



Sunday April 24, 1960

Daylight Savings started today. I awoke at 6:30 AM & set out for the fleet garage to say goodbye to my class. - dear me "my class." Had they had 55 going on the trip - Finney was there too. Everyone wished me good luck & off they went. I went to mass, had breakfast & returned to the aviary to finish off the packing. Bettina helped me get the last of my stuff. Putting the gear up into the attic was awful. It was hotter than hell up there. At last, all bags packed! Joan picked me up at 3:45 & we drove out to the heights to say goodbye to Mrs. Klassen. He gave me a coke & wished me well - it's been a good year on East Upland. Off to Syracuse to catch the 6:45 flight to Montreal. I arrived at Eastern's Ticket desk to find that the flight was leaving in 6 minutes! Hell. I can't describe the next 5 1/2 minutes but I left poor Joan just standing there with her mouth wide open. I barely made it - And they didn't charge me for my baggage! Customs was a snap in Montreal. I could have brought 100 lbs of Tobacco. Returned to the Town & County Motel - watched some

awful TV & went to sleep. Why do these first
days always have to be like this?

Monday April 25th

Out to Dorval by 8:15 had some ruffee, weighed in my gear. - 160 lbs - not bad, I thought it weighed a lot more. Like last year - a DC-4, passengers on one side. Same sort of a group - gov. people - a group going to Resolute Industry people - became friendly with a Stationary Engineer? - heating set-up! We were in the air only 2 hours when the #3 engine stopped. Down we went to a town called Val d'Or in Quebec. First they tried to repair the damage - an oil leak then we were informed that the plane would go back to Montreal & that we would be put up free of charge in the town. And so we were - 3 free meals, a chance to speak to the other passengers & a good room - I bought a pair of long underwear - but chilly here. Day, is "pair of long underwear correct?" - "Bitter" some long underwear eh. Those semiographers who are going to Resolute are an odd bunch - as closed mouth as hell. They look a bit worried - god R.C.A.F. flies them up, they run around in Otters etc - what a deal. I don't believe that their equipment is night-insulated boots but they'll find out. All radio & TV up here is in French & not Parisian French - I can hardly understand a word. Plane returns at 9:00 AM tomorrow. I left

my razor in one of the bags on the plane + so I
folded around in the trash basket + used a used blade
- just the blade - Well? - It can't be done.

I hope my crates arrived in Churchill. I hope they have
30.00 ammo - I hope I hope etc.

To Bed by 10:30

Tuesday April 26

We took off at 9:45. Two gov. men took my seats & so I stold someone's seat - right over the wing - can't see much from here. It doesn't make any difference - just cloud cover. We stopped at Wainik, which is just an airbase. It was like China again - I didn't get off - self conscious again I guess - this time with Indians. I got a look at the pack ice in Hudson Bay - ah now that's better - by the land doesn't have too much snow on it. Trees go up much further on this side of the bay. Down at Churchill at 2:00 PM C.S.T. - ah ha - gained two hours. It's now 10:05 PM & I'm debating if I should write down all my thoughts on this place. Well, supposed list some of the happenings. My crates are here, the Black's goods are here, Mackinnon seems to be very helpful - all & all, the airbase is good. Taxi took me to the Hotel Churchill. The whole area with its muddy roads & ~~ramshackle~~^{ramshackle} houses looks like something from the frontier days in the west. Instead of houses, taxis. There are no side walks. The room in the Churchill is not bad. The dining room is being revamped & so one

Continued

must go to the Hudson Hotel. The Hudson is the 'better' of the two hotels, the food is good & the prices are quite reasonable. When I walked in for supper, all heads turned. I stared back & everyone returned to their meals. I went over to the Bay before supper & introduced myself to the manager. Well, here's another one on the lengthening line of people who just seem to go way out of their way to help me. I don't know his name yet but I'll find out tomorrow. He promised full cooperation - pressure cooker, 30-06 ammo - the works. The store is better stocked than a combination of Woolworth's & the A&P. He said that the bay will buy everything for me tie it up with wire bands & ship it to Trans-lin. He even offered to help to try to get me a flip to Coral. God I suppose that would be double crossing Trans-lin but at .72¢ per lb - gulp! After supper, I went over to the Catholic mission. A lay brother answered the door & informed me that the priest ('god, only one!') was out for the evening. When I told him that I knew Fr. Trinnell he brightened up, invited me in for coffee & cookies. I must have stayed for an hour. He told me that they were closing down the mission at Dorset & that Fr. Trinnell would leave there on a boat this

summer. He also gave me news of the Halls. They
+ Deacon (the day) left Dorset went first to Montreal
then to Winnipeg. Helen was drunk all the way down
- poor Helen - I hope she's okay. I'll go to mass
on Thurs. morning. Now to bed

Wednesday April 27th

Let me be honest - I'm writing this on Friday the 29th. I just been so busy that I've had to let this slip Wednesday and remember it was spent in purchasing my food et al at the Bay. I've bought one devil of a lot of food \$275.00 worth! at 375 lbs weight!! - Think of this in terms of .72¢ per lb on the plane. Mr. Mac Dougal has been very helpful as has been Dave, Will - no last names were passed around. Everyone in the store knows me & I wander about as free as a bird. At Churchill, people either work for H.B.C, D.O.T, industry, or Army. Mr. Mac Dougal is a heavy fellow - a supple - using a cane. He wears a very fancy parka trimmed with fox. He has only been up North for a month & still has the southern air about him. All & all a very nice fellow. I went over to Eskimo Museum at Churchill & met Brother Vilbot (Pikiot) - eskimo name. What a wonderful collection of eskimo art, archaeology etc. Brother Vilbot probably knows everyone who has ever passed through here. We talked eskimo anthropology & art for 2 hours. When I left the wind was whipping the snow at a high velocity - 13° To Bed for tomorrow & in off.

Thursday April 28th

The store is closed today but I got in the back door. All my food plus crates + personal baggage were picked up by the H.B.C. boys + Macdougall + I went out to Transair via cab - at his expense. They put the entire bill - flight charges + all on the letter of credit. I now have \$797.17 taken off which leaves me with \$1202.83. That should see me through.

The plane, containing only one other person - Doug - something, left at 12:30 PM C.S.T. in a snow storm. For most of the trip, the bay was covered by this snow storm although at our altitude, the weather was sunny. Charlie Weber was our pilot. People in the eastern arctic always talk about Charlie Weber - one of the first "bush pilots" in the arctic - where there is no bush. We dropped to 2000' + there was Foul Harbour. It appears like a very flat bleak place with several groupings of buildings which appear widely separated. When we landed, the D.O.T. people piled on to see what was for them. Then Barry Gunn came aboard. Jay had pointed him out to me as we landed + so I surprised Gunn by knowing his name. Barry Gunn was the teacher at Dorset before Betty Adams arrived.

Well, he's now the H.S.O. here. Fr. Choque was with him
& we loaded the Bombadier (a snowmobile) & off we went.
We stopped at the D.O.T. mess & had supper - steak, potatoes
etc - bon. Then off to the post which is 3 miles from the
D.O.T. We dropped off Fr. Choque & proceeded to the store where
I was introduced to Tom Crawford - a reserved Scotchman who
gave me the typical H.B.C. work over. We went back into his
office & talked over some of the preliminaries. First of all, the
man that they picked out for me is Pamidke "He Hoatbil".
We talked over the financial preliminaries & that doesn't look
good at all! Whow, do they get fancy pay here. Barry
& I then went over to my diggings - a government duplex and
a very nice set-up indeed. We piled in the junk & then Barry went
over to his house. An eskimo named Leo came over to say hello
& we talked for awhile. Most of the kid names are the same
as Dorset.

Although there is lots of linen here, I decided
to break out the sleeping bag. Boy, this bag is really nice.
Boy the place looks a wreck with all my boxes strewn
all over the floor. I'll straighten them out tomorrow.

29th continued
for the plane. I went over to Fr.
Chaque's house - heh - it's the church
too. Fr. Chaque is a suspicious fellow -
a Belgian. I think I've broken through his
exterior. We talked about religion, politics
eskimos etc - the usual - of course but
it was good conversation. We had some
wine & the time passed so quickly that
6:00 PM rolled around. Of to dinner at
the Gunn's. The kids ran around naked
& Eva continues to talk in wapsus - more
on this at a later date - much more.
We went over to the teacher's house &
had tea. To say that she's is terribly
English is to make the understatement of
the year. Teasake to the tune of "My
Fair Lady". More on Mrs. Dabedson
later but I really tire. A discouraging
day but things are a little more settled
I've just got to write letters (tomorrow)
& send a wire home. Money - oh I'll
probably dream of it all night - \$10 a day
-oh

Friday April 29th

Finally I've got Unga looking good here. Took the graphite to the 30-00 & it works very smoothly indeed. I was along the other two guides when in comes an eskimo - Timothy - Oh God, what a name for an eskimo. Any way, he spoke English. I found out that he had been on the DEW line at Cape Hooper - right smack in the big question area between Thayeri & Kumlieni. He doesn't seem quite clear about Nowyok there but I'll let my tail bugger until I'm sure he's shelled dry. I went over to the store & had a rather discouraging talk with Tom Crawford. He looked at my letter of credit, figured out what they had taken out & announced that - "Well, it looks like you have only 1200 dollars left. Native help is very expensive you know" - My heart dropped. Pameolik will want it to be worth his while to go up there, \$10 a day is high but if a canoe is thrown in - okay. Why oh why did I buy that tape recorder - Well that's no way to think. More about this idea. Give one of my hair boots to a young ♀. Someone else will do the duffle packs. Barry came in & we talked for a while. He then left to wait

Saturday April 30th

What an odd day for this time of year. It was up to 38° & the snow is very soft. I went out without my parka - just my sweater & I was perfectly comfortable. The weather must be holding up Famiolik, perhaps he'll come in tonight. It's cold out now & the wind is blowing up. Barry brought in the cooking utensils & now the place is fully equipped. Spoke to a few more eskimos about the northern coast & it looks good. At least they say that there are lots of Nauya up there on the cliffs. Talked some more with Tom Crawford & he seems to think that I won't have any trouble financially - maybe eh? Let's hope so.

Barry & the Bombadier flushed up a Snowy Owl. The eskimos say that there are lots of owls this year. Judging by the lemming trails, the population must be high. Recorded more eskimo on the tape recorder. Went over to Mrs. Davidson's tonight & she told me that Barry went to Churchill with C. H. Bolger - yes the almighty Bolger was actually here. I don't know when he'll be back. Oh let's see 7¹. The one was here this afternoon to remind me of the time of the Mass. Oh - I'm getting tired. We are going to be good friends!

Sunday, May 1, 1960

A very nice day. I woke at 8:45 changed my underwear & hurrak, put on new pants - the old one were torn & split in the rear & went off to mass. Had - a high mass. It was hot & no air in there - the women sat on one side & the men on the other. Mrs. DAVIES - yes - not Davidson who is an anglican, played the organ & the whole congregation sang the mass. After mass, Will - the H.B.C. ^{clerk} just over from Scotland, Mrs. DAVIES & myself had tea etc with Fr. Chague - good talk & lots of fun. Then Father Will came over to see the radio & tape recorder & now Father wants to buy the radio - in fact every one does - ditto on the tape recorder. Father Chague & I are becoming very good friends - he will have my tripod fixed in no time & cutting a new thread on the handle. In fact, he has offered to let me use his ^{the} Pressure Cooker!! - God - Perfect. Later in the afternoon, Tom Crawford came over with my boots - boy that was fast & invited me to supper. Supper was turkey etc. We sat around later & talked about every thing. Crawford is a very intelligent fellow & I like him very much. People are the same everywhere in the Arctic - & that couldn't be better. I left at about 11:15, it

was beginning to get light in the east but directly overhead
a beautiful ~~crest~~ display of aurora was going on.

Crisp snow, stars, aurora, moon, sunrise &
quietness. — what better ending to a day!

Monday May 2, 1960

I went over to mass at 8:00 AM. The eskimos sing even at low masses. Pamiulik's wife was there - a think that she is worried. Pamiulik is overdue. It seems that it was very cold when he left & so he only used mud or wood runners. Now with the warm spell, he is stuck. Travel at night is the only possible way. Well I managed to scrounge up some breakfast from Fr. Choque. The rest of the day was a waste - well not entirely. I dropped over for lunch at Mrs. Dennis house & we made pleasant talk. I returned to the house & spent the afternoon writing letters. - not very good ones because I'm so fidgety about this waiting. After supper - spam, tea, cookies, I listened to the radio & then lay down on the bed. - Bingo I woke up at 1:20 AM! - DAM. Another day shot - oh well you guessed it, I'm writing this on Tuesday. I've gotta get out of this nut soon. Nothing would cheer me more than to see Pamiulik back.

Tuesday May 3, 1960

Well, things have been accomplished. No Pamiolik yet but I've decided to send 2 kamotiks up to White Island with some heavy gear. Tom Crawford & his wife came over just a little while ago with Sandy - an eskimo who is spoken highly of by everyone. After a long talk - Mrs. Crawford translating, this is the tentative plan. Two men & two kamotiks will leave here - probably Thursday with 10 barrels of gasoline, one barrel of coal oil & some other light things that I don't need now. Sandy figures on 5 days to reach White Island. Then he & his buddy (I don't know who he's going to be) will take off & go hunting. Well, I just got a long visit from Sandy's buddy - Joe - something. We talked and talked, smoked & smoked, grinned & grinned, looked at rifles, looked at aerial photos, looked at the map, exchanged names of kids & animals & finally he left. Other than this, the evening is being spent quietly - HA HA. A summary of what every one thinks is in order. Four or five days up to White Id. - Hullson Nas Id. probably on other parts of White Id. - hoards of seals, walrus & fish. In other words - no want for food. On the trip down the coast, it will be touch & go with ice all the way down - 3 days if no ice but well - HA. Lots else went

on today but those are the important wants. Now I've
got work to do - pack up boxes to go up. At least, part
of me will go. Good day - Good night!

Wednesday May 4th

It's now 12:15 AM & I'm quite tired

The voice of America is on right now - oh this radio is going to make a difference. Well, what sort of a day has it been! - Big! Pamiok came in at 5:00 AM today & came over with Mr & Mrs Crawford this morning. First of all, a description is in order. Pamiok is about 50, small in stature 5'5" or 5'7". His face is very weather beaten & he has many white features. His top & teeth are lacking but not evident even when he laughs - & this he does often. Reminds me very much of Pingwor toke - a grand wizier old man - but not really old - understood? He wore a little red hat, green parka (very dirty in a good way) & hair boots. We went over the trip & does he know that coast - good grief! - I just picked up one of the aerial photos & he immediately pointed to the spot on the map. He pointed out many more gull colonies than any of the other Eskimos. After he left & did all sorts of things but to summarize - we are now going to set 30 gallons of coal oil with the 100 gallons of gasoline - better more than less. We will also buy a 8' kamotik with us - Fr. Choquer's idea - and a very good one indeed. With that, we can drag the canoe about & it will help

~~essentially~~ very much in the crosshairs of the Bell Peninsula
Later in the afternoon, I conferred with ~~Pamolik~~ Tom
on just what salary would be suitable. Mrs.
Crawford came over in the evening with Pamolik & we
agreed on \$200 a month & so he should clear more than
\$600.00. We talked about all sorts of things & everyone seems
happy. Those were the essential events of the day.

Intermediate events: I opened up the "Arctic Journal" tent
& it took me a devil of a long time to figure it out. This would
have been most embarrassing on the trail if I didn't even
know how my own tent was set up. Tomoltu a kiolik was
in but he was no help. Well, now I know the story. Any
way Pamolik tells me we won't use a tent on the trail
- eh? - yes just sleep under the canvas.

Spent the evening over at Mrs. Davis. Tent talk.
I'm afraid I'll make a nuisance of myself & so I'll try
not to go over tomorrow.

Fr. Choque gave me some bread. He was
over this PM. We had some good laughs. All
my boots are back now - patched & chewed. Mrs. Crawford
did a very nice job on the duffle socks. I've got
to get up tomorrow early & list out the food & other items
that will go on the sleds tomorrow night.

I must wait now until Pamolik's sun gets back
from the floe edge with dog food before we can go.
Perhaps Saturday night.

Thursday May 5, 1960

A day very much like yesterday with one (actually several) exception. The weather has gone from warm & mild to cold, snowy & very dark. It's now midnight & I don't want to hit the sack. I hope to send the two sleds off tomorrow & follow them perhaps on Saturday. The day was spent in measuring things up in the house (organizing my food) & getting cooking utensils from Fr. Choquet. He has been very nice - that's putting it mildly - cooking utensils, stove, tarpolene sled etc. Back, what can I give back - yes something but what? I spent the early evening over at the store buying things. Some of the D.O.T. boys came roaring into the store to buy all sorts of things including 5 walrus os penis! They seem to be a great attraction to people. One of the fellows went over to look at the broken movie projector & he found the trouble - 4 burned-out tubes - Dad - was I wrong. The order from H.B.C. stacks up to 100 gal. of gasoline 10 quarts of lubricating oil, 30 gal of coal oil, 50 lbs of sugar, 50 lbs of flour + 24 lbs of it for trail rations, 15 lbs of butter, 12 lbs of lard, 2 lbs of baking powder 1 case - 48 lbs of salt etc!

Pantimon & Pamio are almost ready. Their boots are made & they only have

to finish off their tent. Since they will be utilizing their
own food, I'd rather have them leave a day earlier. Tonight
if possible. If we all went together it would be a bit
absurd to have Pamolik, his son + myself eating my food +
Samy + Pamiis eating theirs.

Later in the evening I went over to Fr. Choqué's
+ he talked, listened to "La Voix de Français du arctie" - the
round robin talks of the various missionaries at Baker Lake, Repulse,
Pelly, Fox etc. We had a glass of wine - no two
before I left. It's rather stormy now and about 19° with
a very strong S.E. wind and snow. Well, I wanted
this weather + here it is.

Friday May 6, 1960

Oh, I'm dead tired. This evening I could hardly keep my eyes open. Day is it cold -6° F & still going down. The wind is about 35 miles per hour & the combination is something.

Well, Paris & Sandy left today at 2:30 PM, fully loaded - about 1000 lbs apiece. Parnolik's son came back but no seals. I think he can get dog food from someone & we may leave tomorrow afternoon.

Today I was generally destructive - well not really. I helped Fr. Choque put up his aerial & I punched holes through the screen in my house for the ground of aerial lead. Then after carefully following the tune up instructions we blew two tubes & Ed knows what else. Poor Fr. Choque - I think he was quite discouraged. I've just come back from his place - yes - two glasses of wine "sleeping pills" so says Father.

Poor Mrs. Davis - up at 5:00 AM to hear Margaret's Wedding & - well you guessed it - Lado Blackout - shed is furious. I'm writing as fast as I can so that I don't fall asleep before I

finish the journal.

7 - Snow Bunting today. This is only the second species that I have observed so far - Snowy Owl being the other.

I'm smoking much too much - cigarettes, pipe - this has got to stop. I'm anything now & I rarely do that.

I must make it to mass tomorrow - it will probably be the last for a long time.

Oh I suppose other things happened but for his fatigue & so in Will's words, we'll say

73.

Saturday May 7, 1960

Well, not gone but almost. Tomorrow is the day. Pamolik says after mass but it will be more like 2:00 PM. I had both lunch & supper at Mrs. Davies (pronounced Davis) she is from south England - Hampton I believe she said it was. It was a good evening but I almost died of thirst. Dad, I guess the English believe in serving tea last - and curry was the main item! - I recorded almost all of the 5th Symphony on the tape recorder - ah I know that's going to be a treat.

Say I'm feeling pretty wide awake now - should be, I slept from 2 to 5:30. The account is going to be close & so I send for some more \$. You know I forget just how much 20% of 2800 is - 500 + something - not bad - I'll be alright here. Two dead Snowy Owls today - caught in ~~the~~ traps. Let's see I get up early tomorrow morning & straighten up the place - then confession, mass, breakfast, haven't picked up the last minute supplies & - well we'll see.

Poor Johnathan - he cooked up some of his almond cookies for me & we forgot about them during lunch - Burned to a cusp. He'll make more. You know that's so very nice thought indeed. I just (11:30) returned

from the Crawfords - Radio Blackout & therefore no Dorset
We had tea, told jokes & read some Ballads - Had
-oh it was a bit of fun, Good night!

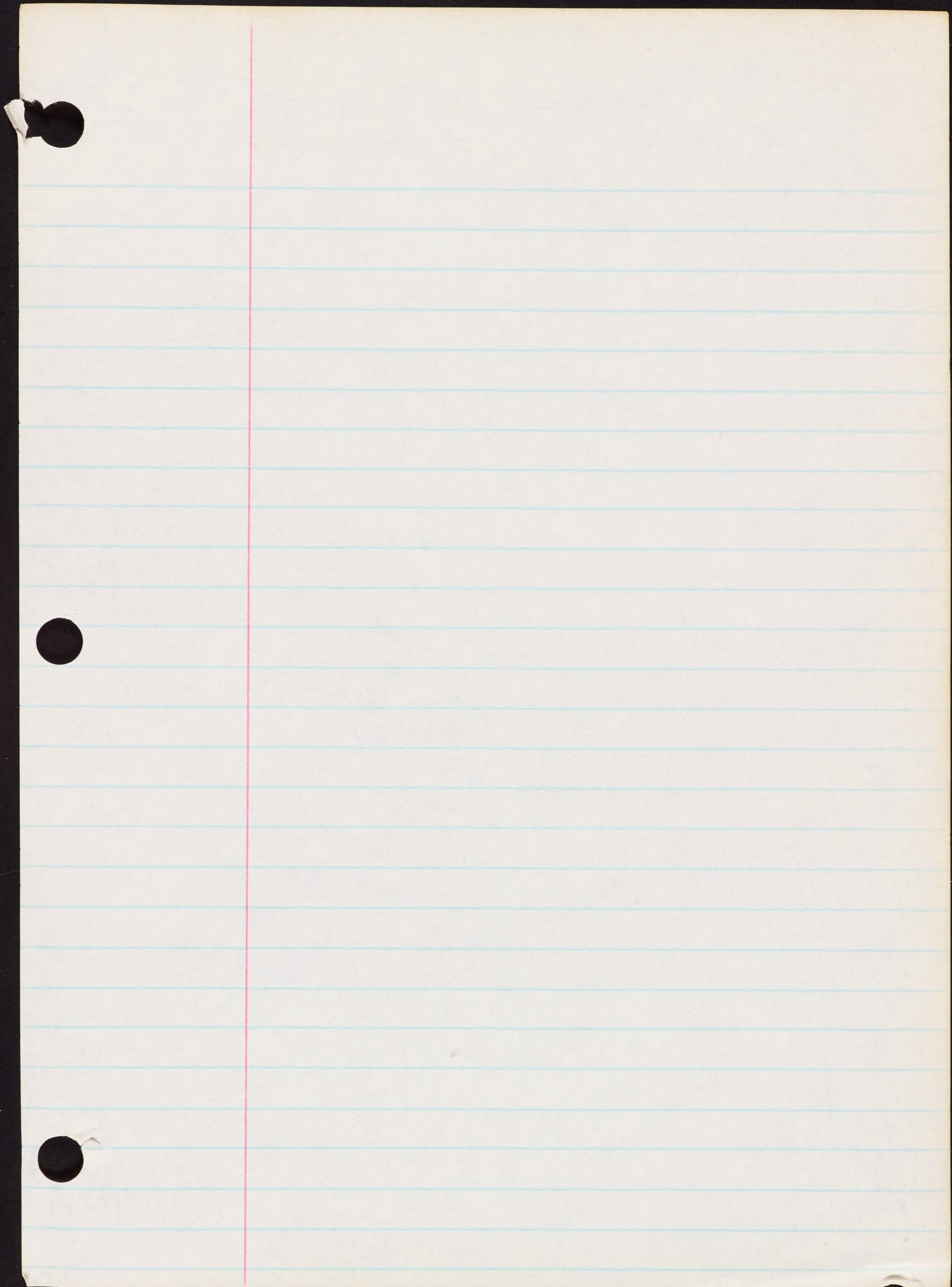
Sunday May 8th

I have never been so cold in all my life. It is -23°F ↓ I can hardly hold my pencil steady - yes I said pencil because the ink is frozen solid. Let me relate the details of just how I got here

I woke early, I straightened up the house + went to mass. Everyone in the party received communion - a good beginning - oh man is it cold I then went over to the store + picked up the last minute supplies. Then up to the Crawford's house to pick up some oatmeal (25 lbs) + flour. Mrs Crawford gave me a haircut - not bad. By the time I returned to the house, Pamolik's whole crowd - at least 15 or 20 were sitting in front of the house. The next hour or so was the most hectic one, spent at Southampton. All of Pamolik's kids helped - say, make in this later. We must get some sleep - my nose is running - the temperature is still dropping - at least no wind

Travel conditions were just fantastic. We really whipped along. Right now we are somewhere on the Kirchoffer River - a vast snow plain - the Barren Grounds. I've got to stop

It's too cold to move my fingers



Monday May 9th

Still pencil. Well, I've got time & temperature to write. I just sharpened the pencil with a snow knife. We are parked smack in the middle of Southampton Id. in a bloody wind storm. It is now 7:45 PM. First things first - the ink is still frozen solid, in fact everything that I own is frozen solid - camera etc. God it's cold - last night it went down to -24°F - plus wind & that's authentic. It must be 15° colder in the interior of this lovely tropical isle.

Covered over
in ink on May 18th


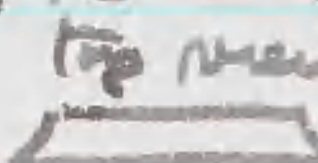
Let's see, let me describe just where we are now. Pamiulik & I are in one snow house & Akat & the two others - Toogat & Evalowayuk are in the other. Ah ha - where did they come from eh? I don't know what I'm going to do - I'll write a summary of the trip when I get to Upernivik Id. Right now let me make some cursory observations - lots of ptarmigan 2 large with full strips through eye. 3 Snowy owls - that's it. Remember to write about snow domes, kamolik sounds, cold snow house building. Country so far post out - flat as a board snow excellent - then the fantastic series of hills - all down to the Kirchoff - where we cross the various tributaries - again down - now we are on the main branch & the country is more what I'm used to, fairly high hills.

The Trip through the Barren Grounds

- The post on Southampton Id. to White Id on the Frozen Straits - Left Sunday, May 8th & arrived Saturday, May 14th, 1960

We left at 1:45 PM & heading due north & then west to the Kirchoff river. The country in the south is flat rolling hills. The river made a fine highway, with few rocks. As we cruised along, we saw several Rock Ptarmigan & Eulachin, shot several. I don't know the actual temperature but it was around 12°F & the snow was quite hard. Akat seems to know the most English of the group. We stopped & broke out the arctic gummy tent. Everyone eyed it with suspicion. Pamolik & I slept in it & Toozat, Akat & Eulachin ^{slept} in the ^{other} (Christmas, it was cold. The temperature dropped & dropped down to -24°F! Even the sleeping bag, I was freezing - at least no wind. Off & continuing in a northwestern direction along the Kirchoff. We crossed several of the Tributaries & it seemed as if we were always going downhill. I can remember one where we unhitched the dogs, let them go down & then we followed - say maybe skiing isn't so bad after all. I'm trying to guard my face but to no avail. These are truly the Barren Grounds - flat rolling hills devoid of life - just white with black rock - encrusted with lichens showing through everywhere. We've

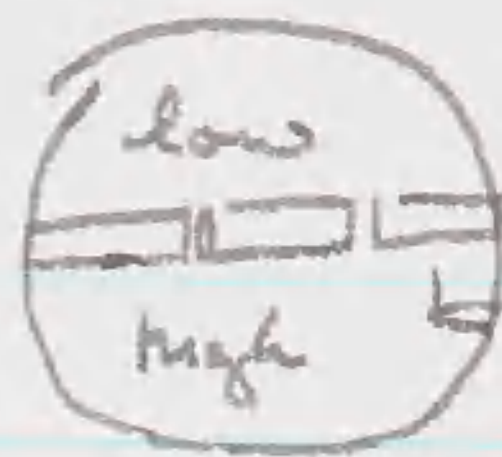
— The Trips - cont. —

seem fine owls & perhaps a dozen Rock Ptarmigan
Akut seems to think that there are three ptarmigan
"Big one - then "littler smaller" + then "small one" -
Ah no my dear sir - Ah no - simply sexual dimorphism
Akut - Huh - heh - forget it. I thought that as we
got further north, the country would develop into
definite hills - typical of the Pre-Cambrian granitic
gneiss areas of the arctic - not so - at least near
the Kirckoffen. On Monday night we made
camp - see May 9th for details. As I called for
them, here are the details on igloo-making. Pamolik
takes a long snow knife & goes about slapping
the snow until he finds it at the right depth.
Then he makes a circle & steps back. In
goes Akut with a saw. The first chunk is just
to get his leg in + to get a better stance. Then
he cuts the blocks & hands them to Pamolik
who places them carefully around the circle
& trims them off with the snow knife. As the
second row comes around (Akut is sawing away
- ~~blissfully~~) you begin (only begin) to get the idea
 - like that & it's the turning key
Pamolik - first at the sides  + then at
the bottom that makes every thing so nice.
Around & around it goes until we have about
four rows high. Then we ~~blow~~ ^{throw} the \$112.00
arctic quince tent over the top + tie it down. Now
there more to it. The last three blocks are

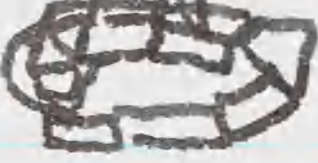
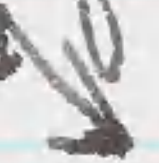
The Trip - cont.

