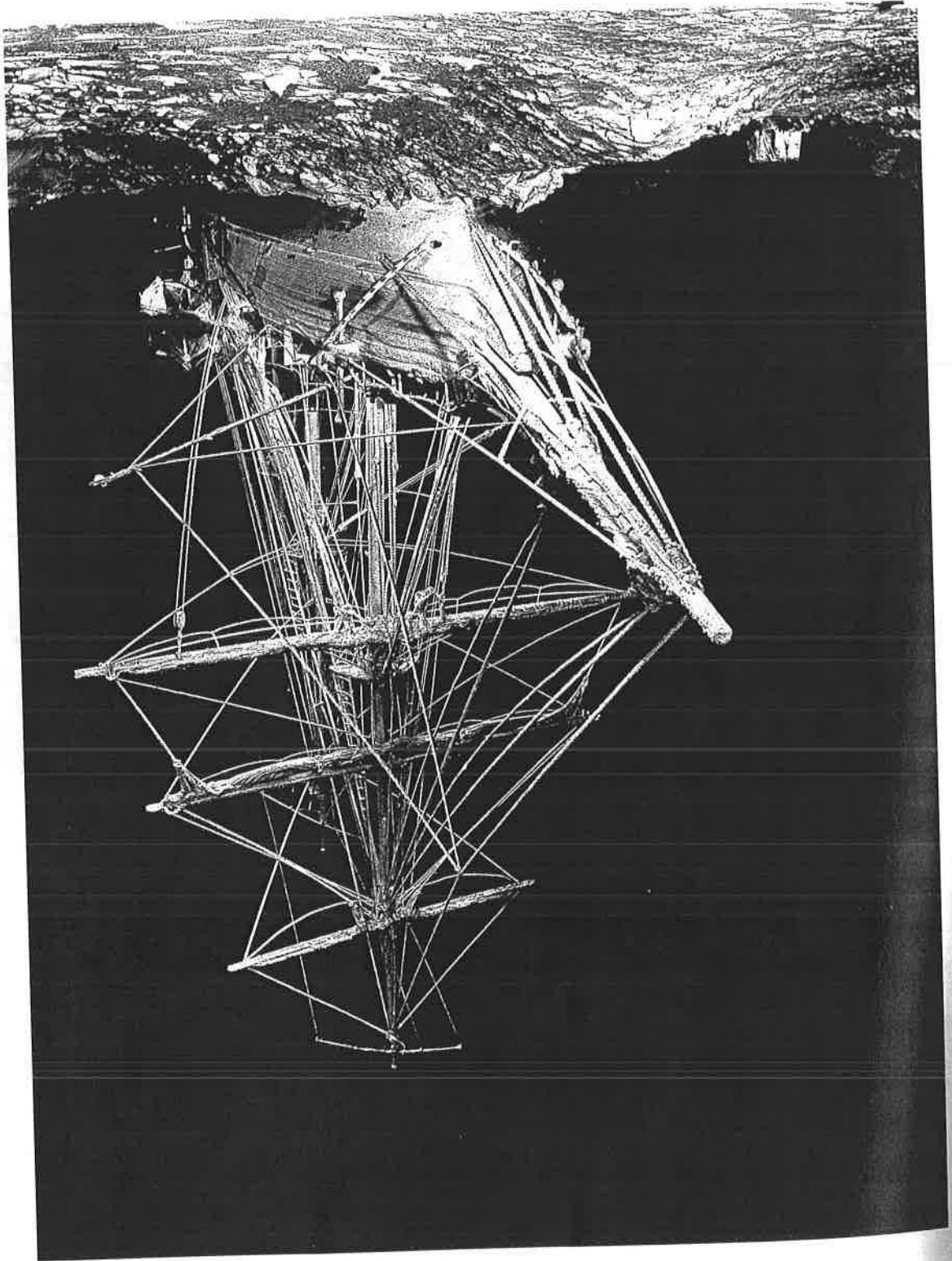


## The Endurance



### The Endurance at Night

August 27, 1915: "During night take flashlight of ship beset by pressure. This necessitated some 20 flashes, one behind each salient pressure hummock, no less than 10 of the flashes being required to satisfactorily illuminate the ship herself. Half blinded after the successive flashes, I lost my bearings amidst hummocks, bumping shins against projecting ice points & stumbling into deep snow drifts." (Hurley, diary)







**The floe cracking up, 29  
Sept. 1915**

*"My Birthday & I sincerely hope to spend my next one at Home there is a fine breeze a Southerly wind at present & there is a crack in the floe about 10 yards ahead of the ship if the wind holds in this direction for a while it will open the ice up."*

*(McNish, diary)*

the "breakout" date: McIlroy hazarded November 3; Lees, ever pessimistic, thought it unlikely to occur before mid-February; Shackleton said he believed it would be October 2.

The pressure returned on the night of August 26. For several days it presented no immediate danger, but in the early hours of September 2, it took hold of the *Endurance* with a vengeance.

"On the night of 2nd September, I had one of the most startling moments of my life," Bakewell recalled. "I was lying in my bunk, when . . . the ship literally jumped into the air and settled on its beam." The iron plates in the engine room buckled, door frames were distorted, beams bulged as if they would splinter. The *Endurance* struggled and groaned as if in mortal pain.

"There were times when we thought it was not possible the ship would stand it," wrote McNish. He had watched the three-foot-square iron plates bulge up one and a half inches. But the pressure passed, and a week later McNish was busy building a wheelhouse that would protect the steersman from the elements, once they were under way again. Meanwhile, Shackleton had privately calculated that they were 250 miles away from the nearest known land, and more

than 500 from the nearest outpost of civilization.

September unfolded without further crises, although the roar of distant pressure was seldom absent, and the floes around the ship were in constant movement. The men played football on the shifting floes, exercised the dogs, and hunted for seals, which were returning with the promise of spring. A light snowfall one night left the ship shimmering as if tinselled, and the ice sparkling as though covered with diamonds.

