

\*SHACKLETON IN PUNTA ARENAS  
from "The Magellan Times"

15 APRIL 1914

In a previous issue we alluded to the Sir Ernest Shackleton's trans-Antarctic expedition. Our information came through England and was to the effect that the expedition would start in August of this year and would call at Buenos Aires, making Punta Arenas the "jumping off" place. There has evidently been a change of plan as the following letter indicates.

The Imperial Trans-Antarctic Expedition,  
4 New Burlington Street  
London, W.  
6th March 1914

Revd. J. C. Cater,  
Punta Arenas

Dear Mr Cater,  
Many thanks for your letter. I am afraid that I shall not be at Punta Arenas, but if I have a chance of sending a ship there I will do so. I hope on my return to renew our acquaintance.

With Kind regards,  
Yours sincerely,  
(Signed) E. H. Shackleton.

22 JULY 1914

The South Polar Expedition of Captain Sir Ernest Shackleton has now nearly completed its preparations. 105 sledge dogs have been purchased in Canada. These will be sent from Liverpool to Buenos Aires where they will be picked up by the expeditionary ship, the "Endurance."

8 JUNE 1916

Telegrams have been received to the effect that a part of the members of the Shackleton South Polar Expedition have been wrecked on Elephant Island, South Shetlands. Every effort is being made to rescue these men.

29 JUNE 1916

The Uruguayan expedition in aid of the men who were left on Elephant Island by Sir Ernest Shackleton, has been obliged to return to the Falkland Islands on account of the ice.

6 JULY 1916

#### A Personal Interview with the Great Explorer

Sir Ernest Shackleton, the famous South Pole explorer, arrived here on Tuesday [4th] by the Orita. He has been in Port Stanley for some time arranging for the rescue of the men stranded on Elephant Island, South Shetlands. Unfortunately, up to the present time, all efforts to aid these men have ended in failure owing to the ice. Sir Ernest has come over here to arrange for another attempt, which we sincerely hope will be successful. He is staying at Captain Milward's house & hopes to get away south in a few days time. We extend him our heartiest welcome and hope that he will return shortly with the other members of the expedition from Elephant Island.

Sir Ernest Shackleton is accompanied by Captain F. A. Worsley and Mr. Tom Crean. This is the third expedition of the latter, who received the Albert Medal from the King for saving the life of Captain Evans, whom he pulled for 200 miles over the ice.

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Sir Ernest Shackleton has kindly consented to give a lecture on his Antarctic Expedition in the Municipal Theatre on Sunday evening next [9th] at 9 o'clock. The entire proceeds will be devoted to charity. Tickets may be obtained at the office of this paper.

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#### A Personal Interview with the Great Explorer

Of average height, broad in the shoulder, deep in the chest, with face much wind-burned, square of chin, with heavy brow over-arching deep-set blue-grey eyes telling a tale of strain and constant care, but brightening not seldom with joviality and good humour; solid, forceful and infinitely determined, -- such is Sir Ernest Shackleton.

To meet one who has wrested fame from the incalculable chances of death, and unrecorded, unimaginable suffering is no mean honour, but to meet the greatest of explorers is more - it is a pleasure for, greatly daring though he be, his greatness and his daring are equalled by another quality - his modesty. He carries with him no visible consciousness of his world-wide fame, and the words which follow - his own, for the most part frankly and graciously given, suggest (we had almost said conceal) an endurance and a courage no less than the best of our race have shown in the battlefields of France, Galipolli and Mesopotamia, or in the starker place where Captain Oates walked out into the blizzard and a

lonely death.

## The Aurora

Of the two ships taking part in Sir Ernest Shackleton's expedition, one, the «Aurora», had been employed on a previous exploration, the other the «Endurance» was new. The former under Captain McIntosh left New Zealand in November 1914, the latter under Sir Ernest Shackleton, left Buenos Aires in October of the same year, so that both entered the Antarctic about the same time. The «Endurance» was to penetrate as far as possible into the Weddell Sea, land the exploration party who were to cross the Antarctic Continent to McMurdo Sound, there to be picked up by the «Aurora». Fate, however, proved doubly adverse. The «Aurora», our readers will remember, broke away from her base in the Ross Sea during a blizzard in May 1915 and after drifting about in the Antarctic ice for nearly twelve months, at last reached Dunedin some three months ago. Captain McIntosh is stranded in the Great Barrier near McMurdo Sound together with nine companions, who were ashore when the «Aurora» broke adrift.

Sir Ernest himself has recounted the misfortune of the «Endurance».

## The Endurance

« We left South Georgia on the 5th of December 1914, entered the ice on the 8th and remained in the ice from that day until the 24th of April 1916. Never before had I experienced or heard of worse ice conditions than those prevailing throughout the expedition. On entering the Weddell Sea we found it in places from forty to fifty feet thick. And a series of north-east gales increased our difficulties by driving the ice more thickly around us.

## Abnormal Summer

On the 17th of January 1915 we reached a point at Latitude 76.32, expectantly awaiting the opening of the ice, for it was now summer. But, instead of opening, so abnormal was the summer, it still thickened around us. At the beginning of February the temperature dropped below zero. By the 19th of February it went as low as nineteen degrees below zero Fahrenheit and the sea was solid. It was then that the «Endurance», locked in ice, began to drift to the south-west, passing more than 200[?] miles of hitherto undiscovered coast clad with glaciers discharging into the sea.

## Sun Disappears

On the 15th of April the sun disappeared and was not seen for 109 days. With the beginning of June came the first menace of the ice. In the distance we heard the sounds of pressure, and going out in sledges saw great masses of ice thrown to a height of thirty and forty feet. The sounds drew nearer. There was every chance of the ship becoming involved. All the sledging rations were put on deck. The teams - we had sixty trained dogs - and everything needful were kept in readiness in case of sudden pressure. The danger steadily approached, and it was

common enough to see great blocks of twenty or thirty tons weight thrown up within half a mile of the ship. By the middle of July the pressure was only 300 yards from us and in a blizzard on the 1[..?] of August it caught the ship. The «Endurance» was hove out of the water and driven along in the seething mass till the pressure ceased and she came to rest with split rudder in a chaos of ice. From then onward we were constantly being nipped by the ice. The gravity of the situation increased daily, but the final shock came with tremendous suddenness. On the 15th of October without warning, in the space of ten seconds, the ship was thrown on her beam ends onto the ice. Her stern-post was strained, and falling backwards into the water she began to leak badly. Our pumps just managed to keep the water under. But the [coffer] dam was no sooner built than the ice nipped us again, and our work went for nothing.

### Breaking up of the "Endurance"

On the 26th of October the pressure recommenced, and on the following day the ship's bows were driven into one flow, and, the natural movement taking place, her sides opened out six inches to every ten feet. Then the end came. The ship twisted. Her stern-post and rudder were torn out, and the keel at the after part. The decks buckled up and broke. The pressure was rising ten feet above the ship on the port side. Spurs of ice pierced her sides. The cabins and quarters were smashed like matchwood; motors and galley were driven through into the wardroom. The beams and 'tween-decks gave away and boiler and engines were thrown to one side.

### The Ship Abandoned

Providentially, dogs and stores had been put on the floe the night before and now all hands were ordered to the ice. At five o'clock I abandoned the ship. During that night the thermometers registered sixteen degrees below zero Fahrenheit and a strong wind blew. Twice we shifted camp, owing to the splitting of the ice right beneath us. Next morning the cinematographer was at work picturing the breaking ship. The water was about flush with her decks. There came an extra nip, and the mainmast was twisted out and thrown within ten feet of the man, who never budged in his work.

### The March

The nearest land where there was any possibility of food was Pollard Island, a depot - and it was 346 miles away. We set out on the march, but with fifty days provisions and three boats, and owing to the frequent splitting of the ice and the number of ridges to be cut through, made no more than one mile all the day. To reach Pollard Island was impossible, so we made a permanent camp, and, by cutting through the ice and using long pricklers, broke through the deck of the ship and salvaged over one hundred cases of provisions. On the 20th of November the «Endurance» sank by the head until only the funnels were showing. The mizzen had long before broken off.

### On the Ice Floe

We drifted in the ice-floe all November and December. At the end of the latter month we tried to march but after accomplishing nine miles in five days, encountered rotten ice and retreated to a big floe about two acres in area. We passed all January, February and March of 1916 on the same floe, which steadily grew smaller owing to collisions with bergs and unaccountable splitting, until eventually we were encamped on a cake of ice one hundred yards square. While there we had a narrow escape from annihilation, for a great berg just missed us by 200 yards, leaving in its wake great areas of upturned ice. On the 9th of April our little floe split up and at noon we were forced to leave it, twenty eight men in three boats, one twenty two feet long and the others twenty one feet. A tide rip driving the ice before it caused us grave anxiety and only by dint of hard pulling did we escape being swamped. That night we pulled up our boats but the increasing swell split the ice right under the men's tent. One man was thrown into the water, and I just managed to pull him out in his sleeping bag. There on the rocking floe we awaited daylight.

### Bound for Deception Island

Next day a strong gale blew from the east and sailing and pulling we made west towards Deception Island. That night we drew up again on a floe but the weather worsened and we had to save the boats by cutting the painters and drifting off. In the morning we were surrounded by a crashing mass of ice. At noon however, an opening occurred and we pushed through. That night was spent in our boats for no place could be found to pull up on. At noon next day we discovered that in spite of our efforts and the wind, the current had set us nine miles east of our starting place, and recognising the futility of further efforts to reach Deception Island we turned and headed to the north. The temperature was still below zero and our people suffered much from exposure. Next morning we again held northerly but in the bad light our boat was holed above the water-line. Soon afterwards we came to the open sea and ran till night when we hove to.

### Elephant Island

Next day the peaks of Elephant Island came in sight but the wind veered ahead; taking one boat in tow we beat all night through heavy snow squalls. The low temperature weighted the boatloads and we were constantly compelled to break off the ice. On the morrow we landed on a lea shore and enjoyed our first hot food and first drink (the boats contained no water when we cut adrift from the ice-floe), for two days. On examination many of our men were found to be suffering from frostbite and exposure, and I decided, in spite of the fact that the spring tides would overflow the beach, to allow the men one day's sleep at our landing place. The island was inaccessible with high cliffs all around except for one narrow strip. On the following day we moved seven miles along to a better place but even there could not find suitable access, and were forced to make a sheltering hole in the snow slope.

### The long Pull to South Georgia

On the 24th of April, with five companions, I started in the twenty-two

foot boat on the chance of making South Georgia. We patched her up with bits of boxes and canvas. Throughout the long journey of 750 miles the Antarctic winter lived up to its evil reputation. Snowstorms and gales swept over us, only three times did we see the sun. We were forced to jettison even our spare oars and much of our sleeping gear, and we baled continually. On the fourteenth day we sighted South Georgia, but the seas were breaking on uncharted reefs and we held off. Next morning a north-west hurricane almost forced us on a lee shore and we had to lay on more sail to keep away. The wind however shifted at night and saved us. We could not see but heard the loud roar of the sea breaking on the cliffs.

Next night we beached the boat, being too weak to pull her up. We recuperated in a cave, living on young albatross for four or five days. Then we crossed to the head of the bay, and I decided, as two of our men were unwell, to try and cross the island for assistance from the Whaling Station at Stromness.

At 3 o'clock on the 19th of May, three of us set out, and after thirty six hours incessant marching, at heights varying from two to four thousand feet above the sea level, over glaciers, through soft snow, up and down mountain sides where our steps had to be cut, and finally lowering ourselves down a twenty foot waterfall, reached Stromness Bay. Thence a whaler was despatched for the other three men, returning with them in two days.

### Southward

On the 23rd of May we made an attempt to reach our comrades on Elephant Island but were unable to approach nearer than within sixty miles of them, the ship being of steel and wholly unsuitable for the conflict with the ice. We returned to the Falkland Islands and from there went to Montevideo. A trawler belonging to the Uruguayan Government was placed at our disposal and we again made an attempt at rescue but again we failed although this time we reached within twenty miles of the spot. »

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Thus were fifteen months - from October 1914 to May 1916 - passed in Antarctic wildernesses and unspeakable hardships and dangers that came momentarily /*sic*/. The brief account (the first of any fullness, we may add, hitherto published in South America) is silent on much we eagerly desire to know. But in all its brevity and plainness, it is the record of indomitable heroes battling against the odds of mischances and abnormalities.

13 JULY 1916

Lecture by Sir Ernest Shackleton  
Punta Arenas 9th. July 1916.

Introductory speech by the Rev. J. C. Cater.

