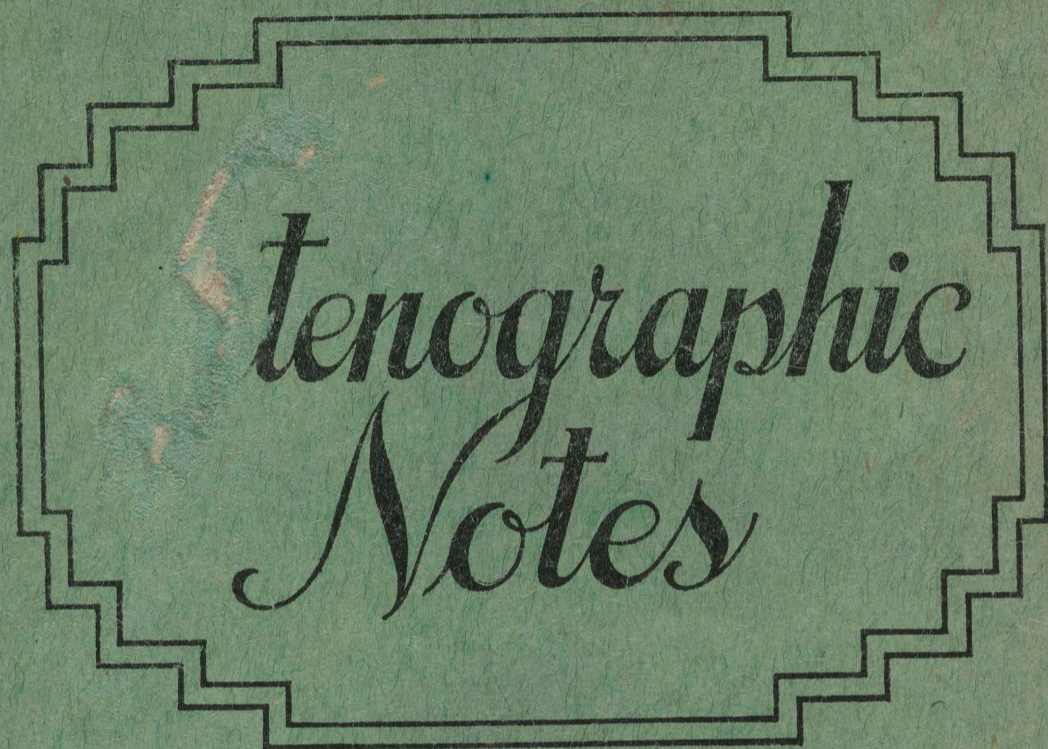


*Europe*  
**Li-Rite**

PATENTS PENDING

*No. 1*



TEN CENTS

No. 101

LI-RITE LICENSE NO. 1

No. 1

From Reno, June 16 1936

To Stockholm, July 21 1936

menu for San Francisco Ltd, Itinerary, and telegram from Seligman  
of 6-17-36 to folder #1

- The Snow Commission Journal -  
To Europe 1936

a venture not sought but arrived.

Lights Out.

June 16 - 10:30 p.m. Office closing like a funeral.

Quiet, with the faithful Helen guiding. Carl, Claude, Fred.

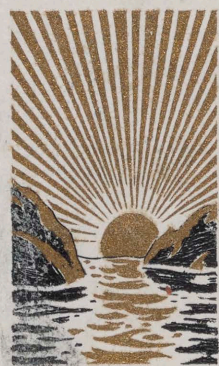
But exhilaration dampened by Seligman's bitter closing  
of attempts at reconciliation with Paulson. Am I too

preoccupied about Paulson? Seligman also refuses to  
write thru Secretary Diment. Is he peculiar or am I?  
But the cablegram:

The program also is "puzzling". "It is a working man's  
mess. long" - yes, he is right if "one hour" is given

to each paper. But more depressing, <sup>only</sup> a half dozen  
of the Commission will be there to read the papers - and no printing.

Can I make an about program effective? Can success



San Francisco Overland Limited

Chicago & North Western Ry.  
Union Pacific System  
Southern Pacific

was perfect. Florence was waiting as of old to go.

menu for San Francisco Ltd, ITinerary, and telegram from Seligman  
of 6-17-36 to folder #1

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a venture not sought but arrived.

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June 16 - 10:30 p.m. Office closing like a funeral.  
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of attempts at reconciliation with Paulson. Am I too  
prejudiced about Paulson? Seligman also refuses to  
write thru Secretary Diment. Is he peculiar or am I?  
But the cablegram:

The program also is "puzzling". It is a working man's-  
"near hang" - yes, he is right if "one hour" is given  
to each paper. But more depressing, <sup>only</sup> a half dozen  
of the Commission will be there to read the papers - and no preprinting.

Can I make an absent program effective? Can success  
come out of this? I shrink from going. Am I tired?

Good night to all, but they are coming to the train.

Willie has been outfitting me and vigorously insists that I  
have a good trip with extras he will send.

June 17. 3:30 by alarm. Parting.

Zero hours. A feeling of depression. But the day  
was perfect. Florence was waiting as of old to go.

Ora, Helen, Charlie, Claude, Willis at the train. They scolded my classification of friends: the wase and the unwise. Helen has become my youngest, but she has been "family baby" too long. "Claude!" I wish I could trade places with you. I wish he could.

Then my curtains at Lovelock come two messages: Telegrams from Willis & Ruth in folder 1

They believe in this trip and their dad.

A tiny boy in our car is distributing candy boxes to all in a tiny bucket.

White waiters are offering sandwiches and coffee. Black waiters with soft chairs inside to the diners. What is the distinction?

The Humboldt Meadows are lush. "Lots of water this year." But the ranges look barren.

Improving however as the train climbs into the pines.

"Great Salt Lake"! What history. Water levels near the top of the mountains - and we are on the white lake bed. What delicate pastel reflections of the mountains in the water. What a little water can do!

In the meadows of Ogden, with the hay in coars. Keben Canon a high notch. But there is no better if we go east.

Air Conditioning. I had taken it for granted until I stepped into the vestibule. A hot desert day, yet no dust and no heat. I dozed in comfort and increasing rest all day.

June 18. In Nebraska.

"Best numbered in the world". Hate my handwriting.

Fourteen hours in had. Then Cheyenne is as green and attractive as ever with its Richardsonian Depot, green lawns and trolley viaduct.

Poor Nebraska, as brown or thin green as Nevada. Drought in the Dakotas. Here too?

A card to "my faithful, Helen (or) Carl": "a happy car children and a baby." Tell me "Jack and the Bean Stalk". "In six years and five months, it is real home life. I like it despite my 'solitary North'."

I do crave the auto and last summer's method. A view thru a side slot is partial at best. I shall seek buses and bus-tops hereafter until Carl can again go with me.

Beyond North Platte.

The Platte - 1 mi. wide and 1 ft. deep. Irrigation ditches here. Nebraska is now green. Cultivating corn with a tractor - trails longer than ever longer. Grain waving and yellow.

Kearney - 2149 ft. I thought it sea-level. It is so level. Ogden - 803 # → 189 Council Bluffs

Air-Conditioning.

Too hot outside to see for ice-cream cones. Besides don't want them. A fair quantity.

at least local climate means nothing to us.  
Will such be the stratosphere flights of the future?

### Dinner in the Rear.

Sounds and feels like the autoist's "Return".  
But they do deliver coffee and sandwiches at  
10¢ each.

### To Bed at 7 p.m.

Omaha just a station. Council Bluffs  
missed the bluffs along the river where  
the Indians met in Council but saw  
an illuminated baseball game in the  
Indian hunting grounds.

### The Aurora.

Too bright to be aught else. No city  
under the starry sky or without fog could  
produce it. It was too far-line to be a  
beacon. City lights near by were oil-lamps  
in comparison. Then the sky was  
clear again - and then the aurora.  
A quiet halo <sup>with</sup> streamers with a band  
of clouds silhouetted against it. Wind.  
It was dawn - but the dawn is still

far distant,  
June 19.

### Morning.

In the green grass and fields that  
remind me of Michigan.

In Style?

The only one in shirt-waist. All in coats. Even the waiters. My blue shirt and brown-blue tie make me "impressive". I'm a "blue-shirt", but not a "blacker" or a "brown". I'm grateful for that.

Stopped.

Suddenly. That's why my handwriting has improved, but not our schedule. A big driver of our second engine lies on the gravel embankment. The wheel is too big to ride. So I sit and wait. And how reach Holly and the Panquet? Should I have written my tale and mailed it? The futility of planning. 55 & 60 mi.

All's yet well.

In Chicago 11:30 instead of 8:30. We were running at 55-60 mi. an hour (said the Conductor. Five weeks ago today he was given just one hour to live - Double pneumonia and toxic poisoning. Lost 16 lbs. But he's still here and so are we all. So he smiled "all's well that ends well".

And kindness multiplied in Chicago. "American Air Lines full up. and only one plane at 2:30 pm" reported Western Union office. Was then sent to little bus station across from depot, "12 hrs by bus to Flint, but bus north from Ann Arbor at 6 pm and Holly at 7 p.m." Back to Information at

"  
Station: New York Central leaves at 1 p.m. to  
Ann Arbor 5:35 p.m. 8 blocks over. Part of time.  
No, not daylight saving. This time up here, <sup>partly a railroad</sup> ~~close~~ <sup>close</sup> ~~overhead~~.  
potentially bad day saved. I'll be in for the nuts, tho  
I may miss the soup.

### Comedy of Errors

(June 22) I'm still weary of thinking of  
June 19. The lack of unity can wreck a  
day or a world. Sumtime, Central Standard  
Time, Eastern Standard Time

I nearly missed even the nuts, for eastern  
Michigan has Eastern Standard Time the year  
round. Therefore, at Ann Arbor I was  
too late for the bus and Hally 50 miles away.

Phoned Hally: "Can arrive at 9:25". Answer:  
"Will hold audience". But businessmen lingered  
long at Brighton to listen to Schmeling-Louis  
fight until in desperation I warned him  
that I was due at Hally at 9:25. For amends  
we had a fast ride up country lanes in a  
swirling bus. "Get her bus."

Hally 10:15 p.m. The audience was still  
there. They too had stayed the program to  
listen to the prize fight and a pinch-  
speaker, holding the audience for me,



still continued talking for fifteen minutes.

"Days Old and New". So from 10:30 to 11:00 I talked on moral vs intellectual education. One unity of classes and nations. One of the largest and finest high school alumni association meetings I have seen.

"In Class of 1887". Fifty years next year. I must come back. Only one of class dead. I won't while plane. I had forgotten all dates. Fifty years is <sup>only</sup> yesterday. Newsclipping "Scientist of International Fame Visits Old Homestead" in folder 1

June 20. Back to Amherst. Southeast graduation <sup>on bleachers.</sup>  
In place of Sunday Baccalaureate and Monday Graduation, all in one on Saturday, address only 20 min.

while aeroplane hummed overhead. Esther Van Peltman new gray and world authority on Roman architecture was honored.

Dinner at Michigan Union with Sol Eisenstaedt internationalist like myself and radiant with generosity. He wanted to meet me abroad.

Started phoning to friends and jammed it 11 p.m.

I have now grown "red" on times.

June 21, Old Friends. Guest of Beatrix Bredt.

Heber D. Curtis just had to run down.

Has given up eclipse hunting. Then Jean Krans.

He now lives on a hilltop in a New England

house. How white - he and Lena - and sad

Margaret was brought home. "She belongs here."

John is a radio researcher in direction -  
now their sole child, but brilliant. Dr. Hobbs  
frailer but enthusiastic. His Peary book is  
lauded but can not find a publisher. The  
public a slow buyer of standard biography.  
Dr. Bishop and Helen, his sister, after 35 years.  
He a world authority on library science.

Little Belnap brought me my hat when  
I lingered too long on my compressed schedule.  
I retorted "So sorry you must hasten on".

Lisle Crittenden and graduating daughter, comrade  
in Greece in 1901 and eager reader of last  
summer's Journal. "Send me this summer's  
Journal too." And Mrs Kelsey so deaf, so motherly.  
She recognized me tho she saw me last in Greece.

Dinner with the Krauses at Women's Union  
with Gertrude Bued and the Curtises. <sup>Dean Krause's secretary still eager after her  
Western trip.\*</sup> Joe Drake,  
old teacher, aging but gentle. Still deeply  
interested in my work and its growth.

Then a ride with Heber J. to Lansing. He had  
an aunt there he had not seen for long  
and so would like to take me and Gertrude too.

Wather's Lane. Among eager, solicitous  
relatives. "Money is not all" is Rena's motto.  
Louie found the Humphrey grave. It will be  
easily possible to place a flat panel in  
the turf over Wather's name.

\* "Tried twice to enter Yonville  
but was prevented by snow."

Charlie taken by tragedy after waiting so long for my coming. A beautiful grove with ornamental trees and flowers, daily visited is affording consolation. Family ties are taking on a new meaning for me. But marriage ties are still as close as those of birth.

June 22 - a Half Day to Each. The family has become accustomed to calls but they are far from formal.

Palm beach suit pretty but has grown cold. I should have brought my overcoat. So borrowed one and a blanket.

From Lansing to Grand Sedge to Byron to Holly. Michigan's forests growing up again. There are ribbon highway parks or even a lunch table under a spreading tree. The roads are well and distinctly named. Artistry enters in. The lakes have names made prominent for the wayfarer.

June 23. The Old Home.

I had planned never to visit the old home again but Francis, the youngest, has made it a shrine of idealism and longs to remain, tho a larger field of activity beckons from afar. The old river is growing up to giant willows and has park possibility. The old pond has become almost a park lake. Bullhead, Sunfish, Babyhole swimming spots

holes were obvious but so contracted. Childhood had made them a broad world.

To the cemeteries. Grandfather's and Grandmother's graves never before visited. Bible quotations on each. Mother's contains a stone from "Mt Eisenbry" near Mt Scoville brought by Father in sentiment of the naming of this place for her. Could linger with the memories suggested by the stones. All Holly here. Would like to talk on these. Getting old?

To Mr Morris. Good roads, suburban homes. Old barns and houses falling but being replaced. The dignified homes of old days need only paint & be worthy of the present. Parks have become building sites. How long will it take <sup>for</sup> the lakes to grow into meadows?

Old Flint with its lumber mills and floating logs gone. Factories in their stead. Lumber and salt have now become autos. Country roads have become boulevards.

To Oxford. Hills higher, valleys wider. Towns old but renewed. Michigan a land of towns and lakes. Never here before.

Tiny Edna and her large family of impressive boys. I always loved her.

Post card of Hotel Ft. Shelby in Folder 1

Detroit - On way again. Nettie Metcalf Johnson not at home. Failed to call up Ametta Robson at Lansing. Fannie Squires in town there these many years. So missed Florence's girlhood friends entirely. Homesick. Visited old Detroit River and D&C. boats, but water dirty. Was it always so? And a suspension bridge has narrowed the river.

June 24 - Nearing Pittsburgh. Banks of the Ohio rugged but hills foliaged as in Michigan. Boats pushing their flats. Pits on the steamers' stems to avoid splashing from their stern wheels.

Twice here before, but only at night in the lurid glow of steel furnaces.

Now at 7:30 am. raining and cool. Guest of Ruth Kern's brother, Guy Battles. Saw Pittsburgh from Gulf Building (Mellon's Oil Co.). 38 stories. Below me the two rivers, Washington's mainline, Fort Duquesne, the Cathedral of Learning, "the Tubes", the metropolitan valleys, the distant <sup>Allegheny</sup> Observatory of Heber D. Then in the streets below the water line 4 feet above the pavement - marking the spring floods Guy had had

large plans but my card had only that morning arrived. But his "Rieger's Duplicating and Mailing Service" was almost automatic and ideal in its methods and scope and unusual for ~~its~~ the freedom and loyalty of its crew. "Pittsburgh superior to other cities in its spirit."

Thru Pennsylvania. The state has a rock foundation - limestone or sandstone. River banks steep. Ravines numerous, all slopes scrub-covered. Stream beds scarce but little but are rusty in color. Clay or iron?

Coal talus along streams, veins 200-300 feet deep. "In Westmoreland County coal layers are on surface. Near Reading in southeast are the anthracite (hard coal) measures."

