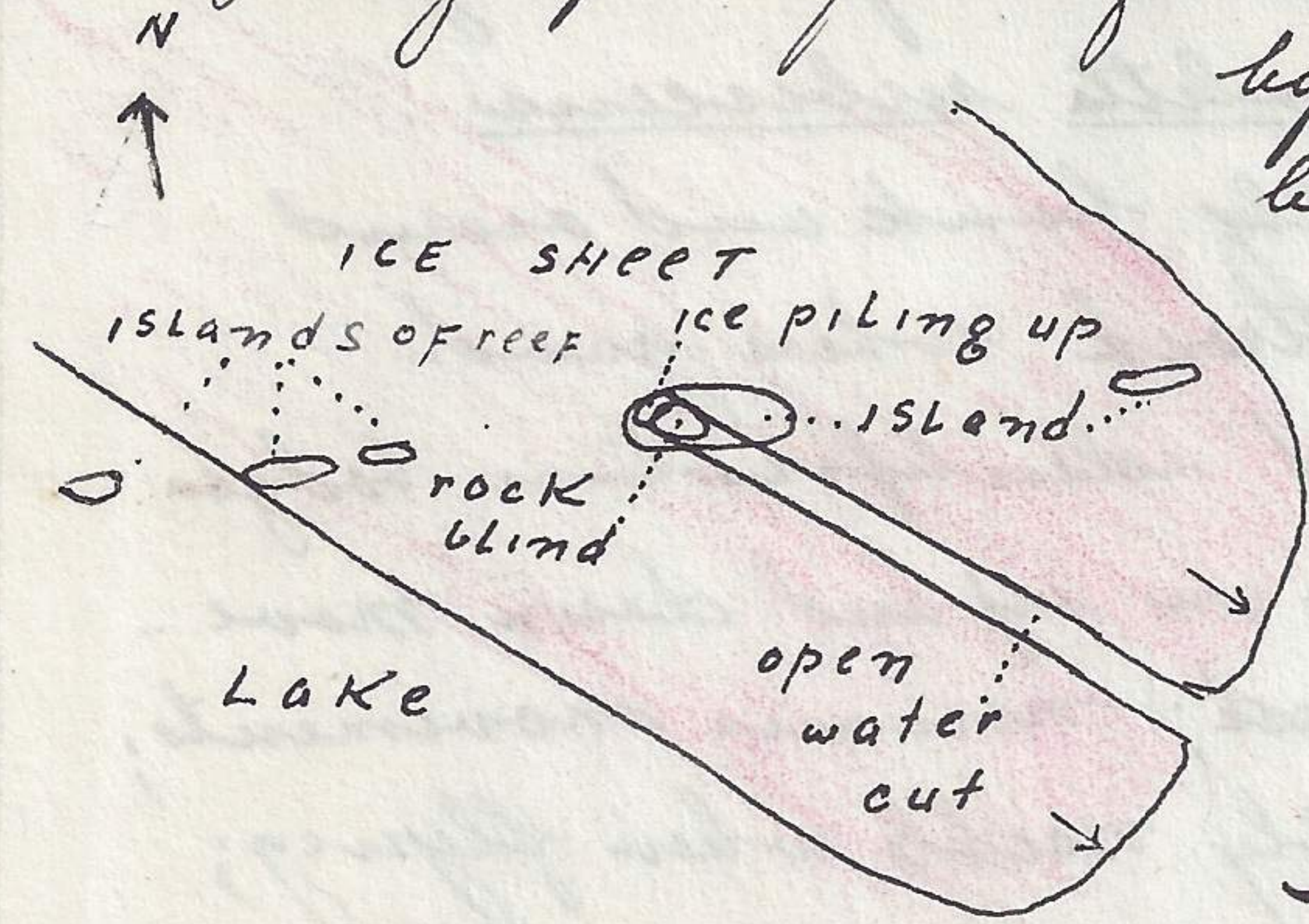


burst up as a wind break. I did not realized that an ice sheet was advancing upon me until it struck the edge of the small 10'x20' island from the N.W. which is, incidently the normal trend of ice sheets. Without even time to know what had struck me, the ice sheet showed its death teeth 4' in front of me. Nor did it express any courtesy marks by pausing at the front door. but pushed onward. knowing no halt. The rock structure began to crumble and slide along. with absolutely no way of escape and with death inevitable decided to act just for the pleasure of it while it lasted. my mind was clear now and I ran to the front of the blind and started to jump up and down in attempt to stop the ice sheets wrought of damage. I managed to keep pace with the oncoming sheet by breaking up the ice before it struck the island. I continued this until a considerable amount of ice blocks had accumulated in front of the blind, at least to the extent that the barrier now forced the ice up and back as in diagram no. 2 of above. It was now partially checked by its own movements. The large sheet of ice was being severed in two by this rock barrier while the ice was piling up in front of me, two moving sheets of ice were tracking by me on either side with a clear avenue between.



Fortunately the wind subsided to the point where the ice stopped on its own accord. I remained upon this island not being able to make up my mind until darkness started to settle in. The problems I was up against were several. If I had started back on top of the ice along the reef and then if the ice sheet were to start up again I might break thru the ice and become lodged in the mud where the ice would either shear me in two or ride over top of me. If I had remained there the ice might have finally pushed up over the barrier, as a forced choice I foolishly waded out the open avenue and out around the edge of the ice. If the ice had started to move while I was skirting the edge and while treading in knee deep mud I would have been buried with the rest of the Indians that inhabited this country hundreds of years ago. Fortunately for all cases the ice remained stationary. The most nerve racking part of the ordeal was the continuous and loud noises produced from the crumbling and fracturing ice. Next day during more favorable day return to crumbled blind and retrieved the 9 ducks that I had shot yesterday but had left during the excitement. They were kept in good refrigerator however being under considerable ice. So much then for the way in which the ice piles are formed. I would like to be present when the large ones are formed.