

sail. Single floes of ice were seen during the evening and night.

Wednesday, August 16th. As the Kara Sea seemed so extraordinarily free from ice, and as a heavy sea was running from the northeast, we decided to hold north as far as we could, even if it should be to the *Einsamkeit* (Lonely) Island. But about half-past three in the afternoon we had a strip of close ice ahead, so that we had to turn. Stiff breeze and sea. Kept on beating east along the edge of the ice. Almost lost the petroleum launch in the evening. The waves were constantly breaking into it and filling it, the gunwale was burst in at two places, and the heavy davits it hung on were twisted as if they had been copper wires. Only just in the nick of time, with the waves washing over us, some of us managed to get it lashed to the side of the ship. There seemed to be some fatality about this boat.

Thursday, August 17th. Still beating eastward under sail and steam through scattered ice, and along a margin of fixed ice. Still blowing hard, with a heavy sea as soon as we headed a little out from the ice.

Friday, August 18th. Continued storm. Stood southeast. At 4.30 A.M., Sverdrup, who had gone up into the crow's-nest to look out for bears and walrus on the ice-floes, saw land to the south of us. At 10 A.M. I went up to look at it—we were then probably not more than 10 miles away from it. It was low land, seemingly of the same formation as Yalmal, with steep sand-banks,