

pounds 4 ounces of wheaten bread and 17 pounds 1 ounce of aleuronate bread; so, for that matter, we can manage for another thirty-five or forty days, and how far we shall then have got the gods alone know, but some part of the way it must be.

“Sunday, June 9th. We got away from our camping-ground at last yesterday, and we were more than pleased. In spite of the weather, which was as bad as it could be, with a raging snow-storm from the east, we were both glad to begin our wanderings again. It took some time to fix grips under the kayaks, consisting of sack, sleeping-bag, and blankets, and so load the sledges; but eventually we made a start. We got well off the floe we had lived on so long, and did not even have to use the kayaks which we had spent a week in patching for that purpose. The wind had carefully closed the lanes. We found flat ice-country, and made good way in spite of the most villanous going, with newly fallen snow, which stuck to one’s snow-shoes mercilessly, and in which the sledges stood as if fixed to the spot as soon as they stopped. The weather was such that one could not see many hundred feet in front of one, and the snow which accumulated on one’s clothes on the weather-side wetted one to the skin; but still it was glorious to see ourselves making progress—progress towards our stubborn goal. We came across a number of lanes, and they were difficult to cross, with their complicated net-work of cracks and ridges in all directions. Some of them were broad