

him that day. Poor beast; faithfully he worked for us, good-tempered and willing to the end, and then, for thanks, when he could do no more, to be killed for provender! He was born on the *Fram* on December 13, 1893, and, true child of the polar night, never saw aught but ice and snow.

“Monday, April 29th, -4° Fahr. (-20° C.). We had not gone far yesterday when we were stopped by open water—a broad pool or lane which lay almost straight across our course. We worked westward alongside it for some distance, until it suddenly began to close violently together at a place where it was comparatively narrow. In a few minutes the ice was towering above us, and we got over by means of the noisy pressure-ridge, which was thundering and crashing under our feet. It was a case of bestirring ourselves and driving dogs and sledges quickly over if we did not wish to get jammed between the rolling blocks of ice. This ridge nearly swallowed up Johansen’s snow-shoes, which had been left behind for a minute while we got the last sledge over. When at last we got to the other side of the lane the day was far spent, and such work naturally deserved reward in the shape of an extra ration of meat-chocolate.

“Annoying as it is to be stopped in the midst of beautiful flat ice by a lane, when one is longing to get on, still, undeniably, it is a wonderful feeling to see open water spread out in front of one, and the sun playing on the light ripples caused by the wind. Fancy open water