

and work in; not like yesterday, when all one's tackle got wet; it is worst of all when one is lashing, for then one cannot keep the line taut. This sun is a welcome friend; I thought I was almost tired of it before when it was always there; but how glad we are to see it now, and how it cheers one. I can hardly get it out of my head that it is a glorious, fresh June morning home by the bay. Only let us soon have water, so that we can use our kayaks, and it will not be long before we are home.

"To-day,* for the first time on the whole of this journey, we have dealt out rations for breakfast, both of butter, $1\frac{2}{3}$ ounces, and aleuronate bread, $6\frac{2}{3}$ ounces. We must keep to weights in order to be certain the provisions will last out, and I shall take stock properly of what we have left before we go farther.

"Happiness is, indeed, short-lived. The sun has gone again, the sky is overcast, and snowflakes are beginning to fall.

"Wednesday, June 5th. Still at the same spot, but it is to be hoped it will not be long before we are able to get off. The weather was fine yesterday, after all, and so summer-like to sit out and work and bask in the sun; and then to look out over the water and the ice, with the glittering waves and snow!

* Until this day we had eaten what we required without weighing out rations. It proved that, after all, we did not eat more than what I had originally allowed per day—*i.e.*, 1 kilo. of dried food. We now reduced these day's rations considerably.