

cooker. At last I discovered that some ice had got in under the lid, and this had caused a leakage. Finally we got it to light, and at 5 o'clock in the morning the pea-soup was ready, and very good it was. At three in the afternoon I was up again cooking. Thank Heaven, it is warm and comfortable in the bag, or this sort of life would be intolerable!

"Sunday, March 31st. Yesterday, at last, came the long-wished-for change of weather, with southerly wind and rising temperature. Early this morning the thermometer showed -22° Fahr. (-30° C.), regular summer weather, in fact. It was, therefore, with lightened hearts that we set off over good ice and with the wind at our backs. On we went at a very fair pace, and everything was going well, when a lane suddenly opened just in front of the first sledge. We managed to get this over by the skin of our teeth; but just as we were going to cross the lane again after the other sledges, a large piece of ice broke under Johansen, and he fell in, wetting both legs—a deplorable incident. While the lane was gradually opening more and more, I went up and down it to find a way over, but without success. Here we were, with one man and a sledge on one side, two sledges and a wet man on the other, with an ever-widening lane between. The kayaks could not be launched, as, through the frequent capsizing of the sledges, they had got holes in them, and for the time being were useless. This was a cheerful prospect for the night, I on