Top

cut & placed lengthwise



+ then all this


snow is chopped up & serves as a sleeping bench. I help (I feel rather helpless when all of the proceeding is going on) in filling in the cracks with loose snow. Then in go the caribou skins etc. And go & Parnook surveys the walls, shiffs a mitt in a crack & finally grunts his satisfaction. On goes the primus stove. We are living on tea, bannock butter & plum jam. With all this tea, urination takes place at every spot & woe to me if I forget just before getting into the sleeping bag - you wake up feeling like your bladder was going to burst. When they put that snow block in for the door, you're in to stay! When it is built up all the way, it is done in a spiral fashion  - carefully flattening the edges to get maximum contact between the blocks & so that there is actually no top block - the spiral nearly ends & the forces working on the uppermost blocks are thusly .

When we left Tuesday morning we began to move in a more northerly direction & slightly east. As we crossed from the headwaters of the various Tributaries of the Kirehoffer, the hills were rolling but to my dismay, they were flatter than the south

The Trip - cont.

I had a feeling however that while the country was flat, it was much higher. As far as sun goes, one of the worst parts of the trip occurred on a vast barren plateau between the headwaters of the Kuchoffen & the Canyon River. Oh how the sun played, not with heat but with burning light - and my face was cooked, no matter which I turned. It was on this plateau that we also ran into a wind storm that blew the loose snow everywhere. The wolf trim of my parka seemed particularly attractive to the snow - ditto my glasses and all we could do was to sit, swishy along, and take it. When the wind died down, we were still on this endless plateau, moving very slowly indeed. Pamolik & Akat fell asleep & I did likewise for a short period - but not because I was tired but because I was trying to shield my face from the sun. Finally we reached the headwaters of the Canyon River. All down hill - fantastic! Now the country was what I'm familiar with - huge piles of black craggy rocks, faults, sheared cliffs - much more interesting than flat rolling hills. At the sides of the hills along side the river grew steeper, I kept deciding that "Ah here was the Canyon of the Canyon River - But no - After a

The Trip - cont.

fantastic series of downhill runs, we were in The Canyon + to say I was impressed is a great understatement. Huge walls extending upwards over 700', curious hills shaped (usually ) black rocks, red rocks, white snow, cascading snow + ice of the still dead river + the exhilaration of flashing down a place where very if any white had ever been. We made camp in the Canyon - 2 snowhouses. The next day, down came the snow - wet snow. We waited until the afternoon when it had let up + then pushed to the mouth of the river + the shores the ~~at~~ Foxe Basin. There we built two more snowhouses because it was decided that the weather was too foul to go on. Akat, Toogah + Evalsowajuk went seal hunting. I began to explore the area. There are two gull colonies there both had glaucous gulls about. When we first heard them calling, everyone yelled 'Blasted!', What are they doing on the colonies so early. I'll find out - confident eh. The beach here is one of those multiple gravel types + old beaches extend back quite a ways. There were quite a few willows, + other plants in the upper areas (*S. tricuspidata* etc). Lots of limestone gravel.

The Trip - cont.

although there doesn't seem to be any large limestone outcroppings in the area. That night Akat et al returned with two seals & the next morning Thursday, May 12th we pushed out onto the ice floe. The sun was bright, the snow soft, and the travelling slow but steady. The ice edge was rather bumpy in places & several times dog harnesses broke loose as the sled moved up & down. No birds were observed. We went inland at an inlet south of Cape Bylot. In moving westward, we had to go up hill but it wasn't bad - after all, we have 13 dogs pulling. The country again became rolling but cliffs were here & there (small ones or practically sheared outcroppings). The country was desolate - not one living thing did we see that whole day (save for some miserable plants etc). Finally we sighted the Duke of York Bay. It appeared to be like a vast white graveyard - rough ice headstones. This was the bay that Parry called "the finest harbour in the world". At first it looked like we would go right on it but the distance was deceptive. Although on the map the eastern shore are shown to be bluffs, they are in reality very long slopes which end in a long series of downhill beaches. I counted 7 major beaches but

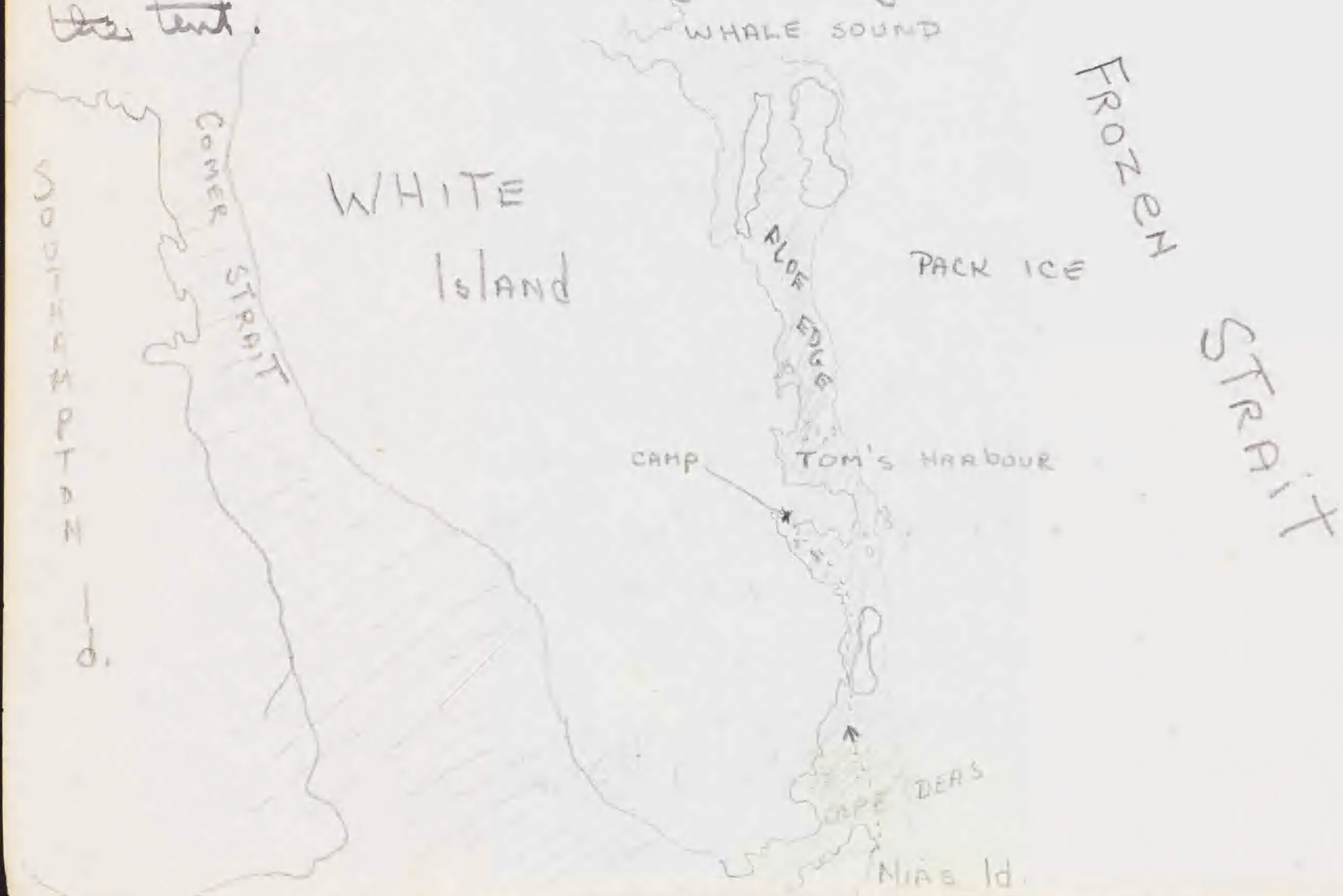
The Trip - cont.

I did not make a detailed investigation. A snowy owl flew up from the shore as we approached - the first living thing that we have seen since the Canyon River. The temperatures began to drop & the sun began to set. We stopped on one of the beaches & ate - seal, tea, bannocks seal gut soup. Then after we changed our boots & put on wind pants we decided to move on that night. This was a mistake. Down went the temperature, down went the sun and - in came the wind. We now were on the bay proper & moving north. The headstones of jagged ice rose everywhere like great snow caps on a rough sea of foam. Varied they were in shape - low flat thin ones, curved, man like in height, seal like - black, grey, white. The wind now roared, then it screamed - whipping the surface snow into a frenzy. My hood which normally flaps now roared like a propeller. I sat with my back to the wind & peered sidw. The ground was no longer solid but a white slurr. On we pushed my back was covered with ice, my feet numb, my face was stung a million times by cold driving snow - I couldn't open my eyes.

Suddenly we stopped & Akut, his eyebrows, eyelashes, everything covered with ice screamed that we would build a snow house. We struggled blindly. I just held on to the sled - I couldn't move. food was blinded - the air was white. The wind screamed so loud couldn't hear myself think. When I finally got in, I discovered that I was one foot sheet of ice. My equipment was all iced. My sleeping bag was ice - I didn't know what to do.

Friday 13th - Now I believe! - The storm still raged & we waged a never ending war against a snow house that was developing holes like mad. I spent the morning getting the ice off my clothing. Then most of the day was spent in writing my letters. I won't forget the Duke of York Bay!

Saturday May 14th - A good day, we pushed off & although Mas Island looked very near, it took us 2 1/2 hours to get there. On Mas we found the camp of Paris & Sandy plus my cache. They went out hunting & so we waited for a while - I looked over the gull colony there. There were a few glaucous gulls about but that was all. We then picked the spot from which all my early season work was to be done & headed there. It's an inlet just south of Tom's Harbour. On a gravel slope away in the corner we set up the tent.



The TRIP - fini

When we got the tent setup, we were in for quite a surprise. The tent is mint green in color. When you go inside, everyone turns a rather ghastly color - everything that green turns grey, olive, dirt, reds etc. When you come out, all the country is Rose colored! This will take some getting used to. It's really a big tent - the 4' walls are just right, the pockets on the side - very nice indeed - Had two doors. We laid the west door & piled gravel all around the tent. The rubber floor will be fine for wine but it gets wet & dirty very quickly. That night - what a supper! Five tons of Bar B-X stew, one can of hamburgers, cookies, kumquat honey & Cigars - whom they went over big with everyone except for Toozak, who left the tent - everyone laughed. We finally made it - 7 days for a distance of approximately 160 miles - much of it inland - about 22.6 miles per day - remember that we didn't travel on 2 days & that we started at 2 on Sunday - with this in mind, the figure becomes more like 32 miles per day.

Sunday May 15th

Well this was my deadline date & we're here. Only one catch - I've obviously outdistanced the gulls by perhaps a week or more.

Akat & Evoloufik went seal hunting & I decided that 7 days of sleeping in the same clothes was too much & so I washed, scrubbed my teeth (they were heavily stained with nicotine) & changed all my clothes. Then I washed all my soiled underwears & spread them out to dry. In fact we spread just everything out all over the place to be aired. Around lunch time we sighted a kamotik & it turned out to be Randy. We had tea & al - god - he ate just everything. Another kamotik & that was Panio. Panio means he who wears glasses - and does he! - really thick glasses & then he wears yellow sunglasses. I understand though that he's quite a hunter. Everyone has the same reaction to the tent & it's good for laughs. I recorded some of the conversation & played it back. Everyone was in stitches. Panio had brought the remaining gasoline cans & so now everything is here. They left around supper - I mean after supper for Randy had brought a piece of seal & we ate that for supper.

Akat et al returned with two seals. We decided
to move the tent to flatter ground - about 20 yds.
Then I spent the evening - till 12 writing letters for
Akat to take back.

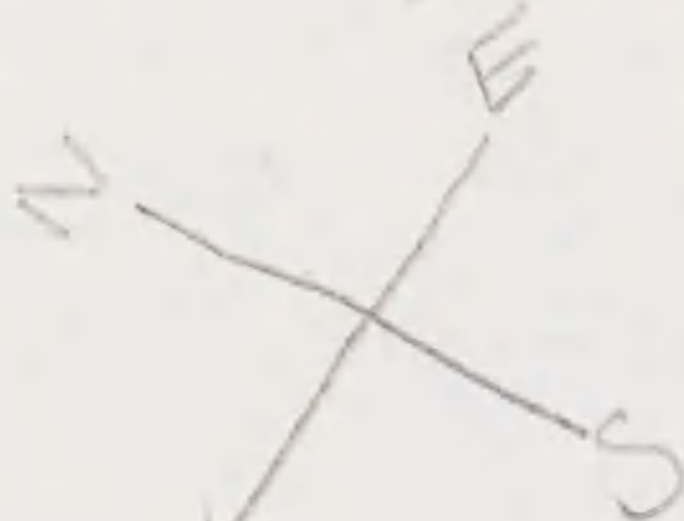
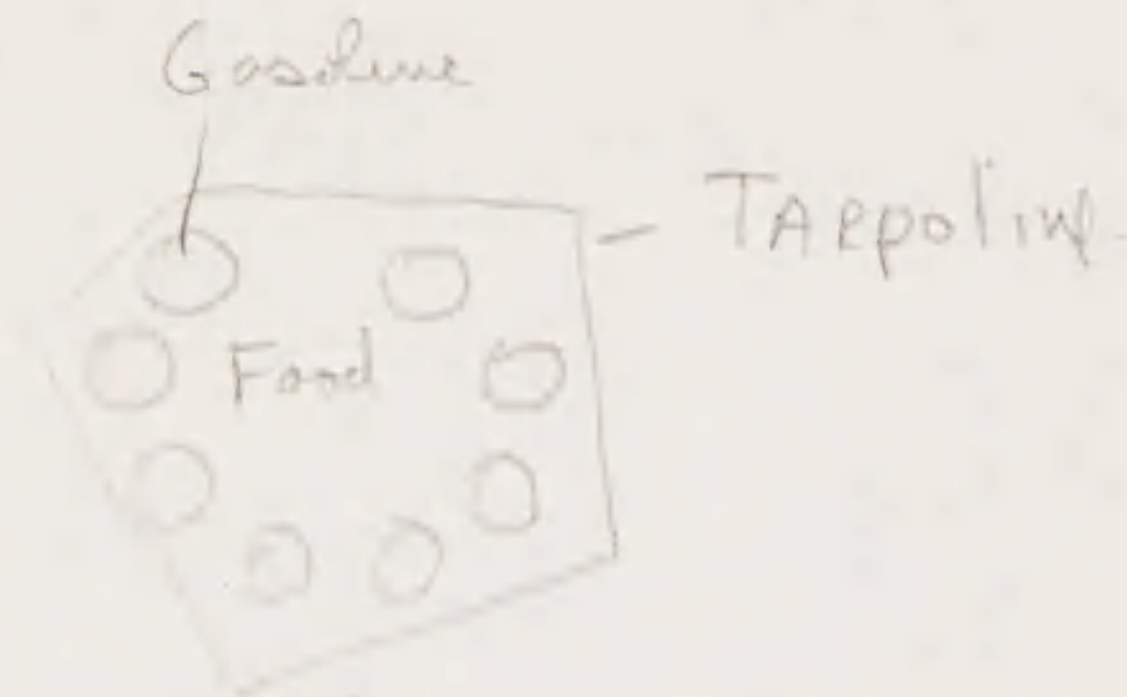
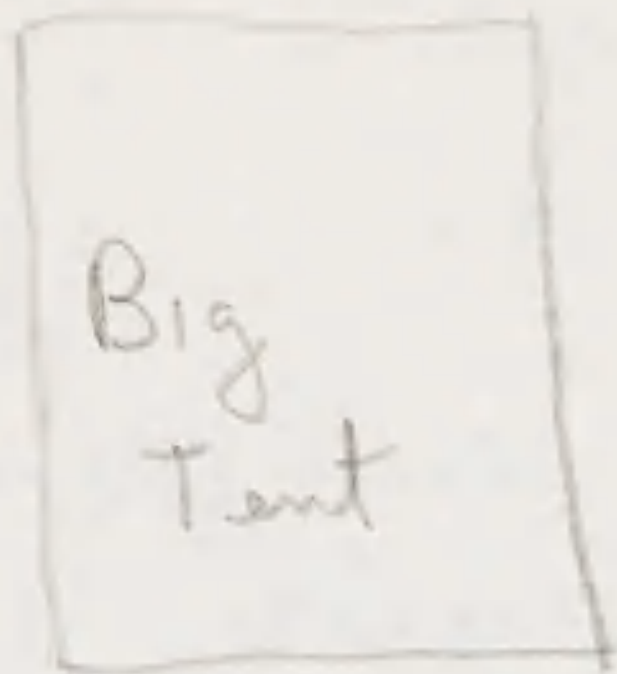
Monday May 16th

Well we woke up early - Akat et al are leaving. I hurriedly finished off my letters + gave them plus the exposed roll of film to Akat. I've seen that he has enough sugar, butter, bannock etc for the return trip - 14 days at \$7.00 per - not bad for Akat - & he really earned it, I wish I could pay more. He gave us the seal that they got yesterday + we buried it in the snow outside - gull part, that's what it is. I noticed that the Avonin had crystallized - ouch! - but like everything else that I have, it will unfreeze eventually. Off they went. We stood there & watched them. The last people that we'll see for quite some time. Then I noticed they hurried letter that I had written from Sabey - it was still here. Pamolik got up on a rock + waved my orange raincoat but to no avail - they were gone. HA, perhaps it's better but... Then we went to work on the food + straightened it all out + covered it with a tarp. Most of the day was spent fixing up the tent. With the small tent we have hoards of room. I put most of my clothing + late summer equipment plus a gun in the small tent. The pockets on the big tent are really a godsend - practically every pocket is bulging with all sorts of wonderful items. The basic setup of the

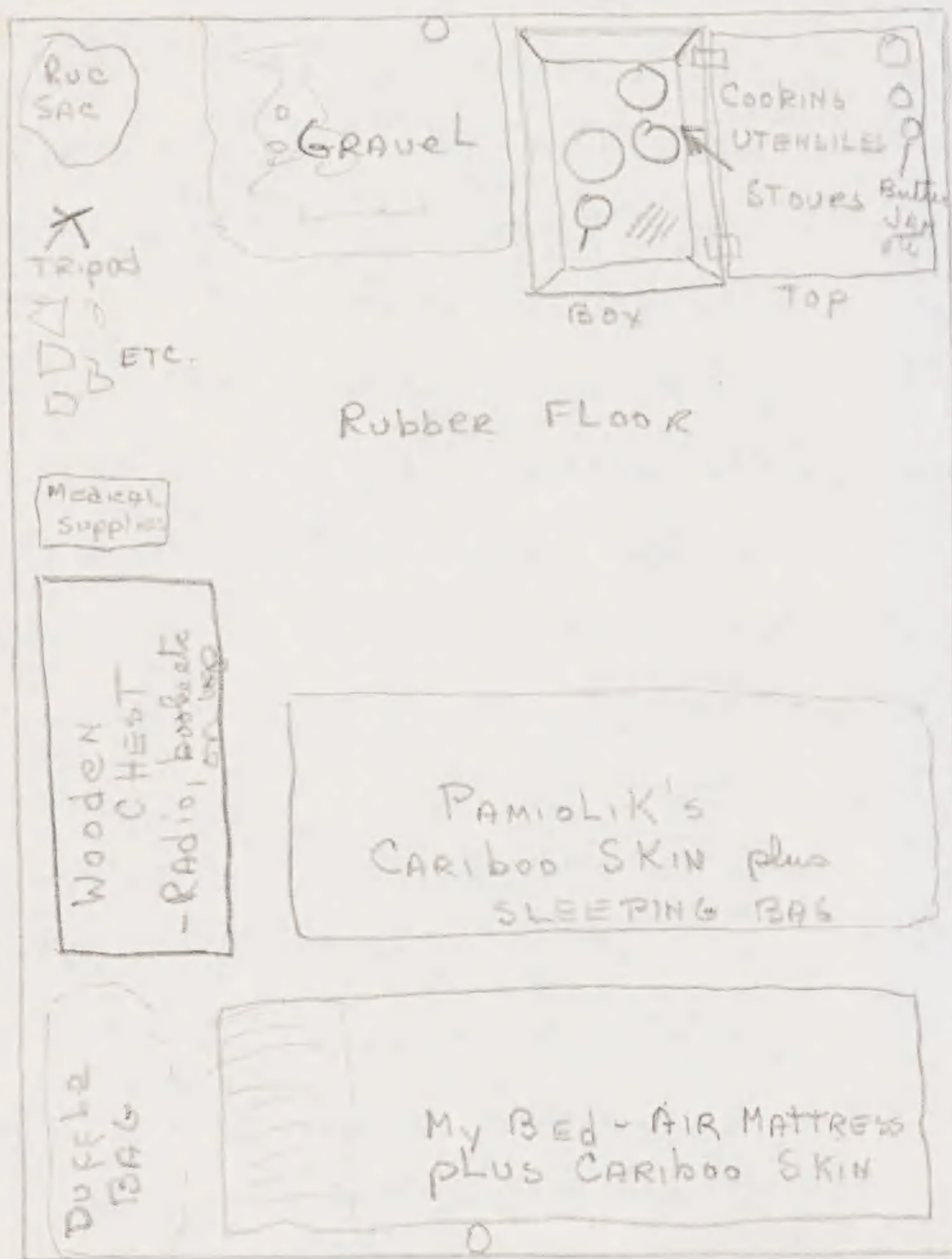
Camp is thus

ARCTIC
GURDASH

Camp



The Big Tent is set up like this: - More details to follow in later installments



We huddled around the primus stove. Had it's cold tonight. We picked up Repulse on the radio but not loud - I doubt considering the physiography of land that we'll ever pick it up while we are here. Still, the radio is as good as dead.

Tuesday May 17th

Oh me, it was cold last night & I had to get up and urinate at 3 in the A.M. - oh for a two quart bladder. Well, it was nice when I woke up - it should be, for it was 10:00 AM. For breakfast, I hauled out a slab of bacon - it was a little moldy but it was so good. Had, another beautiful day - not a cloud in the sky & the temperature is quite comfortable - 12° Centigrade that is. I'll have to convert but I'm not up to that now. We had lunch - onion soup & some chocolate cookies & then set off to explore. I forgot to mention several things yesterday & so I write them now: I explored those two islands near camp - not a sign of life or even old nests - still, everyone says that the gulls nest here & so... I broke out the 30-06 yesterday & played away sighting it in - 20 rounds & I'm still not sure. I should have done it more scientifically but - well you know - icky trigger finger I guess. Anyway, there are new holes in the ice around here. Now for today's trip. We went west-ward & then north over to Tom's Harbour. With the weather conditions being what they are, the scenery was terrific. Pamolik carried the 22 & I the m. s. Throughout the whole afternoon we observed many many ptarmigan tracks but

to Pamiok's dining, we sighted not a one. We climbed up several of the high hills & looked out over the Frozen Strait. Impressive - girted with pack ice for as far as the eye can see. Here & there, there are spots of blue open water. On the ice at Tom's harbour, we observed 7 or 8 seals - they are really numerous up here & probably breed here. We scanned the pack ice for bears but not today. Vansittart Island looks very near but I wouldn't dance that short for anything. It looks like everything that has been said about Frozen Straits is true. We returned to camp at 6:00 PM - a 5 hour trip. Hamburgers, onions, peas & tea for supper. To my horror, the dehydrated potatoes turned out to be - hummer & not powder. Bah. It says you have to soak them 1 hour & then cook 'em 10 minutes before you can do anything with them. Double Bah. After supper, I connected the tape recorder & played one whole side. This included Barry Denny, Leo, Akaiolek, Johnalton DAVIS & then the conversations in the tent - Togak, Sandy, Pamiok etc. The crowning moment was of course the last 11 minutes - the 5th - Bullven the genius. Radio is full of talk of the failure of the Summit. Pamiok got some of my \$65 & said it was good - you're telling me? I'll spend a good deal of tomorrow writing - that is finally up the type & filling in the field notes. Now, well see what's going on in the outside world - poor devils!

Wednesday May 18th

Well, today had two parts. From 9:00 AM to 2:30 PM; and 2:30 to 7:00 PM. During the first period all I did was to finish up the Journal - the account of the trip & then I started the Field Note Book. Pamiolik went off hunting for ptarmigan & then I decided to take a walk. I went south across the inlet & then east across the several valleys to the small mountain. I was tired when I got there but I decided that I had come so far, I might as well go up. God, what a climb - I was dead when I reached & just sat. The view was terrific - I could see Southampton Id. & the mouth of the Duke of York Bay, Nias Id., Vansittet was quite visible across the straits. The coastline of White Id. was visible beyond Whale Point. The floe edge is slowly being ripped away by the pack ice of the straits and can discern a difference from yesterday. This hill - it's really a good sized hill - perhaps 900' to 1000' is the highest that I can see for miles. There were a few ptarmigan around the summit but a careful perusal of the ice failed to show up any gulls - nothing. In a sloping valley near the hill I came across a fairly old camp site - tent rings, old carnis etc. I'm going to show this to Pamiolik. Came across

some fox tracks in that valley. I collected some nice
beavers at the top of the hill but discarded them half
way down because I wanted to have two hands free
to cope with the slope. It was a long tiresome
walk home.

Supper was fairly big - potatoes (yes I soaked them etc) +
Canned Beef, fruit salad, cookies, pickles + tea. Pamiok
shot one ptarmigan + the little beast lies near our tent "ourden"

Radio reception was not bad at all tonight. I got the
sport news, more on the Summit failure. It's really funny to
listen to the Voice of America + then to Radio Moscow.

We had an eskimo lesson tonight - several pages in
the grammar book - 18 minutes on the tape. It was lots of fun.

Pamiok is now making some tea, humming his
ever present ~~Keri~~ Keri - Dam I forgot how to spell it - The
Gregorian Chant. That's it for now.

Thursday May 19th

Whow, did we get up late - 10:30 AM!
We really shouldn't have because I was awake
at 7:00 but it was so nice weather-wise that well
- Pamolik baked some bread today. I
set off for another trek - object - to hunt down
some of those damn elusive ptarmigan. You
see tracks all over the places all we've been
able to get is one. I wore my parka but
soon discarded it for climbing up those snow
valleys is hot tiring work. The snow was soft
& the sun bright - many run-offs were observed
There was no wind! Do you know that
silence has a sound? I sat down under
a high bluff, ate a bar of chocolate & just
sat. The sun beat down on snow, the shade
of the bluff just covered me. To my left a steep
slope down to an ice lake, to my right, the valley
filled with snow - many places bare - in these
places, scrub willows show. The sound was
just like bees but it was not from the exterior.
Then I could hear the blood pounding on my ears.
Pounding & buzzing - oh me. We rigged up the
copper aerial to the other aerial & pulled it up
higher. Reception is much improved. Tonight
we are even getting some Standard Broadcast
music - 13 meters is hot - I'm not sure if it's
the revised aerial or just good conditions.

