

lost. The Boss said little; his motto has always been never to split the party, but last night this was unavoidable.

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

We had got a footing on the land but not much more. Three shingle beaches are backed by steep cliffs and screes, up which there is no escape should a storm come. The stack is a picturesque feature, through the gap one sees the coast line farther W, backed/