Señor Gobernador, Ladies and Gentlemen: I have been asked to preside on this most interesting occasion and to introduce to you our distinguished visitor Sir Ernest Shackleton, and his two comrades, Captain F. A. Worsley and Mr. Tom Crean. (/Applause) /I think we all know the object of Sir Ernest's visit to this place, and I am quite sure that we shall learn from his own lips tonight with what measure of success he has met with regard to the carrying out of that object. In the name of the British Community, and, I think I may venture to add, in the name of all the citizens of this place, we give Sir Ernest and his two comrades a most hearty and cordial welcome to Punta Arenas. /(Loud applause). /Should the object of his visit meet with ultimate success I think we of Punta Arenas will be glad to know that we have perhaps in some small measure rendered assistance towards the successful issue of our guest's visit here. I will now call upon Sir Ernest to deliver to us his lecture . /(Loud and prolonged applause)./

Sir Ernest Shackleton

/Greeted with enthusiastic ovation/

« Your Excellency, Ladies and Gentlemen: The chairman has just made some remarks as regards the object of my visit to Punta Arenas and I am only too sorry that I did not realize before that from Punta Arenas there was an opportunity of making a journey to rescue my comrades. Since I arrived in this city I have not only received practical help. Within 24 hours of my arrival, steps were taken spontaneously to equip a vessel for the rescue of my men and only yesterday a further proof of this practical sympathy was given to me by a message from the president of Chile through the Governor of this Territory offering to put their tow boat /Yelcho/ at my disposal /(loud applause)/. To the British Association of this place I shall never be grateful enough. Whether we are successful or not in saving these men, I lie always under a debt of gratitude to you all. I feel that we are /going/ to rescue them, and I hope that within a fortnight or three weeks time, the twenty-two men at present on Elephant Island will be here fit and well to give you their hearty thanks themselves for the way in which your help has been forthcoming.

I am going to give you a lecture now but unfortunately I have nothing with me in the way of slides to show you, as they are all on Elephant Island; but when I come back I hope to bring them with me and let you see them. The chairman who has just called upon me possesses a certain brevity of his own, which reminds me: -- In the old days when I used to lecture in the small British towns, a chairman once came up to me and said: «Thank you very much for this lecture, the slides were lovely!» I don't want to praise our chairman of tonight, but he is a capital chairman. Ten years ago he was my chairman when I was standing for Parliament and he was just as brief as he is now. I know a chairman who introducing a speaker to whom it had been arranged to allow twenty-five minutes for discourse said «Mr. Smithkins will give his address». Mr. Smithkins rose and said «Mr. Smithkins' home address is 14 Piccadilly, and I wish you all a good night». You get all sorts and conditions of

chairman. This has got nothing to do with the Polar Regions. I remember after lecturing at a certain place one of the Aldermen came around to me and enquired «How is it you make a scientific lecture so interesting?» I replied «I just pick out the most stupid looking man in the audience /(laughter)/ Not here of course /(more laughter)/ to whom I address myself, then if I see a gleam of intelligence cross his face I know I am on safe ground». Looking at me he glaringly observed: «I thank you, for it seemed that you were addressing me the whole time».

You know there is such things as pemmican and also penguins and they sometimes get on to our view. A certain chairman told me that he had loved to see the little «pemmicans» running about in the picture.

Once when I was lecturing in the United States there were 25 people in the Hall - there must have been an accident, I am sure /(laughter)/ But you are not? /(laughter)/.

And before I proceed with my lecture I would like to give you just two more anecdotes so that you may be able to form an idea of the sort of lecture you may expect.

I once lectured for the School of Harrow, for which they gave me a pretty handsome fee and a good reception. On the strength of this I tried Eton College. I said I was prepared to lecture down there for the same some of so-and-so, plus expenses. I received the following reply «In answer to yours etc., this is five times as much as we pay for a really first-class lecturer». /(Laughter)/

The other one happened in Scotland /(Laughter)/. That's nothing to laugh about. I had just given a certain lecture for charity, so thought I was justified in giving one for myself. I hired a hall at Leith for the sum of £5.--.--, spent £2.10.0 on advertising the event, and then the fateful night arrived. I was living at Edinburgh so treated myself to a cab down to Leith, thinking I would easily be able to spring it out of the proceeds. The only people in the Hall were a drunken man, an old woman and two children. (The place would seat at least six hundred.) Before starting I went outside where the conveyance was waiting to take me back to [Edinburgh] again when I was ready, and I said to the cab-man «If you can get somebody to hold your horses for you, come and hear the lecture.» He said «I ken I am a' richt where I am», so I returned to the Hall and went on with the lecture right through to the bitter end, occasionally witnessing the entrance of another victim through the ever open door. The total proceeds were 25/-. It cost me £7.10.0 and my cab fare etc. down from Edinburgh. When I got home that night my wife asked me how the lecture had gone off. I told her there were twenty-five people inside when I finished the lecture; 25 at 1/- each, that's 25/-. «Well» she said «You've got to take 2/- off that because I sent the cook and one of the maids».

#### Sir Ernest Shackleton's Lecture

And now I will leave these personal reminiscences and proceed with the lecture. I am not going to start right from the beginning, the preparation of the vessel etc: suffice it say that out of 5,000 good men



I managed to pick fifty for the expedition. Some of them had been with me before. Tom Crean was with me fifteen years ago when I was with Captain Scott; he was with Captain Scott on another occasion; however, that is another story.

We set out from Buenos Aires, and from the 26th October 1914 until the 20th May 1916 we heard no news whatever from the outside world, because whilst we were at South Georgia no letters came along. We sailed from the latter place on the 5th December 1914, and the object of the expedition was to try and cross the Antarctic Continent from one sea to another. I had another ship the «Aurora» on the other side of the Continent and she was to land a party at McMurdo Sound in order to lay depôts to meet us crossing the Continent. Meanwhile the «Endurance» would return to civilization and await the news that we had arrived on the opposite side to the starting point. I have had a map drawn which we shall put onto the screen to show you the route that the expedition would be expected to take. In Punta Arenas - here, I am sure you will be glad to see it - covered with figures as it is. One minute, I have got some Spanish here - /loud applause/: («Apague la luz» -- «La primera vista». On the chart he indicated the route saying) «We would go from South Georgia - here - land here and then cross the Continent. This is the first 800 miles of unknown land. We would then follow a route made by Captain Scott and myself, then right down here - arriving on the far side of the Antarctic Continent. My other ship would by then be in New Zealand. And that was to be the first crossing of the South Polar Continent; but providence ordained otherwise and we did not get so far.

(Now then, segunda vista please.) The second map when it comes along will be drawn to a bigger scale showing the same Antarctic Continent and the place where my ship went to.

(Upside down - this is the North Pole not the South Pole! ? /laughter/). Up here is South Georgia and this is the track of the ship's route down here.» He proceeded to demonstrate again the route across the ice to the other side of the Continent where the «Aurora» from New Zealand arrived, pointing out new land on the chart.

« On the 5th December 1914 we left South Georgia and three days after entered the pack-ice of the Weddell Sea. Instead of the ice being loose and easily worked we found it very heavy; in fact 1915 was abnormal in the Antarctic region. For fifteen days we picked our way through an extremely heavy pack, in places from thirty to forty feet thick, experiencing much difficulty, in consequence of which our progress was very slow.

On the 10th January (about a month after we left South Georgia) we saw land: Bruce's (Expedition of [1904?]) position, which we passed by.

We had twenty eight men -- but only about twelve of us were sailors, the rest had not been to sea very much and they naturally suffered. But they were very willing to make the best of things and do their best. I remember one of these men was at the wheel one day and there was an iceberg ahead of us. I gave the order to the helmsman «hard a-port». The command was not immediately obeyed, so I asked the man at the helm why

he didn't put her «hard a-port». He said, «Well, I had to blow my nose, I couldn't help it.» Still we went along and each day we saw new things and certain signs of land. Finally we sighted land that had never been seen by human eyes. There is a sensation when one sees land that nobody else has ever seen, and that feeling is difficult to describe to you. We continued on our journey, seeking shelter from the north-east gales wherever, and whenever, such protection could be enjoyed. As we went south we noticed a great migration of seals. They evidently knew instinctively what was coming better than we did. The weather and conditions for the time of year were phenomenal, and we very soon recognized that the ice was going to close up, and the winter coming on much earlier than has hitherto been our experience, so there was nothing for it but to make for the open seas again.

We thought we could get through, though our desires were for the South, but on the 17th January 1915 the ice closed about the «Endurance», never to open again except to let her down to the bottom of the sea. We could then see land about ten miles ahead of us, but the circumstances at that time revealed little hope of escape. However, about the middle of February the temperature dropped as low as 19/20 degrees below zero Fahrenheit, and with the ice firmly formed about us, we thought we might be able to make a march. We spent a day and a half in trying it, but were unable to effect any appreciable progress. Our coal, which was very valuable, was running short.

All precautions were taken to prepare the ship for the winter. The sledges were put on the upper deck, the cabins down below evacuated and habitations established within easy access to the ice. The ward-room was turned into a cabin, which was afterwards known as the «stables», whilst the galley was referred to as the «Ritz». And then our winter life began. In March 1915 the temperature varied between 25 and 30 degrees below zero Fahrenheit. Everything was properly organized and preparations completed so that at a moment's notice we could leave the ship, in case of need, and establish our camp on the ice. The dogs were regularly exercised daily to keep them fit, and incidentally, their masters too. When we started we had 60 dogs, but owing to illness 20 of them died. The others were very well looked after - divided into teams of seven or eight dogs in each man's charge. There was great competition between these men as to who was going to have the best team. I have seen men go into the galley and surreptitiously seek out some valuable food for their dogs. The speed at which these dogs can travel pulling a load of from 100 to 150 lbs. weight is about four miles an hour and they can keep that up for ten hours. They were wonderful dogs but very jealous of one another, more especially the dog that happened to be leader; but they were always kept in order. Now with these dogs we were ready for any emergency should our quarters have to be shifted.

As we looked towards the south (before the beautiful winter nights drew on) we could see land, but it was far, far away and there was no chance of getting there. By June we knew that we were in for a solid drift and that we would eventually reach away to the North. I may mention our position was latitude 77 South. Then we started to drift to the west - then to the north. In the beginning of July signs of distant trouble came to us. You must understand that we were now in a great sea covered

with floating ice 20, 30 and even 40 feet thick - there were huge icebergs in that sea also. When this ice floats on the current, travelling onwards towards the land, continually adjusting and readjusting itself, the pressure from the coast is such - the force sets up a terrific pressure of millions of tons - that no vessel can stand against it but the type specially constructed to go to these regions, and made to lift on with the ice. As far as that goes, our ship was one of the best ever built. It was built by Christiansen of the port of Christiania Norway. It is needless to tell you that Norwegians have been the greatest builders of Polar vessels as they have been the greatest navigators of the polar regions. It was Amundsen who discovered the north-west passage. Amundsen reached the South Pole first; and, what the Norwegians don't know about wooden ship-building is not worth knowing - because they know everything. The finest work possible was put into the «Endurance», not only for money, but for sheer interest in the cause of our expedition (and after all, that is the best one can put into anything; interest in the work!) and so if the pressure had not begun with such phenomenal prematureness I feel we might have been all right.

But this great pressure of ice tumbling into hills of forty or fifty tons, the distant groaning of which communicated itself through the intervening ice, caused us anxiety. It came nearer and nearer and I then realized that my ship would soon become involved. At one time we used to walkout and watch the effects of this pressure - see the great masses of ice heaved up and rolling over one another. About mid-July it was about 40 yards away from us; until finally it knocked its way along towards us, and reached the level of the ship. At about 9 o'clock on the morning of the 1st of August, I went on the floating ice and just as I spoke to Crean, at about 10 o'clock, the ice split under my feet. I ordered all dogs on board and we stood by whilst the sickening pressure sent the «Endurance» before it, sometimes half in the water, sometimes almost out of the water, one and a half or two miles, when the pressure ceased and she slid back into the water all right, except for a damaged rudder.

The temperature was then between 10/15 degrees Fahrenheit. From the 1st August last year to the 20th May this year I never took off my clothes as we had all to be on the alert to be able to do our share at a moment's notice. We had to keep a strict watch at night - each man taking his turn - because sometimes the ice opens slightly and coming together again is apt to nip the ship. Everything was handy in order to get away with the least possible hindrance. Crean was in charge of the sledges and Capt. Worsley of the navigation and instruments, and every man knew his allotted place the moment the call came that he was to abandon the ship. I was still hoping that we should never have to resort to such measures, but about the middle of September we found that a great stranded iceberg was coming down upon us with the current and we only escaped collision with it by about 80 yards.

Early in October the pressure became worse and worse, and one day the ship was suddenly - in ten seconds - thrown on her beam ends without the slightest warning. Think of a big ship like ours being thrown about like that and you can imagine the force of the ice. Everything was cracking, her beams bent and there was a sign of strain all over the ship, and we thought that was the end.

