

treacherous. As we approached the land there were a number of cracks in every direction, and these were covered with a layer of snow, so that it was difficult to see them. While Johansen was busy lashing the sail and mast securely to the deck of his kayak, so that the wind should not carry them away, I went on ahead as fast as I could to look for a camping-ground; but all of a sudden the ice sank beneath me, and I lay in the water in a broad crack which had been concealed by the snow. I tried to get out again, but with my snow-shoes firmly fastened it was not possible to get them through all the rubble of snow and lumps of ice that had fallen into the water on the top of them. In addition to this, I was fastened to the sledge by the harness, so that I could not turn round. Fortunately, in the act of falling, I had dug my pikestaff into the ice on the opposite side of the crack, and, holding myself up by its aid and the one arm that I had got above the edge of the ice, I lay waiting patiently for Johansen to come and pull me out. I was sure he must have seen me fall in, but could not turn enough to look back. When I thought a long time had passed, and I felt the staff giving way and the water creeping farther and farther up my body, I began to call out, but received no answer. I shouted louder for help, and at last heard a "Hullo!" far behind. After some little time, when the water was up to my chest, and it would not have been long before I was right under, Johansen came up and I was pulled out. He had been