We can hear Repulse, Chesleyfield & Ighite but not
Southampton. It's tea time - Jan Pamolik shaved
today. I suppose he wants to set an example - Bah!

Friday, May 20th

Well, what sort of a day has it been? A day like all days - waiting for the dam gulls. That sums it up.

Bacon, tea, hammock started the day off. Then Pamolik went seal hunting + I just sat + read "The Cardinal". - I really like that story. Then I felt guilty - I was nothing, nothing + so I put on both sweaters, took the binoculars + .22 + went off. When I reached the south-eastern shore I saw a hare. Blast, Blast - I hit him but he wasn't dead. Then I administered the coup de grace + the hunt had started very well. I tried sneaking up on a seal but to no avail. Damn, if I had had the 30-06, we would have had one more seal. My toes pain me very much - I guess it all that climbing in boots that weren't meant for climbing. I hooked the pedometer on my sock + it recorded 5 1/4 miles - Redemption! I didn't see any ptarmigan - blast them - all they do is leave tracks. When I returned, Pamolik still hadn't returned. When he returned, he looked beat. Heat he says - I agree, it was really hot.

After a Bar BX dinner, the temperatures dropped and it's now 3°C. Pamolik just sits - I'm glad we have the Radio but still he looks like he wants action - well so do I.

I never expected the gulls to be this late. We
had tea early tonight. Perhaps tomorrow, gulls
Walking is too tedious now so I'm getting anxious.

Saturday May 21st

The critical period is upon me. The gulls are here! (see field notes!). But my poor toes!! I was laid up most of the day trying to get the swelling in my toes to go down - no avail. The trouble is a result of the long climbs up the snow-hard snow slopes in seal skin boots. It's not funny, not only does it hurt like blazes but it's coming at a very very bad time. Toes or no toes, I'll be out on the colonies tomorrow.

We had a really fine supper - Hot potatoes etc. I put onions + garlic + worcester sauce on the hare - fried fruit + ham pressed in the presto.

Damn, my toes hurt, I can hardly concentrate. Let's see, what else. Well radio reception has been wonderful. Last night we picked up good old WQXR! How about that! All the higher frequencies on BC are coming in - N.Y.C., Buffalo, Montreal etc. 13 meters has been very nice too - hams coming in from all over. I've given up trying to decipher the H.B.C.'s S.S.B. from Repulse, Chesapeake etc. Instead we listen to the oblate fathers. I can't understand most of it but names are names. Chino to Baker Lake tonight - not bad.

I pray that my feet will be up to my ideas tomorrow
Okay that's it for tonight (hum-modern ed!)

Sunday, May 22nd

Well, it serves me right for trying to do servile work on Sunday - what a dud of a day.

Last night I covered my toes with Ben Nay put two pairs of socks on and propped my feet up. Well, they must have held anyway this morning. I put on the mountain climbing boots - those soles simply do not bend; loaded the knapsack with tape recorder, camera, binoculars etc & off we went. Despite my aching toes, I got along alright - all the credit to the boots.

The sun really burned down & my face was once again fried - in fact it was a hot day \rightarrow 20°C in shade. Poor Pamolik kept saying "Ocor" - ditto moi. Let me tell you that's it one hell of a walk out to that island - ups - I should say to Toomanyalik. I decided to start naming things around here. This was a natural start. The island is obviously shaped like a footprint & so footprint in eskimo is Toomanyalik - Simple eh! The other features will require more study.

Pamolik says that the lake was wrong - the open water area was down at Nais. Id. & there supposedly are the bloody gulls.

Flash! - This morning I observed the first rampant flowers of Saxifraga.

opposi tāfōhai (see field notes).

Supper was an experiment - hamburgers, onions, mushrooms, garlic salt, shrimp, pineapple etc. The shrimp simply were awful - the rest - eh - well it was an experiment.

Blasted H.B.C. people at Churchill gave me all orange instant pudding & no putterscotch - they gave no sleek tomatoes either - BAH - Hell that's makes me mad.

No contact from Coral tonight although I figured out why we weren't hearing them. We listen at 8:30 & they broadcast at 8:15 - Ugh

Longer waves are better than short waves tonight. Pannabe just finished his Sunday brewery. Perhaps better do something else.

Monday May 23rd

We woke at 7:00 AM to a rather violent wind storm. Pamiulik crawled out & started to put things down. Had what a wind - it took twenty minutes before he was satisfied that we would stay on White Id. I knew the weather had just been too good. Still the temperature kept up (19°C). The wind had a remarkable effect on the pack ice. It blew the ice away from the floe edge & exposed an avenue of water several hundred yards wide.

There are really only two things to talk about today: my feet and the geological finds. Better start with my feet. I could hardly walk when I got up this morning so after breakfast, I poured some ice water (easily obtainable) in the pan & put my feet in. Brrrr! but it was heavenly. Repairing my feet & doing odds & ends around the tent took all morning. The wind was too strong to go out anyway. For lunch we had the "Pamiulik Special" - 2 packages of Chicken Noodle Soup in half the amount of liquid for one! It is very rich, white. We couldn't just sit around & so I shuggled into the boots & we went to the hill overlooking the floe edge (see field notes). Pamiulik shot a ptarmigan at 50' with his 20-35. We had what was left plus the other ptarmigan for supper. My feet just about

allowed me to return. While we were out, I took a closer look at those black rock outcroppings near camp.

To behold - Asbestos, talc, biotite, garnet, magnetite (see field notes for discussion).

I'd have put my feet back in the water again if the temperature hadn't taken a sudden drop.

Radio is fair but 13 meters suddenly dropped. B.C. is good.

By the way, Pamolik & I have been playing a game (I think) with each other & we don't know it. When we're sitting in the tent or stopping out on the floe edge, there are times when I stop to see if I can hear any aulls. There is no sound But if you listen very hard you can hear a roar - It's always there. Pamolik nods & says - Pave - that way - I nod. Then I do the same thing some other time. I think we actually believe this - Any way, it keeps us hazy to think of all the planes flying around.

You know, it may be so

Tuesday, May 24th

The good weather is gone. It is 9:00 PM & we are huddled over the primus stove - God bless the Swedes & our two Primus stoves. The temperature has been dropping steadily & now reads 0°C. The tent is taut & straining on every seam - a southwest gale is pumshing our camp. Everything is rocked down - the tent is held by guy ropes tied to boulders & 100 lb gasoline cans - these in turn are buried as deep as the permafrost will allow & then covered with rocks & gravel. The sides of the tent are buried in gravel & everything that might blow away is fastened down or brought inside the tent.

The day has had its good points - my feet have recovered & we had an excellent field trip. When I woke this morning they were still setting up but it was while I was in the field that I suddenly realized that all was well again. It was Nanja the hunter today. I murderously tracked down three ptarmigan. They were very easy today. My aim wasn't the best (it's the sights eh) but it was well worth it. The last one was playing possum for a Kiyuk (Rough legged Hawk). Bad - disaster has struck. Our aerial is down - twisted to bits! Oh me. I was just about

to write about the radio last night. Well I will - tomorrow we will put aerial repair first on the agenda.

Last night reception was fabulous. We picked up H.B.C. Coral, Chesterfield, D.O.T. WQXR et al. The premier event was tuning in on the Oblant network. We listened in at 9:30 for the eastern network & picked up Chino, Sughub, Wakeham Bay, P.O.V. & Druggick. At 10:30 on came the booming voice of the 62 yr old Fr. in Chesterfield & lo & behold on came Fr. Choque at Coral!! Hurrah. For the next 2 hrs we listened. It was all in French & I managed to get a fair bit of it. To Pamolik's joy, they spoke several times in Eskimo. Pamolik grinned from ear to ear. Fr. Choque really started things rolling when he told the same tale that we had heard via H.B.C. earlier. A baby was sick "nothing to worry about" - vide H.B.C. j "les malade" - vide Fr. Choque. Fr. Choque wanted the grandparents notified of the relatives. On came Rankin Inlet, Repulse Bay, Baker Lake, Pelly Bay & back to Chesterfield & Coral. Some of the relatives were on the D.E.W. line & so - well in came Gfoa Haven - which they insist on pronouncing "Joe Haven" - good grief then Cambridge Bay, then Spence Bay - Whow that's the run of the arctic - almost.

The gull situation remains the same. It appears that conditions here, on this day, approximate those of Dorset on May 10th!! I hope that there is no other answer. The dray bulbs were nice & I did get a glimpse at a Naja but that's it. Pamolik returned to camp with a treasure - drift wood. The story that drift wood could tell sh - - - -

On roars the wind - the tent will stand

On roars the prairie - tea soon

The radio is silent - the aerial is down, silenced by a force that wishes to be heard

I'm feeling in a clefts moved right now - and why not I am in a position to ponder - something worthwhile -

The story that driftwood could tell - - -

Wednesday May 25th

Both the Coleman lantern & the primus stove are playing away. It's cold (30°F) but at least the wind has let up. It's now 11:00 PM and we are listening in on the Oblat network. The fallen head Chesleyfield manages to inject some eskimo fun from time to time and guess who likes that!

It was a hard day. We set out around 12:30 PM, & went to Toomanyalik via the inland route. I went through on the stream but managed to struggle out before any water got in my boots. The bloody wind was going all the time. Pramolik thinks that all those tent rings - and rectangles are of Tuneromint origin! He claims that they came over from Baffin Island (see field notes).

I feel a little bit better today for today's trip made certain of the fact that the colonies are still vacant (see field notes). What a long trip back - no stops & the wind in our faces. We were dead when we got back (7:30 PM). Supper was potatoes, Bar BX dinner et al. Then we put up the aerial & reception has returned as normal. Fr. Choque was on with radio troubles. He spoke in english to some fellow at Baker Lake. It was good to hear some english on that gab fest.

I'm really not feeling in a gabby mood tonight. One thing I must do is wash & change my clothes. It's just been too damn cold to do

anything about this so far - except for arrival. Je suis
très fatigué & au Bon Nuit - it's catching?

Thursday May 26th

I'm uneasy. I went out to the cliff island today & saw only two Glaucous Gulls. If I've made a mistake oh me

Sleeping bag was much warmer last night & so I slept to 10:00. The rest of the morning had some value. I took off my clothes & washed, poured talc all over me, changed to new clothes & even combed my hair! Then I proceeded to straighten out my equipment. After lunch I instructed Pamiulik to make some more bread & then I put inner soles in my boots & set off. This is the first time in several days that I have been able to wear the sealskin boots.

Pamiulik had supper ready when I returned. All I did was to make some of that ugly orange instant pudding - well it wasn't really bad. The ptarmigan was delicious & we were stuffed. Pamiulik is now lavishing care on the boat & that's good. There's nothing we can do until the damned gulls show up.

I'm smoking too many damn cigarettes - my teeth are turning yellow - it's just that you can't enjoy a pipe outside of the tent.

The weather has been nice but Christmas, this is a lonely spot. All this damn ice & that bloody wind. Perhaps I should start reading that breviary, but well, it

know me.

We're going to try ice fishing for chow in that lake to the S.W. The radio is helping in this period but please send me a colony of gulls - soon

Friday, May 27th

It's snowing + by the radio, it's
freezing rain and 30° in local.

I'm really dead tired, man, what a day!
Pamiok went hunting for seals + I set off
an hour later with Knapsac bulquin - tripod et al
I met him out near the mouth of the harbour
- avec seal. He went back to camp + I
continued out to Toomayalik. I've taken to
singing on these trips + it clears me
greatly - I'm really quite good - oh, brother. The
ice is getting trickier - it's bare in many
places + makes for hard walking. In several spots
I stopped + the surface creaked + then hissed
crunch - Christ, that scares me. This is
nothing compared to crossing the pressure ice
surrounding the land masses. This is treacherous
business for one could break a leg in the
crevices. There are pools of water among
the ice ridges of these pressure areas.

Good day for gulls (see field notes)
I almost wore out my boots on Toomayalik
+ was really tired when I returned. Pamiok
cooked supper - the seal that Sandy gave
us turned out to be - well, we couldn't
eat it.

Radio has really been something. From
10:30 to well it almost 12, Fr. Choquet

arranged a sked for Barry, Mrs. Davies, & all the teachers HSD's
etc at Baker & Chesterfield. It was perfectly delightful
Right now it too late to go into any discussion of
the matter discussed but it was a fine lift.

Right now it's really snowing & it all over
the tent.

Hel - Pamolik I guess wants to go to to keep
+ 20 - 73

Saturday May 28th

We have not been able to leave the tent today. Strong northeasterly gales & driving freezing rain (snow) have kept us in & the pump is playing. I stuck my head out this morning & of course the aerial was down. We had a rather nasty occurrence last night. After I turned off the radio, we heard sparks & sure enough there was a spark jumping from the antenna lead to the ~~stoppers~~ screw. My heart dropped - I pulled it loose & it continued to discharge when brought near any metal - the radio was okay. I set the aerial up again but it's not working - I think the connections are oxidized.

I spent the day reading a basic electronics book & going over estimo grammar with Pamiokk. It was rather profitable for me though I don't think too much of the grammar book.

Pamiokk is a grand fellow & seems ~~extra~~ extraordinarily easy to get along with. He's not the restless type & that's a good thing because we have certainly been biding our time.

I haven't mentioned this yet but I'm growing a beard again. It seems much further along than last year's beard. This much I promise - I won't leave Southamplow with a beard. Pamiokk develops a real

tough set of whiskers. He waits until he looks like
some picture of a bum on a breed line & then - cuts it
off. Mrs. Davies called him "bristle puss". It shows
his extensive collection of white genes. Most of the
Southampton eskimos have more white genetic material
than Dorset - yet they seem better off - sickness
is not nearly so prominent as in Dorset. & as far as
being guides & hunters - they seem equal or even somewhat
more advanced.

Sounds that I heard

The dull roar of the tent sides, rattling in the wind

The rust of ice particles beating on the tent

Pamook is whistling - very softly

The pump stove, it getting weaker

Pamook spits into his "can".

My boots are rattling again the side of the tent

I think I'll try the saddle bit belland now
- a good smoke, perhaps the radio & perhaps - - -
perhaps I'll just stop here.

Sunday, May 29th

A day of rest - well it must be for we are still pinned in. Good grief, what weather. The snow is coming in almost horizontally - driven by westerly gales, visibility is almost nil. Right now it is 1:30 PM. I finished my electronics book & now we are listening to some awful music - but at least it's something.

This is a hell of a time for foul weather to hit us - it's the critical time of the gulls. You know these winds are confusing - with these mountains & valleys behind us, any wind that comes from the N.W., S.W. or even N.E., seem to come directly from the west. I'll stop here.

2:45 - "Walzing Matilda, Walzing Matilda, I'll go a walzing Matilda with you and he...
It's just humming. "It will kill the worms in you" - that's what mama used to say about onions - well, if it's true then I haven't a worm left. Pamolik made onion soup - tres concentrated - Whow! - good grief, I pushed it down but - lets hope for no repeats.

Now back to my minerals book - say I'm really getting fascinated by Mineralogy, so many of the good localities are near home. Stop

The storm has stopped (5:30 PM). I got outside & took some photographs of the "dreary scene" and some arty pictures

of moss. Then we revamped our aerial, cleaned it off, cut new leads and made allowance for taking it down every night - (cheating the wind).

Supper - Kraft dinner + orange pudding - Pamolik likes that (ugh) pudding + well 3 cases of Kraft dinners! Really - we got to finish them off

13 meter band has been nil the last few days but CBC Northern Service is coming through nicely. No contact from H.B.C. - Oblat network is silent, B.C. is coming up.

Pumps above just ran off out of fuel so we had better get into the sleeping bags before the cold hits. I hope gull conditions get better tomorrow.

Toomanyalik akkago kowput!

Monday, May 30th

A discouraging day indeed. We were up early, ate breakfast & then got ready to go. It was cold & therefore I decided to wear my wind pants. Pamiok put a new patch on the rear & now they fit just fine. I loaded up the knapsack with my leather boots, telescope, binoculars, chocolate bars etc. Pamiok carried his rifle (for manuk) & the tripod. It was a dreary overcast day, & the ice was covered by that new snow, which in turn was covered with a layer of ice. It made for difficult walking & there were pools of water under the soft snow at the pressure ice crossings I stick right in his tracks & we made the long (2 hr walk) tedious (he takes damn slow steps) trek out to Toomanyahk. Many a on the slopes & we sunk in to our hips. The pack was heavy & it was bloody hot. Oh there were Thayer's Gulls there but only 10 - Where the hell are the rest? I decided against bringing the shotgun because of the weight but how I cursed that decision when the gulls soared lazily right in front of us. I need some early season gulls & I'll try to get them tomorrow at the Cliff Id. colony. When we were returning, I observed gulls sitting on that colony - oh hell. I don't think the

gulls will ever nest on that rock id. in our inlet.
I told Pamolik that if they do, I'll give him a
box of cigars.

Supper was a Kraft dinner again but I made
some rice & added garlic to the rice - that was
the only bright spot of the day. It was good.

I've got a rash on my thighs - from the long
woolen underwear & it's getting troublesome.

Pamolik has a cold & I've got a nose
that won't stop running when I'm outside. - at
least the night nostril won't.

We're stuck here & I'll have to do the
best that I can. It would have been nice if
the gulls were on that island but - Awk - why
aren't they?

I must rise to the challenge & use it
well!!

Tuesday, May 31st

Here as no where else, I hold my own fate in my hands. It's up to me to make the day & today was 300% better than yesterday.

Up at 8:00 AM! a quick breakfast & then we set off via the landroute to Little Cliff Island & I officially christened it today & also designated it as THE COLONY.

After a quick look at the cliff, Pamolik, armed with the .22 and I, armed with 12 ga. set out on the ice with murder in mind.

Seven blasts later in a very strong wind I had two grand Thayer's Gulls. Both birds had to be given the coup de grace via the whirling technique. I surveyed the colony & although smythsonianus is absent, it will do very nicely. It would have been nice if gulls were on that flat island but well I can't have every thing.

Then we got the other seal, cut it up & distributed it over the rocks below the face of the cliff. This will get the gulls used to eating seal meat at their doorstep & then - I'll slip in the capsules of Avertin.

We came back early - put up the aerial - yes, we forgot to take it down & the wind did it for us. - and then I set out to skin a gull. Pamolik watched & he's got

the hang of it. Oh thank God - Now perhaps I can
blast gulls & not have to think about skinning them.
We salted the skindown & I hope we used enough.
I left the other gull for tomorrow.

Supper was Arctic Hare, ptarmigan, bannocks,
cheese & tea - Hairy sounding eh!

That rash on my thighs is bad & I had
powder at all - the only solution is to take off the
long underwear but - oh it would be rather chilly to do
that. That's it - we're both tired & tomorrow I'll
try the Avertin if all goes well.

Wednesday June 1st

Why does it always snow on the first day of June? Exactly like last year - wet snow all day long + the sun running in + out behind the overcast. It kept me in until around noon. Pamolik did the other gull-ditto a ♀-nuts, I needed a male. This means that I'll have to go over to Toomayalik tomorrow + shoot a few gulls. I don't want to kill any more on Little Cliff Id.

I watched the gulls for the afternoon + noted that they had eaten all the seal that we put out for them. I also noted some good behavior (see field notes). Gosh the Ptarmigan were tense today. A Duck Hawk was patrolling the area + they were kuyying here + there. I took a couple of pot shots at some Snow Geese but just removed a secondary as they flew past.

I conducted an experiment with the "Instant-No Cooking Lemon Pudding" - I cooked it! - But to get it to set, I had to put it outside + when we ate it - Brrrr - cold + no improvement.

What a pleasant event - 9:00 I tuned in + Tom Crawford's voice said "Neal Buffell Smith on White Id - ditto ditto - We

have no message for you - Then - he repeated it
Neal Smith's Smith - Dad - How many Neal Smith's
does he think are up here. There are only two
humans on this whole bloody island! - Anyway it
was good to hear that all was well.

I went rock hunting again but playing geologist
is not my line - every thing mystifies me - I'm really
stupid when it comes to geology.

We just played the tape again - Toogah's voice
makes Pamolik light up like a lantern + the 5th
Symphony makes me - well it gets to me.

I've been reading John Maynard Smith's Book
on Evolution + find it very stimulating. His presentation
is excellent.

The Aventur keeps crystallizing - I hope it's
still good

I haven't mentioned this before but Pamolik keeps
a journal + keeps it up faithfully - that's admirable

Old Virginia tobacco is rag weed - Thank God
+ Dunhill for 965

Fr. Count-Dumanche at Chesterfield always says
"Okay Okay Okay - Tout complete" - Now Pamolik
keeps going around + mumbling okay okay - It's a
big joke with us. Oh Dad, I must be out of my
mind!

Thursday June 2nd

Variation on the breakfast this morning - no bacon. Every morning, when I crawl out of the sleeping bag, I just sit & feel oh so grubby. Pamolik unties the door & goes out - if it's good, there's no comment, if it's snowing or something similar - then there's comment. I walk out, urinate & come right back for it's usually chilly. As I enter the tent, Pamolik is mumbling about lighting the stove - on it goes. I pick up the Listerine & trot outside & gargle - when I return, the board is on the floor, cups, bannock, butter & sugar are on the board. Nothing is said - we eat. Then there's some exchange of words. Pamolik is on his 2nd cigarette - Dad! After he clears us we sit & I outline the plan for the day. - then we're off. Today we made the long long trek out to Toomanyuk. We now have two standard places where we stop, eat some chocolate & have a cigarette. Today we scrambled up & down the cliff on Toomanyuk - a might bit noisy especially with a shotgun et al. We tramped home with a big haul - 2 gulls 2 ptarmigan, one 22, one shotgun & the usual. When we get in we usually just sit. Then I go to the stove - Bar-B-X dinner night. I put the radio on to get the news. After supper I sit down

& write up the field notes, then this journal. We try to pick up H.B.C. at 8:15. Then it come what may until 10:00 - then we try for C.B.C. & at 10:30 it's the O.B.C.'s. 13 meters on back on again but 80 meters is dead & so the oblates are blushed out. Long waves come on around 11:00 & we usually knock off here. I just take my socks & sweater off & slip in - up comes the zipper - then I pull in hood over & just leave a small opening. I lay on my back for a while but in order to sleep, I must turn on my side. Of course there's lot's of variation & all sorts of events in between but in general that's my today. What sort of a day has it been. A day like all days filled with those events which mean - Nothing. - I couldn't resist.

Friday June 3rd

A fine day, a very fine day indeed! It started out looking quite dreary + even snowed for awhile around breakfast - by the way, we had bacon (4 strips a piece!). I wanted it out + then left instructions with Parnolik to skin the two gulls + to have a starmigan supper ready for me when I returned.

The ice was covered with slush + I pussy-footed my way out to Little Cliff Id. So + behold, the 1st egg - Blancous of course. While I was prowling around, I came across some green crystals in the rock, I knocked off a piece but when I returned home, I discovered that it was now grey. AH MY! Then I cut through a rough ice field. I was afraid of stepping on the roof of a seal den + kerplunking in der vasser. Many a on the slopes of Toomayalik - up to my hips. I was there for one purpose - to collect some gulls. I'm worried about the number of shot gun shells that I have left + so I vowed a ratio of one gull per shell. Well I missed the first one. Then I went down the snow canyon + played cat + mouse mit der silber-möwen. One banked just too near - bang - as it hit I knew what to expect + was ready with two fresh shells in the gun. Down came the entire colony to "attack" the fallen gull. Bang Bang - der silber-möwen

nut dropper - 2 to be exact. I quickly loaded + Bay
- down came a Glaucous Gull - right in der vassers where
I couldn't reach it. Pingashoot namucktoo - I
could have gotten lots more. Oh what a back breaking
heart pounding climb back up - 3 gulls + shotgun. I
then tied the gulls to the gun case - put the gun inside
+ made the long trek home. Oh me what ice - 4" of
slush + I was mighty nervous the way it cracked in
several places. I had Pamiulik take a picture of me with
the gulls - Ein Ham-grosser. He did a grand job on the
gulls - oh thank God for Pamiulik. - a 24th. This
makes 7 so far.

I'm so tired that I may let some of the field
notes go until tomorrow - Vas? - me und mein
deutch. - Pienuwetok!

Saturday June 4th

Tough beasts those gulls! Today was the start of the "knock-out experiments" & they flopped.

Pamiolik & I arrived on the colony around 1:15 PM. First I examined those "green" crystals. - Then my eye - I forgot about my sunglasses. It's just a nice seam of intermeshing needle-like crystals of calcite. With that out of way, we set out on the serious business. Pamiolik cut up 10 pieces of seal meat & I filled the glycerine capsules with 4 drops of Avutin. We put them along the bottom of the cliff & on the pressure ice. Then while Pamiolik skated a few seals, I withdrew & waited & waited & waited. Damn - they just weren't hungry, either that or they just didn't see the meat. Back we trugged, more seal was cut up, more capsules inserted & these were placed on top of the cliff, on the next ledges (where I could reach them, either by placing them there or throwing them). The results were better, three hyperboreus ate ~~per~~ one piece each. I waited with bated breath for them to topple over - one hour I waited. At the time I gave up, Pamiolik cashed the scope & paints & I went out again to the colony & picked up the bait & returned to the tent. I had asked Pamiolik to cook up some Kraft dinners.

Supper was ready when I returned - Bar B-X dinner
- two to be expected - Well, it was good. It's 10:00 PM
& the sun is still pouring in the tent from the west.
13 meters is much gut tonight but CSC is on & that's good.
Tomorrow I double the A-ventur - that should do it. eh

Sunday June 5th

A day of rest but not for us. I revised my plans & decided to make my last collecting trips to Toomanyalik today.

I've discovered that I'm not functioning until about 10:45 AM each day and so I spend the times from then to level reaching. After a Canadian pea soup lunch I set out for Toomanyalik really loaded down - knapsack, containing camera, binoculars extra lens etc and Shotgun.

Ice walking is becoming more of my nature - the more you know about ice, the less fear. Most of the floe edge ice is covered with water - up to my ankles in most spots. Last year I wouldn't have gone out onto it for anything. I'm even crossing pressure ice with great confidence now. I was surprised that the gulls didn't come out to meet me until I was at the bottom of the snow canyon. My first shot hit & dropped a Thayer's Gull to the ice edge where it managed to jump off. This distressing event happened twice more - thayeri & hyperboreus. I am rather soft hearted when I see a wounded gull swimming away but what can I do. In the next hour or so I shot four thayeri & missed with only three shots - all at good range.

It's an eerie spot below that Toomanyalik cliff. The great jagged red

black + gray cliff almost cuts out all sunlight. There is a ledge of about 25' of land fast ice & then - the pack ice of Franz Josef Straits.

When all the gulls had flown off away, I sat down & began to smoke a cigarette. A very cold feeling came over me as I looked at the snow in front of me - Fresh Bear tracks - made perhaps today & me with a shotgun. I picked up my hard won gulls & began to sing "Shenandoah". Bears, I hoped would react to my singing as do humans. I tied the gulls on the knapsack & trugged & crawled up the steep snow canyon. A strong northwesterly wind was in my face all the way home. The water on the ice made very rough going. When I returned I relayed, what a good man Pamiulik is. He
once again

not only skinned the 3 gulls - each with its carcass laid neatly beside it but had cooked 3 ponnuktiks 2 palawaks & had painted 1/2 the canoe grey.

We had 2 Kraft dinners for supper & I managed to hear Tom Newfoel's voice (via single side band) giving me the usual message.

No more Toomanyalik until after breakup. Hell what a wind is blowing now I hope our aerial stays up.

Monday June 6th

A gull is a rather curious creature. As I sat on the rocks below the colony, I was really filled with admiration for these handsome grey, white and black birds. Their flying ability leaves little to be desired; soaring back & forth - complete masters of the wind. They sit on their ledges & scream their defiance at me. As one sits and watches their peculiar behavioral characteristics - "chucking - gross pulling, defiance postures, courtship rituals, one is struck with underlying mysteries behind these organisms. The forces that have come into play of thousands of years have moulded a rather commonplace organism "Sea Gull" - but oh so really complex. Why do they do this? Why do they look like that? How did they come here - from where?

