

S.S.E. or east of that, according as the drift necessitates. We kept the Seventeenth of May—on the 18th, it is true—by a feast of unsurpassed magnificence, consisting of lobscouse, stewed red whortleberries mixed with vril-food, and stamina lime-juice mead (*i.e.*, a concoction of lime-juice tablets and Frame Food stamina tablets dissolved in water), and then, having eaten our fill, crawled into our bag.”

As we gradually made our way southward the ice became more impracticable and difficult to travel over. We still came across occasional good flat plains, but they were often broken up by broad belts of jammed-up ice, and in a measure by channels, which hindered our advance. On May 19th I write: “I climbed to the top of the highest hummock I have yet been up. I measured it roughly, and made it out to be about 24 feet above the ice whence I had climbed up; but, as this latter was considerably above the surface of the water, the height was probably 30 feet or so. It formed the crest of quite a short and crooked pressure-ridge, consisting of only small pieces of ice.”

That day we came across the first tracks of bears which we had seen on our journey over the ice. The certainty that we had got down to regions where these animals are to be found, and the prospect of a ham, made us very joyous. On May 20th there was a tremendous snow-storm, through which it was impossible to see our way on the uneven ice. “Consequently there is nothing