On the afternoon of September 20, the most severe bout of pressure encountered so far shook the *Endurance* from mast to keel, so that it seemed her sides would have to collapse. But an hour later, the pressure subsided.

On the 15th, Shackleton had the boilers filled and fires banked in readiness, and ice debris was cleared from around the rudder and the ship. McNish was commissioned to build a small punt, with a view to navigating the leads and channels. Light snow fell off and on throughout the day, and in the evening a killer whale appeared in the tiny pool around the ship, his huge body seen plainly through the calm, clear water as he cruised, leisurely, up and down beside the stricken ship.

Over the following days, while the pack was still loose, Shackleton had the sails set, and an effort was made to force the ship ahead, but with no success. Shortly after tea on the 16th, after several loud bumps against her sides, the *Endurance* began to rise above the ice, squeezed up between the floes—then was abruptly thrown on her port side, listing some 30 degrees. Kennels, dogs, sledges, stores were all thrown across the deck into a tangled, howling heap. Then, around nine in the evening, the pressure subsided, and the ship returned to an even keel.

High temperatures—up to 29°—on the 10th produced a general, mushy thaw. The men started packing up the Ritz, and on the 13th returned to their original quarters. The following night, the floe on which the *Endurance* was lodged suddenly split; the ice slithered out from under the ship, and she floated on an even keel, in clear water for the first time in nine months. Impelled by the gale that had arisen, she swung in the narrow lead, and actually drove 100 yards ahead. Then the ice closed on her, and she was fast again.

It was October 1915. On the third day of the month, heavy pressure broke ten yards from the ship. The *Endurance* was by now as frozen onto the blocks of ice beneath her, in Lees's words, "as any rock in a glacier." During a brief opening of the ice around the ship, the men had gazed down into the open water by her side and seen, spoilt by the penetrating sun, great azure-blue conglomerates of ice lying as much as forty feet below the surface. Frost smoke rose from out of the open leads, red tinged at sunrise so that the ice seemed at times to be aflame.



An hour later





*“Early yesterday afternoon a crack formed along the snow filled trench, 2ft. broad, whose formation first started on Aug 27th . . . This new crack was 8 ins. wide at 6.0 p.m.: at 9.0 it suddenly broadened another 2 ft . . . A big change however took place in the afternoon. Between half past two and half past three the innocent crack became a lead 10yds. broad.”*  
(Wordie, diary)

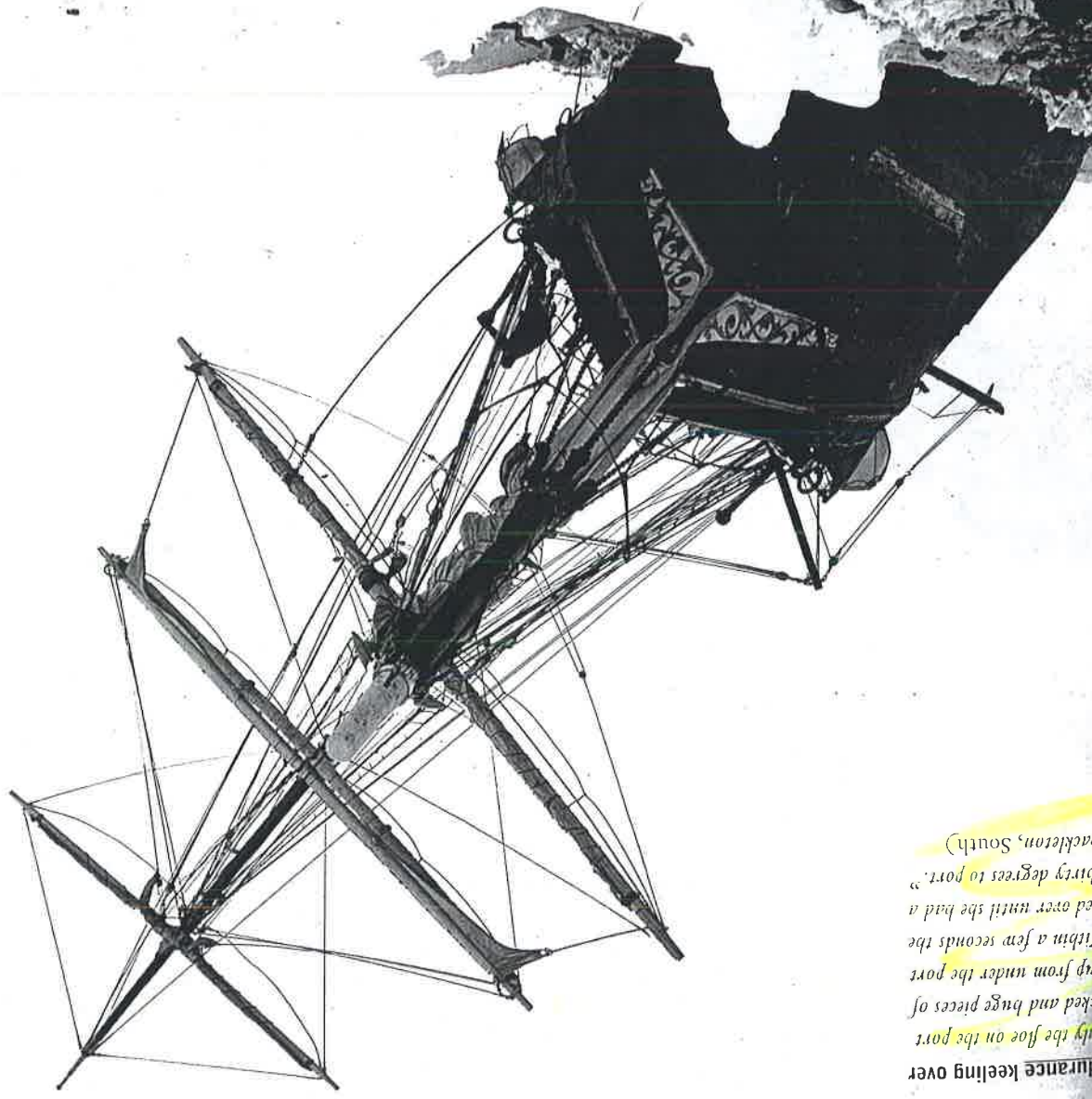
In the following days, the roar of pressure was continually in the men’s ears, likened, by James, to the sound of London traffic when one is sitting quietly in a park. Sea watches were resumed, while the ice floes ground around the ship. The *Endurance* was now shaken and beaten constantly, but the men had become so accustomed to the disruptions that they were indifferent to all but the most violent upheavals.

