

We took the Wills in tow, whilst the "Dokker" had orders to keep as close to us as possible. The wind was now blowing stronger than ever: we had Clarence Island some 6 miles to leeward, should we fail to make Cape Valentine.

It was a fearful night, and much water came on board. The Dudley Docker was soon lost sight of, whilst the Stancomb Wills behind us complained bitterly of the seas she was shipping.

On Saturday, 15th, (a day that none of us are likely to forget) about 5.30 a.m., Wild suddenly shouted out that there were cliffs on the port bow, and that he was going to gibe. There was a sudden scurry on board, and I was wakened in the well by a foot being planted on my face. But the rocks were not so near as imagined, and we were able to keep our course. We had been on the one reach from 7.0 p.m. till now: progress to windward and against a current probably had been very slow. But now after a second rough night our spirits rose, for we had not missed the land after all.

In the dawn we slowly crept under oars NE along the coast looking for a landing place. Glaciers and steep cliffs seemed to deny us the right. Finally about 8.0 a.m. we were at Cape Valentine, marked by a prominent stack and outlying skerries. Meantime we were all crunching pieces of ice, broken from the glaciers and picked up as they drifted past us, for we were frightfully thirsty — 48 hours without water. That had been our fear during the night — to be carried out to sea without any water.

The Boss went on board the "Wills" and had a closer look at the coast: we did not wish to risk the "Caird" too near. Whilst he was away the "Docker" came up from the S, and raised a cheer when they saw us, for they had passed a much worse night than we had: the Skipper had broken down under the strain — Macklin and Greenstreet took the helm. It was a big relief to everybody to know that all three boats were here without a man lost./