

“Then dinner was served, and how nice it was to have bread, butter, milk, sugar, coffee, and everything that a year had taught us to do without and yet to long for! But the height of comfort was reached when we were able to throw off our dirty rags, have a warm bath, and get rid of as much dirt as was possible in one bout; but we only succeeded in becoming anything like clean after several days and many attempts. Then clean, soft clothes from head to foot, hair cut, and the shaggy beard shaved off, and the transformation from savage to European was complete, and even more sudden than in the reverse direction. How delightfully comfortable it was to be able to put on one's clothes without being made greasy, but, most of all, to be able to move without feeling them stick to the body with every movement!

“It was not very long before Johansen and the others followed, with the kayaks and our things. Johansen related how these warm-hearted Englishmen had given him and the Norwegian flag a hearty cheer when they came up and saw it waving beside a dirty woollen shirt on a bamboo rod, which he had put up by my orders, so that I could find my way back to him. On the way hither they had not allowed him to touch the sledges, he had only to walk beside them like a passenger, and he said that, of all the ways in which we had travelled over drift-ice, this was without comparison the most comfortable. His reception in the hut was scarcely less hospitable than mine, and he soon went through the same