“Personally,” wrote Worsley, “I’ve got tired of alarm against which we can do absolutely nothing.” The dogs, restless from lack of exercise, howled and whimpered as the ominous sounds arose from the ice.

“The ice is opening up a bit, thank goodness,” Lees wrote on the 23rd. “Things look a little more hopeful.” After a dinner of salt beef, carrots, mashed potatoes, and Banbury tarts, the traditional Saturday night toast was drunk to “Sweethearts and Wives.” There was now as much as twenty-two hours of daylight each day.

On Sunday, October 24, the men watched the pressure move across the ice throughout the otherwise uneventful day. In the evening after dinner, Lees had just put “The Wearing of the Green” on the gramophone when a terrific crash shook the ship like an earthquake, causing her to shiver and list over about 8 degrees to starboard. The men finished listening to the tune, then went up on deck, according to Lees, “to see if anything unusual had occurred.” They found Shackleton on the ice with a grave face, examining the ship’s sternpost. Caught between three separate pressure ridges across her bow and both sides, the *Endurance* had been twisted and bent by their onslaught. The sternpost had been almost wrenched out and was leaking dangerously.

Immediately, Shackleton gave the order to raise steam for the engine room pumps. With water rising rapidly, the engineers, Rickinson and Kerr, desperately piled on fuel—coal, blubber, wood—racing to raise steam before the rising water could put the fires out. Within two hours they had the pump working, but they soon saw that

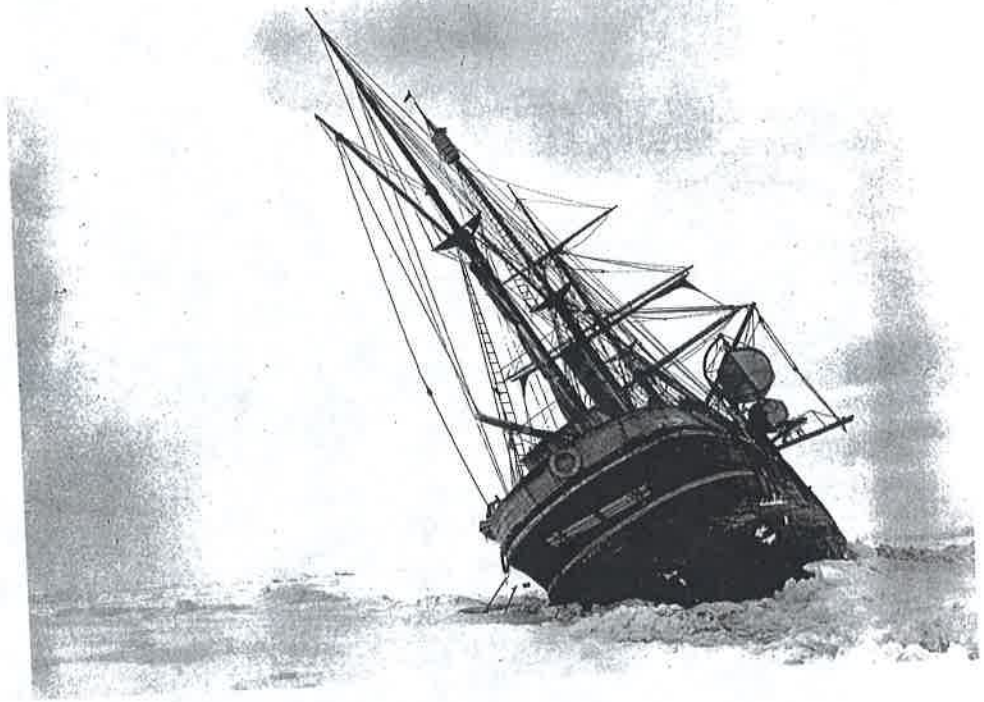


**The Endurance keeling over**  
"Suddenly the foe on the port  
side cracked and huge pieces of  
ice shot up from under the port  
bilge. Within a few seconds the  
ship heeled over until she had a  
list of thirty degrees to port."  
(Shackleton, South)



### Port list

"At 4.45 p.m. slowly but surely the ship heeled right over to port: all sorts of weird noises came up from the engine room, and then with a rush all the unsecured dog kennels slid down to leeward. . . . She took a list of fully 30° in 5 seconds. It's an ill wind that blows nobody good—Hurley was immediately out on the floe photographing the ship from every possible position." (Wordie, diary)

