

the cooking apparatus and lamps, etc., being placed under them. They were spread out in this way, so that in the improbable event of the thick floe splitting suddenly our loss would not be so great. We knew where to find everything, and it might blow and drift to its heart's content without our losing anything.

On the evening of January 14th I wrote in my diary: "Two sharp reports were heard in the ship, like shots from a cannon, and then followed a noise as of something splitting — presumably this must be the cracking of the ice, on account of the frost. It appeared to me that the list on the ship increased at that moment, but perhaps it was only imagination."

As time passed on we all gradually got busy again preparing for the sledge expedition. On Tuesday, January 15th, I say: "This evening the doctor gave a lesson to Johansen and myself in bandaging and repairing broken limbs. I lay on the table and had a plaster-of-Paris bandage put round the calf of my leg, while all the crew were looking on. The very sight of this operation cannot fail to suggest unpleasant thoughts. An accident of this nature out in the polar night, with 40° to 50° of cold, would be anything but pleasant, to say nothing of how easily it might mean death to both of us. But who knows? We might manage somehow. However, such things must not be allowed to happen, and, what is more, they *shall not*."

As January went on we could by noon just see the