

afternoon after some desultory limpeting (it being too cold on the hands) explored along the coast nearly to the head of the next bay.

Wednesday, 30th August.

On board a Chilian relief ship, and making NW to Cape Virgin^s at 11 knots. I have not yet learned the name of the ship, for all is confused and excited; and on all sides we hear of nothing but the terrible war news.

Here then are the day's events:-

All morning about ten of us were kept busy shovelling snow away from the deep drifts on the N side of the hut. Knocked off at midday, and all hands went limpeting, with a view to making a seal - limpet - dulse hoosh. Shortly before 1.0 p.m. was called away from shelling limpets, lunch being ready. Then just as Wild was serving it out, Marston came to the door asking if we had anything to make a smoke signal, as a ship was in sight. Lunch thrown to the winds; all tumbled out of the hut anyway: there she was, what we took to be a whaler, steaming past us eastwards. The smoke signal failed, but there was no need for it, as by now her head was towards us, and she had run up her flag at the mizzen. Then came a scurry to get things packed — what we thought worth taking, and get on board. A boat was coming in; and took us off in two journeys. The end was rather a hurry: none of our rescuers ever saw the hut: the weather seemed changing for the worse: it was best to cut and run. And so all my beach exotics are left behind: the only rocks I have are those in situ. But can one complain? — My notes are safe, and every man is safe.

The ship was sighted just on 1.0 p.m. : before two all were on board, and the course was set northwards. Then we learnt that this is the fourth effort to relieve us; that the "Caird" reached South Georgia in sixteen days, and that the Boss, the Skipper and Tom Crean made a wonderful traverse of the/