the captain keep tract of boats, as the deck officers were all in boats except one. for a crew I took the second cook, a hundred and twenty six pound ordinary seaman, an oiler and one able bodied seaman, we had to lower away quickly to keep the boat from banging against the side of the ship, as the ship rolled, but I got my boat away nicely and we manned the oars, I stood in the stern with the steering oar and we shoved off. The water is rougher than it looks when you get in it. The captain shouted from the bridge to pick up both rafts. We headed for the sound of the first one and left the one with the light until last. As we drew alongside they gave a cheer, but we had to pull them into the boat where they flopped exhausted to the bottom, or on the twarts, and we had to move them about before the boat crew could row. They said that they were the survivers of the British Cruiser "Dunedin" torpedoed four days ago. They asked for water but we couldn't stop to give it to them as we had to get to the next raft. They were scantly clothed and one or two were stark naked, and all sunburned. They were half in the water all the time on the rafts, there were about eight. We proceded on to the next raft and when we got close enough all I could see were heads, they were packed in it, twenty six of them I counted later. They also gave a cheer, there was a warrant officer present and I told him that I couldn't take them all in my boat as it was crowded with helpless men already, but to pass me the ones that were bad off, and I would give him a line and tow the raft to the ship. We did so and turned about and headed for the ship. It was only about a half mile away but it looked small in all that ocean, and far away. It was hard pulling for the crew and hard steering for me, and as the swells passed between the boat and the raft the line jerked and threw the stern over and I had a job to keep the boat headed for the ship. It was slow going but we finally got alongside, we could see the other two boats come alongside ahead of us, and they were picking one up already. There wasn't enough crew on board to handle it right and I could see that they were having a time getting it hooked, and it was banging the side and taking an awful beating, but they got it lashed and left it, and the other boat was foreward discharging the men that they had picked up. There are only thirty-seven men in our crew, and three officers and twelve men were in the boats, there were three men down below operating the engins, and the stewarts department were taking care of the men brought aboard, so you can imagine the time the handful that were left to hawl helpless men aboard, and attend the boats. We had to stand off a few minutes before there was any one to take our line. I even had to send one of my boat crew to get a ladder, he was able to grab the rail when we rose up on a swell. The boat would rise and fall about twelve feet up and down the ships side and bang and scrape. We tried to use fenders but they wouldn't stay in place. Finally we began sending the survisors up, those that could help themselves a little. There were sharkes swimming all around the boat and I was afraid someone would fall overboard, but the englishman were so used to them that they didn't pay them any mind, They were very orderly for their condition, and didn't try to crowd the ladder, and did just as we