She was about 7 or 8 feet out of the water, but slid back again, leaking badly. We worked day and night trying to pump her out. She was terribly twisted, her sides being open six inches in every ten feet. We constructed a coffer-dam to help matters but the pressure got at us again and all our work was undone.

On the 25th October the ship lay with her bows driven into one piece of ice and with the natural cross-movement, one could then see her twisting. Her stern-post and rudder were torn out and the keel aft was ripped up by the ice. So we were obliged to abandon the ship and put everything we could on shore, or rather on the ice, where we passed that night. Next morning we saw land and we thought we had a good chance of getting there. About noon on the 26th the pressure became more violent ; the ship had also begun to fill. We tried the pumps again; then we felt the beams buckle up, then the 'tween-decks; the sides of the ship were pierced and I knew that she was doomed. The force of the ice drove the motor engine right through the galley, and the galley through the wardroom, the cabins splintered and the doors jammed so that one could not get through them; the lower part of the ship was pretty well occupied by water. I therefore ordered all hands to get onto the ice again and at five o'clock that evening leaving the flag flying I abandoned the «Endurance» myself for good.

We had to leave our camp because the pressure was becoming more dangerous there, so we found another place where we thought we could camp for the night, but I observed that there was a nasty crack right through that piece and we had to spend the time shifting our stores etc. to a safer piece of ice. Next morning we decided to arrange our equipment and load for the march. We had about forty dogs, the three boats, and stores calculated to be sufficient for the twenty-eight men for fifty days. Whilst we were doing this work our cinematographer started to take photographs of the smashed and sinking ship, when the mainmast snapped and was hurled within a few feet of where he stood, but he never stopped taking the photograph, and if this is developed it will be a very remarkable picture. We have got over 5,000 feet of these moving pictures and I hope you'll see them some day. Personally I never felt like going on board again: she was a sort of ideal, and with her my ideals disappeared for the time being.

Now when we left the ship we were 346 miles from the nearest land. Apart from our stores we could get no food. We were unable to march very fast, but I thought we might do four or five miles per day at least, so we started out. Unfortunately we found that owing to the pressure ridges, to work the loads was too heavy. As time went on, of course, the stores were becoming shorter, and I thought that if this went on, as we had only 50 days provisions and 346 miles between us and the land mentioned, our difficulties would never end. So I decided to make a camp on the ice where we were trusting all the time for a north-west drift (in the meantime we had been able to return to the wreck and salvage about 100 cases of stores), and wait until the summer came so that we could put the boats into the water and pull for the North.

Before I go on there are a few pictures of the Antarctic regions which I

have to show you, although they have nothing to do with our Expedition.

(Picture on the screen, a couple of huge icebergs). This is the kind of thing that was all around our small ice camp; we encountered over 125 of these bergs. We had one berg with us from the 17th January 1915 and we had only lost sight of it on the 9th April this year.

So we started drifting North hoping that in a month or two we would get out into the sea and eventually reach land again, but all November passed, and we only did sixty miles per month. Sometimes we had to shift our camp on the floe because the icebergs would come and knock a lump off it; and so the floe on which we were stranded became smaller and smaller, until towards the last it was little bigger than the area of this theatre.

I must tell you that on the 23rd December we left the floe and made another attempt to march but after five days only succeeded in covering nine miles. We marched more by night than day really because during the night a hard crust usually formed, although at times we still sunk up to our knees. We latterly encamped on a drifting floe which we called «Patience Camp» -- a good name for it, because all January, February and March of this year were spent on the same piece of ice which also became smaller as it drifted northwards. In March we saw the distant peaks of Joynville Land - about 50 miles intervened between us and this land. The temperature now got very low. A fearful winter blizzard came on through which we passed a whole night long. Worse than that the food began to get lower. As we were now reduced to one meal per day, and that only a good meal if we managed to catch a seal; we never neglected a single part of that seal - brains and everything went down and if one had to go short on any occasion it was his turn next time, and so on. Every morsel was valuable. The camp was formed of two eight-men tents, three four-men tents, and we had built a galley of snow walls with a bit of canvas and an oar over the opening for a door, and made a stove out of a couple of oil tins. The food was as equally divided as possible, but sometimes there would be a dish of this and a dish of something else; so that to do away with the matter of choice, one man would turn his back and another pointing to the range and the variety of rations would call out «whose is this». The man with his back turned would give a name and so the stuff was allotted. But such is human nature that when one got one's own supply it always looked smaller than the rest.

We were going to make a boat journey eventually and had to economise stores as much as we could. At the end of January we shot our dogs, though we were very sorry to have to do this. There was not much fun in eating the tough old dogs, but the little puppies that had been born with us (like balls of fluff to look at), were pretty tender. I can tell you that fried dog is very fine, although I had more than my share as each man would bring me a fried piece of his own particular dog. But there was one tender-hearted man who could not bear to think of his dog being skinned - they were tough old brutes anyhow - so he had them buried. He saw to this bit of work very carefully but the pressure round about the ice one day threw those dogs about 40 feet into the air./ (Laughter)/. Here we stayed for a while, but the trouble was that the ice was on the move and any minute might break up. We were able to get

an occasional seal and at one time had bagged about 500 penguins. The skins of the latter we used as fuel and the blubber from the seals too. Blubber is not a very nice thing to eat but our men had so acquired the habit of chewing a piece of this valuable fuel that I had to order that no blubber was to be taken for food.

The beginning of April this year - between the end of March and 6th April - we saw the peaks of Clarence Island in the South Shetlands, about 70 miles distant.

On the 8th April we had a narrow escape from destruction, a great berg crushed past within 200 yards of us leaving in its wake masses of churned up ice.

At last after blocked in the ice for over one year we managed to get freely afloat, but again our party was very nearly annihilated. That night we pulled our boats up onto a piece of ice about the size of this place here, but with the swell going on in the night, it commenced to split. I heard a sort of scramble in the men's tent, and managed to get there in time to pull one of the men out of the water in his sleeping-bag. The ice had opened right under the tent. Next morning it opened more and more and eventually I was the only one left on one part of the ice; a boat had to be brought across to take me off. Later on we found a spot where the three boats and all the men could be got onto the ice and we had something hot to eat and drink. The wind came up from the east and we started to run and pull, so we made our direction west to try and reach Deception Island. That night we came out into open sea almost but the sea was so bad, and the gale so severe, that we had to return to shelter to save ourselves and the boats. The wind increased and during the night a floe-berg got undermined near us and we could hear the water booming under the ice; pieces would every now and then be swept away and the ice got smaller and smaller. I remember one huge berg that came floating along in our direction; it was shaped like some enormous antediluvian monster rising and ducking the swell. But that night there was no chance to run at all, so we had to drift with the ice-floe, still progressing to the west as we thought. When daylight came we got away from the floe and picked our way among the floating ice. That day we passed from 100 to 120 seals basking in the sun. At noon we took our positions, and found that after all our efforts we were ten miles further east than we had been when we started. I realized now that there was no chance of reaching Deception Island so I turned northwards for Clarence Island. The temperature was still well below zero, the wind was fiercer, but sheltering to lee of the pack we ran all night, without anything hot to eat or drink. We were exceedingly happy when the morning came; in a tremendous swell but with an increasing wind behind us we went driving into the seas so that in the afternoon we were racing before a gale towards Elephant Island. I slackened sail to wait for the other boats and before night I decided to heave to and hitch the other boats to our own. All that night we lay in the open sea, the temperature so low that the boats were weighed down by the ice that formed about them. We had to keep continually breaking off the ice and baling out the boats. Most of the men suffered badly and some were suffering from frostbite.

Next morning we could see Elephant Island in the distance, and also Clarence Island. My boat had to be patched with bits of wood and canvas where the ice had holed her. Naturally when the ship was finally abandoned we had to leave all personal belongings behind to enable us to travel as light as we could afford to, and the only chart we had with us to consult was a small one dated 1820 which had been torn out of one of the books. At 4 o'clock with our boats' noses ducking into the seas we saw signs that told us we were in for another blow, and later the high waves burst into the boats and we were kept busy bailing them out all the time. All that night we battled with the wind amidst continuous snowstorms. For a time we lost sight of Capt. Worsley's boat; he was unable to come up to us in the squall. By the morrow the blizzard had ceased, we could already see the cliffs of Elephant Island. I asked the other boats if they were all right and then proceeded to put on more sail, my object being to get to the other side of the island. The waves were huge - we could hear them breaking on the cliffs - and our little boat plunged into the sea so heavily that we had to slacken off a bit. We eventually made the lee side of the island and there I saw a nice looking bay and a bit of beach at the foot of the cliffs. We headed straight for it and ran the boats up. The first thing we did was to quench our thirst for the first time for two or three days. Some of our men were suffering badly from frostbite and exposure, and all of us were completely fatigued. Thus on the 16th April we landed; and this was the first land that we had been on since the 15th December 1914. Well we were unable to stay there long because the high spring tides would cover the beach, but in spite of that I allowed the men to sleep that day.

On the next day we moved 7 miles to westward, where there was another beach, but this beach was worse than the first and could not be seen at high tide. The men however, were not in a condition to go any further, so we started to dig a hole in the ice wall, and in that ice hole now, are twenty-two of my men. I then decided that the only thing to do was to try to reach South Georgia in one of our boats and secure help.

(The Big Scale Map, please!) I want to show you clearly the track of the ship to the point where she was sunk, and then to let you follow our journey to Elephant Island.

We were now rather short of provisions because we had started into our sledge stores. When we left the ship everything was abandoned with the exception of scientific records, photographs and the flags that the King and Queen presented to us. All personal gear was left behind - oh, there was one book; an Encyclopaedia Britannica, some of the pages of which made very good tinder for lighting our pipes. (Laughter).

(He then followed the track again of the «Endurance», pointed out South Georgia; where the ship stuck in the ice; and the South Pole.)

As I was saying, we next decided to try to go from Elephant Island to South Georgia - a distance of about 750 miles. So I called for volunteers and all hands volunteered to go out on this long boat journey. It was too hopeless a feat to attempt in the two lighter boats which were not in very good order for such a journey after the last one; only the 22 feet boat could be used for it, and even this was sadly

knocked about. So we tried to make her better, but there was nothing to do it with excepting a few bits of sledge runners, scraps of canvas, and pieces of somebody's pet oilpaintings. Still we improved her a little, although the weather was very bad on the Island and it took us some considerable time to fix her up.

On the 24th April we started away from Elephant Island; there were six of us; three of whom were thrown into the water, but were quickly pulled into the boat although pretty well wet through. The boat then started to ship water, and some of this froze, and we spent our time picking the ice off and baling the slush out of the boat. We only saw the sun three times all the way to South Georgia. On the fourteenth day we sighted the cliffs of South Georgia but the weather became bad with the wind from the North. On the fifteenth day we pitched about in the fiercest hurricane that I have ever heard. The mast bent with the force of it and at one moment we thought it was going to snap but gradually the weather cleared again; we could hear, though not see, the waves breaking on the land. At six o'clock that night the wind came around to the southwest and we had to stand off. Next morning we went back and we realized that it was going to blow again. We had no water and we were pretty weak after fifteen days out without dry clothing and in such awful cold. We eventually succeeded in running her into a little cove, but were too weak to haul up the heavy boat, so all night we held on to her in case of danger, and the following morning did our best to leave her firmly beached. The rudder fell off and went out to sea, yet next afternoon, to our surprise, the rudder came floating back into the little cove; fancy, with thousands of miles before it, to find its way back there. We found this a lonely enough place, but we were obliged to spend three or four days there recuperating on young albatross and whatever we could make up our rations with. While looking outwards one day we were greeted by the great roar of sea elephants showing that there was plenty of food about.

The island of South Georgia had never been crossed by anybody and nobody knew what the interior was like. Two of our men were pretty bad by this time, and I decided that three of us would try and cross the island and leave one man in charge. At three o'clock the following morning Cap. Worsley, Crean and myself started, each man with his share of food and all slung together with a rope. We trudged along for 36 hours, except for half an hour to cook a meal. We went up, and across glaciers, over mountains, up and down all manner of undulations, sometimes travelling at 4/5,000 feet above the sea level. Our trousers were not very good to begin with but by that time they were not worth anything at all. It was pioneer work crossing that island. At five o'clock in the morning, we had half an hour's spell. Then we went on; there was a very steep bit of slope to go up. We laboured up that steep slope and said that we would have another spell when we reached the top of it, but when we got there we found ourselves looking down into Stromness Bay, which we immediately recognized. The night before we three had embraced one another, not for the love we had for one another / (laughter) / but to keep warm; now at the sight below us we found ourselves excitedly shaking hands with one another. Though we were a considerable way off we could hear the steam whistles blowing down below; that was the first sound of the civilized world we had heard for over one and a half, nearly two years, the scene and the sound from that place were more stimulating than anything to us.