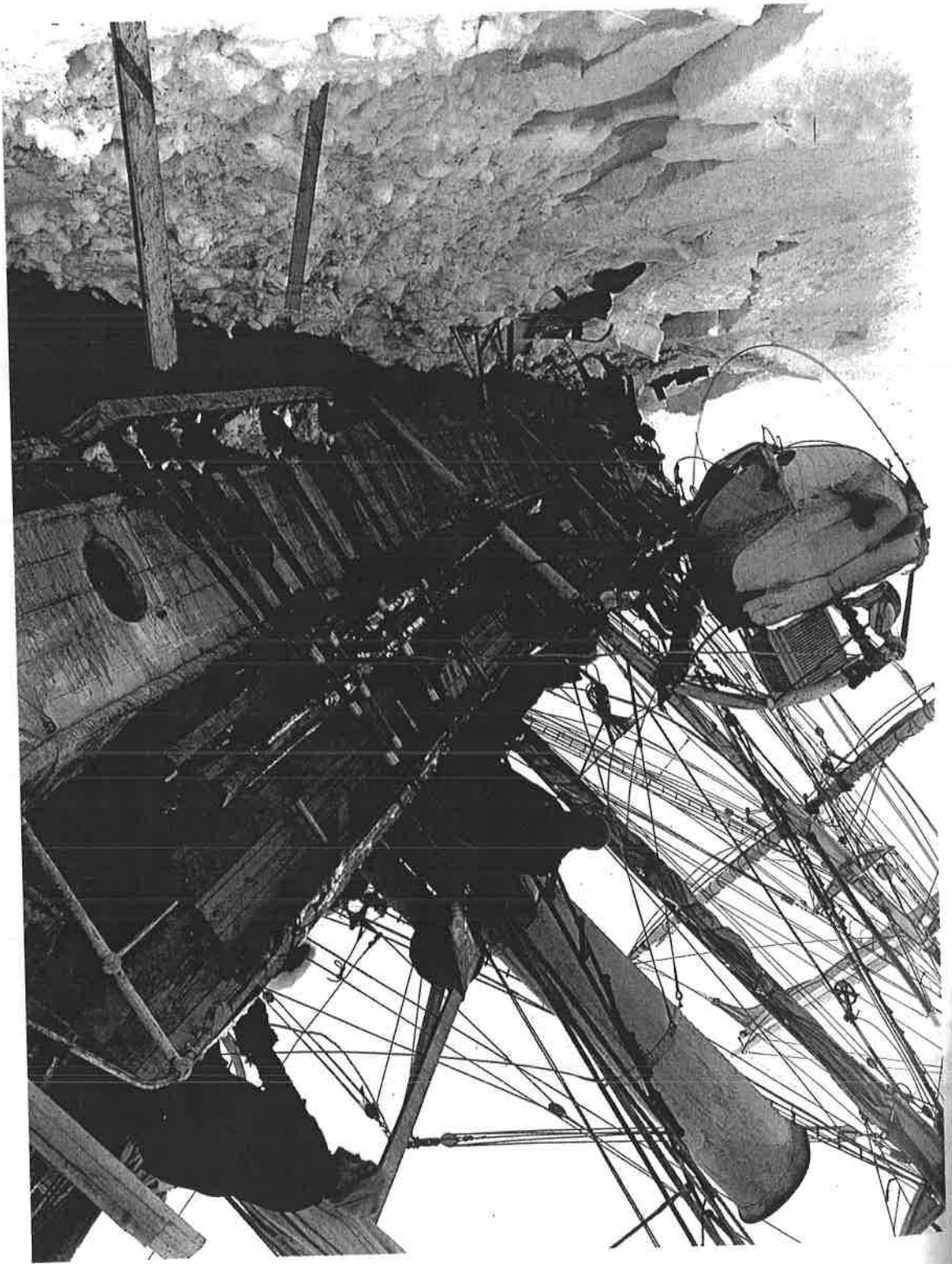


it could not cope with the inrush of water. Hudson, Greenstreet, and Worsley disappeared into the bunkers, where the coal was stored, to clear the bilge pump, which had been jammed with ice all winter. Digging through the coal in the darkness, now underneath icy black water, they succeeded by early morning in clearing the pump with a blowtorch, and it was worked in shifts throughout the night.

On the floes, the men took turns away from the pumps to dig desperate, ineffectual trenches around their dying ship. Inside, the sound of running water and the clickety-clack of the pumps rose above the creaking of the ship's tortured timbers. Down in the engine room, Chippy McNish was working with fierce concentration, building a cofferdam across the stern to contain the leak. Crouched in the water that rose at times to his waist, he toiled unremittingly through the night. Meanwhile, all other hands were feverishly gathering together stores, clothing, sledging gear, and dog food in preparation for disembarking onto the ice. Worsley went through the ship's library, tearing maps, charts, even photographs of possible landfalls out of the books they would have to leave behind. Marston, Lees, and James worked in the after hold removing supplies while the sound of rushing water resounded beneath them and the ship's beams cracked and exploded like pistol shots overhead. On the follow-

### The port side of the ship. 19 October 1915

Shackleton, shown leaning over the side, called this photograph "The Beginning of the End."





ing morning, Hurley visited McNish, who had labored without rest on the cofferdam, and found that the leak had been checked.

“The water is level with the engine room floor but it is being easily kept under,” he wrote. “We still hope to bring our staunch little craft through.”

It was a cloudy, misty day. Pressure could be seen and heard all around, raising the ice to unimagined heights, but the ship herself was quiet. McNish still toiled on in the engine room, filling with concrete the space between the two bulkheads he had built and caulking them with strips of torn blankets.

“Things look a bit more promising now,” wrote Wordie later in the day. “The sun is shining for one thing, and we are hoping the cofferdam is a success.” From four in the afternoon until midnight, the pumps were worked continuously, until the incoming water was under control. All stores were shifted from the stern, so as to raise it above the water when the ice opened and allowed the ship to float again. Only the bilge pump was worked throughout the night, and the exhausted men snatched minutes of sleep despite the faint whispers of distress that arose from the ship. Chippy McNish was still below working on the cofferdam.

The 26th dawned clear, save for gentle, fleecy clouds, and full of sunshine that glistened with sparkling beauty off the ice. With the roar of pressure in his ears, Shackleton was struck by the surreal incongruity between the serene beauty of the day and the death throes of his ship; from the bridge, he had seen how the pressure was actually bending her like a bow, and it had seemed to Worsley that she was gasping to draw breath. She was leaking badly again, and the exhausted men worked the pumps in shifts—fifteen minutes on, fifteen minutes off—half asleep on their feet. At nine in the evening, Shackleton ordered the lifeboats and sledges lowered to a stable floe. The leak slowed, stanching to some degree by movement of the ice.

