. The impacts have been stronger, faster, than scientists ever expected. The weather we experienced turned out to have been the result of a strong low-pressure system backed by a blocking high that did not shift: totally anomalous. Cores drilled down into the newly accessible ocean bed, previously hidden by Larsen B, revealed that an ice shelf had been in place here, without breaking up, and reforming, for at least the last 12,000 years. Larsen B's collapse became a second proof for scientists of climate change, along with Palmer's penguins, in the evidence-sparse, complex, fast-moving climate-change world. This wasn't natural variability. Scientists concluded that what was happening resulted from an increasingly warm atmosphere.

At Palmer, in 2002, Bill used strong adjectives to describe what the weather was dealing. One phrase, 'ferocious summer,' stuck in my mind. When I started writing about what had happened at Palmer, what I'd seen and learnt - I had my book's title. I tried it out on some of the scientists working in the Antarctic - glaciologists, meteorologists, oceanographers. They thought it fitted. The ferocious summer, said one, was like a river violently flooding. It permanently changed the river bed, it changed the surrounding country. It was a one-off - but it could happen again on the peninsula. It nearly did in 2004-05.

On the western side of the Antarctic Peninsula scientists now report a 6.3 degrees centigrade increase in surface temperatures in July - mid winter - since 1951, the most rapid winter warming measured anywhere on the planet. Since 1955 the annual increase in the region has been almost three degrees centigrade. Ocean surface temperatures on the western side have risen by more than one degree centigrade between 1955 and 1998. Annual mean sea ice extent reduced by 40 percent over a twenty-six-year period. The rate of atmospheric warming here is unprecedented in the recent geological record.

To the outside eye change isn't easy to see. For us at Palmer, Norsel Point, part of Anvers Island has - since 10 January 2004 - become a new island. The ice ramp that in 1955 rose 1000 feet up to the ice piedmont has melted down to bedrock. The glacier behind the station buildings continues to pull back, revealing yet more tumbled moraine. Retreating glaciers, collapsing

ice cliffs, leave evidence for the discerning but timing, and speed, needs careful, consistent measurements. The change is in the detail - a lowering of the height of an ice sheet, increased speed of glacier discharge into the sea, small tufts of hair grass where no grass has grown, areas of bare rock where there was always permanent ice cover, ice shelves not reforming, coastlines re-defining. Ships beginning to penetrate further south. If Adélie nest sites are empty, who can hear the sounds of once-bustling colonies?

Tracking climate change takes time, skills and commitment. And understanding what is happening in the harsh, difficult to access polar regions is crucial. Our knowledge of the vast ice-encased Antarctic continent is extremely limited. But results keep coming in. British Antarctic Survey scientists using satellites to track the flow rates of over 300 previously unstudied glaciers on the Antarctic Peninsula have recently reported a 12% increase in glacier speed from 1993 to 2003. The Antarctic Peninsula can now be said to be contributing as much to sea-level rise as Alaska. What happens in Antarctica affects us all, wherever we live.

Palmer's penguins are a long way away. They are only a small subset of Antarctica's vast Adélie colonies. But through the chance of a particular programme of research, through the concentrated focus of dedicated seabird ecologists - Palmer's small colonies of Adélies have become important evidence of climate change in an evidence sparse world. Despite a brief recovery, numbers of Adélies arriving at Palmer have continued inexorably down. Adélies have been living here at Palmer, in desirable ocean-front locations, for seven centuries. Now conditions have changed. They can't manage any more. They are disappearing. Their story can stand for so many of our planet's inhabitants.

Glaciers don't have political agendas. Nor do penguins. There isn't a debate. In this remote, austere, beautiful place, our planet is visibly heating up.

Meredith Hooper's *THE FEROCIOUS SUMMER PALMER'S PENGUINS AND THE WARMING OF ANTARCTICA* is published by Profile Books (2007).

The Canadian/US edition *THE FEROCIOUS SUMMER ADÉLIE PENGUINS AND THE WARMING OF ANTARCTICA* is published by Greystone Books (2008).

In this article 'colony' is used in the American sense of a discrete collection of breeding groups within discrete boundaries



Antarctic Destinies – the changing face of heroism

by

STEPHENIE L. BARCZEWSKI

Robert Falcon Scott and Ernest Shackleton first encountered each other in early March 1901, in the London offices of National Antarctic Expedition, which Scott had been appointed to command the previous June. From that moment onwards, Scott and Shackleton became enmeshed in a rivalry that has extended well beyond their deaths to the present day, and seems likely to continue into the future. In their lifetimes, they competed with each other for public acclaim, for financial support for their polar ventures, and above all for the glory of becoming the first man to reach the South Pole, a prize that, ultimately, neither man won.

Scott's death in 1912 elevated him to the status of martyred national hero who far eclipsed Shackleton in the eyes of the British public. Shackleton remained in Scott's shadow for decades thereafter, his own accomplishments barely recalled or credited. In more recent years, however, the tide has turned. In the late twentieth century, Shackleton came to be regarded as the greater leader, the greater explorer and the greater hero, while Scott was denigrated as a bungler, a martinet and, ultimately, a failure. What happened to bring about this dramatic reversal in the reputations of the two men? Since it occurred well after their deaths, it can have little to do with their own characters or achievements. Instead, the explanation lies in how our perceptions and interpretations of their characters and achievements have changed.

My recently published book *Antarctic Destinies: Scott, Shackleton and the Changing Face of Heroism* is, in some ways, about British Antarctic exploration during the Heroic Age, before motorised transport, wireless radio and other technological innovations removed at least some of the most egregious hardships and dangers from polar travel. It is primarily, however, a book about the malleability of heroism. It looks at the two most famous expeditions of the Heroic Age, Scott's *Terra Nova* expedition of 1910-12 and Shackleton's *Endurance* expedition of 1914-16, and examine how the stories of the two expeditions, and the reputations of the men who led them, have evolved over the past century.

This evolutionary process has largely been dependent upon two things: the opinions and attitudes of the person telling the story and the cultural climate in which the story is being told. According to the religion scholar Mircea Eliade, cultures remember things 'in categories instead of events, archetypes instead of historical personages. The historical personage is assimilated to his mythical model (hero, etc.) while the event is identified with the category of mythical action'.¹ In other words, real men become archetypes when filtered through popular memory, and real events become myths. When the needs of a particular culture change and require new archetypes and myths, then those 'real men' and 'real events' change, too.

Both Scott and Shackleton have experienced this phenomenon over the course of the twentieth century. In the years after the news of his death reached the outside world, Scott was regarded as a saint-like figure in Britain and the United States, with an unassailable reputation born from what was interpreted as his heroic martyrdom in the frozen wastes of Antarctica. In more recent decades, however, Scott has attracted some of the most intense criticism any explorer, polar or otherwise, has ever received, stemming not just from the efforts of his detractors, but from a more general shift in public attitudes towards both exploration and the qualifications for and nature of heroism.

Shackleton, on the other hand, has seen his reputation follow a reverse, far more positive trajectory. Although his achievements – most notably getting to within a hundred miles of the South Pole on the *Nimrod* expedition of 1907-9 and bringing back all twenty-eight of his men

alive after the *Endurance* was trapped and crushed by the ice on his second expedition of 1914-16 — have always been appreciated, they have not until recently been celebrated with nearly the same degree of adulation that traditionally surrounded Scott. And Shackleton himself was for most of the twentieth century a man of less-than-impeccable reputation: a great leader when the chips were down, yes, but also a known philanderer whose financial dealings were somewhat dubious. For these reasons, he was for decades overshadowed by Scott. In the last decades of the twentieth century, however, the clouds over Shackleton have dissipated, and he has come to be regarded as the *beau ideal* of the heroic explorer and the perfect leader, a man worthy of emulation not just by fellow explorers, but by politicians and corporate executives.

The primary instigators of the rise in Shackleton's reputation in the eyes of the British and American public were a lavish exhibition on the *Endurance* expedition that was mounted at the American Museum of Natural History in New York City in 1999 and the book by Caroline Alexander that accompanied it. The response to the exhibition would not have been nearly so favourable, however, had the cultural climate on both sides of the Atlantic not been ready to embrace a hero of Shackleton's archetype.

Today, Scott and Shackleton occupy very different places in the polar pantheon than they once did. This change, however, has come about with little new information about either man or the expeditions he led coming to light, certainly nothing of the calibre that would account for the sudden reversal in their relative statures. There has been, in other words, no smoking gun that has emerged that clearly proves Scott's incompetence, nor has any evidence emerged that shows Shackleton performing superhuman feats of leadership that were not known about in 1916. In both cases, any change in reputation that has taken place has occurred almost entirely through the reassessment of information that has long been known and long been discussed.

There is, after all, only so much material available about polar expeditions, because there are generally so few witnesses to the crucial events. In Scott's case this evidentiary problem is particularly acute, because for the last two months of his ill-fated polar trek, only he himself maintained a diary, as his four companions, their strength ebbing, abandoned any task that was not absolutely essential to their survival. For many of the events in question, therefore, scholars can dispute the truth of the account of events that he records, but they have no supplementary sources of information. An alternative account can be constructed only from speculation. Similarly, Shackleton's famous boat journey to South Georgia Island, upon which much of his subsequent reputation as a leader has been based, was witnessed by only four other men, only three of whom ever produced a written record of the events in question.