We followed our mark but came up against another slope. We didn't want to climb any more mountains, we were fed up with them /(laughter)/. So we started to make a straight descent. Crean and Worsley lowered me down, then they came sliding down after me. It took us two and a half hours to get down one of the slopes we navigated. We knew our troubles were over and we started down the last bit of the descent with no loss of time. The only way down from that point was by a waterfall, and we came down that waterfall pretty quickly.

As we had not shaved for ten months we had long beards and were very dirty as well. We asked two young boys (I can quite understand their fear) the way to the Manager's house but they turned around and fled. Mind you none of us were looking what you might call respectable. /(laughter)/. We managed to find the Manager's house, knocked at the door and asked if Mr. Surly was in; the woman who answered it closed the door in our faces after having eyed us somewhat suspiciously. Then Mr. Surly came along: I said «Good afternoon, Mr. Surly, don't you know me?» He very coldly responded «Good afternoon, I'm afraid I don't, unless you are the mate of the schooner «Daisy»?». «I am not the mate of the «Daisy», I said, my name is Shackleton». He was extremely pleased to see us and at once took us into his house, fed us, and gave us good hot coffee. We had baths, our beards came off, and we felt like human beings once again. The kindness we received there, not only from the manager of the Factory, but from everyone at the Whaling Station, we shall never forget. (Looking at Tom Crean to his right): «I think that is one of their suits you have on!» /(Laughter)/ «He's looking at my boots». /(Loud laughter)/ Yes they came from there also. Capt. Worsley went round with the Norwegian whaler «Southern Sky» and returned to Stromness with the three men we had left on the other side of the Island. On the Tuesday we started out in the same whaler to try and reach my comrades on Elephant Island but failed, as she was not quite suitable for the work.

We returned to the Falkland Islands, and from there went up to Montevideo where the Uruguayan Government lent us one of their trawlers; and in her we managed to penetrate to within 20 miles of where my men are awaiting help. But this iron vessel was too heavy for the work and certain engine troubles increased our difficulties, so we were unable to do any more and had to return again.

In the meantime of course I had wired to England telling them what had happened and received a message in reply to the effect that a relief expedition was coming out; but I thought every minute being precious to us, I would come across to Punta Arenas (while the relief expedition from England was being prepared, and on her way out here) to see whether anything could be fixed up here and a suitable boat procured.

At the time we left Elephant Island there were five full weeks rations for the men - i.e. ten weeks on half rations - and two seals. They might be able to get penguins also, but I cannot swear to it. So every day counts as to the lives of these 22 men I have left on the island. They are all men with good hearts, and they have got a man Wild, (who was on Scott's first expedition, on my last expedition, and now on this one) who /IS/ a man, and I hope you will all see him. He is second in command of the present expedition. He is a man (as a Norwegian once told me) of

strong character and he has the confidence of everyone on that island, just as I have his confidence; and these two men here (pointing to Capt. Worsley and Tom Crean) know this as well as I do.

So you can imagine we are anxious right down in our hearts to get these good fellows back; and I must say that it is one of the best moments and times of my life to feel the response that came up, and the suggestion that the thing should be done right here from Punta Arenas. And it was done quickly. Here, I have received help and encouragement, and I hope to bring the men back to thank you personally, as I know our people at Home will do.

Before I stop I must tell you that an Expedition is being equipped by the New Zealand and Australian Governments to take the other men off from McMurdo Sound. There is no anxiety about these men, all their stores were landed and they have sufficient food to keep them for three or four years.

Our expedition has not been a real success, but that only means putting it off for a time. The business now is the saving of these men I have been speaking about, and when that is done, and I can gather men about me for another expedition, we shall cross the Antarctic Continent. Not only is it the joy of exploring but there are scientific problems to be solved, matters of weather that affect even this country here. The weather is affected by the sea -- down here especially, and by this study we come to a better knowledge of what weather may be, its effect on stock and so forth. Apart from that scientific record, there is the desire to see new lands and to be the first to cross new continents. I [know] we have not succeeded this time but success invariably follows failure. My name has been known to the general public for a long time and it has mostly been as leader, but how much depends upon the men! What I do would be small, did we not work well together. Though we did not succeed this time, it means we /will/.

I appreciate my men on Elephant Island, and the two men I have on my right are fine fellows.

/(Rapid exit of the modest Capt. Worsley and Tom Crean)./

Rev. J. C. Cater

I am sure we have all listened to Sir Ernest with a great deal of interest tonight. The homely way in which he has told us his story has helped to make the lecture all the more interesting. I would ask all of you to give Sir Ernest a hearty vote of thanks for his very instructive as well as entertaining lecture and to join with me in devoutly hoping and praying that the relief ship which is being fitted out here may be successful in rescuing his twenty-two brave comrades on Elephant Island.  
/(Loud and prolonged applause)./

Sir Ernest Shackleton replied to the vote of thanks and wished everybody «Good Night».

\* \* \*

## Banquet at the Gobernación

On Thursday evening last [6th], His Excellency, the Governor of the Territory, gave a banquet at the Gobernación in honour of Sir Ernest Shackleton.

At the conclusion of the repast His Excellency spoke as follows:--

« Sir Ernest, excuse me these few words. It is a great pleasure to us to have you here. I want you to know how sincerely I hope that you will be able to rescue your brave companions of the expedition and have a happy and merry return to your country, where you will surely be much honoured with the conquest that, with your efforts, you have made to the knowledge of geography and the progress of science. I drink to your health and to the welfare of England. »

After drinking this toast Sir Ernest Shackleton responded as follows:--

« Your Excellency, I am very pleased that I came to Chile and I wish to thank you for the hospitality which I have received at your house, and more especially for the kind words you have used in hoping for the ultimate rescue of my comrades in Elephant Island. I feel that although they are far away, the kindness that you have shown to me is an earnest of the kindness that they will receive on their arrival in Punta Arenas. »

Señor Urrutia Semir then proposed the health of Lady Shackleton and her children, which was drunk with great enthusiasm, and was suitably responded to by Sir Ernest.

The following people assisted at the banquet:-- His Excellency Don Fernando Edwards, Doña Javiera Ortúzar de Edwards, Señoritas Oriana and Teresa Edwards, Sir Ernest Shackleton, Captain Vallejos, Mr. J. E. Bell, Don Francisco and Señora Campos, Señor and Señora Urrutia Semir, Mr. and Mrs. T. R. D. Burbury, Mr. and Mrs. M. Rooze, Mr. W. Peet, Mr. Mariano Edwards, and Mr. F. D. Paton.

\* \* \*

## Telegram from the President

On Saturday evening [8th] His Excellency, the Governor of the Territory received the following telegram from the President of the Republic:--

/Please greet Sir Ernest Shackleton and place the Government patrol boat «Yelcho» at his disposition, in order that this celebrated explorer, who I hope will be extremely successful, may be able to rescue his gallant comrades,

(Sgd.) SANFUENTES/

\* \* \*

## Shackleton Relief Expedition

The British Association of Magallanes has decided to pay for the organisation and equipment of a relief expedition to rescue the members of Sir Ernest Shackleton's expedition who were left on Elephant Island. To this end, a fund was immediately started, and a number of persons wishing to transfer the amounts which they had subscribed to the «Magellan Times» Aeroplane Fund, the list commenced with some £700. Other subscribers readily came forward, and as we go to press the Fund has reached about £1,500, a figure which is probably sufficient to cover the cost of the expedition.

The schooner /Emma/, with Sir Ernest Shackleton and his two companions, Captain Worsley and Mr. Crean on board, left at midnight on Wednesday [12th] for Elephant Island. She is being towed by the Government patrol boat /Yelcho/, which will take her two hundred miles south of Cape Horn.

20 JULY 1916

The lecture given by Sir Ernest Shackleton in the Municipal Theatre on the Sunday before last [9th] resulted in the most satisfactory sum of \$2,000, which has been distributed as follows: The local Hospital, \$1,000; the British Red Cross Society, the Duke of Portland's Fund for the French Red Cross, \$500.

\* \* \*

### The Shackleton Relief Expedition

As we announced last week, the /Emma/ with Sir Ernest Shackleton, Capt. Worsley and Tom Crean on board left at midnight on Wednesday the 11th instant for Elephant Island to rescue the other members of the expedition who had been left there.

The only news received up to the present was from the coasting steamer /Armando/ which passed the /Emma/ on the day following her departure at the entrance to Brecknock Channel. We trust, however, that in a few days time they will arrive back successfully with their rescued comrades.

The /Emma/ is a schooner fitted with a motor to burn parafine and belongs to Messrs. Mayer Braun and R. A. Ewing. She has been chartered for the voyage at eighteen pounds per day, which includes the wages of the engineer, cook and two sailors, together with their food. She has been well provisioned with everything necessary for a voyage of two or three months, so that in case the ice prevents them from approaching the islands, they may wait around for a few weeks on the chance of the ice clearing.

The Government patrol boat /Yelcho/ had orders to tow the /Emma/ as far as two hundred miles south of Cape Horn, and we are eagerly awaiting her return to gain some news as to the commencement of the voyage, weather conditions, etc.

27 JULY 1916

The Government patrol-boat /Yelcho/ arrived back early on Tuesday morning [25th]. She brought the following letter from Sir Ernest Shackleton to the President of the British Association of Magallanes:--

/Port Juan,  
Staten Island.  
17th July.

Dear Sir,

Please inform the members of the British Association of Magallanes that owing to bad weather, damage to the Yelcho, and broken tow-rope, I [am] only leaving this place today. I am ever mindful of you who sent me forth on this chance for the safety of my men.

I feel, but I cannot write.

Yours faithfully,

(sgd) Ernest Shackleton/

The following particulars of the /Yelcho's/ trip are taken from the account published on «El Magallanes» last night:

« We left Punta Arenas, as you know, on the night of Wednesday the 12th instant. Our intention was to navigate through the Beagle Channel. We arrived at the port of Barruu, where we had to complete our preparations, and everything was ready to commence the voyage on the following morning. A strong gale was blowing with every sign of increasing in force. Shortly after starting the tow-rope broke and the /Yelcho/ had to do a certain amount of manoeuvring before she could pick up the /Emma/ again.

Owing to the bad weather, Sir Ernest Shackleton thought that it would be better to return to Punta Arenas, so we accordingly made for that port again. On the way it was decided not to call at Punta Arenas but to proceed through the Straits of Magellan and enter the South Atlantic by way of Dungeness.

We navigated all that night without sighting anything, the proof of which is that none of the lighthouses advised Punta Arenas that the /Yelcho/ and /Emma/ had passed.

On entering the Atlantic, we continued the voyage in the worst possible weather, the huge seas causing us to roll tremendously. The crew had to go without food for the whole of the day. In spite of this, we managed to make headway, but not without suffering some damage.

On our arrival off the Argentine port of San Sebastian, the tow-rope broke again, and we had great difficulty in picking up the /Emma/ but eventually succeeded and continued the voyage. We had only gone a further eight miles when she again broke loose, and we had more trouble.

On reaching her, Sir Ernest Shackleton announced his intention of proceeding under his own sail.

On consulting the engineer of the /Yelcho/ as to the possibility of continuing the voyage, he replied that he thought it was impossible owing to the damage to the engines; so it was decided to put into the port of San Sebastian for repairs.

The /Emma/ went ahead with a strong wind prevailing.

We worked all night in making good the damage. When all the repairs were completed the Captain asked the engineer if he was confident that she could proceed with safety, to which the engineer replied that he had done everything that was possible but that he would not guarantee her.

Notwithstanding, we went forward and made a course towards Isla de los Estados, where we thought that we would probably pick up the schooner. Although we kept a strict watch we passed the whole day without catching sight of her.

At 2 o'clock in the morning we saw the lighthouse of Isla de los Estados; at 3 we saw the masts of a schooner; at 4 o'clock we recognised the /Emma/ at about four miles distant.

The /Yelcho/ approached the schooner, and her commander again put himself at the orders of Sir Ernest Shackleton.

In order to take up the tow-rope again, it was necessary to wait until daylight and both vessels made for the harbour of San Juan. On arrival the schooner was furnished with sundry materials and tools. Shortly after, the voyage was continued on a course indicated by Sir Ernest Shackleton.

As there was a favourable wind, towing was discontinued by mutual agreement, and the sails of the /Emma/ being unfurled, she went away at such a speed that the /Yelcho/ was unable to keep up with her. We accordingly left the schooner at a distance of about 300 miles from Elephant Island, which she should reach about the following day. »

\* \* \*

### The Magellan Times Aeroplane Fund

As we announced in a previous issue/ [July 13]/, a large number of subscribers to the above fund asked to have their donations transferred to the Shackleton Relief Fund, and between £700 and £800 was passed over.

