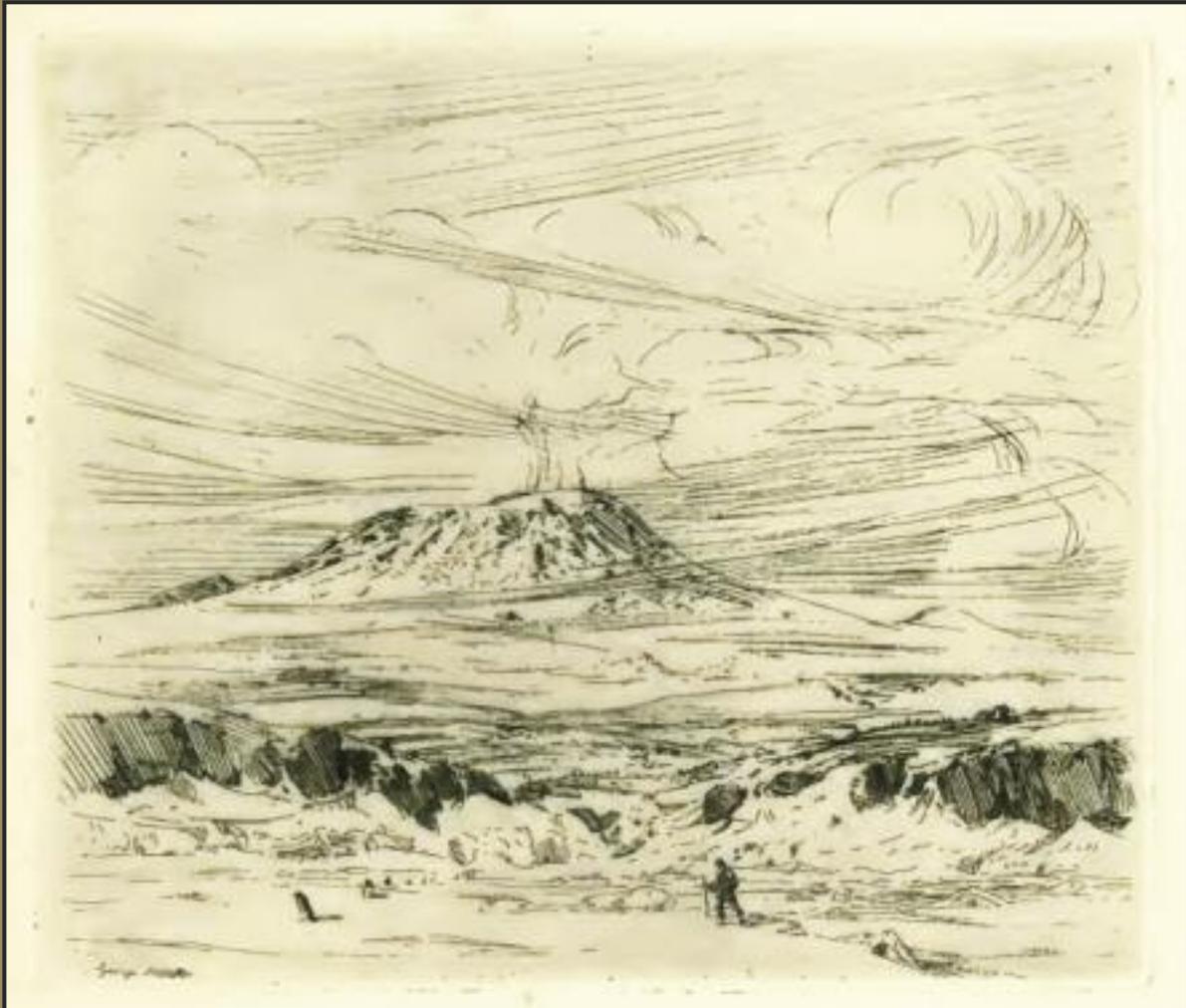




The James Caird Society Newsletter

Issue 22 · Summer 2016



EREBUS

Keeper of the Southern Gateway, grim, rugged, gloomy and grand;
Warden of these wastes uncharted, as the years sweep on, you stand.
At your head the swinging smoke-cloud; at your feet the grinding floes;
Racked and seared by the inner fires, gripped close by the outer snows.
Proud, unconquered and unyielding, whilst the untold æons passed,
Inviolate through the ages, your ramparts spurning the blast,
Till men impelled by a strong desire, broke through your icy bars;
Fierce was the fight to gain that height where your stern peak dares the stars.

Ernest Shackleton (1874–1922)

Mount Erebus (3794m), the most active volcano in Antarctica, located on Ross Island, was discovered in 1841 by Sir James Clark Ross and was first climbed in 1908 by five members of Ernest Shackleton's party during the Nimrod Expedition (1907–09). Shackleton alludes to the difficult first ascent in the verse of his poem Erebus above and to its perpetual lava lake near the summit in another verse on page 16.

Key Centenary dates August–September 2016

Tue 30 Aug 1916	Elephant Island rescue by <i>Yelcho</i> with Piloto Pardo
Fri 2 Sep 1916	Pardo arrives in Punta Arenas with the rescued men
Thu 15 Sep 1916	Reception of <i>Yelcho</i> and celebrations in Valparaiso

The Centenary Service of Thanksgiving at Westminster Abbey

The Centenary celebrations, which started in Plymouth in August 2014 reached a fitting climax on Friday 20 May 2016 in Westminster Abbey, exactly 100 years after Shackleton, Crean and Worsley walked into Stromness following their epic journey in the *James Caird* and across South Georgia. The events leading up to this service have already been acknowledged in earlier editions of the Newsletter (and see panel below) but the purpose of this Service of Thanksgiving, in the presence of Her Royal Highness The Princess Royal, Patron of the United Kingdom Antarctic Heritage Trust, was to honour all aspects of Sir Ernest's life and to bring together the many organisations and individuals associated with him, his men, his family and his achievements.

