

think seriously of fetching back the things which still lay there. About midday I took a walk over towards the hummock to find out a suitable transport path, and discovered an excellent one. But some hours later, when I set off with men and sledges to fetch back the things, so many lanes had opened around the "estate" that we had to give up the attempt for that day. During the whole of September, and well on in October, there was almost incessant disturbance in the ice. New lanes opened on all sides, some close to the ship, and there were frequent pressures. The winter harbor we had found proved an excellent one. There was very little disturbance in the bay where the *Fram* was moored, thanks to the new ice we here had around us, of which the pressure was quite inconsiderable. It was quickly broken up, and the fragments forced over or under each other, while the two solid points of the bay bore the brunt of the attacks. Once or twice it seemed as though the *Fram* would be afloat again before the winter finally chained her in its icy fetters. On October 25th, for instance, it slackened so much in the lane nearest us that the ship lay free from the stern right to the fore-chains; but soon the ice packed together again, so that she was once more frozen quite fast. The hardest pressure occurred on October 26th and 27th, but the ship was not very severely attacked. Pressure, however, is more unpleasant in winter, on account of the deafening noise it makes when the ice is hurled against the ship's side. It was quite different in summer, when the ice is more tough and elastic, and the pressure goes on calmly and quietly.

After November 1st a more peaceful period set in; the pressures almost entirely ceased, the cold increased, the wind remained easterly, and we drifted at a steady rate northward and westward for the rest of the year.

During the autumn the drift had put our patience to a severe test. Owing to the prevailing westerly winds it bore steadily eastward, and day after day we looked in vain for a change. The only thing that kept our spirits up was the knowledge that, if we were going backward, it was slowly, sometimes very slowly, indeed. Even several days of westerly wind did not take us so