It was a matter of urgency that an expedition should be immediately organized in an endeavour to save the lives of the twenty-two men of Sir

Ernest Shackleton's party who were left on Elephant Island, and the aeroplane subscriptions have gone along way towards the success of the fund and, we hope, of the expedition.

We should like to ask our camp friends to do what they can to raise subscriptions on their respective farms so that we can carry out our original intention and present the War Office with a «Magellan Aeroplane» as a proof of our loyalty to the «Old Country».

Should sufficient money not be forthcoming to purchase an aeroplane one or more machine-guns will be presented instead. The following is the state of the fund at present:--

W. Perkins	£25.--.--
Norman Naish	10.--.--
Mrs. Naish	10.--.--
R. Riddell	10.--.--
Frank Somersby	5.--.--
Miss Bridges	1.--.--
G. L. Ashton	10.--.--
J. A. Esdale	2.--.--
C. A. T. Riesco	5. 5.--
Miss Fraser	1.--.--
F. H. Evans	10.--.--
Interest to 30/6/16	6. 4

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Total to date	£89.11. 4
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3 AUGUST 1916

We read in the «Buenos Aires Herald» that amongst the members of the Shackleton Expedition left on Elephant Island was a boy who stowed away on board the /Endurance/, when she was in Buenos Aires, and who was not discovered until the ship was well on her way to the southwards. If this boy was looking for adventure he got it, and we have no doubt that if he survives this trip his thirst for exploring will be quenched.

10 AUGUST 1916

The Shackleton Relief Expedition

We regret to announce that Sir Ernest Shackleton's expedition for the rescue of the men at Elephant Island has been unsuccessful owing to bad ice conditions. He arrived at Port Stanley on Friday last [4th], and was unable to make this port owing to engine troubles.

The following telegram was received from him by the British Association of Magallanes:--

/4th August 1916.

To the President.

British Association, Magallanes.

« Much regret unsuccessful bad ice conditions. Force return Port Stanley. Engine broken down, could not make Punta Arenas. Have asked Admiral Lopez to send Yelcho to tow us across. Please second my request urgent that the matter be pushed through. »

(Sgd) ERNEST SHACKLETON/

to which the following telegram was sent in reply:

/Ernest Shackleton,  
Port Stanley.

Association deeply regrets ill luck. Your request was telegraphed Valparaiso this afternoon should have reply tomorrow afternoon, meanwhile Yelcho preparing. We shall do everything possible.

Allan Macdonald,  
Vice-President./

The following day [5th] the Chilean Government sent a telegram from Santiago authorising the /Yelcho/ to proceed to Port Stanley to bring over the /Emma/, and the British Association despatched the following telegram to Sir Ernest:--

/«Request granted, Yelcho should leave daylight tomorrow.»/

And received this reply:

/«Deeply grateful. Trust Yelcho will arrive Port Stanley promptly. She should be fully coaled and bring her wire tow rope. Please do nothing regarding suggested second expedition as Discovery is on way out.»/

Although the British Community of Punta Arenas are prepared to assist Sir Ernest in another expedition if necessary, we were pleased to hear that the /Discovery/ (Scott's old ship) was on her way to rescue these poor fellows, and we sincerely hope that she will arrive soon.

It is a long time since these men were left on Elephant Island with only a small amount of provisions, and although we all of us still have hopes of their ultimate rescue, it necessarily must be a matter of urgency.

Unfortunately, owing to the sickness of the Captain, the /Yelcho/ was unable to get away until Monday [7th], and Sir Ernest was advised of this in the following telegram:

/« Owing sickness Captain, Yelcho only sailed eleven Monday morning. »/



A wireless received from Sir Ernest announces that the /Yelcho/ arrived at Port Stanley last night [9th] and left this morning for Punta Arenas.

With ordinary luck, she would arrive here with the /Emma/ on Saturday.

17 AUGUST 1916

Sir Ernest Shackleton, Captain Worsley and Mr. Crean arrived from Port Stanley in the /Emma/ early on Monday morning [14th], and we were all pleased to welcome them back again.

\* \* \*

The Shackleton Relief Expedition

Voyage of the Schooner «Emma»

Sir Ernest's Report

« The following is a report of the voyage of the schooner Emma, so generously chartered, equipped and provisioned by the members of the British Association of Magallanes and in delivering this report, I take the opportunity of expressing my deep sense of gratitude to the Association for what they have done and my keen regret that owing to the adverse forces of nature I have not been able to effect the rescue of my twenty-two comrades marooned on Elephant Island.

The Emma left Punta Arenas at 11.40 p.m. on the 12th of July. The following is the personnel of the expedition:-- Sir Ernest Shackleton, C.V.O. Captain, Irish; Captain F. A. Worsley, R.N.R. Chief Officer, New Zealander; Tom Crean, R.N., Second Officer, Irish; L. Aguirre, Chilean Navy, Third Officer, Chilean; H. Gosselin, Engineer, American; A. Delcey, Cook, Mauritian; D. Gateca, A.B., Chilean; M. Piosca, A.B., Andorran; E. Neyman, A.B., Norwegian; J. Johannsen, A.B., Russian Finn.

We proceeded in tow of the Chilean patrol-boat Yelcho, generously lent by the Chilean Government. My original intention was to proceed through the channels via the Brecknock Pass, calling at Picton to replenish bunkers from the coal placed at our disposal there by the Chilean Government, but being faced by strong westerly wind the following day, and our tow line having parted, I decided to go out via Cape Virgins in order not to risk the tow-line parting again when passing through the Brecknock Channel, with the wind in the position that it then was.

On Saturday the 15th we entered the open sea with a fresh increasing gale and a rough lumpy short sea. At 10 o'clock in the morning the tow-line parted, and at 11 o'clock we proceeded again in tow. At 1 p.m. the tow-rope parted again so I set sail. At 3 p.m. the Yelcho hailed us and the Captain informed me that he had to go into port as a pipe had broken and his bilges were full of water. I informed him that I would steer for Staten Island, and that I was short of coal and water. The

winter moderated towards night and the next day, Sunday, July 16th, it was calm and we proceeded all day under her motor engine. At 4 in the morning of the 17th we observed the Yelcho coming up astern. Later she took us in tow and we entered San Juan Harbour. I there took coal and water from her, also the Chilean Officer, L. Aguirre volunteered and was permitted by the Commander of the Yelcho to accompany the expedition. I here wish to state that he was a great help to us throughout the whole time. At 4 o'clock we left San Juan Harbour and steered south in fine weather and with a moderate breeze. At 10.30 p.m. the Commander of the Yelcho asked us to let go the tow-line, I thereupon did so and set all sail. We were then about 460 miles north-west of Elephant Island. For the next two days we made good progress with strong favourable winds.

On the 20th of July the wind shifted to the south and we made little progress. The weather was heavy and there was constant snow. It blew hard on the 21st and at 7 o'clock in the morning, to our great disappointment, we saw the ice ahead of us in long streams of heavy old pack. We were still more than 100 miles north-west of the island and the conditions were much worse than the last time I made the attempt. We passed through the first stream of ice but then encountered much more formidable pack and were forced to retreat.

The schooner rising and falling in the heavy north-west swell came down on the ice and carried away the outer bobstay. The water inlet pipe of the engine became choked with ice and the engine stopped. All that day we proceeded to the east, keeping to the edge of the ice; but unfortunately found it trending continually to the north-east. We hove-to during the night, which lasted sixteen hours, with a heavy south-east wind, and owing to the driving spray and the schooner rising and falling in the sea, the running gear, sails and bows of the ship became iced up. The engines were running unsatisfactorily, and indeed from the time we left we had only one day when they were at all useful. On the following morning we started at daylight towards the eastward. We were now 128 miles north of the island, and the ice-blink to the south warned us that it would be impossible, even if the wind was fair, to proceed in that direction. That night there was a strong wind, and we added to the coating of ice all over the ship. Next morning I decided to return to Punta Arenas as it was obvious that the ice conditions were too formidable and the ship was becoming unmanageable as a sailing vessel, and as a power-driven vessel, owing to the breakdown of the engines, she was useless. We proceeded to the westward and the engines ran satisfactorily during the day, and this was the last occasion on which they were any help. From the 25th of July to the 2nd of August we had a practically constant north-west wind, at times increasing to a gale which precluded all chance of making Punta Arenas and during the few calms the engines were useless. We finally arrived at Port Stanley in the Falkland Islands at 7 o'clock p.m. Thursday the 3rd of August, from which port I cabled to the Association the failure of the attempted rescue of my comrades. I also cabled Admiral Lopez requesting him to send the Yelcho to tow us across to Punta Arenas. Admiral Lopez, after communicating with his Government, most kindly acceded to my request and the Yelcho arrived at Port Stanley on the 9th of August under the command of Commandante Pardo. We left for Punta Arenas at 10 a.m. on the 10th and arrived at Punta Arenas at 3.30 p.m. on Monday. We had very bad

weather on the voyage across, on one occasion, in a gale, parting the tow-rope but Commandante Pardo stood by us throughout the night and at the earliest opportunity picked us up again. I cannot speak too highly of the seaman-like way in which Commandante Pardo handled the Yelcho in this heavy weather. We made the land in a dense fog and on its lifting, saw Dungeness lighthouse ahead and proceeded through the Narrows to Punta Arenas.

Thus ended our third attempt to rescue my men on Elephant Island. We were unsuccessful but I never will forget the prompt and practical assistance given by the British Association of Magallanes, and the Association will be glad to hear that the Polar-ship Discovery is now en route for Port Stanley and I hope to leave in her for Elephant Island early next month. »

24 AUGUST 1916

#### New Shackleton Relief Expedition

It is understood that the Chilean Government has generously acceded to Sir Ernest Shackleton's request that they would send the /Yelcho/ to make another attempt to rescue the twenty-two marooned men on Elephant Island. This act is a further proof of the sympathy of the Chilean people, and will be appreciated, not only by the British people of Punta Arenas but throughout the world. The /Yelcho/ is leaving at 10 o'clock tonight.

\* \* \*

Sir Ernest Shackleton is making his fourth attempt to rescue his comrades on Elephant Island, and is leaving to-night, together with Captain F. A. Worsley and Mr. Crean, by the /Yelcho/, kindly lent for the purpose by the Chilean government. We sincerely hope that his present attempt will be crowned with success and that in a few days time he will return with his rescued men.

31 AUGUST 1916

On Thursday evening [24th] Sir Ernest Shackleton, Captain Worsley and Mr. Crean were in the British Association to say farewell to the members on their departure to Elephant Island again. The Vice-President, Mr. A. M. McDonald, in the name of the members, wished Sir Ernest and his companions the best of luck in this, their fourth expedition; to which Sir Ernest responded, thanking the members for the kindness he had received here and for the extreme interest that they had taken in the attempts at rescuing his marooned comrades.

A large number of people saw the intrepid explorer off from the

passenger mole.

\* \* \*

## Shackleton's New Expedition

The /Yelcho/ with Sir Ernest Shackleton, Captain Worsley and Mr. Crean on board, left for Elephant Island a little before midnight on Thursday last [24th].

A wireless message, dispatched from Ushuaia on Sunday by Sir Ernest, was received here on Monday morning. It says:-- « All goes well. Kind Regards. Shackleton. »

Further news has been received that the /Yelcho /coaled at Picton on Sunday and left for the south the same night. She should reach Elephant Island early on Wednesday morning.

A wireless message from the Argentine Meteorological Station at New Year Island states that the weather has been extremely good, which augurs well for the success of the expedition.

We trust that the good news of the rescue of the marooned men will be received before we go to press again.

7 SEPTEMBER 1916

## SHACKLETON'S MEN RESCUED

### Yelcho's Successful Expedition

#### Arrival at Punta Arenas

#### Indescribable Enthusiasm

On Friday evening [1st] and Saturday morning [2nd] rumours were rife in the town that the Yelcho's expedition to Elephant Island had been successful and that all the marooned men had been rescued. Where the rumours came from, no one knows.

On Sunday [3rd] at about eight o'clock in the morning news came through from Rio Seco that the Yelcho was on her way to Punta Arenas with Sir Ernest Shackleton and his rescued comrades on board.

The news spread like wild-fire; the firebells rang out to advise the populace; flags were hoisted, and the townspeople of all nationalities, hurried to the mole to give a Punta Arenas welcome to the intrepid men who have suffered so much in the cause of science and knowledge.

Never before, in the history of Magallanes, has a crowd been seen such as that which gathered to witness the entrance of the Yelcho. The Fire

Brigades, the Batallon Magallanes, the Police Force, the Cruz Roja, the Boy Scouts and the Municipal Band were all present.

Several of the Municipal Authorities, representatives of the Navy and Army, and others went on board to congratulate Sir Ernest Shackleton and Comandante Pardo on the success of the expedition, and were introduced to the rescued men. These were:

Mr. Frank Wild, Second in Command of the Expedition.