Floods. "at 319 Third Avenue (Batt's office) water 3-4 ft. deep. Entire nose of Pittsburgh covered. Very little soil to carry or hold water. Thus heavy rains dangerous. Finger streams feed into wrist streams. The Allegheny brought the flood. The Monongahela was slow. So saved from

double or joint crest which would have been 15 ft. higher. Ice loosened and came down in first flood. Stream then fell to normal. Then <sup>came</sup> 48 hours of rain with downpours at intervals. Navigation dams below Pittsburgh helped back water up. There were detention dams only on the Allegheny. Must have them on its tributaries also. Mud in Pittsburgh above the awler - Thus a native companion on the train.

Johnstown ("The Throat"). Floods of course. River confined, Cambria Steel Works fill all of river bottom like Johnstown paper mill. Bed of river in spots almost invisible.

Soil black as Dutch Flat is red. Vegetal cover not so thrifty tho ferns are thick. Soil looks like cinderbed. Yes, vegetation is fairly heavy, but trees rarely exceed 50 feet in height. Many are locust. Scrub may be sumac.

Altoona - a gorge. Auto road follows the bottom. The railroad clings to the top and descends only gradually by a

great horseshoe bend to maintain proper grades. In horseshoe a series of reservoirs for Altoona. On distant slope of valley "Gable Company Department Store of Altoona" like some college initial. Descent somewhat like that from Summit to Truckee.

Altoona is a large city and advertisers take advantage of it: "Altoona's Dominant Furniture Store". Follow the leader idea?

Resources. Coal, coke, steel. Forests continuous but can furnish little more than cordwood. Agriculture slight. Some hay as in Scotland. Fruit? Why not? But where? Pennsylvania Railway's rolling stock mainly coal cars like the Reading's.

Not an easy march for Washington except along trails. Erosion almost nil. It's a rockbound region.

Downslope. Altoona Bend was at the crest. We are now going down the Susquehanna Basin. More rolling.

Farm area increasing. Some erosion.

But the flood was an avalanche.

River fringe torn up in spots. Smaller



Trees in flats bent over as by snowslide.  
Debris in their tops. So far miles.

The fields themselves are golden as if  
untouched. They must have been planted later.

Lewiston. "Viscose Co. The World's Largest  
Manufacturer of Rayon".

Flood Memento. A high iron bridge  
15 feet above present water has  
upstream fence bent over by the  
flood crest. Debris still in its grill work.  
Saw trees on bank all tip downstream.  
Big trees erect. Hay and grain fields show  
no damage at all. Must have grown up  
later.

Susquehanna near Harrisburg very  
broad and boulder strewn. Yet some  
small stern-wheelers on it. Like Potomac  
almost. Broad river rocky but mountains  
steep on either side.

Crossing on great stone causeway (bridge).  
Air-Conditioning and Daylight-Saving. The  
latter a snare. D.S.T. at Pittsburgh,  
E.S.T. at Harrisburg and D.S.T. at Philadelphia.  
So dined before 5 at Harrisburg tho it  
was 5 by my watch. See "Special".

Pamphlet "P. R.R. Dining Car Service"  
in folder #1

Beyond Harrisburg - Valley broad. Cross  
between Michigan and Sacramento Valley.  
Broad farm-lands well kept. Colonial  
homesteads. Forests only on knees of hills.  
Large spreading trees. Grain golden.  
Corn nearing knee-height.

Dredges taking coal dust from bed  
of river to sell. Floated down from the  
mines.

Mining Car is selling food thru the  
coaches. All lines seem to be catering  
to the public. The Challenger and the Union  
Pacific sets the fastest pace.

Hedge of low rambling roses covering top  
of cut thru a town. Native or planted?  
More roses - Railway adornment - at  
Paoli (some Paoli).

Philadelphia. Schuylkill just a river.  
Philadelphia a suburban city. Anne  
at the "throat" of the stairs <sup>not</sup> to miss me.

A tip for our dinner to the proprietor who  
served us! A sincere evening.

June 25. Anne has only deficient girls.  
Her principal very efficient and understanding.  
We parted at her school.

To Jersey City. Dirty cars tho air-conditioned.  
Princeton on its slope like Warrens Cathedral.  
I must enter some day.

Thought Newark was Hoboken but was  
kindly steered at Manhattan Junction to  
Jersey City. Soon Ruth, then immediately  
Donald and Pearl. Letters many.

New York City. Opening the visa campaign.  
Again D.S.T. and closing at 4.

architectural canyons\*, "but finally fascinating"  
says Donald. The Subtreasury Building,  
George Washington's Statue, Horace Greeley - all  
grand. The Cupola Ceiling also medieval  
(by Faulkner?). America is finding herself  
artistically. Germans eager to sell  
Reichmarks 4 for \$1.<sup>00</sup>. Only 2 if you use  
ordinary German coinage. But I shall not  
be long in the country and can obtain a  
refund only upon return to the United States.

Ships now sail at midnight. Not the  
tide but to avoid congestion.

June 26. Donald is procuring the visas while  
remain at Jersey City and route.

More members for the Commission - from Chile.  
More papers offered. Big wants me to stop

\* before broadening by the  
increasing law.

at Washington. Phoned my "Chewing-gum Girl". She laughed heartily over the phone at the title. Eager for my MS on Evaporation to arrive. Macmillan favors my Greenland Diary but has it still under consideration. Will write me both at Reno and Paris.

But Scientific American considers my "Human Side of Snow" 100 percent reminiscent. by sealed verdict of 5 judges. They want 20 percent reminiscent and 80 percent scientific detail. <sup>Sary.</sup> Returned yesterday. The editor, Mr. Ingalls, suggests Scientific Monthly. I have instructed Carl to try it. Next time I may write along the line of Mr. Ingalls' early memoranda. He hadn't forgotten them. He keeps copies of his notes.

Scenic New Jersey. Skyline Palisades enclosing New York's towers and the Hackensack marsh

The broad driveway  
rank Air Post and  
ersey City reservoir  
playground for  
and skating in

a Jersey City Policeman's Daughter  
When mother after meeting Braddeck  
at the Police Commissioner's Reception:

"Mother, shake the hand that  
shakes the champ's and get a  
thrill."

Mother: "Don't you think you had  
better wash your hand?"  
this from the apartment below my Brother's.

immortality as in '727. Said he: The

normal view is that "If you die live a  
still meeting an

at Washington. Phoned my "Chewing-gum Girl". She laughed heartily over the phone at the title. Eager for my MS on Evaporation to arrive. Macmillan favors my Greenland Diary but has it still under consideration. Will write me both at Reno and Paris.

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Scenic New Jersey. Skyline Palisades enclosing New York's towers and the Hackensack marsh or tidal meadows. The broad driveway from New York to the Newark Air Port and Lakehurst. The old Jersey City reservoir now turned into a playground for tennis in the summer and skating in the winter.

Professor J. Helder. Still writing on immortality as in 1927. Said he: "The normal view is that 'If you die live a

dog, why not live like a dog? You live  
in the spirit world but in the present."  
He counts this remarkable and wants  
to read my Greenland Diary.

June 27. Marjorie's Day. Marjorie rode all  
night in an auto from Maine to see me -  
14 hours. The whole day is hers. Still  
only 16 in spirit. Almost thru Columbia.  
She is wanted at Gaucher College, Baltimore -  
one of the leading girls' colleges in America.

To Sally Belknap's - via Washington Bridge.  
Limitless view from Sally's windows over  
Van Cortlandt Park, an old estate since  
Colonial times. Goodbye to Marjorie, my child.  
She must travel by train from midnight till  
noon to return to her duties. She is Counselor  
in a Jewish camp for children and  
supervises the seniors.

Lights over the park - stationary and moving.  
Sally and Marjorie used to run round the  
track there in the early morning until  
a watchman became alarmed for their safety.

June 28. The atmospheric effects are  
soothing. A land Coast. Rounded clumps  
of trees. a forested hillside. The original

New York. But Sally goes to Devonshire and Cornwall to find herself.

She lives Tahoe for <sup>its</sup> friends. "No attraction last year, for your spirit was gone". "It is not your specialty but your broad spirit that accomplishes things. You would succeed as well in other lines." She cares little for Lake Louise, for the glaciers are too unevenly spread. Flies and insects are rare in New York.

We call up the Police Department for a very few flies. But the subway means an immediate bath.

To St John the Divine. Sally wanted me to visit the Youwers Church for its medieval interior. But plans took us to the City. I shall see her again, I hope, in England.

I was eager to solve the mystery of St John the Divine, all too obvious. Started as a St Sophia, it has gradually been extended into an English cathedral but with the great arches of the dome still showing externally. These will some day become transepts.

They still worship in the dome. The nave is merely the approach. Even the center of the church is too large for the voice without loud-speakers. But

Order of Service of the Cathedral and  
Abstract of log of the R. M. S. Laconia  
in folder 1

even with them the human stature is too small. The combined voice of the choir however fits the cathedral. It is a place for the soul of man rather than his body.

The apse is Byzantine in pillars and windows. The rose windows of the nave are jewel-like and therefore harmonious. But the piers are overwhelmingly massive and as yet lack mellowness. The great doors are of metal.

The communion service was a blend of devoted worshippers, soft cadences by the choir and the deep roll of thunder without. At its close the candles as evidence of the visible spirit were extinguished.

How long before the candles will be turned out instead of being put out? Very long, for in this is the spirit of veneration.

Riverside Drive. A ribbon park with outlooks on the Hudson. Grant's Tomb was built 30 years too soon. Riverside Church has unity but is crowded somewhat by other buildings. A single-tower church.

The apartment of the Friedmans has



a view over the Drive and upon the New Jersey hills. The fresh & strong wind is the only drawback. The family is all dear. Russell has grown slender and intellectual. He won Gertrude Beed and Lena Kraus completely. He won me. Here kinship and choice were together.

June 29. New York City Impressions.

New York City is built on a rock. Rapid Transit does not pay interest. Cost too much to dig the hole. The advertisements miles long on the walls no factor of sufficient insight, except to clog your thoughts.

Empire State Building the master. Its window panels, mass, and symmetry fascinate. Its lighting and decoration within are impressive. Chrysler Building is over freakish.

Rockefeller Center excellent as a unit but not overwhelming. The Municipal Exhibit of art is very pleasing. Nevada's work as good as the majority but the East is manifestly superior. The reason is Redfield and Woodbury. Statuary good. No crafts. No vases.

\*  
\*  
Churches. Most of the newer churches all seem  
are stouter than the old and  
more harmonious with the  
city blocks into which they are  
crowded and become a continuous  
part. Such is Emmanuel.

Riverside Church evidently belongs  
to this class except that its  
tower rises high. Within it is  
too broad like an accordion squeezed  
up. The embryonic side aisles give  
undue emphasis to the center.

Grant's Tomb. "Remove your hats."  
The sarcophagi of General and Mrs Grant  
look over massive and square.

means nothing to me. She: I have to live  
by it. I'll write you later. Have you a  
moment to look thru our office? a  
delightful ten minutes followed with  
Miss Platt, Librarian as guide. To her:  
"Keep the Station on your list for Bibliography."  
Gladys stands by the Commission of Glaciers.  
"Give me the high spots at Edinburgh."  
"How are you going?" "To Boston. I'll pick up  
the Tacoma there," said I. She, <sup>and Donald</sup> laughed  
gaily at my absurd phrasing. Am I a  
Barnum and Bailey? Miss Platt says she  
likes them.

Geographical Review. Gladys' looks all sunk  
in intellectuality. Her eyes always open  
for something new. Problem is to eliminate  
from the world's wealth. Evaporation <sup>plates</sup> ~~MS~~  
spread out on her table and ~~MS~~  
open on her desk. Carl had done  
a good job of assembling. "are you  
doing anything new? Can the large  
tables be omitted? No chance to publish  
before April." I: "alright, the calendar  
means nothing to me." She: "I have to live  
by it. I'll write you later." Have you a  
moment to look thru our office? a  
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Barnum and Bailey? Miss Platt says she  
likes them.

a view over the Drive and upon the

Home to Pippa - Dear as ever. Grateful  
for Ruth's friendship and so happy that  
I am planning to visit at Fano with her  
mother and baby. She brought me a  
clothes brush with an almost complete  
toilet outfit in the top.

"Bangsted is on the Tidende(?) leading  
newspaper. Explains no longer.

Lange Koch under fire of his fellow  
scientists for "reckless" opinions and  
has lost his degrees. I'm genuinely sorry.

June 30. To Boston. Need to hasten. Doctor  
Brooks is waiting.

They deserted New York - 7 a.m. D.S.T. <sup>at seven.</sup> How  
fast, how comfortably by auto. All at station -  
three-quarters here ahead. Goodbyes. No  
parting advice. Camp Signs in Waiting Room.  
Children going to the country in groups. Departure  
at its height. John and I have <sup>rich red</sup> roses at our  
buttonholes provided when asleep by the  
landlord.

Out at 7:35. Ferns, flowers, mild  
rambler roses on rock ledges or walls.  
Hanging vines. So this is Rural New England.

Rye, Connecticut? No, still New York. George  
Palmer Putnam's home. Rain last night.  
Overcast.

Normal, Connecticut: "Theater in the  
Roads. Music under the Stars".

Meadow River - The "Sound" beyond.

This is a picture. Soft sea meadows

New Haven. a nondescript town. The

"1636-1936"

"Commons" and its church quaint and  
Colonial. Yale has the English ivied  
cloisters but the grandeur of New York.

It is the Oxford of American universities.

The "Sound" has inlets and harbors many,  
as in the "White Blot" of Van Dyke. The  
inlets and tidal meanders are tiny  
mostly. Some have houses on rocky knolls.  
Flatbottomed boats on the grass. Low  
bridges.

The Connecticut Valley! Named first at  
outlet? a tiny empire, a mild Hudson  
such as the Puritans would choose.

I should like to ascend and explore it.

Providence. Domes and a sky-scraper.  
a center of population, 265,000, but much  
scrub.

a view over the trees and upon the

"Tomorrow Dominion Day at Montreal.  
How near to July fourth. Thus speaks  
a redhaired mechanical woman.  
She can't hear a sound but understands  
by vibrations and lip movement. Voice  
sounds like a squawk or mechanical  
larynx. Little modulation, but she  
smiles with her eyes.

Our coach is aluminum in look  
and finish. Metal-tube seats with  
deep upholstery. Round mirrors,  
Red bands for trimmings. Broad aisle.  
Clean washrooms. Foot trips for seat.

Boston. Fergusson waiting. New England  
homes are harmonious in style.

The country lanes are mature and mellow.  
Doctor Brooks is one bunch of enthusiasm.  
young, a country lad in appearance, devoted  
to a large family and his work.

July 1. Blue Hill. a country road up the  
hillside, winding among trees. Chestnut  
trees gone. Stumps their mementoes.  
Soon one is apart from the world.  
at the top a stone building.

at the entrance a monument to Patch

But others are supporting the work. The credit must be expanded. There is too little of the "unknown soldier" idea.

A busy spot. Little money, much enthusiasm and loyalty. No smoking. Danger from fire, Brooks objects.

Massachusetts Bay to the north. Peaks 20 mi., 44 mi., and 75 mi. away.

Mount Washington is nearly 200.

Salvatore Pagliuca is myself. all engrossed in time and discovery. Has many observations and sketches.

We shall use a modified evaporation pan to measure the deposition.

He offers to take me to Mt Washington. I have accepted. Blessed four days of grace. I had only dared dream of it.

a postcard to Mr Adie by us all. He had been rather unhappy at Harvard. He is now in Virginia, retired.

Stone aided me greatly. He desires a polished print of Mount Rose Observatory for Soudlick Observatory. I have written Carl for it.

He desires also a copy of all News Bulletins for the Office of Experiment Stations.

for the Bulletin of the American Meteorological Society. He is the new editor.

Stone told me much about Scandinavia. Ahlmann not over 45. Versatile and fine. The Hogskola is really the University.

I should ask Stetterman for the Swedish Report on Water Power - 5 vols. It is invaluable. Sweden slopes gradually with a sudden fall toward the east. Much storage, many waterpower sites. Norway is far more rugged.

The master of varves should also be visited.

Could a streamforecast system be developed for the Appalachians? Silt is a great problem there.

Mountain Observatory promised soon for Great Smoky Mountains in the South to detect hurricane weather. Better than Mt. Washington, which is too far east except possibly for Lower Canada. Mt. Evans Colorado chosen for mountain research has been offered.

\* Fergusson suggested that I return via Boston and speak before Rossby's seminar.

