Appendix A
### Document Based Inquiry

**Shackleton's Amazing Antarctic Adventure: Trapped by the Ice**

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Phase III: Summaries and Interpretations

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Phase IV: Synthesis

Was Ernest Shackleton a good leader? Explain why or why not. Use evidence to support your claim.
Phase I: Visuals
Show first 5 minutes of http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=R55nyP07Ai8 PART 1 – 14 minutes
Dogs were on board ship with the crew. Shackleton had planned to cross Antarctica with them. But in time, as feeding the animals becoming an issue, the dogs had to be put down. "They found it very difficult," says Hooper.
QUEEN ALEXANDRA AND THE POLAR EXPEDITION

VISIT TO THE VESSEL.

GIFT OF UNION JACK.

Queen Alexandra, who is taking deep interest in Sir Ernest Shackleton’s projected voyage to the Antarctic regions and his journey across the South Pole, paid a visit of inspection yesterday afternoon, at the West India Dock, to the Endurance.

Her Majesty was accompanied by the Empress Marie Feodorovna and Princess Victoria, and with them were Earl Howe, Admiral Lord Fisher, Sir Frederick Treves, the Countess of Antrim, the Hon. Charlotte Knollys, Prince Cheremischte, Countess Menden and others. The Royal visitors left Marlborough House by motor at noon, and reached the dock at about 12.20. The ship was gaily “dressed” for the occasion, and her entire company was assembled to welcome the visitors.

Sir Ernest Shackleton received them in person, and presented to the Royal ladies Lady Shackleton and their three children—Raymond, Cicily, and Edward. The officers also were presented, and the Queen greeted them graciously, chattering to them about their interesting but hazardous enterprise. The members of the ship’s company also were presented, and Sir Ernest Shackleton called special attention to those who had accompanied him on a former expedition. To these the Queen talked for some time, putting many questions illustrative of her keen interest in their travels, and wishing them all success in their present venture.

The hut intended for the shore party’s quarters was rigged up alongside the vessel. The visitors also inspected every part of the Endurance, and Queen Alexandra expressed approval of all the appointments, but was particularly impressed with the severe economy of space which it has been found necessary to practise. Eminently practical as usual, her Majesty felt the mattresses, and declared them to be very springy and comfortable, but was at a loss to understand how the occupants could manage in such tiny quarters. The saloon she thought “very nice, but very small.” The question of victualling was not forgotten, and she examined the galley arrangements very minutely, and with evident approval.
"I have pleasure in giving you my cheque for £24,000 without any conditions in the hope that others may make their gifts for this Imperial journey also free of all conditions."
— Sir James Caird, 17 June 1914

"Frank Wild was a placid little man whom nothing ever upset... we always called him Frankie, or Frank, nobody ever called him anything else, the lower deck always called him Mr. Wild. They were never required to but they did automatically. He was a man who exercised a wonderful control without any outward sign of authority."
— Alexander Macklin
Remembering Shackleton in his memoirs some years later, Worsley wrote:

He was not only a great explorer: he was also a great man. Twenty-two years of his life he had devoted to Polar work—work which had brought him fame and earned him a knighthood. He had forced his way to within ninety-seven miles of the South Pole and had returned with all his men. He had discovered the Beardmore Glacier and added two hundred miles of Antarctic Coastline to the map. He had conquered scurvy—the scourge of all explorers till his time—and had never lost a man who was under his protection. He had been the means of enabling the Magnetic South Pole to be located.

And what of him as a man? I recalled the way in which he had led his party across the ice-floes after the Endurance had been lost; how, by his genius for leadership he had kept us all in health; how, by the sheer force of his personality he had kept our spirits up; and how, by his magnificent example, he had enabled us to win through when the dice of the elements were loaded most heavily against us. . . He was a proud and dauntless spirit, a spirit that made one glad he was an Englishman. Surely there is no end with such a man as Shackleton: something of his spirit just still live on with us; something of his greatness must surely be a legacy to his countrymen. . . "He had a way of compelling loyalty," writes one who sailed with him. "We would have gone anywhere without question just on his order." What more glowing tribute could any man wish for?"

