

report out in the galley, and said at once that it sounded like an explosion. Presently Pettersen\* stuck a head in at the door as black as a sweep's, great lumps of soot all over it, and said that the stove had exploded right into his face; he was only going to look if it was burning rightly, and the whole fiendish thing flew out at him. A stream of words not unmingled with oaths flowed like peas out of a sack, while the rest of us yelled with laughter. In the galley it was easy to see that something had happened; the walls were covered with soot in lumps and stripes pointing towards the fireplace. The explanation of the accident was simple enough. The draught had been insufficient, and a quantity of gas had formed which had not been able to burn until air was let in by Pettersen opening the door.

“ This is a good beginning. I told Pettersen in the evening that I would do the cooking myself next day, when the real trial was to be made. But he would not hear of such a thing; he said ‘ I was not to think that he minded a trifle like that; I might trust to its being all right ’—and it *was* all right. From that day I heard nothing but praise of the new apparatus, and it was used until the *Fram* was out in the open sea again.

“ Thursday, September 6th. 81° 13.7' north latitude. Have I been married five years to-day? Last year this was a day of victory—when the ice-fetters burst at

\* Pettersen had been advanced from smith to cook, and he and Juell took turns of a fortnight each in the galley.