

and full of brash, which rendered it impossible to use the kayaks. In some places, however, the brash was pressed so tightly together that we could walk on it. But many journeys to and fro are nearly always necessary before any reasonable opportunity of advance is to be found. This time is often long to the one who remains behind with the dogs, being blown through or wetted through meanwhile, as the case may be. Often, when it seemed as if I were never coming back, did Johansen think I had fallen through some lane and was gone for good. As one sits there on the kayak, waiting and waiting, and gazing in front of one into solitude, many strange thoughts pass through one's brain. Several times he climbed the highest hummock near at hand to scan the ice anxiously; and then, when at last he discovered a little black speck moving about on the white flat surface far, far away, his mind would be relieved. As Johansen was waiting in this way yesterday, he remarked that the sides of the floe in front of him were slowly moving up and down,\* as they might if rocked by a slight swell. Can open water be near? Can it be that the great breakers from the sea have penetrated in here? How willingly would we believe it! But perhaps it was only the wind which set the thin ice we are now travelling over in wave-like motion. Or have we really open water to the southeast? It is remarkable that

\* It was probably pressure of the floes against each other which caused this movement. We noticed the same motion several times later.