Sir Ernest Shackleton

Expedition Leader

An Irish-born polar expedition veteran, Shackleton approached to within 745 miles of the South Pole with Robert Scott on the 1901 Discovery expedition, then pressed to within 97 miles on his own Nimrod expedition of 1908. Imperious, single-minded, ferociously loyal to his men, he once said "Optimism is true moral courage," a tenet he lived by until his death on South Georgia Island in 1922.

Frank Worsley

Captain

A New Zealander, Worsley ran away to sea at 16, apprenticing on a wool clipper, and went on to become an expert sailor with the Royal Naval Reserve in England. Despite some eccentricities - claiming that his cabin was too stuffy, for instance, he slept every night on the passageway floor - he was respected and would truly earn his salt when he navigated
Shackleton's lifeboat the *James Caird* across 800 miles of dangerous seas to South Georgia Island.

Frank Wild  
**Second-in-Command**  
A veteran of Scott's *Discovery*, Douglas Mawson's Australasian Antarctic, and Shackleton's *Nimrod* expeditions and utterly loyal to Shackleton, Wild had "a rare tact," wrote Orde-Lees, "and the happy knack of saying nothing and yet getting people to do things just as he requires them..."

Lionel Greenstreet  
**First Officer**  
Drawn from the merchant service, Greenstreet had joined Shackleton's expedition just 24 hours before it left Plymouth, England, when the original first officer quit to lend his services to the war effort. On the expedition, he ended up befriending two quite different fish: the proud Hurley and the reserved Clark.

Tom Crean  
**Second Officer**
Born one of ten children in County Kerry, Ireland, Crean was tall and tough as an oak. At 16, he joined the Royal Navy and eventually joined Robert Scott on both the *Discovery* and *Terra Nova* expeditions, receiving the Albert Medal for saving two companions during the latter journey.

**Alfred Cheetham Third Officer**
An old Antarctic hand with three trips into the Deep South under his belt, including a stint as third officer on Shackleton's *Nimrod* expedition, Cheetham was a small man with a gung-ho attitude.

**Frank Hurley Photographer**
An independent-minded Australian, Hurley ran away from home at age 13, working in an ironworks and the Sydney dockyards before becoming a photographer. Nicknamed "the Prince" on the expedition for his susceptibility to flattery, he quickly gained a reputation for stopping at nothing to secure a memorable photograph.

**George Marston Artist**
Physically robust, Marston joined three sledging journeys while accompanying Shackleton on the *Nimrod*. Graduate of a London art school, he was friends with Shackleton's two sisters, who prodded him to put his name in for expedition artist. He was said to have the best voice in the ship's company.
Robert Clark Biologist
A taciturn man, Clark engendered respect from the crew. He could usually be found out for a bit of exercise on his skis, skinning penguins for scientific study, or using his dredging nets to bring up biological specimens from the deep Antarctic seas.

Leonard Hussey Meteorologist
Odd as it may seem, Hussey worked as an archeologist in the Sudan before joining the Endurance. Perhaps that's one reason why his meteorological skills came up a tad short in the Antarctic. As Orde-Lees observed, "The vagaries of the climate quite bewilder Hussey. For just when he thinks it is going to do one thing the precise opposite happens."

Reginald James Physicist
The expedition's magnetician and physicist, the studious academic "Gentle Jimmy" owned "some wonderful electrical machines which none of us understood," wrote Macklin, "and a joke of ours that annoyed him very much was that he did not either."

James Wordie Geologist
A bearded, bespectacled Scot from Glasgow, jocular "Jock" Wordie was one of the most popular members of the expedition. Before the journey, he advanced Shackleton some of his own funds to help buy fuel for the ship.