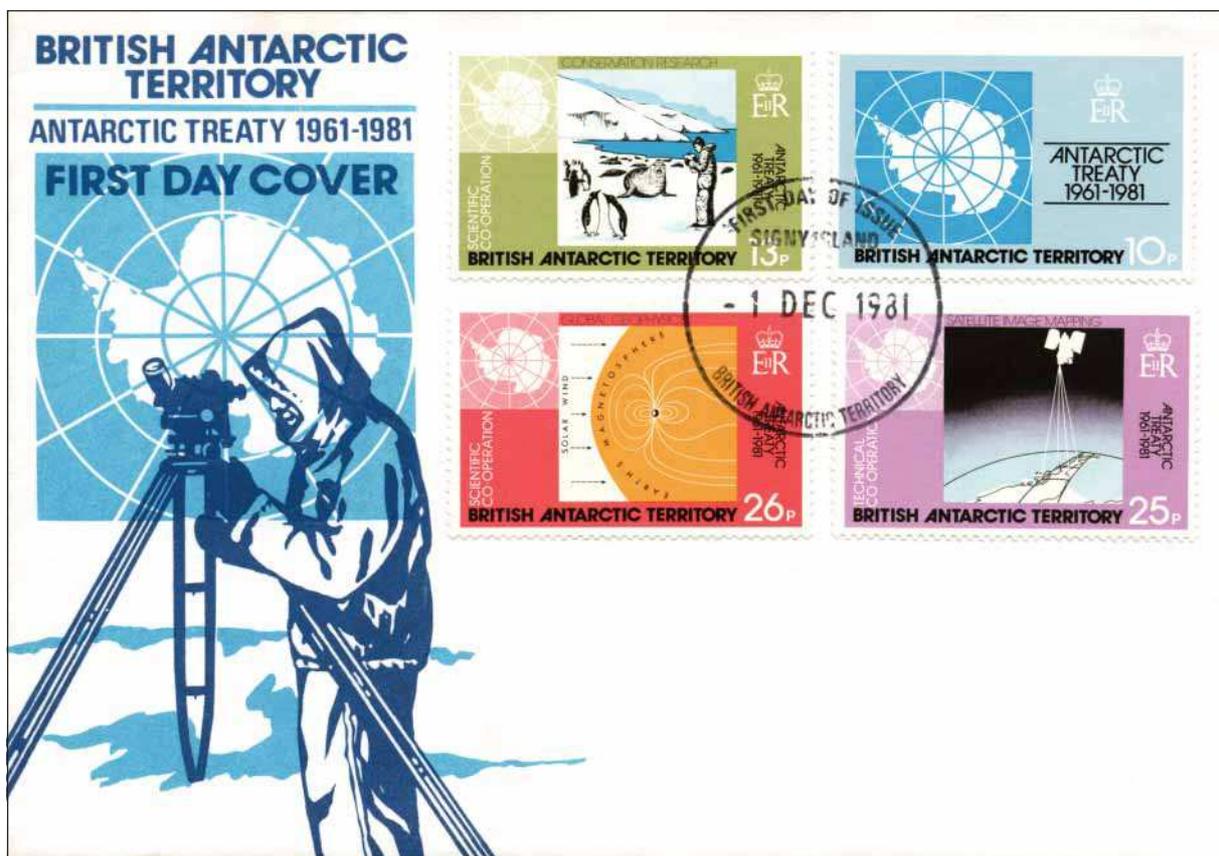
This is not to suggest that no new information has emerged or will not emerge in the future about Scott and Shackleton. On occasion, a never-before-seen diary or letter is made available to researchers which confirms or contradicts the known 'facts'.² Or sometimes an author is able to bring a fresh perspective to these oft-told tales because of the unique or unusual qualifications they possess. In the last five years, for example, Scott has been written about by a meteorologist specialising in Antarctic weather conditions and a modern-day polar explorer, both of whom were able to shed new light on Scott's achievements and failings. But the basic stories of the *Terra Nova* and *Endurance* expeditions remain the same. Whether the interpreter wants to emphasise the heroic elements or the leaders' errors in judgment and poor decisions — and the stories of the two expeditions offer plenty of opportunity to do both — remains a matter of choice. And how those interpreters' works are received remains dependent on the cultural climate in which they appear. The kind of stinging critique of Scott that has become commonplace in the last twenty-five years would have been viewed with derision and disbelief had it appeared in 1913. Similarly, the self-help volumes touting Shackleton as a model for junior executives and budding politicians would have been a source of much mirth to an audience more concerned about his numerous failed investments and extramarital affairs.

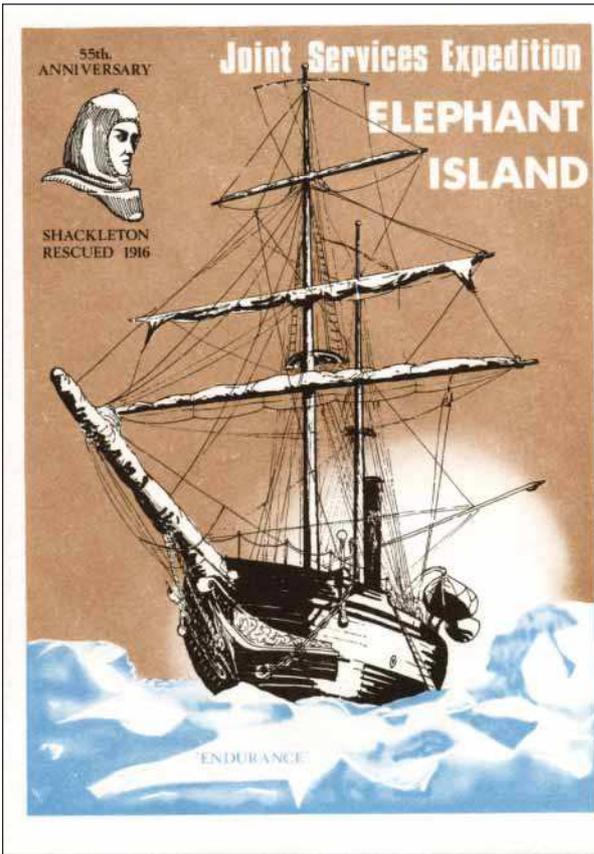
In 1912, many people saw Scott as a hero. Today, many people see him as a bumbling idiot whose incompetence resulted in his own death as well as the deaths of his four companions. In 1916, many people saw Shackleton as admirable on some level but not quite trustworthy, and his exploits were regarded as a minor distraction from the Great War. Today, many people see him as one of the greatest leaders in human history. But they are the same men: the events of their lives, their personalities, their virtues, their flaws — none of these things have changed. Instead, it is we who have changed, and the world in which we live.

¹ Mircea Eliade, *The Myth of the Eternal Return: or Cosmos and History*, trans. Willard R. Trask (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1971), p. 43.

² In January 2007, for example, the last letter written by Scott to his wife Kathleen, and her last letter to him, were made public for the first time. 'To My Widow ... I Hope I Shall Be a Good Memory,' *The Week*, 20 January 2007, pp. 48-9. I am grateful to my friend Edward Moisson for sending me this article.

Editor's footnote: Dr. Barczewski is a specialist in modern British cultural history. She has taught at Clemson University, South Carolina, USA, since 2006. Her book *'Antarctic Destinies'* was published in 2007 by Hambledon (London): ISBN 978 1 84725 1923.

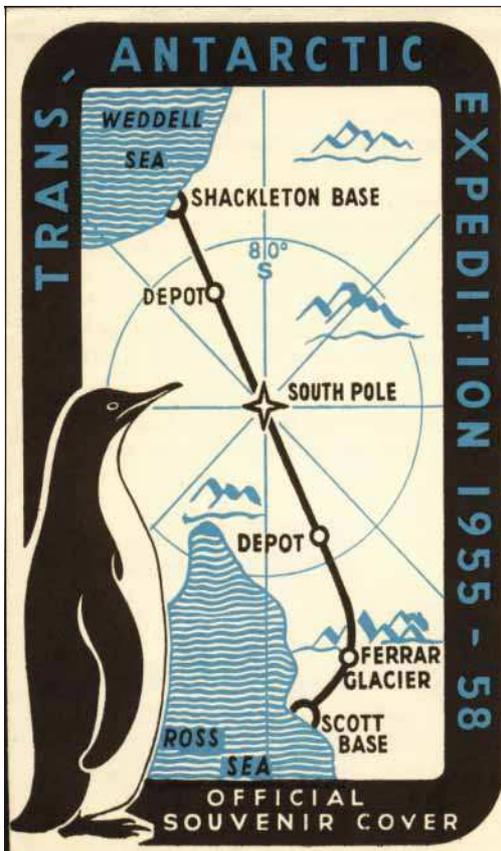




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THE ANTARCTIC TREATY

An overview by
MARTIN WILLIAMS

Antarctica is unique. Not only is it the coldest, driest, windiest, most inhospitable and most uninhabited continent it is, also, the only one governed by an international treaty. How the Antarctic Treaty came into being in 1959, and what its effect has been, make a fascinating story.