Blue Hill will always be safeguarded. It has become a state park. No autos may

\* Brooks will send 2 copies of his MS: one in care of Linnert, the other in care of Major Galtie at Edinburgh. English will do likewise.



enters except on special permit for the day  
only.

To Canton to see the Claytons. Quite  
apart in parklike woodland. 60 acres.  
But land will not pay its taxes in  
agriculture. Yet 2,500,000 people are centered  
here round Boston. Both are frail.  
His flesh looks white. He is 75. Yet he  
is nursing his project of forecasting the  
weather from Solar Radiation, and cheers  
me on. His daughter is making a  
# collection of stamps displaying waterfalls. I  
have promised to help while abroad.

To Little Lord Fontleroy, with the Fergussons.  
They had often gone and still "mept."  
A companion for "Abie's Irish Rose". Fittingly  
chosen by the League of Nations for honor.

July 2. Our wedding day 42 years ago. Not so long.  
The passport still lingers. Wire has been  
sent. Waiting for the mail till 9.

To Mr Washington

"Sal. Hepatica" ready at 8 with a V-8  
roadster. Past M.I.T. "Rosby a potential  
giant in mathematics as compared with  
Krick of Pasadena. The latter essentially  
an engineer." Bunker Hill Monument sits

for the Bulletin of the American Meteorological Society. He is the new editor.

Stone told me much about Scandinavia

law down. Boston hills are not high. Outskirts of Boston are colorless. Could be Detroit or Reno. But the open country seemed genuinely New England in homes and trees. Beach detours, "fried Clams" signs.

Traffic signs adequate. At critical points "Keep Single Line" (i.e. No passing); also wider areas marked off for passing.

Thus

---

at Massachusetts State line a battery of filling stations of every company. Price in Massachusetts cheaper than in New Hampshire. A gasoline Gretna Green?

The day is clear and cloudless. A cool seabreeze comes inland. To Portsmouth the coast is near.

The dead are crowding out the living. Cemeteries vie with town-halls as scenic centers.

Sal wants to go to Europe with me. My boundless schedule makes him think me a "superman". He is a dreamer too.

Pineham Notch.

Foliage unharmonious in its dull rough greens and soft to vivid greens. Thick birch as thick and deep as dog's fur.

Presidential Range - a long graceful range deep cut with steep ravines.

4 mi. road from Notch. Just room to pass. Rocks rough.

Ignorant. Road bed poor. Fee \$5.00 for car and driver and \$1.00 for each passenger.

6292 ft.  
Mt W - a mountain of tragedy. Markers frequent.

70 in. annual precip. Fog.

Rime. About 2/3 of time.

Abundant timberland. Arctic meadows as in Colo but with protruding rocks. Trail paved with stones.

A Detour: "Longest distance between two points."

a Definition: "Return: Longest distance between two points."

A Detour: "Roughest distance between two points."

Walked back in  
twilight & barred  
ambush.

all trails and roads monumented  
every 100 feet with monuments  
5ft. high surmounted by white  
stones to make path conspicuous  
in storm and fog.

Evening. Silver lakes everywhere.  
atmospheric blue in gorges.  
a miniature, mild Grand Canyon,  
Full moon. Sometimes  
narrow ribbon of sea can  
be seen toward Portland  
silvery in moonlight, but not  
tonight.

Followed cogroad to head  
of Great Gulf. Train down  
on compression. Could  
keep up with it. Oldest <sup>cog</sup> road.  
"Pepper pot" oldest engine.  
Brakes on every wheel and  
a brakeman at handbrake.

a definition: Detour: "Roughest distance between  
two points."

A Detour: "Roughest distance between two points."

No settling of maintenance  
as one Pine's Peak.

New Weather House being built  
by Ry to be repaid \$500 a year.

Ferguson loves the mts.  
3000' up last winter. Specimens  
shoot almost directly down  
the steep-faced ravines.

Wind. 490 ft.  
Hum. 36%

Florence's wedding day 42 yrs <sup>ago</sup>.  
Water <sup>pumped</sup> from base of mt. 2000 lbs  
pressure pump.

July 3. -  
Air line no bore for freshness.  
Clouds forming below. Are they  
centers of accumulation?

The bell, the spirit of Mt Washington,  
was silent at sunrise. The  
sky was too cloudy hazy.

It begins to feel like Pine's Peak,  
41°F last night. Diurnal variation  
small.

a definition: Detour: "Roughest distance between  
two points."

Down. Arrangements for  
purchase of Presidential Cigar  
from Richmond Natl. Wata.  
to Appalachian Club there.

Rain for a time. Then  
overcast.

Back then Rochester, Iowa

Prof. Cass <sup>Grande</sup> says  
Greatly appreciative. Will prepare  
paper. Recommends old teacher  
at view, Professor Sheffernan, for  
membership.

Passport here. Gardner Museum  
closed today <sup>and tomorrow</sup> Sorry,  
for very original.

Boston Mus. <sup>open</sup>. I marvel  
at richness and scarcity of objects.  
Rhidian Lens. Tergussone  
attracted by it. Egyptian abundant  
and in color.  
Corot, Eng., Amer (Homer).  
Leather roll of priest Egypt.

YOU CAN SELL IT IF YOU TELL IT - BY MAIL

good blend of old and newer.  
Need a guide. Would become  
lost in Boston. Rand <sup>due</sup> Sunday or Monday.

RIEGER'S  
Duplicating and Mailing Service, Inc.  
319 Third Avenue  
Pittsburgh, Pa.

COurt 2624

MEMO

Portsmouth, to Newburyport,  
Cambridge, Boston  
N.E. is attractive. Paul is  
right.

<sup>Casagrande</sup>  
Prof. ~~Casagrande~~ on phone.  
Greatly appreciative. Will prepare  
paper. Recommends old teacher  
at UConn, Professor Shaffernan, for  
membership.

Passport here. Gardner Museum  
closed today <sup>and</sup> tomorrow. Sorry,  
for very original.

Boston Mus. <sup>seems</sup> open. I marvel  
at richness and rarity of objects.  
Phidian Zeus. Tergusson  
attracted by it. Egyptian abundant  
<sup>and in color.</sup>  
Corot, Eng., Amer. (Homer).  
Leather roll of priest Egypt.

YOU CAN SELL IT IF YOU TELL IT - BY MAIL

good blend of old and newer.  
Need a guide. Would become  
lost in Boston. Paul <sup>due</sup> Sunday or Monday.

COurt 2624

Duplicating and Printing Service, Inc.  
319 Third Avenue  
Pittsburgh, Pa.

319 Third Avenue  
Pittsburgh, Pa.

COurt 2624

MEMO

One half hour only. "Would  
take a day" attendant. yes,  
a week.

Plainly I am losing too much  
by omitting cities and galleries.  
Must change place.

Library. Remarkable as  
architecture. McKim, Meade, White's <sup>design</sup>  
Abbey's Holy Grail a masterpiece.  
Medieval, yet very human. Rich  
in color.

Sargent's Prophets themselves  
effective. Remainder is too  
heraldic, too gold encrusted

\* Orig of cards of Holy Grail \$1.00  
Buy! Ring deer. Failed see.  
Overlooked, except in reproduction.

Boston Common very common  
but much used. State House  
good blend of old and newer.  
Need a guide. Would become  
lost in Boston. Rand <sup>due</sup> Sunday or Monday.



July 3. Parting from Salvatore. "A mountain is what you make it. You have made Mt Washington. You are after my own heart and way". He: "One hour not enough to make you remember me. So I planned the trip to Mt Washington". Even the first ten minutes at Blue Hill etched him on my memory. He will work tomorrow. He avoids the confusion of holidays.

Prof. Arthur Casagrande  
nominates Prof. F. Shaffernak  
Technische Hochschule, Wien,  
his teacher, as a member  
of the Commission for Austria.  
"I must bear greetings to him."

German Society will and Van der Meer to come.  
Chile has sent in a title for the program.  
Carl has sent his "last letter here".

July 4. Noise mild. Reached Mrs Graham.  
Dine with her at 6:30 p.m. She will host  
her day's trip to her sister.

"Doctor Hobbs barred from Greenland, but

Parting from Salvatore. "A mountain is what you make it. You have made Mr Washington. You are after my own heart and way". He: "One hour not enough to make you remember me. So I planned the trip to Mr Washington". Even the first ten minutes at Blue Hill etched him on my memory. He will work tomorrow. He avoids the confusion of holidays.

Wearry, but healthfully so. Young no more?  
Problems. More letters. Printing so many papers is a financial problem with Diament but says he "your Commission is larger". "Better come for your letters." Too important, evidently. Lüttschq will work for Lammery and hopes I speak German or French. Sarge is eager to come and will if he can find the money. The German Society will aid Pauline to come. Chile has sent in a title for the program. Carl has sent his "last letter here".

July 4. Noise mild. Reached Mrs Graham. Dine with her at 6:30 p.m. She will host her day's trip to her sister.

"Doctor Hobbs barred from Greenland, but

not the boys" - Fergusson. I had never heard.

Today I write. Then we all go to the Laconia. "Worth the fun" - Mrs Fergusson. Their friendship dear.

The Laconia delayed until after 6 pm. Fog. So ourselves started late for the dock with our baggage. Saw Faneuil Hall, Cradle of American Liberty. Rather unimpressive as compared with Independence Hall.

Dinner with Mrs Graham. Arrived 6:45. She was waiting with Doctor Lascaris. We had a New England Dinner: Crabs, lobster, blueberries in cream. The crabs were as dainty as eggplant, but the lobster was resistant. The berries took me back to Michigan. I must call her up on my return and take dinner immediately with her. "Have you any acquaintances aboard?" "No." "Then make none. Rest." I wish that I could.

aboard. The Fergussons called for me. The sun was setting like a red bell. at 8. All Boston was on board as visitors. Autos stored by 10:30 pm. Fuel Oil finally pumped aboard from a lighter.

Under way at 11:30 p.m., Ceiling lights,  
Buoys everywhere, Fortified islands.  
Fireworks like Ferris wheels in the sky.  
A Seaman: "We are all blood-brothers,  
Why the fireworks? Only injuries and  
danger to the ship." The effect of the  
teagrounds or American love of noise?  
As if in answer, an excursion boat  
passed by, crowded like sheep on all three  
decks, low down in the water. Yet  
all happy. Last boat for the night?

More lights, circling far out. Massachusetts  
bay is a bowl and only after 1 a.m.  
did the pilot finally doff his cap and  
pass to a cruising schooner with  
bright light at the masthead.

First Companion - Rogers of California walking  
the deck like myself lest he miss  
anything. Such was his greeting. I always  
meet men with Ten-O-Shadow caps.

Berth Mates. McVie had my bunk No. 4.  
He had lost his to a fat man who  
might suffer the fate of a ripe melon  
if he fell from the upper. So I eagerly  
accepted <sup>his</sup> No. 3 for it had the only perchale.

but had to convince McVie that I preferred  
the readjustment.

Ship's Mail - On my bunk the last copy  
of Geographical Review from Gladys Wrigley -  
a treasure house of my specialties.

Telegrams from Frank-Ruth-Todd, Pippe,  
Stanley Pargellis ("Hurrah for Mount Rose"), letters  
from Charlie Chatfield, Gertrude Bred,  
John and Francis. How the arms of memory  
and affection reach out. *Jessie - Twin.*

What Have I Lost? Dagny returned the day  
I left New York. I could have visited Paul if I  
could have gone to Washington <sup>and met Ray and Sherman</sup>. I missed  
Nettie Metcalf at Detroit. I missed also the  
Gardner Museum at Boston. But how many  
other things I would have lost had my  
schedule been slowed up.

I now have new plans and anticipations.  
The galleries of America must be visited  
and its architecture\*. I must attend the  
fiftieth anniversary of my Hally High School class  
next year, and I must visit the relatives.  
I've missed so many things to keep life  
close-knit and pulsing.

Letter from Jessie Richards and telegram from Tessa in folder 1

\* Brewster's more Chicago, Argonne at Pennsylvania,  
Fagy Museum at Hamard. Iceland  
Rond

July 5. "Thrilled". Yes, for a moment, I am home again. The boat rises slightly. The horizon is vapory. Fog has now come on. Occasional responsive whistles can be heard.

But I am suddenly tired. So to bed before my open port with the cold wind giving comfort thru the thin blanket. Deep, long sleep will bring rest. Tomorrow I shall get a steamer chair and hole in.

Four at a table. I slipped in as the fourth.

Table Mates. The Gayles from Providence. Many times over. No room for the auto on board. \$340 is the price for all incl. insurance and <sup>gas</sup> enough for 200 mi. I still prefer my bicycle. Leo the son is an athlete. Has kicked average over 40 yds in "Notre Dame junior" but could not kneel at service. Stiff knee. One of many football accumulations. "But the sport is becoming one of skill rather than brawn".

The father recalled Nevada with a hearty reminiscence. "yes, Carson City. Bob Fitzsimmons licked Corbett there". And I: "as Gene Johnson licked Jeffries in our round". "No, in 14 rounds". He knew his prize fights.

But Leo doubts my stories of the waitress on the Hans Egede who had one foot on the floor and the other on the wall to be ready to stand on either. "Isn't that a bit fanciful?" So I told him of sitting on the floor to put on my pants. Will overweight of stories tales convince him?

an athletic Tournament of Deck Tennis, Deck Quarts, Ping Pong, Shuffle Board, and Bull Board is being arranged at 2:30 pm. Mother urges that he enter (for steamer life is falling) but he wants nothing smaller than a basket ball game. Mother: "Don't forget". Leo: "That's the fourth time". He is now contented. Two boys, two girls in rugs in steamer chairs in the fog.

Boat Drill. We need some clue to this labyrinth. The routes are as confusing as Boston's. There are no thoroughfares on decks A and B. To reach the dining room, lounge, and writing room you must take deck C and then climb or descend near the stern. In Boat Drill you follow the arrow but the terminus is uncertain. I am still trying to find

Boat Station 3 (ours) but always arrive at Station 5 or 6. Hope the stations will not be overcrowded.

Rule: When the whistle gives more than 6 short blasts followed by one long, go to your stateroom; tie under your chin, fore and aft, a double-lobed pillow; gather all the bed blankets you can; and follow the arrow to your station. Be sure to tie the pillows singly but use a double-bow knot so you can untie it with one hand when clinging with the other.

The pillow will keep you afloat 36 hours.

But what about a foot-warmer?

"Ladies" and "Gentlemen". Many rest stations along the avenues and servants of every conceivable duty. Nurses, elevator man, boys to open the diningroom door, even musicians to make eating discordant.

The entire atmosphere is English and courteous. One of the stewards looks disconcertingly like Einstein; another, the Writing Room Steward, like Marshall Jones, Editor of the Portland Journal.



the Buys by inches. However, he was one of the remaining White Star group absorbed into the Cunard by Government compulsion. Of course, the company wants speed ~~but~~ and an ore ship, <sup>that</sup> loses caste by the Sumeria's record. The Queen Mary? She can make 35 knots, but she will not be pushed to do it.

At Queenstown the Cedric ripped out her plates on the rocks while following the buoys and under the guidance of an experienced pilot. A strong wind and surf had lifted and displaced the buoys unnoticed. The Captain should have trusted neither pilot nor buoys but should have taken land bearings. "Check and recheck" is the motto. The pilot is only to assist and not to direct. The Captain was denoted.

The Laurentic. "No longer in service. Rammed by an ore ship in her quarters with loss of much of her crew. Now in retired port at Birkenhead. Her sister Megantic suffered in much the same way in the Bay of Biscay. No, not like the Laconia. They drew only 16 ft and were built low to go under the Quebec Bridge. Yes, they had blunt or cruiser stems

Planned for the St Lawrence trade. Few ships now go to Liverpool. The trade route is to Southampton or London.

Galway. "14 hours for the ship from Galway to Queenstown but you'll probably be forced to cross Ireland in the night and few trains travel on Sunday. You'll see more of Ireland from the ship - its coasts and fields. Only off the Shannon do we go far out because of tidal currents."

Thus I chatted with a young seaman on the stern promenade deck stationed there to aid chance overboard-fallers or take charge of the auxiliary steering apparatus in case of emergency. This responsibility and service are engraved on the ship.

A little later a bugle called the crew to emergency drill.

