

“Saturday, February 29th. The sun high above the glacier to-day. We must begin to economize in train-oil in earnest now if we are to get away from here, or there will be too little blubber for the journey.

“Wednesday, March 4th. When Johansen went out this morning the mountain above us was covered with little auks, which flew twittering from crest to crest, and sat all over the glacier. When we went out again later on they were gone.

“Friday, March 6th. We are faring badly now. We have to sleep in the dark to save oil, and can only cook once a day.

“Sunday, March 8th. Shot a bear. Johansen saw ten flocks of little auks flying up the sound this morning.

“Tuesday, March 10th. That bear the day before yesterday came in the nick of time, and an amusing fellow he was, too. We were very badly off both for blubber and meat, but most for blubber, and we were longing for a bear; we thought it must be about time for them to come again now. I had just spent Sunday morning in mending my wind trousers and patching my ‘komager,’ so as to be all ready if a bear should come. Johansen, whose cooking week it was, had been sewing a little too, and was just cleaning up the hut for Sunday and taking out some bone and meat—he had taken it as far as the passage. But no sooner had he raised the skin over the opening out there than I heard him come