His great-grandsons carried his banner to the high Altar, and his grand-daughter, our President, read from *Shackleton's Boat*. His school, Dulwich College, was represented by its Master and some senior boys; Michael King played a *Lament to Kildare* (Shackleton's birthplace) on his banjo, whilst Shackleton's master mariner status was honoured by Merchant Navy representation, including a reading by Lord Sterling of Plaistow GCVO CBE, former chairman of P&O. The Boss's qualities – his leadership, his courage, his determination – were all covered by representatives of SPRI, the FCO, the Falkland Islands and UKAHT, with the final word going to Tim Jarvis, leader of the Shackleton Epic Expedition, who read from *Erebus*, one of Sir Ernest's many poems. But it was the superb and moving address by the Bishop of London which ultimately summed up the whole man and his achievements.

We emerged from Westminster Abbey to hear the magnificent bells ringing out with a pride we all shared.

Other Centenary Events

- SPRI Lecture Day and the dinner in Jesus College in November 2015 (see page 11)
- the Royal Mail Stamps in January 2016
- a number of tribute expeditions including The Shackleton Epic, Shackleton's Unfinished Business, and Antarctic Endurance 2016 (see pages 4 and 5).

Numerous artistic projects:

- Paul Frith's four-movement *Shackleton Symphony*, recorded by the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, goes on sale in August
- the children's opera *Chippy the Cat* by the English Touring Opera proved a great success
- *Shackleton's Carpenter*, a one-man play written by Gail Louw, attracted some excellent reviews
- Endurance workshops have been running in Switzerland, Italy and Greece whilst several other educational projects have also been rolled out, including Roger Slade's powerpoint lecture which has been used, and continues to be used, in schools around the country
- The re-issue on More4 of Charles Sturridge's *Shackleton*, starring Kenneth Branagh

Friday 4 November

The AGM will be held at 5.30pm in the South Cloister at Dulwich College

Dinner will be served at 7pm in the Great Hall

The speaker will be Tim Jarvis

Meetings in 2017
May Dinner
Friday 5 May

AGM
Friday 10 Nov:
including appointment of new Chairman

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How to join the Society and *Erebus* verse

The Official Centenary Website: www.shackleton100.org

May Dinner 2016

Friday 13 May was a special occasion for James Caird Society members: for some of us it was our first glimpse of the *James Caird* in her new position in The James Caird Hall which is in the Laboratory at Dulwich College. Very splendid she looks there too, although for many who enjoyed Jan Piggott's magnificent Shackleton Exhibition in the Old Library (2000-01), her former berth in the North Cloister, on her bed of South Georgian (and Welsh!) pebbles, was perhaps the most fitting resting place. But who knows? For the *James Caird* and her replicas, there is never much rest... (see pages 10 and 11).

Also on Friday 13 May members were lucky enough to enjoy a talk from our President, Alexandra Shackleton. Unlike many speakers, Alexandra (Zaz) eschews lights, whistles and noises off. She speaks straight from the heart with neither notes nor visual aids and, as Sir Ernest's grand-daughter, she is in a unique position to do so. Brought up with the Shackleton name and legacy, she learned the story of the Endurance Expedition through the Frank Hurley photographs and often wondered, as a child, 'What happened to the dogs?' Her father, Lord Shackleton, followed in his father's footsteps as an expedition organiser and Zaz would urge her brother Charles, at that stage still shorter than she was, to follow the family tradition. Despite these orders coming from the roof of the coal shed where they both would sit, Charles duly joined an expedition to Devon Island. Ernest Shackleton himself, she revealed, undertook his first expedition (with Scott) partly with the aim of impressing his future wife – slightly more enterprising than the methods some young men use.



Photo by Nick Smith

Shackleton's story is familiar to us all but it was the personal quirky touch that Zaz brought to it that made this Centenary Members' Dinner special. As a direct descendant, she is immersed in all things Shackleton and has been asked to launch two ships and four boats. ('Any more might be considered vulgar.') But as long as her grandfather's style of leadership continues to be universally admired, Zaz's presence at various events around the world will be sought. His influence, Zaz explained, is felt in some increasingly bizarre fields: when the New England Patriots reached the finals of the Superbowl, they attributed their ultimate victory to the fact that their coach insisted they follow Shackleton's style of leadership and team work. And that inspiration now even stretches beyond the stars: NASA have named a crater on Mars 'The James Caird'. As Zaz concluded – 'He casts a long shadow.'

Shackleton's Boat Journey

An extract from *Shackleton's Boat Journey* by Frank Worsley

It was certain that a man of such heroic mind and self-sacrificing nature as Shackleton would undertake this most dangerous and difficult task himself. He was, in fact, unable by nature to do otherwise. Being a born leader, he had to lead in the position of most danger, difficulty and responsibility. I have seen him turn pale, yet force himself into the post of greatest peril. That was his type of courage: he would do the job that he was most afraid of.

*Read by The Hon Alexandra Shackleton at
The Centenary Service of Thanksgiving*

Lt Col Henry Worsley MBE (1960–2016)

Members were saddened to hear of the death in January of Henry Worsley, an immensely courageous man who was attempting to cross the Antarctic solo – in the spirit of his idol, Sir Ernest Shackleton. Having walked 913 miles unsupported and unassisted, he succumbed to illness and was flown to Punta Arenas, Chile. He had already exceeded his goal of raising £100,000 for the Endeavour Fund, set up to support the ambitions of wounded, injured and sick Service personnel and veterans to use sport and adventurous challenge as part of their recovery and rehabilitation. His solo expedition was planned to mark the Endurance centenary and in honour of his lifelong hero. Our condolences are extended to his family.

Antarctic Endurance 2016 Expedition, January–February 2016

In early January 2016, after four years planning and 18 months training, 11 members of the Royal Navy and Royal Marines flew to the Falklands to join the 67' expedition yacht *Xplore* and her skipper, Stephen Wilkins. Shackleton's extraordinary tale of survival, leadership and determination inspired the Antarctic Endurance 2016 expedition – to sail *Xplore* to the Antarctic Peninsula and into the Weddell Sea, before heading up to South Georgia, via Elephant Island; a team of nine would then land at King Haakon Bay to take the Shackleton Route across to Stromness, where they would re-embark on the yacht to sail round to Grytviken to pay respects at Shackleton's graveside; the final sailing passage would be the return journey to the Falklands. This was all accomplished over the course of just 4½ weeks.