Races Aboard. The company looks Irish <sup>Irish or English?</sup> and sounds Irish. But the Doylex say they are mostly English. The Personnel list shows a strong <sup>Dish</sup> contingent from Boston; Callahans, Concannon, Connally, Corbett, Cronin, Crowley, Curran, Daulan, Donohue, Doyle, Flanagan, Foley, Galvin, Gannley, Hogan,

Hennessey, Kelly, Kilcannon, Kilcoyle,  
Leahy, Logue, Marra, Maran, Mare,  
Mullarkey, O'Fahy, O'Malley, O'Sullivan,  
Raferty, Ryan, Sullivan, what greater  
variety could Ireland furnish?

Carnival Dinner, what more could Cunard  
furnish? A festive dinner of food. Balloons,  
paper hats, toasting suaces. A smile from  
everyone, even the priest. For dessert I had  
Jamaica pudding and icecream. I could  
also have had fruit. Only a storm with  
seasickness can balance the expenditure.

Mrs Doyle cuts out butter and rolls to  
keep down weight but calls for cakes.  
The waiter calls this useless. "He weighs  
only 12 stone (he is thin) but his wife 17.  
Evidently she is mighty. But how much is  
a stone?"

Third Class. I Traced out Boat Station  
No 3 in the Cabin Class, then went forward  
to visit Third Class, Not bad at all.

Better or no worse than Tahoe. Only the  
ceilings seemed lower and the windows  
were pantheles. The air too was less  
fresh. But the food was good and

steamer chairs were available at half price. Blankets cost full price. Cushion pads were not listed. Bow and stern were available. Far superior in all respects to the Marvissey.

Irish Coast Tales. The wind sometimes so strong that you must lie down and cling to the tufts of grass.

Captain Hercules' pirate ship was driven ashore and the gold could be heard grinding with the gravel. But the Government took charge. Pirate ships no longer appear.

A ship long as the *Laconia* came drifting against the rocks and suddenly split open dumping a lumber yard of red pine timbers upon the coast. Only the timbers that drifted to sea could be saved.

The rest were dangerous matchwood.

Once a provision ship was wrecked laden with flour. Flour nets only a couple inches deep. So the sacks furnished the coast with beautiful baking flour.

Such the tales of shore from the *Steerage*. But as antidotes to fear were an extra titanic anchor and propeller-blades —

all fastened securely and apparently permanently in place.

On the Clear Sea. The sun sank like a ball of red beneath the water. A thin plume of smoke on the horizon - the one ship visibly passing today. We are now off Newfoundland. Scarcely a whitecap on the sea. We are traveling with only the tremor of a

July 6 -

Call from the South.

Getting underway -

at 10:30 - long streaks of red on western horizon & a green blue way above.

Cool and fresh.

Japan

and therefore I must lose a whole day from my schedule of work on shipboard and the ship takes a day longer to arrive.

Hitler says that democracy has failed and only dictatorship can save the world. Is it the bad boy asking for a trouncing?

Weight. In the Gymnasium. "Stones and pounds."

11 Stone  $4\frac{1}{2}$  lbs. a stone = 14 lbs. Therefore

all fastened securely and apparently permanently in place.

On the Clear Sea. The sun sank like a ball of red beneath the water. A thin plume of smoke on the horizon - the one ship visibly passing today. We are now off Newfoundland. Scarcely a whitecap on the sea. We are traveling with only the tremor of a sleeping car train.

July 7-

From my Parthole. A bright warm sea and a fishing schooner like the Morrissey except for a topmast. We must be on the Banks. Doyle saw land on the other beam. We are therefore still near Cape Race. Every Morning Gips Us. To bed at 11 and up at 6. yet only 6 hours for sleep.

And therefore I must lose a whole day from my schedule of work on shipboard and the ship takes a day longer to arrive.

Hitler says that democracy has failed and only dictatorship can save the world. Is it the bad boy aching for a trouncing?

Weight. In the Gymnasium. "Stones and pounds."

11 Stone  $4\frac{1}{2}$  lbs. A stone = 14 lbs. Therefore

I weigh  $158\frac{1}{2}$  lbs. The men said 154 lbs. How?  
How about the master's wife who weighed  
17 stone against his 12? Height  $5\text{ft } 7\frac{3}{4}\text{ in.}$  in shoes.

Fog all day, but so shallow that the  
tops of the masts almost protruded.

Night Sky. Were getting north. At 10:30 pm  
a long red streak on the western  
horizon with greenblue lucent sky above.  
Will it soon be twilight all night?

July 8 - The ship has been swaying perceptibly  
since last evening. Fresh cold breeze  
from the south. Some one closed my  
porthole window. So I'm groggy from  
foul air.

New Friends. The Tamblyn of Mt Holyoke brought  
by Rogers. He has the refinement of Earl Ross.  
Is pastor of Congregational Church in college  
towns as in Chapel Hill, North Carolina. The  
South more idealistic and insistent upon  
"learning" than the Northeast, at least the  
North Carolinians.

Only 1 ship today. Silhouetted against the  
southern horizon, going to America. Still early  
for the Northern Route?

No, later the Scythia, our sister ship, balancing  
the round. Each is halfway on her course.  
We are travelling 16 knots (18 mi.) hourly or about 400 mi. daily.

is a fair auto schedule.

Newsclipping  
"Japan's High  
Military Court  
Decisions" to  
folder 1

a Glimmer of Control. Japan has finally  
turned down its military dictatorship  
of the Samurai. When will other dictatorships  
end?

What is a Steward? One who looks like  
the passengers but stands ever waiting  
to serve. The difference is not in  
financial means but in attitude. He  
looks pathetic, yet he stands firm by  
the rules.

Our waiter has been a soccer player.  
He is eager and quick. A collegian?

In my bunk rereading Ruth's letters. I read  
them. Out the porthole the sea is just  
another lake. I might well be riding there,  
horseback in the gymnasium. Riding the  
plains, sitting tight to the saddle. I shall  
have to keep an iron horse. He eats  
less hay and feels good to be touch.

Artistry. Hogarth's <sup>Grave,</sup> Lawrence's "Lady Nugent",  
Moreland's, "Dancing Dogs", "Gonea Pigs", Romney,  
and <sup>Palmer</sup> in the cabins. "Lady Nugent" is superb and  
less ethereal than Lawrence's children.

The attached menu card is a sample  
of table art. The napkins are changed



only occasionally and are kept between meals in an envelope.

Gaming. The English

3 menus to folder 1

Gaming. The English are long in this sport. The ship holds a betting each morning on the last figure in the total run until noon.

In the afternoon the Horse Racing  
and an eager betting crowd gathers.

Six dummies on pedestals like chess-  
houses (numbered) and three dice with  
the  $\cdot$  to  $\dots$  sides. A racetrack consisting  
of an elongated grill with its cross-lines  
about a foot apart. Each dice gives the horse  
indicated by its dots one line advance.

Tablet  
4-  
8  
A lucky throw with all three dice showing  
similar faces gives the horse indicated three  
lines advance.

Tickets sell for 2/ or 25¢. The winning  
horse brings <sup>50¢ to</sup> \$1.<sup>50</sup> to the holders of its  
tickets, <sup>the amount being probably dependant on the relative sale for each horse.</sup> Ten percent is retained for the  
house and goes to charitable seamen  
charities. The remaining gains above the  
found one refund is kept for prizes.

Today a child threw the dice - to assure  
a feeling of fairness. Ship's officers sell the  
tickets. Seamen move the horses. Women  
play the game\*. The primitive Indian woman  
and her more modern white sister  
are fond of chance. O yes, the men  
are good seconds. All expect to win.

\* at least 4 women to 1 man. Probably 5 to 1 or higher here.

2 race cards to folder 1

Sunset. The sun is setting in a bank of mare's-tails clouds. From the water upwards heliotrope to bronze gold to lemon gold to silver to blue. And a quietly rolling ruffled sea between us and it.

July 9. Outbound correspondence finished. There is a feeling of land in the mood of the folk. Many problems of schedule for all landing at Galway. I have no chance.

Have frequented the stables much today demonstrating the Western way of sitting tight to the saddle. I must get back to riding in the saddle again. Even in a closed room it is exhilarating.

The sea is calm on its surface but has acquired a long roll. All are acquiring sea legs without a grain of seasickness. The boat rolls slowly and steadily.

Entertainment program and telegram from Stanley in folder 1

July 10 - Sea and sky silver - and pastel.  
Ireland one day away.

A bit weary from the concert and lame from  
the horses. I hope they didn't mind.

Trying to read Willi Helmholtz's Mechanics of Snow  
Movement to reach a conclusion later regarding  
Professor Pauler's claim to total credit over the  
never researchers. But I am in a doge-doge.  
Sleep is insistent.

Sent the following letter to upper deck yesterday:

Laconia

Virginia Wellington B31.

Stanley's Friend:

An embarking I received the following  
telegram from Stanley Pargellis, my former  
pupil in Nevada.

"Kennebunkport, Maine

Sorry to miss you, see us on return. Have a  
good Mount Rose. Look up Virginia Wellington  
on boat.

Stanley.

I'm sure that I should like to meet you  
if this barrier of steamer class can be  
overcome.

Sincerely

J. E. Church

C-31.

Color movies.

In the evening Rogers, my first acquaintance of the voyage, gave a movie on the deck of his trip from Los Angeles to the Northwest and its National Parks, American as well as Canadian. Only in black and white, but he showed some <sup>more</sup> views in color of geese, cats, fruits and flowers which were vivid and natural, Eastman work. I wish that we could have had such films for Greenland.

July 11.

The ship is rolling plentifully. The sky is overcast. Most are now seasoned sailors. Their chief affliction is last night's drinking.

Steward. First, on going to bed I dropped my watch into paralysis. Crystal and second hand gone. It refuses to go. Is this the close of its long career of 25 years? - and only \$5.00 originally.

Then at dawn the lower bunk mates with an intrusive companion, who smoked me up. He was so "lit up" that I suggested to his companions that his ~~lit~~ illuminated face would be sufficient without the glare of the lights. It was

actually the transfiguration of a drunk.

His face was radiant with satisfaction  
likewise his voice until I broke the spell.

One comrade is still sleeping at 1 p. m.

a Reply and "Finest Visit of the Voyage".

Letter from Virginia Wellington on board  
to folder 1.

We had coffee "to assume sociability".

She was not a professor nor an elite,  
nor did she leave even New England.

She might rather have been Ethel Winger.

She is a Teacher of English and English  
History in the Boston schools and her  
father was in Rand's class at Harvard.

She goes skiing and to the Maine woods. She wonders whether English is outside the main current of present life.

Some talked of the universality of true masterpieces and the narrowness of present day historical and economic ideals and how the experiences of the present should be woven into all teaching.

She felt that winter mountaineering and struggling with nature gave a greater realization to man of his size and his power and a sense of the odds against him.

She would like to travel Third Class, so would I. She has been hearing the songs from below.

Thus we parted - rating it the finest experience of our voyage.

Land! This morning gulls were gathering for breakfast astern - the first we have seen since Boston.

Some "Wether Cary Chickens" (?) were seen yesterday. Fishing boats were occasionally visible. The chart indicates that



we should arrive about 6 this evening.

at noon 97 miles to port.

at 4 p.m. mountain ranges dimly to northwest. Then outlying islands and few breakers. "Ireland is not flat as the schools of America teach" but rougher than England and more like Scotland. We should have Scotchlike scenery. I must now see the entire island. Another thing to return for.

Arran. The Isles of Arran, Even the members of the crew disagreed and the Irish argued. By what course were we entering Galway Bay? Finally the three islands became obvious from the mainline — one large, two small ones — one on starboard <sup>deep</sup> guiding us into land. Too bare for green Ireland and almost bleak. Also somewhat abrupt. Does it require sunlight to make Ireland emerald in color?

Galway (Gall-way). Calling Ireland like rolling France. A countryside like New England. A clean town stream far along the shore, a few spires. A many-ruined

later figures (not official).

260 Cabin; 354 Tourist; 650 Third Class  
Crew 450 approx. Total approx. 1700.

building among trees against the hillside, an industrial school under the guidance of monks. A white "coach" moving quickly along the shore - the modern transport of old Ireland.

Nearly four hours at anchor while an almost endless line of sterns carried baggage to tenders moored on either side. Can humans use so much? 260 - 300 disembarking. Crew and passenger list said to be over 2000. 140 of our class of 300 leaving.

I did not realize how Jack Hangan had left his mark on the Irish. They all have acquired his brogue.

A War Tale. The larger lighter alongside was loaded with 1400 English soldiers crossing the channel (<sup>the</sup> 150 men there is a good  $\frac{1}{3}$  load), when attacked by submarine gunfire. The funnel was shot away and 700 men were killed but the captain drove his boat - a slow tub - to safety. Such was the emotional tale of a Scotchman with mustachios as long and

fence as the horns of a long-horn Texas steer.

Lost. It was plainly hopeless to cross Ireland as planned. Saturday night, late when the tenders withdrew - and baggage inspection still ahead. No Sunday trains. Our consolation is to see the coast from the ship.

How civilization and transportation depend on steam and electricity. With what clanking the great anchor was hoisted - each link a man's load in itself. And how carefully it was fettered to keep it motionless in place.

Cabh (Queenstown) at 1 tomorrow afternoon. Our Run. Consistent even more so than on railways. At least we haven't yet lost a wheel.

July 5 Boston 00 - 54 min. AM. D.S.T.

" 5 Noon (12 hrs) 148 mi.

" 6 " (24 hrs) 376

" 7 " 361

" 8 " 372

" 9 " 375

" 10 " 377

" 11 " 380

" 11 7 p.m. (Galway) 98

total 2517 mi.

But should the clock have been advanced 50 mi. daily.

July 12. Fog, Rain. Are we in Scotland?  
apparently in the rainbelt. "This makes  
Ireland green". No vision of shore. But  
Fastnet Rock light came out of the mist  
to show how accurately the ship is steering.  
This is our eighth day. Mass is an  
one type of service.

The library buzzes with animated  
conversation. All eagerly getting mail  
written for home and preparing for  
landing. Delay will now be brief, for  
the immigration officials came aboard  
at Galway and are signing us out in  
the smoking room.

Health. It must be robust. I have  
worn no overcoat thruout the voyage  
and have slept before the open porthole.  
I shall be physically hardened before the  
season is over.

### That Night of Trin

My underbunk mate slept till 4  
yesterday. "Safer there", but came to bed  
again early this morning. Normal perhaps.  
He must be a devotee of Irish wakes.

But he is not the bearer of bandaged

fingers. The sore-fingered one heard the ventilator fan whining and thought it a bee. So he arose to stop or demolish it with a shoe. But the vicious thing stung him. He sought the wrong route to the bee's heart. His comrade gazed him: "Why don't you get out and holler for help?" Sand Again. Just a knob for a moment. The ship seems to be walking a hallway in the dark. Yet we feel confident and secure. The Lusitania was sunk just ahead.

Queenstown. How little the cabin officers know about the points along the coast, only that a coast of bluffs with farmfields atop and a fort were 20 minutes from Queenstown. We were entering a bay. I could well be the St Lawrence at Quebec and the shores the Heights of Montreal. The architecture too is similar and mellows. Islands made lobed bays at the rear of which towns were perched on the hillside. Scuds of rain passed over. Greenland, Scotland, Ireland are easy transitions from latitude to latitude. The green, however, is not yet fully emerald as I recall having seen it.

Here the Dayles left us. They changed their plans suddenly. Leo has missed his little

who went on shore at Galway.  
bland friend of the voyage, To him on the  
tender went a call: "Where is your bland  
friend?" Ans. "I'm going to see her." Another call:  
"Are you going to Berlin to the Olympics?" Ans. "  
"No, not if I get married." She was a  
genuine girl, going to Dublin to study before  
returning to America for school. I wonder  
how long she will stay.

Rain Coats. From cellophane to fabric  
to rubber to eilskins. Cellophane in colors.  
The women look as if done up for sale.  
Irish Linen and Lace. I had planned  
to purchase a bit of lace or a kerchief  
for Mrs. Mack but yielded to Irish  
salesmanship and purchased several  
for Mrs. Mack, Ruth Kere, Helen, Rita, Alberta,  
Mabel. Glamae is to have linen from  
Sweden and Thea some gift from Norway.

Homemade, handmade lace "in a cottage  
by the sea". The Irish shamrock, the Celtic  
cross, the cooking pot (pöss), the wolf.

One sweet girlish woman smiled happily  
while I purchased my full from a  
woman before her. Then urged me in  
turn to purchase from her. "Give me luck."

