

turned out to get breakfast ready and start off, it was still snowing, and deep, loose snow covered everything—a state of things bad beyond description. There was no sense in going on, and we decided to wait and see how matters would turn out. Meanwhile we were hungry, but a full breakfast we could not afford, so I prepared a small portion of fish soup, and we returned to the bag again—Johansen to sleep on, I to rereckon all my observations from the time we left the *Fram*, and see if some error might not explain the mystery why no land was yet to be found. The sun had partially appeared, and I tried, though in vain, to take an observation. I stood waiting for more than an hour with the theodolite up, but the sun went in again and remained out of sight. I have calculated and calculated and thought and thought, but can find no mistake of any importance, and the whole thing is a riddle to me. I am beginning seriously to doubt that we may be too far west, after all. I simply cannot conceive that we are too far east; for in such a case we cannot, at any rate, be more than  $5^{\circ}$  farther east than our observations\* make us. Supposing, for instance, that our watches have gone too fast, 'Johannsen'† cannot, at all events, have gained more than

\* As it proved later, we were, in reality, about  $6^{\circ}$  farther east than we thought.

† I called my watch thus after Johannsen, the watchmaker in London who supplied it.