

Taimur Island, or Cape Lapteff, at 3 A.M., and were now at Taimur Bay, but with close ice and an island ahead. It was possible that we might reach the island, as a channel had just opened through the ice in that direction; but we were at present in a tearing "whirlpool" current, and should be obliged to put back for the moment. After breakfast I went up into the crow's-nest. It was brilliant sunshine. I found that Sverdrup's island must be mainland, which, however, stretched remarkably far west compared with that given on the maps. I could still see Taimur Island behind me, and the most easterly of Almquist's Islands lay gleaming in the sun to the north. It was a long, sandy point that we had ahead, and I could follow the land in a southerly direction till it disappeared on the horizon at the head of the bay in the south. Then there was a small strip where no land, only open water, could be made out. After that the land emerged on the west side of the bay, stretching towards Taimur Island. With its heights and round knolls this land was essentially different from the low coast on the east side of the bay.

To the north of the point ahead of us I saw open water; there was some ice between us and it, but the *Fram* forced her way through. When we got out, right off the point, I was surprised to notice the sea suddenly covered with brown, clayey water. It could not be a deep layer, for the track we left behind was quite clear. The clayey water seemed to be skimmed to either side