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## Too Tired to Build a Snow House


"In enforced efforts to spread out our stiffened legs over the last reaches, there was left no longer sufficient energy at camping times to erect snow shelters. Our silk tent was pressed into use. Although the temperature was still very low, the congenial rays pierced the silk fabric and rested softly on our eyelids closed in heavy slumber. In strong winds it was still necessary to erect a sheltering wall, whereby to shield the tent.
"Ah-we-lah and E-tuk-i-shook were soon lost in profound sleep, the only comfort in their hard lives. I remained awake, as had been my habit for many preceding days, to get nautical observations. My longitude calculations lined us at 94 deg. 3 min . At noon the sun's altitude was carefully set on the sextant and the latitude quickly reduced, gave 89 deg. 31 min . The drift had carried us too far east, but our adyance was encouraging.
"I put down the instrument, wrote the reckonings in my book. Then I gazed with a sort of fascination at the figures. My heart began to thump wildly. Slowly my brain whirled with exaltation. I arose jubilant. We were only 29 miles from the North Pole!

