

May 29
1884. Clear and calm in the morning. but at 1 PM it began to blow very hard. Bramard and Long went out. the former got 8 lbs shrimps and the latter shot doves. Bramard kept prisoner in commissary hut.

May 30
1884. Snowing. Bramard laid out all night on account of Dr not moving when he came up the night before. Breakfast 10 AM after having fasted 24 hours. Bramard went to shrimping ground and got 6 lb shrimps.

May 31
1884. Gale continued all day unable to cook or do any thing else.

June 1.
1884. Gale subsided at 1 PM. Shelter cleaned out and breakfast cooked consisting of 3 oz shrimps per man. St. Kishinbury died at 3 AM. Long killed a dovekie. Water got for 2 meals.

June 2.
1884. Clear beautiful day with S.E. wind. Bramard went shrimping and caught 5 lbs. A dovekie was killed by Long. Bramard heard a walrus whist out. Salor became unconscious at 7 PM. St. K. was buried early this AM. Dovekie intestines oiled in morning stew.

June 3
1884. Poor Salor died at 3 this morning. The day was a blustering one. I got a pair of salt water and that played me out. Shorty and Henry doing the cooking. Bickelbuck helps in spitting the word. Bunker moved in the tent. Henry and I occupy one bag. Dr. and Bramard

another. and Long a single bag making 5 in the shelter or lean to and 7 in the tent. Bramard got 6 lbs of shrimps. Long also went but was unable to get anything. Intestines could not be fasted in the stew. Dr quite weak and in bad - and eyes swollen. He proscribed medicine for Longell and Bunker but the C.D. forbade the same saying that the Dr was not in a way to order medicine.

June 4
1884. Clear and warm. Shorty and Henry cooking breakfast. It is a caution how we exist on the food we are getting. The first flies were seen by me to day. Long and Bickelbuck went out to gather. Bramard returned with 7 lbs of shrimps. Long returned after 7 PM. with a dovekie. He had killed several more birds but was unable to reach them. Poor Salor was buried after dinner. Bunker asks for 1 oz of dovekie and gets it. after being called a coward & C. Everyone getting weak. The day was an exceedingly fine one. Shorty is getting quite played out. Black lichons and saxifrage is eaten by all. Dr is in a bad way and hardly eats any stew at all.

June 5
1884. Fair with light wind from the N. and quite warm. several of the men are up but unable to do anything. except pick a few lichons for themselves to eat. Breakfast at 7 AM and Dinner at an early hour on account of Bramard who wants to go shrimping. I picked 5 cans of saxifrage to burn and sewed on Long's boots. also