I haven't sold anything today." So my plan expanded and I purchased a box. Immediately she spit on the bills to insure luck. I laughed and told her the American boys spit on their bait to bring luck, but the fish didn't like the taste. But she insisted on her plan of good luck. She then offered lace shoes and a paisley that looked like Mother's for 2 pounds 7 but offered to make it 2 even. I nearly yielded.

Searing Our Pilot. I wondered why the longboat towing alongside like a bicycle clinging at speed to an auto. One man at the towline ready to release it, another at the tiller. The boat leaping and pounding until I thought it might burst open. But steadily they chug, until finally at the last outer buoy, a ladder was dropped down the side the usual heavy pilot clambered down and from a rope dropped lightly into the longboat that cast off to a safer pace on the open bay. Thus we turned into the Irish Sea on a straight course for the Mersey and Liverpool.

A Comparison. Overboard. <sup>woman</sup> By one passenger  
to another: "I would live America for  
working (domestic?) and England for play.  
The English know how to live."

Later: But Seligman, who visited America  
as a young man, counts the Americans  
more joyous. However, the English servant  
doubtless has more time off.

Still Twilight - 10 pm.

MEMO

~~July 12~~ ~~10 pm~~ ~~Still twilight~~.

Compressing us at table.  
Two sittings in one. More  
than one half our ship's  
passengers gone.

The stewards are busy:  
exchanging money, booking  
the European passengers -  
My problem is to store <sup>my</sup>  
trunk and lantern slides, <sup>with sep.!</sup> and  
detour to Bristol.

Trunks and shore packages  
are earnestly requested. I have  
been repacking mine.

Breakfast at 6:45 a.m.

I want to be up early enough

Night. Flashed  
all along the  
British coast.  
The hills of Wales!



woman  
e, passenger  
ica for  
l for play.

l America  
ericans  
servant

MEMO

To see the new cathedral  
at Liverpool looming above  
the river up which we  
pass.

Now the ship seems like  
a house from which one  
is leaving for a trip. The  
decks are deserted. The  
steamer chairs are all  
stacked. The baggage lines  
the cabin aisles. a few are  
sitting in cosy nooks as in  
some quiet garden.

The steamer hums on.  
The ~~dark~~ sky has risen

Night. Flashlight  
all along the  
British coast.  
The hills of Wales!

YOU CAN SELL IT IF YOU TELL IT - BY MAIL

a  
do  
no  
Th  
as  
m  
do  
Stil

passenger  
ca for  
for play.  
America  
ericans  
servant

MEMO

To ~~be~~ a ceiling of gray clouds.  
Under their edges appear  
the low undulating rim of  
Ireland marked by ~~flashing~~<sup>blinking</sup>  
lights. Far to the south a  
red flash - long pause - white flash -  
long pause. Abeam is a  
white light disappearing at  
intervals. <sup>still another is off our bow.</sup> The Irish sea  
is ~~still~~<sup>quiet</sup>. England lies  
still out of sight. Tomorrow  
we reach it. Now to bed.

Night. Flashest  
all along the  
British coast.  
The hills of Wales!

July 13 - The Early Riser ~~gets~~  
Saves his shirt.

Last night the "friend of  
the illuminated face" returned  
with McVee, my room-mate.

YOU CAN SELL IT IF YOU TELL IT - BY MAIL

He was feeling the need of some soda but feared to apply to the ship's coopers for fear that they might furnish him washing soda instead of the baking variety. Since I was a "doctor", he wanted my opinion. I argued that "caustic soda" or lye might be corrosive - providing he was served it.

Since I was busy packing and Mc Lee was anxious to return to the "lounge", he assigned the room steward the task of packing his suit cases. As a result the steward packed my shirt and suspenders. My alertness had failed to overcome his diligence.

Fortunately I was up early, and the steward had the keys. The unconscious cause had stolen in quietly in the dawn morning. A Yale Review was in his baggage. Built or bred for intellectual living, but his willpower and handshake were flabby. I laughingly told him to pay the steward an extra tip for my shirt. He grinned assent.

arriving 8 a.m.

July 13 - Fresh wind. Bars of sunshine.  
Creaming waves. Shallow waters, <sup>a Tuesday!</sup> light-  
ships many. Boats thick, light-buoys  
numbered. Water yellow. Gulls in a swarm  
for breakfast. The sky is almost dark with them.

Liverpool immense as compared with  
Queenstown. Clean bright suburbs above  
sandbanks. Shores drawing together.  
Christopher Wren spires. The dominating  
cathedral looks finished. Too many terraces  
(apartment houses) look unpleasantly red in walls and roofs.  
Derricks thick as masts. Steamer funnels  
behind buildings. The boats are higher  
than we. An <sup>immense</sup> tidal basin like that at London.  
Here dwell masses. Tight little England  
is dense England. Yet apart from the  
centers England is open.

Letters. Mousing was easy for the  
Laconia; merely drew alongside the  
long floating dock. Two tugs as a gentle  
escort. Reg and Marie on their brief vacation  
in Devon. Believe I can ~~come~~ for a longer  
visit later. So will not return to greet me.  
Seligman waiting eagerly. So to London  
at once, without detour.

Ashursting friendships and Amable.

an a telegram from the Hendrygs!

Telegrams from Hendry and from Church to  
Seligman, and letter from Chapman to Seligman  
in folder #1

They are meeting me at the boat. So I  
am rich. But I peer in vain to see their  
faces in the waiting crowd.  
Landing. Sumptuous as Cleopatra's? End  
of voyage? Parting to Cabin Passengers? A canopy,  
a red carpet on the landing, captain  
and officers all lined up on either side  
as an aisle of honor.

I am first out and searching. Vainly it  
seems. Then I try the train platform.  
They had caught sight of me once but customs  
officials are firm. They overhauled me.

They had come all the way from London  
for the week end at Liverpool just to greet me  
and were hurrying back <sup>by the "Boat Train"</sup>. I am to meet them  
again there. By as slender a margin  
we nearly missed them at San Francisco. They  
were so eager about "Anne and Bill". So  
the ends of the world do meet and frequently.  
Four times for the two families since 1928.  
Liverpool Cathedral. I am grateful to  
Willis and Anne for urging me to visit  
this structure. I need never visit no  
other cathedrals in England. This is a  
nobler structure than any medieval  
and is expressive of our times.

Liverpool is not essentially a site for cathedrals. It is commercial, yet in old days and all days prosperity is the creator of beauty. It is the prayer of a bishop and the dream of a lad. All classes gave and the merchants mightily.

A massive tower on the one eminence of the city. Two wings subordinate but creating an immense nave. One is completed. The tower portals are finished. Other chapels connected harmoniously with the main cathedral but on lower terraces.

The main chapel was built first and shows the unfolding of an idea and its mellowing with the age of the designer, and like Ghiberti is still at work.

The changes are unified and never abrupt, as in medieval work where long interruptions in the construction occurred.

Even the chapel was impressive in its solemnity and pathetic. Communion for one lone worshiper. An impressive recession. Probably mass had been reported.

I thought I had seen all until I followed visitors farther. The chapel I had been in could be put thru the east window of

One nave, one developing with

the main church. The ceiling was almost in twilight, but the reddish-brown sandstone gave warmth. The woodwork was so harmonious that often the two textures and colours blended. Even the surplices of the priests were a cream-huff to harmonize. <sup>Not a single rappedred.</sup> No screen was present to bar the worshippers from the clergy. The service thus became a personal one. The cross <sup>on the altar</sup> was over six feet high but so balanced were all proportions of the nave, choir stalls, and altar background that exact size could not be estimated. Even the worshiper seemed to expand to the structure around him.

Symbolism in the windows in figures and gradations of color carried the spirit of the worshiper from mood to mood.

Traditions are already forming, the based on fact: "The King's Door" where the King and queen, coming too soon to services in their honor, waited a quarter-hour until other processions were ended. "The Children's Balcony" to which children were admitted in order to look down at the King and queen entering thru the King's Door below. "A tiny church mouse" carved in the hier of a recumbent statue.

The cathedral of St John Divine in New York was grandiose. Somehow Ralph Adams Cross was crude as compared with this English lad Scott, now ennobled by his work and the King.

But the cathedral was too hemmed in by buildings like the French. So I asked a "Bobby". He said the plan was to remove all the buildings to the bottom of the hill and create a park as a setting for the church. Said he with pride: "Return in 30 years and see it then."

And the guide in the cathedral had said: "Our anglican cathedral was designed by a catholic architect and the catholic cathedral is being designed by a protestant. So closely now do our religions in their essentials come together."

That film. The movie on "Snow Surveying in the High Sierra". Seligman's letter conveyed news that movie film was under heavy duty but that application was being made for admission. So I declared the film and showed the letter. and was passed. So was well I made declaration, for



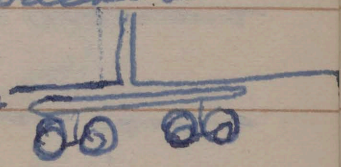
immediately after came a letter from the  
Customs authorities in London seeking to expedite  
admission. Result: my baggage was all being  
detained while I was leisurely viewing the  
cathedral and strolling to Dochester Hotel to  
lunch generously donated by Cunard before  
taking the 2:15 pm. train to London. Sucky I  
saw the cathedral in a tranquil mood.

The film is still in hand but in friendly  
hands. I could have kept my mouth shut  
and got it to London. But what then? My  
audon left nothing but confidence.

"Funerals and Weddings". Such was a sign  
on a store front. Queen? But the chapels  
at the Oakland Crematory and Forest Lawn,  
Los Angeles offer like services. There are  
dignity and deep sentiment about both.

Railroads. No, rather give me Carl and  
his hurtling car. Only 4 hours to London,  
but the cuts and tunnels were so  
continuous that little except grass banks  
could be seen. And the shoving so vigorous  
and the roar so deafening that conversation  
was difficult. Dozing was a relief. Are  
the cars too short and too light and too

loosely connected? There was one vestibule more like a canvas tunnel. But the cars were clean and neat.

Later I saw a train consisting of coaches with ends upon a common truck, thus  Thus a continuous train is created. The embryos of the "stream-lined train"?

Inner England. Somethings we saw at intervals from Liverpool to London. Rolling landscape, hedgerows, meadows, contented cattle, broad-crowned trees, hay drying in the rain, occasional haystacks brown from disuse, winding canals, standardized houses in clusters convenient but monotonous.

No cities like Manchester\*. Apparently we were avoiding them. Only one stop - at Crewe. Then suddenly buildings thickened. I saw a town clock marking 6. Then factories: "Kodak Ltd", "Steinway", "Heinz". We were entering London!

Seligman's Sense of detail. In the steamer letter he wrote: "If you will wire or telephone your time of arrival I will meet you at the station and will stand by my car, which is a black Rolls Royce, number BYK 619."

\* Such stations as we passed were passed too quickly to read the names.

My house is only half an hour from the center of London, so you will not lose any time getting to and fro."

So I gave this description to Hendry, who had agreed to meet me at the station and would look for Seligman.

But my wire to Seligman had advanced my arrival in London and he had an appointment at Brighton. So a wire sent to "Lime Street Station & the 2:15 p. m. train" was delivered to me on board by a worried messenger who had searched the length of the train. This read: "unavoidably absent. Am sending my chauffeur in a light — car No. — who will bring you to my home. (This is now lost. Hendry has it.)"

Only Hendry was now in confusion. He reported a dozen Puller Poyces but not mine. With the telegram to guide, he immediately my chauffeur and we were on our way, Hendry also on board to his hotel near Kewington Gate.

To Sussex. Hyde Park, just a big common for the people. The Thames at Putney Bridge but the parapet was too high. Wide Commons,

Telegram from Seligman  
In folder  
July 13

open woodland for the public, winding roads, groups of buildings. All in all New England again.

Then a quick turn into a narrow, foliage-screened lane to the stables of an old estate. Here a paved court with the quaintest rambling buildings, old furniture, flower and tennis areas with brick walls a century old even which rose a neighbor's roof thatched as if by an artist in form and color. Here I had an upstairs suite entered by a stairway as steep as a ladder. Birches and oaks and a delightful coolness were around me. Too cool, too rainy said my hosts but nature wonderfully green.

and servants: chauffer, gardener and maid. and my hosts were waiting:

he, possibly Jewish by extraction and his wife, <sup>blond</sup> a happy blend of affability, love of nature, and social human interests.

Not over 40, perhaps. He had learned love of mountains from his mother.

He reared in the heart of London near Kensington Gardens and the royal palaces. He had long been Director in the British

Aluminium Plant and Co. Thus the title "Engineer".

Professor Chapman, President British National Committee. Seligman had arranged a call at 9, evening. A keen, quiet, cold, searching, tho kindly man - professor of Terrestrial Magnetism in London University - who looked younger than 50 but was probably much older. Gray hair and precision left us in doubt.

He voiced two financial viewpoints:

1. Need of confining all supported projects to those that required concerted international action to solve them; such as seismology, meteorology,
2. Possibility of leaving all individual or national sectional projects for local societies, such as glaciers.

Funds are not large and little can be spent for actual publication, tho magazines are greatly desired.

In turn I stressed the need of bringing together the scattered workers into unity of knowledge, and quickened interest. Even nations are still without common standards of measuring snow. There should be an international goal.

He asked for the Customs Declaration and examined it carefully to see that all formalities were correct.

"Delegates do not require further invitation."  
"A room has been reserved for you at the University Hostel, but probably not before the 15<sup>th</sup>. They do not quite like to change their arrangements. We are reserving it for foreigners mainly for we want them to get acquainted." Seligman will stay at the Caledonian.

"The public is not admitted except for chance friends of the delegates." Evidently my many members of the Commission of Snow are not rated as delegates. Hence the special invitation. Hereafter all Commission Members must be considered as *ex officio* delegates without further action, unless each member country must approve its list of delegates.

Professor Chapman does not altogether approve of my many non-member-country delegates. He feels that they are enjoying what the others provide. I argued that we might the soon win these countries' interest and cooperation. He told me that Australia

Privately  
at  
Cambridge

\*He himself had attended a Conference in Russia but would rather be a scientist in England. But he preferred being a scientist in Russia & being one in Germany and Italy. Intellectual freedom is his dream.

was a member tho India was out. Also that Russia was entering. I told him that the German Royal Society would aid Poulcke to come. Thus war hate was vanishing. "But Mussolini had threatened to keep his delegates at home". So Exedia may not come. \*

"Was I not a Professor of Greek and Latin?" I told him the tale. Geligman told him I was working double. When I told him that I was also Vice Chairman of the Section of Hydrology, his eyes opened in puzzled interest. I too am puzzled at it all. It out-englishes even the Englishman of double interests. "Then I might be the leader of my delegation?" But Doctor Fleming and possibly Commander Heck, President of the American Geophysical Union might be present. I had heard nothing about my Chairman Shuman except that he had been in Washington for a conference with Secretary Beij.

Not necessary to remain for the last session on September 26. It is only a final meeting of chiefs of delegations to ratify resolutions previously passed. So I can catch the Andania as previously planned. He had spent last summer at Glacier National

Para and traveled to Custer Park and Yosemite. "Had he passed thru Nevada and the scene of my snow studies?" He was plainly disappointed when he learned that he had just skirted its edge.

"See you at Edinburgh" was his parting.

July 15. A soft bed but Professor Chapman's coffee and the excitement of the conference kept me awake. A devoted German maid who washed all my things. Some one distributed my satchel contents. Threading London with Seligman. Phoning revealed that I must catch the Harwich train at 4:10 pm. But Seligman's supreme courtesy came to the rescue. He forgot no detail: His secretary Miss Browne was an aid. I told her to write the girls in my office that she too was "Helan and not Henry". I live here English speech. Almost foreign to me.

I would have been helpless without him. To the Geographical Society to visit Mr. Bonacina and receive his paper for the program. Here Henry Watkins' kayak. The one he was drowned in? Also the model of Shackleton's Discovery. "His son is hairbrained, unthinking in details of courtesy. Therefore not wanted on his British Committee". To Commands, to Devon Club

\* for ready use. I shall call her Pitt Kern. Someone at last was playing valet.



for lunch. Then for the Hendrys. Another Cinema  
Office. Three Threadneedle Street past Bank  
of England and Mansion House. Parks, streets,  
memorials. Carried my trunks from Euston  
to Liverpool Station - all in a planned  
# schedule and program. One trunk (the black one)  
was being taken by him to the Cinema Office  
where it would be stored "whatever the size"  
for  $\frac{1}{2}$  per month. However, the film and  
the lantern slides were to be at Mr. Seligman's  
own home. The latter I had already <sup>left</sup> there.