A brief history

Before the twentieth century, Antarctica was almost completely unknown, so no country had laid effective claim to any part of it. During the heroic age of exploration, figures such as Shackleton, Scott, Amundsen and others strove to plant their country's flag at the South Pole, and to reveal the continent's mysteries, but gave no thought to setting up a permanent base. Nor was there any realistic prospect of trade, with no indigenous or colonising population. However the prospect of mineral and marine resources, which might in time prove valuable and exploitable, combined with what were then perceived as irresistible strategic imperatives, led some states after the heroic period, formally to claim sectors of Antarctica, if only to try to preempt rivals wishing to do the same. By the late 1940s seven states had made such claims; Argentina, Australia, Chile, France, New Zealand, Norway and the United Kingdom. The areas claimed did not tidily cover the entire continent. On the one hand, a large sector remained unclaimed; on the other, most of the sector claimed by UK was also claimed either by Argentina or by Chile, while the Antarctic peninsula was claimed by all three states.

After World War II there was a new sense of internationalism in world affairs, exemplified by the creation of the United Nations, many of the UN agencies, and the international financial institutions. In tune with this mood, there were proposals to internationalise Antarctica. This approach was initially favoured most by the US (which had not lodged any claim of its own), New Zealand (which had done, but with misgivings), and by idealistic internationalists, including some Labour MPs in UK. To begin with there was considerable resistance by other claimant governments, including UK, France and Norway. Also there was no agreement on what form of internationalisation was appropriate; particularly what role if any the UN should have in Antarctica, which countries should be involved, and what should happen to the existing territorial claims. Over the next decade policies developed. In particular, Britain came to the view that Antarctica should be demilitarised, and that this required an international regime including the Soviet Union, even though the cold war was then at its height.

A further major boost to the idea of an international regime was provided by the International Geophysical Year 1957-58, which included a significant quantity of research in Antarctica. This demonstrated to all the clear benefits from international cooperation in scientific research in such an extreme environment, and suggested the value of establishing a permanent arrangement to guarantee that access to Antarctica for research purposes, as well as cooperation over such research, could be continued indefinitely.

After informal discussions, in 1958 the US government proposed an Antarctic Treaty under

which the legal status quo regarding territorial claims would be frozen for the Treaty's duration, and invited 11 states to a conference in Washington to negotiate its provisions. The invited states were Belgium, Japan, South Africa, and the Soviet Union, in addition to the seven claimant states, and the US itself. India wanted to raise the issue of Antarctica at the UN, but was persuaded not to do so. The Conference convened in October 1959. By that stage many of the issues had been extensively discussed, and draft texts of much of the treaty had already been circulated and partially agreed. So after a mere 6 weeks of negotiations, the new Treaty was signed on 1 December; quite an achievement given the hugely differing perspectives of the 12 participating states!

What the Treaty says

The Treaty is commendably brief and clear (for the most part). It consists of a preamble and just 14 Articles, four of which relate to procedural matters such as for settlement of disputes, for revision of the treaty, for entry into force and accession by other states, and for official texts. The preamble starts by saying the parties to the Treaty recognise that "it is in the interest of all mankind that Antarctica shall continue for ever to be used exclusively for peaceful purposes and shall not become the scene or object of international discord", thus establishing at the outset that one of the Treaty's main purposes is the elimination of conflict in Antarctica. Note too that this is seen to be good not merely for the 12 states who established the Treaty, but for all mankind; and also that these benefits should last for ever. Article 1 reinforces these principles, stating "Antarctica shall be used for peaceful purposes only. There shall be prohibited, *inter alia*, any measure of a military nature, such as the establishment of military bases and fortifications, the carrying out of military manoeuvres, as well as the testing of any type of weapon." It goes on to clarify that this does not preclude military personnel undertaking scientific research or other peaceful activities there.

Article 5 is somewhat related, providing that "Any nuclear explosions in Antarctica and the disposal there of radioactive waste material shall be prohibited." This article goes beyond Article 1, which in itself would prevent nuclear weapons tests in Antarctica, by banning all nuclear explosions, whatever their declared purpose. The article was initially resisted by the US, and went through several different formulations before it was finally agreed. Considering that four of the states negotiating the treaty were at the time carrying out nuclear tests in remote and uninhabited parts of the world, it is perhaps surprising that it was agreed at all. The preamble continues by acknowledging the benefit from international cooperation in scientific investigation in Antarctica, and that the continuation of this would be in the interest of science and all mankind. Articles 2 and 3 give substance to these ideas. The former states "Freedom of scientific investigation in Antarctica and cooperation toward that end, as applied during the International Geophysical Year, shall continue...". This slightly clumsy formulation was a compromise, following a deep reluctance by some of the states at the conference to admit Soviet scientists freely into the sectors they claimed. Article 3 states that "to the greatest extent feasible and practicable, (a) information regarding plans for scientific programs in Antarctica shall be exchanged to permit maximum economy and efficiency of operations; (b) scientific personnel shall be exchanged in Antarctica between expeditions and stations; (c) scientific observations and results from Antarctica shall be exchanged and made freely available." The Article also calls for cooperation with UN agencies and other such international bodies.

Article 4 deals with the vexed question of territorial sovereignty; or rather, in a diplomatic master stroke, it fails to deal with it, but in a way which secures the intended objective. It reads "(1) Nothing contained in the present Treaty shall be interpreted as (a) a renunciation by any Contracting Party of previously asserted rights of or claims to territorial sovereignty in Antarctica; (b) a renunciation or diminution by any Contracting Party of any basis of claim to territorial sovereignty in Antarctica which it may have whether as a result of its activities or those of its nationals in Antarctica, or otherwise; (c) prejudicing the position of any Contracting

Party as regards its recognition or non-recognition of any other State's right of or claim or basis of claim to territorial sovereignty in Antarctica. (2) No acts or activities taking place while the present Treaty is in force shall constitute a basis for asserting, supporting or denying a claim to territorial sovereignty in Antarctica or create any rights of sovereignty in Antarctica. No new claim, or enlargement of an existing claim, to territorial sovereignty in Antarctica shall be asserted while the present Treaty is in force."

This tortured series of denials, the result of intensive diplomatic exchanges, appears to have the effect of changing nothing; in fact, it changed everything. After the Treaty was signed, the delegations of Argentina, Australia, Chile, France and UK made official declarations that the provisions did not affect their sovereign rights. These declarations were for the record only; if their sovereign rights had in reality not been affected they would have had no need to make the declarations. Japan, South Africa and the Soviet Union officially responded that these declarations did not affect the Treaty obligations of the states which had made them; tellingly, the delegates which had made the declarations let the matter rest there. In his closing remarks, the French delegate asked whether, after the treaty, it would ever be possible to return to the situation of 1959. Did not the Treaty amount to "de facto internationalisation"? In practice all the other delegates agreed, but preferred not to point it out publicly.

Article 6 specifies that the Treaty covers the area south of 60 degrees South (subject to the rights of states regarding use of the high seas in that area). This includes all land, seas, islands and ice shelves.

Article 7, on inspections, reflects the age in which the treaty was agreed. It allows any Treaty member state to send an inspection team of its nationals at any time to any part of Antarctica, and all stations and installations within Antarctica are at all times to be open to such inspection. The article also requires member states to notify all other member states about any expedition to Antarctica by its nationals or from within its territory, and about all stations in Antarctica occupied by its nationals. Article 8 provides that inspectors are subject only to their national jurisdiction, and that any disputes on this subject should be resolved by consultation. All other disputes are covered by Article 11.

Article 9 provides for meetings of the states which are members of the treaty, "for the purpose of exchanging information, consulting together on matters of common interest pertaining to Antarctica, and formulating and considering, and recommending to their Governments, measures in furtherance of the principles and objectives of the Treaty". Interestingly, the list of areas which such consultations are to cover includes "preservation and conservation of living resources in Antarctica." This subject had not been included amongst the original principles and objectives of the Treaty, but was introduced during the negotiations. Although most discussions focused on the conservation of penguins and other such wild life, there is some evidence that the Chilean delegation, which proposed the item, had in mind preservation of whales and fish stocks. The Article goes on to specify that states which later accede to the Treaty (ie apart from the original 12 which negotiated it) play a foil part in these meetings only if they are continuing an active programme of scientific research in Antarctica.

Amongst the remaining Articles, the most interesting provision is the specification of 30 years as the term after which any full member of the Treaty may request a meeting to review its operation. The Treaty entered into force in 1961, so that option has been available since 1991.

What the Treaty achieved

By all standards, the Antarctic Treaty has been remarkably successful. It sought to demilitarise Antarctica. This has been totally achieved. It was intended to remove the prospect of conflict, especially over competing territorial claims. No conflict, or even serious threat of it, has occurred. It aimed effectively to suspend national claims of sovereignty. No new claims have occurred,

and the existing ones now have limited practical effect. Inspired by the International Geophysical Year, the Treaty established freedom of scientific research throughout Antarctica, and gave strong encouragement to international cooperation in science there. These principles are daily put into effect.

The process of Consultative Meetings of Treaty members has become well established. Major meetings take place every two years, the most recent one in Edinburgh in 2006. The number of full member states is now 28, with 17 further members who do not engage in Antarctic research and so do not have full consultative status. The most recent to accede was Estonia in 2001.