They also have developed an immunity to Avutin - 12 drops of it + they didn't even stagger. I'll try again tomorrow with increased dosage - perhaps we'll have to try snares

For the first time in quite a while I had a working morning - seeing the gulls Pamolik skinned yesterday, extracting the hyperbarous egg white etc.

Quail came down in a S.E. wind a few minutes ago but we put it up again. I've been drawing the primaries of gulls collected

& I'm tired. Radio is stratus plagued now
- the sun & guess. Let's hope that
Rowport is good for gull catching.

Tuesday June 7th

My heart was in my mouth. God climbed up on the rocks behind camp to photograph the June ice etc, - I dropped the camera. The straps broke + down it went. I snatched it up like a father picking up his son who has just been run over. I couldn't see anything through the viewer. Dashing back to the tent I took a careful look at things. After a few minutes of tightening screws etc all was well - good old camera - What a disaster if it had been broken.

Well the gulls did it again, they wouldn't touch the meat that I had spilled the Avertin on but ate the stuff power packed with two capsules - Nause!

Today was a photographing day. I used the high speed ~~extachromed~~ with the telescope, I photographed the colony + its steel gutted inhabitants I tried to get close to some seals but lately they have been going down very quickly + so - well perhaps tomorrow.

Tomorrow we are going to try snares. I haven't the slightest idea of just how to do it but we will do it.

I'm really beat - drawing the gull pictures takes all out of me + I'm worn out some journal times. Radio is still plagued by static but most programs available.

I finish my paper + call it a day

Wednesday June 8th

How did I feel a year ago on this date? It couldn't have been much more frustrated and feeling rather low. We tried snares and that damn Avertin but - to put it quietly - no results favouring our side. God, we worked hard at it - we were out there by 10:45 & stayed on observation until supper - no lunch, I even forgot chocolate.

Pamolik shot a seal & blew a parrmigian to smitheries with his .25-35. It seems like quite a cartridge. I remember Jim Houston lamenting the fact that it had been obsolete by the rifle makers.

My legs are now very hard & the ruc sack is gradually feeling lighter - it has a way to go though.

I've been hearing airplanes all day only there aren't any around - it must be the wind or ice or maybe

Rash still persists on my left leg - facing forwards. If I turned around & kept my head buttoned - well then you'd have the rash on the right leg.

I'm beginning to wonder just how much equipment are we going to be able to take out of this garden of eden.

I'm writing this before supper tonight - just for a change. Pamolik is outside sleeping.

something. He sharpens everything that he gets his hands on

One of the Radio programs had a half an hour of Irish music. "Stack of Barley, Believe me of all those Endearing Charms etc". What memories these brought - Centerport, the war years + then '46 '47. All those grand people - Jack Smith, Tom, Kitty, Bruce Smith, the Tobins, the Dolans, Tony, the Sackfads. - the first four dead. Those grand times in Hazel Top house - my God, it's hard to believe that it's all gone. Daddy Joe (I never called him anything else - it's odd to say Daddy Joe at the age of 23. 15 years ago - God - so many things have gone by. Where is Robert Frame, Annadell Beans & so many many of the others.

Here I am - where are they, what are they doing - why did it happen this way. Is anyone thinking of me. This whole act is like stepping out of the evolution of time & standing still - so far - so very far from anyone. I wonder if this is to be my path in life - away.

All is quite now - here nothing really changes.

Thursday June 9th

Today is my mother's birthday. I hope it better weather-wise down there! As with last year, I am unable even to say "Happy Birthday" and it rather gets you down.

We woke this morning to the sound of rain pouring from above and thus it continued until about 3:30 PM.

I spent the day sitting near the primas (2°C) & reading. Our aerial fell again & so we had no "amusement" during our confinement. I decided to go hunting & tried to put my boots into condition - God what a struggle - we finally put them in some water in hopes that they will get soft. I wore my unlined boots for which I would gladly accept 10¢. My feet sweat terribly in them. My walk was partly successful - it began to rain again & here there is no place to get under, you just grin and bear it. I shot a ♂ ptarmigan but almost walked on the ♀. It's fantastic how protectively colored the ♀'s are. Unless they are with a male, you will never see them. Pamolik shot a pregnant hare - 4 well developed young - infanticide as well as hareicide eh!


I've remembered more events of earlier days. Robert Frome's party, putting my name in the concrete Joe Nolan's initials in the telephone pole - Pompey, the first days with Allahi, Mamma's death

Mary O'Kane & so many more. I can remember the
first time that I met Ruessel - & to think that he's dead
It's raining & it's cold.

Friday June 10th

Another day of cold damp fog with intermittent rain. My newest delight is E. B. Ford's "Butterflies" - Tagolikitah was a good translation. Say they are fascinating little creatures & I hope to collect some of the typical arctic forms later in the summer.

We had rather a gala event last night - especially for Pamolik. Fr. Choque contacted two DEW line stations & arranged for the eskimos from Koral to speak to relatives & friends at Koral. It went on for about 1/2 hour & Pamolik was just in his glory. Fr. Choque told Jackie (at the DEW line - "me française en français") about Pamolik & Nanja the kabloonas being up at Kriketalu. My tape recorder was stiff - the grease must get thick below 40° but I put it over the fire & got it going & recorded most of the conversation. I missed Sandy's little talk & I want to get his voice recorded - it's fascinating.

Pamolik is working on those caribou bones & now I know what he's making - a fish spear  - God what ingenuity! He keeps ganging out the tent door at that group of seals parked not more than 150 yds from camp. We are loaded with fresh meat - 2 seals, 1 hare, 1 ptarmigan & so I'll just

photograph them.

I wore my orange rain suit on my inland trip. It's a rather lichen orange & I think I'm not as conspicuous as you might think. I got awfully close to lots of things today.

Oh I could write + write about the interior but let's leave that at some other time.

Saturday June 11th

The early day was dull overcast & rather muggy. The sun broke out around 4:00 PM & it has been beautiful ever since - no wind to boot.

I went to h. c. dd. today & collected the first thayeri egg (see field notes). I decided to collect a Glaucous gull. I fired & just broke its leg & it flew off. Now I'm no softie but that disturbed me a great deal. Try at night, I could not get close enough to administer the coup de grace. When I go back tomorrow, I hope the gull is there so that I might fix the bungle that I made. To kill something just for the sake of killing it is ugly - to name an animal is stupid & perhaps is worse.

The water on the fast ice is getting deeper & I think that our ice journeys are drawing to a close. I go out tomorrow & map the colonies - yes colonies for there are 3 nests on the other side of h. c. dd. Pamolik has made two really beautiful fish spears - out of caribou bone, nails, two aluminum tent pegs & some driftwood. We will perhaps have a look at that lake to the s. e. He has a charcoal burn & it might make for good fun.

I broke out my insect net & much to Pamolik's amusement, proceeded to catch

the flies that frequent our ~~egg~~ garbage dump
- the one outside the tent heh heh . After I proposed
several in alcohol I informed him that instead
of tea brought, I had a better idea

Yours ho ho ho

- we thought it was pretty funny

Our seal club watches us + adores the sun.
Pamolik eyes them like a cat + I just
photograph them.

Sunday June 12th

Everyday is so exciting. Every walk discloses something new, something to ponder about.

Today, weighed down by loads of equipment, we set off for S.C. Id. Snow is giving away to the rich sepia colored landscape - so full of variations on brown reds gold - & black. Small violet mats of B. oppositifolia are scattered about and the rose colored flowers of the Four-Worts are just beginning to make themselves obvious. Songspurs, Pygms and Snow Buntings are flying up and singing everywhere. Blue Geese are seen coming north in flocks.

I worked on the colony at Pamolik, armed with "Daudivile" & fish spear set off for the Lake. To remedy yesterday's blunder, I reduced the hyperboreus population to 1 - I collected 2 + 1 Weyeri egg. What a trip back - the knapsack contained binoculars, camera, geology kit etc - then I had the tripod, the shotgun, the tape recorder and two fat hyperboreus. I was dead when I arrived & so I just sat. Then I became interested in the one real population & set off to pop one off. Pamolik came around via the ice & they all went down. That's okay for he had

several items of interest. About 7 small - largest about 10"
chow that he got in the river & a real treasure
- a narwhal tusk!

Every day brings something new - the promise
of things to come.

Monday June 13th

Well it's been a fairly nice day. Pamolik skinned the two Glaucous Gulls & we ate the "large herrings" that he caught yesterday. Ah, they weren't bad, at least we got out of the soup & chocolate rut. Had, every boneal - Tea, Christmas, we float in the stuff. I insisted on covering the pan with Reynolds wrap in order to cook the fish. Pamolik had misgivings. I carefully explained that this was a good modern method which would keep the pan clean.

Well, I just saved the fish before they became a permanent part of the wrap. Squelch I returned to my butterfly book & awaited our lunch via the more primitive - but effective method.

We went out to the colony via a rather devious route, part land & most of the route via the now flattened - well almost so - pressure ridges. We observed several whirlpools in the ice & it appears to be about $4\frac{1}{2}$ ' thick. On the colony I blazed away rather ineffectively with the .22. Trying to hit a gull in the vitals with a .22 when it's flying. I finally used the shotgun & down came 3. I then spent $\frac{1}{2}$ hr photographing the eye of a gull. First I forgot to shut the lens down - then I forgot to change the speed. My temper just

stayed in bounds + I finally got things right I hope.

I've been doing a lot of writing in the
the 7 old notes + so I want to finish up now.

Guess what - Tea + cookies

- oh me

Grandmother's
death

Tuesday, June 14th

I'm tired and so much to do. I woke at 4:00 AM to the sound of rain & the pressure on my bladder - out I dashed - jumping over the mummy-like form of Pamiokke - the gulls came first. I woke again at 9:30 to the sound of bacon sputtering in the pan. It was still dreary after breakfast but I gave orders for pingashut panikutub, skin the gulls & potatoes and mitchelo for supper. Then with my flaming orange rainsuit, I set off for a hike up the coast - just to look. The sun came out around 1:00 PM & it stayed rather warm for the rest of the day. Our cold - it's a multiple infection was getting to me for my nose keeps running.

The great brown hills, splashed with snow was my background. Dark black cliffs, speckled with lichens of green red & gold stood out against the green valleys through which the streams were carrying water to the still ice covered bays. Frozen Straits is gutted with ice - very white ice as compared to the blue inlet ice. I sat down near the mouth of the rushing stream that ran into Tom's Harbour - and I smoked a cigarette & thought. It's so lonely here - so very lonely. How did this

all come about. Neal Smith - city boy from Brooklyn
& at one time aspiring automotive engineer. Where will this
all lead to? Is this to be my way of life - alone
I know that others would be crazy by now.

I stoned in the stream - I never really got to know
my father - if I only could remember the earlier years better
All of those people gone - I can never go back.

I hate change in social things - Why do
people have to go & never be in contact? I've done it so much
myself. Things change here but this is nature & it is
in its essence to change - never failing - always faithful
& not like humans

I was startled as a piece of snow fell into the
stream - I'd look at those rocks, so old. I found
a weathered stick - a plank - young in comparison to the rocks
but older than I. It's nice how mica catches the
sunlight

Pamiuk is coughing - the stove is roaring
- new top - from the cashew can. The tent flap hangs lifeless
for there's no wind. I'm tired

Wednesday June 15th

We tried oatmeal! in place of
bacon - a real break with tradition - only
the oatmeal was blah

Pamiulik took a walk & so I decided
to wander off & look things over. In my
wandering, I went to the colony & did the
standard tour of the peninsula. Dryas &
some Ranunculus are in early bloom - that's
cheering.

When I was returning, I spied the
tail end of a Lemming going under a rock. For the
next 10 minutes I dug, pushed aside rocks &
finally hauled my screaming rodent friend from
its lair. We put it into the pail & sat &
watched. I hauled out the camera & managed
to get a few shots of our very irate captive.
I subsequently released the beast & Pamiulik
thought it was all good fun.

Supper was Corned Beef, sardines, potatoes
& onions, pears & Hot Chocolate - no Tea. You
can see that I'm in a revolutionary mood!
I've just put the radio on to see if we can
hear our little bells from local.

Pamiulik is whistling, now coughing
He's writing in his "book". There's a
war in the background from the raging stream
No wind, the sun casts long shadows

Beard is well ahead of last year - Pamolik shurud.
It's odd - that there's no wind.

Thursday June 16th

Well, today was a day for walking - a better climbing, sliding, jumping + pussy-footing it over thin lake ice.

In order to conserve on the bacon, we fried some of the sausage - 3 pieces each - not bad. It was fairly warm + so I wore only one sweater under my rain parka. We walked + climbing - then sat, ate some chocolate, smoked a cigarette + then off - Stop - search the area for nests - then try off. We cut up from the long wet valley + into the rock country - Up + Up - then a sight which I'm sure must surpass any sight in the alps - below us was a lake - half covered with ice - white ice against deep blue water. On two sides, the slopes rise, one side having a high red brown cliff. At the long ends of the lake open water flowing in from the right + away from, down a rocky river. Rocks stained with age, lichens + moss.

We fished through the ice + caught only one small char. Crossing the rivers + headlamps burners - slippery rocks, deep pools + raging water.

Returned at 8:00 PM for a brief dinner. Ups, I almost for an event of notes - a single engine plane flew over the island twice - it was cheering. It must have been a Dew line plane

Tomorrow we'll get some gull's eggs - for
egg-white! Now - Tapioca!

Friday, June 17th

Just one of those days that don't have enough hours to do everything that one may want to accomplish.

In the morning, I was determined to find out what was wrong with the .22's sights. I set up the paper target, put the oil can in the tent - used it for a bench rest, and conducted a "scientific sighting-in program". A little work with the file and a realization that the stock is too small for me helped me cure the trouble. With that done, we set off for the colony.

A fewer than the usual # of gulls met us - There are a lot of widows around here! We set out to the demoniacal task of collecting eggs - about 13 in all. I also collected a few plants & observed some interesting little creatures swimming in one of the pools on the island. As we returned I noted the plants that I'll collect tomorrow - if the weather is good.

I photographed the eggs to show variation in size, shape & color. Then I tramped over to the small pond near camp & secured some excellent shots of Old-Brown ♂ & two Arctic Loons - especially the latter - I hope they come out.

Pamuk cooked the seal in the pressure cooker,
I made the potatoes + onions. Then "2 $\frac{3}{4}$ " cups of milk
"1/2 cup" of sugar, 1/8 of teaspoon salt, $\frac{3}{4}$ of teaspoon of vanilla
3 tablespoons of lapina powder, one ~~egg~~ slightly beaten (They
didn't prescribe the gem + so I arbitrarily picked lams)

It was, of course, a great success.

Supper is over now, + I must put my talents to work
identifying plants + getting them into the press.

Casual Notes

Discovered that we have two more cans of
cashews - What a boon!

Batteries holding up very well

I can't believe that the same old batteries
are still running the radio.

Weather looks a little foul now

When the hell is that ice going to go - it still
look like it will support a tank

I must say that all has been going very well
indeed.

Saturday, June 18th


It's rather late to be writing this (11:00 PM) but so many things had to be done. The Swiss yodeling program is on & Pamolik loves this - Ah they aren't bad - in small doses. It's like hill-billy music.

Well it was a productive day. We set out for Tom's Harbour & on the way I collected my first butterfly. Now I really don't know a damn thing about butterfly identification but I papered it correctly, made suitable notes & put it in the pocket of the tent. There are all sorts of insects flying around that I will charge the killing bottle tomorrow.

Hurrah, what a day for egg collecting. Every day we trudge out & seek & seek nests but nuthin! Well today on the trip out, I found a Semipalmated Sandpiper's nest - 4 eggs & just right out in the open. We left them there to pick up on the return trip. We crossed the ice on Tom's Harbour & looked up at the cliff. Thus began the main event - - - - -

I quickly spotted the Rough legged Hawk's nest - via the two screaming birds. I stopped to put my climbing boots on & up we went. For the next 2 or 3 hours I dug my hands in cracks & clung for all my worth until on the level with the nest. If I wanted to, I could have

jumped onto a foot hold & thereby attain the ledge. Yes I could have done this - and if that didn't work, I would have made a long trip rather quickly!! I crawled back to a safe spot & told Pamolik to get the insect net - which we left on the other shore. Off he went & I sat & watched two beautiful screaming creatures dive bomb me. I smoked one cigarette, looked over the profuse vegetation under the cliff - it's like this near all bird colonies. Then I smoked another - where is he Well he mis understood & went back to camp for equipment I got the net & secured 3 eggs - soft hearted eh for there were 6. Well, damn, they are fine birds.

Back we came & on the way, up popped a Longspur & King - 6 eggs! After supper (Rice, Bar B-X dinner Pineapple & tea) I set to work on the eggs. What work - Christmas - they were all well incubated & did you ever try to get good clear egg white from a well incubated Longspur egg? Well a little better  - it isn't easy. Well it's done but I won't do that again until next year.

Wind is picking up - it's rather dark - perhaps a storm

Tea was good, stove is warm - my pyja has gone out.

Sunday June 19th

It's now 10:20, Pamolik is reading the eskimo version of the Bible. Fred Roberts is gabbing about sports now. A good day - the alarm clock went off - not at 4:00 AM as I had told Pamolik - heh heh but at 9:00. We finished off the sausage & then I climbed the cliff near camp to secure 3 Snow Bunting eggs - good stuff.

Pamolik made panuktitak & I went off collecting anything. Had already got into the butterfly swing - There was a strong westerly wind & the bloody butterflies really moved - However, I did catch three.

Most of the day was spent in collecting plants. I covered the entire peninsula, photographed & dug.

Tapirca again, of course it was good. After supper, out came the plants & I began to squint - stellate pinnose etc. - oh brother. Those Drobes are rough ditto Potentilla. Well I feel that I got most of them. Pamolik knelt on the press & I pulled. It now sits in the corner - mute testimony to a devil of a lot of work.

Had - I forgot the tea - well that's being remedied. Tomorrow I'll go west collecting I intend to have a really good collection. If I could only find some Secum.

It's dark & windy - I don't feel like writing so
I'll stop.

Monday June 20th

It's 11:00 PM & it's very bright out - indeed the sun still beats on the other side of our narrow inlet. As I explained to Pamulik, kaupt oodlak angauk!

Like yesterday, I just so tired that all I want to do is sleep. Walking against the very strong northwesterly wind is very tiring! The day was well spent - butterfly collecting & plant collecting.

We went to the Rough leg cliff overlooking Tom's Harbour. I crawled up & down the slopes chasing those damn elusive beasts & Pamulik looked on. Then I settled down to plant collecting - true to Porchild, the slopes below a bird nest-colony are really loaded. Since he had nothing else to do, Pamulik entered into the spirit & started after the butterflies - it was really funny to see his expression after one or two just shipped away. We did well & he is now an official butterfly catcher.

Kraft dinners + pineapple for supper. The only blow of the day was a direct result of the big blow - our northwesterly breeze. My Maxam thermometer fell & smashed. Bah

We barely heard the Patterson-Johansen fight
but I was pleased with the result.

You know, if I were on that hill just
across our little inlet now, I'd need sunglasses
That's the famous 11:15 run - or was it midnight
- anyway I'm tired.

Tuesday June 21st

Happy summer solstice - I think that's how you spell it - bah, I won't worry about it.

Well, I'm clean - really scrubbed. While Pamiulik went seal hunting, I washed, shampooed my hair - the bottle tipped over & so no more hair washing. New clothes, "Trix" deodorant & talcum powder - oh broken I'm tired - and I haven't filled out the field notes yet.

After clean up, Pamiulik returned with a 6 year old seal. He stayed in camp & painted the inside of the canoe. I crossed the thinning ice & went plant - butterfly collecting. Say, I'm getting really sharp in catching the little buggers. I put a little variation in things & popped a few miscellaneous insects in - a lonely beetle in the belly bottle.

Plant collecting is in my blood now. My goal is to do several things: in ^{an} abundant species I hope to illustrate the extent of variation; in large groups is - Pedicularis, Potentilla, Draba, Gramineae, Carex etc, I hope to record all the possible forms known to occur in the eastern arctic. I've got both plant presses in operation now.

Bar B-X dinner and rice plus pineapple & tea. If I felt ambitious, I'd climb up our

diff + looks at the sun. - But I won't
would

This business of sitting down by a roaring
river & thinking is odd. I feel very lonely. Where
is all that thundering water coming from? A bee buzzes
past - the wind keeps up its pressure. Columns of
Pedicularis shoot up everywhere. We're the only
ones on this island. Before us, well there are those
Turret tent rings. I've opened the Barclay-Ray Tobacco - I
don't think it's #6 but it's not bad

Panmohk is whistling

The tent flaps in & out in a mild breeze

The oily brass prisms has a softer roar now

Some day the ice will go & so will we

Wednesday June 22nd

Tent improvement. This was the main item of the day. It all started at breakfast when some flies got in the tent. I tried to zipper the mosquito net but it wouldn't meet. Then started the rock shifting, pole pushing + finally a complete revamping of the entire interior. Extraneous items - of which I have plenty were either put into the chest or dumped in the small tent. Had what a hot day to do heavy work but it was well worth it. We now have much more room + the tent looks really fine.

After all of that was done, I donned just my shelegak, binoculars, killing bottle + net + we set off for the colony. Pamiolik chugged along ahead + I peered at plants + made surveys at poor butterflies.

I think that our ice crossing days are drawing to a close. At several holes, I estimated the thickness at a maximum of $1\frac{1}{2}$ ". Holes really sticking close to the nests these days. A flock of displaying Heillemots were really bewildering. Seal, potatoes + onions, canned peas, cheese + tea

The blats are really funny. Every

might, the subject of Doug Willington comes up
First he's in Chesapeake, then Repulse - heading for
Pelly Bay then perhaps he'll go to Koral & then etc.
- oh brother.

I'm not so tired now & perhaps I can get
in some reading. Say Radio Moscow is on - oh boy
& I thought the Obolts were funny

Say we completely revamped the aerial
- now we are using just the heavy wire as a aerial
& the lighter copper wire as a lead in - Thus we
hope to eliminate aerial break downs & we have
also achieved a higher aerial. Performance is excellent

Wind is picking up - Ah man

Thursday June 23rd

Well, today I have a tale that we must include in "Strange as it seems". The gulls have gotten even with me. Let me relate the tale. I left the two cans of pressurized paint (white & flat black) under a rock on the colony so that I wouldn't have to lug them back to the boat. Yesterday Pamolik informed me that he was out of paint & that the trim of the canoe was yet to be done. I remembered my paint & so on today's trip we went for the paint. The cans were there alright & the surrounding area for 10 sq ft was grey - not granite but a mixture of white & flat black paint". The cans each showed a puncture the size of an nuckle & claw marks on the side. It seems quite evident that some gull or gulls speared those shiny cans & pounced on them. The results couldn't have been favorable for them - consider the effect of pressurized paint being blown in your face. We found grey tracks (gull tracks) leading down to a pool. I don't know if that particular paint is water solvent but we observed no "pied" gulls. Perhaps they have become social outcasts or better still "Paint

~~Wot hit me~~ "Shoekel" & are wander around wondering
"Wot hit me".

I returned & offered my two tubes of oil paint
We put in on the wood in splashes of white & black
& then I put gasoline on the paint brush & worked away
- it doesn't look bad either. Anyway, Pamolik
now has the only boat in the arctic trimmed in Humboldt's
finest oil paint!

Friday June 24th

Well for the first time in I don't know how long, I was unable to write the entry on the same day. It is 10:00 AM the next day. Why this breakdown in a splendid record?

Yesterday after doodling around a bit in the morning I decided to make a trip inland, to that big lake that we were unsuccessful in making several days ago. I decided against rubber boots because they're so hot & my feet sweat in them. This led to a full scale conditioning action on my Donet boots. Off we went - knapsack, insect net & plant bag. Although the boots are fine & light, even with inner soles any extended trip over rocks causes me rather great discomfort. In the crossing of the river, they really became water logged but dried out soon. Several times I thought we would have to turn back for it looked like rain. But on & on, up over one ridge down up down - but generally up. The further one penetrated into the center of this island, the earlier the season seems to be, the fewer birds (save Snow Buntings which were abundant on the heavily rock strewn slopes). We finally reached the lake. From a hill near the lake we could see Kuk in the southwest plus the

Duke of York Bay. To the southeast we could
look & don't know how far down the rugged
eastern coast - What a contrast.

To use the broad & familiar statement - "the interior
was barren" is really to say nothing. See in the Field
Notes my discussion of the geology, vegetation &
bird life of central White Id.

We returned, by crossing the ice - god it's
thin, at 9:00 PM. I put the lemming that we
captured in the potato tin. After a corned beef
- potatoes - pineapple supper, I identified the
plants that I had collected, pressed them, cleaned
up the floor, crawled in the sleeping bag & quickly
fell asleep.

Saturday, June 25th

Today was a day of recapitulation. I photographed the Snow Bunting's nest with 6 eggs - that's the one we collected on yesterday's excursion. Then I extracted the albumen - excellent & we now have about 30 ml. Considering the size of a Snow Bunting's egg, that is a huge amount. After that I drew a detailed map of the interior, with the aid of the aerial photograph & put in the particulars. Onion soup for lunch.

Ha, that ♂ *Dicrostonyx* escaped from the potatoe can - leaving 4 dead newly born young. I feel shame, well you can't judge by size I guess. It's not funny - I'm exerting a selective pressure against these poor beasts. True it's only a "slight" pressure and I doubt that I've eliminated any unique genes from the lemming pool.

Pamiolik shot a seal (4 yrs old) & tried fishing through the ice but naught. The rest of the day & night was spent writing labels for the plants & putting them in folders.

Supper was seal, potatoes, fruits for salad & tea.

Then came the Premier Event of the Day - It seems that last night a bear visited us, dug up the seal (skull ~~whole~~ whole), dragged it over the pressure

ice + ate almost all of it not 100 yds from the tent. The seal was buried in the gravel about 40' from the tent. Oh, you have no idea what effect this had on Pameok. He has borrowed the binoculars 3x to scan the ice. Now he is reading but every few minutes he peeps outside. The effect on me - bad - the 30-06 has been removed from the little tent & now sits near my mattress with bullets - hmmm no effect HA.

Sunday June 26

For breakfast, we had hard boiled S. argentatus thayeri eggs, sausage + tea - not bad + it is a change. After that I finished off the rest of the plants + then set off for local excursions. When you put plants in the plastic bag, many of them are in rather poor condition at the end of the day + so I keep coming back to camp + slipping in the plants.

Pamukle made some good bread + I had lunch for the first time in quite awhile. I went over to one of the ponds + discovered the nest + egg - gad huge 100ml of albumen of an Arctic Loon. You guessed the result - I also photographed it.

We then went out to the tip of the peninsula - mosquitoes are coming out in numbers in the marshy areas. The ice area around L. C. Id. is almost gone + the pack ice was a good 2 mi off the floe edge. Coupled with the way the ice is deteriorating in near camp, I would say break up looks favorable in a few days.

What a bonanza that big hill proved to be. The southern slope is covered with the most lush vegetation that I have ever seen in the arctic - see field notes. I'm going back there tomorrow + clean up.

I want to photograph many of those plants.

Radio conditions poor but we did here Repulse
- Bob who cares with the plant situation + bullishly
being what it is. That hillside reveals the
spring woods in the northeast - heh southeast from
where I sit.

Monday June 27th

Try to picture this scene - at the tip of our peninsula there rises a hill of grey & blackish red granite. It is about 400' high, with several boulder fields stretching down its slopes - black rocks, heavily encrusted with old old lichens. On the east, it drops to the Frozen Straits via a series of sheer terraced - ice still clings to the shore but a large area of deep blue water, splattered with floating ice, lies only a few feet beyond. The south slope is weather beaten, with several deep cuts forming canyons and a hilly area, isolated from the main hill. Here vegetation has taken hold. Grass of many species forms a portion of the matrix. Empetrum, Vaccinium & Lassia fill the hollowed areas & blanket the lower slopes. Now dash cream yellow over the hill with Oxytropis magdalenica, white with borders of Cerastium & Antennaria, light blue to be added with Astragalus alpinus. Deep yellow via Taxifolium & Potentilla, borders of Potentilla. Dark green with Dryopteris, Poppus stick out of cracks in the cliff, more white is seen in abundant scrubbing of Draba. Now move in close, reddish leaves of barifuga tricuspidata with their white flowers. In the wet areas - look close & see the Canadensis

nivalis, several more species of Salix are found in crannies
- here and there the solitary deep blue flower of Campanula.
Now we see the numerous nodding heads of the Bladder-Ranunculus
- Willows creep across the rocks, hanging from crevices
& one shrub like in the protected areas.