Departing. London is individual and  
nondescript, but the Britishers love it.  
It's a home town. Sheep are grazing in one  
of the parks, not as a zoo but to keep the  
grass cropped. Tho the general style of  
architecture is classical, the buildings are  
so discordant that the eyes become confused.  
One sixteenth century structure tho bare was  
pleasing for its lack of detail. The Albert  
Memorial, suggesting Florentine color and  
mosaic is becoming mellower and attractive.  
"Queen Victoria was quite haughty. When receiving  
the Poet Longfellow, she said 'Mr Longfellow,  
all my servants read you'." I recalled her

basket phaeton drawn by a pony at Windsor,  
The new king lives at St James Palace, his  
home when Prince of Wales, a dull  
medieval fortlike home crowded by  
buildings. The commoner is placed as well.

The Seligmans will spend August cruising  
on the south coast of England. The Hardys  
go to Canada and China before returning  
for their 4-months year in India. Last year  
they spent the summer in South Africa. Next  
year they go to Cashmir, the most beautiful  
spot in the mountains of India.

# Seligman proposed planographing as a  
cheaper method of publication and essential  
if our many papers are published. I am  
to write Doctor Fleming for details. This will  
give us a point of argument in the meetings.

"The French printing allows margins too wide."

He asked about Paulcke. "Yes, I am to be  
his guest. But he must give the young men  
their chance. He is 'cracked'. Too much like  
Amundsen and even Peary who wanted  
no other on his Greenland grounds."

So I am pushing you younger men ahead  
as officials, for I want him to understand it.

I want him to die happy." "All but the last" laughed Seligman. "Your youths have had blood. You will change when older". So the cleavage is closing. However, time is now too short, says Seligman, to put his paper in order. His phone is Kingston-on-Thames - 0260; his address Warren Close, Coombe Hill Road Kingston Hill, Surrey. This for use in case I lose my other records.

This farewells many and continued until the Harwich train rounds the curve.

Handy as thoughtful, <sup>as ever</sup> of "Eleanor" and as critical. And she as carefree and unthinking and devoted. He "No several miles from here" and I to her: "Let him strut". He "But she has no sense of direction". On parting "yes, go up and visit him if you want to." So she smiles and promptly comes to the car window.

To Harwich. No excursions tho the railway cuts are steep. Vegetation prevents. In 2 hours (it seemed less) we were on a long tidal arm of the North Sea with rolling hills on either side.

Partenage to ship "England" of Esbjerg long and my partner old but persistent. There

porter fees like taxes are taking the joy out of even suitcase travel,

A quick departure. "Have you a passport?" "Yes." "Hurry on, you don't need to show it." I

acquired an entry card and meal ticket while on the train. Here I saw freight-car tops that could be lifted from their wheels and lifted on board with their loads <sup>(unbroken)</sup>.

On the rolling sea. Yikes! The language sounds natural tho I do not understand it. I am at home once more. The boat <sup>"England of Esbjerg"</sup> is new and

neat and fresh. It could be the "Disko". The paneling is in "birds-eye maple", the chairs have graceful curves. The portraits of King and Queen hang on either side of the cabin. The captain and the crew greet you.

Not brown but health shows in each. A seafaring folk of the finest type.

The crescent land still reaches around us farther away. We soon leave the final buoys, but a light far to starboard still at dark ~~appears~~ <sup>is</sup> a fishing fleet.

guides us. The "England" is fully responsive

to the left and the roll of the North Sea, for the waters are shallow and white and the ship has a weight of 4000 tons (act.) instead of 20,000. My wish has come true,\*

at dinner I met the President of the <sup>Canadian</sup> British W.C. T. U. and her husband. Our common <sup>unpleasant</sup>

Small map of route from London to Oslo to Bodø

July 16 - Ejnar Mikkelsen! Gray haired.

There was something commanding in his eye. I had told my waiter about my love for Greenland. Then he told me the name of my companion. He had been "lost" three years in East Greenland searching to solve the mystery of the death-place and records of Mylius Erichsen and had advised against Bangsted's going in winter to the Inland Ice. I looked again for him but did not see him. Later I learned that he had been to London to attend the wedding of his son.

"Water <sup>Smoke</sup> ~~Foot~~. Rain, wet decks. I wanted to write where I could look on the waters, but the captain put down the awnings on the weather-side because of the <sup>smoke</sup> ~~dust~~ from the water." What better term could one use?

North Cape. The world has misfits. I want to go to the North Cape and must follow the inland. A girl is on board who is being sent to cruise in Northern waters tho she loves only the tropics. She has a cold and has most of her heavy clothing in the hold. She became watersoaked in England rains and wore her only coat on ship to a cold shower

bath this morning and got it too wet  
to wear. So without coat but with wet  
hair she is trying to write her "log" to her  
mother. Her mother is cruising to California.  
My overcoat and scarf gave her comfort but  
could not win love from her for the North.  
Sickness too was in the balance against me.

A plucky girl however. I shall remember the  
signs of weariness about her eyes.

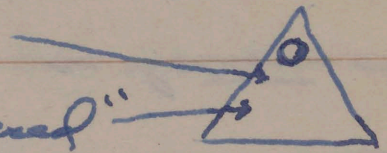
Launched. I feel launched upon my trip  
this morning. I am now on the adventure  
of the Commission. Our papers seem  
tawdry, but it's a babe being born.  
Professor Chapman cold and critical but  
warmed up to the idea. "See you in Edinburgh"  
was hearty. Benacina's paper on Drifting of  
Snow is a healthy embryo. Seligman's book  
will become a classic. His exposure is  
chewing.

Left-hand Turns. Does it also apply to  
forests and doorknobs and doors? This  
ship was built in Scotland. These forests  
and knobs are at least strengtheners to the  
soviet until you learn them. No left-hand  
turns yet on the sun.

A Bit of Jade - just a triangle to hang on your door, bearing the inscription:

"No disturbance wanted."

"Even no telegram to be delivered"



Too confusing to be pointed at first, but the meaning grows impressive.

Auto Ferry - There is an auto aboard - but on deck. However, it is swathed in canvas until it looks like a mummy. Best so, for it is receiving moisture both fresh and salt. It belongs to an English pair who desire an outing in Denmark. "Were there opportunities to golf there?"

Radiogram to Sønderhø. Read and learn. I did too late. "One öre a word for a night message". I waited until morning when we should be near the coast.

But I paid 3 sh. That would mean 300 words at 1 öre each.

A Colourful Lunch. Still raining and rolling, but colours within. Tiger lilies have graced the tables and now the tables are a spreading banquet of colours from a most elaborate lunch of cold meats - "the famous Danish cold lunch". If only they are not also served for breakfast. I obtained rolled oats but paid 75 öre extra for it. The Cunard White Star Company paid the rest.

Beautiful Countries. I was looking for Egnar  
Mikkelsen but address or likely but  
wrong man. "yes, I am from Florida," But  
<sup>all countries are beautiful at times.</sup>  
you are a Dane. "yes, and you?" American.  
all races are mixed. "yes, the Vikings have  
been down here. See the redheaded girls  
in Scotland".

Brays - Fair - a new road harbor

Exchange and Fees.

like Germany

1 £ = 22.10 Kroner.

Service on my bill was  $1\frac{1}{2}$  to 2 Kr. I offered  
2 shillings, which was gladly accepted. A  
shilling and a Kroner by the exchange are  
now almost identical. Services are  
computed at 10 to 15 per cent. However, they  
are not actually added to the bill and  
received for. This last step should  
be taken. Then the tip as a lure for  
special service would end. So a man  
"it was conceived in iniquity" but like  
him it should end in reason.

Courtesy. We were gathered into the Smoking  
Room for presentation of passports. On seeing  
mine the inspector told me a letter was  
waiting me at the gangway. Pippa's mother  
and sister were on the way to meet me at



the quay.


Letter from Mrs. Jensen via Danish company

July 15, 1936 in folder 1

The West Coast. So like Holland and Germany.  
The Battle of Jutland was fought just south.  
Shallow waters, long sands, an aisle of  
bays leading into low islands. New sea  
walls with gateways - tidal basins some day.  
A new town from three houses of three  
generations ago. Across the entrance a

large ferryboat pier but follows  
winding channels to a small village.  
This sand spit is long. Soderhö  
at its far end. Fortunately that I  
sent to radiogram. The way is devious,  
and my hosts were delayed and  
the rain was heavy.

Fano was worth a week of my time.  
<sup>so was Greenland opulent, for</sup>  
I was ridden in a taxi. But this  
was grander than Greenland. Dunes,  
heather, beaches, thatched dwellings,  
walled or hedged gardens with small  
fruit-trees, and flowers. The tang of the  
sea. Tiny winding streets. Names mostly  
of vines and dates of construction on  
the houses. We need not go to Holland, for Maure is here.

The thatch from reeds on the shore.  
a hay-dock in the thatch  for  
storing hay in old days and vegetables.  
Sod or peat slabs on the gables to cover  
and bind the thatch at the peak.

Our home a Dutch house with heavy  
doors with iron strap hinges, timber ceilings,  
built-in beds endwise, built-in cupboards,  
oil lamps, pictures of ships on the walls,

Weak East

Wind

and treasures from far lands brought home  
long voyages.

My Hostess. As we entered, the mother  
turned quickly to me and shook my hand  
in welcome to her home. Anna was  
speaking comfortable English. Occasionally  
I would supply the English term as "dune"  
and "heather", but most names for plants  
I did not know. Little Karen, Pippa's  
child was a delight. Double her age in height  
and therefore slight and a bit frail, but  
the joy of Anna and her husband, who had no  
children. Anna, tho crippled in her walk,  
had been a teacher in Esbjerg and he is  
teaching at Nibe near the northern point  
of Denmark. He had been Karen's "nurse  
maid" during the day while the others were  
fetching me. He put Karen to bed, who  
could be heard thru the door: "just one  
more". I wish I could listen to fairy tales  
in Danish and understand. How facile  
is childhood in learning language.

She was missing the stoves on the Nibe roofs.

Widows and Orphans. Sonderho was a  
residence of captains who sailed from Esbjerg  
and returned to live on the soil in sight

of the sea. Grandfather to Father to Son.  
But the son was lost with his ship  
at the age of 30 on the Scottish coast  
in an October storm. And the mother was  
left with three children: Anna, Kaia, and  
Pippe and a boy born soon after. The  
boy is now following steam, far sails are  
vanishing. In a room of her house is  
an apotheka (Drug Store) whence she has won  
her living.

Lange Koch: I had missed Lange Koch. The  
backbone of a map of the Talle and pictures left  
no doubt:  
VESTKYSTEN  
Friday den 10 Juli 1936  
Lange Koch's Expedition Afeglet

→ July 16 - a downpour of rain in the night.  
Sweet music to me but a worry to my  
hosts who wanted me to see Faro in  
sight. They were not disappointed. We  
walked the dunes and the sea dikes to  
keep high storm tides from driving inland.  
A sea-mine cast during the war on the  
beach stood overlooking the sea as a  
memorial. A Zeppelin bound for England on  
a raid had once passed over. A German  
ship had approached their beach along a  
channel known only to the villagers. A German  
visitor the previous season had taken sandings.  
Soil and seaweed were forming in a  
long cave. A dismantled beaver stood

on the dunes above the sheltered village.

Church yard. There was no spire on the church, for some mariner might think it a light house and be misled. The yard was filled with graves. One was to an unknown sailor found on the beach in the war. Anna's husband had written a poem in its honor: "We <sup>dear</sup> ~~honor~~ <sup>this</sup> grave, for others <sup>dear</sup> are honoring ours in <sup>far</sup> distant lands".

Titles. Anna's husband calls me the "Snow King" but little Karen calls me the "Radio Man" for she has heard English over the radio.

The West Wind. The hedges tip eastward from the <sup>western</sup> sea wind. <sup>The gables of the houses are east and west.</sup> ~~The west~~. The trees are low behind their walls. The west wind is strong and persistent. Would it be sung by the poet as the Zephyr? What does it bring?

Farewell. We have lingered to the last and are returning again by taxi. So Karen and I pump hands high and low in "Farewell" while Anna's husband takes Karen away that she may not be disappointed at sight of the tents. "I have come far from America".

E-W  
Wind

"But she has been to Esbjerg." She was too young to remember the sea. Why could not Pippe be as happy as Anna?

Reclamations. We return to Narby thru the center of the island. Famine had grown less and the salt air had been harsh. Cows had given way to sheep and heather was the principal covering. But the government had caused large tracts of low scrub pine or better pine scrub to grow and now were making oases in its midst for fields. Toward the north where shelter was greater, the fields were broad and cattle were grazing. Fences were few. Originally a herder accompanied the flock to the commons, but the depression now forbids this expense.

Dialects. The people of Sonderho and Narby are different. They simply must be. A slight difference in speech and in dress can be detected by the knowing. There is a pride in this local difference. This pride is kept warm by annual fêtes.

Said Anna: "The old dress is kept in our lower bureau drawer."

Esbjerg is the Denmark Chicago and has

even overflowed into Nerby which looks  
suburban and has the Danish prison.  
Reason not political but geographical. The  
prisoners can not readily escape from the  
island. It even has a "Prison Salon"  
for ladies. That sounds better than "Beauty Parlor."  
From Esbjerg I am taking the slow train.  
The Liverpool-London train has reacted.

Baggage Service. Blessed be any baggage  
service that accepts your suitcases at any  
price and delivers them at your destination  
and at your pleasure. Being unaccustomed to  
a satchel with no approval and delegating  
the task to a porter at every change of cars  
is breaking. I was ready to throw the large  
suitcase away when Anna saved us.

English portage is a vested institution,  
and porters must maintain their profession.

Then Denmark. I love Danish farewells, The Doctor Hobbs  
would find them difficult. We wave with out of sight.  
and look forward to Kaia in Copenhagen. <sup>Anna's husband has named me King of the Snow</sup>

"Living Hedges". The west wind that sweeps Fano  
seems <sup>also</sup> to sweep Denmark. Hedges are everywhere.

The railways have them in double thickness of fir  
and lower shrubs, evidently to keep

the snow from piling in the cuts.  
Every field seems to have them on the  
windward side and even elevated on  
mounds to give the hedges greater initial  
height. The forward sloping of trees and  
twisted grain indicate the persistence  
and strength of the wind, all foliage,  
except where protected, suggests timberline  
conditions. Only far eastward as on  
Zealand does the sea wind seem to  
lose a great part of its strength.

Soil. Anna's husband is quite right.  
The soil in the west is thin but both  
fields and forests become rapidly more  
thrifty. However, everywhere the crops  
are maturing early because of the June  
drought. In Tynen, home of castles and  
large estates, sand gives way to glacial  
debris. Saw small stones. The soil is  
heavier like Michigan. At Odense, trees  
are tall as in our yard at Orono. Beech  
woods occur in Tynen or even farther  
west. Showers occur. This seems  
normal.

There are few Jersey cows. The brown



and shorthorn are preferred, at least the latter for their beef. Farmers are now disposing of their crops again - but only by exchange, agricultural products for machinery. Such the wreck wrought by "protection"

A young electrical engineer explained many things. He had worked in America for the General Electric but returned in 1929. He wanted quietude of country. Denmark is happy but like other countries doesn't know it. The Danes were wise in accepting only Danish country in the postwar readjustment of boundaries, for the Germans are aggressive and are using the Danish school laws to teach Germans in German and are trying colonization.

Normalities - There is a horde of children on the train under leadership, like the children at New York bound on acting.

The telegraph and postoffice are one, possibly also the telephone.

The women use no or little lipstick. Kaia says they merely contour it.

"Fylde Pen(?) — Filling Pen of course.  
More self-explaining perhaps than "Fountain  
Pen".

No figures on clocks. Does the 24-hour  
system force this? Mental effort seems  
too great for a beginner. The double  
numbers, one above the other, seem less  
confusing.