Antarctic Endurance 2016 is a two-year research programme into the value of Adventurous Training for personal development within the armed forces and began in 2014 with the initial gathering of volunteers from across the Royal Navy and Royal Marines, Regular and Reserves. From the outset, the project has been about encouraging those with little or no sailing or mountaineering experience to get involved, so at least half the final team were in the first five years of their careers, with the rest made up of qualified and experienced yacht skippers and mountain leaders. The project has three aims: inspire a new generation to get involved in Adventurous Training; celebrate the centenary of Shackleton's team returning from the ice and to prove that today's young men and women are equally capable; educate people about the positive outcomes that Adventurous Training can achieve. Training was thorough and included small-scale sailing and mountaineering events, a week of offshore sailing, winter training in the Cairngorms and glacier training in the Austrian Alps. Plus a Three Peaks Challenge to raise funds. Our official expedition launch on 21 September was in front of the *James Caird* at Dulwich College, and by December 2015 the final team was ready.

Flight delays resulted in lost opportunities to get away in a good weather window, but did enable us to make the most of additional preparation time, and allowed us to meet HRH Princess Royal when she returned to Stanley from her visit to South Georgia.

We finally set sail from Mare Harbour, Falkland Islands on 26 January, heading for the South Shetland Islands on the other side of the notorious Drake Passage. This is where we first encountered ice – an astonishing number of huge bergs littering our path as we powered through in 25 knots of wind at a thrilling 9½ knots. We arrived in Admiralty Bay, King George Island, late on 29 January, just ahead of the next storm that swept through the region. Although our anchorage was reasonably sheltered from the worst of the wind, we spent 24 hours



fending off lumps of ice that had calved off a glacier at the top of the bay and then moved anchorage to the shelter of Penguin Island further up the coast to ride out the last of the bad weather. No ice there, just an overpowering stench of penguin guano! On 1 February we headed for Antarctic Sound and found conditions perfect for getting through the southern end into the Weddell Sea, arriving there late that evening. Once in an area relatively clear of the one-year-old sea ice, we cut the engine and drifted gently in a windless, multi-coloured sunset – an unforgettable experience. Not wanting to get caught out by the ice, we retreated back up the Sound and anchored off Sheppard Point where we made a landing on the Peninsula itself on 2 February; here we conducted rope drills in perfect weather conditions in preparation for the South Georgia crossing. Another storm coming through the area forced us back to the shelter of King George Island, this time anchoring near the Chinese Antarctic Station in Maxwell Bay. A tour of the station provided a fascinating insight to their way of life and research work, as well as some fresh vegetables from their greenhouse. We set sail for our next passage, South Georgia via Elephant Island, on 6 February.

Pressure on time, driven by the forecast weather patterns, meant that we passed close to Elephant Island in the middle of the night of 6 February without being able to see it except on RADAR! We had a fast and comfortable passage over to South Georgia, with none of

the late autumn storms encountered by Shackleton and his team in the *James Caird*. Arriving in King Haakon Bay late on 10 February, we picked our way through the ice from the glaciers at the far end of the inlet and prepared to drop off the nine-strong shore team at first light on 11 February. While three of us then sailed *Xplore* round the northern end of South Georgia, the shore party followed Shackleton's Route across the mountainous interior. Once again, the weather affected progress, subjecting the team ashore to blizzard conditions which slowed them down to a crossing time of 3 days, 4 hours. Our aim had been 2½ days. Shackleton did it in 36 hours (albeit in different conditions)! Once the team had rejoined the yacht off Stromness, we made the short passage to Grytviken. Here we were well looked after by the British Antarctic Survey and South Georgia Heritage Trust teams and South Georgia government officials. Most importantly, we paid our respects at Shackleton's grave on 15 February (his birthday) in the traditional way with a whisky toast to 'The Boss'. We also had the opportunity to see the museum and Post Office, including The Enduring Eye exhibition recently opened by HRH Princess Royal.

By 18 February we were ready to move on, and the weather was right for us to start our passage along the coast of South Georgia, before heading back to the Falklands. We made very good progress and were able to stop off at Salisbury Plain, where we encountered a huge colony of King Penguins and picked our way carefully passed large groups of fur and elephant seals. We then anchored in a beautiful little bay for our last night in South Georgia. We set off mid-morning on 19 February, initially in very light airs and bright sunshine. As expected, this final passage proved to be the most demanding of the offshore sailing legs, battling for 800 miles against the prevailing winds. This we did, keeping clear of the worst of the weather, and arrived in Port

Stanley tired yet exhilarated in the early hours of 25 February, having completed 3000 nautical miles of ocean sailing plus the iconic land journey across South Georgia.

With the expedition successfully completed, all that remained was tidying up the yacht and returning back to the UK via the air bridge. This left time for the team to get out for a number of battlefield tours across East Falkland, ably led by Major William 'Molly' Macpherson, Royal Marines, one of our expedition mountain leaders and a veteran of the 1982 campaign as a young Marine in 42 Commando. The team arrived back in the UK on 2 March and dispersed from RAF Brize Norton back to their various units.

This expedition proved to be Adventurous Training at its best, forcing everyone involved to dig deep and find within themselves that little bit extra to get through the challenges they faced. Those challenges were many and varied, ranging from the psychological pressures of unrelenting ocean sailing in cold, cramped and uncomfortable conditions to the physical demands of wading through waist-deep snow in a blizzard whilst crossing an isolated mountain range, entirely dependent upon the resources of the individual and the team. The rewards, though, were enormous – the sights of icebergs the size of islands, of a multi-coloured sunset over the Weddell Sea, of the huge array of animal life; the sounds of crackling ice all around the yacht at anchor, of seals barking and penguins squawking, of happy voices on watch in the middle of the night; the friendships made and the feeling of satisfaction at a job well done. There is no doubt in my mind that this kind of Adventurous Training has a massive, positive effect on those taking part; hopefully the associated longitudinal research programme that will conclude in a few months will provide the evidence to support this assertion.

