

it was some of the most disagreeable work we had on the journey, particularly now at the beginning, when it was so cold. When this first dog was dismembered and given to the others, many of them went supperless the whole night in preference to touching the meat. But as the days went by and they became more worn out, they learned to appreciate dog's flesh, and later we were not even so considerate as to skin the butchered animal, but served it hair and all.

The following day the ice was occasionally somewhat better; but as a rule it was bad, and we became more and more worn out with the never-ending work of helping the dogs, righting the sledges every time they capsized, and hauling them, or carrying them bodily, over hummocks and inequalities of the ground. Sometimes we were so sleepy in the evenings that our eyes shut and we fell asleep as we went along. My head would drop, and I would be awakened by suddenly falling forward on my snow-shoes. Then we would stop, after having found a camping-ground behind a hummock or ridge of ice, where there was some shelter from the wind. While Johansen looked after the dogs, it generally fell to my lot to pitch the tent, fill the cooker with ice, light the burner, and start the supper as quickly as possible. This generally consisted of "lobscouse" one day, made of pemmican and dried potatoes; another day of a sort of fish rissole substance known as "fiskegratin" in Norway, and in this case composed of fish-meal, flour, and butter. A