As seen from today, the two largest gaps in the Treaty's contents were the absence of any provisions dealing with the environment (in 1959 this was simply not an issue), or with the exploitation of mineral resources (on which there were discussions but no agreement). However, consultative meetings under the Treaty have addressed both themes. A Convention on the Regulation of Antarctic Mineral Resource Activities, allowing for limited mineral exploitation subject to tight controls, was negotiated between 1982 and 1988, but never entered into force. It has been superseded by the Protocol on Environmental Protection in Antarctica, adopted in 1991, which prohibits all commercial mineral exploitation, as well as containing many further measures to protect the Antarctic environment. In addition, building on the brief reference in Article 9, two separate conventions on fauna and flora have been adopted, in 1972 on the Conservation of Antarctic Seals, and in 1980 on the Conservation of Antarctic Marine Living Resources.

When it was first adopted, some saw the Treaty as a stopgap; it has proved a fixture. Even during the Cuban missile crisis, when cold war suspicions were at their greatest, the US and Soviet Union continued to cooperate as required by its terms, which demonstrates its durability. Few would now question that the Treaty has proved to be, as expressed by the aspiration in its preamble, "in the interest of all mankind".

THE ANTARCTIC TREATY IN MORE DETAIL

The Governments of Argentina, Australia, Belgium, Chile, the French Republic, Japan, New Zealand, Norway, the Union of South Africa, the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics, the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Northern Ireland, and the United States of America,

Recognizing that it is in the interest of all mankind that Antarctica shall continue for ever to be used exclusively for peaceful purposes and shall not become the scene or object of international discord;

Acknowledging the substantial contributions to scientific knowledge resulting from international cooperation in scientific investigation in Antarctica;

Convinced that the establishment of a firm foundation for the continuation and development of such cooperation on the basis of freedom of scientific investigation in Antarctica as applied during the International Geophysical Year accords with the interests of science and the progress of all mankind;

Convinced also that a treaty ensuring the use of Antarctica for peaceful purposes only and the continuance of international harmony in Antarctica will further the purposes and principles embodied in the Charter of the United Nations;

Have agreed as follows:

ARTICLE I

1. Antarctica shall be used for peaceful purposes only. There shall be prohibited, *inter alia*, any measures of a military nature, such as the establishment of military bases and fortifications, the carrying out of military maneuvers, as well as the testing of any type of weapons.
2. The present Treaty shall not prevent the use of military personnel or equipment for scientific research or for any other peaceful purpose.

ARTICLE II

Freedom of scientific investigation in Antarctica and cooperation toward that end, as applied during the International Geophysical Year, shall continue, subject to the provisions of the present Treaty.

ARTICLE III

1. In order to promote international cooperation in scientific investigation in Antarctica, as provided for in Article II of the present Treaty, the Contracting Parties agree that, to the greatest extent feasible and practicable:
 - (a) information regarding plans for scientific programs in Antarctica shall be exchanged to permit maximum economy and efficiency of operations;
 - (b) scientific personnel shall be exchanged in Antarctica between expeditions and stations;
 - (c) scientific observations and results from Antarctica shall be exchanged and made freely available.
2. In implementing this Article, every encouragement shall be given to the establishment of cooperative working relations with those Specialized Agencies of the United Nations and other international organizations having a scientific or technical interest in Antarctica.

ARTICLE IV

1. Nothing contained in the present Treaty shall be interpreted as:
 - (a) a renunciation by any Contracting Party of previously asserted rights of or claims to territorial sovereignty in Antarctica;
 - (b) a renunciation or diminution by any Contracting Party of any basis of claim to territorial sovereignty in Antarctica which it may have whether as a result of its activities or those of its nationals in Antarctica, or otherwise;
 - (c) prejudicing the position of any Contracting Party as regards its recognition or non-recognition of any other State's right of or claim or basis of claim to territorial sovereignty in Antarctica.
2. No acts or activities taking place while the present Treaty is in force shall constitute a basis for asserting, supporting or denying a claim to territorial sovereignty in Antarctica or create any rights of sovereignty in Antarctica. No new claim, or enlargement of an existing claim, to territorial sovereignty in Antarctica shall be asserted while the present Treaty is in force.

ARTICLE V

1. Any nuclear explosions in Antarctica and the disposal there of radioactive waste material shall be prohibited.
2. In the event of the conclusion of international agreements concerning the use of nuclear energy, including nuclear explosions and the disposal of radioactive waste material, to which all of the Contracting Parties whose representatives are entitled to participate in the meetings provided for under Article IX are parties, the rules established under such agreements shall apply in Antarctica.

ARTICLE VI

The provisions of the present Treaty shall apply to the area south of 60° South Latitude, including all ice shelves, but nothing in the present Treaty shall prejudice or in any way affect the rights, or the exercise of the rights, of any State under international law with regard to the high seas within that area.

ARTICLE VII

1. In order to promote the objectives and ensure the observance of the provisions of the present Treaty, each Contracting Party whose representatives are entitled to participate in the meetings referred to in Article IX of the Treaty shall have the right to designate observers to carry out any inspection provided for by the present Article. Observers shall be nationals of the Contracting Parties which designate them. The names of observers shall be communicated to every other Contracting Party having the right to designate observers, and like notice shall be given of the termination of their appointment.
2. Each observer designated in accordance with the provisions of paragraph 1 of this Article shall have complete freedom of access at any time to any or all areas of Antarctica.
3. All areas of Antarctica, including all stations, installations and equipment within those areas, and all ships and aircraft at points of discharging or embarking cargoes or personnel in Antarctica, shall be open at all times to inspection by any observers designated in accordance with paragraph 1 of this Article.
4. Aerial observation may be carried out at any time over any or all areas of Antarctica by any of the Contracting Parties having the right to designate observers.
5. Each Contracting Party shall, at the time when the present Treaty enters into force for it, inform the other Contracting Parties, and thereafter shall give them notice in advance, of
 - (a) all expeditions to and within Antarctica, on the part of its ships or nationals, and all expeditions to Antarctica organized in or proceeding from its territory;
 - (b) all stations in Antarctica occupied by its nationals; and
 - (c) any military personnel or equipment intended to be introduced by it into Antarctica subject to the conditions prescribed in paragraph 2 of Article I of the present Treaty.

ARTICLE VIII

1. In order to facilitate the exercise of their functions under the present Treaty, and without prejudice to the respective positions of the Contracting Parties relating to jurisdiction over all other persons in Antarctica, observers designated under paragraph 1 of Article VII and scientific personnel exchanged under subparagraph 1(b) of Article III of the Treaty, and members of the staffs accompanying any such persons, shall be subject only to the jurisdiction of the Contracting Party of which they are nationals in respect of all acts or omissions occurring while they are in Antarctica for the purpose of exercising their functions.
2. Without prejudice to the provisions of paragraph 1 of this Article, and pending the adoption of measures in pursuance of subparagraph 1(e) of Article IX, the Contracting Parties concerned in any case of dispute with regard to the exercise of jurisdiction in Antarctica shall immediately consult together with a view to reaching a mutually acceptable solution.

ARTICLE IX

1. Representatives of the Contracting Parties named in the preamble to the present Treaty shall meet at the City of Canberra within two months after the date of entry into force of the Treaty, and thereafter at suitable intervals and places, for the purpose of exchanging information, consulting together on matters of common interest pertaining to Antarctica, and formulating and considering, and recommending to their Governments, measures in furtherance of the principles and objectives of the Treaty, including measures regarding:
 - (a) use of Antarctica for peaceful purposes only;
 - (b) facilitation of scientific research in Antarctica;
 - (c) facilitation of international scientific cooperation in Antarctica;
 - (d) facilitation of the exercise of the rights of inspection provided for in Article VII of the Treaty;
 - (e) questions relating to the exercise of jurisdiction in Antarctica;
 - (f) preservation and conservation of living resources in Antarctica.
2. Each Contracting Party which has become a party to the present Treaty by accession under Article XIII shall be entitled to appoint representatives to participate in the meetings referred to in paragraph 1 of the present Article, during such times as that Contracting Party demonstrates its interest in Antarctica by conducting substantial scientific research activity

there, such as the establishment of a scientific station or the despatch of a scientific expedition.
3. Reports from the observers referred to in Article VII of the present Treaty shall be transmitted to the representatives of the Contracting Parties participating in the meetings referred to in paragraph 1 of the present Article.

4. The measures referred to in paragraph 1 of this Article shall become effective when approved by all the Contracting Parties whose representatives were entitled to participate in the meetings held to consider those measures.

5. Any or all of the rights established in the present Treaty may be exercised as from the date of entry into force of the Treaty whether or not any measures facilitating the exercise of such rights have been proposed, considered or approved as provided in this Article.

ARTICLE X

Each of the Contracting Parties undertakes to exert appropriate efforts, consistent with the Charter of the United Nations, to the end that no one engages in any activity in Antarctica contrary to the principles or purposes of the present Treaty.

ARTICLE XI

1. If any dispute arises between two or more of the Contracting Parties concerning the interpretation or application of the present Treaty, those Contracting Parties shall consult among themselves with a view to having the dispute resolved by negotiation, inquiry, mediation, conciliation, arbitration, judicial settlement or other peaceful means of their own choice.

2. Any dispute of this character not so resolved shall, with the consent, in each case, of all parties to the dispute, be referred to the International Court of Justice for settlement; but failure to reach agreement on reference to the International Court shall not absolve parties to the dispute from the responsibility of continuing to seek to resolve it by any of the various peaceful means referred to in paragraph 1 of this Article.