Cdr Tim Winter RN



With thanks to our supporters:

HRH The Duke of Edinburgh KG KT, The Hon Alexandra Shackleton, Admiral Sir George Zambellas GCB DSC ADC, Lieut General Gordon Messenger DSO* CB OBE, Vice Admiral Simon Lister CB OBE, Vice Admiral Duncan Potts CB, The Gosling Foundation, Royal Navy & Royal Marines Charity, Thomas Mercer, Lockheed Martin, NSSL Global, House of Fraser, Shackleton Company, Plane Foods, Pinpoint, Real Food, SOS Drinks, Musto, Mammut, Pusser's Rum, James Caird Society, UK Antarctic Heritage Trust, Royal Naval Sailing Association.

The team in Antarctica.

Back row: Sgt Matt Hoey, Lt 'Shady' Lane RN, Surg Lt Cdr Donald Angus RN, Cdr Tim Winter RN, SLt Emily Kutarski RN, PO Dan Hill, Maj 'Molly' Macpherson RM.

Front row: Maj Tony Lancashire RM, AB(D) Kris Cunningham, Mne Matt Bower, Lt Josh Cowart USN.

The Bishop of London's address at the Centenary Service of Thanksgiving



Pic: courtesy Gill Aspel

The Rt Revd & Rt Hon Richard Chartres KCVO DD FSA, Bishop of London

On this very day, May 20 one hundred years ago, in the middle of the afternoon, three men, Ernest Shackleton, Frank Worsley and Tom Crean staggered into Stromness, a whaling station in South Georgia. Their faces were black from blubber smoke; their hair was thick and matted and they were dressed in rags. Gallantly Worsley was concerned about the impression they might make on any women in the station and he tidied up his tattered trousers with safety pins. They arrived at the manager's villa. Although Thoralf Sorlle, the manager, had met Shackleton he did not recognise him. 'Who the hell are you?' he asked. 'My name is Shackleton and we have lost our ship and come over the island.'

Modern expeditions are properly equipped with communications devices and keep in touch via satellite. The Endurance party experienced an unimaginable depth of isolation in which it was impossible to summon help if anything went wrong.

Everything depended on one's comrades and the quality of leadership. Shackleton had already proved himself in this respect on the Nimrod expedition on which he had discovered and named the Beardmore Glacier. He reached a point further south than anyone before him but

consideration for the lives of his comrades persuaded him to turn back less than 100 miles from the South Pole. He returned to London to an ecstatic welcome. It was the high noon of Empire and the Edwardian Age. He published a book describing the expedition, *The Heart of the Antarctic*, in November 1909, became an Edwardian celebrity and was knighted.

He was a celebrity but not of the shallow modern kind, well known just for his well-known-ness. He was also a genuine hero with extraordinary leadership gifts which continue to inspire emulation at a time when in so many fields there is a need for inspiring leadership. Henry Worsley's book *In the Footsteps of Shackleton* is a moving testimony to this, as is the study of his methods sponsored by Professor Nancy Koehn of the Harvard Business School.

The white wilderness is a great searcher of souls. As Scott wrote about the Antarctic: 'Under ordinary conditions it is so easy to carry a point with a little bounce; self-assertion is a mask which covers many a weakness. Here the outward show is nothing; it is the inward purpose that counts. So the "gods" dwindle and the humble supplant them.' Shackleton had more than his share of charm and 'bounce' which enabled him to raise the considerable sums needed for Polar exploration without much official support. His business ventures were not always successful but, as he said himself, 'All Polar explorers are optimists with vivid imaginations', and this carried him through every disappointment. But this was no mere 'outward show'. On the ice Shackleton revealed a humbling greatness of soul. 'We had pierced the veneer of outside things. We had seen God in his splendours, we had heard the text that nature renders. We had reached the naked soul of man.' He was a poet with a particular love of Browning but he was no armchair dreamer.

He was also very fortunate in his wife Emily Doman, whom he married in Christchurch, Westminster in 1904. She said of Shackleton that 'one must not chain down an eagle in a barnyard'.

We especially remember today the Endurance story – possibly the greatest example of survival in Antarctic



Photographs courtesy of the Dean & Chapter of Westminster Abbey

Patrick and Giles Bergel (Shackleton's great-grandsons) carry the Shackleton Banner to the High Altar



The Hon Alexandra Shackleton reads from Shackleton's Boat Journey by Frank Worsley



Michael King plays Lament to Kildare

history. The Imperial Trans-Antarctic Expedition set sail in the beautiful August of 1914, despite the ominous international situation, authorised to get underway by Churchill himself with a single word signal – ‘proceed’. Amundsen had reached the South Pole with a skilful use of dogs and skis in December 1911 but no one had yet achieved a crossing of the Antarctic Continent.

There is an apocryphal story that the members of the expedition had been recruited in response to a newspaper advertisement – ‘men wanted for hazardous journey. Small wages, bitter cold, long months of complete darkness, constant danger, safe return doubtful. Honour and recognition in case of success.’ In the event, apocryphal or not, it was not far from the reality.

This service, as Shackleton would have wanted, is not only dedicated to his own courage and endurance but also to his men.

Frank Worsley was one of three who arrived at the whaling station 100 years ago. He had been appointed Captain of the *Endurance* and had a close-up view of Shackleton’s leadership style. ‘Shackleton had a genius – for keeping those about him in high spirits. We loved him. To me he was a brother. The men felt the cold it is true but he had inspired the kind of loyalty which prevented them from allowing themselves to get depressed over anything.’ Shackleton could be irritable when things were going well ‘but never when things were going badly and we were up against it.’ Napoleon said that ‘a leader is a dealer in hope’. ‘The Boss’ as the men called him was a great and convincing optimist, supremely resilient in disappointment: ‘a man must shape himself to a new mark directly the old one goes to ground’.

