

of "casualties" there were only a few of the most trifling nature, such as a frozen big toe, a little skin-chafing here and there, a sore eye or two; that was all. However, we led a very regular life, with the twenty-four hours suitably distributed between work, exercise, and rest. We slept well and fed well, and so we were very little concerned at the fact that when being weighed on May 7th we were found to have lost flesh. However, the falling off was not great; the aggregate weight of the whole party was barely 8 pounds less than the month before.

There was, however, one complaint that we suffered from—a contagious one, though not of a dangerous nature. It became a fashion, or, if you like, a fashionable complaint, on board the *Fram*, to shave one's head. It was said that an infallible method of producing a more luxuriant growth of hair was to shave away the little hair that still adorned the head of the patient. Juell first started it, and then a regular mania set in, the others following his example one by one, with the exception of myself and one or two more. Like a cautious general, I first waited a while to see whether the expected harvest sprouted on my comrades' shaven polls; and as the hair did not seem to grow any stronger than before, I preferred a recipe ordered by the doctor—viz., to wash the head daily with soft soap and subsequently rub in an ointment. To make this treatment more effectual, however, and let the ointment get at the scalp, I followed the example of the others and shaved my head several times. Personally I do not believe that the process did any good, but Pettersen was of a different opinion. "The deuce take me," said he, one day afterwards when cutting my hair, "if the captain hasn't got some jolly strong bristles on his crown after that treatment."

The Seventeenth of May brought the finest weather that could be imagined. A clear, bright sky, dazzling sunshine, 10° to 12° of cold, and an almost perfect calm. The sun, which at this time of the year never sets throughout the twenty-four hours, was already high in the heavens, when at 8 A.M. we were awakened by the firing of a gun, and by joyous strains of the organ. We jumped into our clothes more speedily than usual, swallowed our breakfast, and with the liveliest expectation prepared