

CHAPTER VI

BY SLEDGE AND KAYAK

“SATURDAY, June 1st. So this is June. What has it in store for us? Will not this month, either, bring us the land we are longing for? Must hope and believe so, though the time is drawing out. Luck, for the matter of that, is a wonderful thing. I expected this morning as little of the day as was well possible; the weather was thick and snowy, and we had a strong contrary wind. It was no better when we came on a lane directly after we started, which appeared to be nearly impassable; everything was dark and dull. However, the day turned out to be better than we expected. By means of a detour to the northeast I found a passage across the lane, and we got on to long, flat plains which we went over until quite midday. And from five this afternoon we had another hour and a half of good ice, but that was the end of it; a lane which ran in several directions cut off every means of advance, and although I spent more than an hour and a half in looking for a crossing, none was to be found. There was nothing for it but to camp, and hope that the morrow would bring an improvement.