Mr. J. Wordie, Geologist.

Mr. L. D. Hussey, Meteorologist.

Mr. R. S. Clark, Biologist.

Mr. J. T. James, Physicist.

Mr. G. E. Marston, Artist.

Dr. J. McIlroy, Doctor.

Dr. A. H. Macklin, Doctor.

Major Orde Lees, In charge of Motors.

Mr. F. Hurley, Cinematographer.

Mr. L. Greenstreet, First Officer.

Mr. H. Hudson, Second Officer.

Mr. A. Cheetham, Third Officer.

Mr. Rickensen, Chief Engineer.

Mr. A. J. Kerr, Second Engineer.

Messrs. How, Stevenson, Bakewell, McLeod and Holness, Able Seamen.

Mr. Green, Cook.

Mr. Blackborrow, Steward.

The last-named, unfortunately, was suffering from frostbite and was taken by the Cruz Roja to the hospital, where everything had been prepared to receive him. We are pleased to hear that he has since been successfully operated on and that he is well on the road to recovery.

At the end of the mole were His Excellency the Governor of the Territory, Don Fernando Edwards, the Commandante of the Batallon Magallanes, Mayor Espíndola, and other local authorities, Members of the Consular Corps together with a number of members of the British Colony and others.

As the two launches came alongside the mole, a royal cheer of welcome was raised and the Band struck up the Chilean Anthem.

Sir Ernest, on stepping ashore, was warmly welcomed by the Governor and others, and presented his comrades as they stepped onto the mole. A procession was formed, and headed by the Band, playing the British National Anthem, they marched down the mole with cheers for Sir Ernest Shackleton, the Chilean Navy and Comandante Pardo.

The procession headed for the Hotel Royal, amidst a huge and enthusiastic crowd of people shouting their welcome to the intrepid explorers.

On their arrival, Sir Ernest, from one of the upper windows of the hotel, presented his comrades, one by one, to the populace who greeted them with /hurra/ and /viva/.

Immediately on their arrival, arrangements were made to procure clothes, arrange for accommodation, fix up a hair-cutting establishment, and generally speaking, to give our friends a civilised appearance. Many of them were taken away to private houses to partake of the hospitality that Punta Arenas likes to show.

\* \* \*

In the evening, a reception was held in the rooms of the British Association of Magallanes. Amongst those present were Sir Ernest Shackleton, Mr. Frank Wild, and the other members of the expedition, The Governor of the Territory, Admiral Lopez, Captain Vallejos, Messrs. Fco. Campos, Cervero, M. Iglesias, Mayer Braun, Lieut. Aguirre, Messrs. Burbury, Peet, McDonald, Dickson, Foulon, Jackson, Cook, Riesco, Myer, Richards, Clarkson, A. Cameron, Petersen, B. Townsend, Ross, L. Arentsen, Somerville, Bishop, F. H. Townsend, Hayes, C. A. Milward, L. Jacobs, A. Milward, Williams, Gilmour, Matheson, Jones, Cooper, Paton, Urra, A. Jacobs, W. Dickson, Pollock, Aiken, Nixon, G. Cameron and Rev. J. C. Cater. [Breen?]

Shortly after the arrival of the guests, the Vice-President of the Club, Mr. A. M. McDonald, in the name of the members, congratulated Sir Ernest on the success of the expedition and welcomed the party to Punta Arenas. He warmly thanked Admiral Lopez and Comandante Pardo for the gallant way in which they had organised and carried out the rescue of our fellow-countrymen, and asked all those present to drink the toast of the Chilean Navy, coupled with the names of Admiral Lopez and Comandante Pardo.

Mr. Hussy then obliged with a solo on the banjo which he has kept with him from the start of the expedition.

When the applause died down, Admiral Lopez, in an eloquent speech in English, said how pleased he was that the expedition had been successful and proposed the toast of Sir Ernest Shackleton and the members of the expedition. This was drunk with great enthusiasm.

Other songs, chiefly topical ones on the life in Elephant Island composed by the singers, were sung by Messrs. G. E. Marston, F. Wild, J. T. James, L. D. Hussey, and A. Cheetham.

Sir Ernest then got up and in a most brilliant speech (which we are sorry we cannot give verbatim) thanked the Chilean Navy, Admiral Lopez, Commandante Pardo, and the members of the British Association of Magallanes for the way in which they had worked for the rescue of his marooned men. This speech was received with immense applause.

Other songs were rendered, and other speeches made, amongst which was a notable one from Mr. Frank Wild, and a historic evening in the annals of the British Association eventually came to an end.

\* \* \*

Immediately on his return, Sir Ernest despatched the following telegram

to His Majesty, King George V.

/Private Secretary,  
Buckingham Palace,  
London

Request you convey to the King with my humble respects following:--  
Acceding my request, Chilean Government placed at my disposal steamer  
officered, manned, equipped. In this, under providence, we rescued all  
well our 22 comrades. I conveyed them His Majesty's gracious message of  
June 1st. They respectfully thank the King for his kindly interest. I  
desire, if in order, to add the safety and wellbeing of party was  
primarily due to qualities of leadership, tact, and force of character  
of Frank Wild, commander of party.

(Sgd) Shackleton./

and received the following message in reply:

/(Windsor Castle)

Sir. E. Shackleton,  
Punta Arenas/

/Most heartily rejoice that you have rescued your twenty two comrades  
all well. Congratulate you on the result of your determined efforts to  
save them and that success crowned your fourth attempt. I greatly admire  
the conduct of their leader Frank Wild which was so instrumental in  
maintaining their courage and hope. I trust you will soon bring them all  
safely home.

(Sgd) George R. I./

The following telegram of congratulation was received from the Director  
General of the Chilean Navy, Admiral Muñoz Hurtado:

/(Valparaiso)

Sir E. Shackleton,  
Punta Arenas./

/Please receive my warmest congratulations for successful result of  
enterprise due entirely to your decision and endeavour. The Chilean  
Navy, officers and men, have received the news of the rescue of the  
British sailors as if it were a rescue of wrecked men of our own.

(Sgd) Admiral  
Muñoz Hurtado/

\* \* \*

Sir Ernest's Report

Yelcho's Success

Our fourth attempt to rescue our comrades has succeeded, and they are now all safe and well. The Chilean Government generously placed at my disposal the steamer /Yelcho/, under the command of Commandante Pardo, which was manned and equipped at the Government's expense. We left Punta Arenas on August 25th. I set a course this time to approach Elephant Island from the north-west, hoping that the ice had worked north-east. My hope was realised on August 30th. After steering in a fog through stranded bergs, I reached Wild's camp all well at one p.m. At 2 p.m. we were homeward bound. To the Chilean Government, to Admiral Muñoz Hurtado and to Admiral Lopez, I owe the deepest thanks for providing the means of rescue. In Commandante Pardo, who was in command of the /Yelcho/, and Lieutenant Aguirre we had skilled and enthusiastic sailors which largely contributed to the success of the expedition. The untiring energy of Señor José Beltrán, the Chief Engineer, also assisted to the same end. With Wild lies the credit of keeping together in strength and safety the party, under the most trying and difficult conditions. Also, I cannot speak too highly of Crean and Worsley, who have seen this through with me.

\* \* \*

#### The Report of Mr. Wild

#### The Marooned Men's Story

The following is Mr. Frank Wild's report:

On the 25th of April, the day after the departure of your boat, the island was beset by dense pack. The party was confined to a narrow spit two hundred and fifty yards long by forty yards wide, surrounded by inaccessible cliffs and ice-laden seas. We abandoned the icehole, which was made untenable by the snow conditions, and made a dwelling with the two boats supported by rocks, as far as practicable from the sea. The weather continued to be appalling, and with the difficult work, the whole party's vitality was low, due to exposure. Several were frost-bitten. A heavy blizzard swept valuable gear into the sea. In May there was grave anxiety through the danger of being swept away by the heavy seas due to the blizzard's force of seventy miles per hour, but an ice-foot formed on the seashore as the temperature fell. This protection was the means of saving us from total destruction. On several occasions the adjacent glacier calved, throwing up heavy waves. On one occasion blocks of ice were hurled within fifteen feet of our dwelling.

#### Existence on the Island

Observing that we were beset, I realised the probable difficulty that our leader would have in effecting an early relief, and I drastically economised with the food, allowing one hot meal daily until our blubber reserve strengthened. Our valuable stock of bovril rations were used for two meals weekly, supplying a vital change of diet. Life was well maintained. Having arrived late in the season, nature's providence kept us in anxiety and our meat supply was constantly depleted, but was periodically replenished by small batches of penguins. Seals were unable to land owing to the icefoot. From June onwards the weather was better



as regards the wind but there was a constant pall of fog and snowfalls. In midwinter we amputated Blackborrow's toes. Whenever the sea opened I had renewed hopes of relief. The three previous attempts synchronized with the times that the island was beset. In August we were able to collect seaweed and limpets, a valuable change of diet. The deep water, heavy sea, and ice prevented us from fishing.

### The Rescue

On August 28th a gale expelled the pack from the island. On the 30th, through the lifting fog, we suddenly saw the Yelcho steering through the maze of stranded icebergs. An hour later we were homeward bound.

I wish to record the good morale of the party.

\* \* \*

### Reception in the British Association

On Wednesday afternoon [6th] a reception in honour of Sir Ernest Shackleton and his comrades was held in the rooms of the British Association of Magallanes. About half-past three a large number of guests began to arrive and the scene became very animated. The decorations left nothing to be desired. The library was set apart for refreshments, the tables literally groaning under the weight of the good things provided. In another room a champagne buffet was arranged for the non tea-drinkers. After a short interval the refreshment room was thronged with a number of ladies, charmingly dressed and gallantly attended to by various gentlemen. Conversation and repartee helped to pass the tea time very pleasantly and soon it was announced that there would be dancing. Needless to say, after the band struck up, numerous couples proceeded to the billiard room to participate in this delightful form of recreation. We noticed that a number of our friends from Elephant Island have not forgotten how to dance in spite of their long absence from civilisation.

Dancing continued until about seven o'clock and most of the people regretted that they could not spend a few more hours in this form of amusement. Sir Ernest Shackleton passed most of the afternoon in conversation with distinguished officers of the Navy and Army and other members of the community, probably giving them information relative to his experience in Polar regions. During the whole afternoon his face was wreathed in smiles and he evidently impressed his hearers very much.

Practically all the town members of the British Association were present and materially assisted in making things pleasant for the visitors.

Amongst those present we noticed the following:-- Sir Ernest Shackleton, Messrs. F. Wild, Tom Crean, J. T. James, J. Wordie, L. D. Hussey, G. E. Marston, R. S. Clark, Doctors J. McIlroy and A. H. Macklin, Major Orde Lees, Capt. F. A. Worsley, Messrs. L. Greenstreet, H. Hudson, Rickensen, A. J. Kerr, H. E. Don Fernando Edwards, Señora Edwards, Señorita Edwards, Admiral Lopez, Capt. and Mrs. Vallejos, Comandante Espindola, Capt. Opazo, several naval, and army officers, Dr., Mrs. and Miss Lopez,

Dr. and Ms. France, Dr. Munizaga, Mr. and Ms. Burbury, Mr. and Miss Perkins, Mr. and Ms. McDonald, Mr. and Mrs. Gallie, Mr. and Mrs. Riesco, Mr. and Mrs. Ewing, Mr. and Mrs. Walker, Mr. and Mrs. Nixon, Mr. and Mrs. Braun, Mr. and Mrs. Campos, Mr. and Mrs. Paton, Mr. and Miss Beaulier, Mr. and Mrs. Myer, Mr. and Miss Dickson, Mr. and Mrs. Somerville, Mr. and Mrs. Boyd, Miss McQuade, Miss Bridges, Miss Whittaker, Miss Goudie, Rev. and Mrs. Cater, Mr. and Mrs. T. Arentsen, Mrs. and the Misses Hamann, Miss Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Beynon, Mr. and Mrs. Goeminne, Mrs. Urzua, Mr. and Mrs. Clark, Mr. and Mrs. Aiken, Mr. and Mrs. Jones, Miss Bell, Messrs. R. Stubenrauch, C. Cerveró, R. Suarez, Capt. Milward, Cap. Oakley, Messrs. Breen, Iglesias, Gomez, Peet, Townsend, Jacobs, Gilmour, Lethaby, Dixon, Bishop, Foulon, Cook, Cameron, Wood, Ward, Matheson, Jones, Cooper, Pollock, Baird, Burton and many others whose names we cannot remember.

#### A Tribute from the Chilean Army

The following address was delivered by Lieut Colonel Espindola:--

Sir Ernest Shackleton and members of the Imperial Trans-Antarctic Expedition, here amongst so many Englishmen I will endeavour to say a few words to you in English not as an honorary member of this Club, but to wish you, Sir Ernest and your companions, a hearty welcome to our country of Chile on behalf of the Chilean army whose hearts you have all stirred by your gallant enterprises and by the courageous manner in which you have braved and finally overcome all difficulties.