Binding Denmark by Rails. The Frederica  
Bridges between Ylland and Fynen is a  
masterpiece. Some dream of a bridge  
between Fynen and Zealand. Hence the  
water is 70ft. deep and the distance  
is  $1\frac{1}{4}$  hrs. by ferry steamer. San Francisco  
might attempt it, but the chance to  
have relaxation from rail travel and  
have a leisureed lunch on steamer  
should be a considerable barrier. The  
"Lightning Train" is carried on board  
Kaisa my Guide. She knew me at once,  
and fell into my idea of cheap yet good  
lodgings. They used nothing else. I even  
obtained an inside-court room where  
I could be quiet for 3.<sup>50</sup> Kroner a day.  
This will remain my approximate standard.

LIST of names, address, & phone numbers and  
card for Park Hotel & Restaurant in folder 2

But she persuaded me to have a first  
supper at the Tivoli, Copenhagen's  
great amusement garden. Bangstad  
had taken Erlanson there with  
comatose results. She promised better.

We ate absurd faintains but simply,  
<sup>in the suburbs.</sup>

She works, as private secretary for  
an inventor and investor, by the name  
of Sören Sak. His name had been Petersen  
but he had received government permission  
to create and copyright the name. You  
may not take a <sup>family</sup> name if used by  
any other. Thus the doggerel in Boston  
based on a Jew taking the name of Cabot  
could not have been written in Denmark.

"Here's to Boston, the home of the bean and the cod,  
where the Danells went speak with the Cabots  
For the Cabots speak Yiddish, By God."

In her spare time she has built up  
a telephonic and address list of my  
Greenland friends and will come in  
each evening for dinner and conference  
on the day's calls.

She refuses to permit me to get lost,  
and so bids me farewell at my hotel steps.

maps of Denmark and Copenhagen in folder 2

July 17. Losing myself in the spirit of Copenhagen. It is individual, spiritual, attractive. Can Stockholm compare?

The days calls strengthened the impression. I must attach the following impression as expressive of my own:

"Round About Copenhagen" in folder 2

Baugsted was amazed to hear my voice and asked me to lunch at home at 10 o'clock.

Daugaard-Jensen met me at the door and enquired at once concerning the Greenland book. <sup>9</sup> Sauge Koch had sailed but his secretary was in his office below. I might desire to call. A question of scientific credit might lie at the root of the attack on Koch.

Captain Hansen was Ships Inspector and Foreman Bistrup was assistant. However, his family and he were on vacation.

He phoned to learn that Director La Cour was out of town until Monday, but found Commander Speerschneider at home.

"He could not leave his house but would be glad to see me at any time

from 12 Noon to 12 midnight, when would I come?"

Captain Riis-Carstensen was married again, but to his divorced wife. Evidently the cause had been adjusted. He was probably in Greenland waters.

The Greenland-Christmas packages had all been delivered. The new pastor was a missionary from Cape York and could write only Eskimo. He was resigning this summer and was to be filled by Pastor Fänger. He himself would report directly to Mrs. Frazer upon his return. I assured him that its founder, Margaret Frazer would maintain the work during her life.

From Kaia I learned later that Pastor Hoegh had been paying transportation on the boxes from Denmark to Greenland but had now reported the matter to the Grønlandsstyrelse and obtained a promise to ship all Christmas packages in the future free of cost. He would not permit Kaia to report to us, saying he was glad to share in the Christmas

expense.

at parting, I was introduced to Captain Ejnar Mikkelsen who was waiting an appointment. He at once recalled me as the "England" and heartily accepted our McRosa motto: "Fools rush in where angels fear to tread and are generally successful" - as quite adapted to his three-year disappearance in Greenland seeking for traces of Mylius Erichsen's death place and Bangsted's and my winter camping on the Inland Ice which he had disapproved.

Lauge Koch's secretary was the ideal Danish girl in poise and appearance. "No Doctor Koch had not refused my invitation. He merely had not considered it. He had been so very busy. He was going to two stations on the East Coast between Amagssalik and Searshy Sound and would not return until November. She was sorry for herself and for me. I assured her that I desired to retain Lauge Koch's name on the Commission

until he had called me three times,  
she would convey the spirit of the message.

Captain Hansen's voice could be heard from out his inner office and he promptly recognized mine when finally Captain Mikkelsen came forth to give me a surprised greeting. He had been quicker than I in getting down to the dock where Captain Hansen's task is centered.

"Captain Mikkelsen is not really Captain. He has had many pursuits but has done a fine work in East Greenland. We are glad to place him in charge of the work there and he is happy to receive the 8000 Kr income."

Captain Benhoff of the Hans Egede was retired from the Service in 1931. He had failed in mind and body before his death. I was not to fail to call on him if ever I returned. If living, he might not have known me.

Governor Bistrup had the adjoining office as assistant. "He was better in body and spirit. He needed to work under control and direction - 9 & 5 with no cares after hours. He should not



direct."

Captain Hansen still lived in spirit on the Disko. He was still too young for retirement but had accepted promotion as Ships Inspector to prevent a navy officer from ~~receiving~~ obtaining it and thus long <sup>delay</sup> promotion in the ranks below.

"When he retires, he desires to return to Greenland to live. "Greenland is my fatherland, I love it." I still belong on the sea, not on shore".

"Did I know the Oxford Movement? Was not this the only salvation of the present times? Brotherhood love between nations."

"Mrs Hansen was not so good (well).

I always think of you when I sit down at home, for your long picture (Feds?) is on the wall before me".

Miss Petersen, my "Brick-top", is married and lives near Captain but is in Greenland at present. He cares little for her husband, for he is making the Eskimo discontented with his suggestions of unfairness to them in the matter of fox-skin prices. He makes no more for the Styrolse.

Thus we parted - affectionately - with one of his assistants to guide me to the ferry

If the Vikings have come to this, there still is hope for the Italians.

Ruth Bryan Owen married to his deep regret. Denmark had pleased her on a pedestal. She had become commonplace.

on a shortcut to luncheon at Bangsted's.

Helge and Agnes Bangsted. His eyes are as large and Southern European as ever but his body has also grown healthy and large. Long hours and hard discipline as a newspaper writer but he has found his stride. He is contributor to Reuters and was detailed to go to the Saar at the plebescite.

He is proud now to have been the father of girls. One baby of 1928 had set out an hour previously alone for her aunt's at Sonderho. The other is about three years old.

The home was very attractive in its books and pictures and near the harbor. Agnes had preferred the country but extra taxi costs when Helge was late forced them to move into town.

He had written a Child's Book - "a fairy tale" on Greenland illustrated by the artist Petersen and gave me a copy. He has carefully preserved the color picture of Halstenborg in its original carrying case made by

Ove Sten Parsild. He had brought it safely home as he laughingly demonstrated and I guaranteed to do as well.

A merry luncheon in English. "They were having beer merely for me" but soon presented me a bottle of orange pop that I might "skall" to old times with them. "Yes, Helge might go back to Greenland if only to reduce his size." Paul had called on Bangsted after his recent flight to Norway. Sauge Koch had failed to give Greenland full credit for its mineral resources.

Agnes was willing for us to leave Greenland, but her happiest years were spent in America - four in all. Denmark was a giant little country but America gave you space.

Helge pats me for the Greenland Christmas and thins me "young and tough" as ever, and as restless. They too are going to Sweden in the autumn on vacation and will spend it riding across Sweden on the Gota Canal, two and a half days of rest and scenery.

He went on duty at 5 and had not yet had his sleep - and protested that he could

afford to love it sometimes.

"How was the heat and drought in America?  
You know I am a newspaper man myself."  
We both recalled how he had suggested  
"Slings them a line about Greenland."

And bicycles? The National Geographic was  
paying several hundred dollars for a story  
and more for illustrations of an article on  
"Bicycling through Denmark" and the writer  
was even now riding there from Faero.

I suppose that it will have the same  
rage as Rasmussen's "Across Arctic America".  
One the Bicycle Age, the other the Ice Age -  
both in flower but speedily disappearing.

at the door, he affectionately bade me  
farewell as "Father". I had been daddy to  
the other boys North. He wished it also.

We understand each other better now. I'll not  
criticize again.

July 18.

→ Levin & Muncksgaard. Mr. Muncksgaard  
was away on vacation but his secretary  
was even better. She knew the details of  
the business and was as intimate as  
Glady's Wrigley!

Her firm always asks the writer to pay toward the initial cost. Lange Koch did so on a "good seller" (5000 copies). However, the firm paid the expense of the second edition.

She showed me an illustrated book on Greenland - one they considered elaborate. It was too massive and the pictures were assembled in the rear. The type also seemed commonplace. It was published jointly with the Oxford Press.

I told her of Macmillan's general interest and my desire to rewrite the MS. She agreed that it was too long and approved of returning my copy to Pens. She insisted on paying the expense. "Her firm always did." She would send it the safest way, but I was to inform her when I had returned home. She would wait until then.

Lange Koch was much on her mind. She dreaded the foreign gossip. I assured her that the world admired Denmark's honesty as shown in the Rocton Cook Incident and would consider that its scientists were trying to keep above suspicion.

She believed that Lange Koch was in the right but that an appeal to the courts for damages could not settle the matter for the question was technical. That he had many enemies, <sup>because of his arrogance or abruptness</sup> but that many of these were taking his side as a matter of justice. The whole matter was unfortunate.\*

I expressed my pleasure at his kindness to me at Godhavn and Umanak and the reliance I could put on his word.\* One of the charges or states of feeling also was that he had been "hard" on the crewmembers of his expeditions, but whether physically or in bestowing credit, I could not understand.\*

Insert  
above

With most friendly courtesy she accompanied me to the street door and bade me adieu.

Commander Speerschnieder. As dear a man as I have ever met. I expect to find Professor Parde like him.

Soberly I started early for Hellerup. It was a train trip and an adventure without aid of language. Fortunately, I had written

\* apparently he was self-serving, for at the time of Knud Rasmussen's death he had been careful to claim honors being accorded to Knud

the name correctly on my paper, for there was another far station Hölerud which fascinated my eye and was very conspicuous on the cars. The ticket-seller, however, followed the name on my paper and trainmen shoved me away from the Hölerud train. Even so it was only after circuitous wandering and many displays of my paper that I came to his door.

He was waiting expectantly in his garden home - a tiny man in baggy clothing, frail but alert.

"Had I received Director La Caus's message from him?" Yes, but we want retired men on our Commission. We want their heads not their tails. Younger men can do that. He immediately concurred.

"He had so many plans but his strength had suddenly failed. At 70 he was still a young man, but at 72 his heart lost its tone and he would suddenly and unexpectedly faint. 'The heart in itself was strong enough,' so the doctor said."

He believed that his service reports would be continued. It had been heavy work with only 1000 Kroner a year to maintain them. His successor was → a faithful man, but without the scientific training essential to membership on the Commission.

However, he would like to nominate State meteorologist Helge Petersen, Chief of the Weather Bureau of the Meteorological Institut, Copenhagen as Specialist on Snow for Denmark. He was now in his 40<sup>th</sup> and may well become a successor to Director Dan de Cour

also Professor Jan Julius Munch-Petersen specialist in Harbor Building (Water Building-engineer) Ny Toldbodgade 47. He had been a practical engineer and had now been chosen professor. He was quite deaf but a good lecturer.

"I should write to them both when I could find time". Both were on vacation now. Director de Cour was also out of town until Monday. The subordinates had the free right of acceptance. He



himself had sent me word that  
Director La Cour because he himself was  
then ill in bed "D. La Cour meant only  
Dan La Cour. Director La Cour had done  
all the work and taken all the examinations  
for Doctor but did not care to publish  
the necessary book. He was an unusually  
good scientist."

Lauge Koch was Doctor only "honoris causa"  
because of a book he had written on the  
Stratigraphy  
Topography of Greenland (1929). Therefore he  
could not now understand why his  
colleagues who had voted him this  
honor now considered him unworthy.  
It seemed to be fear that he would  
receive the appointment of Staatsgeologist,  
soon to be vacated thru retirement, and  
he might still succeed because he was  
very intimate with the Prime Minister.  
His chief fault seemed to be that he  
would not listen and answered  
presumptively.

Commander Jeensneider was heartily  
in favor of a single commission.  
There were so many commissions as

sea-ice that one would not know which resolutions to accept. He copied for me the following list of specialists on oceanography. List in folder 2

→ He favored publishing at least a page summary of the papers presented <sup>at</sup> before the Edinburgh meeting. There should be also an annual bibliography and an annual report.

note with names & titles of people in folder 2

Regarding the International Congress of Ice, he feared that the various nations would object to making a contribution for each.

"Did he have news of the Baltic Congress?"

It had been held at Helsingfors but the Soviet members had not attended. He

had received a letter from Dr. Prokrowski.

"Would I care to read it?" It was an urgent call to all devotees of ice to gather in a preliminary meeting at Edinburgh and urge the Assembly to amend the rules to permit the formation of an Association of Ice midway between and possessing the powers of the Association of Meteorologic and that of Hydrology. It itself would have Commissions, especially on an Encyclopedia

of Ice. The names of some of the most active members of the Commission of Snow were given as sponsors. My name was omitted except in connection with the Commission of Snow. "There was also a 'Postscript' which perhaps he should not permit me to read. He did not desire to violate confidence." The brief glance permitted indicated a call to arms. "What answer should he make? He approved of much. Or should he ignore the letter?" I suggested that he write his opinion frankly. Each commission should stand entirely on its own merits.

→ Evidently he had expected nothing from the Baltic Conference and had not gone. He frankly stated that the Soviet Union favored the Congress but had taken no action. He was now valiantly making a final attempt in connection with the International Union. It would require still more money to support the Association than the Commission of Snow and Ice. Furthermore, he was frankly interested in ice rather than snow. Commander Speerschnider

agreed that it would be well to start slowly with a Commission and then expand when such <sup>expansion</sup> was necessary or safe.

"I would visit Doctor Dobrowalski myself at Warsaw. We must all work in harmony and if possible in cooperation." His smile indicated that the policy was good.

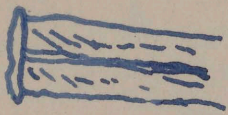
Thus we talked of youth and plans and forebears, as he served tea. "He had utterly forgotten some frosted cakes behind him." "But we did not need them."

a pet pigeon hopped and flew about the room and perched on his shoulder and on mine. "It used to go <sup>upstairs</sup> to bed with his son."

In the large rooms was inlaid furniture - skillfully wrought by his grandfather, who had made similar furniture as gifts for a king. He sat astride one chair facing the back on which was hung a tiny table for refreshments. The original had been made for the king whose paunch adjusted itself better in reverse as he ate.

There is a railway map painted in the end of the car.  
The station signs are very conspicuous and  
numerous. Little chance of mistaking possible. No  
ticket taken on train but always at stations.  
Don't ride further than your ticket says. You may get fined.

Street Island lamp-pillars.



Factland  
To the post  
and rear  
corner.  
Hansen on Bicycles  
all bicycles alike. Simply & plain.  
only for not needed.

...under Speerschneider had won  
the navy and had been  
a midshipman. The  
gships in his windows  
interest apart from his  
he he still had strength  
lightly.  
I'd see me to the street and  
other directions. "His name  
not always been Speerschneider. On  
the sea he was Captain Hansen, like my  
Captain Hansen of the Disko. He had  
later adopted his wife's name. "Yes, he  
could readily walk to the corner. He  
was not so frail as that" — and we  
strode with arms on each other. He  
was so much like old Doctor Abbe.  
at the corner "Auf wiedersehen". I wonder  
if we shall.

By the way. 250 bicycles at the Dykkhof while their  
riders are on an outing by the train.  
On the train provision for dogs "Reisende m Hunde"  
and for non smokers "Ikke-Rygere".  
My best throat-talker (trip to Ardnup). Good teeth too.  
Pleasant to watch. A semi-Hilda Nielsen at Takoe.  
The trains are circling the city on the ring  
of the old fortifications. Hence South Gate, East Gate,  
North Gate in such quick successions \*



Commander Speerschnneider had won his title in the navy and had been happiest as midshipman. The mementoes of ships in his windows were his interest apart from his garden. He he still had strength to work lightly.

He would see me to the street and give me better directions. "His name had not always been Speerschnneider. On the sea he was Captain Hansen, like my Captain Hansen of the *Jisko*. He had later adopted his wife's name. "Yes, he could readily walk to the corner. He was not so frail as that" — and we strode with arms on each other. He was so much like old Doctor Abbe. At the corner "Auf Wiedersehen". I wonder if we shall.

By the way. 250 bicycles at the *Dachhof* while their riders are on an outing by the train.

On the train provision for dogs "Reisende m Hunde" and for non smokers "Ikke-Rygere".