Endurance was caught in the ice of the Weddell Sea and abandoned in October 1915. Camp was made on the floating ice for six months and in April 1916 they took to the life boats.

After a dangerous voyage including the unwelcome attentions of a pack of killer whales, the *Endurance* party made landfall on Elephant Island. After nearly six months of living on the ice, this was the first solid land in 497 days.

Shackleton realised, however, that rescue was unlikely so far south, and so on Easter Monday 1916 he and five others set off in the 22 feet long *James Caird*.

Navigated by Worsley, the *James Caird* crossed 800

miles of some of the most turbulent seas on the planet. On 10 May they arrived at King Haakon Bay, the other side of South Georgia from the whaling stations on the north shore. Shackleton set out with Worsley and Crean on 19 May to cross the rugged terrain of the unmapped island. 36 hours later they staggered into Stromness.

Shackleton held together a disparate group in appalling conditions, avoiding cliques and treating everyone equally. All ranks were expected to scrub the decks and do routine tasks. He never took unnecessary risks, improvised in a crisis and never asked others to do what he would not do himself. He instilled hope and belief that they would all survive. When, after further disappointments and vicissitudes he returned to Elephant Island, it was to find that all 22 men had survived. The Ross Sea depot laying party was not so fortunate, and it is right to remember on this occasion the loss of Mackintosh, Hayward and Spencer-Smith in the last great man-hauling expedition of the Heroic Age of Antarctic exploration.

Our first reading from the Book of Joshua ends with a promise: ‘Be strong and of a good courage; be not afraid neither be thou dismayed for the Lord thy God is with thee whithersoever thou goest.’ After reaching as far inwards as humanly possible Shackleton records, ‘I know that during that long and racking march of 36 hours over the unnamed mountains and glaciers of South Georgia, it seemed to me often that we were four and not three. I said nothing to my companions on the point but afterwards Worsley said to me, “Boss, I had a curious feeling on the march that there was another person with us.”’

Shackleton returned once more to South Georgia and died there on 5 January 1922. The last words in his journal are ‘A wonderful evening. In the darkening twilight I saw a lone star hover like a gem above the bay’. He was buried in Grytviken, head facing south.

Sir Raymond Priestley, himself a Polar explorer, distinguished geologist and one of the founders of the Scott Polar Institute has the last word: ‘For scientific leadership give me Scott. For swift and efficient travel Amundsen. But when you are in a hopeless situation, when there seems to be no way out, get on your knees and pray for Shackleton’.

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Tim Jarvis reads from Erebus

The Centenary Reception

all photos by Gill Aspel



*The Lord Mayor of Westminster
and John Geiger, CEO Royal Canadian Geographical Society*



The Hon Alexandra Shackleton with Tim Jarvis



HRH The Princess Royal chats to David McLean and Claire Cohen



*Donald Lamont, HE Fernando Lopez-Fabregat, his wife Carolina
and Lynda Lamont*



Bas Gray RM and David Mearns



Jeremy Swan, Stuart Holmes and Matthew Arnoldi



Paul Davies, John Bonham and other guests



HRH The Princess Royal



Seamus Taaffe, Joe O'Farrell and Bob Headland



Patrick Bergel (Shackleton's great-grandson), Emma Payne and Will Gow



Dr Ann Savours Shirley



Patrick Lurcock and Pippa Hare



HRH The Princess Royal with Admiral Sir James Perowne and The Hon Alexandra Shackleton



Tim Winter, his wife Claire, and Seb Coulthard

Tooting along the South Circular in 1986

Once it was agreed that the handsomely restored *James Caird* was at last to be returned to Dulwich in 1986, the exciting challenge arose of how best to bring this about. Harding Dunnett decided that there should be some sort of 'procession' from Greenwich to Dulwich: something of historical significance was taking place. Well used to designing and displaying public events, Harding concluded that the boat deserved an escort and, never one to shirk a task, he offered Margaret Slythe and himself. Who better? So it was that an expensive 'low-loader' (long truck) made its way to the courtyard of the National Maritime Museum (now the Royal Museums Greenwich). The truck was driven right up to the Museum yard and, with great care, the boat was lifted by crane, aided by half a dozen sturdy handlers, aboard the waiting lorry. The great and the good of the Museum staff waved farewell, cheered by the celebratory accompaniment of a military bugle.

The journey proved quite a trek, with the low-loader having to make its way through Greenwich, round the South Circular Road and down to Catford. Immediately behind was Margaret, deftly manoeuvring her car while Harding leant across to give occasional toot-toots on the horn. At Catford it was agreed that the escort would take the lead. Now came Harding's opportunity for letting rip, and he seized his chance. As the low-loader ponderously made its way up the long hill, Harding honked and tooted continuously. 'You could see from his face', says Margaret, 'that he felt triumphant. And his passion was infectious.' The car windows were open and, to draw the gathering crowd's attention, he enthusiastically waved his soft tweed hat. Having fought so determinedly to get the *James Caird* back, he said, it was 'the best day of my working life'.

Even buses made way for the memorable procession, and the effect was splendid: people sensed something magnificent was approaching, and they stopped to wave and cheer. The true celebration began through Forest Hill on the approach to the Horniman Museum and then down the hill and round to the College, where the Master, David Emms (see page 12), accompanied by the School Captain and about half the boys, had turned out to wave the boat in. It had a rather paltry, modest home initially, in an old groundsman's shed where it remained for a couple of years until finally placed in the South Cloister where it was formally opened by Lord Shackleton, Sir Ernest's son.

Roderick Dunnett



Visiting the *James Caird*

To arrange a visit to see the *James Caird* please contact reception@dulwich.org.uk. Visits can be booked on TUESDAYS between 9:30 and 11:30am (last admittance 11am) or 2 and 4pm (last admittance 3:30pm). There will be no visits on Public Holidays or outside these times. All visits must be pre-booked through Reception at Dulwich College.

SPRI welcomes *Sir Ernest Shackleton*, the famous replica

Julian Dowdeswell of the Scott Polar Research Institute (SPRI) hosted a lunch at Jesus College to mark the arrival of the *Sir Ernest Shackleton*, Trevor Potts' expedition boat, from Trevor's home on Ardnamurchan to its new home in Cambridge.