**Alexander Macklin Surgeon**

As with McIlroy, Shackleton assigned Macklin a team of sledge dogs to drive, and also the duty of caring for the ship's canines. Son of a doctor from Scotland's Scilly Isles, Macklin, according to his son Sandy Macklin, had intended to remove his glasses for his initial interview with Shackleton, for fear the great man would not hire him as surgeon, but he forgot. When Shackleton asked him if he required glasses, Macklin replied with the first thought that came to his mind: "Many a wise face would look foolish without glasses." Shackleton hired him on the spot.

**James McIlroy Surgeon**

Before joining Shackleton, McIlroy had been both a practicing surgeon in Japan, Malaysia, and Egypt, and a ship's doctor aboard passenger ships in the East Indies. Like Macklin, he was appointed kennel commander and sledge-team driver.

**Huberht Hudson Navigator**

"One never quite knows whether he is on the brink of a mental breakdown or bubbling over with suppressed intellectuality," wrote Orde-Lees of this son of a London minister, who was a mate in the merchant service when he
signed on. He turned out to be the expedition's most accomplished penguin-catcher.

**Thomas Orde-Lees Ski Expert and Storekeeper**
A captain in the Royal Marines, Orde-Lees was in charge of the motor-sledges that would have helped carry Shackleton's team across the continent. A graduate of the English public-school system, he was a bit of a prima donna and generally disliked, though his *diary* is one of the more perceptive kept by Shackleton's crew.

**Charles Green Cook**
The son of a master baker, Green went to sea at the age of 21, becoming a cook in the Merchant Navy. With Blackborow's help, he worked in the galley - both aboard ship and on the ice—from early morning till evening, preparing meals for 28 mouths.

**Perce Blackborow Steward**
When Shackleton refused him a job, Blackborow, with the help of Bakewell and How, slipped aboard the *Endurance* and hid in a locker until the ship was at sea. Stuck with him, Shackleton made Blackborow steward and eventually came to appreciate the conscientiousness of this 20-year-old Welshman. In an operation on Elephant Island, Blackborow had all the toes on his left foot removed due to severe frostbite.
Henry McNeish Carpenter  
One of the oldest members of the expedition, McNeish was a rugged Scot whom Shackleton claimed was "the only man I'm not dead certain of." Known as "Chippy," he was a slightly odd, but much-respected shipwright and old-time sailor with the Royal Naval Reserve. He reportedly never forgave Shackleton for having his cat, "Mrs. Chippy," shot when many of the dogs were also put down.

John Vincent Boatswain  
A former navy sailor and trawlerhand, Vincent was the strongest man aboard, and he used his brawniness at times in a bullying way—until Shackleton put him in his place. Shackleton chose him for the journey to South Georgia, very likely both for his strength and to keep an eye on him. Note: No photo is available of Vincent.

Alfred Kerr Engineer  
A reticent man in his early 20s, Kerr had some experience working on oil tank steamers before joining the Endurance. Like his mate Rickinson, he kept largely to himself and did his job well.

Louis Rickinson Engineer
Why someone with a particular aversion to cold would join an expedition to the Antarctic is a mystery, but Louis Rickinson did. His condition might have had a medical basis, for it is believed he suffered a heart attack while on Elephant Island. Rickinson was deemed a solid engineer who had a knack with internal combustion engines.

Ernest Holness Stoker
Orde-Lees considered Holness, who hailed from Yorkshire, "the most loyal to the expedition." Holness was so desperate to smoke during the long wait on Elephant Island that, according to Orde-Lees, he "sits up in the cold every night after everyone else has turned in, gazing intently at Wild & Mcllroy in the hopes that one of them will give him the unsmokeable part of a toilet-paper cigarette."

William Stephenson Stoker
The senior stoker, Stephenson was a former officer's servant and Royal Marine. When the ice crushed the Endurance, his job as tender of the marine steam boiler came to an abrupt end, as did that of his mate Holness. For some reason, he and Holness were two of only four people (the other two were Vincent and McNeish), whom Shackleton did not recommend for Polar Medal after the crew's return to England.

William Bakewell Seaman
The only American on the expedition, Bakewell posed as a Canadian when applying for a position aboard the *Endurance*. He had quite the roamer's resume, having been a farm worker, logger, railwayman, and ranch hand before going to sea. He helped his pal Blackborow stow away on the ship at Buenos Aires.