My best throat-talker (trip to Ardnup). Good teeth too. Pleasant to watch. A semi-Hilda Nielsen at Takse.

The trains are circling the city on the ring of the old fortifications. Hence South Gate, East Gate, North Gate in such quick successions \*



There is a railway map painted in the end of the car. The station signs are very conspicuous and numerous. Little chance of mistaking possible. No ticket taken on train but always at station. Don't ride further than your ticket says. You may get fined.

July 19. Dampover. All night with muffled thunder  
the rain panned on the tiles of the encircling  
roofs of our court. The storm central over  
Great Britain yesterday had apparently arrived  
apparently with no delay for customs inspection  
at the boundary. It lasted until nearly noon.

The Old Grind. Up before 5 this morning to  
catch up with my Journal, but the overtaking  
is slow. I must try for a balanced schedule.

Conclusion of a Perfect Stay. Today was Kai's  
in plain and in sharing. By dint of phoning  
she had discovered the Bistrups on the far  
end of Zealand and worked out a devious  
railway schedule to reach them. The trip  
would require 2 hours <sup>and 61 Kilometers</sup> each way but otherwise  
lasting regret at not having met my  
"Greenland Father" was soved me.

Because of my success in having gone down  
to Hellerup yesterday, she allowed me to  
come alone but under detailed instructions  
to Ordrup to take lunch in her home. However,  
she met me at the station as a necessary  
pre-precaution. She has a delightful  
apartment six stories up for its view  
toward the Deer Forest in front and the

\* 009:45 an alarm of church bells, calling  
to services. I wish that I could go. That Sunday  
of Florence's and mine hearing the church bells across  
Hermosa in the Alps returns vividly to mind.\*

far shores of Sweden in the rear. She has no "life" but possesses a "garbage drop" and a "vertical bathtub" in which you can soak & your neck providing you draw your knees to your chin. On the door "K. Jensen", a proud name as compared with the "commonplace Jensen" adjoining. Two balconies and all the modern qualities of a fireproof building, with her own furniture to match. She wants her own home and has won it, I am happy in her and for her.

Then by three changes of cars, we passed the largest and oldest forest in Denmark to the tiny station of Tissildale on the open sea between Sweden and Jutland, 61 Km. from Copenhagen.\* Here my Greenland Father and little daughter were waiting (I knew he would be) to take us home to tea. No change in him. Mrs Bishop was a bit stouter and older. Per Ipernivik had become a lad of 12. And a Greenland girl gave me a happy smile of welcome ("yes, she remembered me").<sup>"Had Paen Bangsted?"</sup> The old friendship <sup>was still strong</sup>. Then Father brought me two pictures of Hamah, our baby of 1927-28, with a happy face and a dolly. He could

\*The cars are gradually going away before the lunch. They can not stand the aggression.



not forget his child lost and left in the North. Then came the taxi with hurried but happy hugs and kissing until a curve in the lane took us from view.

To the west but beyond our reach at Hundested was the summer home of Knud Rasmussen and the monument of love erected to him. I wanted to see Mrs Rasmussen, but my choice was with my living father rather than my dead friend. I was missing too Admiral Topsaa Jensen, so grateful for the picture of Edsa's grave.

But my day and my Denmark visit were ended. Tomorrow to Stockholm. I shall greatly miss Kaia, my companion and guide. She is the Reno child's Knud Rasmussen. She has fought her way back to health and life. If only I could take her with me. In Danish custom we parted waving signals to each other until a long block down the street she was lost to view in the crowd. The sun was illuminating the western clouds as I turned away to thoughts of tomorrow and Scandinavia.

I shall rise early to send letters home.

July 20. 5:40 a.m. Pass. 1 Bud in Denmark

See My "Ellen Paulsen Roses", a Danish creation and suggestive of the "Maidens Flower" of Greenland. Kaia brought them for my writing desk and the maid placed them last night centrally on the desk where their form and color were beautifully reflected in the mirror. Kaia has insisted on leaving them here for my last hours and has asked me to wear a bud in my buttonhole. Thus shall I leave Denmark. The flowers I dedicate to all my children but particularly to Kaia and the maid who arranged this beauty for me.

Letters - Sufficient to let me launch out again: To Kaia, Pippe, Pippe's mother, John, the Bistrups, Dr Olsen, Mrs Rasmussen, Admiral Topsøe-Jensen, Margaret Frazer, <sup>Georgia Mac Nair,</sup> Also an enquiry to Dr. Fleming regarding costs of planotyping the Transactions of the Amer. Geophysical Union. I must also write to Prof. Dierent, <sup>\*→</sup> Pres. Smetana, Prof. Munch-Petersen, and Meteorologist Peterson, and to Carl and Helen.

Rechnung - Very reasonable. 3<sup>50</sup> Kr. daily for the room - Breakfasts, stamps, telephoning brought the total for the four days to 36<sup>85</sup> Kr. including services. About \$8<sup>00</sup> American.

To Sweden. Not so simple and direct. To depot to Malmö Ferry, then disembark promptly for the steamer. Then be inspected and walk 5 mi. to the Central Station, wait 2 hours for your train. But you can eat at Malmö a cafeteria dinner followed by a hot dish for a total of 2kr (Swedish) but I found that my 53 Danish Kroner brought me only 45,45 Kroner Swedish or 86 öre for a full kroner. As Kaia puts it "Our Danish money is no good."

But the trip over was invigorating with a stiff west wind. Denmark with its towers remained in view until we drew near to Malmö. A few islands with their grassy parafets and guns showed the guardianship that had been thrown around the old "Merchant's Harbor" corrupted now into "Copenhagen".

The two races severed by this water are obviously different, the Danes and the Swedes. more so than their languages.

Gulls. I did not realize that we had "Bobo Ruths" among gulls until I saw them make repeated and perfect catches of bits of bread thrown into the air from the deck. And they had abundant interference from their mates. You might almost call the game rugby or hockey. No flapping of wing but gliding so expert that the shift in wing surface was

was not noticed. They were too expert to be called even "skimmers of the air" tho they could dart like a flash for the bread. Despite the strong side gale they kept perfect position with the boat. However, when fully extended under strain by the wind the wings lacked stiffness. Possibly this very fact may prevent wreck. I lay on my back long to observe them.

My coats will survive until Stockholm. Even this would be a far venture for Kaia. But they aroused the custom inspector's suspicion at Malmö who removed the wet handkerchief from around their stems - We all laughed, what was he looking for?

To Stockholm ~~by night~~

Malmö - Luncheon a new experience. Eat all you can select from a wellfilled central table of cold foods. Then when you can eat no more, the waiters will serve you a hot dish and coffee. I did not understand what the cold and then the hot.

→ The Speise-wagen folder distributed thru the train provided us a map and schedule of our route and times when we could rest.

\* 5.30. Mr. David = 45.45 Mr. David

Speisewagen  
in folder?

We had waited long to start but traveled rapidly - too rapidly to make the taking of notes comfortable. The train was clearly for the railroads of Sweden had been electrified.

At first Sweden seemed a land of farms and crops. The cattle were even staked out in a row once of nearly 20. To regulate the grazing and permit growing. But soon the land appeared rockier and the soil thinner. Water approached the surface.

The country appeared to be an aggregation of saucers, glaciers carved, and each saucer holding a lake. Streams appeared small. The lakes were red bordered.

Tiny meadows alternated with birch thickets and higher the birch gave way to pine. The hay was being dried on fences or piled around staves, first seemingly because of the water-soaked soil and then because of the persistence of rain.

The country looked thin both in soil and in population. A fellow traveler, a Swede, indicated that America was a good country

to retreat to.

The lanes grew more impressive and the towns larger. Then thru a tunnel into a scene of lights reflecting upon water, and over the waters to our stations.

This may be Venice but from descriptions

it suggests Hong Kong.

\*

→ "Courtesy Note" in Folder 2

Kai's Booklet was good. Self-led but policeman-steered or herded, I found a darkened Russian Hotel and rang them up.

They wondered how I found them. Room for 3<sup>50</sup> Kr, like her apartment and at the very crossroads of the city. Too much so said the streetcars ponding over the crossing. But I have learned to sleep.

As a precaution against total dumbness of speech I had made out the following list of life-savers but fortunately I needed not to use them. In Stockholm, <sup>at least</sup> the police seem to have had language training.

Bed - Sjösten

to retreat to.

The lanes grew more impressive and the towns larger. Then thru a tunnel into a scene of lights reflecting upon water, and over the waters to our stations.

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July 2nd  
of spec  
list of  
not to  
send to

Bed - <sup>11</sup> Sängen  
Room - rummet  
without - utan  
Bath - badet  
Horn - horn (hook)  
Mush - mycket  
Where - var  
Lavatory - kloskatten

business  
owing  
needed  
police  
7-

July 21 -

(Status Meteorologic-Hydrografisk <sup>anstalt</sup>)

At the Weather Bureau. I knew that Professor Ahlmann was absent but found that Director Slettenmark was on vacation. He expected the end of the week. Doctor Sandström was on the Atlantic studying the Gulf Stream, but I left for him the message of Speerschneider. Mr. Angström also on vacation.

But Doctor <sup>Radnor</sup> Melin was just back from vacation in Germany. He spoke both German well and English fair. Combined they were good, but he called in Doctor <sup>Folke</sup> Bengtson "who spoke English better" for he had spent a few weeks in England ten years before. Consequently there was laughter all day at the German-English used frequently in the same sentence, but the talk was understood.

→ "Director Slettenmark would certainly go to Edinburgh. He was Chairman of the National Committee of the Union. Mr. Angström in connection with solar radiation. He was the third generation in a family of physicists."



→ "The papers for Edinburgh comprehended principles and methods rather than facts". Melin wrote the titles in the copy of the Provisional Program which must now be revised.

Snow surveying was begun in Sweden in 1922 by Melin and Bergsten in Swedish Lapland. Forecasts are desired for → power and running logs.

They use a sampler with chisel cutter "but it does not penetrate deep drifts".

"Will try toothed cutter. If no patent, will make it in Sweden"

"No winter runoff, or little. Surveys May 1." I suggested that where melting occurs, the survey would at least indicate the minimum

Experimental Basin in a basin of central Sweden. "Warmed. Evaporation only 4 in. (?) annually. No 0.40 in. monthly. Winds not high". But I pointed out the dampness even last night and our experience in Greenland. Suggested use of Stevens' Springless Balance. "But pans are not representative of continuous snow" to which I agreed. They maintain an absence there. It takes two weeks in the winter to get in.

Sveden's Problem. drifting in their alpine region. like England, also very like Greenland. Suggested the triple course system employed on Mount Rose. They suggested parallel courses or "across the ridges. Courses several kilometers long with measurements every 100 meters."

→ at fixed points. Try the frequency necessary. Birch forests are good on the lower elevations. Use Forest Service rangers and short-time labor.

"Don't like Totalizers or Nipken Screens, tho favored by Sützhg." They already have  
→ Guy's paper and pictures.

Gifts to Library. Their Water Survey portfolios. Binding extra if wanted. \$3<sup>00</sup> each or \$6<sup>00</sup>. Case for loose folios of South Sweden \$3<sup>00</sup>. Total \$9<sup>00</sup>. also postage. Write in October to Melin.

Axel Hamberg. Rich. Put 200,000 Kr into his mountain station in Swedish Lappland. Elements: temperature, pressure, wind velocity, wind strength, wind direction, humidity, precipitation, stream flow.  
"and the ninth?" Laughter. Automatic. We

recalled our futile efforts on Mount Rosa,  
Ran for a year unattended. By weights,  
Four blows of the clock per hour (??) on paper  
against an ink pad, a stroke of inspiration.

The station has been left to the Bureau.  
Malin is working up the records for  
printing. We talked of possible errors and  
effects of frost feathers on vane and cups.

Bergsten's division is Salt Water,  
particularly the oscillation of beach lines,  
"North Sweden lifting (?) 1 foot a century."

→ "Effect of ocean temperatures on the  
climate of Sweden is a favorite of Stettinmatt."  
But no correlation can be found in  
South Sweden; tho it is fair in North  
Sweden where Sperschnider's ocean  
temperatures can apply. More sea temperatures  
needed. But there is room for doubt.  
The ocean is climate - rather than  
weather-breeding.

The following titles were copied: \*

"Messenger der Verdunstung von Erdboden"  
in folder 2

Route - S. Sweden, towards  
Lulea, N.S. & Finland  
Fouthead & at greater speed  
than Tawist.

## Swedish Resources.

Sail 0 to 7 m. deep. Forests of pulpwood  
& birch. Mines of iron ore. Some farms.  
Tawist. Power. Lakes 300 m. high. Land  
unmowed. So extra storage possible. Pulp, <sup>wood</sup> great  
resource.

8,000,000 (?) pop. Stockholm 800,000 (?)  
Lappland reaches to down.  
Lapps herd reindeer on alpine ranges. Live  
in birch forests in winter. Tent life. Margalies.  
Happy. Crafts too.

400 bear in Sweden. many <sup>elk (moose?)</sup> ~~moose~~. Open season 4 days.  
Reindeer protected but Lapps may kill their own.  
Skiing. Tawist Club Huts have beds. Food  
must be carried.

## Suggested Route thru Scandinavia.

1. First direct to Oslo. See Professor Wernerskjold.  
Visit the Norwegian Hydrographic Office and  
obtain their report on power in Norway!

Norges Vassdrags- og Elektrisitets-  
vesen

Hydrographiske undersøkelser  
i Norge.

Oslo, 1934

I Kommissjon hos H. Aschehoug & Co.

Oslo 1934

Pris heftet kr. 12,00

" inb. " 15,00

[Note. This state commission is also  
making forecasts of streamflow].

This office is doing the same work as Slettenmark but is more practical.

Thus far Sweden has been investigating and recording water resources rather than making forecasts. Invite head of this office to membership.

The Meteorological Office is separate. Doctor Hesselberg is director and was suggested by Commander Speerschnider because of his knowledge of sea ice.

2. Next to Bergen to visit Professor Sundrup.

3. Then to Narvik. The mountains from Oslo to Trondjem, <sup>and eastward</sup> are the same as from Oslo to Bergen and would become monotonous.

4. Narvik to Meteorological Station at Abisko.

5. Thence to Finland

Finland has more lakes than Sweden and power.

The maximum cost will be 150 Kr. (\$35) and meals.

Hospitality. Lunch at Radhu's. Then a stroll on the edge of Lake Malaren, around which the city spreads.

The streets are rough stone tiles, what toil! They will endure as long as the

rock-ribbed land, Hard on feet. More modern  
are the occasional moulded tiles, little  
cement used for walls.

The lakes. Old Churches. Byzantine traces  
in domes. Steamers on lakes.  
Riff. between Dane + Swede. Slight ~~to~~ but felt in  
face and gables.

Statues of scientists, palts, and Strindberg  
in nude, but faces realistic. A novel  
combination of idealism and realism.

#### The Baltic Conference.

Russia represented by only one name but  
many papers. Russians not present in protest  
at arrest of propagandist. Liekhnitzky not present.  
Dobrowolski also not. Sweden never belonged  
but sent Bergsten as visitor ("öbserver"? laugh)

So must see Liekhnitzky. Perhaps why they  
are joining the <sup>International</sup> R. Union. D - plainly out.

Evening. "I must see Sweden at home."  
So Melin is taking me and Bergsten out  
to share ~~the~~ dinner and the evening with  
his family.

Out on a train or two into the country  
to a hillside above "their lake" scenic  
for reeds and lilies. Garden, home

eager wife and two-ained children.  
She was met and won in Swedish  
Lappland and carries the spirit of the  
open. The children are swinging from  
trapezes in the doors of the upstairs  
rooms. They are unforgettable in  
their pleasing Scandinavian strength  
and features. The parents laugh at the  
light hair. They both are now dark.

Drinks many and varied. "You'll think  
the Swedes heavy drinkers" and insisted  
on giving me Vichy water to Skall with.  
But it didn't quite satisfy and took the  
depth of affectionate glance from their  
skalls. Even men gaze long and deep  
at each other. Finally they urged one taste  
of their national Swedish drink, but  
warned that Americans were often injured  
by overdrinking because of its attractive  
sweetness.

at midnight we were taken home in  
a brother's auto. The brother was a highway  
engineer in town out for the dinner and  
evening. It was twilight as if moonlight.  
On June 21 it was sunset at the Circle!  
I must not forget Galance's linen