Trevor was the leader of the 'In the Wake of Shackleton Expedition', the first re-enactment of the astonishing 800 mile trip made by Sir Ernest Shackleton in 1916 in the *James Caird*. With Trevor in Cambridge were Robert Egelstaff and Vic Brown, two of the three members of his crew. Also present were the Hon Alexandra Shackleton (Zaz), members of Harding McGregor Dunnett's family, Harding having acted as the unpaid Press Officer to the expedition, some of the original sponsors and staff of SPRI.

By an extraordinary coincidence, the *James Caird* was a special feature at the London Boat Show in January 1994 whilst Trevor and his companions were in the South Atlantic. On reaching South Georgia they picked up a BBC World Service transmission from the Boat Show: Zaz and Harding being interviewed beside the boat. On the last day of the Boat Show footage was received on the *James Caird* stand of Trevor's replica being lowered off the *Kapitan Klepnikov*, the Russian Icebreaker which had transported the boat to Elephant Island.

Following the lunch everyone retired to SPRI where Zaz cut the ribbon on the *Sir Ernest* and Trevor said a few words, all of which was covered by the Cambridge press and television. Bringing the boat to SPRI was the beginning of the next part of its life, securing a place in history alongside other Polar artefacts and memorabilia at SPRI. Julian kindly took a group around the exhibition which for Harding's grandsons was particularly interesting as they had helped man that stand of the *James Caird* at the Boat Show.

Following the enormous interest in the *James Caird* and Shackleton's remarkable exploits, Harding founded the James Caird Society and wrote *Shackleton's Boat*. The rest is history!

Ginny Woodrow



Robert Egelstaff, Vic Brown, Trevor Potts



The Hon Alexandra Shackleton, Trevor Potts and Julian Dowdeswell

Obituary for David Emms OBE (1925–2015)

Harding Dunnett founded the James Caird Society in 1994, with the encouragement and support of members of his family and Alexandra Shackleton. When Harding had earlier appeared at Dulwich College as the chivalric champion of Shackleton's Boat and its Journey, two people immediately became his allies: David Emms, the great Master of the day, and Margaret Slythe, Librarian and Archivist. In 1986, when the *Caird* was returned by the National Maritime Museum to David Emms at the College after a long loan of about 20 years, Harding accompanied her round the South Circular (see page 10). For Margaret, Shackleton was the most romantic and noble of Old Alleynians; she and David understood how the daily presence at the College of the *James Caird* would signify Shackleton's heroic enterprise, pluck and endurance, inspiring new Alleynians for ever. The restored boat, newly rigged and splendidly set upon large pebbles from South Georgia and Cardigan Bay, was given a didactic museum context that included Shackleton's sledges and the *Caird's* original sail – the Turin Shroud of Antarctic relics.

David Emms died on 21 December 2015, at the age of 90. He made an important impact on the public schools and on educational institutions and foundations in the latter decades of the 20th century; genial and generous, his energy seemed superhuman. He was born at Lowestoft in 1925. A great affection for East Anglia and for sailing persisted. At Tonbridge School he was Captain of Cricket and Rugby – and Head Boy. He served in the Royal Artillery as a paratrooper from 1943 to 1947, and then studied Modern Languages at Brasenose College, Oxford, gaining a Rugby Blue in 1949. He married Pamela Speed, a devoted partnership of 66 years and a vitally important factor of his success in demanding posts. They had four children: John, Vicki, Richard and Christopher (who died in 2008); there are six grand-daughters.

David first taught at Uppingham School. Appointed Headmaster of Cranleigh in 1960, at the (in those days) early age of 35, he found the school at a low ebb; in ten years he made radical reforms, and the pupils were demonstrably happier. Appointed Headmaster at Sherborne in 1970 to work similar changes, he was ultimately frustrated, it is said, by housemasters resenting interference with their traditional ways; he resigned after four years. From 1975 until 1986 he was a famous Master of Dulwich College. Since 1857 Dulwich has evolved from dialectic between the best intellectual and pragmatical elements of the metropolitan day school and the ideals of the traditional public school; David restored elements of the pleasant atmosphere of a pre-war country school. A man of feeling, his love for the College shone through in the way he declared war on apathy. His cheerful encouragement to the young boys to 'have a bash', to join



in outdoor activities and societies, was genuine, and it worked. In 1984 he was an extremely popular Chairman of the Headmasters' Conference.

On retirement, his expertise and phenomenal force found channels as Director of the London Goodenough Trust for Overseas Graduates and active involvement with at least eight other educational trusts and organisations; he was also a governor of eight schools. He and Pam enjoyed a happy association with the RNLI in Chichester, where he was their Chairman. David was awarded the OBE in 1995.

The Dulwich boys were well aware that they had someone of uncommon character and stature as headmaster. At one of David's end-of-year assemblies in the Great Hall some Sixth-Formers stage-managed a sly *entr'acte*, bestowing on him a fish-netted 'Kissogram' girl, wearing a gown and mortar-board. He received this with perfect grace; behind the large spectacles his eyes gleamed.

Dr Jan Piggott

In this occasional series we will feature your connections, curious or otherwise, to Ernest Shackleton and/or the *James Caird*. If you feel inspired, please send an account of how you discovered the James Caird Society, and why you joined. Pictures welcome too! Please send to the editor at: dorothymanders@hotmail.com

Frank Wild's pall bearer

When Angie Butler gave her talk on *The Quest for Frank Wild* in 2013 I was particularly interested because I was born and brought up in Johannesburg. Angie mentioned that Frank Wild had tried to maintain close links with England and I wondered whether he had been connected with a 'patriotic and benevolent society' called the Sons of England, formed to help people who, like Frank Wild and my grandparents, had left England to settle in South Africa. I now know from Angie's book that it was the Sons of England who had suggested that if Wild was cremated, not buried, his ashes could be taken to South Georgia to be interred beside Shackleton's grave as he had wished and as, thanks to Angie, has now happened. When I told Angie my grandfather's name – Francis Edward Colenutt – she sent me a report of Wild's funeral from the *Rand Daily Mail* for 24 August 1939 with the astonishing news that

one of the pall bearers carrying the coffin from the funeral parlour to the waiting hearse was FE Colenutt, Grand Secretary of the Sons of England. The service was conducted by the Rev L Pearson, whom I knew as Lewis Pearson, a close friend of my family and a remarkable man. Badly wounded in the trenches in the First World War he went out to South Africa for the sake of his health, and met a bishop who suggested he might like to consider the priesthood. He did, and became Curate at St Aidan's church, Yeoville, Johannesburg where my grandfather was churchwarden for many years and so he became a family friend. He was just the sort of heroic figure who would have loved Frank Wild. If only I had known, I might have learnt more about my connection with the Shackleton story...

