Backyard BBQ Complete as a Frontloading activity before beginning DBI.

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 brawhiness 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 & McIlroy 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.
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.
Phase I: Visuals
Show first 5 minutes of http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=R5nyP07Ai8 PART 1 – 14 minutes
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 Aestrin, the Hon. Charlotte Knollys, Prince Chermsidse, Countess Mengden, 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, Cicely, and Edward. The officers also were presented, and the Queen greeted them graciously, shattering 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 those 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 victualing 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
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.
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?”
lost. The Boss said little; his motto has always been never to split the party, but last night this was unavoidable.

We now proceeded to land at Cape Valentine. The Boss, The Skipper, the cook and Hurley went on board the "Wills", and helped her crew to take up a small creek in the rocks, whence it was easy to put her cargo out on the rocks. She then made trips to and fro under Tom Crean's charge, taking our cases ashore. I went in with the first load, and was soon busied carrying cases up from the rocks to a storm beach under the stack, for our landing place was no more than a storm beach. It took \( \frac{3}{4} \) from 9 till noon to get everything landed, for we were short handed: in the "Wills" only two men were fit to do anything. Blackbrow, the Stowaway, who had been ordered to land first, was helpless with frostbitten hands and feet: some others were nearly as bad. Some fellows moreover were half crazy: one got an ice axe and did not stop till he had killed about ten seals; another began eating raw limpets and dulse, although during the last two days there had been absolutely no restriction to food. None of us had suffered like this in the "Caird", and to us it now fell to do most of the work. The swell had gone down but getting the boats alongside the rocks was none too easy: as a consequence much gear was wet, e.g. ditty bags with dry socks now much needed after the drenching last night. Hot milk was going very soon after we landed, and on this we soon quenched our thirst, not so bad since we had been able to crunch floating ice earlier in the morning. Shortly after noon we were able to haul the "Wills" and "Docker" up from the creek; and then the "Caird" was brought up over the rocks a little farther S, two hoops being broken in the process. Later in the day all three boats were hauled into the niche behind the stack.

We had got a footing on the land but not much more. Three shingle beaches are backed by steep cliffs and scree, up which there is no escape should a storm come. The stack is a picturesque feature, through the gap one sees the coast line farther W, backed/
We took the Willa in tow, whilst the "Docker" had orders to keep as 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 Stancomb Willa behind us complained bitterly of the seas she was shipping.

On Saturday, 15th, (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 a car 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. Meantime 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 Boss went on board the "Willa" and had a closer look at the coast: we did not wish to risk the "Caird" too near. Whilst he was away the "Docker" 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 Weddell Seals when we landed, and a few more came up during the day. There is a big colony of Ringed Penguins on a U-shaped rock beyond the creek: Gentooos were found about the shore, apparently visitors; Paddies, Changs, 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 and 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 tents go for the present. A big meal of seal steaks, and then we turned in shortly after 5.0 p.m. for as 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 Hurley 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 boats.

Breakfast of course was late on Sunday the 16th—a week since we left our camp on the floe, which Hurley calls Mark Time Camp—as everyone had overept. 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 was W.M. Davis would call a sunken coast still far from maturity: here were the cliffs already showing differential erosion, the rock platform, etc., etc.
afternoon after some desultory limpeting (it being too cold on the hands) explored along the coast nearly to the head of the next bay.

**Wednesday, 30th August.**

On board a Chilian relief ship, and making NW to Cape Virginia at 11 knots. I have not yet learned the name of the ship, for all is confused and excited; and on all sides we hear of nothing but the terrible war news.

Here then are the day’s events:-

All morning about ten of us were kept busy shovelling snow away from the deep drifts on the N side of the hut. Knocked off at midday, and all hands went limpetting, with a view to making a seal - limpet - dulse hoosh. Shortly before 1.0 p.m. was called away from shelling limpets, lunch being ready. Then just as Wild was serving it out, Marston came to the door asking if we had anything to make a smoke signal, as a ship was in sight. Lunch thrown to the winds; all tumbled out of the hut anyway: there she was, what we took to be a whaler, steaming past us eastwards. The smoke signal failed, but there was no need for it, as by now her head was towards us, and she had rung up her flag at the mizen. Then came a scurry to get things packed - what we thought worth taking, and get on board. A boat was coming in; and took us off in two journeys. The end was rather a hurry: none of our rescuers ever saw the hut: the weather seemed changing for the worse: it was best to cut and run. And so all my beach exotics are left behind: the only rocks I have are those in situ. But can one complain? - My notes are safe, and every man is safe.

The ship was sighted just on 1.0 p.m.: before two all were on board, and the course was set northwards. Then we learnt that this is the fourth effort to relieve us; that the "Caird" reached South Georgia in sixteen days, and that the Boss, the Skipper and Tom Crean made a wonderful traverse of the/
Phase III: Summaries and Interpretations – remind students of the essential questions