Walter How Seaman

Though Marston was the expedition's official artist, one reason the publicity-minded Shackleton may have chosen How was for his capabilities as an amateur artist. How also had experience in cold climates, having worked in the sub-Arctic with the Canadian Auxiliary Survey Ship.

Timothy McCarthy Seaman

"[He] is the most irrepressible [sic] optimist I've ever met," Worsley wrote about this Irishman from the merchant service, who joined him, Shackleton, and three others on the *James Caird* journey to South Georgia. "When I relieve him at the helm, boat iced and seas [pouring] down yr [sic] neck, he informs me with a happy grin, 'It's a grand day, sir.'" Note: No photo is available of McCarthy.

Thomas McLeod Seaman

When he joined the crew of the *Endurance*, McLeod had a full 27 years of experience as a sailor, having adopted a life at sea at the tender age of 14. He had been to the Antarctic twice, once with Scott on *Terra Nova* and again with Shackleton aboard *Nimrod*. 
Sir Daniel Gooch

Gooch, who helped tend to the sledge dogs, traveled only as far as South Georgia.
We took the Willa in tow, whilst the "Dhowr" had orders to keep us close to us as possible. The wind was now blowing stronger than ever: we had Clarence Island some 6 miles to leeward, should we fail to make Cape Valentine.

It was a fearful night, and much water came on board. The Dudley Docker was soon lost sight of, whilst the Standfast Willa behind us complained bitterly of the same she was shipping.

On Saturday, 19th, (a day that none of us are likely to forget) about 5.30 a.m., Wild suddenly shouted out that there were cliffs on the port bow, and that he was going to gibe. There was a sudden scurry on board, and I was wakened in the well by a foot being planted on my face. But the rocks were not so near as imagined, and we were able to keep our course. We had been on the one reach from 7.0 p.m. till now: progress to windward and against a current probably had been very slow. But now after a second rough night our spirits rose, for we had not missed the land after all.

In the dawn we slowly crept under bare NE along the coast looking for a landing place. Glaciers and steep cliffs seemed to deny us the right. Finally about 8.0 a.m. we were at Cape Valentine, marked by a prominent stack and outlying skerries. Meanwhile we were all crunching pieces of ice, broken from the glaciers and picked up as they drifted past us, for we were frightfully thirsty—48 hours without water. That had been our fear during the night—to be carried out to sea without any water.

The Dhow went on board the "Willa" and had a closer look at the coast: we did not wish to risk the "Chird" too near. Whilst he was away the "Dhowr" came up from the S, and raised a cheer when they saw us, for they had passed a much worse night than we had: the Skipper had broken down under the strain—Macklin and Greenstreet took the helm. It was a big relief to everybody to know that all three boats were here without a man lost.
backed by more steep cliffs crowned by a hanging glacier. The thing which pleased us most however was the abundance of life. There were about ten Wedell Seals when we landed, and a few more came up during the day. There is a big colony of Ringed Penguins on a pointed shaped rock beyond the creek: Gentooes were found about the shore, apparently visitors; Paddies, Sheas, Cape Pigeons and Skua Gulls were all very common, and together with the Penguins kept up an incessant dir all day.

We were all pretty busy squaring up in the afternoon: everything seemed confusion, and one's clothes were hopelessly wet. All cases of important gear were placed on the highest beach: tents were then pitched on the intermediate beach, in our case with some difficulty, as the hoops had been cut out a few days back: we managed to make some sort of a shelter with oars and boat hooks, but had to let the go for the present. A big meal of seal steak, and then we turned in shortly after 5.0 p.m. for a sound a sleep as a man can get. Hourly watches had to be set in case of a high tide: fortunately I was one of the first on and spent the time with purley melting water for the watchmen to come. The night proved very mild; enjoyed working round the blazing stove and discussing events with Hurley. One still felt a heaving motion even now after four nights tossing about in the boat.