His Honour David Paget QC

My father and 'Wuz'

As the daughter of Joseph Stenhouse, captain of *Aurora* (1914–16 ITAE), my indirect connection with the *James Caird* was through his great friend, 'Wuz' Worsley, who had captained *Endurance* and then sailed with Shackleton to South Georgia in the *James Caird*.

Afterwards they became close friends and colleagues. They served together in Q and P ships during the war and Wuz won a DSO in the same action that my father, known as Sten, was awarded a DSC, when as Captain and First Officer of the armed merchantman P61 they rammed and sank a German U-boat in the Irish Sea. In 1919 they both, together with Shackleton, served in Russia in support of the White forces, where both were awarded a DSO.

It was said that, but for the fact that Wuz 'didn't do religion' he would have been my godfather. Nevertheless he was a constant visitor to our house and my first recollection is of him climbing a ladder to rescue me from the loo after I'd locked myself in. I was about three. I remember him as a small, energetic and agile man with a constant good humour.

Sten and Wuz tried to overcome the penniless days of the Great Depression by planning increasingly ambitious (perhaps desperate) scrapes: they searched for treasure in the Cocos Islands, planned a tourist ship to take rich Americans to the Antarctic and even, so family legend has it, were once caught gun-running in the Mediterranean. When Sten wasn't in command of RRS *Discovery* they

both earned a little money sailing and delivering yachts and boats.

When WW2 came it offered an escape from penniless boredom and, whilst Wuz was judged too old to serve, my father Sten rejoined the RNR, before being killed on active service in the Red Sea. Wuz sadly died of lung cancer, having stayed as a long term guest of his and Sten's mutual friends Sir John and Lady Bamford in Claygate.

I remember Wuz with great fondness as a genuine friend and gentleman who did so much to raise morale in trying times. In 1941 when my father was posted missing, he immediately telegraphed to say that he'd be on the first train down from London to support my mother, Gladys, who had lost her first husband Aeneas Mackintosh in the Antarctic and who was now faced with losing her second in equally tragic circumstances.

Patricia Mantell



My father Sten (seated) with Wuz

Tom Crean's grand-daughter to traverse South Georgia

2016 marks not only the centenary of the voyage of the *James Caird* but also the centenary of the first crossing of the island of South Georgia by Ernest Shackleton, Frank Worsley and Tom Crean. In September 2016 Tom Crean's grand-daughter, Aileen Crean-O'Brien, plans to re-enact the traverse along with her partner Bill Shepherd and her two sons Cian and Morgan plus two mountain guides.

Aileen herself runs a restaurant in Kenmare, Co Kerry, called appropriately *Tom Crean Food and Wine*. Her website proudly advertises 'Welcome to the only restaurant in the world where Tom Crean's grand-daughter cooks your dinner'. This is how Aileen describes her expedition.

'Growing up in Tralee our grandmother Nell, Tom Crean's wife, lived with us until her death in 1968. Sadly Nell never regaled us kids with stories of derring-do and the exploits of her husband. On his return to Anascaul, Co Kerry, Tom himself was equally reticent. As a retired British Navy Boatswain and decorated hero, the political landscape of the time would not have endeared Tom to many. It was only later that the threads of Tom's extraordinary tale were brought together in Michael Smith's magnificent book *An Unsung Hero*. Now, in the centenary year of his historic crossing of South Georgia

with Shackleton and Worsley, we as a family will attempt to understand what he encountered. The opportunity to for me and my family to walk in my grandfather's footsteps will allow us to honour his memory and contemplate with wonder and awe the momentous adventure that brought him to this remote island. Recreating one small part of his history by retracing his footsteps will make us mere bit players in the realm of giants of Antarctic exploration. His inspiration to us as a family is immeasurable; the value of his example to a new generation of Irish children is incalculable: an heroic yet modest figure from history teaching us about fortitude, inner strength and kindness – but with a gentle hand and a smile.

We will arrive in Port Stanley in the Falkland Islands on 24 September 2016 and rendezvous with the skipper of the *Pelagic* which will sail us approximately 750 miles across the Southern Ocean to South Georgia. We then have several days acclimatising to the weather conditions as well as checking out a variety of wildlife colonies and visiting the historically important sites. After meeting mountain leaders Stephen Venables and Crag Jones we will head off to tackle the Shackleton Traverse.'

Further details on tomcreanfamilyexpedition.com



Tom Crean



Aileen Crean-O'Brien in training



Grandson, Enda Crean-O'Brien

Tom Crean retired from the Navy in 1920 and returned home to Anascaul in west County Kerry where he and his wife Eileen (Nell) ran the local pub – appropriately named the South Pole Inn. They had three daughters, Mary, Katherine and Eileen. Katherine (Kate) sadly died in infancy and Eileen (Eily) died in 2004 but the eldest daughter Mary is still alive, aged 97. Tom died in 1938, aged 61, after complications from a perforated appendix. His wife Nell died in 1968, aged 86. Tom, Nell and Kate are buried in the family tomb at Ballynacourty overlooking Anascaul and beside Tom's beloved Owenascaul River. The inscription on his tomb reads 'Home is the Sailor, Home from the Sea'.

