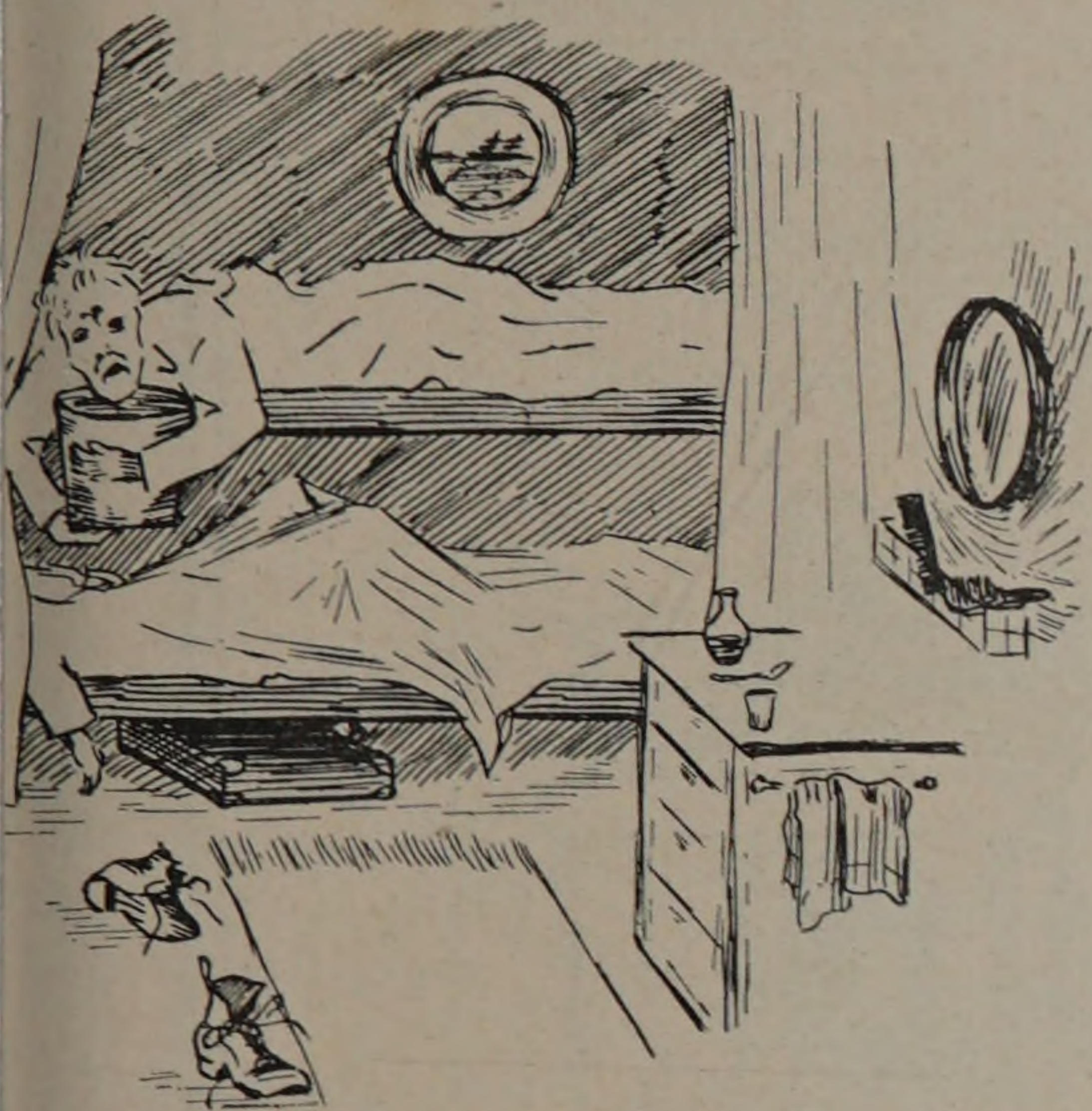
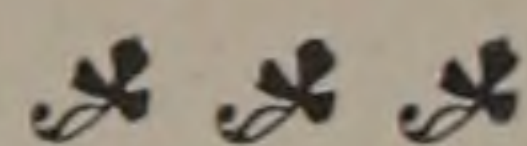


"A Search for the Pole"

BEING EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY OF OUR ARCTIC
EXPLORERS, ROESCH AND SLAKER



April 28th.—Washed my face for the last time—in Chicago.
April 31st.—Wish I was back in Aurora! Guess I'll find my
prayer book. May 5th.—Leaving Seattle. The "Bear" seems
steady. We are old salts! May 9th.—Able to grasp a pen.
Will be a man again in a week, with care. May 10th.—Laughed
out loud—first time in five days. Scene, at the rail; time, 8 p.m.
R. "Has the moon come up yet?" S. "Yes, if I've swallowed
it." May 18th.—Sighted our new abode, St. Johns. Can see
several natives on shore. Don't know whether they are canni-

bals or not. May 20th.—Had an excel-
lent rubber boot steak to day. May
21st.—Have now been in my sweater for
eight days and nights. May 22d.—Have
been elected captain of the "Polar
Stars" foot ball team. May 23d.—Life
is quite joyous. Started in on our
second barrel of blubber this morning.
May have to go to work next week.
Bought a piece of the North Pole to-day.
May 30th.—Begin work in the a. m.

Have been studying the multiplication tables. June 10th—
Working every day. Walk twenty-four miles per diem. Eat
every two hours. June 31st.—Klondike expedition wrecked
on our coast last night. Noticed several Class of '97 men
among the refugees. July 4th.—Celebrated with grand bear
hunt. Came back to town in a hurry—for more cartridges.
August 3d.—News from home; letter from Hindert, which is
now being translated over at the office. August 16th.—
Dreamt I had my five sweaters off last night. The shock was
almost fatal. September 21st.—Had extra rations of axle-
grease to-day; good, of course, but not quite mellow enough.
September 30th.—Clark Street Dime Museum agent at our
mansion to-day, trying to engage us for life. October 9th—
Wish Nansen or somebody would rescue us. November 16th.
—Back in Chicago! Will answer Nansen's lecture next term.
He's not the whole push.