Your exploits add but another laurel to those of your great countryman Lord Cochrane, who has handed down so precious an inheritance to the Chilean Navy.

Our soldiers too are ever cognizant of the debt they owe to the glorious names of O'Higgins, Mackenna, Miller and O'Brien to whom our Independence is so largely due.

Sir Ernest, it affords me great pleasure to congratulate you upon the happy termination of your great Expedition.

\* \* \*

Although Sir Ernest Shackleton did not succeed in crossing the Polar Continent, he made one important discovery - Punta Arenas.

\* \* \*

A public Service of Thanksgiving for the rescue of Sir Ernest Shackleton's comrades in Elephant Island, will be held in St. James's Church on Sunday next [10th] at the hour of 5 p. m.

\* \* \*

The entertainment in the Municipal Theatre on Tuesday evening [5th] in honour of Sir Ernest Shackleton and his companions was a great success,

every seat in the house being occupied.

The celebrated illusionist, Richiardi, was at his best and his conjuring was most clever and pleasing.

The charming señorita María Blasco sang several songs in her illimitable [sic] manner, and was encored again and again by her delighted audience. One of the surprises of the evening was her song of congratulation to Sir Ernest Shackleton on the rescue of his comrades through the gallantry of the Chilean Navy.

\* \* \*

Sir Ernest Shackleton and the other members of the expedition were entertained at a tea-party on Monday afternoon [4th] by H. E. Don Fernando and Señora Edwards.

\* \* \*

A banquet is being offered by the Club Magallanes to Sir Ernest Shackleton and the members of the expedition tonight.

\* \* \*

On Saturday evening [9th] a Smoking Concert is being organised by the members of the First Company of Bomberos in honour of Sir Ernest Shackleton and his companions.

\* \* \*

We understand that the members of the Yugoslav colony in Punta Arenas have invited Sir Ernest Shackleton and the other members of his expedition to a tea party to be held in the Croatian Club on Saturday afternoon [9th].

14 SEPTEMBER 1916

Banquet in the Club Magallanes

On Thursday evening [7th] a magnificent banquet was arranged in honour of Sir Ernest Shackleton and other Members of the South Polar Expedition, and Commandante Pardo of the /Yelcho/.

The room in which dinner was served was decorated with flags and evergreens, and two penguins on pillars mounted guard on each side of a large and speaking likeness of the intrepid explorer.

Over one hundred persons sat down to dinner, including, besides the guests, H. E. the Governor, Don Fernando Edwards, the Judge, Don Carlos Cerveró, the Commander-in-chief of the Naval Station, Admiral Lopez, the Commandante of the Batallon, Don Hijinio Espindola, the Captain of the

Port, Captain Vallejos, the First Alcalde, Don Rodolfo Stubenrauch, and many others.

When the dinner was drawing to a close the President of the Club, Don Carlos Cerveró delivered a very telling speech of welcome to Sir Ernest Shackleton which was received with great applause. He subsequently handed him a certificate of membership of the Club Magallanes.

Shortly afterwards, Admiral Lopez in a few eloquent words reiterated the sentiments of the President, and announced the promotion of Commandante Pardo from Second to First Pilot, which news was greeted with deafening cheers.

Sir Ernest in a short speech of great feeling responded for himself and his comrades. He expressed the honour he felt in being present that evening and the deep debt of gratitude he owed to Chile and the Chilean Navy.

Other speeches were made by prominent members of the Club.

\* \* \*

#### Reception in the Croatian Club

On Saturday afternoon [9th] the Yugoslav Colony in Punta Arenas gave an afternoon tea at the Croatian Club in honour of Sir Ernest Shackleton and his companions, and of Commandante Pardo.

At the hour indicated a number of prominent citizens were present to receive Sir Ernest, and shortly after his arrival the company sat down to tea.

During tea, the president, Dr. Bencur, delivered a congratulatory speech of welcome, and expressed the warm feeling which the Yugoslavs have for England and their gratitude for the sympathy and aid of the British Nation.

Sir Ernest, on rising to respond, surprised everyone by speaking in Croatian:-- « Clanovi Jugosloveni, fala liepa na ljubavi. (Members of the Yugoslav Colony, I thank you heartily for your kind welcome.) That is all the Croatian I know, and I only learned it five minutes ago. I wish I could speak fluently in your language and in Spanish to express the sentiments in my heart. At the present moment I understand Spanish sufficiently well to follow the words of your President and others. I feel very deeply the honour conferred on myself and my companions and I thank you for it. » He went on to say how pleased he was to see such a considerable gathering of Yugoslavs and trusted that through the storms now sweeping across their country, they would soon see the blue skies of peace. « You have called England the Mother of Liberty. That is so. She has always felt it her duty to protect the smaller nations and so long as she remains a nation she will always stand for liberty ... Through this world war, we were fighting the elements in the far south and thinking it was all over; it came as a shock to us to realise the concentrated trouble of these years, but we all hope to take our share in it ... I wish to thank the President and you all and hope that you

will safely come through all your difficulties ... I should like to thank you on behalf of Frank Wild, who was unable to be present. I cannot say too much for him: he is a man in a world of men. I again thank you for the honour in having us here today and I wish success and good fortune to Serbia and the Yugoslav League. »

After speeches by Mr. Bonacich, Captain Vallejos and others, Mr. Trutenich delivered the following speech in English:

« Sir Ernest Shackleton and the Members of the Expedition, Gentlemen:

I thank Sir Ernest for the gracious words he has spoken and we thank you all for your presence here, where you have been asked to come, that we may give you a small testimony of our joy because of the happy result of the «Yelcho's» mission in rescuing the gallant companions of Sir Ernest.

The joy of the Chilean Navy and of the British Nation is our joy too.

Chile is our home, and our mother country of adoption, so generous in allowing us to enjoy the freedom that has been denied to us in our old country.

Then, Britain's joy could not be but our joy. Fate brought together our people and the great British Nation, which has been so magnificently generous and sympathetic with our free brothers from Serbia and Montenegro in their sorrows. Then our representatives of the captive southern slav population, the Yugoslav Committee has been first acknowledged by the British Government and by it introduced to her allies, and it is in London that our Committee resides, while our brothers are fighting shoulder to shoulder with the gallant British soldiers against the common foe.

Britons are gallant always and everywhere. While you were fighting the elements for the benefit of science, your brothers were fighting for the liberty and rights of small nations. We are a small nation too and have found a powerful protector and friend in your great nation, and in every Britisher in this country, we have found an obliging friend and we thank them.

Our friendship, started in time of trouble, will flourish better in the after bliss of victory, when the young Yugoslav nation will be the most devoted ally of your great country, -- and meanwhile we wish you, when you have the chance, to be the interpreters to your countrymen of our eternal gratitude, and our wishes for the ever growing glory of the Queen of the Waves. »

During the afternoon the Croatian String Band played the Chilean, British and Serbian National Anthems and a selection of Croatian airs.

\* \* \*

Reception in the First Company of Bomberos

On Saturday evening [9th] Sir Ernest Shackleton and his comrades were

entertained by the First Company of Bomberos to a Smoking Concert held in their Club in the Calle Roca.

Shortly after the arrival of the guests, Don Francisco Campos made the following speech:--

« Sir Ernest Shackleton, Gentlemen,

I have had the privilege of being chosen to offer this reception, -- organized by a large representation of this town, under the auspices of the Fire Brigade, -- to honour Sir Ernest Shackleton and his comrades, and I only wish I could do it in a fitting manner in order to properly commemorate this memorable occasion.

We have followed with great interest Sir Ernest's plucky attempts to rescue his friends marooned in Elephant Island; we have shared his deep concern when the barrier of ice prevented him from reaching his goal, and we likewise share with him now his joy on the splendid success of his fourth and last attempt.

We are proud that Punta Arenas should have contributed in some form to attain this great achievement, and that a ship flying the Chilean flag, and manned by Chilean officers and men should have played such an important part in the work of rescue.

This deed will add another glorious page to the traditions of the Chilean Navy.

Sir Ernest, the people of Punta Arenas have already shown you in a most eloquent manner their feelings on the occasion. As soon as the news of your approach became known, everybody rushed to welcome you and your party, with the same enthusiasm they would have shown to receive their warriors on the return of a hard earned victory.

They realized that you and your men had fought big battles against a formidable foe, against nature, all in the cause of science and knowledge.

The British Empire may be proud of having sons of the energy, determination and self-sacrifice of Sir Ernest and his companions. They all are fine specimens of the British race.

Sir Ernest Shackleton, please accept this reception as a further proof of the admiration of the people of Punta Arenas for your daring achievements, and as an expression of our joy at seeing you and yours in the midst of us, safe and sound.

Gentlemen, let us drink to the health of Sir Ernest Shackleton and his comrades. »

This was received with great applause.

A few minutes later Sir Ernest responded as follows:

« Mr. Campos and Gentlemen, I thank you for your hospitality. I have

spoken on various occasions and my throat is a bit weak; I am suffering from what is known as the Yelcho throat./ (laughter)/. I must express my deep sense of gratitude to the Chilean Nation, to the Chilean Navy and to Comandante Pardo, a debt of thanks I can never repay; also to Lieut. Aguirre who not only came on the Yelcho but came with me on the previous occasion in the Emma. He is also a fine example of the Chilean sailor. As British sailors we are in sympathy with Chile, what we did one hundred and four years ago you would do for us today. The prompt help given to us shows the feeling between Chile and Britain. Mr. Campos made a very eloquent speech. He was one of the chief men to moot the question of the other expedition and backed it up with a substantial donation. On behalf of myself and companions I want to express my thanks. Although 9,000 miles are between us and the homeland we have a second home here. But we shall go as missionaries from Punta Arenas and tell them what Punta Arenas is and what hospitality we have received here. »

This speech was received with great acclamation.

During the evening Sir Ernest entered into conversation with a number of those present. Shortly before his departure a speech was delivered by Don Juan Contardi. During Sir Ernest's eloquent response he said that for the last time he thanked them for all their kindness, and that of all the people he had met, Mr. Contardi was the one man who was familiar with the history of Polar exploration, so he knew he was on safe ground. He proposed, if acceptable, to look for a suitable article among the gear to be inscribed as a memento of their stay, not that any /recuerdo/ was necessary but that in years to come their children might see it and know the kindness he had received there.

Throughout the evening the Municipal Band played an excellent selection which was evidently much appreciated.

\* \* \*

### Supper in the Second Company of Bomberos

Last night [13th] Comandante Pardo and the engineers of the /Yelcho/, and Sir Ernest Shackleton and the other members of the expedition were invited to a supper at the Club of the Second Company of Bomberos. About one hundred and fifty persons were present. Don Nibaldo Sanhueza, Director of the Second Company, presided, and had on his right and left hands respectively, Sir Ernest Shackleton and Comandante Pardo.

During supper, Señor Sanhueza delivered a speech, congratulating Comandante Pardo and the officers and crew of the /Yelcho/ for the success of his mission to Elephant Island, and welcoming Sir Ernest and his companions. This was responded to by Comandante Pardo in his usually modest manner.

Sir Ernest, in a short speech, stated how pleased he was to again be shipmates with Comandante Pardo and that he was very anxious to see Valparaiso and Santiago but could not possibly receive a greater welcome than he had received in Punta Arenas. He also mentioned the great services rendered by Captain Vallejos. The speech was received with

great applause.

During the evening the band played the Chilean National Anthem, Tipperary and other pieces, and several of these present contributed songs which helped to pass a very pleasant evening.

\* \* \*

#### Picnic on the Racecourse

The goodwill of the community towards the voyagers reached its height on Sunday afternoon [10th] in the demonstration which took place on the racecourse. Except on that memorable day of the /Yelcho's/ return, we have never witnessed anything in Punta Arenas to match the immense crowd which gathered to do the honours of high festival to our notable guests. The « Welcome » met the eye in huge placards, and its sincerity was manifested by more than the printed word. Sheep to the number of 200 were roasted in famous South American fashion, and the alfresco banquet of asado was enjoyed to the full. Particularly pleasant was the spectacle of those ladies who with unwilling gusto proved that knives and forks were in the last resort mere encumbrances, and serviettes a superfluity. Beer and wine were liberally provided and, the day being hot -- were as liberally consumed, so that a more than usual interest was shown in the sports that were carried on throughout the afternoon.

They included a hundred meters sprint, a cycle race, a gymnastic display by the Sokol Club, and a football match by teams representing Chile and /Mundo/. The game occupied in all 2½ hours and in the end remained drawn with three goals a side. It was keenly and stubbornly contested and all of the twenty-two left the field in the last stages of exhaustion. The notable players were:-- for Chile, Alvarado and McKaskill, for Mundo, Nicol, Pollock and Nervi.