ARTICLE XII

1. (a) The present Treaty may be modified or amended at any time by unanimous agreement of the Contracting Parties whose representatives are entitled to participate in the meetings provided for under Article IX. Any such modification or amendment shall enter into force when the depositary Government has received notice from all such Contracting Parties that they have ratified it.

(b) Such modification or amendment shall thereafter enter into force as to any other Contracting Party when notice of ratification by it has been received by the depositary Government. Any such Contracting Party from which no notice of ratification is received within a period of two years from the date of entry into force of the modification or amendment in accordance with the provisions of subparagraph 1(a) of this Article shall be deemed to have withdrawn from the present Treaty on the date of the expiration of such period.

2. (a) If after the expiration of thirty years from the date of entry into force of the present Treaty, any of the Contracting Parties whose representatives are entitled to participate in the meetings provided for under Article IX so requests by a communication addressed to the depositary Government, a Conference of all the Contracting Parties shall be held as soon as practicable to review the operation of the Treaty.

(b) Any modification or amendment to the present Treaty which is approved at such a Conference by a majority of the Contracting Parties there represented, including a majority of those whose representatives are entitled to participate in the meetings provided for under Article IX, shall be communicated by the depositary Government to all Contracting Parties immediately after the termination of the Conference and shall enter into force in accordance with the provisions of paragraph 1 of the present Article

(c) If any such modification or amendment has not entered into force in accordance with the provisions of subparagraph 1(a) of this Article within a period of two years after the date of its communication to all the Contracting Parties, any Contracting Party may at any time after the expiration of that period give notice to the depositary Government of

its withdrawal from the present Treaty; and such withdrawal shall take effect two years after the receipt of the notice by the depositary Government.

ARTICLE XIII

1. The present Treaty shall be subject to ratification by the signatory States. It shall be open for accession by any State which is a Member of the United Nations, or by any other State which may be invited to accede to the Treaty with the consent of all the Contracting Parties whose representatives are entitled to participate in the meetings provided for under Article IX of the Treaty.
2. Ratification of or accession to the present Treaty shall be effected by each State in accordance with its constitutional processes.
3. Instruments of ratification and instruments of accession shall be deposited with the Government of the United States of America, hereby designated as the depositary Government.
4. The depositary Government shall inform all signatory and acceding States of the date of each deposit of an instrument of ratification or accession, and the date of entry into force of the Treaty and of any modification or amendment thereto.
5. Upon the deposit of instruments of ratification by all the signatory States, the present Treaty shall enter into force for those States and for States which have deposited instruments of accession. Thereafter the Treaty shall enter into force for any acceding State upon the deposit of its instruments of accession.
6. The present Treaty shall be registered by the depositary Government pursuant to Article 102 of the Charter of the United Nations.

ARTICLE XIV

The present Treaty, done in the English, French, Russian and Spanish languages, each version being equally authentic, shall be deposited in the archives of the Government of the United States of America, which shall transmit duly certified copies thereof to the Governments of the signatory and acceding States.

- ‘Bulgaria (11 September 1973)
- ‘Chile (23 June 1961)
- ‘China (S June 1983)
- ‘Ecuador (15 September 1987)
- ‘Finland (15 May 1934)
- ‘France (16 September 1960)
- ‘Germany (5 February 1973)
- ‘India (23 November 1986)
- ‘Italy (18 March 1981)
- ‘Japan (4 August 1960)
- ‘Korea, Republic of (28 November 1986)
- ‘Netherlands (30 March 1967)
- ‘New Zealand (1 November 1960)
- ‘Norway (24 August 1960)
- ‘Peru (10 April 1981)
- ‘Poland (8 June 1961)
- ‘Russian Federation (2 November 1960)
- ‘South Africa (21 June 1960)
- ‘Spain (31 March 1982)
- ‘Sweden (24 April 1984)
- ‘Ukraine (28 October 1992)
- ‘United Kingdom (31 May 1960)
- ‘United States (13 August 1960)
- ‘Uruguay (11 January 1980)
- ‘Czech Republic (14 June 1962)
- Democratic Peoples Republic of Korea (21 January 1987)
- Denmark (20 May 1965)
- Estonia (17 May 2001)
- ‘Greece (8 January 1987)
- Guatemala (31 July 1991)
- Hungary (27 January 1984)
- Papua New Guinea (16 March 1981)
- ‘Romania (15 September 1971)
- Slovak Republic (14 June 1952)
- Switzerland (15 November 1990)
- Turkey (25 January 1996)
- Venezuela (24 May 1999)

‘ denotes Members of the Committee for Environmental Protection.



The roots are deep!

'No More Beyond – *The Life of Hubert Wilkins*'

by Simon Nasht, Birlinn Ltd, 2006 (ISBN 10-1-84158- 519- 2)

Does anyone recall the contribution made by Sir Hubert Wilkins to the exploration of the Polar Regions? Or was it George Wilkins? Indeed, are these one and the same person?

Does anyone recall the contribution made by Sir Hubert Wilkins to the exploration of the Polar Regions? Or was it George Wilkins? Indeed, are these one and the same person?

Reading this excellent book, brilliantly written by fellow Australian Simon Nasht, was a total delight. It tells of a man who has escaped my notice and probably yours. It describes a life that was so jam-packed with action and adventure it is truly hard to believe this all belongs to the curriculum vitae of just *one* man!

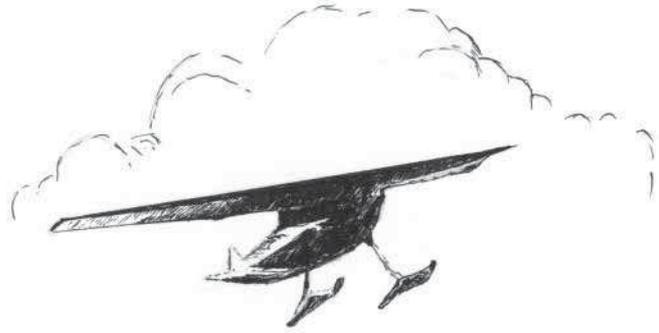
I recall first reading Roland Huntford's masterful biography on Shackleton in the early 1980's. At the close of that weighty tome I felt moved to tears; I felt I had lost a friend, so powerful had been Sir Ernest's personality expressed through those pages. Now, again, reaching the end of 'No More Beyond' I was genuinely moved. I just couldn't believe that one mere mortal had accomplished *so* much and, often, against such great odds.

By rights, George Wilkins (later to be known, at his request, as Sir *Hubert* Wilkins, on the occasion of his knighthood by King George V) should have perished early on in his career. As a gifted photographer and pioneering cinematographer, Wilkins was commissioned to record, in unedited fashion, the harsh (and often brutal) facts of life on the Western Front. His bravery (or was it stupidity?) was well-attested by the military. Often he would be seen in No-man's Land, standing erect (with no apparent concern for his safety whatsoever) taking photographs and film of the actuality of trench warfare. He insisted on completing his portfolio with a close encounter of a very dangerous kind – filming and recording *a real, full-on*, counter-attack by the Hun. Remarkable! It is no surprise that our intrepid reporter was blown up by an enemy mortar. As his only slightly broken body ascended into the heavens, with shrapnel flying everywhere, our Mr Wilkins FILMED the event!

So *what* of this man and things polar? Curiously, it is his meeting up with fellow Australian photographer Frank Hurley, upon his return from the *Endurance* expedition, which seems to have started him thinking about discovery in the cold climes. In 1920 a party of just four men set off on an impossible journey south- *The British Imperial Antarctic Expedition* under the 'leadership' of one John Lachlan Cope. With Wilkins's emerging interest in aviation/discovery and the need for polar weather stations to monitor global climate (how ahead of time can THAT be!) our hero was made deputy and chief of the aeronautical section. There never *was* an aeronautical section. When presented with the plans for his adventure the RGS considered Cope's intentions as nothing short of mad. As Wilkins embarked on his inaugural Antarctic odyssey it turned quickly into farce. Suffice to say that Wilkins used up another feline life and by sheer guts and determination managed to escape the icy claws of the Peninsula back to civilisation, having managed precious little by the way of 'discovery' – certainly no more than could be gleaned by the whaling community during its normal everyday activities.

One thing Wilkins *did* bring back with him was a total determination to bring aeroplanes to Antarctica. As he saw it *this* was the key to a brave new world of future polar discovery. Indeed, Sir Ernest recognised the passionate resolve in this polar initiate and invited Wilkins to join the *Quest* expedition. The intention was to sail completely around the Antarctic continent with airplane on board, making frequent flights from the ship to the shore. Alas, as they say, the rest is history. The airplane never got its chance and nor did Shackleton, for that matter. It was not quite the fiasco of 1920 but it was not quite the desired result, either.

Following Wilkins's abortive attempts to be the first to fly-discover Antarctica, his attention turned to the North. Throughout his life Wilkins proved to be a true polar all-rounder but it was the conquest of the Arctic regions, by land, sea and air that marks him out as one of the true polar 'greats'. In 1931 it was Wilkins, on board the near derelict *Nautilus*, who first



attempted a submarine crossing of the Arctic Ocean. The sheer audacity of the final venture towards the Pole itself was enough to put the fear of God up many of the hardened crew members. Just before the final plunge under the ice was due to be made it was discovered that the vital diving planes had gone missing. Almost certainly this was an act of sabotage. It was a desperate act by someone on board to save his skin and the skins of many. For Wilkins it was a turning point. No one doubted his courage but, on this occasion, with the lives of many men at stake in the belly of an ill-prepared and equipped vessel, many doubted his judgement. In the early stages of the entire project, Wilkins had left the planning to others. It was a bad error. It was an error which damaged his reputation as an explorer extraordinaire for many years to come. Some commentators say it was an error from which he never fully recovered.

