

"Coffee and sweets were served after dinner; and after a better supper than usual came strawberry and lemon ice (*alias* granitta) and limejuice toddy, without alcohol. The health of the hero of the day was first proposed 'in a few well-chosen words'; and then we drank a bumper to the seventy-ninth degree, which we were sure was only the first of many degrees to be conquered in the same way.

"Saturday, September 30th. I am not satisfied that the *Fram's* present position is a good one for the winter. The great floe on the port side to which we are moored sends out an ugly projection about amidships, which might give her a bad squeeze in case of the ice packing. We therefore began to-day to warp her backward into better ice. It is by no means quick work. The comparatively open channel around us is now covered with tolerably thick ice, which has to be hewn and broken in pieces with axes, ice-staves, and walrus-spears. Then the capstan is manned, and we heave her through the broken floe foot by foot. The temperature this evening is -12.6° C. A wonderful sunset.

"Sunday, October 1st. Wind from the W.S.W. and weather mild. We are taking a day of rest, which means eating, sleeping, smoking, and reading.

"Monday, October 2d. Warped the ship farther astern, until we found a good berth for her out in the middle of the newly frozen pool. On the port side we have our big floe, with the dogs' camp—thirty-five black