

WEDNESDAY
JULY 11 1934

8 a.m. report
clear
51 below

decided shower of ice needles this morning
sky clear - but air full of crystals -

AIR	WIND	BAROMETER
max 44 below	W - 4	29.42
min 51 below		

listened for REB from 9:30 to 9:45 - nothing -

routine - three more pups born to Cherry during night - only one alive
Inness-Taylor added new box for it in Dog Heim

35th broadcast - rehearsed this morning - Knights dispirited -
arrived late for first rehearsal at noon - then instead of
arriving at 1:30 for ~~xxxxxx~~ last rehearsal straggled in
at ten minutes off - we hadn't ~~fun~~ through the programme when
NY bustling in loud speaker - I asked NY for eleven minutes,
and they didn't like it - nevertheless, I said, I'm going to
take it, and you can fade us out on music, if you wish,
at 10:30 - NY attempted broadcast from USS Coast Guard Cutter
Northland cruising in Arctic waters - signals fading - high
noise level - words unintelligible - could hear Czegka's voice -
heard switch-over quite clearly - we went on - Potaka talked to
fast - Duke Dane and Joe Hill made a frightful mess of
"I'm young and healthy," partly because Dr. Morgan gave them
cue for wrong song - we ran through show in 10:58 seconds -
when Dr. Poulter is speaking I'm always on pins and needles -
he reads badly - stops, as if choking, and I'm afraid
the moment will come when he cannot continue - and I sit,
~~xxxx~~ like a cat not knowing which way to jump - ~~Just~~ before
song finished NY roaring in receiver and John reported
they had cut us right after my introduction for Noville and Inness-
Taylor - NY reported high noise level - complete failure -
with the temperature down to fifty, I went out, windproof,
two pairs of socks, heavy shirt, skied down to pressure - wind
on verge of picking up drift in the valley - nipped my hands,
face and nose repeatedly - but liked it so much that on returning to
camp skied here and there awhile - wind noisily flapping flags -
quite dark and threatening - the light in star observatory blazing -
a pleasant landmark - and the dark luminous fog halo around it -
the vapor rushing from the blubber stove - snow very hollow and
skis resounding - and Tops, the derelict who lately has been
convalescing in my tunnel, following me merrily, his wet nose
begging for attention -

Another murder in Dog Town - Don, the rowdy, dowdy, incredibly
shaggy mongrel known as the Clown - killed by Cole, one of the
Siberian assassins - Cole killed Olaf and Break-it - wounded
Neige - he grabs them by the rear leg and tears them to pieces -
if he kills another, Inness-Taylor has decided to shoot him -

Paine's blubber factory makes record production - 700 pounds of pemmican