Notwithstanding the *Nautilus* saga, Wilkins's multifarious polar activities can be seen as a 'bridge' between the Heroic Age of territorial exploration and the emerging era of international scientific discovery. This, in itself, is noteworthy.

For all his remarkable polar and non-polar exploits (for example, he took time out in 1929 to journey around the world in the *Graf Zeppelin* in his capacity as an occasional travel journalist) he had *one* dominant goal and it did not lay in the field of discovery for discovery's sake. His desire to fly-explore the Arctic and, in particular the Antarctic, was simply a means to a greater end. From early adolescence, following the decimation by drought of his family's farm in the outback of Australia, Wilkins believed that it should be possible to improve weather forecasts and understand global climate by means of establishing weather stations in the Polar Regions. He was convinced that these frozen wastelands were the key generators of global weather patterns. Before embarking on his zeppelin adventure he addressed a meeting of businessmen in New York. He impressed on them the economic advantages of accurate weather forecasts in terms of determining the correct crops for farmers to plant and the correct amount of stock for graziers to manage per acre. In this way, prices could be stabilised benefiting science, industry and commerce alike. Wilkins was truly ahead of his time! However, it took much of his lifetime to convince the sceptics that his vision had substance. By the time of his death, and to his eternal credit, the concept of global weather monitor stations was well-established. Furthermore, meteorological study in the Polar Regions, initiated by the explorer scientists of the Heroic Age (and promoted, at last, during the International Geophysical Year 1957/8) had become a front-line strategy and a key component in the study and understanding of what we now call 'global warming'.

In 1929 (this was a very busy year for our hero!) Sir Hubert finally (and somewhat nervously) married his glamorous actress fiancée, Suzanne Bennett. Remarkably, the marriage remained happy and close throughout the rest of the explorer's natural life despite the fact that, according to Suzanne, she managed to see her husband for about 3 months in the first 8 years of being Mrs Wilkins! His marital status didn't stop him from taking inordinate physical risks either.

At the outbreak of World War Two, Wilkins was in the thick of things even though he was past military service age. Somehow he managed to arrive on a visit to France just as Paris was falling, albeit quietly, to the panzer divisions. Totally predictably we learn that, as Wilkins plane set off for sanctuary across the Channel, he was shot down. Somehow, this cat-o-man of

nine lives managed to cycle and walked through enemy lines to catch one of the last RAF operating from French soil bound for England. Back in the States, Wilkins acted as all-round guru, advising his Government on matters meteorological and what might be called 'military research'.

Even as late as 1952, at the age of 64, Wilkins found himself in the great heat of the Middle East, testing military clothing and *still* dreaming of a second submarine attempt on the North Pole. In fact, on 3rd August 1958, it fell to another able mariner, Commander James Calvert, USN, to claim the golden prize of being the first submariner to surface at 90 degrees North. Following Sir Hubert's death, that same Commander returned to the Pole taking with him the ashes of the antipodean explorer. On 17th March 1959, Sir George Hubert Wilkins's ashes were scattered in the arctic winds, as he had wished them to be.

Simon Nasht's book is a good and uncomplicated read. One can pick it up and put it down with impunity without ever losing the plot. At times you have to pinch yourself and ask, 'Is this man, Wilkins, for *real*?'

If you are a Shackleton fan you are likely to be disappointed. There are some passing references to our polar hero but they do not amount to much. In 1913, whilst on an assignment filming in the Caribbean, Wilkins received a cable instructing him to prepare for a three-year trip to film an Arctic expedition. In his excitement, he thought he was about to head south with Shackleton on the *Endurance*. He was, alas, heading north with the Canadian Arctic Expedition under the leadership of the maverick, Stefansson. How he managed to survive that particular trip (or should I say debacle?) on the *Karluk* is a miracle. Ironically (and sadly) two of Shackleton's polar companions from the *Nimrod*, Alister Forbes Mackay and James Murray (the only men on the CAE with actual polar experience) perished on the journey.

Nasht singles Shackleton out as a man who failed more than he succeeded. He states, 'All the great explorers had their failures; some like Shackleton, knew nothing else...'. It is true, of course, that Shackleton failed in his main objectives on both the *Nimrod* and *Endurance* expeditions. All the same the author is rather harsh on a man who was, after all, the first to send men to the top of Mount Erebus; the first to send a party to reach the South Magnetic Pole and the first to pioneer a route south - across the Ross Ice Shelf, up the Beardmore Glacier and over the polar plateau to a point just 97 geographical miles short of the Pole (a route subsequently followed by Scott and many others to this day). There is an implicit acknowledgement of Shackleton's leadership skills. In referring to the *Quest* expedition, Nasht comments, 'They continued on to South Africa, but it was not a happy ship. With Shackleton gone...it took stern action from Wild to prevent a serious division between the scientists and the sailors'. Later in his book, the author calls Shackleton 'a great leader'. On the matter of Sir Ernest's personal life, Nasht comments that, typical of many polar explorers, 'Shackleton found no solace with either his wife or his mistress'. I am not sure this is a particularly helpful or relevant observation. It is a rather sweeping statement, forgivable only in the sense that, truly, the lives and hearts of many a polar man were changed for ever upon contact with the Great White South.

Referring to Lincoln Ellsworth's decline in his later years, Nasht observes, '(Ellsworth's) sad decline - he was a victim of the peculiar polar obsession that had killed Scott (and) ruined Shackleton... - was example enough for Wilkins. He (Wilkins) ended his days still exploring and travelling, busy to his final moments, at peace with himself and the world'. Truly, this speaks volumes of Sir Hubert. It is a wonderful last chapter in a remarkable life - a life recounted with skill and simplicity by Simon Nasht. It is just a pity that he takes the view that the polar world *ruined* Shackleton. Quite the opposite is true.

Stephen Scott-Fawcett

The Making of H.R Mill's 'The Life of Sir Ernest Shackleton' – '*Rejoice My Heart*'

– The Private Correspondence of Emily Shackleton & Hugh Robert Mill, 1922- 33.

[Edited by Michael.H.Rosove. Adélie Books, Santa Monica, California 2007 (ISBN 978-0-9705386-2-8)]

Make no mistake, upon reading this remarkable book, you are left in absolutely no doubt – the wife of Sir Ernest Henry Shackleton was a woman of considerable substance and (where it mattered) determination. If, like me, you envisaged Emily Mary Shackleton as a demure, perhaps eclipsed, explorer-widow, think again. As the Hon Alexandra Shackleton reminds us in the Preface to this book, Lady Shackleton was six years older than her husband, an intelligent woman and author of a book *The Corona of Royalty* (written the year before she married). What is more, she believed there was no disgrace in being a 'working woman'. A life of marriage and staying at home to look after a family was not the only option available to a young lady. To her eternal credit, when a Shackleton Memorial Fund was set up to support Sir Ernest's mother and to educate three fatherless children, Emily requested that the greater part of the fund's proceeds be used to support her mother-in law. The fact that she was in some financial difficulty herself was not important.

On 18th April 1922, barely days after the tragic loss of her husband, Emily Shackleton wrote a heartfelt letter to, arguably, the most gifted and polar-knowledgeable author of the time, Dr Hugh Robert Mill. She was determined that Sir Ernest's place in history should be recorded in a balanced and sensitive way by someone who knew his subject (both personality and geography) well. The Boss had been a huge admirer of Dr Mill. With his help and wise judgement, Emily wanted to set the record straight about her husband, not least in relation to certain delicate matters such as her husband's alleged 'broken promise' to Scott in 1907 when the *Nimrod* sailed, finally, into McMurdo Sound.

Hugh Robert Mill's response to Emily's request was swift and unequivocal. By return of post the author wrote back to Lady Shackleton – 'Your letter has made a very strong appeal to me. I should be overjoyed if I could only help in producing such a life of Ernest as his memory deserves'. He went on to clarify his main intention – 'It seems to me that (the book) ought to be entirely personal, bringing in the Antarctic only as a field in which his character was asserting itself for the time being'. He went on to point out that, 'little should be made of adventures, which have already been fully chronicled, but a good deal should be made of the crises and to face controversial points without taking a strongly partisan spirit'. Ernest's life should reflect the struggle as well as the triumph, he felt.

Emily was thrilled. On the 19th April she declared, 'My dear Dr Mill, your letter rejoiced my heart' (the inspiration for the main title of this book) and went on to say, 'I love what you say about the Antarctic being the field in which his character was asserting itself – it is so true – but perhaps not one in a thousand understands it. He was always at his best when leading a forlorn hope, it brought out reserves of patience and tenderness, which were the 'superman' part of him, at least I thought so'.