The rock sparkles via feldspar & mica, lemming
burrows infiltrate the slopes. Everything is in motion
for the slight wind causes the grass to wave - everything
moves. Pack ice in the distance, seals on the floe
edge, Blue sky, green & brown tundra, blue lakes
still half encrusted with ice - all this on June 27 - a
very nice day on White Id.

Tuesday June 28th

An overcast, dreary & rainy day. We spent practically the entire day in the tent. In the morning, I listed 34 plants in the catalog. The rest of the day was spent peering out of the tent at the ice & wondering when the ice would completely shatter.

Pamiulik tugged out to pop off a seal - he was successful. You guessed it - seal ribs, potatoes, pineapples & tea for supper. I might add that these are not just ordinary potatoes but I add salt, pepper, butter, garlic salt & worcestershire sauce - the result is - heh ah spicy potatoes

Pamiulik spends his time in a variety of ways: sometimes he hauls out his file & sandpaper & polishes the walrus tusks that he found. Sometimes he sings hymns from the eskimo prayer book or reads in the eskimo bible, sometimes he takes the stove (one of the stoves) apart & cleans it - most of the time he sits & either looks at me (rather boring) or just stares at the floor.

There's a gap between the flaps of the tent. I can see the following: stones stretch out from the tent down to the shore - my view of the shore is blocked by a reddish brown boulder on which is lying an fishing rod (a willow limb). On the stones I

can make out $\frac{2}{3}$ of the dish basin. Beyond
the boulder is the water splattered ice + beyond
that, the dark craggy islet, almost masked
in fog + rain. Ah in comes some fresh water,
desired for tea I suppose.

I tested out the 30-06 on some floe
ice - right on the nose at app 220 yds.

Pamolik's feet are moving - a german ~~folk~~ folk
song is on. I told him that they were Germanmuts
- he grinned - I agree. Guten nach.

Wednesday June 29th

A dreary damp foggy day. Fog so dense that I could not see the nearest of the two islets in the harbour.

We have decided, on the basis of the fantastic number of seals here, to call this harbour - Nutchek Harbour $65^{\circ}40'$, $87^{\circ}35'$. I have instructed Pamolik to note this in his diary.

After a hard boiled gull egg, panikutuk tea breakfast, I just sat & read E. B. Ford's "Moths". Pamolik went out & skinned yesterday's seal & pegged it out. Finally it was decided to go down & have a look at that isolated gull nest that Pamolik discovered yesterday - or was it the day before - Ahmi - well we crossed the ice to get to the other shore. It was slightly risky but you'd never know it to watch him stroll across. I explained that angyukcaurwongas but he only laughed. A long walk revealed that it was not a gull nest but an old Duck Hawk nest. Bah. The rest of the trip was spent collecting plants & butterflies. Now, Pamolik has taken a genuine interest in this butterfly business & we have great fun dashing around inspecting the beasts. We found a spider nest with a blue egg sac just under the web door. As we were peering at it, out came the occupant,

snatched up the egg sac & dashed down the hole - his great
laughter.

Pamolik appears to admire Bumble Bees
& Spiders - I don't know, I rather like gulls
myself.

Thursday June 30

We're having a party now - cigars neapolitan cookies + tea - This is the "Goodbye June Hello July Party".

Today was a laundry day. I washed all my underwear + socks. Our tent presents an interesting picture with all my wash hanging from all the ropes.

After spending most of the day in camp - Pamolik spent all his time polishing the marchal tusk - we pushed off to view the ice conditions. This was after supper - Kraft dinner, pears + tea. I visited the loon nest again. They "depressed" another nest + laid 2 more eggs - one of which I collected + it yielded excellent albumen. We climbed the hill + viewed the straits. Bitted, gutted with pack ice for as far as you can see. The only open water areas are ironically in our harbour. I scanned the ice for bears but none. Oh oh me, those straits looked awful. We will really need good winds to push that immense mass off the coast.

Back to our party. Pamolik has finished his cigars but mine remains dormant until I finish this. The Four-Dimanche is over + is delighting Pamolik with his "okay's".

Me oh my, we are really packed in - But as long
as the tea & tobacco holds out, we'll be happy.
- just the same, a nice S. W. gale would be
much appreciated - now back to that soggy product
of the tropics.

July 1, 1960

It was warm in the sun - very warm (20°C) + no wind. For breakfast we had rather mouldy bacon. It was all right - as guess.

I read for a little while in the population genetics symposium - gad, that is really meaty material. Something that one can really dig one's teeth into - if only I could breed the gulls in bottles!

Off to the river for plant + butterfly collecting. Damn those mosquitoes - gad they were awful. Luckily I brought the head net with me - the plastic eye piece is difficult to see through - it distorts things. Only for that fault, I would have worn it all day. Excellent butterfly conditions, I collected a beautiful moth - crimson undersides + brown + yellow markings on the wings.

I did it again. When I snare a butterfly, I put down my plastic plant collecting bag. I walked all the way to the river before I ~~forgot~~ remembered it. Back home 1/2 hour I finally found it. I had some Potentilla valbulana in it + I just had to find it.

For supper, we really went big - Bar B-x dinners, rice, pineapple, cheese + of all things - Tapioca made with an Arctic Loon egg! We're

saved it for our 10:00 PM tea time. 13 & 15 meters
are picking up. I'm anxious to hear the O blats
to find out how ice conditions are at Repulse.

Here - awful

July 2, 1960

A nothing day - nothing. No wind, hot (20°C in sun), millions of mosquitoes & the ever present ice.

The only time that I ventured away from camp was to try my luck on some sun-adorned seals - BAH, mosquitoes were even out on the ice.

Reading was the main theme - Genetics, Radio theory & Natural Philosophy. Pamulik went over to Tom's Harbour & shot a seal. Oh I did one more constructive thing - I made a list of food, not complete, for next year. It will be a great help.

Pamulik tells me that there's lots of open water up the coast. The situation here is this: we pace back & forth, looking down the harbour to the straits, like a pair of seized cats. Pack ice stretching far out into Foye Basin lies packed all along the floor. What wind manages to blow up, comes in from the east & that's no good.

Ice, ice, mosquitoes, mosquitoes - that was the day. Perhaps I try a small walk if a breeze picks up. Kaimak

July 3, 1960

Oie vik, what a day! We woke to the same hot weather, no wind & millions of mosquitoes. Despair was the morning. I spent my time taking plants out of the press & writing labels & inserting them in folders. Pamolik went for a look at the ice & reported a small open water area near Toomanyalik. Then he mixed gasoline while I picked off a few butterflies around camp. It was hot (21°C in the sun) & mosquitoes hovered everywhere.

Finally it was decided to make a trip to the west up the valley. I covered myself with mosquito repellent & off we went. As we progressed the change began - Wind & from the southwest!!! Ice began to move & now we have open water off the floe edge & the wind remains favorable though slight.

I predict that if all the mosquitoes in the arctic become extinct, 10 new species of marsh type plants will be discovered. It's hell to try peering at the ground for plants while those buzzing bastards form a cloud around one's head. I finally found the Sagaland Rosebay - *Rubus* plus a new (for me) Saxifrage. We also collected some

Longspur eggs (fair) ^{just} & a good number of butterflies.
Pamiuk is very enthusiastic about butterflies
esp the yellow Satyr. Takkolikto - lawah
lawah lawah - Swipe - Piyojok.

We found several stone goose pens
about 40' x 20' - Tunumut.

Please let the wind keep up.

July 4, 1960

Independence day - but not for us. The winds are favorable but not the best - southeast & not very strong. The ice near camp continues to decay & we now have a fairly big water area here.

More plant cataloging in the morning & then we had a lunch of some newly made panikutuk. After that we made a trip through the wet tundra to the river entering Tom's Harbour. I continue to build up my plant list & now the only major species, that according to maps is widespread that is lacking is that damn Sedum decumbens. Five willows, four Pedicularis, many drabos etc.

For supper we had some really delicious real plus potatoes, pineapple, Pickles & the bloody tea.

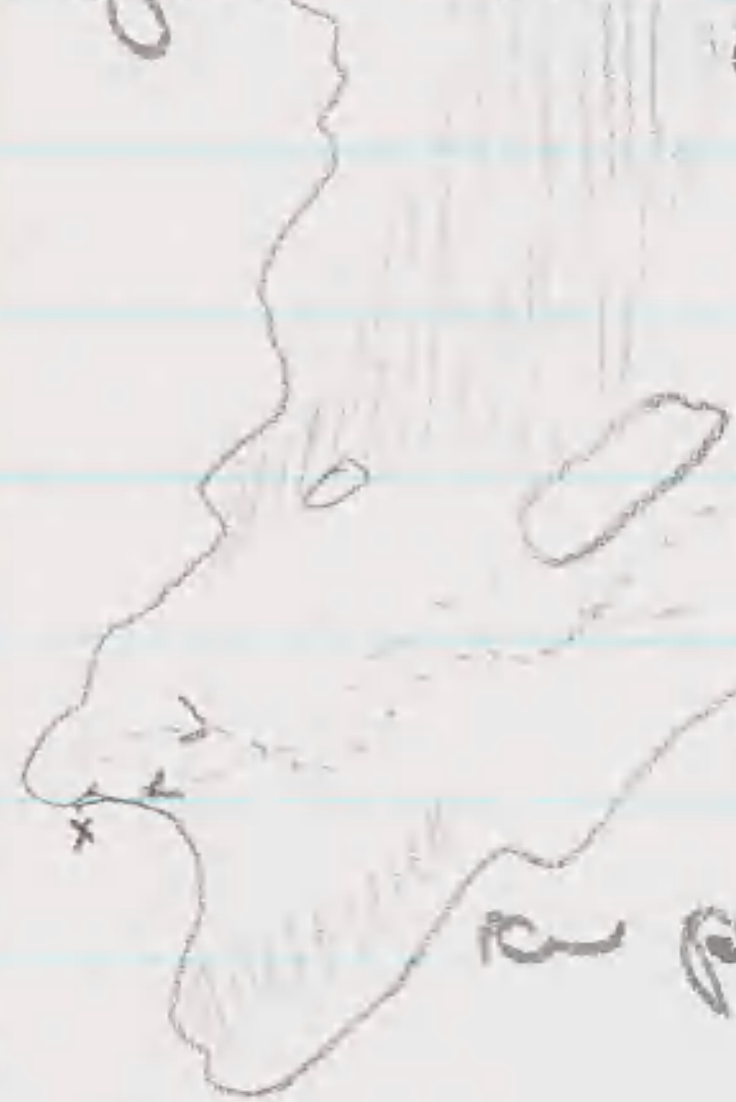
For moral purposes, I hooked up the tape recorder & played the 5th.

Pamuk keeps yawning, & whistling. I keep staring out at the damn ice. I don't feel like writing & so I'll stop.

July 5th - Tuesday

Say, I've just noticed that since the beginning of July, I've neglected to include the day of the week - returns to normalcy. Hmmm, I rather like that phrase though I suspect that it's not original.

Well today was a very good day. In the early (HA - 11:00 AM) morning we launched the canoe. What a hell of a struggle to drag it to the water. Off we went for a spin about our "enclosure". We noted that



at point A, the ice was very thin & a thin column of water stretched towards another slit coming in from the shafts.

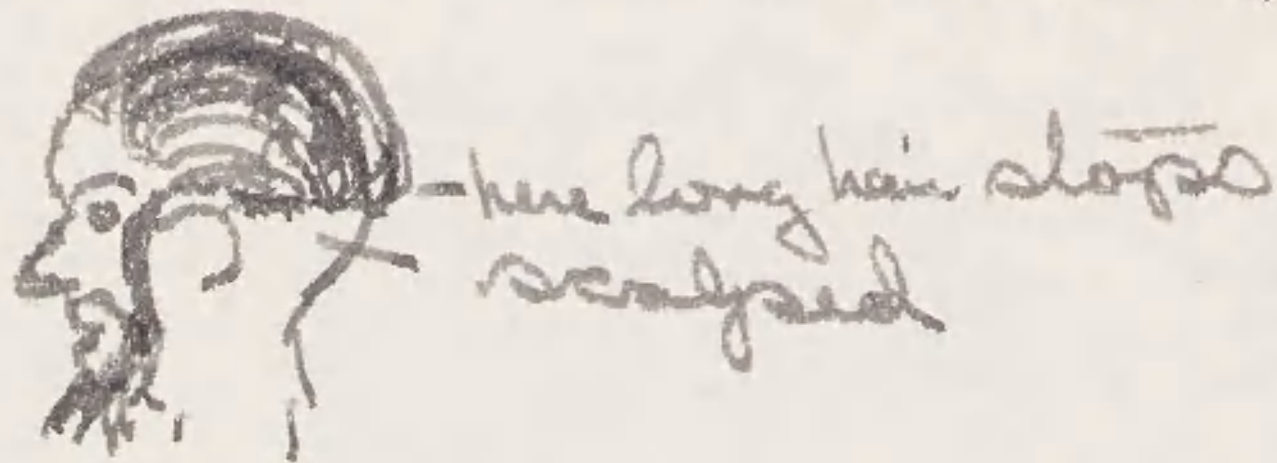
Pamuk felt that we will have a passage out tomorrow. We

returned to camp & I busied myself for awhile (I can't remember what I did), then we took the canoe over to "B" & proceeded to climb the high rugged hill dominating Toomanyalik. See Field Notes for ice details. We were back by 4:30. Fanned Beak, Potatoes, pickles & tea & plus for supper.

Now while my beard has come along very nicely, my hair (in the usual sense) grew too & so I decided to get

a hair cut. Pamolik assured me that he cuts Akat's hair & so he became barber. He used just the scissors because the clippers pulled.

Well the result might drive weaker men to ~~happier monasteries~~ but also not me. It is extreme to the extreme



— it will grow - I hope.

One very important decision is to go north around the Cape Frigid region & into Ross Welcome; then through the Lower Strait I figure we have loads of gasoline & I want to tie up ground gulls (*ombrosum*) with the cliff individuals & this looks like a dandy place.

Some very rough times lie ahead

Wednesday July 6th

It's cigar time. Tomorrow we leave this base camp for good. We arrived here in cold snow & ice & leave a rather attractive inlet, with its rocky beaches, green valleys & high rugged dark hills, still sheltering small areas of snow.

The morning was spent in taking down the small tent, packaging up the gulls - 16 in two cardboard cartons!, packing the food together & putting everything else in readiness. After that I did some more reading in the Symposium & then trotted off to collect butterflies & plants.

Those attractive yellow butterflies with the rose etching around their wings were very abundant feeding on Oxytropis Maydeliana & to Parnolik's approval, I netted five. These are his favorite butterflies & he always comes over to peer at the beast in the killing bottle.

Botanically it's just cleaning up on some upland plants & making new inroads into the newer arrivals in the wet marshes. I have no rather impressive list for the crew & I'm sure Dr. Clausen will be pleased to get them.

Repulse Bay came in very weakly

but strong enough to hear "Hauls"!

This region is very fine indeed. It's rather
cold tonight & we're going to put the stoves
on.

Thursday July 7th

We were up at 8:00 AM, had breakfast & broke camp. During the night, the ice was swept out beyond Little Cliff. Id. & the way was open.

It took quite some time to break camp & to see Pamiok packing the canoe was something. We packed the following into a 20' canoe: 10 barrels of gasoline & 2 barrels of coal oil - 1200 lbs; 2 large wooden chests, 4 duffle bags which were stuffed, 5 cardboard crates of food, 1 large barrel of lubricant, all the guns, personal equipment; 1 large tent 1 small tent etc - about 1700 lbs! + the two us giving a total of around 2000 lbs! Needless to say, we had a low canoe.

Going around Nutchek's Peninsula was tough + go + then was plenty of ice pushing. We made our way up the coast in glass smooth water, weaving in & out of pack ice. The coast is really impressive but when I sighted a huge cliff, I said to myself, this is the highest cliff other than at Wolslenhome that I have ever seen. What made it all the finer was the fact that it harbours a huge gull colony - 280 gulls! We have made camp on a stream not far from the colony. The process of pulling up

the tent again was hindered by thousands of mosquitoes. Hell, they were awful.

We went over to the colony & shot 5 gulls, 3 of which we recovered. The slopes of the colony are as lush vegetatively as any I have even seen. Oxyria is thick & algae, liverworts & lichens abound. (See field notes)

We've set out the fish net & perhaps we'll get something. My plans as I see them now are these: Tomorrow I collect the last gulls from here. Pamolik to be skinned. Then we'll move out probably the next day & hit another colony. This procedure will be followed until we hit a good char area. Then we will stop & reorganize. I'm putting the field notes on the tape for these coming days & will transcribe when we reorganize. These are going to be busy days indeed.

The huge cliff behind us harbours a nest of noisy ravens. It also effectively blocks out radio signals from the south & so we'll not tarry too long here.

Friday, July 8th

Well the tent is a mess right now but I don't care for tomorrow we going to try to get out of here & go up to Cape Frigid.

It was warm today & the mosquitoes were horrible. I put 612 all over me but the little bastards hovered right next to my face waiting - just waiting. I went over to the colony with the .22 & blasted away to the tune of five gulls. You'd think it would be easy to pop the gulls off the wall but the combination of clouds of mosquitoes & a wind along the face of the cliff made things a bit difficult. Pamolik spent most of the day skinning while I sexed the gulls, popped testes in formalin & tied on tags. The mosquitoes were so bad that I felt like dunking the 612 & sweating it out continuously - Hmm, I rather think it wouldn't work like that.

We rowed over to another colony about 1/4 mi up the coast. Black Guillemots are probably nesting on the lower areas but we couldn't find the nests. I did score on the egg-white today - two Redth. Loon eggs from a nest on the pond across the stream.

We're having signals now - no reason

Supper finished off the last Bar B-X dinner
- supper also included Corned Beef - rice & cheese
- of course tea

I changed my clothes today.

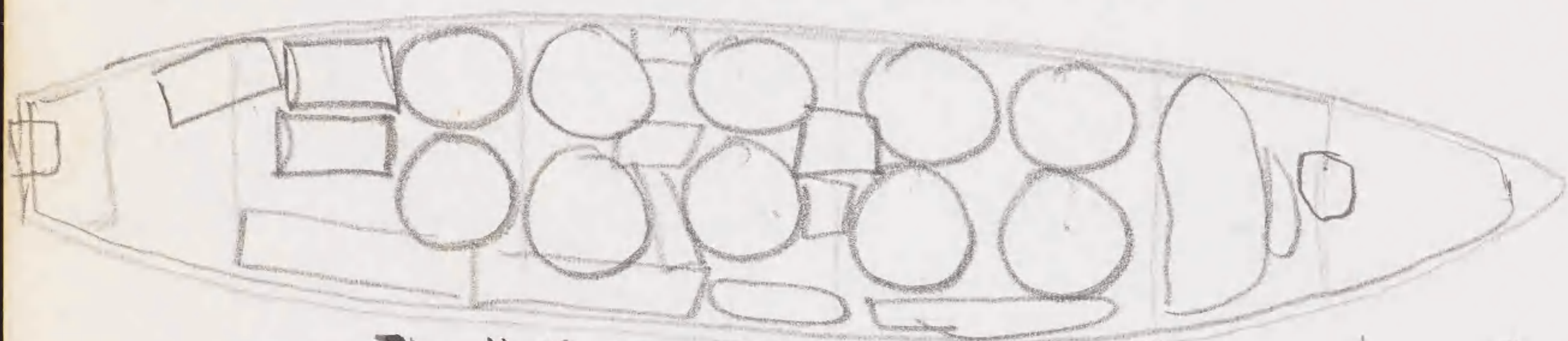
Saturday, July 9th

Appologies must be extended for this is being written on Sunday. The reason - simple - absolutely no time on a long hard push

We had things pretty well packed by the A.M. & at high tide (11:30 AM), we pushed off from our camp $65^{\circ}46'$, $84^{\circ}40'$, & headed north. In the narrow area between the two long islands just south of Whale Sound we ran into fairly thick ice but a narrow, constantly shifting, open water area prevailed & we moved through. We made two stops on the western most of islands & collected gulls. Due north of this island was a smaller islet with a huge gull colony. There was a mul whale of Bullemets in the water off the cliff & shot 2. This colony was really something. I'd fire at a gull & 200+ would roar into the air & defecate on us - luckily I had my raincoat on. I collected a ♀ eider on nest & 2 eggs. I hope the eggs will serve both for egg-white & tapioca. The vegetation hanging down & growing on this cliff was beyond description - just beautiful - varying colored mosses, orange & gold lichens, purple *Epilobium* white drabas - huge dandelions - in fact everything was huge. The drabas must be 30

cm. high. The light was too poor to get the proper + desirable photographs + so I began to move off. All the collecting is being done with the .22.

Then we made an error in navigation + steamed up the main inlet west of Whale Sound. We hauled up on a island + had tea + panukutuk. Had I was starved



The "C.D. Howe" as roughly seen from the top
5 1/2 hrs pushing a 20' canoe with 1 ton load!

We reversed our course + entered the main portion of Whale Sound. The ice here was thick but with some pushing with oars + skilful pulling by Pemolik, we made our way up the sound, through a narrow gap + out into the straits proper. Only one more colony was examined - an inlet about 4 mi north of Whale Sound. We stopped here + I collected a hood of gulls.

I had often seen the mark - Observation mark, on maps + was dying to see one. There was one listed at a river mouth on the north tip of the island + since we would pass, I went in for a look. The area was a dried up river bed. Pemolik stayed in the canoe + I hiked up to the grassy plateau. There, with the sun bouncing off it, was an aluminum stake driven into the ground + about 50' away was the remains of a tent circle + a rusted can - 23 years old - for in 1937, this was the camp of Tom Manning, Geo Rowley, Bray + Baird. This gave me more of a thrill than the

ancient Tunitmuit tent rings. I scratched the date + my name on the stakes + built a cairns - Time hardly passes here, for being born in April of that year, this site had special significance for me.

We moved off around to the next inlet - which is the mouth of a large river - a place which Pamiolik tells me, it is loaded with large char. We pulled up on algae covered rocks + had supper - tea + panikutuk gulf. Darkness fell, for a heavy cloud cover blew in. It was cold + damp. We were waiting for high tide so that we could move up the river + make camp. There was a large Tunitmuit tent circle area complete with cairns etc - it must have been very old but that aluminium stake. . . .

Pamiolik finally decided that the place was too rocky + we stoved off again + went to the next inlet - made camp on a rocky beach - just the small tent. I crawled in + fell asleep. Pamiolik stayed up for awhile to bring the boat + then went to sleep - good old Pamiolik, careful, oh so careful - cheerful - a very very good man.

Now for some of my impressions on the trip. I sat on the bow + command an

excellent view of the area before us:

Ringed Seals kept popping up everywhere but I did not try for one. Large numbers were observed on large floating pieces of floe ice - perhaps 60 in Whale Sound. We also saw two Bearded Seals - one of which was a huge beast, perhaps 1200 lbs! ~~It was~~

As we moved up the coast, the gulls from the individual colonies came out to scream at us & Eiders & Murrelets were constantly flying past.

Now I gaze into the black black water. It is teeming, just teeming with plankton - a rich & cloud of unbelievable numbers. In this cloud hang millions of hydroid organisms - their long tentacles moving in & out as they are swept along through this vast rich fauna. In the shallower areas, huge kelp cover the bottoms & shield their snake like holding stems above the water. In the tidal pools, millions of shrimp swim about, but there a mermaid worm whittles about & in the deeper pools, huge jelly fish lie & are content to wait for the tide - shrimp are there & become entrained in the tentacles.

In future weeks I will try to describe all of this & more. There is much work ahead now & many more adventures - but I will not forget that rusty can & gleaming stake - 23 years old.

Sunday July 10th

When I woke, I could hear Pamolik busy outside. The primus was roaring + breakfast was ready - good grief, how much sleep did he get.

We packed all the gear back on the boat + waited + waited for the tide to rise up enough so that we could move the boat. I wandered about collecting plants + smoking cigarettes - gosh, this I've just got to stop. For the first time in many years, I've been coughing.


We moved to a spot at the head of the inlet + made camp ^{long} 85° 4' ^{sub.} 66° 3' - the furthest north that I've ever been. In the few words - we made camp, I describe a process that takes several hours. First we select a site - flat with a minimum # of rocks. Then we drag all the gear out onto the beach. Next comes the removal of 1200 lbs of gasoline. After that we set up the tent, dragging boulders from all over to serve as tent stakes - then we load the gear into the tent - in an orderly fashion - then we set up the little tent + put the food + extra gear in there - then I unpack my stuff + place it in its "proper position". Pamolik goes to the boat. Then come the aerial setting up + final body of the radio. Then supper while I place plants in the press - Then radio

+ field notes - then tea + journal + then? - sleep
my man sleep.

Monday July 11TH

A red letter day !! I spent the morning writing the field notes of the last few days. This involved listening to my waddlers voice on the tape recorder + transcribing into the field notes. I don't remember too much of what Pamolik did, but he mailed several sticks together + then mailed the two fish spears to these + presto - a very willowly but good aerial support. Good he is really thinking. We had a cheese + chicken-noodle soup lunch - neither of us is crazy about this soup but - well we've got tons of it + so we might as well use it.

I decided to go out to the big island at the mouth of this bay + see if we could get some eider eggs. We walked all over this island + made! One thing I did get there was Sedum decumbens mit flowers - hurrah + finally. I looked out further + noted a large number of gulls on a rocky islet + decided to have a look. This was my best decision yet for this was to be Colony K (see field notes). Both the American Herring Gull (Larus argentatus smithsonianus) + Thayer's Gull (Larus argentatus !!? HA thayeri) were present. This is the colony that I have been seeking. To boot, there is a fine colony of eiders + gullenets on this little islet. We returned to camp to get the guns

of egg collecting equipment. Then we returned + I
blasted two Smithsonianus (see field notes). While
Pamiolik went about collecting sidle eggs - and
pail of water to test the eggs. Then we crawled
about peering under boulders looking for Guillemots
eggs. We did well. We then returned + went
over to where Pamiolik found that piece of rock
asbestos bearing rock. Well my my. The
outcroppings was just loaded with veins of
fibers  - that long - more on this later

We had the guillemots for supper
+ they were delicious. Pamiolik made some
bread + then trugged off to check the fish nets.

Tomorrow I suppose will be skinning +
specimen cataloging - both gulls + plants, and then
I will work the colony.

Tuesday July 12th

If yesterday was an exciting Red letter day, today was a dreary hard working day. Pamolik began skinning gulls & I began to catalogue the gulls & plants at around 10:30 AM. Well, it is now 10:30 PM, & I've just finished

Pamolik skinned the impossible total of 14 gulls. He also took time out to check the nets. All & all, he really put in quite a day. I had the radio on during our work & the B.A.C. was quite good. It seems to appeal to a much higher intelligence level - Ah Hmmm! News in the outside world is all bad & so I might as well be content under silver-mousses.

I must have smoked at least an ounce of tobacco today. It was a chilly overcast day with intermittent rain. The only excitement of the day was the sighting of six walrus out near the gull colony. This excited both of us but gad, what would we do with tons of walrus meat.

As a result of today's push, I've got practically all the plants labeled & cataloged. Tomorrow I'll finish off the gulls i.e. sex them label & catalogue. Then, & only then can I get down to the business of studying this fine gull colony.

It's calm now & the mosquitoes are clouding up outside but - well no 2 quart bladder.

Wednesday July 13th

Last night at "tea", I told Pamiulik that we would get up at 5:00 AM - it's a joke of ours. We finally decided that 10 would be a better time. Well, we woke at 10:20!

Pamiulik went over to check the fish net & brought it back - the ice had really ripped it up. Then he set down to skin 4 more gulls & I started cutting the beasts up to sex them. The first 7 were males & I was beginning to suspect a strong bias - humm this sound fraudulent. No, when the entire lot had been checked, 6 were ♀ + 8 ♂.

