

was hardly desirable, as packing might take place, but we had no choice; it was the only lee to be found. Before I went to sleep the ice under us began to creak, and soon the pressure-ridge behind us was packing with the well-known jerks. I lay listening and wondering whether it would be better for us to turn out before the ice-blocks came tumbling on to us, but as I lay listening went fast asleep and dreamed about an earthquake. When I woke up again, some hours afterwards, everything was quiet except the wind, which howled and rattled at the tent walls, lashing the snow up against them.

"Yesterday evening 'Potifar' was killed. We have now sixteen dogs left; the numbers are diminishing horribly, and it is still so far to land. If only we were there!

"Saturday, May 4th. Did fourteen miles yesterday; but the lanes become worse and worse. When we got under way in the afternoon—after having reloaded my sledge and kayak, and readjusted the dunnage under Johansen's kayak—the wind had fallen, and it was snowing quietly and silently, with big flakes, just as it does on a winter day at home. It was bad in one way, however, as in such a light it is difficult to see if the lay of the ground is against or with us; but the going was fairly good, and we made progress. It was heavenly to work in this mild weather,  $+11.8^{\circ}$  Fahr. ( $-11.3^{\circ}$  C.), and be able to use one's frost-bitten hands bare, without suffering torture untold every time they came in contact with anything.