And so an extraordinary and, at times, fervent correspondence between widow and biographer ensued. Over the following 12 months letters would be exchanged, almost on a daily basis, between Eastbourne, where Lady Shackleton's lived with her children, and Dormans Park, East Grinstead, where Dr Mill and his wife, resided (it is a curious coincidence that Emily's maiden name was, in fact, Dorman). Time and again, Emily would furnish important information for the biographer to assimilate. Often she would hunt down important letters

and manuscripts and send them off, post haste, to an eager recipient. As each draft chapter of *Life* emerged, so Dr Mill would dispatch it to his client for her seal of approval. More often than not this would be given enthusiastically by Emily. Barring a few shifts of nuance here and there, Hugh Robert Mill's final version of *Life* passed with flying colours. Lady Shackleton was thrilled with the tome. As the final publication date approached, the Dr Mill suggested that the authorship of the book should be credited, at least in part, to Emily. She would have none of it.

T.H. Braughman's 'Introduction', together with Michael Rosove's 'Editor's Note' contribute significantly to the overall impact of *Rejoice*. They provide an important insight into the background of Dr Mill. He was a truly remarkable and talented man. His personal acquaintance with many of the polar personalities of the time and his extraordinary knowledge of polar geography meant that he was greatly admired by explorer and academic alike. Emily goes so far as to say that Ernest 'loved and respected' Dr. Mill. She, too, had great faith in his judgement. Her choice of biographer proved to be wise. He was diligent, loyal and, above all, diplomatic. He had the knack for avoiding controversy over sensitive matters (such as, not pointing the finger of blame at Kathleen Scott over the Boss's disappointment and hurt at not being given a chance to speak at Scott's Memorial Service).

There are many 'golden nuggets' to be found in this collaborative correspondence although, arguably, some of the subject matter revealed in *Rejoice* is routine, even mundane, in nature. The significance of the book is in the way it highlights the role of Lady Shackleton in her quest to publish, *only 12 months after Sir Ernest's death*, a balanced account of her late husband's life. Honouring the good name of Sir Ernest and explaining his multi-faceted nature to officials and the public at large was as important to Emily as fending (on a shoestring budget) for the family he left behind.

Michael Rosove should be congratulated. *Rejoice* succeeds in bringing the 'shadowy' figure of Emily into the spotlight for the first time. She was a brave and intelligent woman. She was capable yet modest in all things. Lady Shackleton was the perfect partner for her polar hero husband - in life and in death.

Stephen Scott-Fawcett

To obtain your copy of *Rejoice My Heart* for the best possible price contact the shop at SPRI (01223 336540) or contact Michael Rosove at adelie@adeliebooks.com

STOP PRESS

Two new and very interesting books have been published in recent weeks and will be reviewed in the next *Journal*.

Stephen Haddelsey's *Ice Captain (The Life of J.R.Stenhouse)* is published by The History Press (ISBN 978-0-75089-4348-2). Price £20.00 (Hardback). This is an important book about the life of the captain of the *Aurora* (rescuer of the Ross Sea Party). For more information log on to www.thehistorypress.co.uk or write to The History Press Ltd, The Mill, Brimscombe Port, Stroud, Gloucestershire, GL5 2QG

Exclusive JCS reader offer (UK only) - £16 (£4 off RRP) + p&p FREE. Simply call 01235 465521 and ask for Customer Services and quote reference HPJC23 (offer expires 15th December 2008).

The Dictionary of Falklands Biography is edited and published by David Tatham (ISBN 978-0-9558985-0-1). Price £33.00 (Hardback). This is a handsome and weighty tome which describes people concerned with the history of the Falkland Islands and South Georgia, from the 16th Century to the eve of the Falklands Conflict of 1982. For more information log on to www.d-falklands-b.org or write to David Tatham (Editor), South Parade, Ledbury, Hereford, HR8 2HA.

‘The Ferocious Summer – Palmer’s penguins and the warming of Antarctica’

By Meredith Hooper; Profile Books, 2007 (ISBN 978 1 84668 008 3 (HB); 978 1 84668 034 2 (PB)); Greystone Books (US), 2007 (ISBN 978 1 55365 369 1 (HB)).

There are many things I admire about this book. Put simply, the narrative principally tells of a summer season spent with scientists on the Antarctic Peninsula 2001-2. This was the ‘ferocious summer’ – the inspiration for the title of the book. The subject matter it tackles is complex. Even so, Meredith Hooper speaks of polar science in a language that is uncomplicated and clear to the laity. Her style is distinctive, her use of analogy is irresistible – when was the last time you heard Antarctica described as ‘this unseen fridge magnet gripping the underside of the world’?

Above all, *TFS* sends out an important message that is familiar and worrying – climate change is happening. This book lifts the proverbial lid off the Pandora’s box we call ‘Global Warming’. Out spring all the environmental ills caused by human activity, at least since the advent of the Industrial Revolution.

We learn of the alarming decrease in the mean annual sea ice extent (40% since 1979). We discover how the lives of Adélie penguins (in particular, those nesting around the U.S scientific base at Palmer Station on the Antarctic Peninsula) have been affected dramatically. We see, in a practical way, how wildlife is struggling to adapt to rising air temperatures (these bring heavier snows and obliterate familiar breeding grounds). We discover the crucial role scientists play in piecing together the jig-saw puzzle of evidence that points to climate change. As Dr Bernard Stonehouse puts it so succinctly, ‘Meredith Hooper’s story is how one biologist (sic Bill Fraser), by hard, dedicated work over a long period, has produced an outstanding study of penguins, and also gained important insights into the mechanisms by which biological systems respond to climate variations’.

For the lay reader, the author’s account of her ‘Palmer months’ are not too difficult to follow. There is no esoteric knowledge to grapple with. Simple statements are made to ease the narrative forward – ‘Climate is what you expect. Weather is what you get. Climate is the average weather. Climate change is getting weather we are not used to. Climate change is changes to the average, to the chances of something happening.....Climate change is when climate goes beyond what is considered natural variability - what was predictable becoming unpredictable. Uncertainty beginning to dominate’.

TFS describes Bill Frazer’s painstaking work, monitoring and observing the Adélie penguin colonies in and around Palmer Station over many years. His research began to throw up inconsistencies that needed explanation. Penguin losses at Litchfield Island (a Specially Protected Area since 1975) were severe. Between 1975 and 1992 a 43% loss occurred. Why? There were no tourism or research interference issues to contend with (unlike some other locations where, in fact, the losses were much *less* (19%)). Bill Frazer concluded that complex environmental factors were the cause. Traditional nesting sites were becoming buried by unseasonable snow accumulations – a direct result of increased warming on the Antarctic Peninsula. And to compound things, as colonies decreased in size, Brown skuas (powerful predators) swooped in to feast on the penguin eggs. Data showed that once a colony fell below 25-30 pairs, the skuas took every egg or chick. The heavy snows delayed the breeding cycle too. Eggs were laid later. The fledglings arrived later. The parents foraged for food later. Net product = the fledglings were often than not underweight = easy prey for the many natural predators. This chain of events, increasingly pointed to how climate change was beginning to play out in nature.

As Meredith Hooper puts it, 'The Antarctic Peninsula is unstitching'. It was once cold, now it is warming. Furthermore, the ecology in sliding down the peninsula 'like the skin off a snake'. The new skin is a new ecology. Adélie penguins are being replaced by chinstraps and gentoos. Polar Weddell seals are being replaced by sub-polar fur seals and elephant seals. Cold water marine organisms are dying off. Krill is in decline. The larval Antarctic silverfish are no longer found in northern waters.

As far as the ice is concerned, the peninsula 'has begun to decouple from the ice age'. Whilst the same cannot be said of Greater Antarctica, it seems the evidence of warming along the west coast of the Great White Continent is a warning shot. The author reminds us that the planet's most recent ice age ended with mid-latitude warming. Flooding was widespread and catastrophic. Sea levels rose by almost 100 metres. Study of the earth's ice sheets is complex and ongoing. Scientists, we are told, debate the mechanisms driving ice flow. There is still much guesswork going on, it seems. Nevertheless, ice-melt in *both* polar regions is alarming. Substantial changes in climate can happen and happen fast.

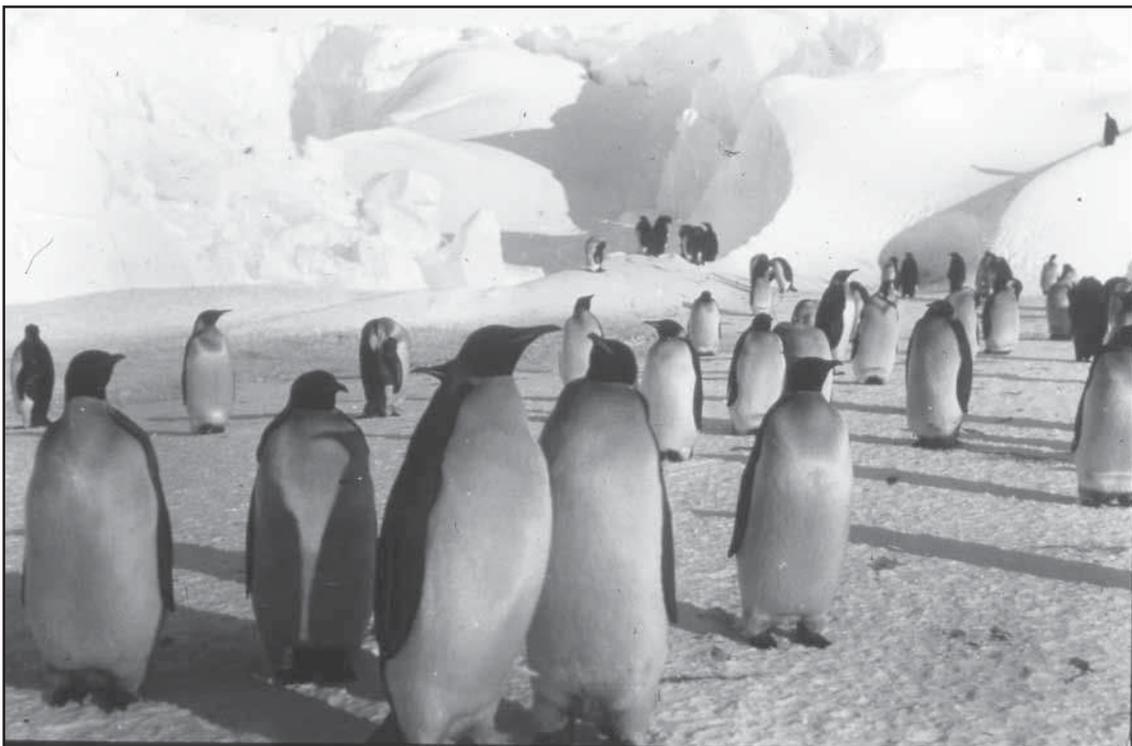
In 2007 the UN Intergovernmental Panel on Climate Change released its Fourth Assessment Report. It concludes that warming of the climate system is unequivocal. The world has little time to reverse the trend of rising greenhouse gas emissions.