Then Pamiulik set to the task of repairing the net & I went off for a botanical walk. Very few mosquitoes today for we have a very strong northwesterly wind.

Right now, I've just turned off the radio - the Democratic convention & Mrs. R. was speaking. Now I refuse to become violent up here & so off she went.

Rain is beating a steady tattoo on the roof - the lantern is pinging away - Pamiulik is in his sleeping bag - he coughed - I don't know if I'll get mud sleep for his convention interests me.

I worked over some of the eggs that we got on Colony K. The gull and not eggs were

fairly well on but I did get three long tubes + have
hundreds of eggs left. The elder eggs were first rate.

I've developed a bad feeling in my throat
- too much smoking. I took a pill, gargled with
Listerine + took a slug of Buckley's Mixture - Gee!
What powerful stuff - I'm sure Paul would be
proud of it.

I wonder how everyone is.

Thursday July 14th

I've gotten around to thinking about just how long I've got left - 5 weeks I guess. I'm doing some agonizing thinking in regards to just how we are going to reach Coral Harbour. Pamiulik just says the ice all along the coast is very bad in August. He planned on leaving the gear at East Bay + walking home. I suppose that's what should be done but - gosh leaving all this gear, specimens etc at East Bay hurts me. I would like to try going around the Bell Peninsula + arriving with canoe + all at Coral. The snags in this hope are two - ice + lack of gasoline. I suppose we'll have to decide when we get to East Bay. Dad, - all this supposed that we can make it down the coast.

Today in the morning, I cataloged some gulls + Pamiulik mended his net. I tuned the radio to a rebroadcast of the convention + was delighted with the results.

Later in the PM I went off along the coast collecting caribou etc. When I returned, we went over to Colony K, censused the colony, shot 2 gulls, one a hybrid, made notes on the tape recorder concerning the gulls in general - shot an eider + gull nest, photographed nests etc - a many note here - should have been F22 at 1250

+ I shot at $\frac{1}{25}$ - Bah. We returned, photographed
the hybrid, supper was eider, potatoes + my
own special pudding - instant orange pudding with
a teaspoonful of vanilla - not bad at all

For a change, it's sunny, now (10:00 PM)
+ I think we'll have a cigar.

Friday July 15th

Well today was productive. After breakfast, I did the usual displacement activity. Then we hauled the boat to the water - it was low tide + went to the colony. Say it looks much larger at low tide.

I packed all the gear + went off blasting - first with the .22 - poor marksmanship was dominant today + on that round I got only one. Then I switched to the shotgun + well, we came back with five. The chicks run everywhere + stick their heads in cracks a la B. thurstoni eh, eiders crash off nests + flap flop + fly to the water, gullenote peeps everywhere. The gulls scream + dive. It looked like rain + so we returned around 2:30. For lunch we had eider omlet + it was really good.

That old Panulak sent set to work skimming 7 gulls + I went off on a botanical hunt over to the river. Lactidarius pratensis was new. A Duck Hawk drove me away from its nest - + I really mean it put me to flight. When one is on the edge of a cliff + is being dove-bombed by the demon, one leaves the area. It drove several gulls away with ease.

Kraft dinners + tapioca for supper - this

was under tape.

I saved all the gulls - there ^{is a} radio blackout
+ so I had nothing else to do.

There is the shallow water near camp.

Tomorrow we rise at 7:00 AM! gulls + take
leave off this productive area. I hope to get some
information for Dr. Cook on the snow geese.

I know somebody who is going to be in all
honor at 7 tomorrow - + it ~~is~~ 1/2 and Panwhite

Saturday July 16th

We have entered another world & vast flat area of northern Southampton Id.

I woke at 7:00 AM & struggled out of the bag at 7:20 - from 20 minutes out. It was our longest camp break procedure. We were hindered by an outgoing tide - dead low by our departure at 11:15! What took so long? Oh god, hauling the gasoline all the way to the boat is mud - more gulls & millions of mosquitoes. Anyway we just went back to the obs. monument & photographed it. Then we moved off - so slowly for we were going against the current. Practically no ice & so we slipped through the islands & into Ross Welcome - down that coast stopping twice, then across the Lamer Straits to where we are now - see field notes.

The land just seemed to crawl by most of the time. Bearded seals were quite numerous & I shot one but it sank. In the shallows areas millions of *Asterophore* were evident & beds of huge proportions. The shores were pink from *Epilobium*. The first Arctic Terns were sighted in the Lamer Straits & 2 Long t. Jaegers dive bombed us as we landed.

I was going to go into a lengthy discussion complete with diagrams concerning the trip but I've decided against that. What I want to

accord is the ~~same~~ infinite #'s of mosquitoes here.

If I stop puffing on my pipe & listen, the
air outside hums. They nearly drove us crazy.
When they get to Pamolik, then they're bad. We've
even plugged up the ventilation holes for they were
pawing in there. The still air outside is dense
— black with the buggin bastards — we'll
refer to them as B.B.'s from now on.

Tomorrow I hope to go to the goose colonies — oh
are the B.B.'s going to be bad.

The Red Phalaropes run about in the stagnant
pools eating mosquito larvae

— oh to be a Phalarope

Sunday June 17th

Up at 9, breakfast & then to minimum about of displacement activity. I located the other mosquito net for Pamolik & off we went.

On the map, the bay that Pamolik designated as the place for Snow Geese, is indicated with lots of dotted lines - shallow water though I. Well yes - at high tide that is. It took us almost an hour to reach the head of this bay - miles of 3' depth - for the last 500 yds or so, I got out & pulled the boat. We left the boat & tramped through the limestone muck, then across an area of limestone slabs & finally attained the vast grasslands. For the most part, they were very dry, Eriophorum limited to the occasional small & shallow pot hole.

It was warm, very little wind & billions of mosquitoes! They were very very bad. The mosquito nets are alright but it's very warm inside.

The event of the day was the Sandhill Crane chase. We spotted an adult with two young (1 1/2' high). After a real run, we caught them & photographed them. They were released where upon they trotted off like ostriches. We failed to find any geese but it was rewarding botanically.

On the trip back - we had to wait several hours for the tide to come in & when it did, it

came in at a terrific rate - we saw many seals
but I didn't try to shoot any.

Supper was Corned Beef, pickles, shrimps
which I washed this time thus improving their flavour 200%
I've decided to pull up rocks (heheh) + head for
Kuk. Every thing is boxed up + we should get
away in a fraction of the time that it took us at Cape Frijol.

Billions of mosquitoes hang over the tent, sit
on the mosquito netting + a few are buzzing around in the
tent. I don't see how Charlie likes this country
oh there are millions of buds but flat - oh so flat
+ then the B.B.'s

Monday June 18th

Well I was right about being ready to go. We loaded the canoe in record time but the tide wasn't high enough to move the boat + so we had to remove some gear, push the boat off the muddy shore + then replace the gear. The tide was with us + off we went. The scenery on my right is the dull ^{uninteresting} tan sandstone beaches of Southampton, on my left, the always interesting White Id. I know that the sun was baking my face but I couldn't do much about it. It was an uneventful trip through the shallow waters of the Corner Straits + we saw only a few gulls. I shot a molting ♂ Old-Squaw as we neared Kuk.

The shallows are really loaded with huge chow - oh how I wish that I had a rod. They are feeding on the shrimp + I bet that some nice shiny salmon flies would just be the ticket. They will of course hit any spoon. We landed at low tide + had tea. I surveyed the area + it looks fabulous. Botanically with the proximity of the deserted eskimo settlement, it really looks fine.

The mosquitoes were the worst yet. They almost drove me crazy. I was wearing long underwear + two pairs of socks - it's chilly in the boat but here, the sweat poured out of me. The

mosquito netting bit into my sunburned face. We set up the small tent & I crawled in & look off all the time being clabby. Pamolik stayed outside to take care of the boat. I don't know how he stands the mosquitoes.

I finally crawled out & we unloaded the canoe - it was hell - it was horrible - billions, black clouds of mosquitoes. When we set up the big tent, the green sides of the net were black - I do not exaggerate. We spent almost an hour killing the mosquitoes in the tent. I used the butterfly net & cheerfully killed billions until they formed a cake in the tent.

All the gear is piled everywhere. I decided that if this kept up, I could only work at night when it's cool & the mosquitoes are down in numbers. I don't know how Cool managed to do any work at all on these gears.

Well, we're here, for better or for worse I'm probably only the 2nd white ever to visit Kuku-kuruk.

Tuesday June 19th

Well we woke up - that's obvious & a very strong southwesterly wind was blowing. I opened both flaps on the tent & the breeze really felt good. This wind should keep the mosquitoes down & that is wonderful.

We set out walking up the river into the backcountry in search of the goose colony. It was a long tiring walk, the wind was very warm & dry. I hear by the radio that southern Canada is really undergoing a bad heat wave. Well so is the arctic - 62° F at Koral.

The highlight of the day was the finding of a long t. Jaeger young & photographing the adults & tried snaring them as they dovebombed us but they are very agile & managed to pull up at the last second.

This place is wonderful from an archaeological point of view. Starting from the beach & working inland, you can see eskimo settlements from the present day Avviks back to the beginnings of the Badlamunt culture. What I'm going to do here is to map out the settlements, describe the houses & photograph them. Then I send the information to H. Collins & see what he has to say.

I managed to snare a clam in the bulleff net while upstream. When we returned, I soaked my feet in the river. It really felt good. Supper

was stew, potatoes, lemon-vanilla pudding + tea - really good

I spent the rest of the evening putting plates in the
press, listened to the North Service - I love to hear
them describe the arctic + then went to sleep.

Wednesday July 20th

We woke at 9:30 - well I woke at 9:30, Pamiulik had the breakfast ready. The rear of the tent is belloved in like a scene from "20 years before the mast". The wind never let up the entire - strong & dry out of the s.w.

I got out the tape recorder & started to write up the field notes & journal that I had skipped in the last few days. The tide got low enough & we went down to the fish net. We hit it big today & hauled in many large claw. The stomach contents were solely shrimp.

Pamiulik is cutting them into strips & drying them. I don't know how they will taste dried but I'm game. Later in the day, I went off on a botanical trip & Pamiulik made some bread. I returned in about 2 hrs. & finished up the field notes.

Supper was interesting - Char on Kraft dinner, pineapple, pickles & tea. After supper I stuffed today's plants into the already bulging presses.

Time is running short. Tomorrow I'll work over these houses and perhaps finish off the gulls. Then we must be on our way - if the wind allows. I want to be back in local around August 20th.

I'm tired & getting a bit lonely - perhaps a change in scenery will help.

Thursday July 21st

Oh Noah, didn't it rain. Amen
Wind driven rain pelted the tent most of the
day. Field work was impossible. I turned
on the radio (B.B.C.) & started to catalog the
remaining 14 gulls. That makes 44 gulls - not
bad at all.

The process of cataloging the gulls took
until 5:45. It not only involves recording the vital
statistics but the really time consuming part
is drawing the primary pattern. Pamolik I'm
sure is mystified by this but now & then I see him
peering intently at the primaries trying to figure out
just what this all about. He can now distinguish
between the two gulls. As far as I know, only
Pinguaitok & Etigayaluk & he are the only
 Eskimos "in the know".

Right now he is sitting on his "chair" - 2 duffle
bags & sleeping bag. He is evidently enjoying his
own whistling for his left leg is vibrating away. His
favourite tunes are "Clementine", "Red River Valley" & a
hull ball song which is very popular but which I can't place
& the various hymns - favorite here "Kievie"

Dinner was fine - eider, potatoes, onions,
peaches, bread & tea. I've got to eat more for
surviving my clothes, especially my pants, I
can almost swim in them. I must have lost a great
deal of weight. Let's see if I can pick up

H.B.C., then I'll read & perhaps call it an early night
Donarnut!

Missed his father
Jol

Friday, July 22nd

We ^{went} through our standard procedure this morning. Then I rigged myself out in full regalia & went off for a day of archaeology. Luckily I was wearing my rain parka for it started to rain & it continued for the rest of day. I was in a rugged mood & so I stomped around to all the Sadlermint structures, my soggy pad of paper & pencil clutched in my wet hand. I photographed the houses, recorded their dimensions & distribution.

There were quite a few snowy owls about today. Hurrah, I finally succeeded in finding a nest with one klutered downy young. Jaegers kept giving the owls a hard time but the owls been up.

I was wearing just my seal boots & in crossing the river, I was thoroughly soaked - Bah you - I was in a rugged frame of mind.

When I reached the first igloo, a young fox bounded across the rocks in front of me & into the foundation of the house. I started barking & little heads popped out everywhere & then disappeared. Their barking was evident under my feet. Then the 2 adult foxes arrived & I was excited all the way back. We had barking duels & one came & sat within 30'. A long tailed Jaeger harried one of the foxes furiously but I accompanied

me across the jaeger's territory.

I changed my pants & socks, had a Kraft
shinner & then sat down for the writing

If it hadn't been for the rain, river & mosquitoes
(not bad really), it was a fine day.

Saturday July 23rd

The bacon is finished - on that somber note, the day began.

I took quite awhile getting organized for today's photographic outing. Pamolik spent his time mending the net. I set off with knapsack + tripod - really loaded. I was soon joined by him & we set off. Bad luck plagued us from the start - wind + clouds constantly moving across the sun. When one is using a 20x scope (= app. 1000 mm), you must have good light & no wind. To make things worse the birds were wary - yesterday they just sat but - well the rain. Oh yes, we had "sun showers". Well I thought we had it licked when we reached the owl's nest. To my horror I discovered that the \$9.00 cable release had fallen off somewhere between camp & the nest. We went back & forth scanning the area but bah. Pamolik returned to camp to cover everything up just in case of a full fledged storm. I got some nice owl pictures, then went over + photographed some igloos.

The foxes didn't let me down & we had another barking duel - + some clandy shots. I made some more igloo notes & lugged homeward.

How old Pamolik had built a shelter for the gulls + had the supper ready. Char

potatoes (god the onions are finished), pineapples etc.

I writing this under the light of the Coleman lantern - the days are getting shorter. Tea is done & the radio is blaring forth "Alley Oop" - good grief.

Tomorrow if the gulls are dry, they will be put into the bags. I'll finish up the archaeological investigations, shoot a few "typical" sintsonianus & do a little exploring to the northwest. Perhaps I'll put some plants away & then - perhaps - Hm that uses up 26 hrs!

Sunday July 24th

Brother, I never thought I'd see the day when I would complain about the southwest winds. But enough is enough, we almost blew off this place today.

Well what did I get done - the gulls are nesting in their bags - 3 per bag. Then I made a trip up the coast, examined the eskimo (Aivilik) settlement sketched all along the coast & again couldn't resist taking photographs of long tailed Jaeger - good ones I hope.

When I returned we had Kraft dinners & orange-~~vanilla~~ vanilla (good stuff what spelling) pudding. After supper I started on the tiring work of cataloging plants. It's now 11:00 PM & I didn't finish.

I'm sort of discouraged about today. If I had finished everything we might be able to go tomorrow. The winds have died down now.

Radio Moscow is on now & I really get a kick out of the newscast. My favorite program is "Moscow Mailbag".

We heard Repulse tonight - mark. Tomorrow I'll finish off the plants - rolled what is lacking & start getting things together to leave here. It's been nice but the land has no character - here I finish the page

Monday, July 25TH

We are experiencing our worse storm yet. Gale force northeasterly winds & driving rain ripped at the tent the entire day.

Breakfast has lost its appeal ever since the bacon passed away. I hauled out the plants & started to catalog them. Some of the plants refuse to dry via the wind method & so I put the press over the pumpus & cooked the stubborn plants the entire day. To summarize the plants: I hate & despise grass.

I recall thinking a few weeks ago that one hardly ever sees breakers on arctic beaches. Well, if I had the courage to stick my head out of the tent, I could observe an awesome scene. Suffice it to say, huge waves are battering the shore. We had to haul the boat way up the beach - ditto the gasoline. Parriolo's tied everything down & I'm sure all will be well when this storm ceases. This wind will bring the ice in - oh me but concern it.

Right now the front of the tent is pushed in & the wind roars. Water drips down the canvas. The Reuben's convention is on but the wind overrides it.

Pamulik is singing softly now.

By the way, there's a bit about his marriage in Estancia - 1926 & his chrestman name is Laurent - Laurent Pamulik - celebrity, good man & fellow prisoner in this storm lashed tent.

Tuesday, July 26th

God, is this weather ever going to cease. Rain & strong northeasterly winds buffeted the tent all day long.

During a pause in the storm, we analyzed the water damage. Most of the plant blotters were soaked. We put them out to dry but had to haul them in a few minutes later - Rain.

Well what did we do. I sneaked out to grab a few local plants & ran back in. Later I read in the radio manual, cleaned the guns & analyzed the food situation - we are low - tons of puddings & Kraft dinners but only 10 lbs of sugar, 2 lbs of butter, several lbs of flour, 1/2 can of jam & only 2 or 3 cans of fruit. August looks like a lean month.

Tobacco is low - Pamolik is just about out of cigarettes. I just dashed outside the tent & missed twice with the shotgun - object - a herring gull - discussion - must be the rain bah

Christmasy in the morning, we've got to get out here. I hope to make Coral by the 22nd of August - by hook or by crook but I can't battle this weather.

The convention is on. God, what pure bull. Can any thinking person believe them. Pamolik has just set out befish net again - with oh - maybe befish that we will

be here for a little while longer.

Wednesday July 27th

I woke quite early this morning - around 7:00 AM & stayed awake - just lying there & thinking. I was mainly thinking about the fall term, Sibley's return, my thesis & exams. That's enough to keep me awake for a month I prefer to forget all this but quite.

In order to supplement our bacon-deficient breakfast, we opened a can of Veal, Pork & Chicken spread - not bad & a devil of a lot better than the other canned combinations.

Although I did not do any field work today, the day was most satisfying. The weather progressively cleared & the wind slackened. Everything was uncovered & allowed to dry. I put practically everything outside for an airing. In this process, I rearranged all the equipment. I took stock of what I had & put it in its proper place. During my investigation I discovered that in food - we have 58 packages of Lipton's soups - Food Brief! We also have about 40 packages of pudding, 4 cans of potatoes & butter to last us - that is if we use lard in the potatoes & Kraft dinners. Another pleasant surprise - 89 gallons of gasoline - we've used only 11 gal - not bad.

I've rearranged the tent - the chest is now at one end & in the middle - this way

I can set the rades on it & the serial won't hit the roof - also it blocks the breeze that comes in under the door.

All the plants are cataloged (123) & wrapped up in the chest. All the exposed film is wrapped in aluminum wrap - I'm on my last color roll - a 36 Kodachrome. God, with the 2 rolls I sent Dick with a hat, that makes about 216 - incl. b+w. (40)

I'm carefully rationing my tobacco now - I've two packs of cigarettes left & there're for Pamolik but one by one.

We hope to leave here tomorrow but the weather will of course have the last say on this.

Thursday July 28th

Disappointment upon awaking - Rain
Had more rain + strong northeasterly winds.
The morning was spent reading in the
radio handbook - I feel that I'm getting quite
a bit from this manual. We kept peering
out through a slit in the tent - fog, cold + damp;
rain, driven by wind; this was a dreary day.

Lunch was interesting: pepsi (that
ain't cola broder, that's dried fish), onion
soup + bread. I haven't been eating too
well lately + my maids have been grumbling.
Later in the afternoon, I went out +
shot 2 gulls - one of which landed in the river
+ escaped. Supper was the Kraft dinner
usual - lucky I like the stuff.

We set out for a trip along the coast
+ I popped off 2 more gulls - Ah, now that's
better. We examined a sealermut settlement
down the coast + I'm still confused. Picked up
two more bear skulls - I'm saving only the
large cannos

Then like the ships of the great
white fleet, the ice began to slip back
into the Duke of York Bay. Good grief.

According to the radio, this weather
is going to stay with us for a few more
days - nevertheless, we've again set

5:00 AM as wake up ~~at~~ time in an effort to get underway.
We have a long ways to go.

Friday, July 29th

Heh heh, guess where we are - Hmmm? - yes
Kük & M.O.S. (more of the same). Cold rain
all day with intermittent clearing - east by S.E.
winds. Taimak weather report.

Takuroonga, well at least I did some
constitutive field work. The morning was the
same as the last few days - reading, peering
out of the tent & just sitting. After a piping
onion soup lunch I rigged myself out in full
rain regalia, took my plant collecting equipment
with me (plastic bag, + hunting knife) & set off
along the south fork of the river. The rain
really came down & much of the meadows were
flooded. Bird + plant-wise it was a pretty
good day. Didney, the young owl was gone
- also poor Didney - perhaps he was just hiding
in any event, I found 4 Brown Owl nests - no young
& observed all sorts of birds (see field notes for
a most intelligent discussion).

Today plant collecting entered on coriaria,
rushes + miscellaneous. I arrived back at the
tent at 7:15 & Pamoh had the supper ready.
He also shot an eider & that's good.

Cheese is now our main desert & 10:00 PM
tea supplement - it's not bad.

Radio is very spotty in the weather & I
couldn't hear the northern service weather

forecast - ~~bad~~ Kauput H.O.S.

As I look around me, all my equipment is packed
+ waiting to go - only we ain't a ~~of~~ ^{my}

Pamolik is sleeping - rain beats a tattoo on the
walls, the lantern is hissing - my pipe has gone out.

Saturday, July 30th

The light is quite dim right now, it's rather chilly (40C) & the same conditions weather-wise prevail that have plagued us for the last 6 days. I'll take some time out to light the lantern & perhaps I'll say some words of the gods! - oh broken

Tea time. I - I mean to write. Oh this sitting & waiting is beginning to get me down. We have such a long trip ahead & these winds not only keep us from moving but at the same time they are pushing the pack ice down on the coast.

Enough said about the weather. In the morning I finished identifying the plants that I collected yesterday. I had tea, Pepsi & panutubs. A word here - Panuolik made our last 3 loaves of bread - no more baking powder (Elnichout) - lean times lie ahead indeed. He also skinned the three gulls & I read labeled them after supper.

I took a trip down the coast & had a wonderful time. A huge eskimo settlement - tent migs, caches & igloos (modern), skulls, bones in general, hammer knives (I found a nice penknife), and children's playthings (Pinguatok) - i.e. arrows

broken bows, wooden knives etc. Practically every
thing that you could imagine was there - harpoons
wire, gaff hooks - an ice skate!, fox traps
2 rusted .22 rifles, old bottles, tobacco cans, hunks
of wood, wire, barrels & on & on.

The most interesting feature was the modern sod
- rock houses - just like the Saalermut's houses
but no bones - just hunks of sod + limestone boulders

Pamiok tells me that this camp is about
2 years old. I hope to photograph the houses
- should illustrate the condition of the Saalermut
houses many years ago.

Pamiok is in his sleeping bag - perhaps
tomorrow the weather will break. . . .

Sunday July 31st

We just had our party dinner - What party? Why our "Goodbye July, hello August party". It was a supper in the spirit of such gala events as "Goodbye May hello June" "Goodbye June, hello July" parties. We had Char, 2 Kraft dinners, Tap. or a + good old tea - the men must be mad.

Oh, we failed to pick up Repulse tonight. The morning was just reading - The Amateur's Radio Handbook. We switched off peeps + onion soup - to chicken noodle soup.

We have decided to forgo the two last cigars until some appropriate time in August.

We walked over to the "garbage dump" - the big eskimo camp down the coast + rumaged through the houses. I returned with a stone writing tool, a bamboo scraper + a bone hammer.

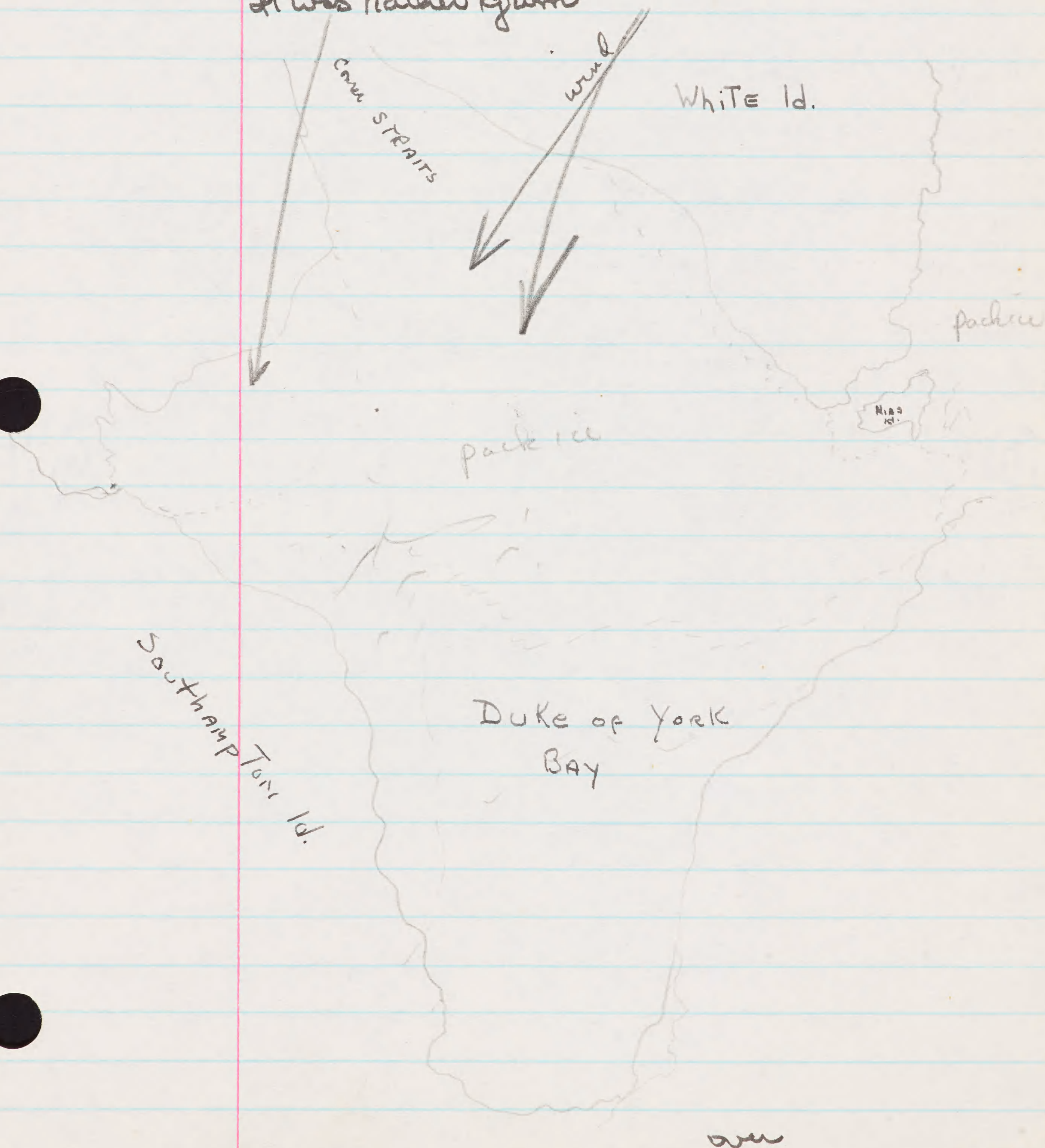
I spent some time on the pen knife that I found yesterday + it really looks good now.

Tomorrow begins the 4th month.

While I haven't mentioned the weather well, it doesn't deserve mention.

- Tushakavit - ?

Monday, August 1st
Time 4:15 PM. The storm continued
Pamielik just returned with the ice news.
It was rather grim



A vast ice field has entered the Duke of
York Bay - through Comer Straits + from Foxe
Basin. The winds drive the ice up on
the shore + the waves plough off the ice
pieces with towering sprays.

What sort of a day has it been - a day
that I decided to write my thesis - here; - a day
Pamolik went hunting + got two eiders.

- a day of agonizing waiting for the
wind to cease - we must get out of here
soon

- a day of almost despair

Tuesday August 2nd

Well we finally got a break in the weather. This morning we woke at 6:00 AM + the sun was up. The flaps of the tent sagged (like sag man) for the 1st time in weeks. Alas the ice has choked us in. We had tea anyway + went out to view the scene - gulps - we're going to need some westerly winds to get us out of here. Then back to the tent.