“All hope is not given up yet for saving the ship,” wrote Hurley. Nevertheless, he took the precaution of packing his photo album in waterproof cloth—“it being the only record of my work I shall be able to take, should we be compelled to take to the floe.” The *Endurance* had quieted, but that evening an unsettling incident occurred while several sailors were on deck. A band of eight emperor penguins solemnly approached, an unusually large number to be travelling together. Intently regarding the ship for some moments, they threw back their heads and emitted an eerie, soulful cry.

“I myself must confess that I have never, either before or since, heard them make any sound similar to the sinister wailings they moaned that day,” wrote Worsley. “I cannot explain the incident.” It was as if the emperors had sung the ship’s dirge. McLeod, the most superstitious of the seamen, turned to Macklin and said, “Do you hear that? We’ll none of us get back to our homes again.”

They continued to work the pumps throughout the night and morning. October 27 dawned clear and bright, but with a temperature of  $-8.5^{\circ}$ . The ice had not ceased to roar, but the men were now too tired to notice. The pumps were being worked faster and faster, and someone was actually singing a chanty to their beat. The pressure increased throughout the day and at 4 p.m., reached its height. With a blow, the ship was knocked stern up, while a moving floe ripped away her rudder and stern-post; then the floe relaxed, and the beaten *Endurance* sank a little in the water. The decks began to break upward, and as the keel was ripped out, the water poured in. It was all up. At 5 p.m., Shackleton gave the order to abandon ship. The dogs were evacuated down canvas chutes, and the supplies that had been readied were lowered to the ice. Shackleton, standing on the quivering deck, looked down the engine-room skylight to see the engines dropping sideways as the stays and plates gave way. "Everything has come too quickly to make us pause to regret," wrote Wordie. "That will come in the future." The men were numbed by fatigue and the suddenness with which the end had come. None of the diaries evinces much concern for personal safety; all emotion was expended on the death of the ship. From her first entrance into the pack, they had cheered her fighting spirit; "noble," "gallant," "brave," "our stout little ship"—these had been the proud words with which they had characterized her. It was her maiden journey—she was, in Hurley's words, "a bride of the sea."

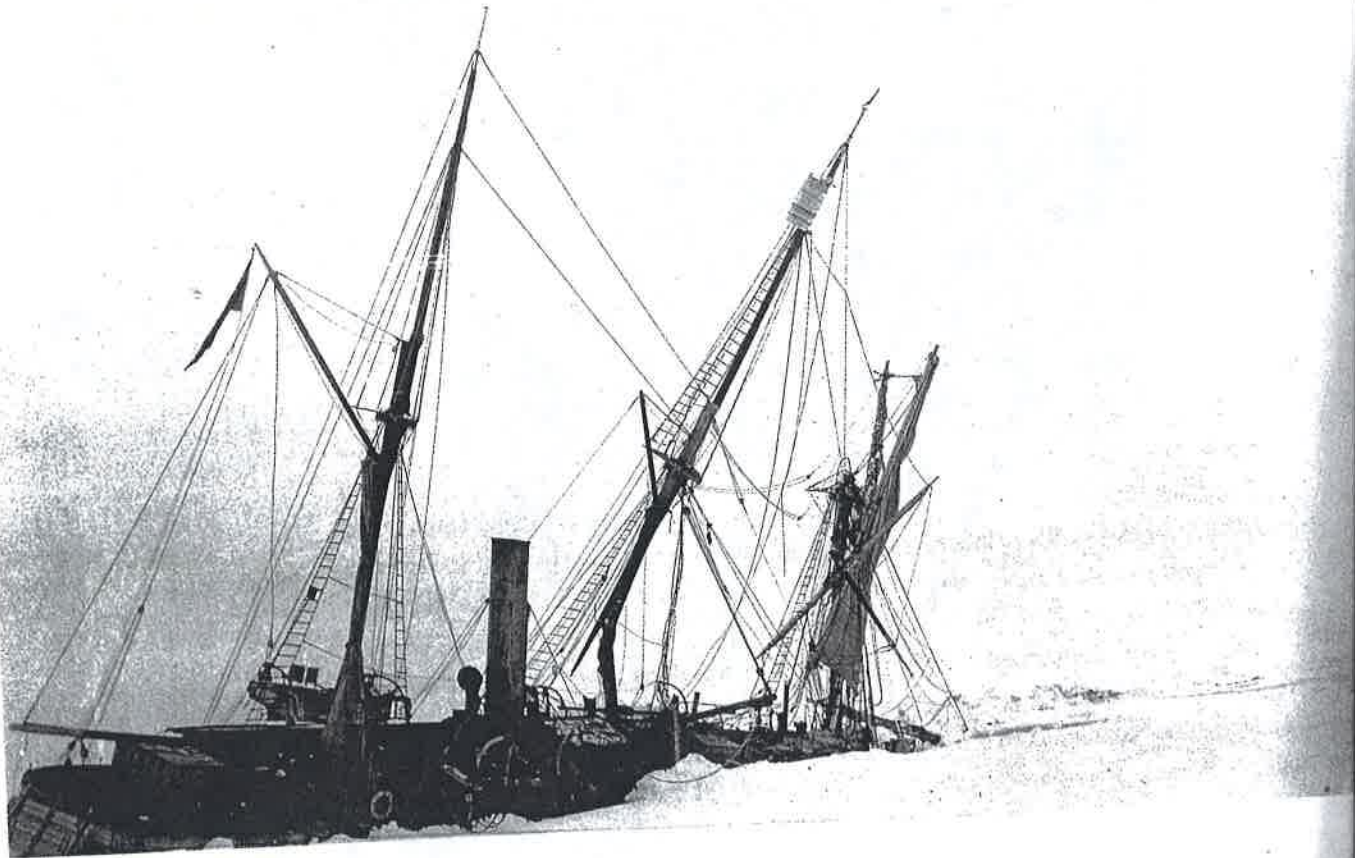
"It is hard to write what I feel," wrote Shackleton. "To a sailor his ship is more than a floating home. . . . Now, straining and groaning, her timbers cracking and her wounds gaping, she is slowly giving up her sentient life at the very outset of her career."

