

the same evening. "It was certainly a most cheerful good-bye," says the diary, "but it is always hard to part, even at 84°, and maybe there was a tearful eye or two." The last thing Sverdrup asked me when sitting on his sledge, just as we were about to part, was, if I thought I should go to the South Pole when I got home; for if so, he hoped I would wait till he arrived; and then he asked me to give his love to his wife and child.

And so we proceeded, Johansen and I, but it was slow work for us alone with six sledges, which were impeded on their way by all sorts of obstacles and inequalities. Besides this, the ice became rougher, so that it was difficult to get on during the afternoon on account of the darkness, the days being still very short and the sun was not yet above the horizon. We therefore camped rather early.

"Wednesday, March 6th. We are again on board the *Fram* to make a fresh start, for the third time, and then, I suppose, it will be in earnest. On Saturday, March 2d, we proceeded with the six sledges after I had been a trip to the northward and found it passable. Progress was slow, and we had to do nearly six turns each, as the sledges stopped everywhere and had to be helped along. I saw now too clearly that we should never get on in this manner; a change would have to be made, and I decided to camp in order to have a look at the ice northward and consider the matter. Having tied up the dogs, I set out, while Johansen was to feed the