I found a portion of a boat's mast + last night began to carve my name (English + Eskimo + date) into it. This was finished this morning + a fine job indeed. I then decided that I couldn't bear to spend another day in the tent + so I set off on my most ambitious trip yet - north + then west to Hansine Lake - then south + back to camp. I lugged the knapsack - full of the usual useless items; the shotgun + two pairs of boots. I left my hip boots just across the river + decided to rely on my mountain boots - a mistake for while they are tops on the rocks, they leave something to be desired. In fact, it was pure agony to cross the wide rocky bottomed icy river in my bare feet + legs too! Later I decided that I could make it across an apparently shallow area - had soaked + the dubbin impregnated boots held water like - well like crazy. During my long walk I did a lot

blundering + recalling - an all of it bad + disturbing - extravagant
expenses incurred, time wasted, females past + future?
our present situation - ice bound + time running out etc
It was a soul searching walk. I made many resolutions
- resolutions that I must keep.

We may try slipping around the ice tomorrow
but I must keep my hopes down

I'm so tired + the tear hits the spot

Wednesday August 3rd

Another Day - perhaps that tells the story in a nutshell! The vast ice field has us thoroughly trapped & there is absolutely no wind to help us. All the mosquitoes must have perished during the storm periods.

We put up the long wire aerial - gulf an omen of a long stay. On the good side, the reception is excellent. One program in particular sticks in my mind - a literary discussion on the Voice of America about Nathaniel Hawthorne. The narrator - a prof from Trinity college kept me glued to the set with his very fine readings from "The House of Seven Gables etc".

Supper hit the spot - adas, potatoes et al - my pudding was excellent tonight.

I asked Pamiulik how many children did he have. "Amashut" - good grief - How many girls "Two" - no "Three" - good grief etc - Tamiak

Just stepped outside: it's quite dark now, & the moon is visible in the south. The great ice mass lies quietly in the black water - all is quiet, save some phalaropes moving overhead.

There isn't much to look forward to tomorrow but I can hope & pray for aid from nature to get us out of here. Nothing else tonight.

Thursday August 4th

Just ditto the first paragraph of yesterday's entry. There was one difference - slight variable winds - first from N.E., then S.E. - also the ice stays put.

I went down the coast again collecting plants etc. When I returned Pamolik had caught 8 claw, gutted them + hung them up. He also made another seal support & we now have a really fine set-up.

Char, Kraft dinners + tapioca for dinner. Radio again tonight but I'm not - the forecast is for another low pressure system.
- This ends my short entry -

Friday August 5th

We're going to try sneaking out of here & over to White Id. - huh? I just can't stand it here anymore. There isn't a spot in this whole area that I haven't visited. Bud + Botanical-wise this place has had it. Weather Forecast is bad wind wise but I'll continue to pray. Pamolik is pessimistic about tomorrow + so I am.

It was a day that we waited for lunch & then waited for supper - we watched the vast ice field & grew dependent. I close on this low note.

Saturday, August 6th

Escape from Kile! Up we rose & Pamolik was indifferent towards the possibility to trying to make it out of here. So was I but - well we dismantled our beautiful aerial setup, loaded all the gear into the canoe - that is tent, personal gear, fish, gulls, gasoline, coal oil etc. - off we went. We weaved through a loose ice field & then slowed down for the heavy density stuff. Pamolik said no good but I refused to agree - I was pithy my faith in a higher source. So we went, up one alley & down another. I stood instead of sitting & directed our progress. There a few times Pamolik wanted to give up & turn back but avenues opened & we slid through. All afternoon we crossed the Bay & finally around 4 PM, reached Niassid. I could hardly suppress my elation on being back in the high granite - gneiss country again - but on low limestone burrens. We had tea & dried fish. The tide left the boat stranded (my fault) & so we unloaded it again - pushed it to the water & off we went. Several my first Narwhals were sighted in the straits between Niass & Cape Welsford. Then we got into serious trouble - heavy pack ice. For two hours we were trapped in the ice. We got out & pulled - we shoveled with oars we powered our way through the ice. Several

times we crashed full speed into floated ice. Oh me
I've just got to stop reading those Titanic stories
At 8:40PM we made shore + camped on a broad
river plain. We set up the little tent + cooked outside
Chow, Kraft dinners + tea - we were ~~starved~~. The tent was
damp but we were so tired that we did not care.
With the canoe safely lashed in the river - actually
just a stream mouth - the ice panned in on the shore
we fell asleep - We had done it.

Sunday August 7th

We crawled out of the tent - the view was dimmed by a heavy fog - warm air + ice. Breakfast was actually split - first we had just tea + cheese - 2 hrs later we had bean soup + raw fish, all excellent.

The area is quite interesting & the first thing that I did was to survey the area botanically (see field notes). See if you can picture the area - facing upon the ice we see on the right a high cliff which back into high country, on the left lower & more jagged rocks. Immediately in front of us is a typical arctic gravel beach sloping upwards to a broad vegetated plain. Left of center in the narrow ravine dug by the stream + this curves back through the plain, back up into the high country. The plain is a patchwork of silver, gold, green, + yellow. Then just color is spread evenly over the area. The rocks near the gull colony are orange - encrusted with lichen - up + up slopes the valley.

We left this spot when the fog cleared + weaved down the coast only to be finally stopped by a wall of pack ice. We retreated into a tiny hut + here we were - fog bound + ice bound. We had nice White Whale display this evening. Variation - no Kraft dinner tonight.

Our aerial set up is poor + so I'm using just the vertical - picked up Repulse though - nank

I've opened the tobacco can - I kept my promise not to smoke until we were out of Kuba

I gave Pamolik one of the two remaining cigars ~~the~~ + he scuttly it up for cigarettes (truly named eh)

Monday August 8th

Well we broke camp & set out again. At first the going was good & then a near disaster struck. Going at top speed, we suddenly came upon a narrow passage & as we went through (I was powerless to stop the canoe - it's amazing just how much energy a loaded canoe has) - CRUNCH - we ripped a hole & began to take water - but fast. We hauled the canoe to shallow water & Pamolik cut out a piece of canvas from Fr. Choque's tarp & glued it on. Then we coated it with dubbin. Off we lugged until a good beach was sighted. There Pamolik nailed plywood both inside & out & coated everything with heavy grease. We set out again but the going was rough & we were forced to make camp up the coast from Cape Bylot (see field notes)

I have a funny feeling. We listened in to the Oblates tonight & Fr. Choque inquired in english to Vic at Repulse whether they had seen me - Oh yes, a plane passed over us but fog prevented close inspection. Vic - perhaps 'Vic Sim' said that they had looked carefully for us in the Duke of York Bay but no tent was sighted. It was his opinion that we were on our way down the coast. Fr. Choque thought that we would be in foral in 2 or 3 weeks. Oh I hope so - Oh God I hope so. But the winds

are back the ice is packed against the coast.

It's very dark outside now - cold + very quiet
I have an uneasy feeling

Tuesday, August 9th

A dreary, disheartening day. Ice bound - But good! ; Rain + fog + no promise of any improved conditions.

I cataloged the remaining gulls (now 48 skins + others not preserved), read miscellaneous books + arranged my aerial photographs so that we have the proper coastal coverage. What use that is right now, is beyond me.

We made frequent forays up the hill behind the tent to view the conditions - a vast, incredibly vast sea of pack ice. It was packed solid on the steep sides of the Cape just around the corner from our sheltered lagoon.

Pamolik + I did a lot of talking today - indeed proof of my much improved language ability. He told me of previous trips up in this region - once with 5 whites (AAF marines) and a pitcherhead. His description of the ice conditions was hardly heartening.

Well I've lost my good wool hat, my boots (left them up the coast in a pool to soften them up), my pen (black) + probably several other items I know not what. I am grieved at the loss of my hat - very much so.

This is indeed a lonely, desolate coast - steep + huge black cliffs with a constant fog hanging over them - gulls calling echoes up + down the hills + yet it is so quiet - save

for the rumbling of some ice. I name this the
* lonely ice coast. We are not in a good position
- my money is practically all gone + yet I must pay
Pamiuk. Good Lord he has been a fine man.

I am powerless to do anything. It's hard to
believe that all the good months will end in such
a state. A rather lonely + somewhat disturbed man
finishes the day.

Wednesday, August 10th

We are not only ice bound but a very dense fog has piled in on us. It rained off & on all day long. There is only one bright spot - a slight to fresh northerly wind.

I made several forays back into the country & collected plants - several new. On the food supply, we have no more catsup or worcester sauce - shame

Supper was the standard Char, Kraft dinner with a switch - fruit salad.

We did make one important decision Tomorrow if the fog has lifted we will view the situation (A) If the wind has been effective & there is open water beyond Cape Comfort we will make a mad dash down the coast. (B) If not, we will go back the way we came, up the Comer Strait & then down the western coast via the Leo Welcome Sound. I figure that we have enough gasoline to go either way. With good conditions, we should make it in 10 or 11 days. I feel that I'm giving up on this coast but good lord, I've got to get out of here. If I continued down I could get some idea of any intergradation with the Kumlini pool of genes - the spot - the tip of the Bell Peninsula. Along the other way, no gull work but the assurance of getting out. I hope Repulse

had something for us tonight.

Thursday August 11th

Things are still bad - Rain, fog & ice bound. Our food is beginning to run low for there is nothing here to hunt. I don't think that I've ever been low. To top it all, the winds are now from the southeast - pushing more ice on the coast.

To make matters worse, Pamiolik is talking about walking out of here to Koral. I just can't do it. I need to take the guns etc out so that I can sell them & pay my debts. Further more, all these cases & tent would cost far too much if I had them shipped via plane from Koral.

I feel so hypocritical praying & making promises that I'll forget the moment good times come back.

We can't even try sneaking through the ice for we can't see the open water through the fog.

I cataloged the plants today, listened to the radio & just sat. Pamiolik made some "bread" out of oatmeal, lard & water. It's not so good but it will have to do. I feel very low.

Friday August 13th.

I woke at about 5 AM & crawled over Pamiulik to look at the weather - it never occurs to me to look out my own door. Uqah-Takohukituk amgeyuk. I urged Pamiulik to look out - he confirmed my diagnosis & we went back to sleep.

While it didn't actually rain this morning, the dense fog made everything wet. I journeyed off into the back country to see if I could get an loon or something to break our fish diet. I was so intently searching for plants that I got lost for a while in the dense fog. When I returned, we again climbed the hill (for the hundredth time) to view the scene. The wind picked up & blew the fog off - it also pushed in the ice - at last clear skies. The rest of the afternoon (4:00 PM when I returned) the weather continued to improve.

Now for the plan. I have set the clock for 4:30 AM - good grief. We are going to fight back north through the ice, then up the lower straits around & down the coast. Welcome Sound - if we make it through the ice here, then only rain & wind (only says he) can hinder our progress.

We'll have tea, listen to the morlun server & hit the sack - We have a big fight ahead.

of us tomorrow.

Saturday August 13th

Well - we lost. We lost before we started
Up at the ungodly hour of 4:15 AM, we sized
up the situation - bad. Then our meager breakfast
- oh and going to have a good breakfast when I get
out. Back to our observation. The tide started
to go out & I let the boat out. All I
wanted Pamuk to say was - Okay - but no
he played it safe. I was a little annoyed
but it was really no use: we were packed in
tight on all sides.

While he stayed up on the hill, I decided
that today would be final wash day. I hauled
out all my dirty socks & underwear & plunged
them into a pail of hot soapy water. Ups
I almost forgot. I cleaned myself first -
washed from head to toes - I had an idea that
I wouldn't be socially acceptable anymore.
Okay, then I took my launch over to a brook
& let them rise out. Then back for a 2nd
hot bath, rinse & now they are washing - the
side of the tent down as they are drying.

I foraged over to the gull colony later
& collected some gulls & photographed them.
Chow & K.D. again & some orange pudding
that I couldn't finish.

Tea time is approaching & I'll finish
off that pudding now. I hope tomorrow

will be a big day.

Sunday August 14th

I have never been so despondent. Trapped but good & Parnolik talking about walking. All this equipment - where will I get the money. I could almost cry. Twenty-three years old & I felt like crying or screaming - isn't that something

I called to mind just about every mistake that I've ever made - each one seemed 10x I thought of my future, mother - god I must take care of my mother. She has worked so hard & so long with hardly any reward.

I prayed, I made promises - God get us out of here - please help us - a vessel from the west.

I think that I should think of marriage soon. I'm tired of all this loneliness - that's selfish of course but I'm only too too human in that regard. Practically no willpower - I make so many promises & break them. It's no wonder that I should suffer now.

We will try tomorrow. I will pray tonight.

Aug
14

Still at camp bylot
from Aug 8th
Neal - desperate.

Monday August 15th

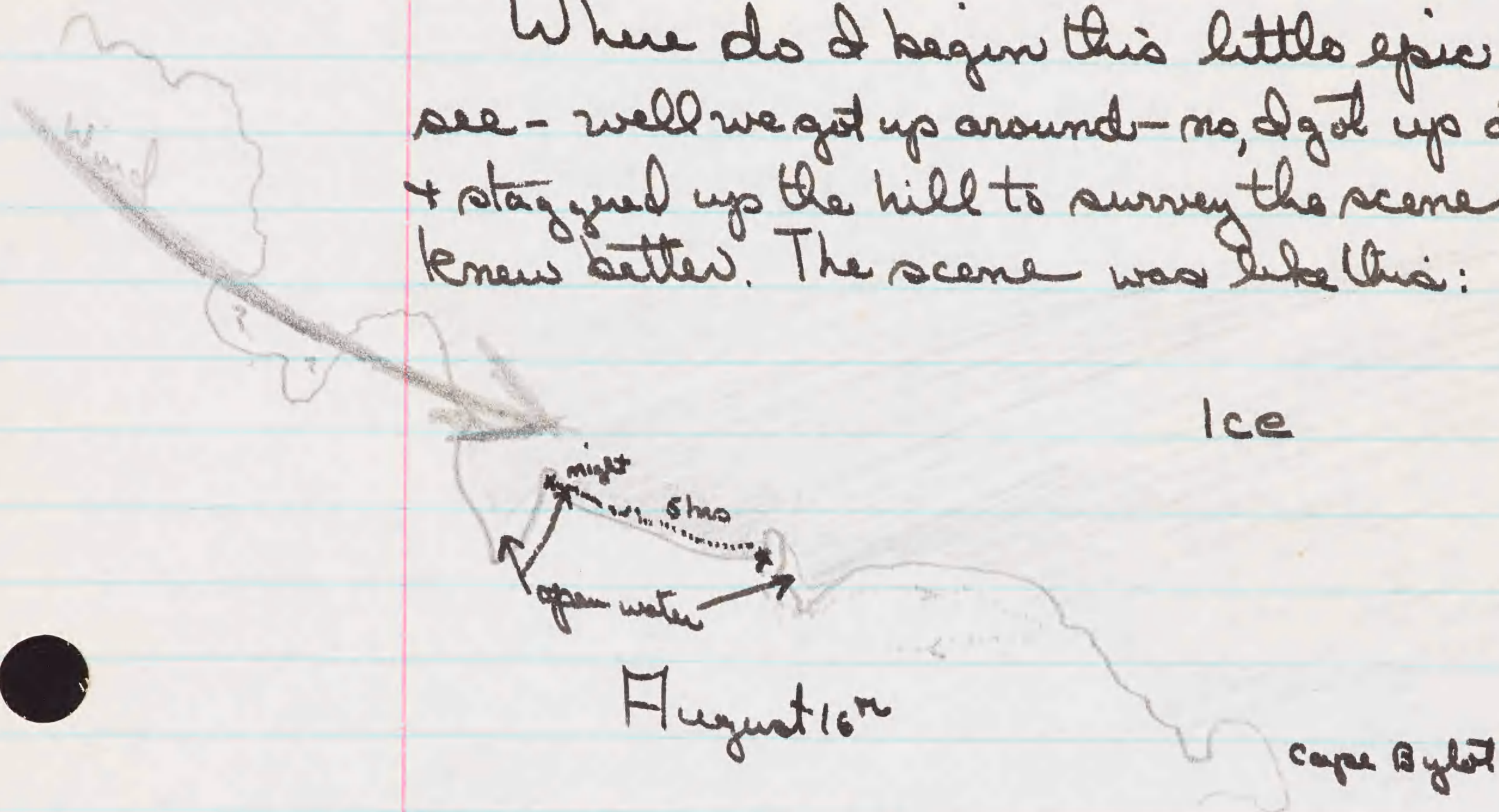
The wind began early this morning. In this statement rests our hope. We were up at 5:30 AM & began to load the canoe by 5:50. After we had it loaded (it was raining all this time) we suddenly discovered that the tide was ^{not} going to be high enough. Then a desperate unloading process - we pushed the canoe into deeper water (all this time the ice was crowding in on us & settling as the tide went out. We finished the reloading in part & began to pull our way out of the closing trap. That was some job. Then began the back breaking process of hauling the remaining equipment up over the rocks, across the ice & wading to the boat.

After all this we saw it was hopeless to continue. I hiked up to the mountains (1000') overlooking Cape Bylot to survey the situation (see field notes). Upon my return, we had a huge breakfast - no lunch - Pepsi, soup, tea & dehydrated apricots (we soaked them & they were good). I continued to say the breeze & so went the day. The wind must continue at full strength if we are to proceed. Cape Bylot & Cape Comfort are the big hurdles - the latter a really formidable hurdle indeed. Since we really can't go either way now,

we will keep our eye on the fastest route that's
due south

Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday
August 16th - 17th - 18th

Where do I begin this little epic. Let me see - well we got up around - no, I got up at 5:30 + staggered up the hill to survey the scene. Pamolik knew better. The scene was like this:



Back I went to the tent + roused Pamolik - we then had tea + some dehydrated apricots. It was decided to walk - or rather climb to a vantage point to view the scene to the south around Cape Bylot.

Up + up we climbed + finally reached the top of a 1500' peak - no use, for although the wind howled, there was being pushed against the huge promontory of Cape Komfat - that's a monomer of a deer head of one. We chased a few hares around at the top of this mountain but failed to get a shot. When we returned we decided to go north definitely - + that night.

By the time high tide came again - around 6:00 PM, we had the boat packed + we were ready.

to do battle.

..... and battle we did. I used the tent pole
& we shoved from into the thick ice, straining to see open
water, straining to push the ice aside — we snapped
a propeller — oh no — but Pamolik had brought 3 — God
bless him. We got out on the ice & pushed we strained
5 hours later, we pulled the boat up onto a beach, not 1/2 hr
walking time from our first camp. And yet I felt elated for
I hated that camp — good God knows how many days we were
there. We set up the little tent & in the black of
an arctic night, had tea & went to sleep.

We woke to rain & a shift in the wind — now
from the south & the ice was rapidly coming back to the few
open water areas. We shoved off & then the cord on the
motor broke & while I paddled furiously, Pamolik fixed
it as best he could. Now we inched our way forward to here
Then we climbed out, up the hill — some open water & off we
struggled. The rain poured down & the ice was



so thick. At pt. A. we pulled the boat up on a muddy shore & crawled up near a cliff. I have my rain suit but poor Pamolik has only his parka & it's torn everywhere. We walked over to a former camp site & I found my boots that I left to soften. Upon our return, we had some fish, tea & soup & decided that if the rain let up, we would try to go to the gull colony at Cape Welsford. The rain did stop & we had open lanes through the ice & arrived at Nanashete around 10:00 PM.

While Pamolik cooked our standard - Char & 2 Kraft dinners, I went over to the colony & collected 2 young gulls (see field notes). After supper we crawled into the tent with the great expectation of finally getting out of the ice area.

Today was a day of great disappointment. Rain - Rain - Rain - unbelievable amounts.

The easterly wind had pushed the ice solidly against the land - we were stuck but good. The rain slashed against the small tent & we could only remain in our sleeping bags & wait. I couldn't sleep I couldn't do anything except think & in my present frame of mind I don't want to do that.

Around 1:00 PM, I crawled outside - the once tiny stream was now a torrent of brown water - now I know how these arctic rivers

get there shape - for I could see the pack slowly sliding into the torrent. The canoe was full of water & the gear was wet despite the two coverings. I just had to do something & so I climbed the huge cliff to view the scene. Now this was a crazy thing to do for with the rain beating down the rocks were very slippery & this was a tough climb in good weather. Nevertheless I made it - which speaks well for my present physical shape. I still have less weight & gained muscle - a combination I think. This is a 1500' height & it was foggy & rain up there - yet peering down I could see only ice. When I returned (via the more westerly & more sloping slope) we set up the big tent & unloaded all the gear into this tent.

As I write now, we have the two primus stoves burning & the Coleman lantern lit. Everything is wet - my caribou skin etc. Water drips from the roof & all the gear is piled everywhere. It is still raining & I think I better get started with my field notes & then my breweary. Only prayers are going to get us back to food & me home.

Friday August 19th

Bale Force westerly winds, driving rain + snow, fog + ice locked. This sums the day! Actually, if the weather would clear up, we would stand a good chance of making it up the Lomen Straits. Pamolik went up on top of the cliff + his report was encouraging.

We had some oatmeal for ~~supper~~ breakfast. The day was spent setting + hanging up clothing over primus stoves. Pamolik put new soles on my boots - hair outside, this will help me on the ice. All the guns were wet + so I had to work on them. We can't pick up much on the radio + so that was a loss. Supper was flour, potatoes + mince, pudding + tea.

So much for the facts. I'm really worried about the weather + our chances of ever getting back to Coral. I worried that mother will be worried. In fact I'm very worried about home - 4 months is too long - much too long. I pray to God that He will keep her well + allow me to get out of here + go home. Four months in the field - I must go home soon.

Saturday August 20th

Well, it finally stopped raining. After breakfast, I took the shotgun + went over to the colony + picked off four more juveniles. Then the sun peeked out + we decided to break camp + take off.

We stuck close to the walls of the cliffs + made it to a point across from Nias Id. Here the ice was a might bit too thick + of course was moving very quickly. We had tea etc. + continued to watch the ice. As we + I gave in to Pamolik - we would make camp here.

I went over to a pond + shot a *A. ledthi*. I saw. The ♀ kept circling the pond + made me feel slightly like a killer - or killer. The I saw was for supper along with a Kraft dinner. It was alright + I feel content right now.

Pamolik is outside watching the canoe - the tide is coming in.

We hope to make it out of the ice region tomorrow. Then please no rain + we would get to land by at least the 30th. My hair is awfully long + I wonder if I should try trimming it now - not Pamolik for he scalped me ~~when~~ bowl style last time.

The wind is coming in from the south south east + that usually means rain. I hope not.

Sunday August 21st

I'm bleary eyed + really dead tired.
We broke out! — and this is how we
did it.

Up at 7:00 AM, the boat was well
up on the beach. Much to Pamolik's
displeasure we unloaded the canoe + hauled
it down the rock beach to the water. Then the
sweaty job of loading all the gasoline etc back
into the canoe, then break camp + off we
went.

Out into the ice we went, weaving,
weaving, stopping + sneaking through open
lanes. We stopped on the little Ids
to view the ice, + off we went again, this
time following a narrow broken ice area due
west. Back & forth we weaved, pushed - shoved
- backed up + finally around 12 we sighted the
open water.

A wind from the north-west had come up
+ when we burst upon the open area, the
waves almost capsized us. Back we retreated
to the ice - if that isn't noisy I don't know what is.
We then sneaked along the west coast of good old
White Id. + half way up stopped for a
much needed lunch - tea, onion soup, chocolate,
raisins + raw fish.

Off again + now for the roughest part of

the trip - waves + wind - we took water all the way up the Finner Straits. Spray - cold icy arctic water poured back across the boat. I was wearing my rain suit - thank God but my wrists were numb. Pamolik was constantly bawling water.

I took a few - let's be honest - quite a few shots at family groups of ledgers + some seals but missed. I challenge anyone to hit anything from that pitching canoe - bah - too poor sport.

It was a fine day for beasts in general. True to form, we spotted Narwhal in the straits between White Id. + Southampton. In fact we saw 3 - one swam right under the boat + it was huge with a very long tusk. I'm going to name this water area - The Narwhal Straits + I think it's very appropriate. We also saw a herd of walrus - all draped over some ice at the southern end of the Finner Straits. Seals popped up all the time throughout the day. (See field notes for more details + additions).

We crossed the straits at the narrow area + really ran into trouble - very big waves - we crashed about 4 were in bad shape. The straits at low tide is extremely shallow - 2 or 3' in most areas + with the waves throwing us up + down, I was sure that we'd be broken on a boulder

- continued

We finally decided to put into shore - no, we weren't going to make it around Cape Munn today but we did right well considering the ice + wind - right well indeed

The tent is really set up - it has to be in this wind. After putting up the tent + unloading all the gear, we had a Char + Kraft dinner nut pudding + tea. I discovered to my horror that my sleeping bag + mattress are soaked. I've got them rocked down in the wind outside

High tide should be about 11:00 PM + Pamolik is taking care of the boat. It's dark now - very black with only a red band far away on the horizon. According to the radio the weather looks good - only the wind is against us. A long day but we have gotten out of the ice + I thank God most sincerely for that - no joke here

Monday August 22nd

I am sick & discouraged. We escaped from the ice only to be faced with wind - the wind whipping the water into towering waves.

We were going to leave here today, the tent was emptied & the gasoline cans were put into the canoe. Then it was finally decided that it was simply too rough. I decided to go hunting inland & look for the shotgun. Pamiolik & I first took all the gulls out to sun & wind them for the last time. I then set to work skinning the last gulls & off I went.

Not much inland but I did find 6 Old Squaw young - not quite ready for flight. I bled 3. When I returned, a fighting sight greeted me. There was Pamiolik, the rope wrapped around his back holding desperately to the canoe. The boat was full of water & the surf pounded over it. The gasoline cans were loose in the pounding surf. I dropped the Old-Squaw & shotgun & ran to his assistance. The next 2 hours were back breaking. I saved the gasoline cans & then we finally managed to get the boat to safety. The canoe was badly battered.

This was a most sobering incident. What would have been our fate if we claimed to leave today? Supper was meager. Food is low. I want to tell everyone where I am. I want to hear if all is well. I want to get out of the arctic. I am sick - home sick - heart sick & discouraged.

Tuesday August 23rd

I must draw a graph of my moods. Today's graph would show a fantastic rise in mood.

Why? Simply, my prayers were answered. I woke at 3:30 AM & crawled outside to view the scene - dead calm. I had to practically drag Paimolik out of his bay but after the customary coughing period he agreed that we must take flight. It was cold - ice covered just everything. All the gulls were used & soon would be wet - nevertheless we piled everything in the canoe & without having breakfast we were on our way at 5:15 AM.

It was a little choppy crossing Tidal Bay but once around Cape Munro, the waters of Ross Welcome were like glass - clear skies, it was just fantastic. We had breakfast just around Cape Munro - onion soup, chocolate, raisins & tea. Then off again. During the voyage, I cleaned & oiled the motor .22. We tracked quite a few seals but took no shots. I shot "baby deer" mitch. Later after our char lunch, I said my briefing. More things are wrought by prayer... eh - yes man.

We have made camp on a river in Battery Bay. This is a very scenic river - it cuts ^{out} a limestone canyon & just inland there is a huge waterfall - very very impressive - naturally I photographed it. During

the trip I couldn't help but think how this
area looks ~~so~~ much like the north African
coast on the Mediterranean. No bedding

We've set up the little tent, supper has been
downed + now to see if H.B.C. has any news. May God
grant us an other day like this tomorrow.

Wednesday & Thursday August 24-25

Up at 4:00 AM & off at 5:15. We proceeded down the coast & then the winds picked up - from the S.S.E. We had to go further & further away from shore as the tide went out exposing in the vast flats. The water grew rougher & rougher. Spray poured into my face & our heavily loaded canoe pitched like a cork.

We had to bring it in on the vast Murray River Flats. And there as the tide rushed back in, we hauled our canoe near the shore in an attempt to continue. No - we were unable to do anything except barely keep afloat. We made camp in a cove south of Murray River.

It took us a long time to get the small tent set up & we weighed it down with just about every large rock we could find. On these damn barrinas, all the rocks are the size of your fist. The wind howled & we couldn't communicate beyond a few feet. My sleeping bag etc were soaked & so we put them out to dry. Both guns were covered with salt & rust - oh lord no, I have to sell the 30.00 in order to get money to pay Panwhik. We had stalked a White Whale today & it was then that I noticed the rust. I'll get

to work on it soon.