Before departing for good, Hurley had taken one last look around their old quarters in the Ritz, already a foot deep in water. The sound of beams splintering in the darkness was alarming, and he abruptly left. But of all sights and sounds, it was the clock still ticking comfortably in the cozy wardroom as the water rose that perhaps most unnerved him.

Shackleton was the last to leave. He hoisted the blue ensign, and the men on the ice gave three hearty cheers. By a cruel accident, the ship's emergency light had switched on, and as its circuit was intermittently broken, the *Endurance* seemed to all hands to bid them a final, sad, flickering farewell.



## The Endurance

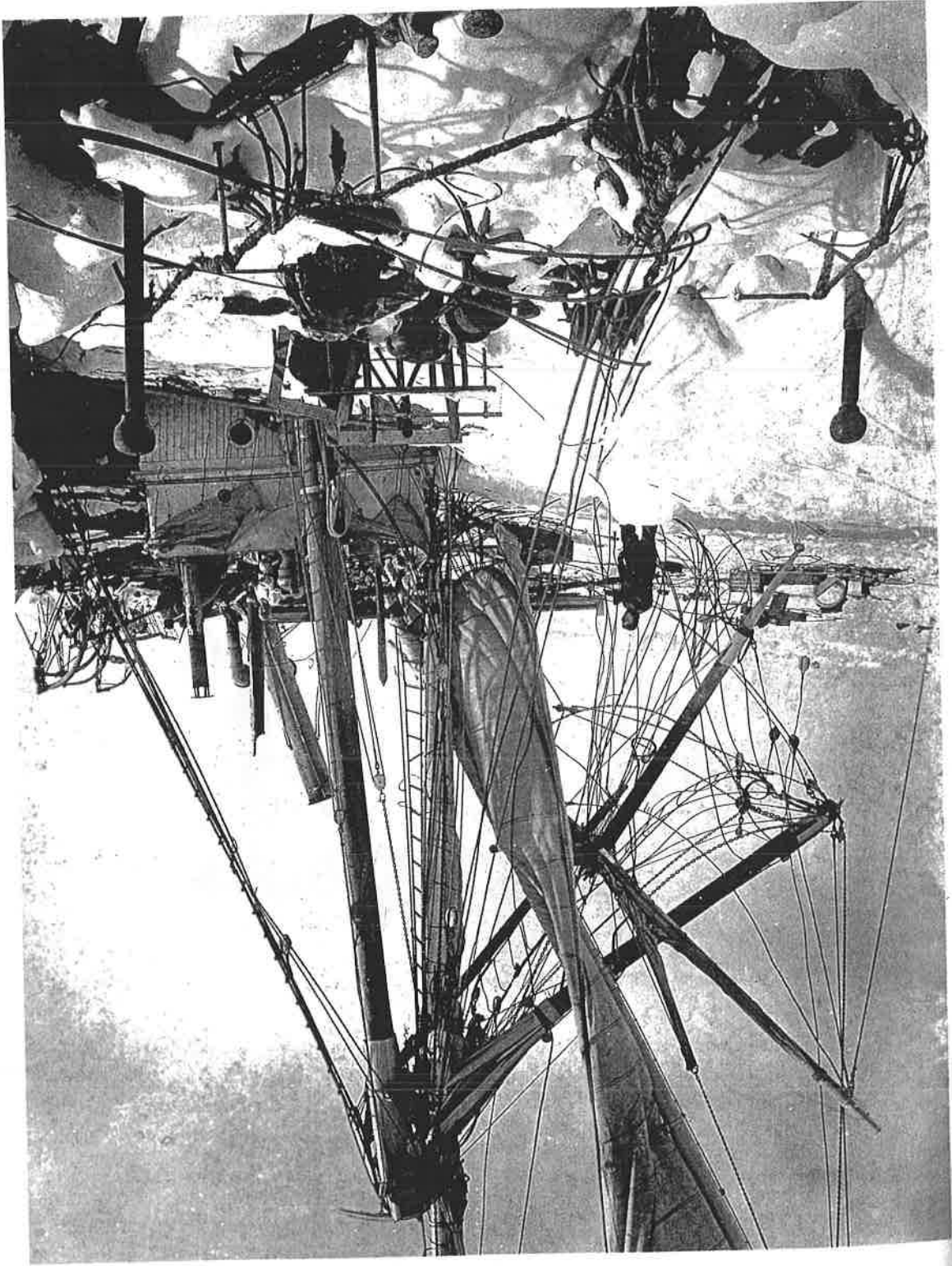


### The wreck of the Endurance

*"The floes are in a state of agitation throughout the day, and in consequence, I had the cinema trained on the ship the whole time. I secured the unique film of the mast collapsing. Toward evening, as though conscious of having achieved its purpose, the floes were quiescent again." (Hurley, diary)*

### The wreck of the Endurance

*"Awful calamity that has overtaken the ship that has been our home for over 12 months. . . . We are homeless & adrift on the sea ice." (Hurley, diary)*







read Perce's mind. "But let me ask you something." Shackleton sat down on a crate beside Perce. "I know we all like the sense of getting somewhere, but this man hauling, well, doesn't seem to be working very well, does it? Not for lack of trying, mind you. I know everyone is working very hard."

"We haven't got very far," Perce agreed.

"We were out scouting this morning."

"Aye, I saw you."

"The ice is pretty bad. All broken up as far as we could see. But there appears to be a good solid floe not too far away. We were thinking about camping there awhile until the ice breaks up. What do you think? Do you think the men would mind?" Perce felt a flood of relief at the idea.

"Might be a good idea," he said.

"We'll have a meeting in a little while to talk about it. Tell the others in your tent, will you?"

"Aye." They both stood up. Shackleton staggered a step and Perce saw him wince.

"Are you all right, Boss?"

"Just a twinge here and there." He rubbed his hands over his lower back. "Ah, when we get home, I'm going to lie down in the green grass. Let the sun beam all over me for about ten days. Maybe just in my knickers. What do you say, lad? Sound good?"