When, in Greek mythology, Epimetheus opens his wife's (Pandora) box, all human ills and blessings escape *except* Hope. As *TFS* makes abundantly clear - climate change is no myth. It is real. It is potentially life-changing. However, its mechanisms are complex and it will take time and much more research before the scientists can fully grasp what this all means for Planet Earth.

And what do we say of Hope? Have we reached the 'tipping point' or even gone beyond it? What lies ahead for the Polar Regions? Only time will tell.

Stephen Scott-Fawcett

Hardback copies are now sold out but JCS members may obtain paperback copies at an exclusive discounted price of £8.99 each (RRP £9.99) (UK P&P: free! Rest of the World P&P: £2.00). Tel 0207 841 6307 or write to Profile Books, 3a, Exmouth House, Pine Street, London, EC1R 0JH.



LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

From Nigel Sitwell, Chichester.

Having seen the latest issue of the James Caird Society's Journal, I am writing to ask if you would be prepared to print a letter critical of the work done at Cape Royds, and now planned or underway at Cape Evans.

I enclose a copy of a letter from David Wilson* to Tessa Jowell. With which I agree. My letter would be much shorter, and of course would recognise that the Government has now decided to support the AHT, so not much can be done to halt these plans.

Like David I have visited these huts, in my case several times, and feel extremely sad that their very special atmosphere is being callously destroyed, to be replaced by a sort of philistine 'Disneyfication'. And for whose benefit is this money being spent? Very few people visit these huts each year – the great majority being summer staff from the American McMurdo Base, plus a few New Zealanders from theirs (Scott Base). Otherwise, and weather and ice permitting, there may be a few hundred tourists on Antarctic cruises.

I feel sure that Shackleton and Scott would not approve of the way this 'heritage' money is being spent, and if asked their opinion, would prefer that it be used to support much more deserving causes here in Britain.

* [Editor's note – David Wilson's letter is too long to reproduce here and I feel Nigel Sitwell succinctly sums up the broad criticisms he and David raise. Whilst I cannot agree with their point of view I welcome debate on this issue]

From Jonathan Shackleton, County Cavan, Ireland.

Congratulations on a wonderful Journal Number 3, both in looks and 'intelligence' and yes, a good catholic selection.

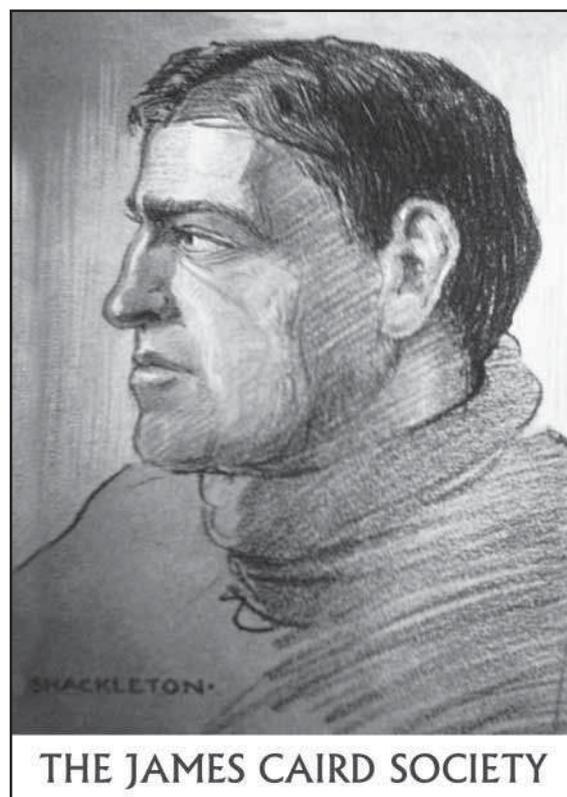
As usual, Jan Piggott produces such a well-written review – Smith's book on Wordie. Well done for going to visit Walter How's niece – too often twixt cup and lip, they die! I liked your review of Kelly Tyler's book, which is a good book. As in a couple of other reviews it is a pity not just to mention other books about the Ross Sea Party such as R.W.Richards *The Ross Sea Shore Party 1914-17* (1962, reprinted 2003) - an interesting use of the word party! Also, L Bickel's *Shackleton's Forgotten Men* (2000) and McElrea and Harrowfield's *Polar Castaways* (2004). Maybe I make this point because quite often some commentators give the impression that this part of the Imperial Trans-Antarctic Expedition has never been written about.

Regarding Frank Wild – I did search the plaques etc in the Brixton Cemetery, Johannesburg, in 2005 where Wild was cremated in 1939 but he seems to have disappeared without trace – having avoided a similar fate in the Weddell Sea and other polar places during his lifetime.

As for James Wordie's obit, line 8 – '...by descent he was not an Irishman' – having written a book, *Shackleton- An Irishman in Antarctica*, I beg to differ. As you will see in Rosove's upcoming book below Emily says 'Ernest called himself Irish'. In fact Ernest was the 6th generation of our branch of the Shackleton family in Ireland (I am the 8th). In the *Yelcho* Passenger List Shackleton and Crean list themselves as Irish. And, of course, the maternal genes are always overlooked. Ernest's mother, Henrietta Gavan, was directly descended from the Fitzmaurice family, a Norman family who had been in Kerry since the 12th century.

I am looking forward to Michael Rosove's publication of the correspondence between H.R Mill and Emily Shackleton, *Rejoice My Heart*, which is due out very soon.

[Editor's note – in Journal Number Four there is much coverage of Michael Rosove's new book. Jonathan Shackleton /John MacKenna's book was published in 2002 by The Lilliput Press, Dublin – ISBN 1 84351 009]



Front Cover of Journal Number Three (April 2007)

BREAKING NEWS

The Scott Polar Research Institute and Polarworld (an independent publishing company founded by Sir Wally Herbert's daughter, Kari) plan to exhibit a series of 50 historic and 50 modern polar portraits, along with fascinating essays highlighting the role of photography in exploration, throughout the UK and further afield (to include the Athy Heritage Centre, Co Kildare/ Shackleton Autumn School).

On 10th November 2008 a book, *Face to Face (Polar Portraits)*, will be published by SPRI with Polarworld to accompany the exhibition (of the same name). Alongside 50 of the world's finest historic polar portraits from the SPRI collections are 50 modern-day images by leading expedition photographer Martin Hartley who has captured men and women of many nations, exploring, working and living in the Polar Regions today. The forward is written by Sir Ranulph Fiennes. There are two fascinating essays examining polar photography 'then and 'now' by polar historian and curator of art at SPRI, Dr Huw Lewis-Jones. There is an afterword by best-selling author, Hugh Brody.

For more information contact Kari Herbert (hello@polarworld.co.uk). Tel +44 (0)7973 642 718. See www.polarfacebook.com. ISBN: 978-0-901021-07-6; HB £40; PB £25. This publication will be reviewed fully in the next *Journal*.

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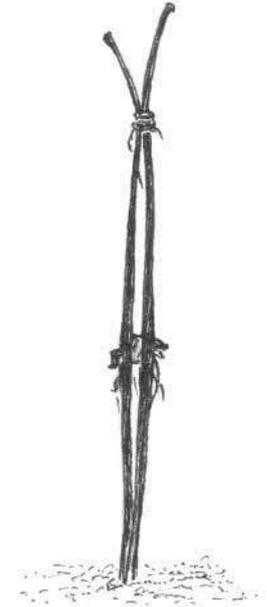
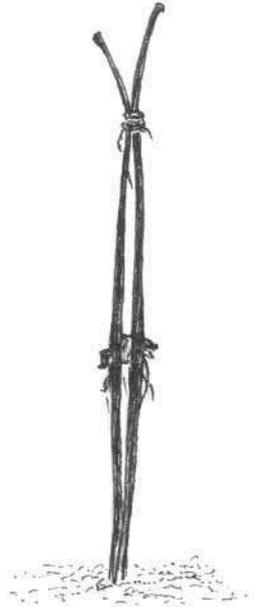
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