

pitched our tent after only four hours' march, and went without our dinner to make up.

"Here we are, then, hardly knowing what to do next. What the going is like outside I do not know yet, but probably not much better than yesterday, and whether we ought to push on the little we can, or go out and try to capture a seal, I cannot decide. The worst of it is that there do not seem to be many seals in the ice where we now are. We have seen none the last few days. Perhaps it is too thick and compact for them (?). The ice here is strikingly different in character from that we have been travelling over of late. It is considerably more uneven, for one thing, with mounds and somewhat old ridges—among them some very large ones. Nor does it look so very old—in general, I should say, of last winter's formation, though there are occasional old floes in between. They appear to have been near land, as clay and earthy matter are frequently to be seen, particularly in the newly formed ridges.

"Johansen, who has gone out, says the same water-sky is to be seen in the south. Why is it we cannot reach it? But there it is, all the same, an alluring goal for us to make for, even if we do not reach it very soon. We see it again and again, looking so blue and beautiful; for us it is the color of hope.

"Friday, June 14th. It is three months to-day since we left the *Fram*. A quarter of a year have we been wandering in this desert of ice, and here we are still.