

should be the first friend I was to meet! Even while we were handing in our telegrams the news of our arrival had begun to filter through the town, and people were gradually flocking together to see the two polar bears who strode through the streets to the hotel. I rushed in and inquired for Mohn. He was in his room, number so-and-so, they told me, but he was taking his siesta. I had no respect for siestas at that moment; I thundered at the door and tore it open. There lay Mohn on the sofa, reading, with a long pipe in his mouth. He started up and stared fixedly, like a madman, at the long figure standing on the threshold; his pipe fell to the ground, his face twitched, and then he burst out, "Can it be true? Is it Fridtjof Nansen?" I believe he was alarmed about himself, thinking he had seen an apparition; but when he heard my well-known voice the tears came to his eyes, and, crying, "Thank God, you're still alive!" he rushed into my arms. Then came Johansen's turn. It was a moment of wild rejoicing, and numberless were the questions asked and answered on both sides. As one thing after another came into our heads, the questions rained around without coherence and almost without meaning. The whole thing seemed so incredible that a long time passed before we even collected ourselves sufficiently to sit down, and I could tell him in a somewhat more connected fashion what experiences we had gone through during these three years. But where