The interesting feature of the /fiesta/ was the presentation, by the Governor, of silver Polar Badges to the members of the Expedition. Sir Ernest Shackleton was the recipient of a special gold one in commemoration of his visit to Chile. A gold watch was presented to Comandante Pardo on behalf of the Overseas Club. Badges were also received by the winners of the several sports.

\* \* \*

#### Mr. Frank Wild's Lecture

On Sunday evening [10th] a large number of people were present in the Municipal Theatre to hear Mr. Wild's lecture on the experiences of the marooned party on Elephant Island, the text of which we publish on another page. Some very fine lantern slides were shown, including Sir Ernest Shackleton's departure in the «Caird» for South Georgia, the hut at Elephant Island, the /Endurance/ being crushed in the ice, and the /Yelcho/ coming in to rescue the party.

\* \* \*



## Frank Wild's Narrative

### Life on Elephant Island

Ladies and gentlemen, it gives me very great pleasure to give this lecture here tonight as it affords me an opportunity to express my gratitude to the people of Punta Arenas for their kindness to us, since our arrival here on Sunday last.

As Sir Ernest Shackleton has already given an account of the expedition up to the time when we landed on Elephant Island, I shall confine myself to the story of our life from that time onwards. Unfortunately there have been no facilities for preparing the lantern slides here, but Mr. Hurley has been enabled to prepare some which may give you an idea of our home and manner of living. We made our first landing on the east side of Elephant Island, at Cape Valentine, where we found a narrow strip of beach.

At the back of the beach, which was only about fifteen yards wide, were almost perpendicular cliffs, which were much weathered. Several large lumps of rock, which had apparently recently fallen, gave us the impression that our position was not a safe one, and there were indications that at times, heavy seas swept right up to the cliff foot. As a result Sir Ernest decided to look for a better place, and the next day I took one of the boats towards the west, along the coast, and seven miles farther on found a narrow spit, which is now called Cape Wild, where the landing was good, and where we saw a number of penguins and sea elephants. On Sunday, the next day, we stored all our belongings in the boats, except some cases of bovril sledging rations, which we left, intending to call for them later. As we pushed off from Cape Valentine, a strong south-west breeze sprang up which quickly freshened into a heavy gale. The deeply laden boats were very heavy to pull, and it took five hours of very hard work to do the seven miles. All hands were very wet, cold, and exhausted. The storm was now a blizzard and we had very great difficulty in getting up the tents. During the night three out of the four tents were blown down. For three days we were not able to do anything towards preparing the /James Caird /for the long voyage to South Georgia, or do any other outside work, and most of us remained in our wet sleeping bags under the torn and flattened tents.

On the 24th of April the boat was ready for sea and at 11 a.m. we launched her. The launching was almost a disaster: the boat, being empty, was caught broadside on by heavy breakers, and had it not been for Tom Crean and Captain Worsley, would have been wrecked. Two men were thrown overboard into the ice-cold water, but were easily rescued.

The wonderful voyage Sir Ernest Shackleton and his companions made to South Georgia is already known. Had the boat not left on that day, we should not have been able to launch her until May 2nd as the island was beset by heavy pack ice. This caused some anxiety concerning the boat. The spit on which our tent was pitched showed signs of occasionally being swept by the waves, so we decided to dig a cave in an ice-slope on the mainland, some sixty feet above sea level. After a few days we had to abandon this cave as the constant blizzards filled up the entrance

faster than we could clear it.

Marston and Greenstreet suggested making a hut with the boats. This site was selected as far as possible from the sea and two walls built of rocks, eighteen feet apart. The two boats were upturned upon these walls side by side. The wind and snow were kept out by side walls and a roof made from the torn tents. This gave us a building with a floor space of eighteen feet by twelve feet. The party had their sleeping berths, some on the thwarts, and the others on the floor strewn with clean pebbles from the beach. As the boats were less than four feet from the ground, we all suffered at first from stiff backs. For some time after landing the party was suffering from cold and exposure experienced in the boats and no one was able to do hard work for any length of time. Several of the party were suffering from frostbite, Blackborrow, Hudson, Greenstreet, McLeod, Bakewell, Reckinsen, Clark and Stevenson, were under treatment for this condition; but with the exception of Blackborrow and Hudson, none were seriously affected. As soon as the hut was built we commenced to lay in a stock of penguin and seal meat as our stores would be sufficient for only one month, and owing to the island being surrounded by ice, we realized that it would probably be a long time before the relief could reach us.

Our only fuel was seal's blubber and penguins, and as an ice foot was rapidly forming, the seals were very seldom able to land, and penguins only came ashore when the sea in the vicinity was free from ice. For these reasons it was necessary to exercise strict economy, both of food and fuel. For some time only one hot meal a day was allowed.

After about three weeks in the hut the bedding and clothes were becoming fairly dry, and the general comfort improved.

Hudson and Blackborrow had a very uncomfortable time, as they were unable to get out into the fresh air at all, and the smoke from the blubber stove and lamps was very thick, having for some time no outlet. Later a funnel was arranged which greatly improved matters. Blackborrow's feet were so badly frostbitten that the surgeons found it necessary to amputate all the toes of his left foot and one can imagine that the operation was performed under great difficulties as regards cleanliness. At present he is having a good time in the hospital here, and he has received many kindnesses from the people of Punta Arenas.

The glacier close to our hut caused us some apprehension, as it frequently calved, and the waves formed by the fall of huge masses of ice frequently washed over the spit, and several times, threw large blocks of ice within a few feet of our house.

«It is an ill wind that blows no one good» for the ice which prevented the relief ship from reaching us, undoubtedly saved our lives by killing the sea.

Towards the end of the winter the weather improved, and the sea being now often open, penguins and seals were enabled to land in large numbers, and we could afford to use more meat and blubber. Our food consisted almost entirely of flesh, but we found it very good eating.

When the relief ship was expected, the optimists of the party lashed up their sleeping bags ready for embarking. It was a long and weary wait, and the track to the «Look-out Hill» was very much worn. On the last month, the rocks being free from ice, we were enabled to obtain limpets and dulse seaweed in small quantities, and these were a very welcome change.

All the party remained cheerful and hopeful.

On the day of the «Yelcho's» arrival all the party except Marston and Hurley were in the hut at lunch. I was serving out the stew made from seal's backbones when the yell «Sail Ho» brought us all tumbling pell mell from the hut; that stew is still there. For a few minutes all the people were too excited to do anything but yell, and we have all got «Yelcho» throats.

Sir Ernest was in the first boat at 1.20 p.m. and at 5 minutes to 2, we were steaming «homeward bound».

\* \* \*

Sir Ernest Shackleton has received the following telegram from Her Majesty Queen Alexandra at Sandringham.

/« It gives me the greatest possible pleasure to hear of your success in rescuing all your party and I trust that my Standard, Union Jack, and Mascot brought you luck and that we may soon welcome you home. »/

\* \* \*

The following telegram was received by Sir Ernest from the Liga Patriótica Militar de Chile:

/« The Military Patriotic League of Chile welcomes the illustrious Sailor and Explorer and congratulate themselves that his heroic comrades have been rescued under the Flag Cochrane glorified. »/

to which he replied:

/Almirante Vicente Zeggors,  
Presidente  
Liga Patriótica Militar Chile,  
Santiago/

/« I beg you receive my heartfelt appreciation of your generous message. Apart from the brotherhood of the sea, it will ever be a glowing memory to my comrades and myself that they were saved under the Flag and by the Nation that for more than a hundred years has been linked with England, by bonds of sentiment, mutual kindness, and ungrudging help in any crisis. »

(sgd) Shackleton./

\* \* \*

Sir Ernest Shackleton and his companions are leaving by the /Yelcho/ for Valparaiso tomorrow afternoon [15th] at four o'clock. The /Yelcho/ leaves under the command of Commandante Pardo and [h]as the same officer[s] and crew on board that went on the expedition to Elephant Island. Sir Ernest will make short stays in Valparaiso, Santiago and Buenos Aires, and leave for England during the first few days of October.

21 SEPTEMBER 1916

Departure for the North

Affectionate Farewell from Punta Arenas

As we announced in our last issue, the Yelcho with Sir Ernest Shackleton and the other members of the expedition rescued from Elephant Island, left Punta Arenas on Friday last [15th] in order to go to Santiago with the object of personally thanking the President of the Republic for the noble service in enabling him to save his marooned companions.

At a quarter past four in the afternoon the Commander-in-chief of the Apostadero Naval, Admiral Lopez, the Alcaldes and other local authorities and a large number of members of the British Community assembled in the rooms of the British Association in order to bid farewell to these men who have won the esteem and regard of all here.

Several speeches were made and suitably replied to by Sir Ernest in his usual eloquent style.

Immediately afterwards the majority of those present proceeded to the mole where the people of Punta Arenas had assembled in great numbers. On the arrival of the departing guests vociferous cheers were raised and as they proceeded along the mole their friends bid them an affectionate farewell.

No sooner had all the men embarked than the anchor was raised and the Yelcho slowly steamed out of the harbour amidst the most enthusiastic hurras, followed by the singing of «Auld Lang Syne».

The following letter was sent to the British Association by Sir Ernest Shackleton before leaving:--

/15th September 1916

The President and Members, British Association of Magallanes.

Gentlemen,

As we are leaving to-day for England, on behalf of all my comrades and myself I wish to thank you for the many kindnesses we have received at your hands from the first moment I arrived here seeking relief for my men until the end of these happy days spent with you when all was well

with us.

You have given us a home here and it is with sincere feelings of regret that we leave.

Yours sincerely,

(sgd) E. H. Shackleton/

\* \* \*

### Shackleton and the Falkland Islands

The point of view taken by the Falkland Islands of the Imperial Trans Antarctic Expedition in general and Sir Ernest Shackleton in particular, is clearly expressed in an article headed «The Antarctic Bubble» which appeared in the edition of «John Bull» dated July 22nd.

«Not a soul in Stanley seemed to care one scrap, not a flag was flown and no one seemed to care a cuss about him» are the words which describe Shackleton's arrival at Port Stanley. What a reception to a man who had travelled 720 miles in an open boat, who had crossed the snowy peaks and treacherous glaciers of South Georgia, who had risked death a hundred times that he might save his fellow men on Elephant Island. They did not seem to care a «cuss» about the men marooned on Elephant Island either, for if it had been left to the people of the Falkland Islands, Frank Wild and his gallant little party would still be fighting against the gaunt spectre of starvation.

An old kelper is said to have remarked «'E ought ter 'ave been at the war long ago, instead of messing about on icebergs.» Are the people of the Falkland Islands aware that after war was declared Shackleton offered his ships and his men for the service of the country and that he was instructed to proceed with the expedition? Such criticisms not only wrong a brave man but they do incalculable damage to national prestige.

The fact that Britain can carry on Polar exploration and scientific research whilst in the throes of the greatest war man has ever known, cannot fail to impress neutral nations.

To Chile has fallen the honour of rescuing the Elephant Island party and Chile has shown how proud she is to have done it. Uruguay did her utmost and every one of the South American Republics would have given of their best to such a gallant cause had it been required of them.

Shackleton has done more for British prestige in South America than years of diplomatic relations could accomplish, for the Latin races admire bravery above all things and Shackleton and his men have shown their pluck a thousand times since the «Endurance» sank in the Antarctic pack.

After the war Shackleton proposes to carry the King's Flag across the Antarctic Continent and for the honour of Flag, may he do so; he will go, we hope from Chile, midst the hurrahs of every man, woman and child

on the South American Continent and every Britisher will thank God that Britain still produces such men to do honour to the Flag.

28 SEPTEMBER 1916

A telegram received by our contemporary «El Magallanes» announces that the /Yelcho/ with Sir Ernest Shackleton and party arrived at Valparaiso yesterday. The reception at the port was tremendous, more than 30,000 being present to witness the arrival of Comandante Pardo and the distinguished guests. In the "Circulo Naval", Captain Ward delivered a most eloquent speech. Sir Ernest and the other members of the expedition, together with Comandante Pardo leave today for Santiago.

19 OCTOBER 1916

The following telegram has been received by the British Association of Magallanes from Sir Ernest Shackleton:--

/ Santiago,  
5th October 1916./

/We are now leaving Chile and on behalf of my comrades and myself wish to thank you for the way in which you took us to your hearts and made a second home for us far from our native land. The British Association will be ever a vivid memory for the unstinting kindness, generosity and sportsmanship of a crowd of good fellows./

/Shackleton. /

9 NOVEMBER 1916

We are pleased to learn that our young friend of the Shackleton Expedition, Mr. Blackborow, has so far recovered that he was able to leave hospital yesterday and take his passage for home by the /Ortega/.