"I haven't any knickers decent enough for that, sir," Perce said. Shackleton laughed.



They called their new home Ocean Camp. It was a good, thick chunk of ice, almost a mile square. Best of all, it was only two miles from the remains of the *Endurance*, where so much had been left behind. That first afternoon, most of the men went back to see what they could salvage. Everyone was in a jolly mood as they set out, but when they got close to the wreck, they fell silent. The *Endurance* was little more than a twisted pile of wood, half sunk and crushed like a child's toy run over by a train. It was a horrible sight.

"Doesn't it seem a hundred years ago," Perce said. "And it's only been a week since we left her."

"Father Neptune got us, boys," Billy said with some admiration. "Poured out all his vengeance for trespassing in his domains."

McNeish, Hurley, and Crean went on board first to check for danger. The mainmast was about to fall, so they cut it down. The mizzen fell with it and made a terrible sound. The sorrow didn't last long, however, once the plunder began. The next few days became a combination pirate raid, treasure hunt, and Christmas all rolled into one. They brought back planks of wood and built floors for the tents. They pried up the entire wheelhouse and turned it into a galley for Charlie. Much to Billy's delight, many of the encyclopedias were rescued. They salvaged boards and ropes and rolls of canvas. They spent hours prying out every precious nail they could get. Hurley found a metal coal hod and more pieces of the ash chute and improved the blubber stove.





9 - 10/20

# MUTINY

One of the most infamous stories of polar exploration is Sir John Franklin's doomed search for the Northwest Passage. In 1845, Franklin took two Royal Navy ships, *Erebus* and *Terror*, and a crew of 129 into the Arctic to search for a sea route between the North Atlantic and the Pacific. They never returned. Years later, a record of the fateful voyage was discovered among some artifacts in Arctic Canada. Mutiny, insanity, desertion, cannibalism—dreadful things were whispered about the members of the Franklin expedition. More than forty rescue missions were sent from England, at least ten of them financed by Lady Franklin, the leader's widow.

A book about one of Lady Franklin's rescue missions, *The Voyage of the Fox*, was among the nonessential stores and equipment left behind at Ocean Camp. The essentials were now being dragged laboriously over the ice by *Endurance's* crew. Far to their west on the Antarctic Peninsula was Erebus and Terror Gulf, named in honor of the two ships that had navigated the bottom of the world before being lost at the top. Without doubt, Shackleton's men were well versed in stories about the Franklin voyage and well aware of the dangers that faced them as they manhailed two of the boats over the rotting ice toward a very uncertain goal.

Shackleton had hoped by setting out across the ice to enliven the crew and focus their minds on action. Instead, he found himself faced with growing resentment and dissatisfaction. Now that *Endurance* was gone, some of the fo'c'sle hands were grumbling that they were working without pay and were no longer bound to follow Shackleton's orders. In addition, Worsley was constantly fretting about the boats: Shackleton had decided to leave one of them, the *Stancomb Wills*, behind at Ocean Camp. But Worsley knew that cramming the whole crew into the *James Caird* and the *Dudley Docker* once they reached the open ocean would be difficult, if not impossible: the two boats would ride low and heavy in the water, and maneuvering them would take all their skill.

But to drag all three boats—Shackleton knew *that* was impossible. As it was, the men hauling the *Caird* and the *Docker* were sinking up to their knees

SHIPWRECK AT THE BOTTOM OF THE WORLD

in s  
eac  
coc  
one  
to  
the  
hav  
fre  
cov  
eas  
wo  
the  
  
the  
ter  
Sh  
an  
ca  
  
Th  
kr  
ca  
or  
  
di  
er  
w  
IV  
  
h  
si  
a  
st

in slush, and their boots were filling with seven pounds of freezing water with each step. They marched at night, when the surface of the pack was slightly cooler and harder, but even so the labor was horrendous. Again, they relayed one boat at a time in quarter-mile stages, trudging back over their own tracks to bring up the second boat. Often, by the time they reached the second boat, they would find the runners of the sledge frozen onto the ice, and they would have to lunge forward three or four times like exhausted draft horses to snap it free. The dog teams broke the trail as much as possible, but in three days they covered only seven miles. They would certainly have traveled much faster and easier without the boats. But without the boats, they hadn't a chance. They would eventually reach the edge of the pack and have the ocean in front of them. They had to take the boats.

On December 27, Shackleton turned back from breaking trail to find that the men hauling the boats were standing idle. Soaked with sweat and seawater, the crew shuffled their feet in the snow, looking anxious and avoiding Shackleton's eyes. Overhead a lone petrel circled, watching the scene. Worsley, angry and exasperated, was in a standoff with a mulish, silent McNeish. The carpenter had decided not to take another step.

Under naval law, a ship's crew is free of obligation when the ship sinks. Their duties are terminated, and their pay ceases. After years at sea McNeish knew his naval law, and he was convinced that *Endurance's* Ship's Articles were canceled. He wasn't going to follow orders from Worsley or Shackleton or anyone else any longer. He had had enough.

This was the first threat to Shackleton's command, but it was a potentially disastrous one. Chances for survival were slim at best if they all stayed together. But if the crew broke apart and chose their own courses, their chances would dwindle to nothing. At the moment, nobody was siding with McNeish—after all, staying behind was obviously fatal.

But Shackleton knew how close his crew was to falling apart. The focusle hands, along with McNeish, had begun grumbling about their duties and pay since the ship sank. And some of the university men, who were unused to such a hard life, were so demoralized by the events of the last months that they seemed ready to break down. Once a man sat down on the ice and decided not



to continue, it would require force or threats of violence to get him moving again.

Shackleton returned to the sledge that carried the ship's crew list. Paper in hand, in a quiet, steady voice, he read the Ship's Articles, which each man had signed before leaving England. They had been modified slightly from the usual contract:

All members of the Crew without exception to have interchangeable duties. . . . The Crew agree to conduct themselves in an orderly, faithful, honest, and sober manner, and to be at all times diligent in their respective Duties, and to be obedient to the lawful commands of the said Master . . . whether on board, in boats, or on shore.