Breakfast of course was late on Sunday the 10th—a week since we left our camp on the floe, which Hurley calls Mark Time Camp—as everyone had overslept. One thing above all was absolutely necessary—to find a proper camping place: Cape Valentine was too risky should easterly gales come our way. Wild accordingly took the "Dudley Docker" westwards with a crew of four shortly after noon. I did not see her leave, for the Boss had sent Hurley and myself SSE along the shore to see if there was any camp site in that direction. Our quest was useless (indeed we could not go very far owing to the tide) for this what W.M. Davis would call a munken coast still far from maturity: here were the cliffs already showing differential erosion, the rock platform, etc., etc.
The letter is from Shackleton to his wife Emily with news that he had rescued the men stranded on Elephant Island. He signs himself 'Micky'

3rd Sept 1916

My darling,
I have done it. Dear the Admiralty. I wonder who is responsible for their attitude to me.
Not a life lost and we have been through Hell. Soon will I be home and then I will rest. This is just a line as I have only arrived today and the Steamer sails at once.
Give my love and kisses to the children
Your tired Micky
Phase III: Summaries and Interpretations — remind students of the essential questions
Both the sea and land portions of Shackleton’s transcontinental plan involved significant risks. The Weddell Sea, infamous for its large and unpredictable ice floes, posed initial dangers. Several well-known expeditions to the area had failed in the past because of impenetrable ice and swirling currents. And while the sailing leg of Shackleton’s plan posed major perils, the overland journey seemed nearly impossible. Crossing Antarctica required a march of 1,500 miles, which Shackleton calculated could be made at a rate of 15 miles a day—only one mile a day slower than the impressive pace set by Amundsen, the finest and fastest polar explorer of the era, on his last Antarctic trip. Amundsen’s team relied heavily on skis and sled dogs during that historic trip, but Shackleton was not highly skilled at either of these forms of ice travel.

Shackleton looked for qualities he associated with optimism, a personal trait he felt was essential for men undertaking a potentially dangerous and difficult mission. Those who displayed cheerfulness and a sense of humor tended to fare well in interviews with him. Dr. Alexander Macklin (see Exhibit 3), a Scottish physician, apparently won a place in the medical crew of the Endurance because of his quick wit. During the interview, Shackleton asked, “Is your eyesight all right? ... Why are you wearing spectacles?” and Macklin answered, “Many a wise face would look foolish without spectacles.” “All right,” Shackleton responded with a laugh, “I’ll take you.”

The expedition leader’s most important hire, however, did not interview for the job at all. Frank Wild, one of Shackleton’s compatriots on the southern march of the Nimrod expedition in 1909, volunteered immediately following the explorer’s announcement. Having trekked to within 100 miles of the South Pole together, both men had unshakable confidence in the other’s ability to survive the most difficult mental and physical trials. Shackleton appointed Wild as his second in command for the Endurance expedition.

First Weeks On Board

As the ship headed south, Shackleton and his crew took measure of each other. “Shackleton afloat” was “a more likeable character than Shackleton ashore,” the expedition’s physicist, Reginald James (see Exhibit 3), later remembered.64 Most of the men knew the commander only from the short job interview. Once on board, they were surprised and pleased by how their leader interacted with them, and the crew gave him the good-natured nickname of “Boss.” “When [Shackleton] came across you by yourself,” Dr. Macklin remembered, “he would get into conversation and talk to you in an intimate sort of way, asking you little things about yourself—how you were getting on, how you liked it, what particular side of the work you were enjoying most.” The commander even brought his love of poetry into conversations on deck. “One found it rather flattering at the time, to have him discussing Thackeray, for instance, or asking you if you’d ever read Browning,” Macklin noted. “I never had, and he would tell me what I was missing.”

