



The ICE-man **COMETH**

Steam power, Sir Ernest Shackleton, Captain William Bligh, Jessica Watson, expeditions, new boat, shipwrecks... this is the current state of DON MCINTYRE's passionate life

My admiration for people with vivid imaginations is only surpassed by those I find with real Passion! No matter what it is, collecting bottle tops, stamps or just an opinion, these people have a spark that is the essence of living and I will happily share my space with them anytime. They bring a smile to my face without effort and tingle my inner being, to the point of making me want to do something... anything! Life is just so exciting sometimes and you don't need money to make it happen.

A few weeks ago, for the fourth time in 12 months, I was back in England, this time to work on the Shackleton James Caird Replica for a future expedition. The

builder told me it was on display at a steam rally the day I wanted to measure it up and could I call in there to do that. Sure.

IT'S STEAMY

Thinking it was a little weekend of steam enthusiasts, I was more than shocked to find 20,000 people turning up on that same day. It was big, loud, smelly and oh so exciting. There were steamboats, steam pumps, steamrollers, steam trains, steam organs, steam merry-go-rounds, steam cars, steam everything. All puffing and huffing with the thick smell of coal and oil. I was a kid in a lolly shop.

In one of the tents I hit the jackpot — a 'mini' triple expansion three-cylinder steam engine. The real ones were fitted

to all the destroyers in WWII. It was the size of a loaf of bread, every piece handmade, and it worked perfectly.

The 'owner-builder' sat watching me pass, till he found out I had a real one in my backyard once. Thirty years ago I was "ship keeping" and living on the steam tug *Yelta* in Adelaide with the very same engine, but it was bigger than a bakery. This chap was full of passion, as were all the others displaying their toys. Why do they do it? What is the point? What drives them? Well, it is for the very same reason people sail around the world or fly a kite... you should try it one day.

NEXT ADVENTURE
 Earnest Shackleton had Passion



Having just completed the Bligh voyage, I have now teamed up with Tim Jarvis from Adelaide to do Shackleton's trip in February and March 2012

right to the end, when he died of a heart attack at the start of another Antarctic expedition.

Most have seen the pictures of his ship *Endurance* being crushed in the Antarctic pack ice. This event ultimately led to an epic open-boat voyage

of survival.

He and five others sailed the 23ft *James Caird* from Elephant Island on the Antarctic Peninsula, 800nm to a whaling station on South Georgia Island to get help, and returning to rescue the remaining crew (see www.jamescairdsociety.com).

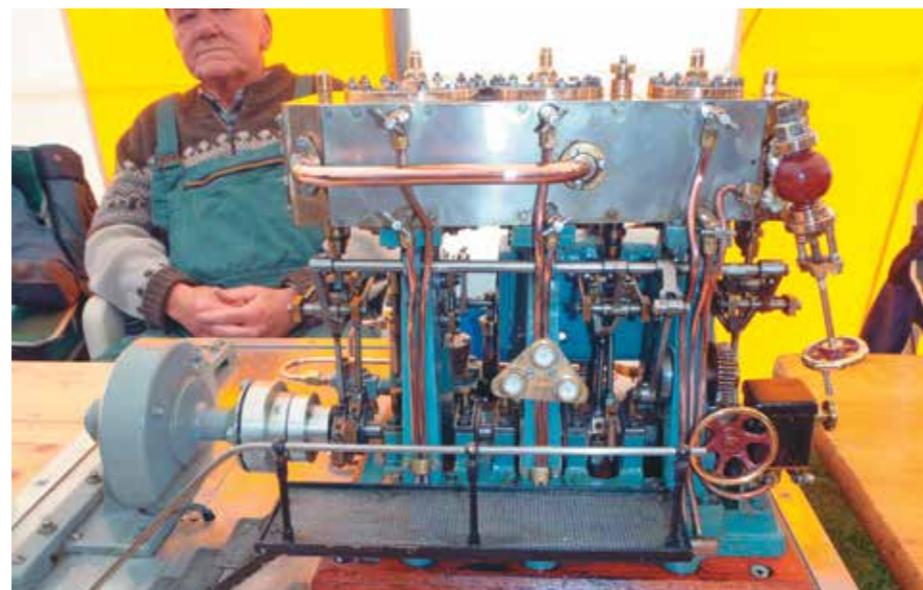
www.jamescairdsociety.com).