Pamiulik had shot a nice fat seal early in the day & we had seal ribs for supper - excellent

We heard on the radio that the H.B.C. ship would be in on the 24th of September - oh no, now I guess no ship on the 6th

I woke this morning at 4:00 but the wind was still howling. We would be stuck here. I am full of despair - if only I could tell mother that I'm all right - if I knew how I was going to get out of here - if I knew that mother & al were alright I'm most worried that she is worried that's what bothers me most. After I finish this I'll compose the wire that I'll send off - just the moment I set foot in Coral

Oh I've prayed - one day they were answered & now this - perhaps it's part of a plan that I can't comprehend - I'm much to know, I'll continue praying & will be a very much altered person regarding religion when I get out. It's 11:00 AM & I'm huddled in the little tent. I'll stop now

It's 7:50 & the wind is rapping down the coast. It's cold & foggy. I've just finished my briefing. Supper was two Kraft dinners. I also made some Tapioca - now sans eggs & sugar - yes, we finished the sugar today. The land is almost gone

Please let us go tomorrow - let the winds die & the sun shine. Let there be a miracle

Dear Mother

I am safe. Arrived here just today
after long long periods of waiting & fighting
very bad ice, wind & rain conditions. Worried
that you are worried. Please Will seek
transportation & then will write again. Please
write condition of family etc.

~~H.B.C. Social Club~~
my address here

Love

Necessary to circumnavigate entire
island in small canoe

Neal

Dear Mother

I am safe. Arrived here just
today after long long periods of waiting and
fighting very bad ice, wind and rain conditions
Became necessary to ~~almost~~ ^{almost} circumnavigate entire island
in small canoe. Worried that you are worried
Will seek earliest transportation & then write again
Please write my address here condition of family
etc.

Love

Neal

Mrs. Mary K. Smith
1751 EAST 29TH STREET
Brooklyn, New York
U.S.A.

Friday August 26th

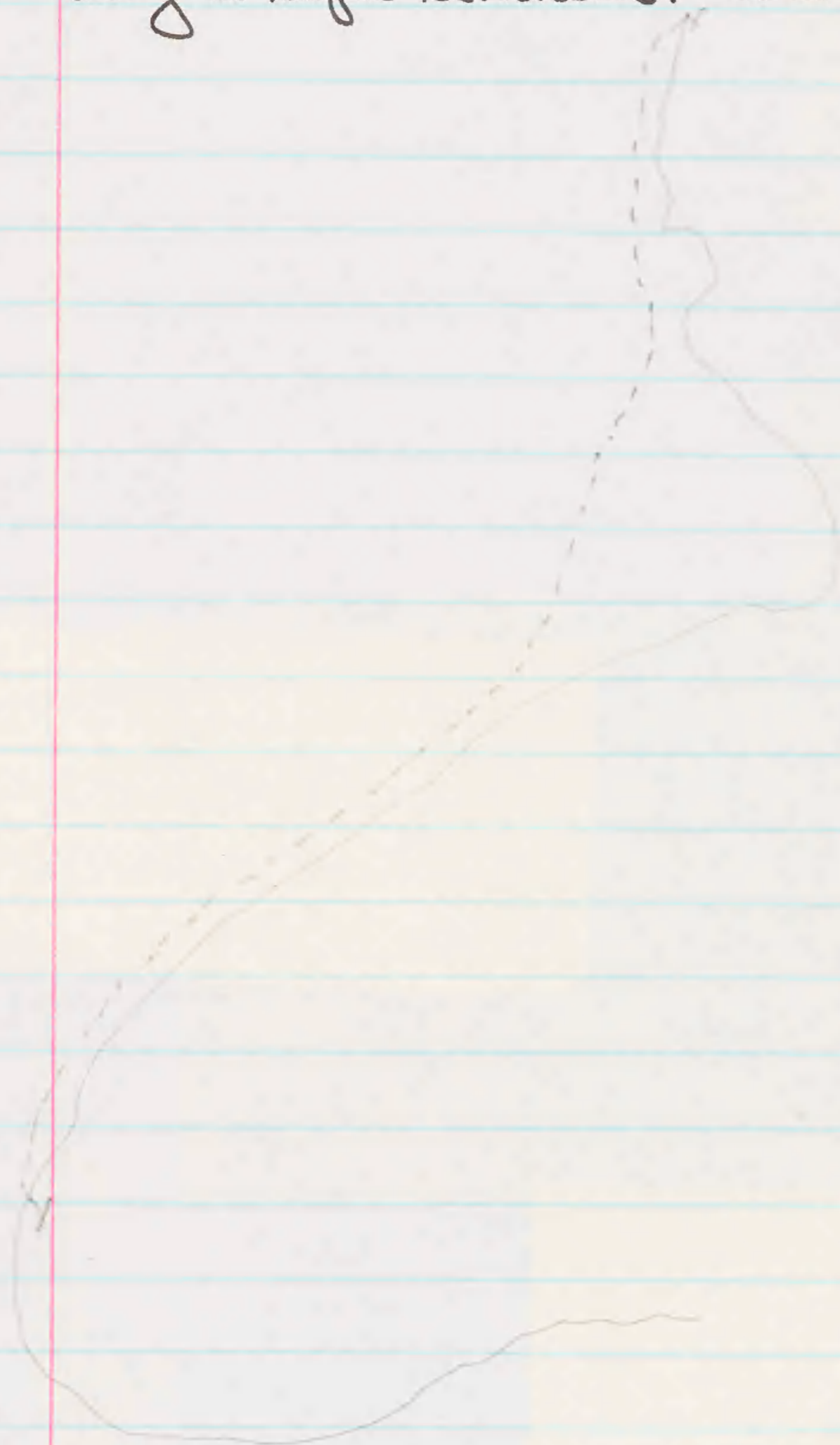
We tried to get out this morning - around the point we ran into trouble - bad trouble & we were lucky to get back to the camp. Lord, the waves were terrific. We were so discouraged - up went the tent again & I went off for a walk. Back for lunch - a chocolate bar, tea (no sugar) & a piece of dried fish. I really feel grubby - the beard is long, my hair is long, I'm dirty, my clothes are dirty - I don't give a damn.

We waited for the next high tide - the water was calm - & we made a run for it. Oh thank God - we made 20 miles before darkness forced us to stop. Spirits were high & we had a grand seal supper with raisins & chocolate for desert.

I'm wudding this outside our little tent - by lantern light. We must get up at 4:30 tomorrow. Please let it be good.

Saturday August 27th

I'm so tired - but very very happy.
Perfect weather allowed us to make it all the way to Cape Kendall. We even had time



to hunt some White Whales. I got one
& we ate the skin raw - boy was that good
We also hunted Kashmaks & I mailed 2 with
the 30-06 - what beautiful skins they'll make

It's very dark now & I can hardly see the page
Still collecting carves - Larex mandina was today's
feature - a rare species & I'm tickled to death to find it.
The tide is going out now & Pamolik has already
crawled into his bag

When I first arrived on Southampton Id., there
were no buds - I'm still here & they are all leaving
Neal, you've been here too long.

Neal & Pamolik
drowned.
aug. 29

Wholly, what
skin raw!
Kashook ?

Sunday August 29th

It was my fault, not Pamolik's.
Today we came so close to death that I would rather die than get this close.

The day was calm & we proceeded into the Bay of God's Mercy. Pamolik always keeps inshore but I decided that it would be quicker to cut across directly eliminating the Boas River area. $\frac{3}{4}$ of the way across, the wind hit & in 12 minutes the water was raging - waves coming directly from shore. I had been reading my breviary when things started. When the water started pouring over the bow, I retreated to the rear. Up ~~we~~ went the bow, & down crash! & the waves poured in. Pamolik started bawling like crazy. Up & down & the water poured in. We were in trouble - at least 2 miles to shore. I was soon soaked to the skin & was holding on for dear life. The canoe was full of water - all my equipment..... The water was up to Pamolik's knees & we both bailed furiously. Pamolik was scared & I was so scared that I could hardly breathe. We turned sideways & rode with the waves - one more big one & we would have gone down. It took us three hours to make shore. We

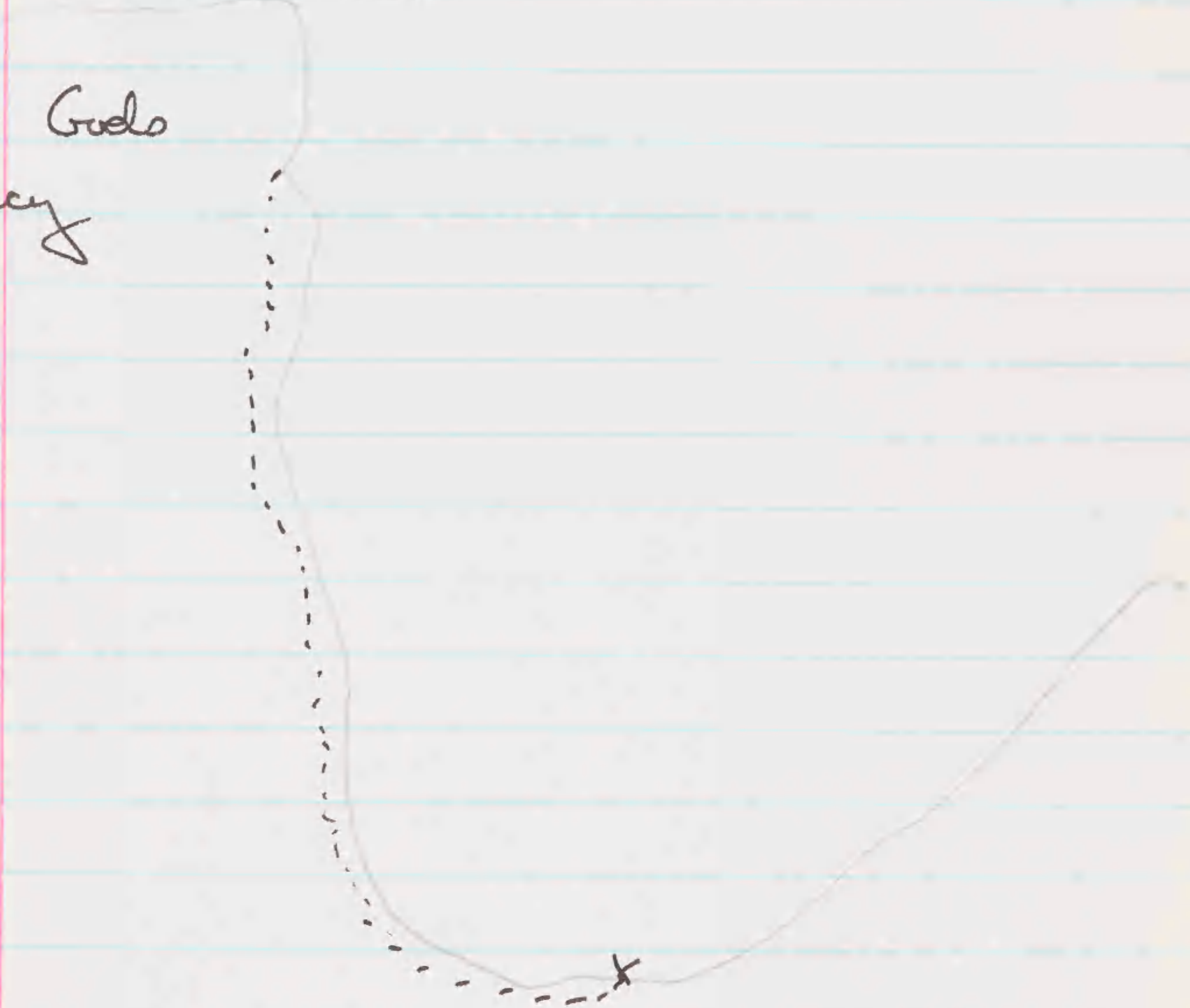
were cold, wet & thankful to be alive. Never again
will I make a decision like that.

We had seal, onion soup & tea for supper
I'm cold & tired - but we made it.

Monday August 30th

The skies were grey & dreary. We hugged the coast all the way to Cape Low. Getting around some of the reefs was rough but here we are

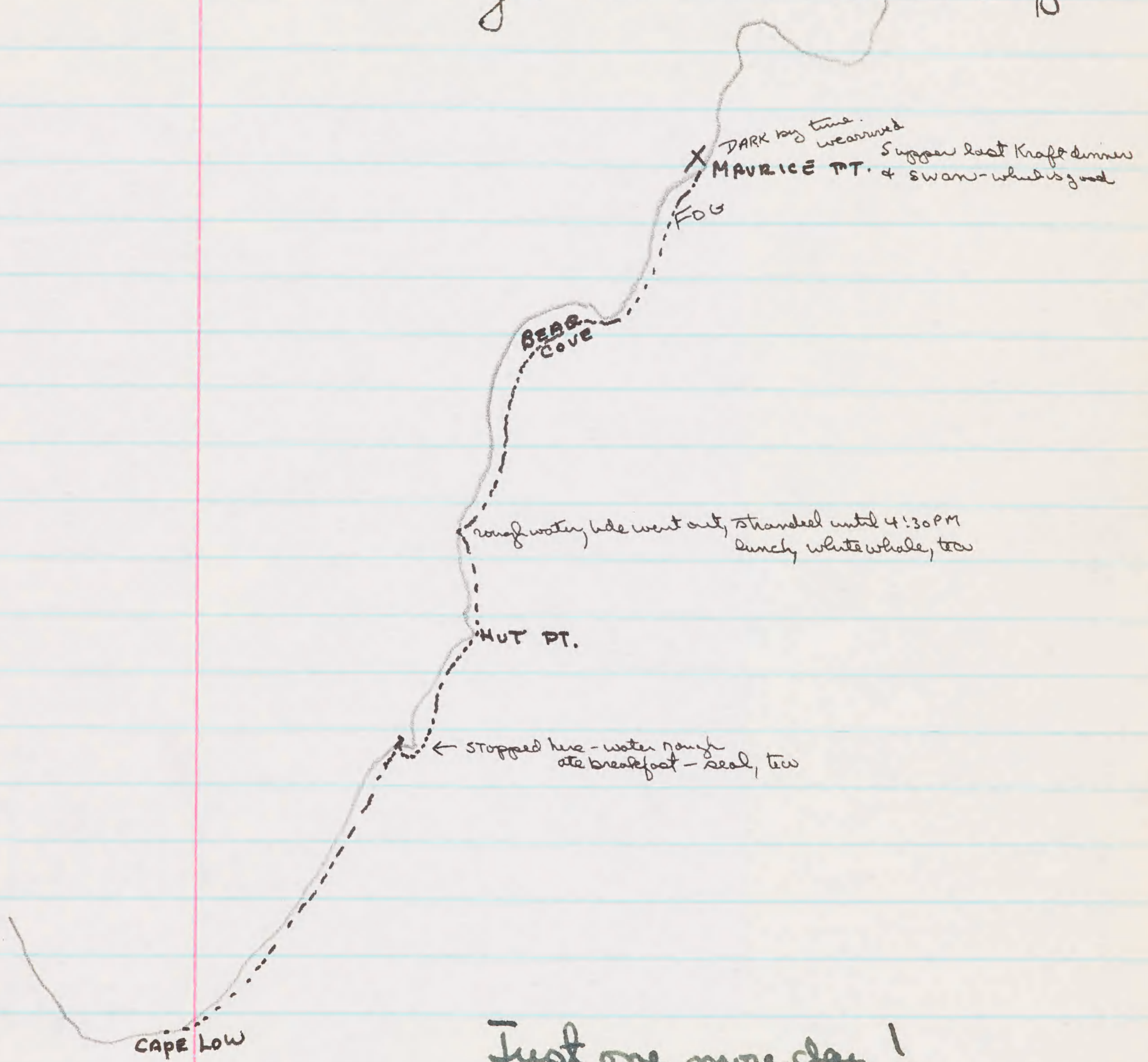
BAY of Gods
Mercy



We cooked some of the White Whale & kumm boy - that is good. Tom Manning set up an observation monument here & I went over to look at it. This place looks something like Kirk - hordes of eskimo junk around. & of course that makes for interesting hunting. All the plants are dying now - only a few buds left. This is turning into a dead world again. We spread out the gear in

hopes that it will dry but just covers everything now
The winds are poor - on shore - but perhaps they'll
change. We must make Coral by Sept. 1st.

Tuesday August 31st
This day can be best told in maps



Just one more day!

Wednesday September 1st

We crawled out of the tent at 4:30 - the tide had not yet come in. Pamolik shaved & got spiced up. I sat down & had a good roughing spell. Dam it's cold. We had some fried seal, the last piece of chocolate & tea for breakfast. Just before sunrise, we shoved off. The water was calm & around 12:30 PM we sighted local. There was a ship over at the D. O. T.

Hordes of seals in the area & I shot two. The sun was bright, very little wind. The motor was still sputtering but we were almost there.

Local is in a sheltered inlet & as we rounded the reefs, I saw some children on the beach. One boy looked up - saw us & dashed towards some tents nearby. All of a sudden people poured out of the tents & a great clamor broke loose. Nauyas & Pamolik had returned!!

As we landed, Tom Crawford & Barry Huron rushed down to meet us. Hand shaking, claps on the back, laughter prevailed. It was an unforgettable sight.

Tom invited us up for food - I accepted on behalf of our party, but just - up to Church. Fr. Choque didn't hear the invitation.

He was loading coal in his storehouse. I went into
church & thanked God for his protection. We spoke (Fr. Luce
& I both) for a while, then over for lunch & lot's more
talk).

A chance to read my mail, send a wire,
get a bath, smoke my pipe & talk.

It's been so very long - it's all over
now, I'm back

Thus ends my Journal
for the 1960 Season

Post Scryp

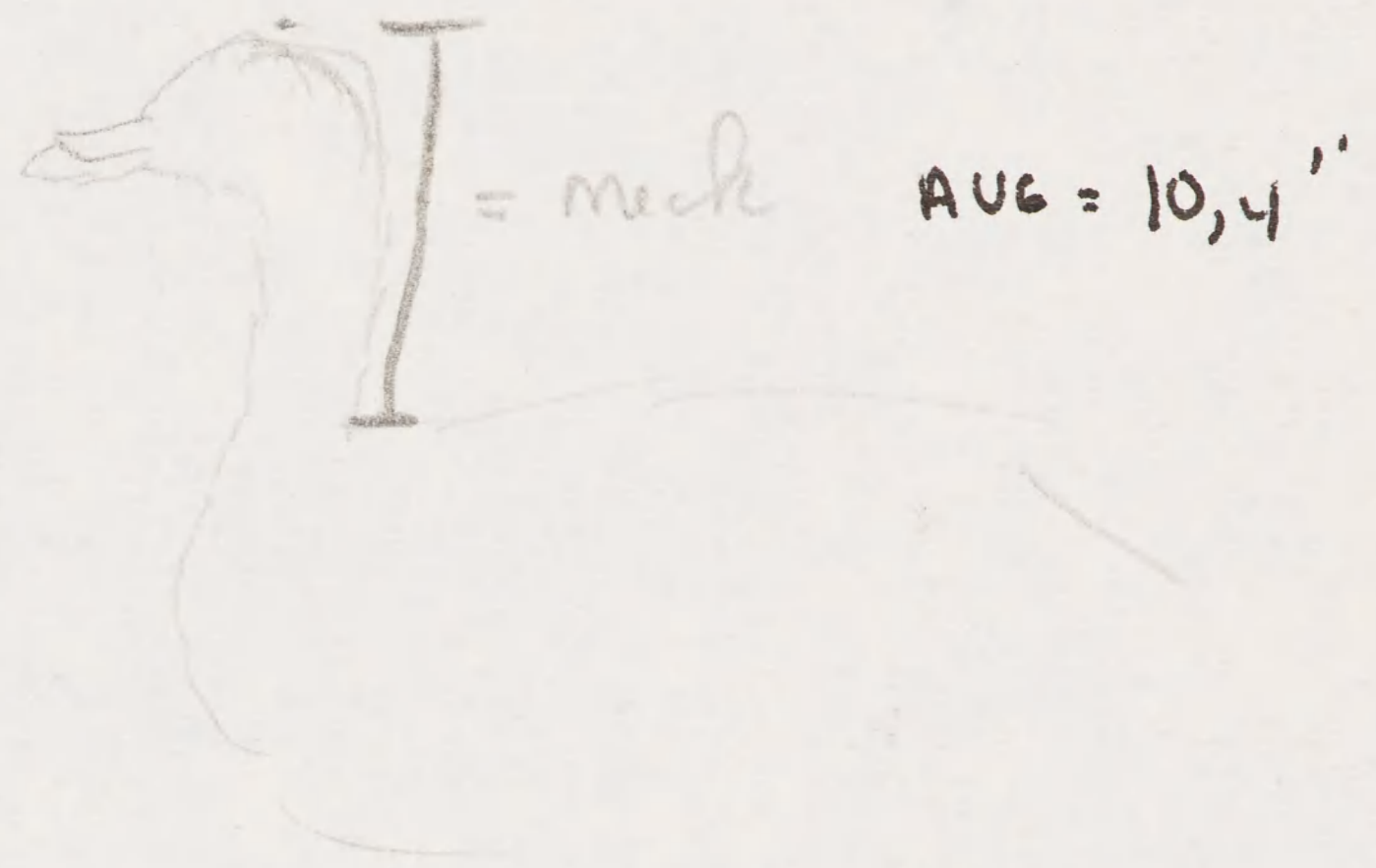
I stayed at the mission during
by stay a local. I got to know more
about the fine people here. I sold all
my camping gear etc. I obtained space
on a Horseman on Sept 9th & reached
Montreal on the 12th of September.
Home on Sunday morning.



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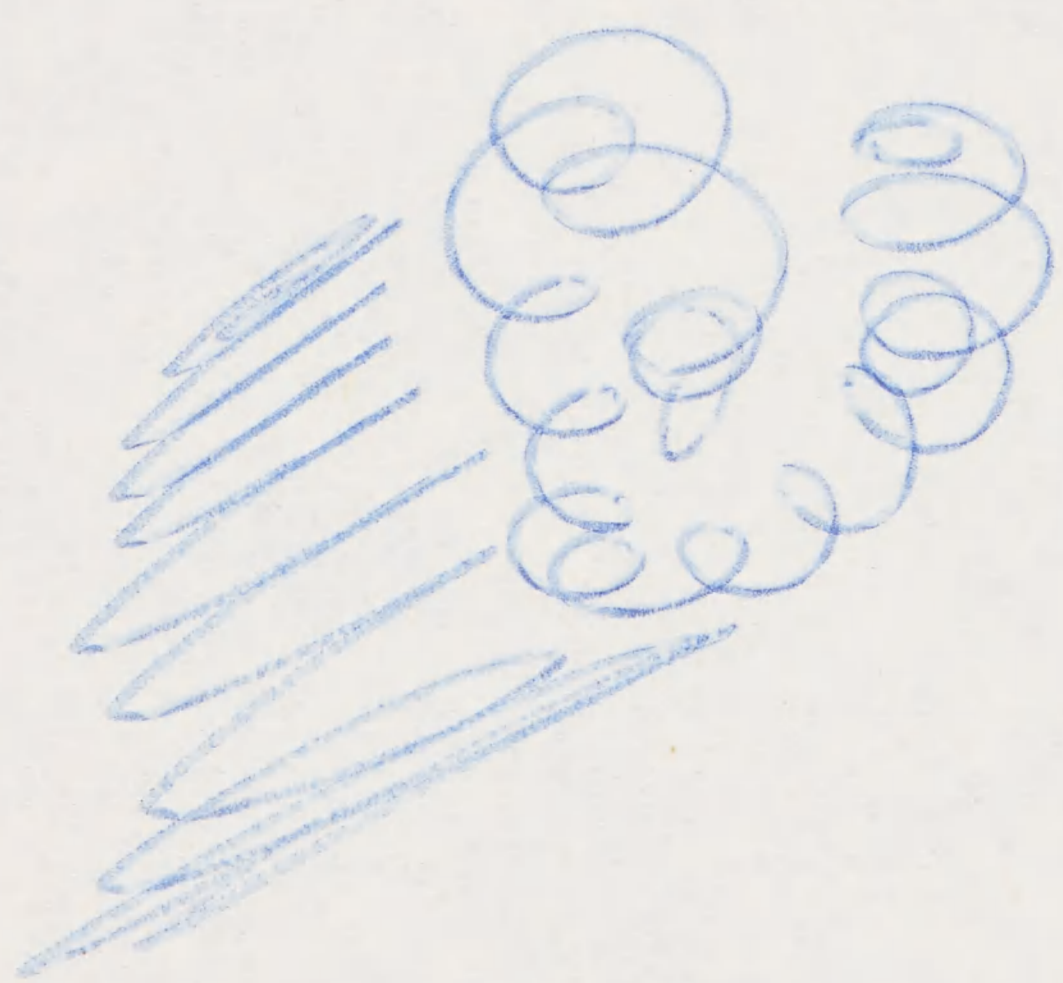


Specimens taken White Id = W.I.
 Kule = K
 West Coast = WC

- W.I. #1 Branta canadensis - Culmen 34mm Wing 354mm
 ♂ Neck - 12" 6/4/60
- W.I. #2 " " - Culmen 35.5 Wing 361mm
 ♂ 6/4/60
- K #3 " " Culmen 32 Wing 355
 ♀ 7/20/60 body worn
- K #4 " " Culmen 41mm Wing 384
 ♂ 7/20/60
- K #5 " " Culmen 31 Wing 339
 ♂ 7/20/60 dark + small Neck 9"
- K #6 " " Culmen 34 Wing 351
 ♀ 7/24/60 - worn
- K #7 " " Culmen 32 Wing 351
 ♂ 7/24/60
- K #8 " " Culmen 32.5 Wing 347
 ♀ 7/24/60
- K #9 " " Culmen 34 Wing 345
 ♀ 7/26/60
- W.C #10 " " Culmen 41 Wing 456mm
 ♂ N=15.5 8/19/60 rather dark breasted ^{big}
- W.C #11 " " Culmen 33 Wing 344
 ♀ 8/19/60
- W.C #12 " " Culmen 35 Wing 345
 ♀ 8/22/60



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Food List - 4 months

13
27
71

Meats

- 2 cases of BAR B-X Dinner
- 14 cans - YORK SANDWICH SPREAD
- 4 sides - Bacon
- 4 - Sausage Roll 1 1/4" long variety
- 12 cans - Corned Beef (Libby's)
- 12 - Hamburgers
- 12 - Spam (Spork)
- 10 - Meatballs + sauce
- 20 { - Steak + onions
- Steak + mushrooms

Fish

- 15 - Sardines (in olive oil)
- 5 - Shrimp

Vegetables

- 2 bags - Dehydrated Mashed Potatoes
- 2 large - " Potatoes (strips)
- 2 large - " Onions
- 1 - " Turnips or Tomatoes

Deserts

- 75 cans
or
3 cases
mixed
- Canned Fruit
- Whole Pineapple
 - acid Pineapple
 - Pears
 - Fruit Salad

4 - Tapioca

Vanilla Pudding

Butteraid "

2 - Vanilla Extract

1/2 block - Cream Cheese

60 lbs - Flour

60 lbs - Sugar

15 can - Butter

10 lbs - Soda

8 - Baker's Powder

3 lbs - Yeast

3 can - Eggs

1 case - Salt

3 - H.P. Soda

3 - Catsup

3 - Worcestershire Sauce

2 bottles - Cream Powder

2 - " - Marble Powder

2 - " - Fruit Herkims

2 - Mustard (Dark)

Jams

10 - Plum, Strawberry, Marmalade

4 - Honey

10 - Raisins

Drinks 10⁰

3 - Tea

4 - Instant Coffee

2 - Hot Chocolate

7 - Klemm Powdered Whole Milk

3 Cases - Baker's Home Sweet Chocolate

3 Cases - Cuckoo's

1 - Vinegar - Bed

Apple - Caraway Milk

20 - Rice - Minute Rice

Sauces - 2 Cans

Onion

Chicken Noodle

Bean

AK SHAG NI = Anoa Borealis