Shackleton was the Master, and technically they were now on shore; disobedience to the commands of the Master was legally punishable. The Ship's Articles had not been terminated, and neither had the crew's pay. As the sailors' discontent subsided, Shackleton took McNeish aside and exchanged a few quiet words with him, perhaps reminding him that execution was a legal punishment for mutiny. After a short rest, the men wearily harnessed themselves to the boat once more, and McNeish took his place with the others.

The exhausted band of sleds crept over the ice through another night, covering only two and a half miles. The way grew increasingly difficult. The ice was so thin in some places that the heavy lifeboats cracked the floes and formed leads of seawater. Bergs and broken floes were jumbled together between increasingly large leads of open water. Progress in any direction began to look impossible.

The next day, they retreated to a large, old floe that seemed solid, and there they pitched camp, but they soon discovered it was not as secure as they had hoped. They could not go forward. The way back to Ocean Camp was impassable. The ice was too soft to cross, but there was not enough open water to launch the boats. They moved a short distance again, and then one more time.

At last, they made a new camp. It appeared that they had abandoned

Ocean Camp for no advantage at all. Their new floe was smaller and less stable. They had left behind many of the things they had salvaged from *Endurance*, including the scrap lumber that had made dry floors for their flimsy, canvas tents. They were stuck where they were, and the ice pack was crumbling to pieces beneath them.


On December 31, 1915, Shackleton wrote in his diary: "The last day of the old year: May the new one bring us good fortune, a safe deliverance from this anxious time, and all good things to those we love so far away."

If their loved ones so far away could have seen the crew of *Endurance*, their hearts would have broken. Nothing could have been more pitiful and hopeless than the twenty-eight men marooned on the rotting ice pack nearly 200 miles from the nearest solid land. They called their new home Patience Camp.

ving  
er in  
had  
sual  
is-  
p's  
he  
a  
gal  
n-  
v-  
ce  
id  
er  
n



## PATIENCE, PATIENCE, PATIENCE



On January 1, Orde-Lees was skiing near the edge of the floe when a twelve-foot-long, fanged leopard seal lunged up out of the water and began humping toward him at astonishing speed. With a terrified yell, Orde-Lees stumbled across the ice toward camp. Suddenly, the animal lunged back into the water. As Orde-Lees had reached the opposite side of the floe, the leopard seal burst up out of the water in front of him, jaws agape. Screaming, Orde-Lees turned his skis and headed back. His frantic cries brought Wild out of his tent with a rifle, and Wild immediately dropped to one knee, raised the weapon, and began firing—and cursing furiously at Orde-Lees. The leopard seal now rushed toward Wild, who shot again and again. The animal was only thirty feet away from Wild when it fell at last. The entire crew was breathless.

An attack by a leopard seal was not a great way to begin life in the new camp. Everyone knew they were in worse circumstances than they had been even at Ocean Camp. They had fewer provisions and less equipment with them. The ice was growing so soft they often had to crawl on their hands and knees through saltwater slush, while hungry beasts that looked upon men as a new variety of food cruised through the dark waters just below them.

And although there were seals around for them to hunt, the men grew alarmed when the animals became harder and harder to find. Their food stores were running out. On January 13, Shackleton announced that most of the dogs would have to be killed—the dogs required a seal a day, while the whole crew could survive on one seal for several days. For the time being, the Boss would spare Hurley's, Macklin's, and Greenstreet's teams in order to return to Ocean Camp for supplies when conditions permitted. The other dogs were taken one by one behind a large block of ice and shot.

A gale set in on the fifteenth, and winds of more than seventy miles per hour drove them north for six days. On the twenty-first, Worsley's astronomical observations indicated that they had crossed the Antarctic Circle. Shackleton celebrated the occasion by issuing an extra round of hot Virol, a powdered drink mix, to all hands.

Progress to the north was what they all hoped for, and yet some of the men, especially Worsley and Macklin, remained uneasy about the boats. Worsley had little confidence that they could take to the open ocean in only two boats, and he pestered Shackleton every day about returning to Ocean Camp for the *Stamcomb Wills*. On January 22, Worsley climbed a hillock of ice and saw that the gale that had blown them north had also compacted the ice and blown Ocean Camp closer to their position.

Shackleton debated for days. The condition of the pack was miserable for travel, but not likely to get any better. If they were ever to retrieve the third boat, they must do it sooner rather than later. Finally, at the end of the month, he decided to risk a salvage mission. Wild left Patience Camp with eighteen men at one o'clock in the morning of February 1. The rest of the crew waited, some of them crying from restlessness, depression, or anxiety.

According to Hurley, "Ocean Camp presented a forlorn appearance, resembling a deserted Alaskan mining village that had been ransacked by bandits." The men scavenged what they could, loaded the boat, and headed back. At Patience Camp, Shackleton stood watch. In a new galley made by wrap-ping canvas around four oars stuck upright in the snow, Green kept the hot potato can stoked. At 11 A.M., Shackleton saw the salvage party returning, and he went out to meet them with a kettle of hot tea. Shortly after noon the *Stamcomb Wills* and some of the remaining stores were safely back in camp. With the exception of Macklin's team, the remaining dogs were shot.

Hurley was heartbroken. "I said good-bye to my faithful old leader, Shakespeare, with an aching heart. It seemed like murdering in cold blood a trusty pal, but, alas, there was no alternative. Food was running short and the end was inevitable, for the dogs could not be taken in the boats."

And now there was really nothing left to do but wait. The men suffered from a diet that consisted almost entirely of meat. Constipation and flatulence, or "squeaky gut," as the men called it, made them even more uncomfortable than they already were. With no yeast, the flour they had could not be made into bread, but instead was baked into heavy, unleavened scones. On top of intestinal problems, the wind made the men's eyes water constantly, and their tears would drip down their noses and form a small icicle, which would break