16th Shackleton Autumn School 28–31 October 2016

Lecturers, Drama, Film, Excursion, Exhibits, Polar Exhibition 'Scott'

The annual Shackleton Autumn School Festival is a 4-day event commemorating Sir Ernest in the county of his birth. The Autumn School provides the only forum for the discussion of Polar exploration/research in Ireland.

www.shackletonmuseum.com

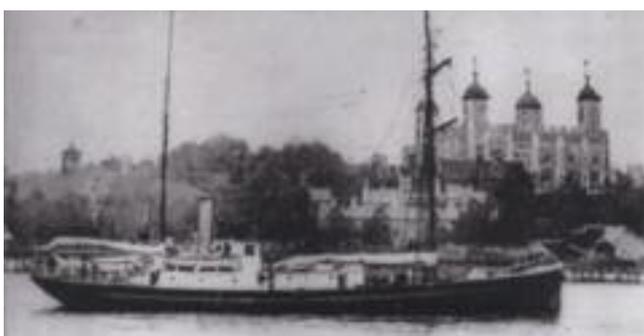
Forthcoming Athy events



A lasting memorial to Shackleton will soon be unveiled in Athy, thanks to the support of Kildare County Council. The full length statue of Sir Ernest is being created by eminent sculptor Mark Richards, who 'brings renewed vigour to the art of public sculpture.' He has been described as 'one of the finest figure and portrait sculptors in Great Britain... (whose) work exhibits both cohesive composition and great

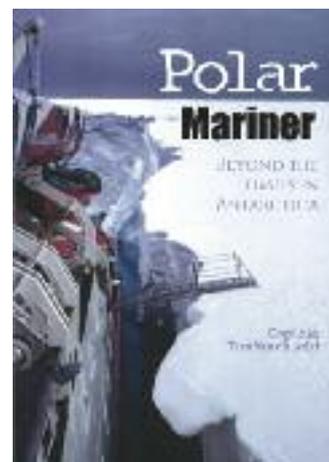
beauty of form'. The work is due to be formally unveiled by The Hon Alexandra Shackleton on 30 August 2016.

Another exhibit due to go on display in Athy shortly is Shackleton's cabin from *Quest* where he died in 1922. *Quest* was owned by the Norwegian Bakke family and has been in Saltdal, Norway, for the past 90 years. The cabin has now been removed and transported to Ireland where it is undergoing refurbishment before being placed on permanent display in the museum. Watch this space ...



Tales of a Polar mariner

Captain Woodfield made 20 seasonal voyages to the Antarctic on three research ships between 1955 and 1974. Starting as a Junior Deck Officer he worked for The Falkland Islands Dependencies Survey which in 1964 became the British Antarctic Survey. He played a paramount role in the gradual change from using under-powered and poorly-equipped ships



to the professionally managed and sophisticated vessels of his last command. The arts of exploration and survival during his early years, as attempts were made to establish research stations, support science, and survey in totally uncharted, ice-filled waters amidst often ferocious weather, are described in the book, which has a foreword by HRH, The Princess Royal. Dramatic stories are featured such as the near loss of a ship in pack ice, the stranding of another in hurricane-force winds and the collapse of an ice-cliff on to the vessel. Polar navigation during the author's years was not without peril and the near loss in ice of his first ship, the RRS *Shackleton*, the demise of her Master and consequent dramas are fully told. Captain Woodfield transferred to the RRS *John Biscoe* as Chief Officer, and the first ventures of the *John Biscoe* into the Weddell Sea are recounted, with information on the nature and movement of ice, its inter-relationship with weather, and the methods of navigation in ice before the age of satellites. Appointed to command the RRS *Bransfield*, he recounts her extraordinary maiden voyage when it was feared she would split in two. But after three weeks in dry dock, she was on her way to the Antarctic.



The James Caird Society was founded by Harding McGregor Dunnett in 1994

It is a registered charity dedicated to honouring the remarkable feats of discovery in the Antarctic and to commending the qualities of leadership associated with Sir Ernest Shackleton KCVO. These qualities proved invaluable during the ill-fated but glorious Endurance Expedition when Shackleton maintained his men's morale while they were stranded for months on the ice without hope of rescue. This achievement, combined with the feat of bringing the team home safely, is unique in the history of exploration.

Email addresses please!

The Society communicates with members by email in preference to post (snail mail) where possible. Overseas members receive the newsletter and invitations only by email. Please keep us updated with your email address to our membership secretary, Robert Irvine, at membership_secretary_jcs@yahoo.co.uk

Membership application form

I wish to become a member of the James Caird Society paying a subscription of (*indicate as applicable*):

- £55 for three years, or
 - £100 for six years, or
 - £20 annually (*Payable only by bankers' order*)
- Subscription year begins 1 July*

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Please photocopy this form or download it from our website. Single year applications (**for UK residents only**) must also include a completed Bankers' Order Form which can also be downloaded from our website. Cheques should be made payable to The James Caird Society and should be sent, with the relevant form, to: Mrs Pippa Hare, The Hon Secretary, The James Caird Society, Fig Tree Cottage, High Street, Cranbrook, Kent TN17 3EN, UK Tel: 01580 714944 Email: pippahare@hotmail.com

UK taxpayers are urged to take advantage of Gift Aid which allows the Society tax relief on subscription. A Gift Aid Declaration Form is available on the website.



The Yelcho, a Chilean steam tug, built in Scotland in 1906, and captained by Luis Pardo, successfully rescued Shackleton's party from Elephant Island on 30 August 1916 and is seen here arriving at Punta Arenas to a hero's welcome on 3 September 1916.

EREBUS

Victors then on your crown they stood
 and gazed at the Western Shore;
 The distant glory of that land in
 broad splendour lay unrolled,
 With icefield, cape, and mountain height,
 flame rose in a sea of gold.
 Oh! Herald of returning Suns to the
 waiting lands below;
 Beacon to their home-seeking feet,
 far across the Southern snow.
 In the Northland in the years to be,
 pale Winter's first white sign
 Will turn again their thoughts to thee,
 and the glamour that is thine.

Ernest Shackleton (1874–1922)

The James Caird Society 2016

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