But for all his congeniality with the men, Shackleton ran a tight ship. He demanded unquestioning loyalty and responsiveness to his orders, avoiding direct arguments or negotiations with his men. Wild, Shackleton’s second in command and most trusted mate, became, as Macklin put it, a “sort of foreman.” “When we wanted things,” the doctor recalled, “instead of going to Shackleton we went to Wild.” Whenever one member of the expedition complained to Wild about a problem with another, the lieutenant listened patiently to the complaints. Often, he noticed, the opportunity to vent frustration was enough to dissipate whatever tensions had arisen. In addition to smoothing over disagreements, Wild’s approachability and overall geniality helped Shackleton to preserve some distance from the crew and maintain an aura of authority.
Wintering on the Endurance

The ice proved unrelenting. On January 27, after nine days in the grip of the pack, Shackleton ordered the boiler fires put out and began to prepare for a long wait. Journal entries from the time reveal that the leader dreaded the effects of idleness and boredom on a crew with no responsibilities or routine. Consequently, he insisted that every man maintain his ordinary duties as closely as possible on an immobile ship. These included swabbing the decks and hulls, organizing and rationing supplies, keeping the anchor chains free of rust, and watching for navigable breaks in the ice. Shackleton also appointed individuals to hunt for seal and penguin whenever supplies of fresh meat ran low. He ordered Henry “Chippy” McNeish, the ship’s carpenter, to start making furniture for his cabin and for a hut to be located at a future base camp. The scientists were to begin collecting specimens from the ice and taking meteorological observations. Meals and entertainment were to be continued on a strict schedule.

Abandoning Ship

On October 24, the ice began its final attack on the Endurance. Three pressure ridges, which had been torturing the vessel throughout its drift northward, converged at the back end of the boat, suddenly ripping away the rudder. Gallons of water spilled in. Shackleton directed the men to pump the water out while the carpenter worked furiously to build a dam. These efforts held the boat intact for four days, but by October 27, 1915, the “stout little ship,” as Hurley poetically put it, “that bride of the sea,” finally gave in. The decks warped under the immense pressure of the ice. The timbers of the boat creaked and groaned loudly. Finally, the keel—a strip of wood on the exterior used to reduce rocking—tore away, and water rushed in.

Shackleton ordered the crew to abandon ship, and the men spent the night camped on the thick ice nearby as the temperature fell to -15°F (-26°C). Early the next morning, Shackleton dragged petrol cans from the wreck of the boat and began preparing hot powdered milk for breakfast. “His first thought,” Third Mate Greenstreet explained, “was for the men under him. He didn’t care if he went without a shirt on his back so long as the men he was leading had sufficient clothing. He was a wonderful man that way; you felt that the party mattered more than anything else.” Hurley meanwhile remembered feeling reassured by Shackleton’s presence during the first night on the ice:

Sir Ernest was ever on the watch, and as I took refuge in one of the tents from the stabbing wind, the last sight I had that night was of a sombre figure pacing slowly up and down in the dark. I could not fail to admire the calm poise that disguised his anxiety, as he pondered on the next move. What was the best thing to do? How should he shape his tactics in the next round of the fight with death, with the lives of twenty-eight men at stake? I realised the loneliness and penalty of leadership."

Shackleton quickly decided to march the men across the ice in the hopes of reaching Paulet Island, 350 miles northwest (see Exhibit 1), where a storehouse from a 1903 expedition still stood and was believed to contain significant rations. The Boss intended the crew to drag two of the three whaleboats salvaged from the Endurance to the edge of the ice and then launch them for an open-boat journey through the remaining nautical distance to the island. Shackleton recognized that this plan presented several “grave dangers.” First, most members of the party were completely inexperienced at trekking in polar conditions—only six of the men had been slated to participate in the original transcontinental march. The rest were capable scientists and sailors, but Shackleton could not predict how they would perform at crossing such unpredictable terrain. At any moment during the march, the ice underfoot might crack and split, separating the men or dropping them into the water.
We had been on the march for seven days... We had marched seven and a half miles in a direct line, and at this rate it would have taken us over 300 days to reach the land away to the west. As we had food for only forty-two days there was no alternative but to camp once more on the floe and to possess our souls in patience until conditions appeared more favorable for a renewal of the attempt to escape.99