It is considered one of the greatest open-boat journeys in maritime history. Have you heard that claim before? Yes. So was Bligh's *Bounty* boat voyage. There is some debate to which was the greater, so why not do the double.

Having just completed the Bligh voyage, I have now teamed up with Tim Jarvis from Adelaide to do Shackleton's trip in February and March 2012. It will be cold, wet, uncomfortable and yes, a little risky, but I want to do something right. So, why not.

While in London, I met Sir Ernest's grand-daughter Alexandra Shackleton for the first time at an expedition-launch function.

There were other adventurers



Sir Ernest Shackleton and crew launching the lifeboat *James Caird* (opposite top) on April 24, 1916 from Elephant Island (photo from Shackleton's book *South*, William Heinemann, London 1919). Don is buying a bigger boat, ex-*Trade-a-boat*, and has *ICE* (top) for sale. A working replica (left) of a triple expansion three-cylinder steam engine from WWII.



The two young ones, Jessica Watson and Mike Perham (dockside), tyre-kicking a Class Mini Pogo transatlantic yacht

TRADE A BOAT

After 4000nm and 47 days sailing the Talisker Bounty Boat (**visit www.taliskerbountyboat.com**) across the Pacific in June, I very nearly could have lost the boat on the last night just like Bligh, 221 years before.

Bligh's men would have been worried about drowning that night, but I bet they would have been worried more that their story would not have made it to the world if they did. No one would have known about the mutiny or their epic struggle for survival. In that era, ships and men just disappeared off the face of the earth regularly, with no clue as to what happened, when, where or why?

And, guess what? I found one.

All I can tell you is that I leave soon to head out into the Pacific and dive on a 135ft virgin timber wreck that is copper sheathed. Only two sets of eyes have seen it! Yes, I am "tingling".

So, now I may need a bigger boat. *ICE*, my 50ft SUV of the ocean, built in China and virtually brand-new, is for sale (**go to www.mcintyre50ms.com**).

This looks like it will become a three-year program of discovery and recovery. But don't worry, I have found a perfect, bigger replacement boat in this magazine. So, if you have \$900,000 let me know. I may have the ultimate adventure ship for you! Wanted — another passionate owner.

THE YOUNG ONES

Jessica and I both crashed at Mike Perham's place in the UK. She now refers to me as the "old bloke with the white beard". Yes, it was silly time. We headed to the Southampton Boat Show to get some ideas. Jessica has given up on the Big Dream and is thinking of trading down to a Small Dream. 🚣

Jessica's has traded down to Small Dream, perhaps leading to a new challenge.

there, too, pursuing their destiny, such as Mt Everest for the first time at 55 years of age (my age, but not my trip).

Olly Hicks (**see www.virinalglobalrow.com**), who attempted to row around the world was not there, but his father was. His Passion was simply his son, how cool is that. Olly left Hobart, but only ever made it to NZ some three months later. It was an epic struggle and I don't think the battle is over yet? Sometimes things don't work out, but now we all live that experience blow by blow via the web and sat coms.

When I one day set off in the *James Caird*, we will have all that again, as we did on our Talisker Bounty Boat: tracking systems, blogs and this time, a 75ft support boat shadowing us. It is not only for the *National Geographic* cameramen, but for safety, too... well, sort of. At 2am in the morning, if it is blowing 60kts, with 12m seas and -3°C air temp and water about 2°C, that support boat may not be able to offer support and may be struggling itself. At the end of the day, we are on our own. Why do we do it, what is the point, what drives us... not sure? Maybe Passion?