As Shackleton wrote in his diary that day:

The swell is more marked today, and I feel sure that we are on the verge of the floe-ice. One strong gale followed by a calm would scatter the pack [ice], I think, and then we could push through. I have been thinking much of our prospects... The island is the last outpost of the south and our final chance of a landing-place. Beyond it lies the broad Atlantic. Our little boats may be compelled any day now to sail unsheltered over the open sea, with a thousand leagues of ocean separating them from land to the north and east. It seems vital that we should land on Clarence Island or its neighbour, Elephant Island.99

Shackleton with a critical decision:

The conclusion was forced upon me that a boat journey in search of relief was necessary and must not be delayed. The nearest port where assistance could certainly be secured was Port Stanley, in the Falkland Islands, 540 miles away; but we could scarcely hope to beat up against the prevailing north-westerly wind in a frail and weakened boat with a small sail area... South Georgia [Island], which was over 800 miles away but lay in the area of west winds [which would carry the boat toward the island], must be our objective.99

Once the decision to set forth for South Georgia was made, Shackleton took great care in deciding who would accompany him. He chose Worsley for his navigational skill, Crean for his tough and hardworking spirit, McNeish for his abilities as a carpenter and sailor, Able Seaman Timothy McCarthy for his commendable performance on the recent boat trip, and Able Seaman John Vincent

At midnight I was at the tiller, and suddenly noticed a line of clear sky between the south and south-west. I called to the other men that the sky was clearing, and then, a moment later, realized that what I had seen was not a rift in the clouds but the white crest of an enormous wave... During twenty-six years' experience of the ocean in all its moods I had never seen a wave so gigantic. It was a mighty upheaval of the ocean... I shouted, "For God's sake, hold on! It's got us!" Then came a moment of suspense that seemed to last for hours... somehow the boat lived through it, half-full of water... We bailed with the energy of men fighting for life, flinging the water over the sides with every receptacle which came into our hands.100

Just before dawn on May 20, after 24 hours of trekking with no rest save for brief meals, the three men paused momentarily. Almost immediately, Crean and Worsley fell into a deep sleep. Shackleton did not dare close his eyes. If he did, he knew they would all freeze to death. Instead, he watched his sleeping colleagues for five minutes before rousing them, explaining that they had been asleep for half an hour and it was time to start out again.100 At sunrise, the men came over a slope and saw in the distance the outlines of Stromness Bay, site of the whaling station 12 miles away. Their location was confirmed when, at seven o'clock, they heard the sound of a steam whistle calling the men at the station to work.
Britain had no ships available for nonmilitary ventures. The government instead offered the 
_Discovery_—the ship originally used by Scott in 1901—which could be made ready to sail by late 
September.

To Shackleton, there was no question that his crew must be rescued before then. It had been 
almost six weeks since the _James Caird_ set out, and the Boss knew that the stranded men would be 
starting to look for a rescue ship on the horizon. To delay the relief effort until the fall would surely 
threaten their lives, for they could not subsist indefinitely on that harsh, frozen slip of land. He 
appealed to several South American governments for a ship strong enough to travel through ice. In 
éarly June, officials in Uruguay offered a crew and a ship called the _Instituto de Pesca No. 1_ at no cost. 
Shackleton set out again on June 10 but was forced to retreat within days when the ship sustained 
damage in the pack ice.

Some cheered loudly and others stood speechless as the Chilean ship came into view that day. As 
the _Yelcho_ approached, Shackleton stood on deck counting the number of figures on shore until he 
reached 22. Worsley watched and recalled: “He put his glasses back in their case and turned to me, 
his face showing more emotion than I had ever known it to show before.” He put his glasses back in their case and turned to me, his face showing more emotion than I had ever known it to show before. The commander had 
completed the most important mission of his life: he had led his men “through Hell” and every last 
one had survived the ordeal. Shackleton later described the moment of rescue: “I called out, ‘Are 
you all well?’ and [Wild] answered, ‘We are all well, Boss,’ and then I heard three cheers.”